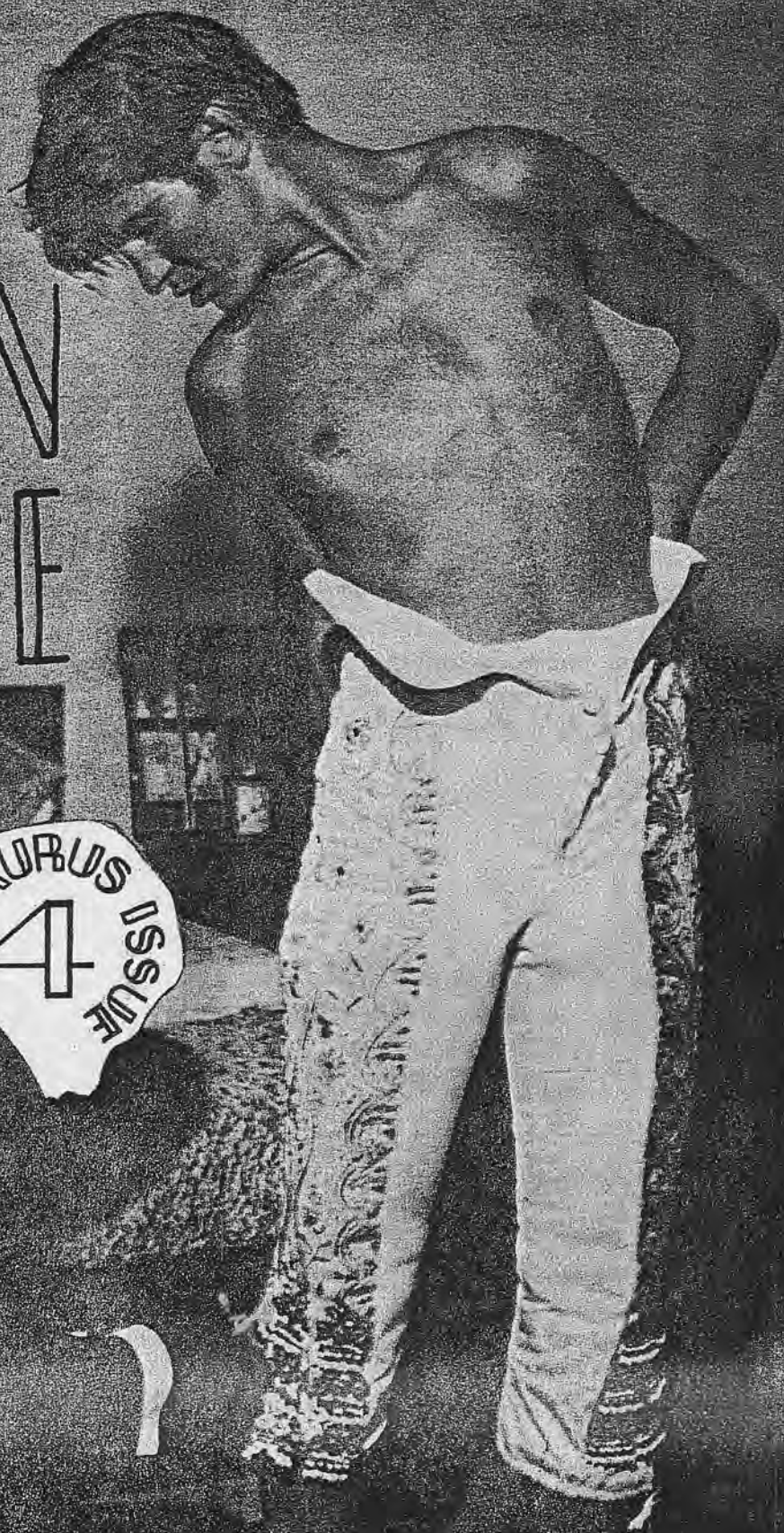


OPEN SPACE

TAURUS
4
ISSUE



HORNS

1. or 'personal poem, with personal thorns' : Rick
2. when I talked to Orpheus on the telephone last week to find out how he was getting along he said, 'They're shitting praise on me, but still ain't heard a word.'
3. 'Open Space' is actual working place, is free, is for the city -- it isn't meant for manuscript collectors or bookdealers who sell it as valuable merchandise -- if I find anyone doing that I'll take bloody action
4. New poets -- this magazine is for new poets -- please send work, stop hiding
5. The next issue is May 30, 1964
6. Send poems, drawings, stories, blasts, sports news to Open Space, 640 Turk #26 or leave them in the mailbox inside Gino & Carlo's Bar on Green st between Grant and Stockton

SOPHIA NICHOLS,

the wind hits and returns it is easy to personify
a new place and language, but the new body stings

these men with green eyelids, drawing their worth,
it was rumored, from Egypt, knew

the work is part of it a power arrived at the
same thirst

he borrowed a head for a day

but which head the phrases tremble in the other
mouth it is true and false the veil of her face,

an old porcelain, not for the hand to comfort she
moved beyond the sop one gave for affection 'My

success has been to keep duty and love alive' she said
her hand waved with the power of disease Sophia

Nichols of the orchards, the deserts, the flooded
ponds and games wherein the moon sought our feet

died with a mouth full of tumor it is true and
false the moon flowers (that is Blake talking)

tonight it is the half blossom and the stars too
above this mud are from the other mouth this city

untouched the streets, Hotel Lyric have a foreignness,
a place outside a window a sound of bees pulling

the lilac above cement this wonder (the other mouth)
that crickets were men once who so loved the muses they

forgot to eat now fed on thistles, the language must
sting the flesh turn to a dew (the other mouth) the

loss, some glistening blood on the leaves of the mirror
plant Sophia Nichols of the story, the golden rod,

of the snake that entered the cage and ate the captured
sparrows, the telegraph keys, pale yellow paper, of

the Odyssey and the homing stories of the soul, the sea
imaginary, light and foaming green on the rocks, dark

further out as the eyes of the cat

free from words, she would free me if she would be
even in the night

there are birds summoned by words

Robin Blaser

CRITICAL DREAM · III (trial)

7-17-57 ... We are a party of nine in the ballroom awaiting the Mistress, an aristocratic whitehaired crone, shriveled and hunched. She comes in to us, dressed in rich autumn brocades glowing in ochres and browns, puce and mossgreen. Lofty and oblong, the hall of the villa at one end adjoins a dark main foyer, while the entrance to a salon at the opposite end is next a tall french window opening upon the terrace. This terrace is an el. It extends from the villa's main portal the length of the ballroom, overlooked by six tall windows spaced at equal intervals and draped elaborately, but drawn to allow full moonlight to trace silver spades inside on the dimly illumined checkerboard design of the parquet marble floor; until, reaching the corner of the ballroom, the veranda turns to end with the short interval where the seventh window stands.

I pass alone out thru this end window onto the terrace, turn right to the corner, right again, and stroll slowly toward the great staircase which ascends from the gardens below. I pause to look down toward the dark boskage beyond the lawn and formal garden, and see glintings of moonlight concentrated in the obscurity of the wood, but approaching slowly among the trees. Emerging luminously, it glides into a distant garden path. The Being is daemonic, stands at least twice a tall man's height, and is crowned by a headdress or coiffeur, which sweeps up like a chieftain's eaglefeathers, and further divides into two vans that swerve out and back. Measured steps bring the Angel or Demon to the stair, which it begins to ascend, corruscating, its own light in the moonlight like a bubble of cold mercury rising to the surface of plastic ether. It gleams in contradiction.

I retreat thru the nearest window into the ballroom where a dance ensemble has grouped near the salon, their place upon the three shallow steps that mount the entire inner length of the hall. Beyond the upper landing a row of columns and voluminous draperies partially obscure many corridors communicating with the inner chambers. An odd combo is to play for our party: a twangy barrelhouse piano, brass cymbals, seed rattles, a reed flute, and a glockenspielish instrument which the old Mistress plays, using a lorgnette-like silver hammer, holding the contraption at her hip as Ceres might hold her winnow. She calls us to form a conga-file for the dance led by her Ward, who is a tall young woman wearing pearlsilk robes and whose long black hair falls thinly about her pallid face. I am last in line, on the top landing. I look over my shoulder into a dim inner corridor and see a tenth one approaching with strange lurching walk to take his place at the end of the line... /flashback to re-dream/ earlier in the day in the salon this same man, horrid in every aspect, has singled me out from the guests. He leans upon my shoulder,

unpleasantly familiar, to whisper in my ear. I shove him off crossly saying, 'You smell of old gauze and candle-ends!' Conversation dies in the room, while the pale young Ward casts on me a look of reproach, approaching to lead the cadaverous man consolingly away... O yes, the music has begun, and our conga-file dances out onto the checkered floor, sidewinding broadside as it goes, crackthelwhip, with me dancing in horror of the oncoming tenth who totters in deathtrance. I step only upon the black squares, swinging further out towards the dark entryhall, hoping to escape the zombie. I come to the first window and its moonlite blacks out as if occulted by a huge passing body. The strungout conga-file dances from one window to the next, each moonlit spade blacking out as I arrive. Someone pipes: 'The soles of his feet seep blood!' The music grows inchoate mixed with excited chatter. I look behind me and I see the zombie dancing clumsily upon my footsteps, literally wet red footsteps on the polished black marble checks. O! The old Mistress has been playing her winnow-chime like a punchboard whose surface is a replica of the checkerboard dancefloor, at each tap sending out a rolled message from the square corresponding to my footfall.

I freeze. I extend my foot, whirl once, thus marking a red circle around me; in the center I crouch. The Dame tosses two curled bits of paper into the ring. The music stops; as also the zombie in scarecrow stance at the circumference. A sudden pulsation of light from the end window allows me to read the messages:

'The cold vine coils down around his spine'

'Here is the map of 6'

(where the six is drawn as a crude noose). The Demon is at the end window and casts his radiance full upon my circle, beyond which the zombie's shadow lies spreadeagled. The Ward steps from her position to loose the curtain across the window. The zombie in that instant has toppled back into his shadow.

I rise screaming, 'This is my Stop, stop, stop the Bus, this is My STOP!' I dash elbowing thru the company to the door of the salon.

I jump down from the rattletrap bus onto a dusty highway shoulder near a hotdog stand... The dream goes on an unremembered track...

Jess

THE BEING

I

It is there, above him, beyond, behind,

Distant, and near where he lies in his sleep
Bound down as for warranted torture.
Through his eyelids he sees it

Drop off its wings or its clothes.
He groans, and breaks almost from

Or into another sleep.
Something fills the bed he has been
Able only to half-fill.

He turns and buries his head.

II

Moving down his back,
Back up his back,
Is an infinite, unworldly frankness,
Showing him what an entire

Possession nakedness is.
Something over him

Is praying.

It reaches down under
His eyelids and gently lifts them.
He expects to look straight into eyes
And to see thereby through the roof.

III

Darkness. The window-pane stirs.
His lids close again, and the room

Begins to breathe on him
As through the eyeholes of a mask.

The praying of prayer
Is not in the words but the breath.

It sees him and touches him

All over, from everywhere.
It lifts him from the mattress
To be able to flow around him

In the heat from a coal-bed burning
Far under the earth
He enters--enters with...

What? His tongue? A Word?

His own breath? Some part of his body?
All.

None.

He lies laughing silently
In the dark of utter delight.

IV

It glides, glides
Lightly over him, over his chest and legs.
All breath is called suddenly back

Out of laughter and weeping at once.
His face liquefies and freezes

Like a mask. He goes rigid
And breaks into sweat from his heart
All over his body

In something's hands.

V

He sleeps, and the window-pane
Ceases to flutter.
Frost crawls down off it
And backs into only
The two bottom corners of glass.

VI

He stirs, with the sun held at him

Out of late-winter dawn, and blazing
Levelly into his face.
He blazes back with his eyes closed,
Given, also, renewed

Fertility, to raise
Dead plants and sleep-walking beasts
Out of their thawing holes,

And children up,
From mortal women or angels,
As true to themselves as he
Is only in visited darkness
For one night out of the year,

And as he is now, seeing straight
Through the roof, wide, wider,

Wide awake.

James Dickey

THE FIRE

In the fire
I built up
with the biggest logs
I could carry up the dark beach
was another fire.
In
the great
jagged imperfect
star throwing flame
was another
so whole
I don't know how
I could have thought
it went out
when the sea rose
smacking and cracking
the last glowing embers.

Harold Dull

THE ACCIDENT

Up all night
thinking to write

a poem, now
at the door,

blue light! & a damp
mild breeze.

Let the news
paper lie

& stare. No
one, only

the owner. Unseen
by who? A white unchristened

ship leans into
a like blue.

All yours,
not the usual

message when I forget
where the street leads

& think I recall, head
a chart. Like nothing

but itself, the moment
nor the door

ever opened by me
before

David Bromige

SKETCHES FOR 13 SONNETS

If it were inconsequence my being
or for nothing I cannot free fly
if it were brutish or desperate I bury
if it blood and not wine I were breathing,
for all the birds which come wheeling
for the air being sparse & clean, up
the bluff displaying, you are not untoward
to them or me
call the foam which flys frm the crevise
this is the chiton-reef altho I
have been there alone
for lack of much else which can stave the
agony of inexpressable love and in cold wind
if one wld call the foam— it becomes a
green scum when lovely sark one thousand kiss.

Mine are sweet thots in this wan country
you, a frequentor, make all its life ring weakly
you say. Never did I see that in dealings
with all, all was meant for me;
how cld I lift you frm the grime sought
by drots frm bessy eagles how when such
foul song accompanyd
I said, tho the meadows are inaccesable
their breath is sweet— how I wld draw
to yr country gate where, chancey greeting,
I wld kiss yr hand and you mine
and you cease to die, I cease to live.

Now when in deference to my life I write
to tell you how life's been— wonder you now what
you are, I lack the tongue
Not in anger do I seek to rest
but to sit here insensible all my life
because to speak my piece for you
brings selfpity out of these incessant bowels,
while goody Muse plays these games
I've sold none to goody Muse.
Not that I can, save one— we bargain
you in gluttonous revelry, and how the
bastard led you down the paving to the neat.

For what do I race these corridors of courtesy
frm here on tell me love in poetry
Aye, and you, I am fickle too,
so rest in me now dumb fool
claspt in such inhospitable devotion—
POOOT, this is for them behind
near on to me.
Love is lost as it is to me,
she fell away like fruit blown down with wind,
POOOT that I am, headlong I carry
my fawnsey quills dug in my sides
in which contempory diseases ride.
On either hand groves of greivous tyranny
in which to hang yr golden tapestry.

What is here now that here you are, and I
tho I stand tall grow into ugliness
of malehood— where my stride beats the
world— I am here— in yr time
and I
have splasht across the broads to take you
up. In truth. We are not like
gods, these we are, mortals are those sandy
bags ashore. Not here my love.
In truth. And for what have I lain with
any who could not come— what some small
gratitude the male is eroded with gratuity.
O Nesbit, old friend, what can I do I love
and it not returnd.

Does music ramify love— I sing so sweet
of all that is in & beneath the sea, it makes me weak
My loves goes off everywhere frm me,
princeps she is a trembling palacial fire
who warms me evenly,
orchids & faggots tend her ascending
with false ire & mirth bending every hearth
with wine & punches entertain & then expire.

Resting tho a kiss can blow a flame
bywith a smokey post
who warns her of torrents which careen frm lame mtns,
and all the salt and coasting foam never
put this fire out.

Gathered years
"as of spiced flower petals in a jar."
Fragile, faded colours of such
old flowers
hoarding secrets of the scent.

transient
translucent
transcendant

Words too long for a year of petals

tu
du
thou

Deneen Brown

The rectangle of heat
blows straight up
in the hall.
There it's stifling,
but the house is cold
and I can't get warm.

I dreamed
of black letters
scattered
among ruined bleachers
on the side of Zion.

"Let the church
sit
together
in a bright marble,
the Word
wound,

healing,
round itself."

After the chill
of too many poems
and the sting
of this peculiar race toward
metaphor
(about which I know nothing)
the spaces of the house
seem unassailable.

Deneen Brown

Heros eat soup like anyone else. Sometimes
the kitchen is so far away
That there is no soup. No kichen. An open
space of ground recovered by
The sky.

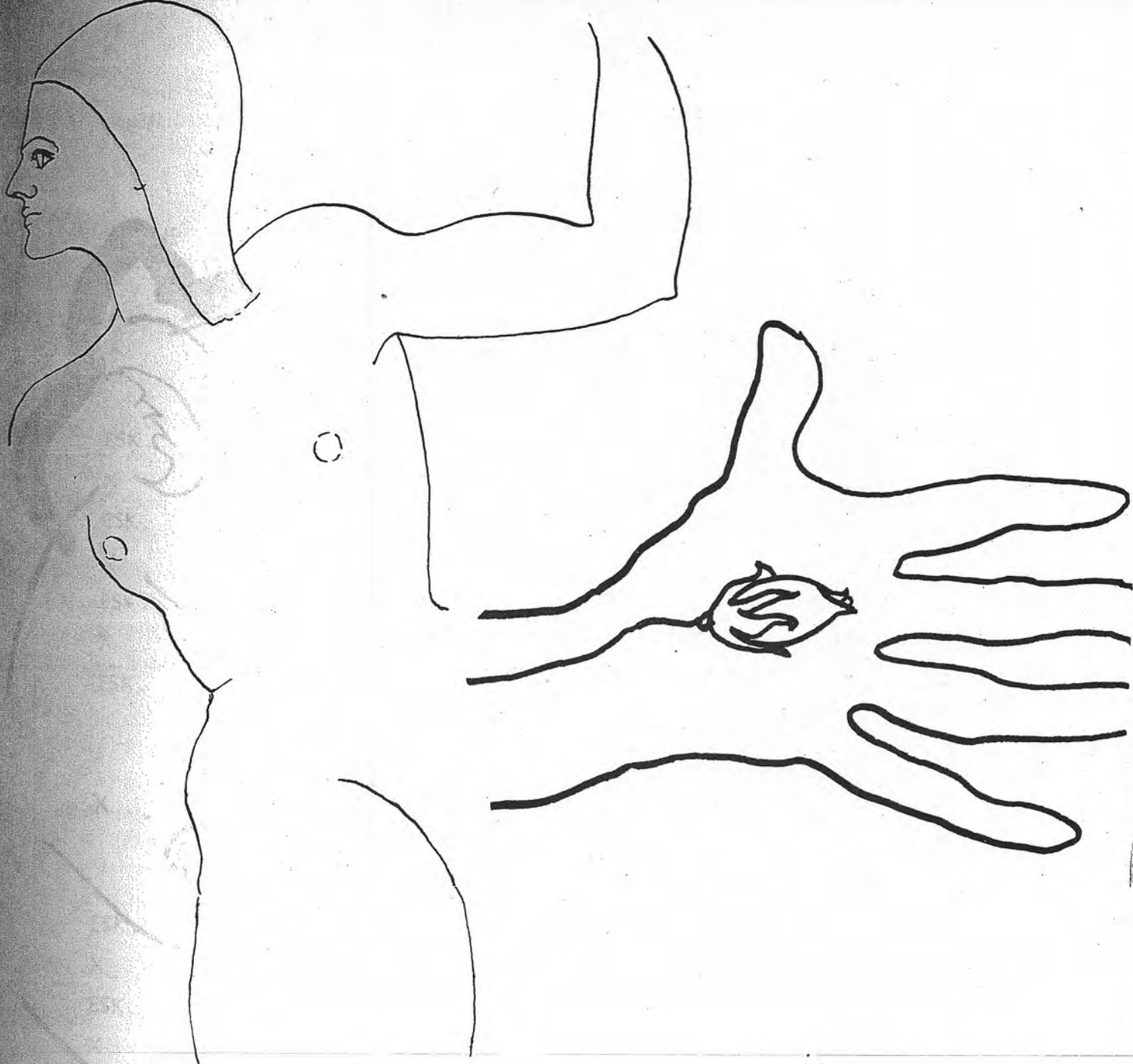
Heros eat soup like anyone else. False
ground.

Soup
Of the evening
Beautifull soup.
And the sky stays there not an image
But the heros
Like the image of an image
(What is made of soup from)
Zooms.

Jack Spicer

Smoke signals
Like in the Eskimo villages on the
coast where the earthquake hit
Bang, snap, crack. They will never know
what hit them
On the coast of Alaska. They expect
everybody to be insane.
This is a poem about the death of John
F. Kennedy.

Jack Spicer



Europa



Europa

THE WILD GEESE

SCENE The North. A bare white stage. Snow. X has just landed on his side, a leg and an arm up.

X Uhhhh (picks himself up) A good thing I landed in this snow. (brushes some off) It's good to be back on Earth. (looks around) Even though it is so cold. (enter Eskimo)

ESK. Ho, stranger. (walks up to X hand out) Welcome to our land.

X Hello (takes hand) can you tell me, have the wild geese flown yet?

ESK. Welcome to our land. (shakes X's hand)

X Have the wild geese flown yet?

ESK. The wild geese? No. They won't take off until tomorrow morning.

X Good. Maybe I still have time to stop them. Which way are they?

ESK. (lets go of X's hand to point) That way. (X faces that way and begins treading the heavy snow, the Eskimo treading just behind him) To stop them? You stop in my igloo tonight. My people are known all over the whole snow for their hospitality.

X I have to stop them. (SPLASH sound of a seal breaking water, gulping a snoutful of air, snorting, as a stiff leg and upheld arm with a harpoon appear) I have to stop them. (seal does it again as the hunter takes a long stiff step onto the stage and freezes)

ESK. (keeps treading) Ho, my brother!

X (looks up keeps treading) Is that your brother?

ESK. He is my brother.

X If he's your brother why doesn't he answer you?

ESK. He is hunting the great slippery seal. (seal does it again and as the hunter takes his step he waves and smiles at Eskimo before freezing which X doesn't see) Good luck my brother. May you bring home the great slippery seal tonight.

X Why doesn't he answer you?

- ESK. The seal is in his house. He is on the seal's roof. If he said anything the seal would hear him. If he moves the seal would see him because the seal's roof is also the seal's window. (seal and hunter do it again) See, when the seal goes up the chimney which is also the door of his house, my brother can take the big step because the seal can hear nothing and see nothing but the big splash. (seal and hunter do it again)
- X I see. The seal has to come up to breathe and each time he does, your brother takes a step. What patience it must take to stand in the cold like that, to wait to take each step. It must take a long time. (seal and hunter do it again)
- ESK. Sometimes not so long. Maybe only fifty splashes. Sometimes much longer. Maybe two hundred splashes. My brother is a great hunter. Once he walked five hundred and sixty three splashes, farther than even the great white bear who taught my people how to walk up to the seal's door, would dare to go. (seal and hunter do it again hunter stepping off stage)
- X But what a thrill it must be when he finally stands at the seal's door. What have I been doing all my life? Where have my big steps been taking me?
- ESK. He looks down the seal's chimney and when he sees the seal coming up to his door. (makes downward plunging harpoon motion SPLASH sound of seal being pulled out flopping on the ice barking the hunter shouting triumphantly - both still treading look back) Ho, my brother, you have met the great slippery seal at his door, well. Give him my greetings. (to X) Our pot will be full tonight.
- X (looks ahead) It is wonderful how close to nature these people live and even though it is so cold here there is something so clean, so pure, so beautiful about this land, about these people. I don't know how I could have thought the world could end. (to Eskimo) Our brother is a great hunter.
- ESK. Yes, he is a great hunter. Our father was an even greater hunter.
- X Is our father dead?
- ESK. Yes. He died long ago. (enter old man being slowly pulled across the stage on a white board with a standing tombstone shaped white board front he is crouching down behind fishing with a line into a hole in the bottom board) He was a great hunter. Once he met the great white bear at the great slippery seal's door.
- X I don't think I would like to meet the great white bear at the great slippery seal's door.
- ESK. He met him well. He brought great honor home. It was in the great fog. He had walked over three hundred splashes to come to the great slippery

seal's door when he saw in the smoke around the great slippery seal's chimney, the great white bear looking down, his paw raised, waiting for the great slippery seal to come to his door and my father thought, 'If I strike too, then the great white bear will hit me with his other paw and have both Orpingalik and the great slippery seal for his feast and if I strike the great white bear, what will I do when the great slippery seal, I have walked over three hundred splashes to meet, comes to his door? I can't pull him out with my bare hands. I will wait.' He waited and when the seal came to his door WHACK (motions) the bear knocked the seal up onto the ice and POING (motions) our father's harpoon sprung into the bear's heart and he fell both the great slippery seal and the great white bear with one blow.

X Beautiful! Our father was truly a great hunter. May he remember well that blow, wherever he is now.

ESK. He brought great honor home. (a small splash - old man just past Eskimo and X who are still treading pulls a fish out of the hole he had been peering down and furtively looking around stuffs it into his pocket and drops the line back down into the hole)

X Ho, congratulations our brother on pulling the great slippery fish out of his house. You have met him well.

ESK. Are you crazy! Don't look at him!

X Why? What's wrong with him? Why don't you congratulate him? He has just pulled the great slippery fish out of his house.

ESK. He has brought great shame on our house.

X Why? Who is he?

ESK. He is the man who was our father.

X But I thought you said he was dead?

ESK. He is dead- crouching down over the little hole. When a man is too old to hunt the great white bear and the great slippery seal he should lie down and die. He has brought shame on our whole house.

X (stops stopping Eskimo- old man's board stops) He's your father. Go talk to him. Forgive him. He just wanted to live.

ESK. Are you crazy? He would be ashamed if I talked to him. He knows he is dead. (starts treading X treading behind)

X But the world is about to end. It will end if I don't stop the wild geese

from flying. This may be the last

ESK. You mean the great thaw is coming? I don't believe you. First you tell me to talk to a dead man and now you tell me the great thaw is coming. (old man's board moves off stage- it is beginning to get dark and colder- a large igloo starts moving across the stage) I would ask you to come and sleep between me and my wife because I wouldn't want it thought my people could ever be inhospitable to a stranger but it is obvious to me that you are insane. (walks to igloo and crawls in leaving X treading alone- in the igloo's opening the face of the Eskimo and his wife as round as the full moon and the sun as the igloo is pulled off the same speed as the night falls

Harold Dull

"FROM SEAS MAINLY"

A little boat, without a mast, or oars,
Locked in a lake
(And Castor and Pollux dead,
And Castor and Pollux, the sons of Zeus, Gemini, rising)

That took a poet to a party,
A poet afraid of water
(Locked in a lake)
Faster than oars or sails,
Dragged up on the sand and scraped,

Was once
A long-haired tree,
With a Sibyl in it,
A Sibyl that said, "The land is yours;
So is the water."

George



The angle iron
of fire escape
Corrosive grey
With hollow bars
As rails
for panicked hands
Goes by me
in this house
And understands

The open window
that I keep
In case
I have to leap
And pound along
It's saving steps

Past terror on
the second floor
And drop six feet
Safe and Sound
These damn things
never reach the ground

For A friend Who is Married

So here you are
After the fight
After hysteria
Picking out fruit

The anger that was
Is
In the wind
That's in your hair
Around your head

The situation is
neither
Private nor unique

Thomas M. Hannon

Last night
Imagining the hum of water pipes
To be the engine of a boat
I moved our bedroom forward
Through the vacant night
With you anticipating islands

But this morning
It is only too much wine
That makes me seasick

Thomas M. Hannon

OUT WEST

in the cross field
all day a new gas cultivator
cough cough down each row
frizzing the soil, fine chopper "friable"
before it was cucumber,
the boy in a straw hat
clumsily turns at the end of a run
shifting levers,
through deodar limbs come the gas fumes,
cucumber vines
poles & straw ropes
torn down, two crops a summer,
last year the family
was out there with hoes.
the old woman dead now?
one-eyed chop tongue rotary
bucks and wheezes,
that straw hat shaped like a stetson
wearing those tight blue jeans.
spring. kyoto

Gary Snyder

I'd returned -- when my eyes stuck shut, sealed by the sticky stuff in them; and they were still there! the men in the chairs sitting around waiting for her, the girl who worked at this roadside stand -- they waited there with a hardness of desire, and when she favored me -- wanting to give me a free sandwich for my trip I felt a little guilty - because of them. I was also surprised when they asked her name and she gave yours for her family -- wasn't she just one of the girls who worked for you in the library? - attached to your household?

-- and they were still there waiting, while I was already walking up the curving grade of the road, back toward the house, or manor -- it had gone on, even while I woke, as I fearfully suspected and it longed to drag me back to its adventure.

Meant nothing I thought -- then it comes back to you for an instant -- I was the son in the story I'd told all day who goes for the facts of his father at sea. In which the characters kept changing and switching between the real and the fictions -- like the shapes Athena takes at will in the greater story -- and of course had applied our vocation of poetry to them -- had imagined the poems and images which held Telemachus when I was him.

the many-in-one remain as the pieces or threads of what sleep showed me --

his image is of a cluster of a hundred roots in the tree, down-intending

we go into the day (the next room) though our faces don't show it, with a despair in mind, an unresolving

Stan

A redwood forest is not invisible at night. The blackness covers it but it covers the blackness.

If they had turned Jeffers into a parking lot death would have been eliminated and birth also. The lights shine 24 hours a day on a parking lot.

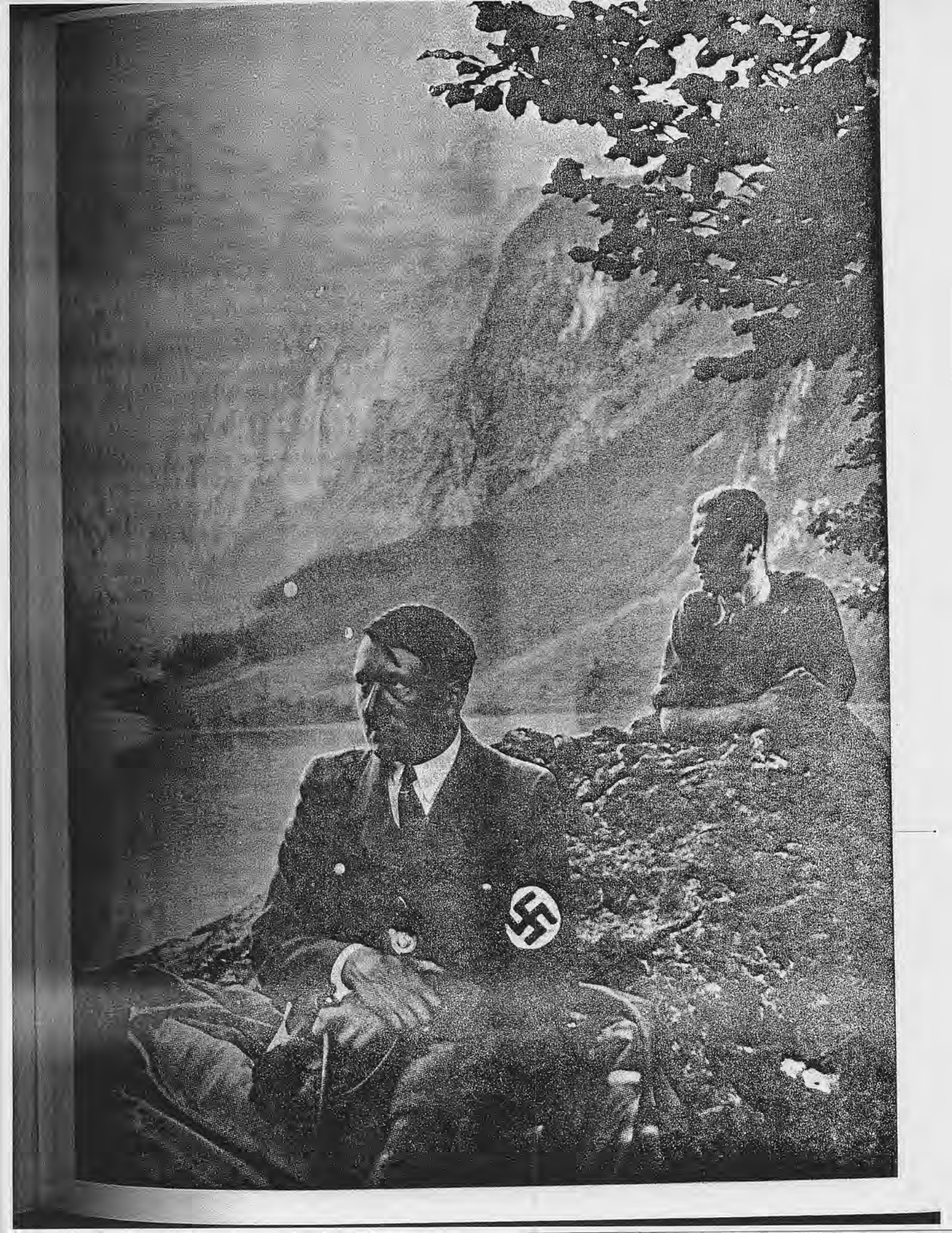
True conservation is the effort of the artist and the private man to keep things true. Trees and the cliffs in Big Sur breathe in the dark. Jeffers knew the pain of their breath and the pain was the death of a first-born baby breathing.

Death is not final. Only parking-lots.

Jack Spicer

The whorship of beauty
Or beautiful things take a long time getting used to.
There is no past in beauty. The car going at 97.5 miles
an hour. The time changes
As you cross each border.
Daffodills, ceremonies of spring, sprang, sprung
And it is August
Another century.
Take each past, combine it with its present. Death
Is a tooth among
Strangers.

Jack Spicer



March 23, 1964
San Francisco

Dear Jerry Reilly:

I usually try not to verbalize my aesthetics, so your letter blasted a week plucking away at my snarling mind. I have been admonished that this sort of engagement is good for me and will eventually lead to claritas; yet I only discover the knot to be more tenuous than it is Gordian, besides where writhing swords arent. Thus, to remind me and you of the specific knot this letter worries, I shall recopy at the outset your proposed agenda.

-
- 1.) Do you consider "Pop Art" to be a reaction against, as opposed to a continuation of the ideas expressed by the Abstract Expressionists?
 - 2.) Which do you believe is the dominant cultural influence in this country which has led to the development of "Pop Art"?
 - 3.) Does "Pop Art" have universal validity, or is it more exclusively American?
 - 4.) In your opinion, which aspects of "Pop Art" will become more emphasized as this art form continues to develop?

Preface: It would be clownish in me to talk as if I thot myself in the main swim of PopArt, its gallery and museum hoopla, nor do I know personally other artists so calld. Just as it surprised me when the MuseumofModernArtofNewYork chose a slight piece of mine for its Assemblage survey, it was also a surprise to be alignd in Oakland's show PopArtUSA. Till then I had next to no recognition other than what is best for the artist, that is, from friends and fellow spirits. This is no sneer, for Oakland brot me to see other fellows I had not known existed. The point is that I am insistently a Romantic artist, poetic artist, who-knows-what-someday-pigeonholes-me artist; and I am sure all my paintings, pasteups and assemblies are well-included in an intense aesthetic as such. Now, assemblage is descriptive of a technical way of building up a work and does not preclude classicism, mysticism, romanticism, etc., and it occurrd as well in earlier centuries. And altho PopArt as a term is a bit more restrictive in suggesting specific image-selection, its content may be treated romantically, as Victorian circus affiche demonstrate. It is a fancy-makeup folly of the official art realm that "fine art" is reserved to what the critic's and curator's often belated recognitions spotlight. In this way do I entertain myself as PopArtist. But the fine Lichtensteins and Rosenquists that I

have seen are most akin to me by virtue of their heartrending nostalgic immediacy; as I feel akin to assemblagistes Cornell and Herms in the mortality of beauty and their contemplation of epiphany.

1.) I entered the initiation of painting via abstract expressionism of 1949 and was intimately involved therewith for five years (altho many of us in San Francisco in disgust with New Yorkery dialectics workd it out "nonobjectively"). Thereafter, I turnd, not exclusively, to allusive figurative development. I did not proceed in reaction to the ideas of AbsExism, nor do I think the ideas sufficiently engendering to say it was in extension of them--rather, it was that when I had explored my area of engagement (romantically), I knew what availd in the work ahead of me. I might say that I use images and symbols and signs as if they were sheer paint and color and texture, with their interrelations and progressions within the work coming as a sensitized record of fluxions and intensions produced thru themselves. But, I do not by this preclude using these elements by this process to arrive at traditional composition or any form whatsoever that carries the full force of the religious (that is to say, aesthetic) experience at the opening of the central eye.

2.) I cannot simply state a Dominant Influence by anything less than a constellation, where my pasteups and assemblies are concernd: 1. Yes, popular art--a. at the mass-product level, often having come of Art Nouveau and De Stijl or even Bauhaus. b. or of the romantically material Victorian. (both these in advertizing, cartoon, illustration, objet, insignia, label, and so on). and c. that which is made in response by primitive and child artist. 2. The psychic individuation of things, hermetically presented by Dada and passionately presented by Surrealism (Schwitters, Magritte, Duchamps, Ernst, et al). 3. The intense recollection of childhood ('20s-'30s) and the child's awareness (drawing, games, toys, foods, decorations, comics, fairytale illustrations, cinema, advertizing, machines, signals...). 4. Likewise of adolescence ('30s-'40s) upon entering the intense conflicts of intellect, sex, war, social activities of all sorts (money and its tally, political cartoon, engineering and scientific diagram, graphiti, pulp illustration...). Now, where did my own consciousness first register the most of this gatherd together in a single work of art? The roadside and cityscape of Southern California. But all over the world the spawning cities and mercantile empires were making like scenes: despite any possible European pretension to a nonmercantile aesthetic, Eifel towerd first toward nonsensical grandeur.

3.) Validity be damnd! it is false dialectic. Creation valid? destroy to create? can you value it, sell it? Again, Nationalistic Americanism! I take exception to John Copley, who has written the best comments on PopArt that I've read. He appears to feel that the most important striving in art done in America has been the national differentiation away from European aesthetics. Neither AbsExism, Assemblage, N-Objism, nor PopArtery represents the full stream of excellence

or fresh vitality in Painting done in America, and future analysis of the art record will easily reveal what names obscure, a variety of divergent painters moving everywhere to fill the reservoirs of the world-soul. PopArt named as a "Movement" is such with critics, galleries and museums (thereafter supplied by compliant artists) insofar as they wish to trace an eddy in the river of artwork, but the codification is not moving, is not universal to the work traced. One moving universal thruout PopArt is its emblematic joy and terror. Its selection of emblematic image is of like order to AbsExism's choice of paint-structure or to Assemblage's diverse-materials. The focusing of the artists' eyes on popular emblems is not restricted to America or to this century; it is merely that the focus of museum-eyes is so restricted. A universality lies in the need for selection, not in what is selected: this is a true contrarious pun. In making the "highest" form in art, the most-- is in the devoted work, the spiritual record. Aestheticians must give account of the spiritual field encompassing any important artwork; they may not remain smug in an enumeration of psychologic, moral, philosophic, historic, or geographic phases. PopArt is powerful in its use of the spirit powers of the sign-- for good and for evil and for sheer casting of glamors and screens-- it is close to Magic then. And otherwhere, in a puritanism almost moslem in vehemence, AbsExism is positively against an evil power that can entangle the maker of significant images, is not to be tempted to such an engagement and strife, and in pure spirit avoids the perilous magic image, rather using those aspects it deems holier, animistic and geometric, of stroke and surface and area. In both PopArt and Assemblage it is fearfully universal that most often diabolic humors are invoked. To know if they are "valid", one must exchange them oneself.

4.) To remain moving, PopArt might intensify its obviousness till it reaches the hermetic enigma. Open to it is even greater magnification of detail. Marvels of repetition and reversal. A sharper address can be made to the immediate passing moment and the immediately Poppd past. Emphasis will always be on the Grand Perishable-- the Billboard Ozymandias-- but possibly to be refracted further in an imaginary ocular: I think of Percival Lowell's enchanting sketches of the canals of Mars, as printed in the old sunday supplement American Weekly -- but under nearsighted scansion of a reading glass.

I beg you to forgive the Bad Dreams which the prolixity of this response may have invoked; the fault pertains to me, not them.

Most truly,

Jess

HOME & GARDEN

TO THE HOME AND GUARDIAN CRITICS

My part has been to make this distinguishable from that cluster of magazines whose quality and intellect is so vile and deadening that I'm never tempted to call them by anything but those toy names we invent for them.

I'm sick of the gossip that tries to corrode poetry and painting; I'm tired of pretending to be amused by manners that are abominable and disgusting.

Sometimes you act like some people must've when they came to San Francisco in 1907 and puzzled over the frequent mention of earthquakes and fires in the newspapers and local poetry magazines. They were confused.

Please read the poems.

THE ISLAND

Robert Creeley, The Island (New York, Scribner's, 1963)

H.D. has an exquisite range of work that moves below the high language and charged themes of her poetry, which we also follow. Creeley's Island is a poet's novel -- similar in intent, but inferior to (less accurate than) 'Bid Me To Live.'

The main flaw here is in the failure to move from the events he had at hand - he should have made the book more concerned with poetry, he should've got the puns to come through -- doing this, the personal wouldn't be 'marital troubles,' but would be a different size: love. Creeley pretends the hero isn't concerned with poetry, pretends that Robert Graves and his whole interest in The White Goddess, his satisfying novels and restricted poetry, his foolish inability to follow any of Pound, don't exist on the island. Creeley got lost in his theme (which, unfortunately, no one yet has questioned) of place and forgot the islands of poetry which might have been a truer working out of what he was after. Didn't know Graves well? didn't know



the themes? didn't know he himself was at a turn in poetry? Well make the man invisible -- make his myths or the disagreement with them potent -- give someone real power here, because the 'daily rub' as he's written it isn't enough -- or why bother to write it now, at this distance, rather than diaries or journals, if not to get the proportions right?

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THE WOODS

Ed van Aelstyn came down here from Eugene a month or so ago; we had a talk in the bar. About what young men were doing, as friends, poets or comrades, here, in Oregon, or where else he'd been. He said there was student political activity in Sacramento and Oakland, he had seen, but not Portland. Reed had gone out. As to poetry, it was a long, and tiring bus ride from Eugene, but it wasn't unthinkable on a weekend. He wanted to know what we were doing down here, and I think danced with Joanne once. I asked him, if any up there, poets, were investigating, a story, place, or language itself, to see what they could bring back to the poem, and then out into the open (but I didn't say, that what I meant by the open, wasn't the rubbish heap, spinning around the world...and I guess, I took it for granted he was a student at Oregon, though looked a little older...didn't ask him that, still don't know). To this question he shook his head, and in an honest way, and a little sadly, said no. There was one friend, for him, but there was not an excitement about poetry.

Northwest Review is handsomely printed, self important, dull and has about as much to do with Oregon as Life. The Index to Volume 6 is published in the current issue: Edward Dorn, Gary Snyder and William Stafford have had 3, 2 and 6 poems, respectively, in previous issues, and Philip Whalen 8 in this one. I suppose in the future we might look forward to Gifford Pinchot and Charles Erskine Scott Wood. Maybe a couple of unfamiliar names in the index (with titles like "On my one encounter with the FBI", and "Song by a discriminating man named Memphis") are undergraduate Ducks, but there is no evidence in the issue at hand that anything young, awkward or scary would get by Ed and his associate editor, 4 assistant editors, 3 editorial assistants and 5 consulting editors.

The contributors are Whalen, Jess, Artuad, Fidel Castro, and Dallas Smythe, who was Research Professor of Communications at the University of Illinois Institute of Communications Research last year, and is now Chairman of the Division of Social Sciences at the University of Saskatchewan. (Jack Spicer, who doesn't read magazines, will think I made that up.) I guess this thing uses up all the money, so Oregon doesn't have an ordinary literary magazine like Occident.

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It has always been difficult for me to accept Philip Whalen as a poet. In

the mind's poet-geography (skygraphy), he has been a diffuse, sparkly nebula between the stars Duncan and Duerden and the gas-giants of animal-personality and personality-love. Yet here in Open Zowt I'd like to by now express my not at all grudging respect for his poetry. He calls on his Muse... Then whether he hears anything or not goes on, includes everything, tries never to cheat, avoids false endings, writing with a trustful guess: She will speak, in time. He keeps all ways open, and does her the courtesy of not laying out a costume for her to appear in. The proof is, of course, for me, the poems where I hear her. Plums... and a Short Funeral Ode, and in this rev a long poem, Monday, in the Evening, 21:VIII:61.

G.S.

*

A STRAIGHT ANNOUNCEMENT IN WHICH THE EDITOR RESISTS ALL TEMPTATION

Mr Bruce Conners, collagist-painter and former artist-in-residence at the University of Chicago, has been awarded \$10,000 by the Ford Foundation, to make movies. Mr Conners has announced his first production (under the grant) will be a filmed dramatization of Michael McClure's 'Fuck Ode', which appeared in the 1961 Auerhahn Edition of Mr McClure's volume of poems, Dark Brown. Casting announcements are still pending.

*

P.S.

And alas, who can better witness that then we, whose experience is grounded upon feeling? hath not the onely love of her made us (being silly ignorant shepherds) raise up our thoughts above the ordinary levell of the worlde, so as great clearkes do not disdain our conference? hath not the desire to seeme worthie in her eyes made us when others were sleeping, to sit vewing the course of heavens? when others were running at base, to runne over learned writings? when others marke their sheepe, we to marke our selves? hath not shee throwne reason upon our desires, and, as it were given eyes unto Cupid?

Philip Sidney

Credits:

Europa drawings, Bill Brodecky

'BMc. Party', Tom Field

Lithography, Mike Kummer, Lee Kummer

Lettering, Peggie Engle

my Telemachus poem finds in these: 'lesson' from Robin's 'Hunger of Sound', the 'many-in-one' from Duncan, one line stolen from Rilke's 'Book of Hours' but changed, and about three lines translated from Gregorio Dati 'Portrait of Jim Lieberman', Paul Alexander