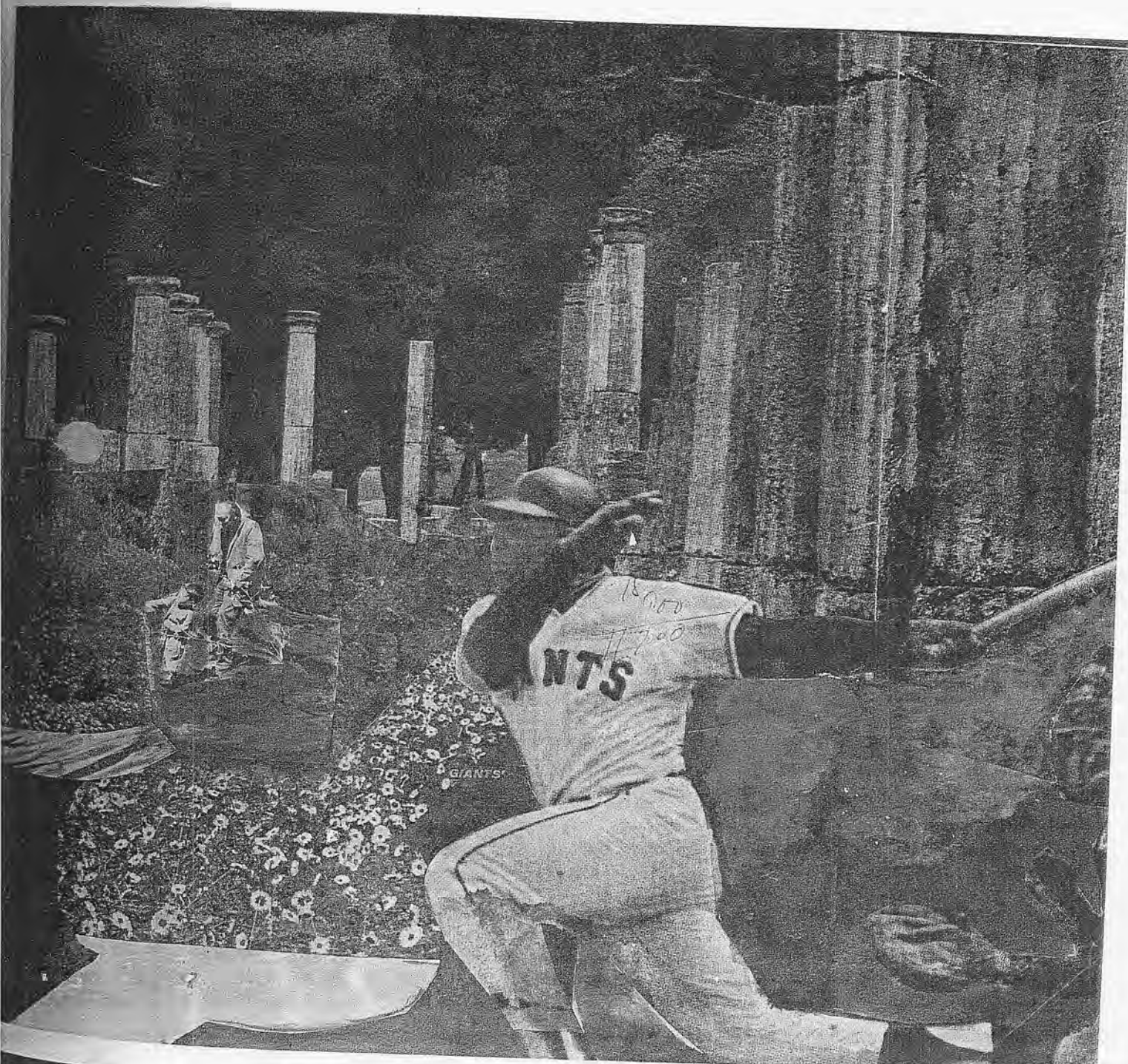


OPEN SPACE #3



WHAN THAT APRILL WITH HIS SHOURES SOOTE

1. Baseball's 'entangling alliances'
2. Ground rules for this magazine are:
 - a. free
 - b. for the city
 - c. process, notebook
3. I continue to look for new poets that none of us know -- it's time to come out of the bushes.
4. The next issue of Open Space will appear April 30, 1964.
5. Deadline for material: poems, stories, articles, blasts, sports news, is April 20, 1964.
6. Send stuff to 640 Turk, #26 or leave it in the mailbox inside Gino & Carlo's bar on Green street between Grant and Stockton.
7. Oh yes, we still take things from other places as it's needed, and hoaxes are legal.

LOVE WAS HERE

for Simon

knock, knock, knock
the rabbit rapped his cain
in brilliant fire's flame
trips brought us
fresh from the sea
picnic baskets were reinvented
old loves lingered like octopie
and cacti, and giraffi, long i
beer was invented
pour down the long way
drown us not, they clamor
clams and bors
pretty fine, you know
being here
I wish it to others
their similarity
beauty by
how humbly I am swept
clean weap with happiness
and treasure all my years
oh tales
Rimbaud can be brought back on the
white ribbon of sail
it can all take place in my fond imagination
to embrace this living idol
and swear by all that is lovely in truth
recognize paradise
not as a feather once worn, forever born
to be foiled with tension
as I remember what tomorrow
of this gift of energy
and fear of sorrow

for some are some
and some are others
and oh if water
could
for some do some
and hum de dum

wat er chessnuts
fierce and ugly, he denied
they're billiard balls
that want to hide

they play a game, they play a game
what is the truth
from moment to moment
one to another
both are one
and some of us never
cruel

RoseMary had a baby
she named it Jerry
Sally had one too
she named it you
you had a dog once named Prince
he was your salty dog
heroes have accents
just as dogs leave scents
alone and cats
chase afterwards
backwards
to find you
what can I say
to keep going
therefore
I do
how do you
tell you
that I can have answer
to wear my pants
Love
wears nothing
where's nothing
something
are nothing
without Love
did you know
no I noticed
did you who cares
I care for you

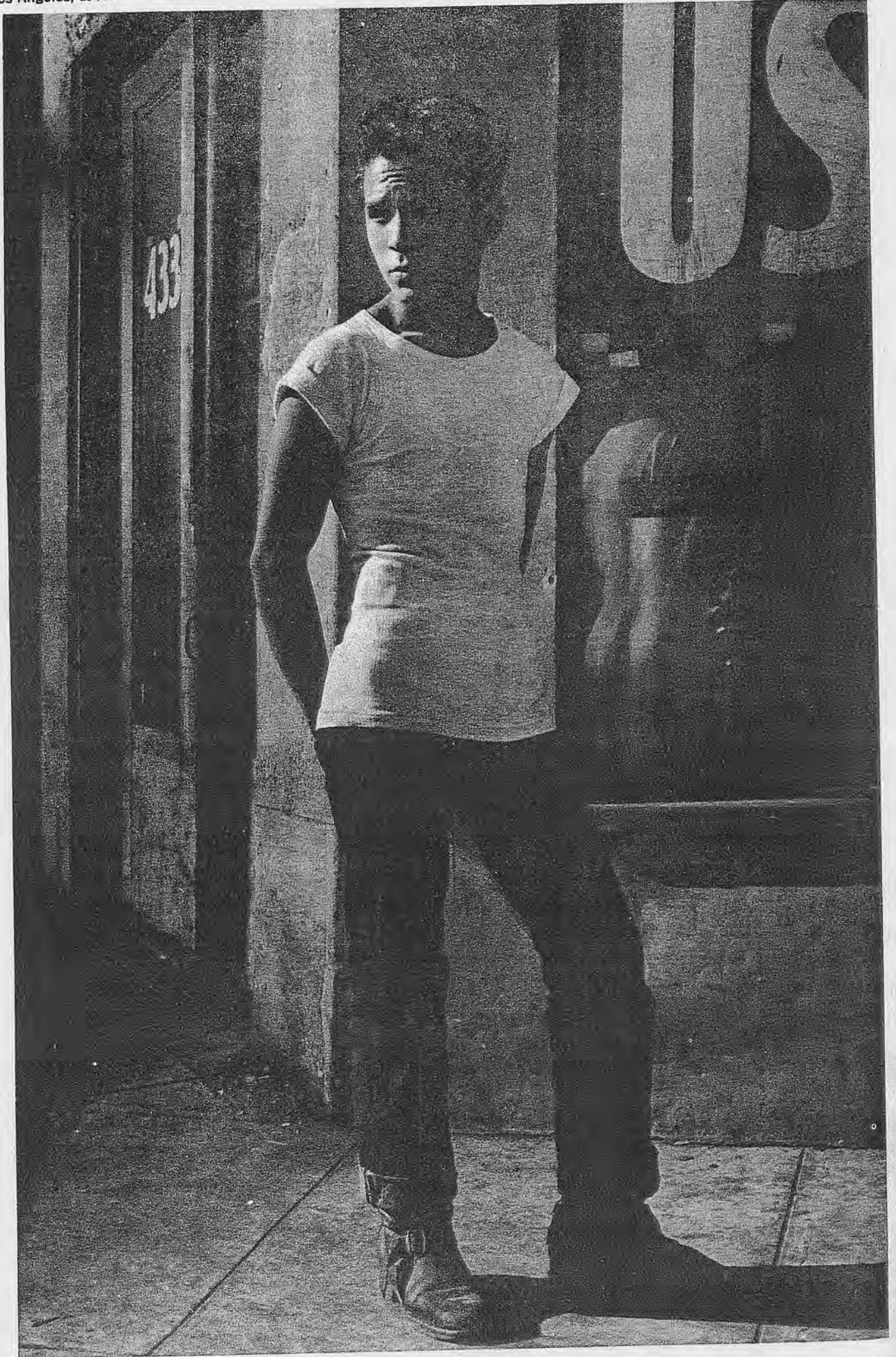
aphrodisiac tropical return
and I will tell you what color it is
I wrote you a letter in the green water
did you hear me, shut up, ok
love, asparagus and dream
of a dream echoing
I think I remember
tremble when you say that
despise and disguise
you know me
soon it will be better
be soon, be soon
and suddenly the moon
was born aloft in our dream
which is not a dream
so close to prejudice
it hurts me to say I love you
only it wasn't asparagus
was it
this I said
was it, skip it, is it
this I said
Gertrude Stein wrote thru all that
winter
and I sat here by the window
like a piece of glass
the heart has been broken
so many times
for nothing
it is like a
jig
saw
puzzle, skip it
the poets talk to their pages
like the kings talk to the ages
while a man talks to his love
in the ever listening waves
oh ears of thee heard and remembered
song of my sweat
there is no reason for anxiety
help me to know this
bronze idol

the sinister wheel
auspicious
I have watched
overtly rejecting
meshes in the creek
what can this mean, pridelessly ride
antithesis
let a name sustain its newness
the instant of prowess
propeling lovecraft
am I that lovecraft, is
can I be trickt inventively
timed insensibly
without griping something
above and beyond all that
old english
can I end here
to get free to the forms finding
love answer at love
do you have to call andcall
like scalded feathers our faces wet
pisson
the trick of war

I know the places of creation
birds of the I
still I am involved
grown over with whipping water
I am halffish
alliance is optional, optional
hope and agreement
let me know love by its feathers
and stars by the night
let me out of your fascination
I have a figure
the figure speaks and becomes sensible
flaw and counter flaw, I cannot find it
my voice is your heart
wisp of the human
become a ledge to me
a ledger wherein my heart is free
that my art can be
no whale of wanton ocean innocence
nor pride dispaired

James Alexander

Los Angeles, 1944.



Just because baseball is not poetry does not mean it is cable-cars. On the other hand, the fact that it is not cable-cars does not make it poetry. Baseball is not poetry. It is not cable-cars either. Poets, baseball is neither cable-cars nor poetry.

Following its tradition of public service, the publisher of OPEN BOAT has allowed me to reproduce here (in part) a document entitled AGAINST AN ATTEMPTED CAPTIVITY FROM WITHOUT, which begins (omitting a rather lengthy and polemical introduction) as follows:

Major-League Baseball: What It Is.

Major-league baseball is composed of major-league ballplayers, fans, and a ballpark. The ballplayers play ball and the fans watch. They do this in the ballpark. The ballplayers, playing ball, know nothing about it. The fans, watching, eating, drinking, yelling and betting, know nothing about it. The ballplayer makes the double-play this time and knows nothing about it. He lets one get lost in the sun and knows nothing about it. He confers with the pitcher and knows nothing about it. The fan's old man played second base once; the fan keeps an eye on second base and knows nothing about it. Major-league baseball is the best game ever invented for men to play and watch. There are no announcers in major-league baseball, no sportswriters, no owners, no Sporting News, no experts, no magazine editors, no All-Star Games, Party Leaders, Haymarket Riots, no Berichte-Uber-Baseballspiele and no Acquatic Park.

Two major conspiracies exist, whose purpose is nothing less than the captivity of major-league baseball. Their method, in general, is to compare major-league baseball with something else and then, having established a relationship by means of deceptive similarities and appearances, to pretend that major-league baseball is in fact identical with that something else, only an inferior brand of it, at which point the conspirator hopes that his victim may be induced to desert major-league baseball and join the faction.

The Factions.

The first faction is Perfectball, sometimes called Noball. The adherents of Perfectball know all about it.

Let me hear no one saying hastily, "Bah! Perfectball does not exist!" for with that unwary statement you have fallen into the hands of the faction.

Perfectball does exist. It exists, but it is never played, due to the impossibility of ever getting the game started. For in Perfectball there can be not hits other than homeruns. When a ball is struck by a batter the fielders, being perfect, are obliged to catch it and prevent the hit. Texas-leaguers, ground-ball-hit-up-the-middles, too-hot-to-handles, over-his-head-for-a-triples, line-drive-base-hits and couldn't-make-a-plays are imperfect and aren't a part of Perfectball. On the other hand, the batters, up in a clutch situation every time in Perfectball, cannot fan, foul-out, pop-up, fly-out, ground-out or line-out, all of which acts would involve them in imperfection. Hits being only due to imperfect fielding (thus impossible) and walks being unthinkable, the only alternative is to hit homeruns. Homeruns, however, imply the gruesome gopher-ball, the Sinnbild of pitching imperfection! In the only Perfectball game ever attempted, the players arrived, took their positions, sang the Star Spangled Banner, stood at their places talking it up for exactly one hour and forty-five minutes, left, took showers, gave out interviews and went home to their wives or to the Blackhawk. There were no fans. From that time on, Perfectball infiltrators may be exposed and routed by shouting the words, Play Ball!

The second faction is Gateball. Once a mildly dissident splinter-group within the Perfectball organization but since 1963 a clear faction in its own right, the game of Gateball differs from Perfectball in that, in the instance of a ball being hit by a batter (which may happen in Gateball) a deliberate intention exists on the part of the fielders to convert the struck ball into one of the above-mentioned categories of Texas-leaguer, too-hot, etc. This is done by order of the leader of the game (presumably the head of the faction) whose name is Gate. Occasionally the Gateball fanatic will seek to lay the Texas-leaguer, over-his-head-for-a-triple, etc. to an inveterate incompetence on the part of fielders and provide as an example of their claim a real instance from major-league baseball itself (cf. the celebrated Frank Howard Papers). At this point, the Gateball debater may become extremely difficult to handle; they will then rush on to affirm that this same incompetence has been deliberately ordered and paid for by the Owner, a kind of puppet-figure in the power-structure of Gateball, on orders from Gate.

It is worth mentioning that Perfectball theorists are not above capturing Gateball rallies for their own use. Once a Gateball speaker has established Gate in the minds of his credulous listeners, a Perfectball man may be expected to take the floor, now contrasting Gateball, shrewdly identified with major-league baseball, and attempting to gain support for the utopian Perfectball.

As yet no single method has proven universally effective against the Gateball faction, however in single encounters the offer to make bets at

even money, giving no points, has been known to cause Gateball meetings
to be hastily adjourned.
.

The document continues to identify still other factions, but since they are, in
the end, dismissed as harmless, they may be left for the scholar. Poets, major-
league baseball is not poetry. It is not cable-cars either. I think it may very
well be the only thing happening anywhere on Opening Day, which is neither
one.

Willie Malco

TECHNICALITIES FOR JACK SPICER

One is enough, she cried
But imagine thousands of them
 some with wings
 little naked boys riding on them
 pink silk ribands for bridle and reins
 a leash to guide them, blimplly

Angels, someone tells us, have no donges
But where should you get your poems
Except angelic peckers thrust never so subtly slender
 into each ear
 Skull neon whipcream illumination
 ?

He's more intelligent than any of his wives
Who teach him antique enchantment
Why is he a mystery to everyone but himself?
So near from hand to mouth

One is enough, if it be of convenient length
Or one begins at an early age learning to curl up
 like a porcupine,
 "Serapis and Agathodaemon combined
 "in a single figure adoring
 the Master of the Universe"

Three is required for that game of yours
 One to throw the ball, one to catch
 One who swings his bat between-- chance
 which breaks the cycle
 A farther number adds pretty variations
 The path of the ball: 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 after it is hit
 (an acuminate circle)
 curls on itself again
 Commences swinging back and forth
 Night and Day
 The sun track
 EAST SOUTH WEST NORTH
 and the center

LINEUP, 6th DAY			
Lyon, Pitcher (center)	white	water	god heaven
Oliphant, Catcher (East)	blue	ether	animal world
Cheval, 3rd Base (South)	yellow	earth	human world
Peacock, 2nd Base (West)	red	fire	ghost world
Griffin, 1st Base (North)	green	air	god hell

We very seldom see each other
 Standing on opposite sides of mother

But fear not, these are only reflections
 of your own several organs grown
 autonomous

He wants a world without mothers?
 which is to say, no energy
 no show, no wisdom
 Only will-power, character, that very large phallus
 of Mexican granite, a tree stump overgrown
 mossy lichens
 as distinguished from that flying snake
 Kukul Can
 (traveling east to west)

Yellow is the color of thought
 Human world light path

from inside your own head! fragments of yourself
putting on campy costumes, devil masks
bagpipe sounds, instruments of torture, boiling lead
humiliating ice, a universe of poo-poo cushions
demonic yells-- viz.

Nurgatory purgatory
Dramaturgy right of clergy
Kerosene magazine
Thuribles in the clerestory

} or { "Don't bring LULU--
I'm bringing her myself!"

perhaps less embarrassing
than to discover you are someone else's
doppelganger

It has been given to me to say.
I can't leave you alone.
Those heavy thumbs of yours T I L T the machine
You must pay again.

Take me away to your hell world:
I must have that salvation, too--
Burn away my fleshy dreams

Nine years from now
You will be known as Lump Skull Buddha!

6:VI:62
26:I:64

Philip Whalen

THE FIFTH CIRCLE OF HELL THAT IS NOT LOS ANGELES

In the 5th Circle,
In Chavez Ravine,
The ball takes a bad ^{good} bounce.

In the 5th Circle,
It is 1st base on an error,
And the Umpire takes the ball out of his pocket and says,
Les' see now, center field oughta be right there,
And throws it out into the mud that sucks up and boils
Out of the torments of the damned who suffer in the 5th Circle.

Baseball players,
Poison pen artists,
Weight lifters,
Those who claim to 10 years of youth,
Dealers in masterpieces,
Bloody impulses,
Interrupters of the process,
That Coleridge with his spiked shoe upraised spikes,
As they come sliding into 2nd base,
As they all come sliding into 2nd base,
Traffickers,
Agents,
Those picnickers that left the field
Lousy with their paper cups
And second rate toothpaste,
Those people with Nevada license plates
And loud cap guns,
As they all come sliding into 2nd base,
And Coleridge lifts up his spiked shoe and
Ty Cobb beside him lifts up his spiked shoe

In the 5th Circle,
In the 5th Circle of Hell that is not Los Angeles.

Ron Loewinsohn

PREDICTIONS



--American league,
Minnesota Twins;
National league, Los
Angeles Dodgers. Series,
too early to tell. Coast
league, Indianapolis.

- George Stanley

Ed - these are the guesses
I got. I pick LA, Milwau-
kee, SF, St. Louis, Chi,
Houston, Phil, etc.

National League

1. Philadelphia
2. Los Angeles
3. Houston
4. San Francisco
5. Milwaukee
6. St. Louis
7. Cincinnati
8. Pittsburgh
9. Chicago
10. New York

American League

1. President DeGaulle
will be assassinated
by a Communist named
John Foster Oswald before
the Yankees clinch
the pennant.

J. Spicer

Lime decayed their mouths
Who tried
to name his crime
or masterpiece.
His innocence defied
his agate eyes
No jail could hold him.
What to call him.
Well until they told him
Even Percival didn't know
What was his name .

Jaimie MacInnes

If running stockings
Flatter her legs
So does this poem

rotten beer
from rotten kegs
does run

In death throes does she
Watch t. v.
Although she knows
Any telescope
Would show her more stars

Jaimie MacInnes

The log in the fire
Asks a lot
When it is lighted
Or knot

Timber comes
From seas mainly
Sometime burns green
-Ly

When it is lighted
The knot
Burns like a joke
With the color of smoke

Save us, with birthdays, whatever is in the
fire or not in the fire, immortal
We cannot be
A chimney tree
Or give grace to what's mere-
Ly fatal.

Jack Spicer

Finally the messages penetrate
There is a corpse of an image- they
penetrate
The corpse of a radio. Cocteau used a
car radio on account of NO SPEED
LIMIT. In any case the messages
penetrate the radio and render it
(and the radio) ultimately useless.

Prayer
Is exactly that
The kneeling radio down to the tomb
of some saint
Uselessness sung and danced (the
radio dead but alive it can
connect things
Into sound. Their prayer
Its only connection.

Jack Spicer

March 3, 1964

dear Stan,

I said "city square," not "market place." Tho there's marketing done
there too. (You didn't mean we sold something.)

Of course, the Beach isn't our only city square. Aquatic Park is
too -- it's a little cold now tho. And temporary ones spring up --
like hanging around the print stand, when the Art Festival was on,
was, a city square.

But mainly North Beach, not just one bar, but from Silly Lights
to Mendacity-of-Sculpture-square, is our city square, which is
the square in Q.H. Flaccus' Soracte ode, and Paul and Percival
Goodman's Communitas.

This is not the Beach of the Magic Workshop and the Field, nor
the ba-a-ad beach of 62-63, but a kind of kinder place. Dancing
works off enuf alcohol so your head won't hurt too much to read
the next day.

I have writ you a new version of the Soracte ode, in honor of
sd Beach. I haven't attempted to any more than suggest the famous
glimpsed smile in the last strophe.

Love,
George

I see snow fell on
Mt. Diablo last night.
Lake Merritt froze at the edges,
and it's not very warm here

either. Turn up the heater
all the way. In that
thin-necked bottle you'll find
Courvoisier, Stan.

We ought to really
trust the gods -- When these winds
let up, that
racket out there will too --

and not worry about tomorrow.
If it's a good day, just
enjoy it. Let's not put down
carefree love scenes, or dancing,

till we're old white-haired men,
complaining. Now, at the park,
in the bars, the light talk
of a spring night starts.

"...hiding out on us. No, there
she is, in the Asp!" Laughing,
she dances away, with bare,
braceleted arms.

Stan, after I sent the poem off to you I realized I hadn't made it as good as I could, so I put in some more work on it, and came up with this as a final version. It is also closer to the Latin in several places than my first.

I see there's snow on Mount
Diablo. A record fall
on the ski slopes, chains
over the Sierras, the streams

frozen. Turn up the heater
all the way. In that
thin-necked bottle you'll find
Courvoisier, Stan.

We ought to really trust the gods,
even the weather gods fight
-ing Pacific winds, making
oak and eucalyptus creak,

and not worry about tomorrow.
If they get a good day for us,
fine. Let's not put down
carefree love scenes, or dancing,

till we're old white-haired men,
complaining. Now, at the park,
in the bars, the light talk
of a spring night starts.

"...hiding out on us. No, way back there,
see her laughing, in the corner?"
With braceleted bare arms,
or playful fingers.

2 of IMAGE NATIONS

we are journeying in company with the messenger

but there, it was
there 'you' saw
the head of a horse burn,
its red eye flame 'you' stepped
to the fireplace where the meta
morphosed log lay without a body
and put 'your' hand over the seeing

turned by that privacy
from such public perils as words
are, we travel in company with the messenger

the name of the bird who fell
from the hands of O-moon
is Naught if following
angles, shaped tears, nourished by
Sodom apples, we draw darkness,
a kind of mud (in the moonlight
white blossoms hastening to fall
are cut free)
then we, the apparatus, burned by a night
light, are travelling in company with the messenger

Robin Blaser

AIR TO DREAM IN

leave it, leave it
behind the dark
window the owls
calling out to each other
my voice to you
only heard
there in the dark
treetops of the sea

red the moon rose
cooled off shrunk
to a coin in the blue

alone if it is
it is a poem for you

Anselm Hollo

W. S. LANDOR

(See Introductory Note by Havelock Ellis
to Landor's "Imaginary Conversations")

There

is someone I can bear--

"a master of indignation...

meant for a soldier

converted to letters," who could

throw

a man through the window,

yet, "tender toward plants," say, "Good God,
the violets!" (below).

"Accomplished in every

style

and tint" -- considering meanwhile

infinity and eternity,

he could only say, "I'll

talk about them when I understand them."

Marianne Moore

THE WISH

I want the figures to shine (

The astronomer greedy for words
to give his stars flesh

) the constellations longings that entered
our minds, a shape by

the 'Greek magicians' (the sailor
reads in his sextant the Odyssey, orders
to sail

two men, only a little out of hell
stumble through the sand (A and B)
book in hand for them one or two stars
aint enough to get an idea of the sky in their
mind

*

'Star-bright' is the first rhyme.

Stan

The persimmons are falling
early and rotten from the tree.
no time to attend the garden
where I go like a dandy
to the living room
and right to the heart of the matter.

..
From here to here.
how much are you going to do.

It occurred to me yesterday
people don't die at thirty.
But the bloom is gone. all this
awareness of a bloom to die. what a sad time
when the point is clear and we settle down like ripe wheat
the beginning business over.

..
There reoccurs a dream
of a large mysterious house, of women in turbans
gigantic attics of rubbish
a long staircase, mysterious inhabitants
of closed off suites, marble fountains,
sneaking through the house
in by the back way, I can't take over.

The great house has strange furniture I'm unfamiliar with.
In a chair in the living room
I don't know a thing, about what's around the corner.
going up the staircase, knocking on the doors.

..
The different preoccupations. years and years
go by. A bad crop of persimmons eaten with bugs
this year, a good one last. And the wrinkles,
Melting into the nice earth,
giving over life, giving it another child.

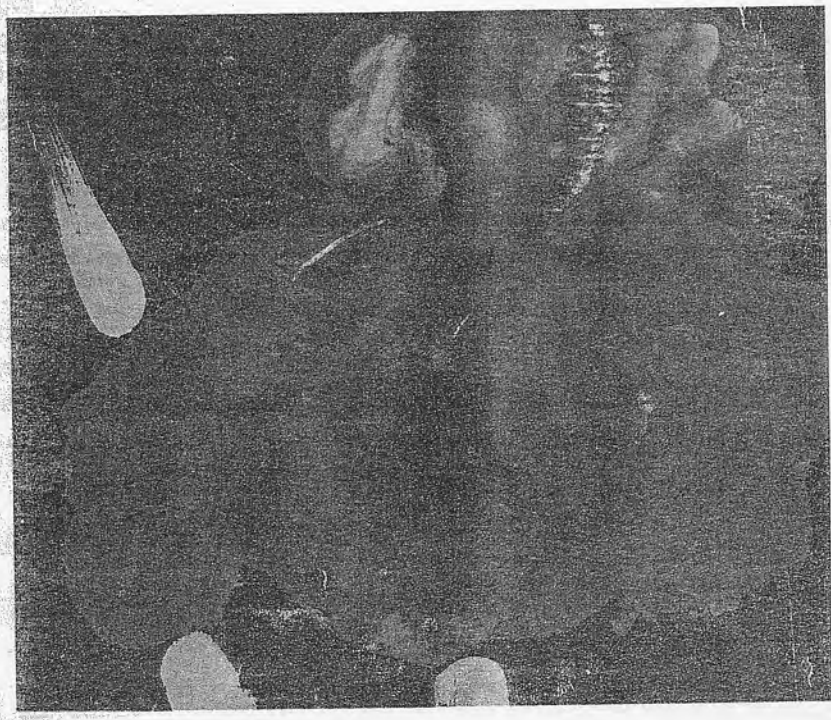
'You've built this vast house, now explore it.'
--Some people have well lived rooms.

9.15.63

Joanne Kyger

141

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HOME & GARDEN

SECRETS OF THE HIDDEN TEMPLES

The original on the preceding page comes directly thru the Bamboo and Civil Rights Curtain from a Zen monastery deep in Daly City.

The artist, William McNeill, in a smuggled letter urges the 150 readers of OPEN WOUND to get together.

He says, 'This is one way of keeping the thing local, that is, you may inform your readers that if they get together they'll find the individual works taken as a total, comprise a ceiling of a Zen Temple (now demolished, unfortunately, but highly revered by those who were fortunate enough to see the original relic), (also thought by some to have been a great work of erotica).'

The Fearless Spectator



Poetry

Charles McCabe

After Al Dark's excellent elegy for the late Ken Hubbs appearing in the current National Review of Baseball Poetry (tho he might have waited a little longer, you'd think; and that long metaphor about the 'hole at second' isn't a pun), all I can predict is the top four books of baseball poetry for the coming season.

As he nears the end of a long career we all eagerly await Warren Spahn's The Opening of the Center Fielder -- just a taste:

NIGHT GAME

the lightfoot hears you
and the brightness begins
the great arcs grin
at whoever
wins Eros
beaned or his tubby manager
out there protesting from the bottom
of his lungs

the dark is hard
in the down-reaching glove of the
2nd baseman, filld with a plop
of white ball, like Psyche's oil-burning lamp
held over the sliding base-thief.

Willie McCovey's The Heads of the Team up to the Bleachers is bound to be a big seller -- chock full of poems of this caliber:

(cont. on 74)

'WHAT MAKES SAMBO RUN'

by Robin Blaser & Robert Berg
Scribners, \$4.95

"...a shocking study in Civil Rights by two leading educators; a gutsy look at the private life of Tracy Sims, Cassius Clay, James Baldwin, etc."

-- N.Y. Times

ATTENDANCE

Houston: 1,400,000
 San Francisco: 1,350,000
 Chicago: 1,250,000
 Los Angeles: 1,900,000
 Imagine this
 as lyric poetry.

A long awaited first book from the league's master of rhyme, Jose Pagan, is Hot Dogs, a dazzling selection of love poems (bi-lingual in a Grove Press paperback). And finally among the important books is Juan Marichal's surreal account of baseball in the West, The Colts .45s / Red Head (the latter being an elegiac poem for ex-Card second sacker, Red Schoendienst). Another big year for baseball poetry.

A GOOD READING

Ron Loewinsohn gave a good reading of his poetry this month before an audience of one poet, one Yeatsian professor, one picaresque novelist and 26 pogo sticks, at the Stalingrad Poetry Center.

His performance was relaxed and serious, and briefly ranging across his own work, he was plagued by none of the problems that disturbed his Fillmore reading with Rick Duerden and Bromige a month before.

In his introductory essay Breaking the Sound (And Other) Barriers, Ron says: '...the barriers I imply in speaking of "worlds of the poem" or "realms of experience" exist only as expediciencies of language. For even if they ever did exist aren't we now breaking them down? --Simply by my reading these poems, written in several apartments around California, & you sitting there listening, & all our skins exposed in various places to the March air.

'Which brings me to the airs, hot or cold, of speech or song: To me there's no more distinction between the language of poetry & that of 'real life' than betwixt poetry & 'real life' themselves. The points for me always being discovery --a fruitful look into that neck of the woods delineated as me, & communication --a reaching out to touch some other.

'I've avoided metaphor as a device, not because I don't believe in metaphor, but because the device of metaphor (Frost's Tent, or Roethke's Wren) sets up false barriers between objects. & more than wanting to do away with barriers, I want to do away with objects in my poems, acknowledging the true rank of "objects" as Characters, having an integrity not to be degraded by being pressed into the service of any "literary" function.'

His poem about Whiteness, actually a single long metaphor which turns into an object -- so that whiteness calls live things into his mind is what I remember best.

Talking with Ron afterwards, he bitched at me for 'carping' about Rick's manner while at the same time being delighted by his work, as if I was 'looking for something to complain about.' What I'd like to make clear is that a poetry reading is a performance, after all. Readings by Spicer and Duncan have shown that the reading must be an entertainment, an event, which entails style (remember George & Robin reading at Katie's?). And so a judgement or account of such, which takes into consideration the delivery of the poems shouldn't be considered unusual, I'd say.

Dear Ferlinghetti:

You will probably be as puzzled by this letter (explicit as it is) as you have been by my isolated (the words individual and idiotic come to my mind both having exactly the same meaning at the root) attempt to boycott your bookstore.

I thought, and still think, that paperback culture, things picked and published for their currentness, was replacing the library (the Public Library, remember?) and was not much different in its effect and cause than the Beatle Records. It was, and is, worse -- a company store.

"The enemy is in your own country" Rosa Luxemburg said and she, dead poor thing, was as unsuccessful revolutionary as I have been. My own country is poetry -- and the singlehanded revolution I attempted was about as intelligent as assassinating President McKinley. There are presidents (many of them) that come after him and will be worse.

There is no use going on telling you my motives and the change of my motives. None of my friends, in our own country, have or will understand either. The point, which I think I had to explain, is that you are free (if you wish) to sell any and all of my books if you want to.

I am not keeping a copy of this letter, but if you think that it would be good to have it as a statement in OPEN SPACE please send me back a typed copy.

Jack Spicer

*

CITY LIGHTS BOOKS
261 Columbus Avenue, San Francisco 11

Dear Jack

That's OK with me. I never did understand what you were mad with me about.

We will get your new book from White Rabbit. If you have any copies of old ones, I'd be glad to get them too.

You're right about that diarrhea of the printing presses. I try not to make it worse by more than $\frac{1}{2}$ dozen City Lights Books a year. I myself have become 'book blind' and sit in a dark room dreaming of trees (before they were cut down into paper)....

If I weren't in bed with flu, I'd copy yer letter for you, but will return it in case you want to use it in OPEN SPACE.

Abrazos y fornicados

- Open Face

12 March 64

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The Holy Grail (White Rabbit Press, \$3.00) will be available in City Lights, Cody's, and as many other bookshops as the publisher can place it in. Other books by the author have other publishers who have been notified of what the author insists on calling his surrender. Publication date April 14, 1964.

credits:

lithography,
Mike Kummer

cover and the crystal ball drawing,
Fran Herndon

lettering,
Peggy Engle

'A Muse',
Robert Berg

flower painting,
William McNeill



AGE

Joanne Kyger is not yet 30 years old.