

THIS IS NOT THE COVER OF OPEN SPACE#1  
IT'S A MASK YOU CAN WEAR IN CASE  
YOU'RE SUDDENLY CALLED TO A MASKED BALL.

---



COME-ON

1. A new magazine in the new year:
  - a. 'Open Space' -- actual working place
  - b. to keep the city
  - c. free
2. A friend asked, But will the right people get copies, meaning was I sure our friends would get it, is when I knew that 'the right people' meant a person I had never met who would send me a good poem.
3. To make young poets come out of hiding and show their faces.
4. Take poems and things without going through all the crap; keeping the courtesies while leaving the fake laws.
5. The second issue will appear February 29, 1964.
6. Deadline for material is February 20, 1964.
7. Send poems, stories, sports articles, blasts to 640 Turk, #26 or leave them in the mailbox inside Gino & Carlo's Bar on Green street between Grant and Stockton.
8. When the roof caves in, the point is to keep the fight in the pages, so it has to do with an aesthetic, not cruddy politics.



PSYCHE,

the sorrow is sharp  
one plays on innocence  
the harp silences

'you can pull them up  
by their boot-straps' they  
will themselves into your life  
the will takes them a love  
at first sight

you  
have joined the thousand songs  
the measure is the step over  
the abyss, your love, which would  
have eaten them up they  
refused

about this,  
you're cantankerous the dull

charge of importation as if  
their words hadn't come  
from outside and your

cheapness elegance of feeling  
is a trick

nothing  
can be taken back  
and  
there is nothing on your lips

you live by the round about  
between true light and  
scattered brightnesses without  
knowing the different sounds  
of a new house your false  
sleep was to watch over  
his shapeless love in the dark  
of his bed you looked for  
some cinch, some way to live  
entangled and closed in heat  
you were even to yourself  
an ancient face preening  
before mirrors of comfort  
the silent feathers of peacocks,  
unangered among willows  
and sharpnesses

in the piecemeal in the partitions  
you could not know his face

Robin Blaser

NO POSSUM, NO SOP, NO TATERS

He is not here, the old sun,  
As absent as if we were asleep.

The field is frozen. The leaves are dry.  
Bad is final in this light.

In this bleak air the broken stalks  
Have arms without hands. They have trunks

Without legs or, for that, without heads.  
They have heads in which a captive cry

Is merely the moving of a tongue.  
Snow sparkles like eyesight falling to earth,

Like seeing fallen brightly away.  
The leaves hop, scraping on the ground.

It is deep January. The sky is hard.  
The stalks are firmly rooted in ice.

It is in this solitude, a syllable,  
Out of these gawky flutterings,

Intones its single emptiness,  
The savagest hollow of winter-sound.

It is here, in this bad, that we reach  
The last purity of the knowledge of good.

The crow looks rusty as he rises up.  
Bright is the malice in his eye...

One joins him there for company,  
But at a distance, in another tree.

CRITICAL DREAMS · I ( eye )

A telling two years after. What's left of the dream. A mid-August visitation. The scene is late afternoon on a large estate or a revival meeting camp or a state picnic reunion grounds. There is a large main building, in whose hall parallels of banquet tables. The entire Clan has foregathered with usual family gossiping, horseplay. The relations mill within the huge hall while food is being prepared in antechambers. The tables have yet to be laid. Everyone is waiting for the arrival of the senior member of my father's family, octagenarian, Great Aunt Ivy. As my nurse and early discipliner: I'll lay you across my checkered apron...Mush, boy, it'll stick to your ribs...She always glyphed her name for me ~~to~~ *I* to wit, Aunty I. She, a child of eight in a large family, had come West in covered wagon. Her daughter Doris, late, partially deaf, slow, simple -- the family joke made her my Girl -- she leads me by the hand thru the table bustle and kitchen clatter. In the pantry gleam masses of crystal and silver table service and snowy linen provided for my setting the hall trestles. Now a chorus, my mother, my aunt June (her twin) and cousin Valerie, who are the only ones present on my mother's side, begin recounting family history, hint at scandals, explain relationships. A sudden entrance of Doris thru the door interrupts, starts me moving slow-motion with bated breath into the hall in search of my father. I look back regretfully at the glittering crystal left behind.

In mounting suspense I go out from the hall by a side door into a silent park empty of folk. I walk alongside the building bordered by blackred cana and opalwhite cala lilies, under heavy foliage, greenblack shrubbery and giant hydrangea. At last the building ends and I make for a long low outhouse in darkness. The sky's dark is thin at the moonrise edge. I enter the anteroom, as once I'd entered at bedtime a cave called the Closet where coats hung monstrously. Faint moonlight from a small window more faintly illumines a beckoning figure, naked. Mother. It is an ape; furry; she crouches, spreads, lolls, turns; she is Valerie; warm, wet, working up, shifting anal, mother, ape, cousin, strikes: Fright. Suspended, hung-up, a slow coming terror: she shoves me into an inner black tunnel thru the house's core. Lined right

and left, gaping doorways felt, not seen, the house's sense open inside.

I reach and open the end door. An incandescently lit sunporch, glass above and around. The squeaky screendoor claps shut. A nude male reclines, chin on hand, upon a pedestal draped in linen. He is my father's brother, Uncle Lawrence, he awaits death, but says he cannot yet, what? leave? pass? go? die? not till I know...He is attended by two hoplite youths, idealized from my brother and cousin Lawrence. On the mark, with awakening Powers, keying to nerve tone, I hear my uncle begin counsel in humming whisper which mingles with a hiss of forest wind. The two athletes advance at my uncle's signal, they extend their arms, phantom wings shimmer as if to enfold me, the hum pitches higher, I look up. In the tallest pulsing tree, the moon disc brilliant behind its leaves, appears the vast visage of Great Aunt Ivy with streaming Blakian hair. She hovers a moment, topples slowly down, a tree, crashes thru the skylight, crushes my uncle before I know.

AWAKE. I cannot scream, not breathe. Thinly whimpering. I cling to my companion.

\*

It switched thru me, was a switch that threw me, that threw me. And all but forgotten, barely un-forgotten two previous dreams provided visions, my--uh, my eye a...Maya:

Surgery. Ethereal. Eight. Light light, painful bright, white, no heat. & distant muffled thud, measured, an internal impact from beyond sky. There's a great stair. Mount: a temple? a pyramid? the steps extend beyond sight looking to right or left. Nothing behind, beneath. The risers are measured off in squares. A checkerboard slopes up ahead, pattern fireorange and arcwhite. An apron of stairs spreads up, up not as a pyramid, up a buttress, a wall whose verge dashes lemon and cerise against a vibrant bluewhite sky. The pulse resonates with my steps climbing: louder, deafening, when centrally upon the horizon swells a flaming sunbubble. The air screams silently.

Recurrent dark midnite of early childhood. An empty endless highway, void

on either side, zing of thin desert wind, taut as hysteria, one's  
own dynamo, telephone poles slipping magickly retrograde unrooted  
in the dark. Concentrate on gleaming staves of wires, high flat  
catenaries silver against plumblack. Focus on icy needles vertically  
oscillating in millions along the wires. Swift gliding. Not in auto;  
alone. Sharpening whine. Swerve sharp left aside, stomach plummets.  
WHAT. Deadend boxd by high brick walls, blank: a garbage pile  
peristaltic with \* \* \* \* \* \*\* \*\*\* \*\* \* \* \*\* \*\*\* \*\* \* \* \*\* \*\*\*

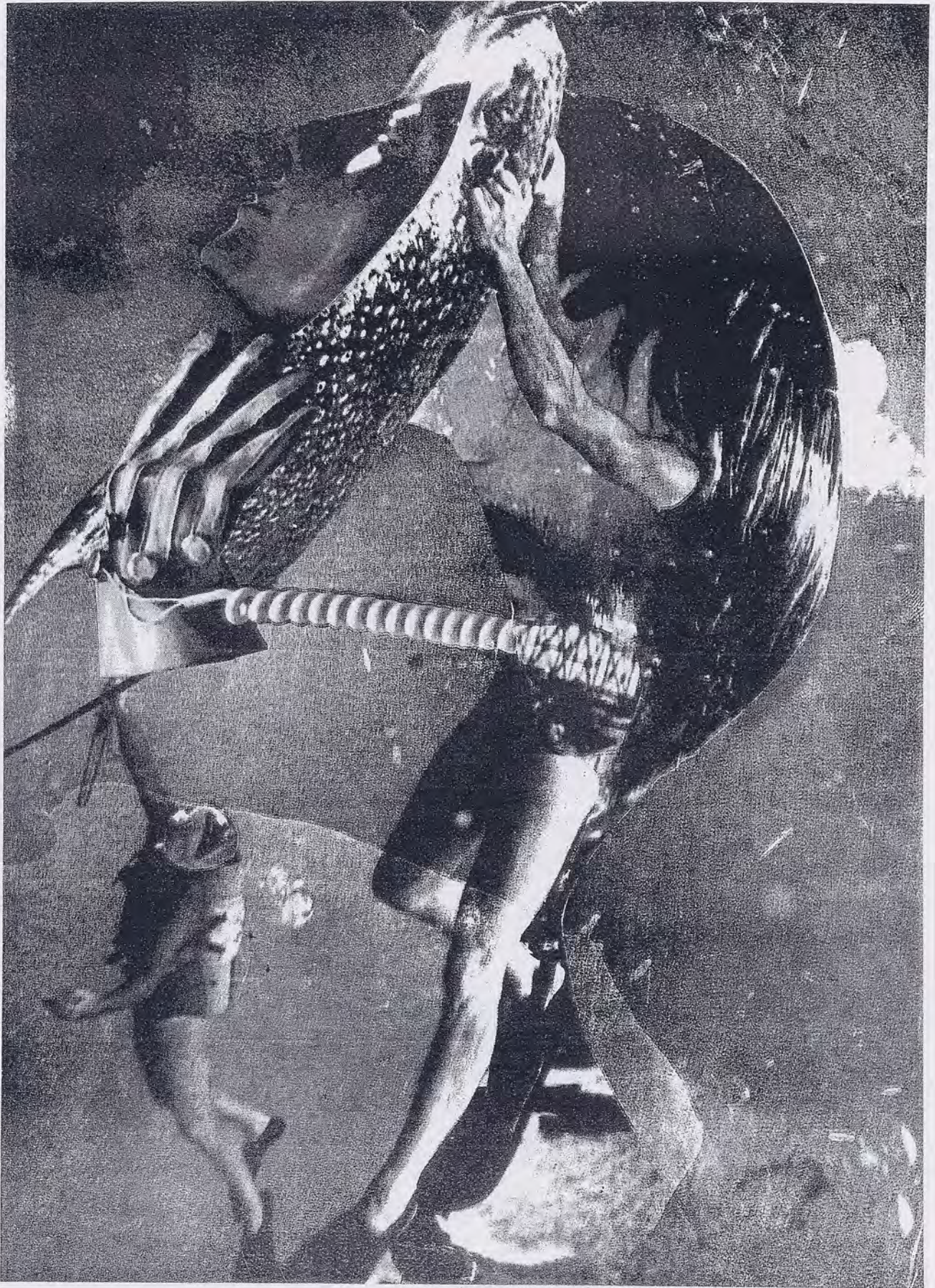
Jess



## THE KNIGHT OF CUPS

"Mark how, in a mist  
I came upon him  
golden peacock  
in silence, spread, now,  
to the sun; his bright down  
brushed my face.  
The Lake in a flame  
the rainbow arching the sky  
splendid. Ah!  
Red, green, blue  
poured through his tail,  
his myriad eyes all shown  
and, hear, as he stands,  
what proud wings  
drove in the air."

Janet Thormann



## SPORTING LIFE

The trouble with comparing a poet with a radio is that radios don't develop scar-tissue. The tubes burn out, or with a transistor, which most souls are, the battery or diagram burns out, replaceable or not replaceable, but not like that punchdrunk fighter in the bar. The poet

Takes too many messages. The right to the ear that floored him in New Jersey. The right to say that he stood six rounds with a champion.

Then they sell beer or go on sporting commissions, or, if the scar tissue is too heavy, demonstrate in a bar where the invisible champions might not have hit him. Too many of them.

The poet is a radio. The poet is a liar. The poet is a counterpunching radio.

And those messages (God would not damn them) do not even know they are champions.

Jack Spicer

the insane lady  
walking  
through the insane corridor  
her  
hair turning yellow  
and talking  
to the insane lady

she beating herself  
mumb'ling  
through black teeth  
black windows  
shutting  
her rotting face  
dressed  
in white cloths

lights  
crawling through her  
eating her  
glare  
filling her brain  
she loves  
to sit at the walls  
stroking  
her beautiful skin

[Link](#)

Like frozen water  
along beaches she walks  
and her eyes  
like black laquered funerals

Feirys, fagets  
dance by her cold sides  
and houses dark stuccoed  
over with rooches  
collasp, on her cold gaze  
she moves  
with the air painted on her  
through emty silk rooms  
their people  
long since gone in the walls

she eats  
her marble flesh lover  
as he breeths  
kissing her once more

(for Helen Adam)

[Link](#)

Rock, salt and spray, the angels  
Of the storm-rock, the winter drift of gray  
Close over emerald-crested salt-hewn angels dancing  
Winter rain on rock, salt and spray.

The sword washed ashore.

They danced along the cliff rocks, they danced  
the morning fire,  
They played along the sun's rays, sand, shrubs and winter  
Paths into the rain trees higher on the hillside, higher  
To the stream ferns, the cascading turtle rocks  
High above the sword on the shore.

Quickly

By the streambed each angel found a single pale anemone,  
Quickly to the sand and the sword.

Quietly

The sword glowed, quietly washed by the wings of the  
winter angels.

Two pelicans

Broke the surface of the mist-surf sea, broke the  
surface of the sea.

Lewis Ellingham

1. -

amoralesay

assuming Rimbaud's action was balanced with learning as he lived,  
and ignoring his early death and short career as a poet his statement  
must be that one fooled out of right relationships is the root of unfortune.

Van Gogh was unfortunate: his demands were unheard by that audience,  
or as Rimbaud, fascinated with an audience, rather than the actual  
relativity of his speech to the listener. He was perhaps even given  
the wrong leeway by the kindness of his brother, finally turning upon  
and consuming himself in his oppression at the wall the just wall of  
goodwill and delicacy he had erected from that vulnerable world that  
could not help him or love him.

this created unique sustained extremes in his painting, tho perhaps  
largely unrealized because of the one-sidedness of passion. more than  
the man -

a man's business is virtue. beauty is relativity: the aura of virtue and  
the lure of lust. when lust passes thru the beauty and meets that virtue  
perhaps it takes its toll or is cured by witness of that virtue or is stopt  
forcibly by that or another. if it takes its toll perhaps vengeance sets  
in without dedication or vain action...perhaps just and with the simplicity  
attached to one meaning of the words just.

it is the virtuous man who must be vigilant to these incidents. lust may  
grow robustly and strong feeding upon and defiling virtue; but if it totaly  
conquor virtue it too would cease to exist, for virtue is the emanation of  
life.

this becomes extremely complex if you apply it to ways of life, tho the  
virtuous man is not the fool of complexity ...so let him forbear in matters  
of dogmatism, and admit the relevance of his total nature

the only self-sustained success is that of virtue, for virtue emanates courage,  
while evil can only hope to gain confidence

2. -

a boomerang of the question

that the grace  
should be the one

that theyl try surveying  
coming on with an angle  
a godam afront to the movement that is sheer grace  
as unexplained as words are  
there to be recognized or not  
or build a thot

in the movements of tides or levels of imagination  
who couldv that stupidity would engender such an  
elaborate metaphysics  
it makes me sick to thick of it

that such an elaborate metaphysics should be such a  
nelaborate metashitics

that the grace should be performed without that inter-  
ference?  
that interference which is like asking the woman to  
carry the load  
wether she has one in her belly

Australia, '56

3. - the trouble with society

art creates answers. if one begins a thot art fortifies that thot. it is quite susceptible to evil in the demensions we live and choose. beauty exterior to ourselves is not always interesting or deserving of our attention or inspection by certain of the senses. we measure our leeway and take advantage of the direction of other forces of our consideration but must reach ultimate reason before justified in any action. this does not mean that all actions must be considered but that what we are engaged in is untroubled, which message should reach us without a demand for constant vigilance that would spoil our devotion

passion can be sane or insane . the votarists of passion provide no instruction therefore stifling the very thing they recommend regardless of the hypocrisy of religeon it is wise to forbear in matters of love also matters of distruction

it is also wise to develop as many talents as possible.  
this applies to anyone with comprehension of  
perhaps those who do not comprehend are mere animals



perhaps evil is the shadow of the animal  
or what is called animal in the animals the shadow of evil.

whatever contrivance is necessary to outsize, evil seems  
to be brutality, or however subtle  
the responsibility for which is another question society  
has long been troubled with answering

4. -

things that have been done in the name of religion, freedom, law and order,  
by persons vested with authority more by the generosity of men engaged with  
matters farther afield than by any fear within the populace, that populace being  
largely made up of the individually familial, are a discredit to the positions of  
many thinkers  
are the people going to let the federal government play away the last chance of  
correcting the systems in Georgia and Mississippi which form a veil of their practices

there is no front for lust and sadism, carnage and greed, that can be successful in  
its deception

beware of the prejudicial, for it is an abuse of power

no do these crimes have anything to do with the case in point in the south...they  
are simply crimes of the basest sort operating under whatever guise is available and  
must be apprehended if any American is to be able to hold his head up

and it all stems from false pride and cowardly feelings of the inevitable and necessary  
when the only thing necessary to the survival of man is loyalty to temperant justice

punishment bespeaks inadequacy and cowardice and capital punishment, recognized by  
no people but only the tools of governments of people, bespeaks the idle pleasure  
seeking or abashed divorce of people from social concern

the meaning of Christ in everyman is that the good, tho their flesh is spent and their  
mind distracted, they will be born again and again till the end of time and the dis-  
olution of evil, when they will commence eternal life.

damnation needs no place beyond, for it is the constant haunt of vice

terrorism is against the law

there are a few laws but most of em arent written down

what will be the next front for lust and sadism,  
carnage and greed...what lofty ideal bannered,  
to cover the hideous ignominies of men

the misuse of authorized power

people who have far-fetched fears should recognize

their psychological problem, stemming from the

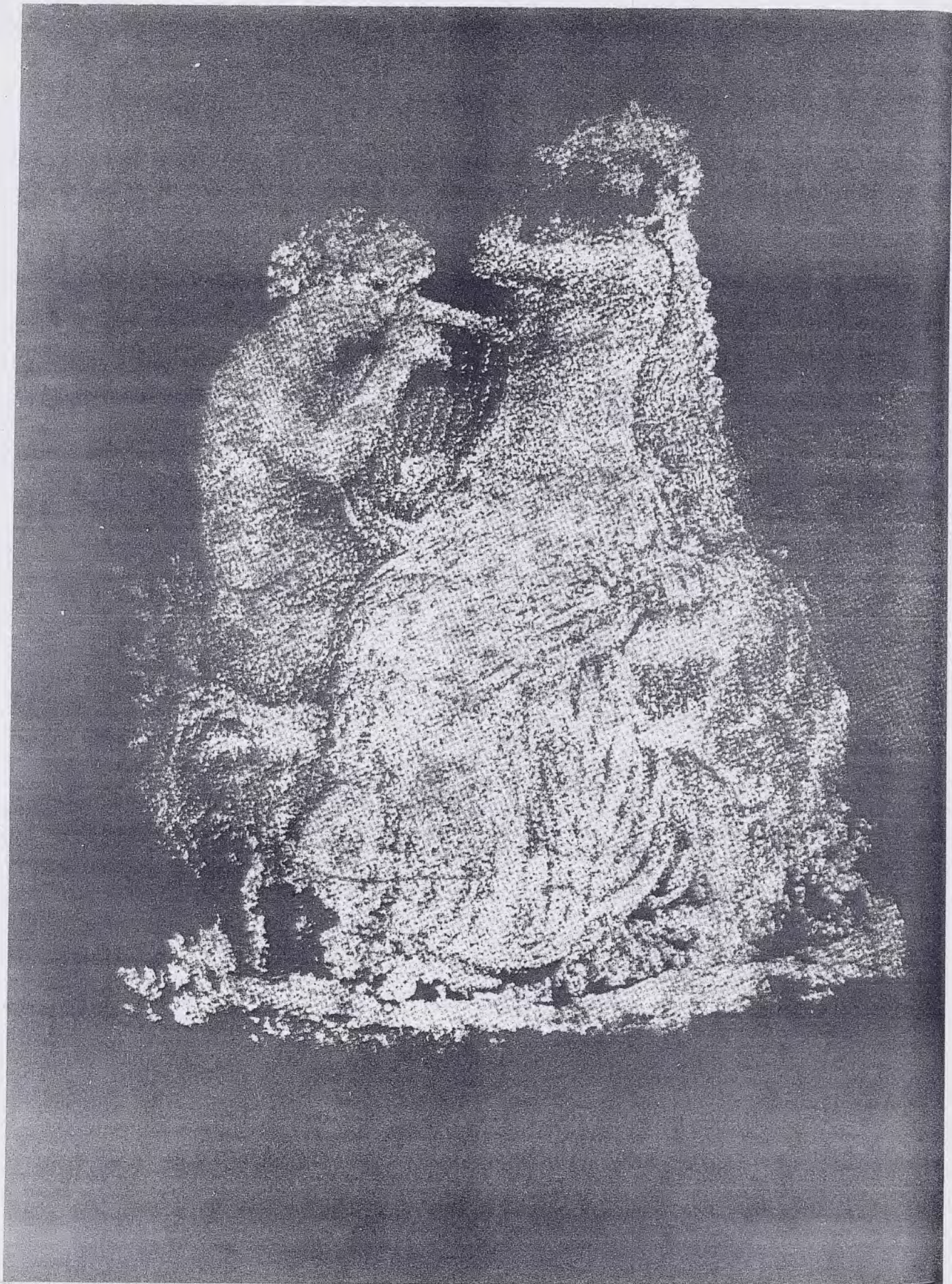
bantering of the belief in total solution and the

gains attainable of mental freedom, where

problems can be dealt with masterfully, and passion

be an honest experience

James Alexander



You listen to the leaves, or watch the leaves  
until it is clear,  
                    and when walking later  
be careful of roads that lead back into yourself

The familiarity of our lives is treacherous.

The familiar       the surf

Ticks in the Rocky Mountains when  
I was a kid I thought  
would jump off the plants; then  
later it was Korea that was dangerous.

Now, to be a person like anyone else  
terrifies me.

George Stanley

TWO SONGS

for Lewis Ellingham

Lew's Question to the Sea

"Where are the waves that break upon the sand?  
The sea foam drawn away." L E

"Where are the waves that break upon the sand?"  
The sea foam drawn away along the strand.  
Cold waves that rush and sing,  
Forever vanishing.

"Where are the waves that break upon the sand?"

I loved a wave that brandished in its flight  
A crest of bitter spray and fallen light.  
Love rules the drenching spray,  
His are the waves of day,  
And mine the moonlit cliffs that front the night.

Mine are the rocks, a sword hilt in my hand  
I saved the shadows of the guarded land.  
My heart I could not save  
From love's dumbfounding wave.  
"Where are the waves that break upon the sand?"

II

They all have loved him  
The Gods of moonlight,  
The shining cold ones  
Who haunt the skies.  
But for no God  
Will Endymion waken.  
A dream of Earth love  
Has sealed his eyes.

There was an ancient,  
A sad adventure.  
A golden forest  
That fell too soon.  
Now at its roots  
Lies Endymion dreaming  
A dream of Earth love,  
Oh! ruthless moon!

Helen Adam

## MORTAL INFLICTION

I think of Polyphemus bellowing his lowly woe  
seated on a high cliff  
sun-tight legs dangling into the sea  
his fumbling hands grappling his burnt eye  
And I think he will remain like that  
because it's impossible for him to die--  
Ulysses is dead  
by now he's dead  
And how wise was he  
who blinded a thing of immortality.

Gregory Corso

# MUSE NEWS

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## LAGER

William Burros and Allen Ginsberg, The Lager Letters  
(San Francisco, Baedeker Lights, 1963)

Mr. Burros has written the best travel guide for South America now available. This book would make a wonderful gift. It really tells you the kind of things you'd want to know without a lot of crap about churches and liberator heroes: where the busses are, what the food is like, who you can talk to, where to get boys, etc. The only thing one is hard put to understand is why there is all this fuss about something called Lager, which, as best as I can understand, is something you could get in the Anxious Asp. I mean, why does he bother to give us all this dope when any normal man would be perfectly satisfied with grass or else one of those convenient little sugar cubes the LSD people put out?

Of course, all these episstles were published in various avant-gargle mags a few years ago and Mr. G's histrionics are, as usual, completely unintelligible. I really tried through most of this to keep telling myself about Burros' humanity, that the boys do matter to him, do have something to do with Eros, that the junk is more than a fixed thing -- but after a certain point, despite his well-timed caustic sense of wit, one knows that its hopeless, they've gone over the edge and it aint readable or poetry or love.

## TOOTS

Cleopatra by Rex Harrison, Liz Taylor, Richard Burton and Joe Monkeyshines

Though it costs you \$3.50 and the goddamn nickel candy bars are a half dollar, it's worth every penny when:

(cont. next page)

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## CONTEST

Open Space will give five free drinks at Gino & Carlo's bar to the author of the best Valentine poem submitted for the next issue.

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\$250,000 SET FOR  
GLUE FUND

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First Issue Due  
In '69

Donald M. Duck, prominent Zen Bhuddist and editor-to-be of a West Coast literary quarterly, Old Glue, announced last night that he was setting a quarter-million dollars as his funds goal for the coming fiscal year and that he expected to issue his first number in January, 1969.

The occasion for the dapper word-juggler's syballine pronouncement was a \$25-a-plate testimonial in honor of himself.

Mr. Duck also introduced to the socialites present, his associate editrix, Mrs. Margot Pangloss, Our Town's favorite streetwalker, who said, 'It gives me genuine pleasure to quit screwing around with joinalism and get my claws into real literachur.'

As usual, on That Great Martini Ship-in-the-Sky, a good time was had of all.

- Mary McCarthy

Caesar and Cleopatra are laying in a gossamer bedecked bed and Rex Harrison rolls over and says, 'Have you read my Commentaries? Do you like them as much as Catullus?'

And Liz says, 'Yes, I like that book, but it's a little descriptive.'  
And Rex says, 'Pshaw, you're being tactful.'

### SLUT

Slut and Sloth are two Egyptian gods who shoot heroin in Boston. I honestly couldn't make head or tail of Gerritt Lansing's magazine, but apparently at the center of it there is some long treatise about the Burden of Slut or somesuch which is written in that bawdlerized jargon misusing what Olson invented; well it seemed to have to do with \$3 bills. One's only emotion is to be thankful there are still some narcotics laws left.

### RETURNS

Dear Jack,

Have a very happy birthday. It's time to begin your new poem.

Love,

*Jarvis Love*



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BOOKS

ROUGE



ORDERS

'Among my friends love is a great sorrow.'

Obeying, we go  
into the crowd of love's rooms  
feeling for the walls.

We poets, outside of hell  
our imagination breathes desire

light  
into them

Those I knew stood in knots, even  
as their voices mingled all  
knowledge deserted them

The face of the earth left there  
like a poem.  
The life cheats us by invisibility.  
Cheated, we glide on feet not our own  
toward the imagined feast.

\*

We were on the bus  
and I asked you to turn your eyes away  
so I could make a poem, thinking of the  
many stories you'd told me of love among  
our friends,  
in the dark, the bus kept taking us, its lights  
cutting through the wet night.  
I thought, often we meet them like spirits  
on the edge of something,  
and you said that physical love was  
a divine thing; we said, it was  
what the junkies didn't know.



*Photos by Duke Downey*

**AFTER THEIR PAS DE DEUX, LE TWIST AT THE SHERATON-PALACE  
Rudolf Nureyev, Dame Margot Fonteyn danced at supper party**

credits  
this issue:

lithography,  
Mike Kummer

collage and  
printing of it,  
Graham  
MacIntosh

lettering,  
Peggy Engle

choreography,  
Comte Robin  
dee Vichy-Swa