

Sorites are a logic game: one proposes a set of statements that are not at first glance connected and then one uses them to answer a question or extract a conclusion, using syllogistic logic.

Wikipedia via Robert Brown, Duke University

1968

If I had not known Robert Lowell as a true Boston Brahmin

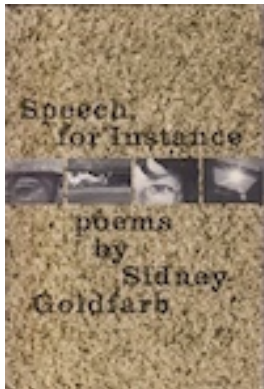
*"Where the Lowells talk only to Cabots
And the Cabots talk only to God"*

I would have ignored his burb

"Goldfarb is Goldfarb"



on the back of a poetry book in Harvard Square's Book Store.



Had I not bought Sidney Goldfarb's *"Speech For Instance"*,
I would not have been hooked on the opening poem

*"The road to Tucumcari
is the mulch of bones
and intonation
leading westward"*

I 'm heading west with an American partner and her three-year-old boy.

Nor would I have read *Poem to Andrei Voznesensky*



and known about San Francisco's Local 6:

*" It wouldnt do to bring an anthology of Russian poetry
Into the hiring hall of Local 6
of the so-called 'International'
Longshoremen and Warehousemen's Union"*

at which, during a mild earthquake, I sought work-- while waiting for passage on the S.S Hong Kong Surety, stuck up north in Portland in a strike. And had I not "turned around on coffee" (double shift, sacks of beans) I would not have been beguiled:

beguiled by the rhythm of the work and the badinage.

1969

If, on our arrival in Sydney, my partner had not joined the Communist Party of Australia, I would not have known the Waterside Workers' Federation Sydney Branch was opening its books: permanent positions for new wharfies.



Nor would I have known the WWF was following the lead of fellow Aussie Harry Bridges in San Francisco, with his negotiated **Mechanisation and Modernisation Agreement.**



1972

Had I not gotten a wharfie's job with Patrick Stevedores-- medal 1577
-- I would not have been rostered to the **SAFOCEAN ADELAIDE**
at Darling Harbour.



<https://www.marhisdata.nl/schip?id=6242>

If the cargo in **SAFOCEAN ADELAIDE** number 3 hold had not included
44-gallon drums of tar, I would not have prolapsed spinal disc L5-S1.

1978

If, with my lower spine and hips encased in plaster, I had not had
intercourse, I would not have ruptured prolapsed spinal disc L5-S1,
and the chiropractor at 429 Darling Street would not have warned:

"You can't put the toothpaste back in the tube."

1980

Had I not ruptured L5-S1, I would not have had a diskectomy at Royal North Shore Hospital.

The surgeon would not have warned me

"You'll have to look after your back for the rest of your life."

Nor would I have heard the advice of a new colleague, to try tai chi.

Nor would I have become a wanderer

履 Lü

