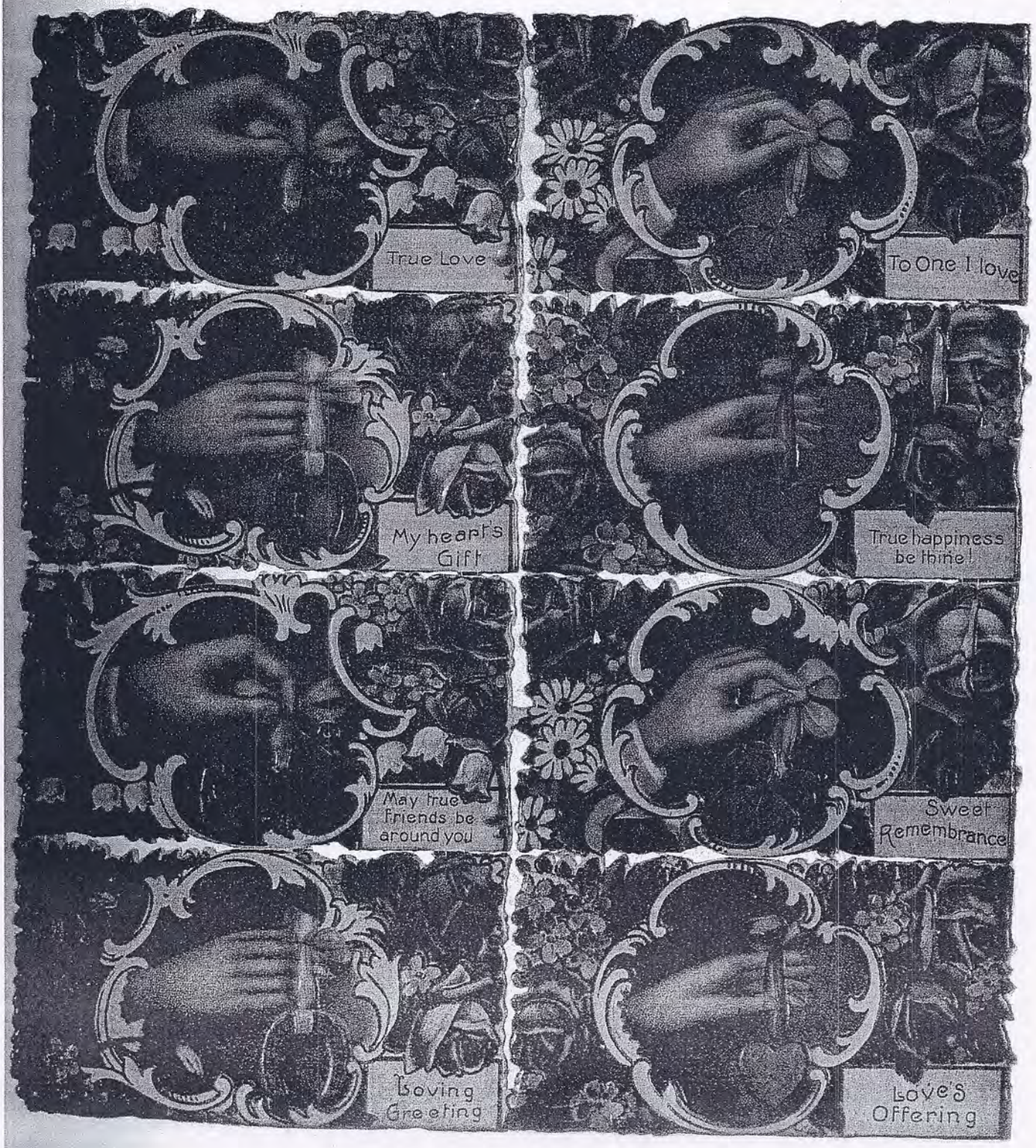
OPEN SPACE
VALENTINE



ALIBI

1. Yes, I had to lie about when the next one would come out. The poems led me, I think.

2. Issue #2 will appear as scheduled: February 29, 1964.

3. The propositions we've made up, hold:
   a. 'Open Space' as actual working place,
   b. The city,
   c. free.

4. Hoaxes are fair; so is taking stuff from other places.

5. Deadline for the next 'Open Space' is February 20, 1964.

6. Send poems, stories, Valentine contest entries, sports news, to 640 Turk, #26, or put it in the box inside Gino & Carlo's bar on Green St. between Grant and Stockton.

7. The thing is to be clear, that this stands for an aesthetic the community of poets can make, instead of gossip and politics.

IN DESPAIR

He has lost him completely. And now he is seeking
on the lips of every new lover
the lips of his beloved; in the embrace
of every new lover he seeks to be deluded
that he is the same boy, that it is to him he is yielding.

He has lost him completely, as if he had never been at all.
For he wanted -so he said- he wanted to recover
from the stigmatized, the sickness which is delight;
from the stigmatized, the delight which is shame.
There was still time- he said, to turn away, recovered.

He has lost him completely, as if he had never been at all.
In his imagination, in his delusions,
on the lips of others it is his lips he is seeking;
he is longing to feel again the love he knew.

C.

THE MARRIAGE

When I learned that Myres was dead,
I paid a visit to his house, though I avoid
going into the homes of the Christians,
especially in time of mournings or feasts.

I stayed in the hall. I did not want
to go father inside, because I had noticed
that the dead boy's relatives kept staring at me
in astonishment.

They had placed him in a large room.
From the corner where I stood
I could see expensive carpets everywhere,
and vessels of silver and of gold.

I stood at one end of the hall and wept.
And I thought how our meetings and excursions
would be spoiled without Myres;
and I thought I would see him no more
at our lovely, disorderly nights-out.
He enjoyed himself, laughing and reciting verses
with his perfect sense of Greek rhythm;
and I thought I had lost his beauty
forever. I had lost forever
the youth whom I so madly loved.

Some old women near me spoke in low voices
of the last day of his life-
the name of Christ was constantly on his lips,
he held a cross in his hands.-
Then into the room four priests
entered, saying their prayers
and supplications to Jesus
or to Mary (I don't know their religion.)

We knew he was a Christian.
We knew it the first time

he joined our group, two years ago.
But he lived as we did,
more given to our pleasures than any of us,
scattering his money freely in our amusements.
About the world's esteem regardless
he would throw himself happily into brawls at night
everytime we met
enemies in the street.
He never spoke of his religion.
One time we told him that we
would take him with us to Serapeum.
I remember now that it seemed
our joke had displeased him.
Ah and two other times come to mind.
When we offered libations to Poseidon,
he withdrew and turned his eyes away.
When one of us
said, 'May our companions be under
the favor and protection of the mighty
the all-beautiful Apollo,' -Myres murmered
(I heard him), 'Except for me.'

The Christian priests prayed in loud voices
for his soul.
I saw the care and attention
they give to the rites of a Christian burial.
Suddenly the sense seized me -- I had
the vague feeling Myres left my side
to join his own people. I was left
a stranger, a total stranger. I noticed besides
a doubt coming over me, as if I had been tricked
by my own passion and I had always been
a stranger to him.
I rushed out of their horrible house
before the memory of Myres could be
snatched away, changed by their Christianity.

RECESS

"Lloyd's Sunday News (London) June 20, 1920-
That, near the town of Streeton, Leicester,
had been found the body of a cyclist,
Annie Bella Wright. She had been killed
by a wound in her head. The correspondant
who wrote this story was an illogical fellow
who loaded his story with unrelated circumstances:
or, with a dim suspicion of an unexplained
relationship, he noted that in a field, not
far from where the body of the girl lay, was
found the body of a crow."

- Charles Fort

*

In certain families where power and favour are held by one member exclusively - the child - then the child often develops a habit of looking at himself from the perspective of another person. Not an imaginary person but a real individual with whom he deals every day. The choice is completely arbitrary and the individual's personality is of no importance other than it is to the child distinct and at the same time close. The individual in this relationship can be changed as often as somehow seems necessary.

This habit forms an illusive second-hand trust for himself in the child, a trust that as he grows dictates all his decisions and loses for him all connection with the source of decisiveness, which is solitude.

And solitude, as a close ally of habit, only appears disguised - in languor, genius and fame: the colors of an old dream recurring visually during irrevocable intervals (such as falling or floating).

The dream and the solitude having only one purpose in appearing at all - to revoke.

*

Now is the strain of writing a memory before it has happened, which is invention:

To believe that its objects will come alive and fill the spaces assigned them, and yet remain distinct, motionless.

Spaces that are assigned like silences in an intimate conversation, not by topic or connection but by distances.

*

A direct order to a puff of smoke.

The child is not born yet, the cigarette has not yet been lit. The orders are favour and power to the child, congeal and disperse to the smoke.

In silence, a happening in space, to the memory. Dream.

*

And wake. The dangerous and mysterious habit of waking from a dream. Father and Mother are altered, the baseball game now becomes imaginary, the dreamer is older.

The Familiar had become dishonest. Habit falters, displaced by languor and fame, but recovers, sluggishly, recovering details and contact. Up-hill.

If the dreamer could awake under water in a cool stream,

without his helmet, after he had fallen asleep on the desert in the sun, habit would invent a language to relieve his bewilderment, even if the language consisted only of the word help.

*

Walking on rooftops. These are strangers caught sight of at odd hours. They walk on rooftops, only silhouettes, carrying on common everyday functions, apparently ignorant or indifferent to the remarkable quality their actions and themselves assume in these surroundings.

Seen sweeping, peeing, in pairs holding hands or making love, or in groups playing 'Stones, Scissors, Paper' or just talking among themselves.

Seldom can colors or features be distinguished. But sometimes an even profile, flash of an eye or a bit of the pattern of a dress or a jacket is seen during an inexplicable quickness. (Usually these shadows are slow, almost rhythmic.)

They are flesh and blood? Do they have names? Or are they only named for the game they play? Questions the child uses to talk to himself. In this chapter the child is almost old enough to want to love..

*

In the city where he keeps his childhood. Achieves his final

fame. It is not the Emerald City but Dublin, the genius is not Glinda but Button-Bright. The genius is the sleeper, who does nothing but create sleep out of sleep - the sea. The fish come afterward, accidental and cruel.

*

Genius remembers, the child has homesickness. First at a camp in the mountains where he receives letters, and later, when he is older, in another city. At camp he imagines his brothers have been murdered. When he is older it is himself is killed.

2

Changelings: an ape and a bird. Half ape, half bird. This is drunkenness and boredom. (The ape does the talking)

Music is divine boredom. The jazz record Saint Thomas, Pictures at an Exhibition. A knot of wind saunters through like a human eye. The city of glass cracks. The ape and the bird bark. Pace. Flower.

The ape and the bird disgrace themselves. Hang in a tree upsidedown. Drop berries on his head. He is suffocating. They take flight but the tunes continue. Through the dark.

(This is the first appearance of the image of the dwarf.

It is of necessity brief and awkward. It is also the first appearance of music. Of a flowering.)

*

Grandfather sits in the same chair. His teeth out of his mouth lying on the floor beside him. Grandfather's head is on the floor beside him holding onto the rug with its teeth to keep them from flying up through the rooms.

*

Conversations play about in his head. Voices decorated with flesh come and go clogging the whispers.

- Look, look, look, look, look at me.
A
- I have the facts. The Heart.
- Go to white.

A woman's voice tells him the secrets of his skin. Whispers swallow the blood in his head.

He has been lying here stone-still for 2 years.

- What's going on.

The sense of what he is hearing is mangles. Still black brackish water in an underground pool. The Heart sinks, scorched and dry.

- Goodbye.

*

This is his pact with the dancing The entrance to the dance is the recesses away from it. Pattern to the walls of the dance-hall.

The ground lifts and dips under him. He imagines dragging the corpse of his grandfather soaking wet all the way to the dancers.

*

The music lies among the leaves

Hidden

Costumes of deaf and dumb.

A stone lies among the dancers.

The gold ring

on the famous woman's finger

showing her dresses to a girl

articulates the shadows and smoke

rising and falling from the dancers.

Glow (needless to understand)

And pivot.

*

To wear meaning to recall. To wear away -

pacing the gray planks to the edge of the pier. The rare gray and the moving. Losing. Tossing his head back with his eyes pinched open in a last gesture, of letting go

of the mist he wears and wore like a coat and hat to keep out the chill. The heat and the gold. Perfumed to keep the gulls away which were only bright and indifferent and never meant harm at all.

*

The mist he wore like a fake left hand he kept full of pockets filled with gifts and assasinations and pet words. Minor suicides to appease mornings and sickness and old friend's letters.

*

He stepped backwards as he let go.

The gulls, detached from their wings, were still, suspended over the water in a cold dream that eased them slowly into his eyes. To turn again to the sea

for food and speech. Speechless. It was as easy as that. As easy as all the gulls. He breathed and watched a boat rise into the air,

....Deme-

ter.

Red

This is not a land
uneasily

led by governments
these parts

are used to sinking
singing

one for the dancers
    the stables are empty
one for the listeners
    the stables are empty

at last
the stables are empty.

*

Epilogue

Gold is all that can be nude. The others are naked. Vulnerable and sweet.

Asshole of the rose, the broken moon. Warm bourbon spilled all over the wind. The radio loosed in the tin dark bed.

The tin sweats and melts (tin eye or hand) black to white to red. The asshole in the rose, cunt of the calm gold cup. For barter, we wore.

'Now I am both of us
and you are no one.'

Bill Roberts

The Beach at Biarritz, 1907

WHAT HAPPEND : PRELUDE

ARGUMENT: As two sisters work in the composition of a musical play, one of them acts as Poet and is inspired by certain angels of the Muse who appear in the work as Puss-in-Boots and Anubis --"little curtains open to reveal two life-sized automatons, mechanical marvels of the period." The Muse then may be Isis, and the body of the work seen in this dimension is the Osiris, where Bubastis and Anubis attend from the first the putting together of the play. These higher orders have their own music, so that the Poet receives the word thruout, songs and recitative, along the lines of insistent and reoccurring tunes. These themes we recognize as the circulations or rounds of Osiris.

This is the stage where forces of the old mysteries work to transform into meaning again the hackneyd traditions of popular entertainments, to enact the supernatural. The Poet creates the Worm Queen, impersonating the Underworld, and evokes everywhere images of burning and darkness--"A Ballad Melodrama". Susan, the ingenue of the play, engaged by her false or step aunt to the vain Neil Narcissus, does not belong to their world but, sleep-walking, belongs to the orders of dream and longing, where in the shadows she meets her true love, a dead sailor. All the forces of the Worm Queen--murder, fire and earthquake--announced by her automatons, move to rescue Susan from the trivial and to unite her in the troth that poetry keeps with the grave.

The play is twice presented in its authentic form by the Poet, and the cult of Osiris in San Francisco witnesses and celebrates its authenticity. She performd the whole herself, with her sister taking parts here and there, evoking by candlelight, by the manipulation of a fan, and by her marvelous voice, a Theater immediate to the imagination, true to the inner vision of the Underworld. Where the old gods preside.

But she who had been the Poet now denies the inspiration of her tunes and next, influenced by certain poetasters and know-betters of the town, seeks to improve the play to suit the dictates of the Stage. She turns against the testimony of the cult of Osiris, holding them insincere or stupid in their praise of the true body, the melodies and plots of the original play to the letter and note. Mr. Fair Speech, a prominent member of the Stage Set, and By-Ends, his cousin, persuade her that, for the sake of Production, the Poet's singing voice will not do and must be given over to a hired hack of the theater-world to render in the musical comedy style

of the day. Once the magical bloodstream of the music is betrayd, the Ballad key removed, Fair Speech and By-Ends set about further with the writer to fashion the play to their own likes. Now we see that Set has been in it all along.

Puss and Anubis do not appear in the Production, for By-Ends and Fair Speech stand in their place and direct a second play. They will not let the Worm Queen sing, and they alter the plot itself, the sacred mythos. Susan is married to the false bridegroom, crouches in dismay where she is thrown down, rewritten to betray the truth of love for Neil Narcissus' sake, an adulteress to her secret troth. The Worm Queen's command is broken in order to anticipate What-the-Audience-Wants.

But the Worm Queen is the Poet herself, a mask of Isis. The offended Muse blasts the writer with misfortune and cold, kills her beloved cat and touches her heart and mind with despair. The Stage Set sends its Doctor to attend her.

This is all an old story. We realize that not only in the writing but in the betrayal of the writing higher orders contend. I am moved to speak, remembering that my own patron, Thoth, has the title He-Who-Decides-In-Favor-Of-Osiris-Against-Set.

Puss-in-Boots, guardian, genius
exacting steward too,
of what orders the play,
stands on the right side. But friends,

Mr Fair Speech and By-Ends,
didnt see it that way and their
creatures set it over
to their own tune, persuaded her
to change upon change, against
inspiration. As in the story
it's always told, these false advisers
lead the soul astray.

Anubis stands on the left.

This is how it came to her when she wrote.
She must have seen them clearly
and heard
their commanding words. "The moon is rising.

The moon is setting. Fire! Fire!"
they warnd. Each action
of the plot then was in the moon's
rising and setting. Something's aroused.
It's settled. The animal fates
do not let us forget. "Watch out!"
they order. "Do not interfere.
From every false move
there springs hell's fire."

The dead
and the dreamer strive to meet
in truth, but
their words are changed. They're
playd false. Wraths of art
flare from the cat's eyes.
Cold goes out from the ice
of the jackal-headed god's stare.

She denies what was reveald.
She tries to play the true Worm Queen,
but they wont let her sing.
Her words are changed.

At this stage the Fates are deleted.
It is all Vanity Fair.
Neil Narcissus
wants his part rewrit to fit his
own idea of what he is. Mr Fair Speech
reproves her protest,
reminds her she owes gratitude
that they undertake the play at all,
makes her give way.

The false undertakers, Set's scene fakers,
make away with the body, cut
what they dont like and
present the remains in whose likeness?
Anubis, the fire,
the passionate dream and true love
are struck from the score.
Restore the first lines, the scenes
the way they came to her, the words
as she sings them in the old text!

The other--
false face, false pace-- false
step by step,
led by step-relations
where we should have
watchd our step--
Satan's pitfall of likelihood
theyd reshape the plot to,
to take the place of what happend,
will only
draw its own to it.

The fun-makers would alter the Maker's
Will, cut down the fateful
orders to psychological size,
humanize Osiris.

We pray against Set:

Puss-in-Boots, let us obey you.
Anubis,
accuse us. Only justice
will move to restore
magic's orders.

*

"The youngest,"
the Story Teller tells us, "had
nothing but the cat."
The Master Cat heard all
but, making as if he did not, said
"Do not afflict yourself."

This creation of Charles Perrault,
this winning surrogate,
may not be of the older order but
Pure Wish or Phantasy. He's
As-You-Like-It, granted.

She saw Puss and Anubis
as automatons,
marvels of the Musée Méchanique,
with fans of red and gold, the real
directors of what happend.

By-Ends loth to tell his name,
Mr Anything, Mr
"Facing Bothways,
looking one way and rowing another,"
rearranged the scenes
to suit his purpose,
saw to it the music would be without meaning.

Now to get out of this
"Town of Fair Speech" Bunyan calld it
"If you will go with us," the gods command
"You must go against Wind and Tide"
to try the Truth of it.

*

Susan in the authentic play refuses
false marriage. She remains
true to the dream's Truth.
The bridesmaids
echo the Hanged Man's laugh.
Satan's words ring.
"Fortunate beauty," they sing. "Lucky, lucky bride."
You should be grateful, you should not
complain. This share--
"fortune and luck" that they even consider
doing your play--is the Perverter's realm
"of wealth and pride."

In truth there is an inauspicious star
as we hear her sing. Only Disaster
saves her. Susan,
sleepwalking in truth,
carries the light towards the fire itself.
The fire
saves her from the lie that threatend.
Unwed, she dies true to her Love.

Love and Grief--
only Death grants the deep Wish of the play.
The lovers in Lethe meet
or in the burning city.
"The man is free of the starry skies,"
the automaton sings.
"But the woman on earth must wake."

Our Puss in her corner then

is Sekmet too, lion-wrath of things in full daylight,
without mercy,
She, whom this lot would betray.

We repeat the prayer,

We do not blaspheme the King.
Nor defame Bastet, the Cat-Goddess.
We do not alter the plot.
We do not cavort in the sanctuary.
We do not make fun of your play.

Let Anubis direct us,
He who announces Osiris
restored to full form.

We repeat the prayer to the Lord Accuser.

Do not weigh this heart lightly.

As you workt, we would work
to bring life to the true body,
assistant in the magic of Isis,

between earth and high heaven move
that the place of the god be pure.

*

The inner voice, the inner
sight of things, appears, a light
-ed stage, where
in their closets, Left and Right of What's
Going on, Going to Happen, we see
mechanical grotesques.

Gods hide in these
--"Thrones" the pseudo-Dionysius calld them--
protagonists,
ideas of the play. They advance the dark thesis
into the daylight. They ask only
obedience to the letter
and the way will be clear.

The Divine moves in this Comedy.
What does she know of these rites

that she did not receive from
hidden orders
of laughter and catastrophe?
the writing hand
following the voice she heard
in the appropriate melody?

Flatterers, false counselors, fault finders,
who have her ear,
always know better
what the stage
requires--improvements. Envy moves them
to remove the Divine for what
the audience wants. Vanity
suggests new arrangements for success.
"Do not
trust your inspiration," they tell her, "But
be grateful to <u>us</u>.
We know what works."
They give the play the works. They
despise her singing as the song came,
persuade her otherwise
to cast out the true measures,
setting awry
coes of the angeloi, destroy
tune and tone that kept
first things in their order.

Betrayd,
the structures of the poem or play of mind
(angelic instructions)
broken,
the genii come to life,
touch fire to ice in the living bone
and waken
fearful consequence. They take
offense who'd promised happiness.
No part is trivial.
Ravening, they demand exact account in life,
the message restored.

The mutilations of the play
are visited upon the other side.

It was the truth demanded
we did not know
(they told us) how to work,
the sequences of the song derived
from the heart's chord.

*

In lines so swiftly moving from the hand
th'elusive phantom is brought out.
In Lang's Blue Fairy Book
Jacomb Hood portrays our Master Cat
become a great Lord.

We see
that Puss-in-Boots
who in the story has no magic but deceit
preying upon the foolish,
the fearful, the vain, may be
the Wish that betrays what we are,

that like Anubis weighs
the foolish heart, the fearful heart,
the vain heart against
Maat's feather.
For Hood shows us Puss the Lord
with glaring eyes and

a King's robes.

(Dec. 17th--Feb. 10th, 1961-62)

POSTSCRIPT FOR OPEN SPACE, January 1964

There are two evenings at Ebbe Borregaard's Museum, great events in the inner poetic life of our community, that I would recall: the performance of Helen Adam's San Francisco's Burning, Halloween 1960, and of Jack Spicer's The Heads of the Town up to the Aether the following year. The text of Spicer's work is intact, illuminated by Fran Herndon's beautiful lithographs in the book published by The Auerhahn Society in 1962. With the exception that the typography is abominable (titles crammed into the text; explanatory notes for the "Homage to Creeley" shoved to the bottom of the page, etc) and that the lithographs lose in reproduction, from these poems and these illustrations I draw increasing sense of what poetry can mean.

But in the case of Helen Adam's San Francisco's Burning, now that Borregaard's OANNES series has brought us the "restored" text, though the book is faithfully illustrated by Jess in the spirit of the original play, the alterations that I find so grievous remain. Page 11, the Drug Eater who once sang of a girl lost in Limbo (counterpart of the Scotch Sailor's "No lassie walks the silver shore", page 17; and of his love for Susan) now sings of "the faggot he lost seven years ago." Page 62, Neal Narcissus is substituted for Lily Babe and in the new "improved" version we are introduced to a psychologically real scene. In the original version this scene went as follows:

SCOTCH SAILOR: Bonnie dearie. Don't be afraid.
Let your candle fall.

(SUSAN lets her candle tilt. LILY BABE runs in and catches her, taking away the candle. The Automatons close their curtains.)

LILY BABE: Good Heavens, Miss Susan!
You nearly let a lighted candle fall.

(Exit SCOTCH SAILOR)

SUSAN (waking): I walked in my sleep! I walked in my sleep!

LILY BABE: It doesn't matter at all.

SUSAN: There's something I can't remember.

LILY BABE: It doesn't matter at all.
Get back to bed and keep cosy.
Your candle didn't fall.
But we might have had a fire in this house
And that's all we need in this house,
That's absolutely all.

(Exit with SUSAN.)

The conciseness of this poetically real scene in which we realize that when Susan obeys the Scotch Sailor's plea to let her candle fall, not only thereby will she be joined with him in the land of the dead but also the San Francisco fire will be lit--all this information (inner form of the play) is thrown away in the effort to make Susan not only the true love of the Scotch Sailor but also Echo to Neal's Narcissus. Given this corruption of Susan's innocence, it is not out of place that unloving Neal is substituted for Loving Lily Babe as the agent of the drama.

Neal Narcissus in this play of characters is Vanity, as Susan is Innocence. As in the later conception of the play Narcissus is given psychological reality, the vanity of the play is made real, until in a final most vain scene, Narcissus throws Susan, the innocence of the play, to the ground in contempt. Only the comic innocents Miss Dunn Drummond and Mr McCann remain to give a hint of the orders of love in the original play.

Robert Duncan

THE PRINTS

the snail paths glistening underfoot
lead anywhere

some other
distance put the story down

of a prince who, tired
of his nobility,
found the cupboards offered
sweet companionship

open and shut
'we
take up where left off
all flowers and short steps
among the trees'

the marvelous we had lost
came back arms,
stone, bristling hair
bend toward the heart

Robin Blaser

TRANSLATION

The ash
came from Mt. St. Helena
They all fell
as by the same wind
Rooted in springs
the stone-filled trunks
stretch out

or an oak ~~grove~~ grows
from the rock bark

I turn more to the fire
on the manzanita branches
where the bees light

than to prehistory

Of the ghosts of young
cherry trees,
there is an appearance
on the way back

Robin Blaser

GOURMET COOKING

SOUP AND CRACKERS

Duerden's reading of his poems two weeks ago in the Fillmore was a real revealing; where poems we had missed on the page gained excitement in being heard, where poems we knew with pleasure appeared in strength to give his work serious and beautiful structure. The excellence of his reading happened despite Duerden's curious efforts at sabotage: He appeared as an elephantine apparition in a billowing white trenchcoat lined in orange wool; insisted on a peculiar peanut butter style of delivery, dragging chairs or stamping out cigarettes through the middle of poems, and opening with an incredible, unintelligible general introduction that had something to do with Jack Kerouac. Apart from this, and a habit of cramming future titles into the closing lines of each poem, it was possible to hear lovely, intelligent poetry: Orders of the Day, Harmonies, A Card for the Tarot, a Jane Harrison poem, the LaMartine place poem with the singing, the well remembered moon poem, an 'event' poem in high humorous style, and various portions of a forthcoming first volume, Lit By The Moon -- all these moved and led us by their intensity and care.

I still find readings useful; in the small gathering I felt we were guests of the poem, and hearing the words in voices gives excitement to the air as far as I'm concerned, puts the experience of poetry in my mind.

On the same program we heard Ron Loewinsohn, who, for the most part, read poorly in a high, strained smoker's hack. The result was a nervous monotone, spoiling two of his best poems, Entangling Alliances and It Is To Be Bathed In Light. He finally seemed to tire, and as in swimming when tired, you relax and swim better, so that the flowers poem and the one good baseball poem (out of a batch of somewhat coy material) where the Dominican pitcher is thinking, shown forth and could be heard in their excitement. Ron tapered off into expressiveness, silliness and exhaustion.

Though host Robert Duncan told us that David Bromo-Seltzer wasn't part of the poetry set at Swish magazine in Kanada, it was hard to tell the difference between him and the rest of that weak Creeley soup. The difference was one excellent short lyric, The Accident, and the possibilities of a long poem which, being complicated and interesting, needs a few more hearings.

MONTY WOOLLY

One Reader Writes, What would it be like if the state of Montana had been named Mona Lisa?

SLOP

Almost needless to say, the only thing that prevents the trip to the French Palace to see the Winter Invitational from being a complete waste is the presence of the Edith Halpert collection in adjoining rooms. The absolutely superb Arthur Dove, Connecticut River, in which a figure appears at the water, was the most exciting canvas I saw. Also a John Marin watercolor, Bathers; two people going into the ocean, in which all the things I like in Marin come together. Joseph Stella has a beautiful crayon, Composition. There are at least three good Stuart Davis', especially an early, dark, Gloucester landscape, which gives you a key to later work. Marsden Hartley's Earth Warming, Mexico is another beauty; in addition, several good Max Weber's, and Karfiol's Making Music, a beautiful canvas of the 30s with two boys keeping the measure in that living room of couches, lamps and the vase shaped from a hand -- it has kinship to Fran's beautiful radio painting. It seems to be a collection of friends' work, her husband being a painter, and aside from an unfortunate splattering of inevitable Shahn's and Kuniyoshi's, is excellent. Also on is 'The Woodcut Since Gauguin' which again shows you Gauguin's mastery, plus two by Nolde, one by Much and one jewel: Aristide Maillol's Thyrsis Milking A Goat in his series for Virgil's Eclogues. As for the insane WI, rx: one Jess or Harry Jacobus.

Sporting and social note: Concurrent and adjacent to the WI painting show was the WI golfing show in which Fart Forum's noted hack, J. Palmer Fink, was slain by a putt.

THE TRIAL BY CALFKA

At Jim's recent legal brush for unlawful trinketeering, star witness for the defense was a local painter. We quote from the record:

DA: Now, Mr Field, would you say that handle of the coffee grinder was difficult to turn even when the grinder was empty?

TOM: I wouldn't know; I never had occasion to turn the handle of the coffee grinder when it was empty.

DA: Uh...about the silverware, now -- wouldn't you admit, Mr Field, that there was enough silverware in that house to fill a grass bag?

TOM: What! Do you have any idea how big a grass bag is?

We'll spare you the verdict.

A MARBLE SEA

The center of Jim A's Moral Seed essay, which appeared in the last issue of Open Sesame, is at the very beginning:

'one fooled out of right relationships is the root of unfortune.'

While giving us a lead to the personal, Jim tries to fool us or him, saying this attaches to Rimbaud or Van Gogh or Willie Mays or spades, etc.

'Beauty is relativity: the aura of virtue and the lure of lust.' That seems right (or exciting), but that ' a man's business is virtue' seems doubtful, at least until he makes it clear to me what virtue might be.

'art creates answers' is the beginning of crap. Making poems has more to do with obeyance, paying attention, having to. That we take advantage or steal or be human while making them is something else. The poem is there, 'rising even out of music,' Jack said. As one of 'the votarists of passion' I don't agree that we provide no instruction. Finally, the notion that Life on the Mizz'ippi is pertinent more to virtue than to capitalist bloodsucking is nonsense.

The aphoristic quality of the closing sections leaves me at a loss. Except that some of the roughness of its shape is to be disregarded in the pleasure that Jim is using the pages here at notebook (just as Jess' Critical Dreams is 'a notebook of the spirit'), as a process of his concern, is of interest to us, because we know him to be a poet.

CLOD

I had wanted the magazine not to get out of the city, seeing as there are only a few poets who might have any business with it not here, and Robin could call them on his telephone if some poetic emergency came up, but apparently some asshole has sent a copy to another asshole named Woodchuck who lives in Merryland. And of course Woodchuck is writing the first history of the advance-gargle since Hoffman's in 1946 because things have become 'exiguous,' he says. After four days with no poems and then this, I begin to wonder if anyone can read.

"THE ISLAND" BY ROBERT CREELEY

I can see Creeley, more clearly, after this novel
the design is ideal. he goes thru som ruf work,
captured endurances
and good old Creeley: "Where are you"
I was wondering, what kind of people
and, is he that dumb about Catholics
and, whats all these anecdotes when
the story's there, John and the author, getting ahead of each
step by step, when I am impacted by, the poetry, of the last
line
in the beginning of the book I thot of Lawrence's
"Women in Love" strange unresolved wrestlings with human nature
somehow dully

JA

Credits:
Lithography, Mike Kummer
Letting, Peggy Engle
Photography, Lartigue