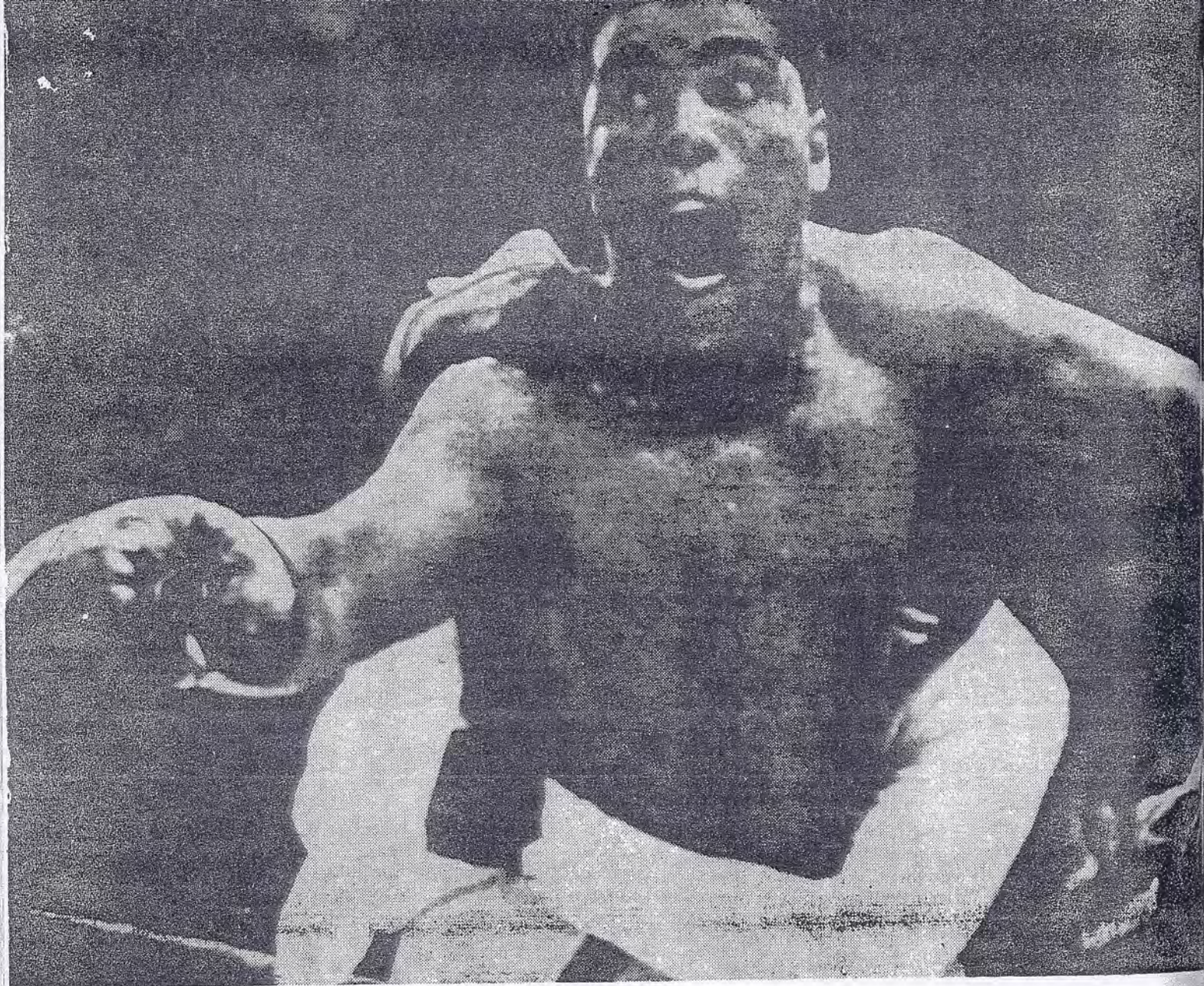


OPEN SPACE

#2





I'M THE KING

invention among the slobs,
a fixed image in the
mind's eye
'eyes like doorknobs, eyes like
doorknobs
'like a statue moving backwards
eyes like doorknobs
'blinking, blinking' no
eyes like doorknobs

power is starry-eyed.

Cassius Clay

SECOND BASE

1. This time, a place of appearances; peers show new work.
2. 'Open Space' -- actual working room, process, notebook
is free
is for the city
3. To get young poets I've never heard of to show their work -- send a couple of poems, because it's hard to get an idea of what you're up to, otherwise.
4. The winner of the Valentine contest is announced in the Tenement & Garden section.
5. 'Open Space #3' will be a baseball issue.
It will appear March 30, 1964.
Poets are invited to send in predictions for the coming season and other pertinent material, like how the Cubs are going to solve their second base problem, or for that matter, how the Giants are going to solve theirs.
6. Deadline for poems, predictions, articles, gripes is March 20, 1964.
7. Send material to 640 Turk, #26, or put it in the mailbox inside Gino & Carlo's bar on Green street between Grant and Stockton. Or you can leave a telephone message with Aldino or Donato and tell them to pass it on to Jack who will deliver it to me.
8. 'Open Space' ain't goop-soup, bar set or queer coterie; it's not just for one part of the city, though George is sort of right to say, 'North Beach is our equivalent of the market place.'
9. The point though, isn't gossip or politics, but an aesthetic the poems can make.

CRITICAL DREAMS . II (marginal)

4/25/56 By which was initiated this spirit record.

:)imagine a margin an engine of genesis(:

sea and land (and air, with fire understood far below and above)
meeting in a shore/the margin of a book whose story and outside abyss
are interchangeably land and sea. And on, yet merging into, the shore a
child making castles/ comments or peering at shells/ concretions and crisp
black seaweeds. The story/ land-sea is known by air or another, its
genius is/ genesis. However no story unfolds to dreamer while pages turn
as the air stirs and the child falls open to different ages inconsecutiv/
unconsequentially. Is the child now ancient mariner ; Aphrodite ; old man
of the sea ; sandpiper ; me for an instant? The child is on/ in the margin,
so linkd to unknown story as to be unfearing at the bookedge, in contem-
plation on it. When the sea is out/ a sandcastle, when inland out/
a conch-creation.....and
a shore breeze coolly there. Until the poem gets

lost in a twister tearing the

house down, dreamer

me in a

base

men

†

&

the fire department comes,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,,

Awake ; at sea? now where is my margin of error?

5/28/56 After a rendition of work by Kenneths Rexroth and Patchen.

I have a cell in a huge ramshackle kennel of a tenement, a building which
is also the bookshelf complete of Patchen and Rexroth. In the basement is
Rexroth's greasyspoon cafeteria in which we eat reams of story dispensed
automatwise like tickertape. The Patchen Apartments upstairs are a honeycomb,
and smouldering fires frequently break forth from the wiring within the walls.
There being no fire department, tenants volunteer to search out hotspots. While
chewing on a story in the basement, I hear the alarm buzzing: a volunteer I
rush up long perilous stairs to the roof. There smoke is belching out. We

hack away at wall and roof to lay bare a juncture in the rotten timbers where another bad connection has shorted and is sputtering luridly. We dont try to douse or smother the blaze; instead we chop away the flames as if they were cancer. I wake as the fire is thrown overboard into the dark street far below.

3/2/57 After Charles Olson's seminar A Special View Of History.

A long climb zigzag up stairs within a tower. I step out onto a high balcony, narrow, overhanging a hushd library, no railing other than tall stacks of encyclopediae. Figures perch on scatterd unapproachable coigns of vantage, Thinkerlike with books spread on lap, reading, rustling. A nearby reader dangles his legs at the edge of my balcony. The hush is not dead, but communicative of a concerted hive of specialized cells functioning
)vertigo(

Occasionally a book or two topple down into the chasm like detritus.
)fear of hights/heights(

Neither stair nor ladder connects any reader to the hall below. I must leave before I fall, but returning to the entry I find the stairwell replaced by a vast glittering department store: display cases/ operating tables, crowds milling, chatter and clink; a cutlass displayd cutrate, operation imminent. Could a cut deal infection, suicide-escape? no opportunity: the surgery/department store humming passes into further unrememberd passages...

9/12/57

Robert, Harry and I emerge from a movie theater after seeing a long technicolor feature something like Fire Down Below. We walk along the street and meet Mike McClure leaving a garage where he's just been hired. He replies, when we ask how he's doing, "Lousy. They have me down working as a Gas Attendant. I should be upstairs. I'm a Grace Monkey really."

3/10/63

Lost in aisles of sorted secondhand toys: balls, blocks, tops, dolls, tricycles and so on, in stacks and bins looming like downtown officebuildings. Robert, Pauline O and I slowly tour the ill-lit wares. We are in Pauline's old rattletrap. Side aisles branch off, where often we turn, here and there to

pause for rummaging. Pauline gives the wheel over to me. Somehow we proceed (I can't drive), darkness prevails now in deserted back streets near the city limits. An olden dim streetlamp gleams ahead a short distance at a rightangle turn; while at our immediate right a dark lane disappears into open country. As we slow to peer into the side lane, my faulty operation kills the motor. While I'm trying to pump action from the car, around the corner ahead from the left into the streetlight's yellow circle move two figures, male and female. The indistinct female figure pauses, the other, hurries forward to claim attention at the driver's window. It is Robin who with forceful breathless sincerity rapidly says "How good to run into you I'm sorry I can't stay but we must o wait wait (He runs across the car's path to pursue the now drifting female who is entering the dark lane) wait ruth wit wait (then over his shoulder to us) wait I'll be back in just a moment--" Both figures are swallowed into the dark countryside. I renew furious attempts to start the car. Pauline laughs, leans to whisper, "The clutch is slipping."

Jess

This Is Submitted To Your Valentine Contest

Be brave to things as long as
As long as
As long as the plot thickens
As long as you hold a tiny universe in your
hand made of stringy oil, cats' hair,
tobacco, remnants
Of what was once wide.
As it was once as long as, the plot thickens.
Be brave to thinkers in the night, rusted
boxes, anything
That has dimension.
As if it were a foot wide
Tall, square, as long as boxes
Were.

Jack Spicer



He went outside, into the morning sun, and he still felt wonderful. He had been enclosed in the darkness, in the Cave, for 12 hours, and the sun was still beautiful, the old houses were beautiful, the streetcar was beautiful. He walked down to the corner (and the old church was beautiful) and saw, in front of the Eis-Cafe, a knot of guys arguing, discussing, right there on the sidewalk. Harry felt powerful. They were all guys he knew. -Whatever you are saying, he said, it's horseshit. They laughed.

-Harry! Hello Harry!

He looked around.

-Harry! Hi!

The group of guys looked around. Harry saw, then, just beyond them,

the girl from home, the tall man next to her.

-Well. Hi. Well, what are you doing?

-Harry....

-It's good to see you.

They could only stare at each other. Harry was aware of himself, in Levis and T-shirt; he was pleased that they had come upon him in the street - in my natural habitat, he thought, as if he were some kind of strange animal. He wondered how he looked. Have we changed so much, or at all?

She wore some kind of shorts and a simple blouse - not black tights, no black sweater and no sandals - and nostalgia rushed over Harry as he seemed to see America. Beaches at night, the band, the campus, going to class, lying with the girl under bushes, talk, talk, cheap wine and talk, and lying under the fragrant bushes with some girl on a warm night. Looking at her, he saw that she too could have remembered everything about America, whether they had shared it or not, they shared it now, and Harry wanted to take her in his arms, embrace her, sing a popular tune, ride in a car....

She was saying something about the trip, the husband's parents in England. The Englishman suggested a walk. On the ride uphill in the cable car Harry remained suspended in the curious trap of memories, trying hard to hold it as it faded. During this struggle he pointed out things.

-That's where I live.

-There's the castle.

-The Odenwald. From here you can see the Rhein. Yes, Mannheim. The function of guide; guiding him out of suspension, out of the fading vision and soon all that was left was the memory of warmth.

It has simply meant that I have a past? that I have got the past, he thought.

Still, it was pleasant to be a guide. Harry had never been on the trail before, but he knew that it led down the mountain, to a village around the bend in the river, that it passed through a tiny Dorf, that they could take the streetcar back. They walked through stands of pine, through birch groves, crossed and recrossed perpetually a stream, wound along the dusty path, warm in the sunshine. The

English husband was right. They felt like three travelers on any long journey and told quiet stories to each other, all three of them. At the Dorf they stopped at the inn and ate sausages and heavy bread, and drank white, slightly bitter wine, ice-cold. At the end of the trail they came off the rising ground onto a meadow sloping towards the river and, as a matter of course, toward the town. Harry let them go on then, to the streetcar, to catch their train. As soon as they were out of sight, he lay down in the tall grass in the last of the afternoon sun, and slept. It was a secret act - he did not want them to know that the day had given him this, for they should think that he had given them the day. He was, after all, the guide. In all this time, he thought, I have never been up on the mountain or down this path or in this meadow before.

James Herndon

(from Shit on the General)

THE TIME TRAVELERS

He turned-in his
Chevrolet
(Tropical flowers burst
on a white Cadillac.
(into bloom; decay
The payment book
(lies hidden--
can be heard ticking--
(deceives the lonely
a clock.
(eye.

Gene Fowler

It is essentially reluctance the language
a darkness, a friendship, tying to the real
but it is unreal

the clarity desired, a wish for true sight,
all tangling

'you' tried me, tried the everyday which
caught me, turning the house

in the wind, a lovecraft the political
was not my business I could not look

without seeing the decay, the shit poured
on most things, by indifference, the personal

power which is simply that, demanding a friend
take dullness out of the world he doesn't know
his lousy emptiness I slept
in a fire on my book bag, one dried wing

of a white moth the story is of a man
who lost his way in the holy wood

because the way had never been taken without
at least two friends, one on each side,

and I believe my dream said one of the others
always lead now left to acknowledge,

he can't breath, the darkness bled
the white wing, one Of the body

of the moth that moved him, of the other
wing, the language is bereft

Robin Blaser

O R I O N

Betelgeuse and Bellatrix are the shoulders; Saiph and Rigel the knees. The three stars of the belt that seem perfectly matched for brightness are at different distances from Sol ranging I think from 300 to 500 l.y.

Betelgeuse is alpha Orionis; in the 19th Century it was the brightest star in Orion, but it faded; now Rigel is.

Bill said, "Aren't those the Pleiades in that area where his cock is?" (The sword.) Seeing that area like a painter, the muzzy brightness highlighting a bulge in the material. Catullus: "Pertundo tunicamque palliumque." The Pleiades were out over Fillmore St.

He was loved by Artemis, and she killed him. Either because he loved Merope, or, because he was beloved of the Dawn for his beauty...she did it for all the gods. Or Apollo was jealous -- he asked her to take aim at "a distant point...in the sea." Or he was stung by a scorpion. She lifted him up, bodily, into the sky. (She put the scorpion in the sky too, but on the other side, so they'd never be above the horizon together, again.)

The cock area is muzzy even on clear nights. It is a brightness, a contour -- not sharp and starlike. This is because of the Great Nebula, 26 light years across and 12 to 1600 l.y. away, roiling, hot clouds of hydrogen, nearly vacuum. Of two photographs taken of a sector of the nebula at Lick (Mt. Hamilton), 1947 and 54, the later shows two new "objects." The process is thought to begin because of minute disparities of gravitational attraction -- hydrogen atoms come, flock together -- and continue till fusion starts -- and energy streams out from the center. Baby stars.

Camille Flammarion called Orion "the California of the skies."

George Stanley

CITYS WOULD MAKE A MASQUE FOR HEARTS

now they dance
in a cloud of stripped skins
quiet and smelling of people.
Jaded and marble and gold

steps the hearts
discoloring forestes in their smile,
they move to the breeths of arrows
slaying the eyes of animals

in caverns of/light
curtains shining
the crust of hearts saw the city
and stoped
to look at the illusions of breasts
houng in the closets of houses
with cheekbones and skorpions
the laments of the moon
heaped upon them.

A POEM FOR ULYSSES

To walk and dance with the lover of my sleep
with dreams crawling through my mouth
oceans and darkness full of sounds at my back
in the wings and climates of his heart
his words with spit on my tongue
the poem making him real,

on the sighs and chantings of the bones of fained seas
my lover waves
caressing the green wrought crunchings of its rocks
breaking at moon^drenched streets
above the beach at the castles of his skull
faint thoughts and wonderings flowering in the socets of his eyes
laughing in fields and black fingers of his hair

to listen
yielding the sorrows and blossoms of his thighs.

[Link](#)

I hear a banging on the door of the night
Buzz, buzz; buzz, buzz; buzz, buzz
If you open the door does it let in light?
Buzz, buzz, buzz, buzz; buzz, buzz.

If the day appears like a yellow raft
Meow, meow; meow, meow
Is it really on top of a yellow giraffe
Meow, meow, meow, meow. Meow, meow

If the door caves in as the darkness slides
Knocking and knocking; knock, knock, knock
What can tell the light of whatever inside?
Knocking and knocking; knock, knock, knock

Or the light and the darkness dance in your eye
Shadows falling one by one
Pigs, and eels, and open sky
Dancers falling one by one
Dancers shrieking one by one.

Jack Spicer

from Julian, Hymn to the Mother of the Gods: "And Attis
encircles the heavens like a tiara, and thence sets out
as though to descend to earth" "(For the even is bounded,
but the uneven is without bounds, and there is no way
thru or out of it)"

And to Her-Without-Bounds I send
wherever she wanders, by what
campfire at evening,

among tribes setting each the City where
we Her people are
at the end of a day's reaches here
the Eternal
lamps lit, here the wavering human
sparks of heat and light

glimmer, go out and reappear.

For this is the company of the living
and the poet's voice speaks from no
crevice in the ground between
mid-Earth and underworld
breathing fumes of what is deadly to know
news larvae in tombs
and twists of time do feed upon

but from the hearth stone, the lamp light,
the heart of the matter .

Yet here the warning light at the edge of town.

The City will go out in time, will go out
into time, hiding even its embers
and we were scattered thruout the countries and times of man

for we took alarm in ourselves,
rumors of the enemy
spread among the feathers of the wing that covered us.

*

Mnemosyne, they named her, the
Mother with the whispering
featherd wings. Memory
the great speckled bird who broods over the
nest of souls and Her egg
the dream in which all things are living
I return to, leaving myself.

I am beside myself with this
thought of the One in the World-Egg
enclosed, in a shell of murmurings

rimed round
sound-chamberd child.

it's that first, the forth-going to be
bursts into green as the spring
winds blow watery from the south

and the sun returns north. He hides
fire among words in his mouth
and comes racing out of the zone of dark and storm
towards us.

I sleep in the afternoon, retreating from work,
reading and dropping away from the reading,
as if I were only a seed of myself,
unawakend, unwilling
to sleep or wake,

II

a cat's purr
in the whirr thkk "thgk, thkk"
of Kirke's loom in Pound's Cantos
"I heard a song of that kind..."

my mind a shuttle among
set strings of the music
lets a weft of dream grow in the day time,
an increment of associations,
luminous soft threads,
the thrown glamour, crossing and recrossing,
the twisted sinews underlying the work,

back of the images, the few cords that bind
meaning in the word-flow,
the rivering web
rises among wits and senses
gathering wool into its full cloth.

The Secret! the secret! it's hid
in the showing forth.
The white cat kneads his paws
and sheathes his eyes in ecstasy against the light,
the light bounding from his
fur as from a shield
held high in the midst of
a battle.

What does the Worm work in His cocoon?

There was such a want in the old ways
when craft came into our elements
art shall never work free of that forge,
that loom, that lyre,

the fire, the images, the voice

--why even in the room where we are,
reading to ourselves or I am reading aloud
sounding the music,
the stuff
vanishes upon the air,
line after line thrown.

Let there be the clack of the shuttle flying
forward and back, forward and
back,

warp, wearp, varp: "cast of a net, a laying
of eggs" from *warp- "to throw"
the threads twisted for strength
that can be a warp of the will.

O weaver, weaver, work no more,
Cascoigne is quoted
thy warp hath done me wrong

and the shuttle carrying the woof I find
was skutill harpoon --a dart, an arrow
or a little ship.
navicula, weberschiff,
crossing and recrossing from shore to shore,

prehistoric *skutil *skut--
"a bolt a bar, as of a door"
"a flood-gate"

but the battle I saw
was on a wide plain, for the
sake of valour
the hand traid to the bow,
the man's frame
withstanding, each side

facing its foe for the sake of
the alliance,
allegiance, the legion, that the
vow that makes a nation
one body not be broken

yet it is all, we know, a melee,
a medley of mistaken themes,
grown dreadful and surmounting dread

so that Achilles may have his wrath
and throw down
the heroic Hector who raised
that reflection of the heroic
in his shield....

Feb. 4-11 1964

Robert Duncan

JOHN CLERGUE



HUNGER

While you're at your sister's, visiting, they come, the
white buttocks, white thighs. And they move
as slow as oil pours.
Dim light on their bodies, light their bodies collect,
the voluptuous &
faceless women

from the orb called Hunger.

It is not the air I breathe, simply, not that I am in it and
nowhere now

Nor the food I've eaten moving thru my mind;
it is more that the sun moon trees & everybody
all come from the same place hungrily.

The orb of life in which the unset music continues, continuous music
even while we lie dreaming the music goes on changing &
more continuous than our melodies & themes it passes thru.

I was out of cigarettes and I wanted one. When I got up from Someplace
and went to the machine I saw it was shaped like a very huge fork, with
4 tongs. I am pretty sure it was a bar, Someplace, and anyway I wasn't
surprised, it is the unset continuous music that I knew immediately, like
when we see blue, the color blue, or it may have been only invention --
it may have been that, invention, like seeing in a dream someone who is
blue, colored blue, how we accept it, are within it like the music is
continuing -- that I plucked one tong and the vibration, the vibration
of the note playing let down one package of cigarettes.

It is the unset music that says then that narcotics are a food, that
they are a kind of food for thought:

the planarium worm, to the worm that eats him, communicates what he knew.

The worm slowly digesting knows slowly then
like the expression, we say he had knowledge of her, and she of him.

Which all sounds so very mechanical it seems to be so reductio ad
basicum and all that so very scientific b.s. but it's not. It is not
because there is no lockworks moving this way then that way opening or
closing a bolt which neither she nor I care whether it's opening or
closing particularly so long as we're engaged, and you can go only so
far up a hill and then you come down but in the meanwhile, while it is
all supposed to be not any further reducible because out of hunger,
that is in hunger we're plugged into one another, and warmly, that just
then the music continues, the unset music goes on, it rises up while
there is like they say all that so basic action it rises and continues
unset and we are passing a castle of some description and there are
some rocks that rise a little out of the water, of course, that is of
course there's water, it's there in front of a silver grate, or net,
and in front of the net or grate there is an opening to . . . well all
I can remember is on the other side of the opening, past the tunnel was
it, there were green trees with big blue blossoms.

The earth's food eaten, the earth's air breathed
into ourselves,
the world's being moving to pass thru us by

ingestion, digestion

circulating perhaps like the wind that's

like love, the way when it blows from the northwest
it's being sucked from the southeast.

'Souls of our parents,' the ancients said, if we eat beans we fart,
such a back-breath being their life broken, the
great great grandmother fart
is the broken spirit (wind) backfiring.

I would have thought they'd have liked it, the movement of it

and the white, white bean blossoms delicately
in the wind
wavering like a sexual flag of living.

And now it is late evening.
I look out, out from the backporch and then down
into the garden.
The dark fine air's
getting darker;
and within it the dahlia blossoms are
soft big sirens that the air, the intimate air, touches darkly.

It goes on unset, continuing, the music, I sing to sing with it
la la, la la la la la, la, la la la la, and so on, and on.

So what is it I turn away from, I ask myself walking down the stairs &
out into the street feeling it
moving throughout me?
Am I lonely? Is it some sickness in me, returned
that I try to turn from?

In the park I look at the trees, how
they stand up in the air that touches them, the air that
is touching them always.
How the tree spreads out into the air, to feed and just to spread while
it all goes on, continuing.
I want to spread myself like that!
I want to fill the innocent air and
let it touch me!

Who knows what they are? Trees, we say, but
what are they?
They say nothing I understand, nothing I have to understand, I know,
but look how they spread
themselves out, and they move a little in the air
and the air gives way, to touch them.

Soft whoooos. Soft rattles of the leaves.

And now already I miss you. And return home.
'Is it,' you ask me, 'the job, that I'm working.'
I guess, and I do see a nameless
white-robed prince of the medical air

trying to woo you.

But what I like, what opens the flow for the touch to touch me
is this talking about it, it is like
that you are reading Blake suddenly to reach
me here. So I can spread myself here.

Like the trees we are alive and are animal
spreading out in the air that touches us.

The air we breathe in evenly
to our blood even.

It is darker than a theme, darker than what its being, on a page,
would make of it. It goes on unset & continuous
passing whatever theme I might name, and leaving it.

It was moving visibly when I saw what I take to be you a few nights ago,
in white, a long white gown and there was a simple gold band around your
head. It was relieved by three barely distinct figures. I think one of
them was a deer. Was another a hag? A monstrous hag? And an old or
young sow? I don't know, at first the vision made me shudder to see
backward a head, 3 heads, or a vague head. Three of them, 'all hers'
I thought, and still think of it a little fearfully, I admit it, seeing
just how unset & continuous it emerges, the la la la la la la la
leaving melodies in our heads, but continuing.

Richard Duerden

BLINDNESS

There's an old jokester
stuck on the throne of what was there

Disbelief is a key, it's
as if he were shut up in a sand castle

The past believes in mocking birds
who make their nests out of dogs' ears.

He sees the beach
and a large future.

Jack Kerouac

A KINGDOM

in sleep, words let him
watch the bloodstream once

There is light spreading on the
floor, in the doorway

Poetry keeps the blood pure

On the nightstand
a crown — the first thing
he sees

but Sleep drives him back

shows it to him, shining —
it is the Earth
sends these stories toward his bed,

in the house they move
from the dark to daylight

stumbling — I spit blood
in the bathroom bowl — the
white dog glows in the yard
— hunting for snakes, I thought
where you point out the moon,
earthquake

heavy — the dirty thing Apollo gave
the crown, the skull from the old king
stuck on your head
for a time taking your voice,

talking.

Time heals the metric, you told me, accurately. Depend
on time,

 patiently, we sit and wait
 who know the sea
 as old necessity

It is being at work on time, the appointment kept that
deceives the silence the poem works in.

The very hills of the City are now natural terrain.

Not necessarily that poems exist without men, but that
poetry continues even when there aren't any men to
hear it, made me think of them burying the iron crown
of Lombardy -- oh, it was probably wrapped in some velvet
stuff -- put there hastily, I thought; I got it all from
a movie long ago; because there wasn't any man to wear
it.

I like to hear them read their poems, because it helps
us to remember; there being no past we poets need good
memories. But all through the day I thought of a child,
reads a fairy's tale, of the skull-and-crossbones on the
black flag in Robert Louis Stevenson; where the skull is
a bloody cup. In the story the kings are chosen to serve
and at their end, then chased into the forest; the young
of the race pursue his nobility. It is mixed with the
story of a hunted stag. See! we seem to see on top of
a hill, in his tree-chair, his brightness sinks behind
him. We feel our blood course -- 'full of piss and
vinegar' they say of these eagers. Where does it all
come from? I forget.

As there are many lights, so many are addressed. The
Muse, Hermes-guide, your ghosts of dead ancestors; Jack
speaks to the bad, or asks the ocean. Many, many.

Stephanos is their word for the crown. Given to make one
of strong mind -- opposed is the stupid. Was it originally
a ring of leaves, later given a more durable or valued
substance -- iron and gold? I remembered how a pope chooses
his name, it is chosen, is his orders. I thought again
and again. My name.

Hours later, at work
in a bad light, pushing around
heavy boxes behind the

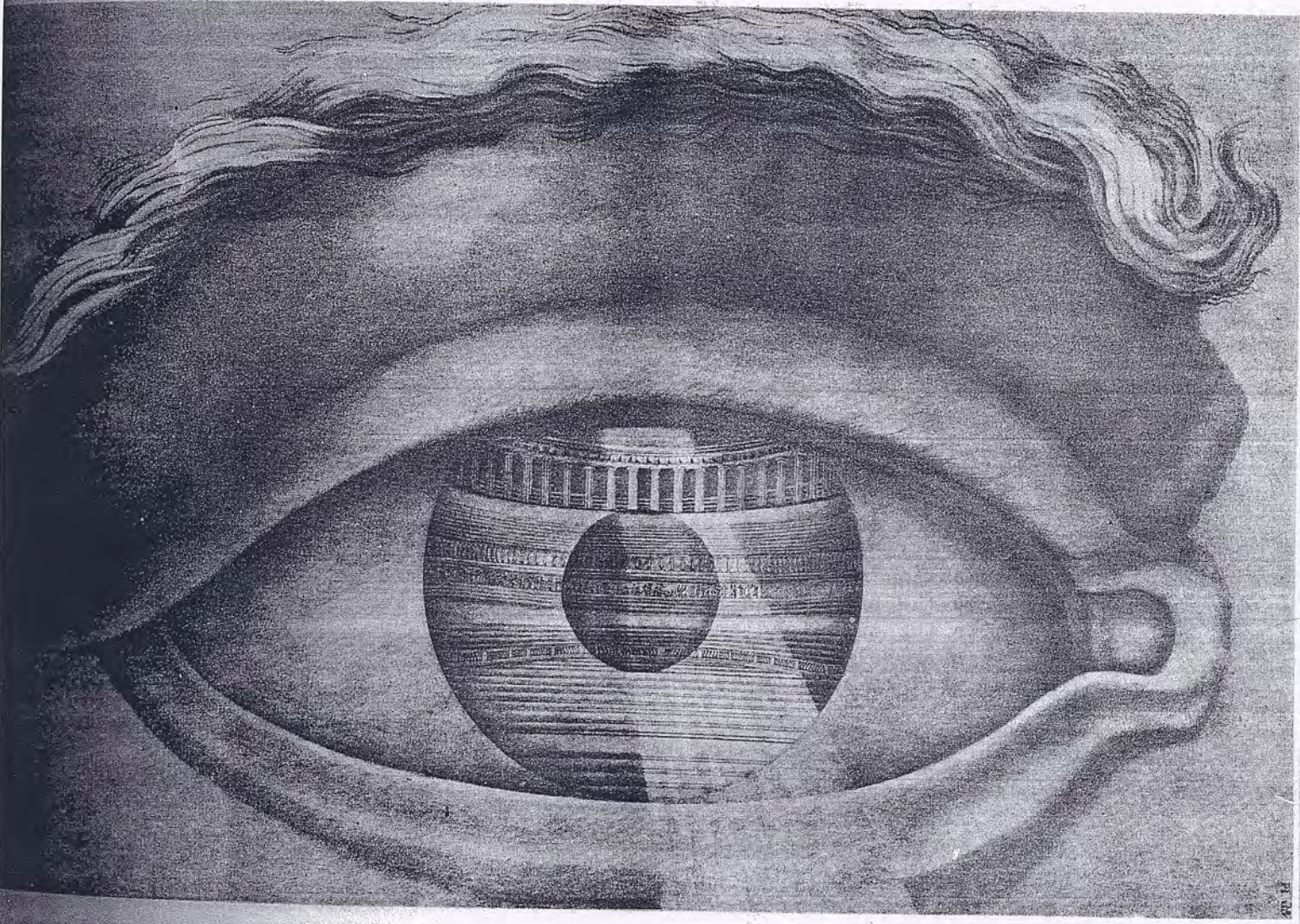
plaster pillars,
I get sick to my stomach
:the crown appears in the air,
the thought of it, shaking
in my mind
Apollo's arm and hand
stretches down
 really
above the figures of speech

To fight the disturbance I play that child's game,
Look-Into-Your-Eyes. We close our eyes, and cover
them with our hands to shut out all light; and we
see. The mind sends images, from regions of shit
and pleasure, against the psychic sight, what the
eye sees, I hold, imagination.

Stan

BRIDEN

of the
of the
of the
of the



PLATE

HOME & GARDEN

FROG

Winner of Outer Space's 18th annual Valentine poem contest is the noted foreign poet, Jacques Spicer, Duc de Na'mor. Born at Burp-le-Potage in 1945, the last of the war babies, M. Spicer, at age 19 is the youngest member of the French Academy. A distinguished poetic committee consisting of Karl Shapiro, Mae West, Willie McCovey and J.D. Salinger declared, that in lieu of other entries, M. Spicer to be winner by default. The editorial board of Open Boat invites the winner to collect his free hemlock at Gino & Carlo's.

SPARK

Ebbe Borregaard, The Sprach Letters (San Francisco, 1964, edition for friends)

loving friend, once again
ar you by trary ?
did you not think ?
that I would have thot this out ?
it moves me to say, that we have a book here
that will foster thot
emanating as it does
from the principles I have used
note the sustained action
from symbol to flesh to philosophy
by word by word in levied thot

flattery could not follow it, its wit, sustained
a summoning of the humanities, left standing

JA

OK

One can even admit that it is a good thing for a hidden

current of humor to run beneath our serious preoccupations in order to sap the strength of those always crassly healthy assertions required by life in society: the absolute is the language of the innocent. And, at the same time, when there are so many reasons to wish humanity ill, it is a sign of good nature to be satisfied with pulling its leg. But there are sacred things, for which men live and die and which cannot be trifled with. However, the scandal was less by Pregrinos himself than by the Christian leaders. They had been taken in and, in their turn, were leading astray the 'credulous, simple men' who had placed their trust in them. There is something horrible in the spectacle of these dim-wits lost in admiration of an invert and a phoney who sniggers to himself while they are celebrating 'a victory of grace' and wonders: 'What new trick can I think up now?'

Henry de Montherlant

CORN BREAD

Michael McClure's insistant, albeit somewhat simple-minded essay, Form, appears in a defunct magazine of the same name and serves as a brilliant introduction to those few readers who are unacquainted with his work. Mr McClure, one-time Vix Tanney gymnast and current Oakland college Professor of Farming, is pre-occupied (in this day and age) with 4-letter words and insists we go around saying, 'Form you!' to each other, somewhat in the manner of the Delphic oracle -- that 'cropulate you' or 'farmicate you' are too ambiguous. Like Virgil once did, Mr McClure is currently working on agricultural poetry and is said to be a real Aggie. 'Form you,' it turns out, is a command or religious oath you shout at the corn to make it grow better. In the middle of this curious mush we're told, 'There is no secret language' and 'Jacob Boehme used words to clear mysteries,' etc. Next month, no doubt: The Significance of the Rain Dance in Totem Cultures.

PRAISE POTPOURRI

I started to review the latest and newest and most exciting ant-hillogy around, Du Mudderns, a gathering of modern Albanian and Urdu prose edited by Glenroi Westcott Jones, but then I remembered that Robin says we should try to balance with praise, but even he'll admit it's been a pretty lean month. Actually, I've been too lazy to really make clear my feelings about the work that's out, of real interest, George's Tete Rouge/Pony Express Riders and Ebbe's Sprach letters or to take on my disagreement with Jim's poem review of Creeley's novel in the last issue. :But what I have at hand is true pleasure -- selections from Duncan's H.D. book that Cid Corman printed in Origin last July (not read during the Great Bitterness that screwed up the city), and Cyril Connolly's Palinurus, a collage-journal.

Faculty view UC merger

(In an attempt to ascertain the views of the faculty on a possible fusing of the California state college and university systems, the Gater made a cursory survey on campus yesterday. It is by no means meant to be a representative sample of campus opinion.)

Eugene Grundt, English instructor, said such a fusion "... would be tragic. Remember Oedipus? When Oedipus discovered that he had

married his mother, he shouldn't have put his eyes out, but should have gotten a divorce.

"Why marry UC; I like the 'divorce' we have now. UC is teaching the morality of Socrates—to obey the 'law,' however unjust—while we are teaching the morality of Martin Luther King."

On the other hand, Eddie Fisher shouldn't get a divorce, he should put his eyes out.

* * *



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correction for Valentine issue:

in the section of Robert Duncan's What Happend
beginning

Flatterers, false counselors, fault finders,
the closing lines correctly read:

to cast out the true measures,
 setting awry
 codes of the angeloi, destroy
tune and tone that kept
 first things in their order.

credits:

Lithography,
Mike Kummer

The illustration for Jim's guide section is by
Fran Herndon

Robin's poem acknowledges a line in John Updike's The Centaur

my poem owes to Duncan's Fragments of a Disordered Devotion.

* Valentine collage, Graham MacIntosh

bede

Angry Herd OVERRUNS Hunters Pt.

A herd of cattle stampeded through the crowded, twisting streets of the Hunters Point housing project yesterday.

Women and children ran screaming into their apartments as the overweight, fly-to-slaughter cattle mounded down streets and clogged back yards.

No one was injured.

Police, and cowboys on horseback, four hours to round up the 15 to 20 cattle, which weighed between 1200



The cattle stampeded down police until cowboys arrived to herd them to the slaughterhouse.