

# OPEN SPACE #5



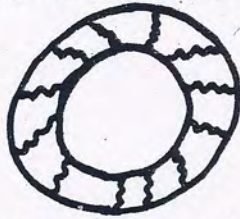
of

MISS ONION



MORE ONION RYE

BORDER : THE SUN IMPRISONED



In the discomfort I look out the window to  
the long deserted beach. So early the sun hasn't come clear to shine  
direct thru the air, onto the sand and on the sea out there.

Within the silence I look back into the room and see her hair  
is a frame around her face.



Like in a minor key the dark blonde hair contains her face,  
her quiet face framed  
by the lines of hair setting her face in accordance she  
might be standing out there on the empty beach with  
the cold Spring light on it--

in the air that frames everything in a silence like  
a faint minor melody we move to, speak within in a core dance  
'shall we go for a walk,' I say as tho  
we're drawn out, said  
with the long lifeless lines of the ocean's hair.

The hour completely visionless--  
as the smooth round stones like chorus girls the visionless ocean  
washes against dancing the foam traces of the stone's humming

Moo! Moo! big sea cows, dumb-dumbs who

on occasion recite  
perishable lines of imperishable beauty;  
sing the sea-surge, no eyes for that beauty revealed in a poem  
like some strange presence inherant in a grove (oaks). (Bird-watchers)  
Round perfectly adequate within yourself cow spirits of my life

moo! moo! great cow goddess with horns

round or slender shaped.  
Today forlorn. Tomorrow horned--

horned & strange as a unicorn the round internal eye of the woman standing apart, eyeing me she is the image of the female snake I dreamed of her head I whacked off rose from her body it floated by me thru the air making a singing noise and from the hole in her neck 3 small snakes crawled out. I couldn't find them in the back seat and realized they were too small to hurt our daughter anyway and as the car sped on I saw that the snake had attached herself to the side of the car and in a figure 8 her tail and neck were joined. Of course, I said, thinking self-fertilization.

2.

The natural land looks right  
in the cool Spring light we stem from the heart of the matter, the nearly inert matter in a core dance and out there there are fat ducts, swollen bulbs, seaweed from some past storm strewn on the beach lifeless lying within the melody with the big rocks they all say The Mamma.



The Mama we saw flow slowly, it will female nature set humming with the big rocks to the full flood of sea

mucosa engorged, engorged with blood channels huge sinuses  
the female flood moves in.

Outside there's nothing much. Just nature no invention in  
the cold Spring light  
the long 7:30am deserted beach we walk past tufts of weeds, fat succulent leaves

3 flowers branching from 1 stem.

Just 3 flowers--  
like the old Celtic triad of names concealing the one without name who moves in triads

who's been named in the passage of the Spirit and left a word, a

token appearance of the passage: phanes

in poetic apprehension the sun-tree-being corresponding to the sun-tree

like 3 flowers in the process wrapped in earth, inert we would think  
to emerge branching out of 1 stem--

'We are blown'

spirit the ancients felt in the whole ordered world

winged bearer of light ( bear her light ) male & female touched

with the pervading spirit having no distinct form, no distinct location  
tho always thru eye to soul visible locally called simply attraction

intellectual god in nature, the Splendid &

drawn as the cock with wings of incubation;



later Christians drew winged angels ( refinement of Priapus ).

3.

No winged sun-cock today I am empty in myself desiring her with  
the live air bordering her, local muse in whatever shape  
shifting, I don't care. Desire draws not her but an illustration, a  
still life of her



while she is drowned in the full flood of sea, fat swollen bay, the  
flood of blood, body so bordered the spirit is shut out.

There is no life without Fire: just the lifeless air.

4.

Like me she has a simple face: eyes shaped like her mouth, a shape  
the nostrils repeat.



Drawn it looks like the Queen of Hearts who on playing cards  
is bordered by a crown and the neck of her gown;  
by the line of office imprisoning her on all sides she yet holds up  
1 flower in her left hand--

who anciently held 3 branching out of 1 stem...  
now raises 1 sad flower of office.

The flower is held too singly. And above the Celtic sign of the sun im-  
prisoned her face is set to sing the one song.

Set Queen of my heart,  
maiden to bride to mother and back again at the very least sings  
the ring of yourself

that when duty holds 1 sure flower in the Spring  
and all put down Spirit to let office sing,  
when the cross of conflict looms  
that 2 flowers in the Spring bloom

sing to spiritless intellects, sing O

yes we have no ba nan as  
we have no ba nanas to day.

O yes we have no ba nan as  
we have no ba nan as to day, to day

the question still remains, what's the frame and how  
to bust thru it? That's

what's happening in the full flood of sea & blood and all that  
music to throw the poem open for the passages to pass  
thru sentences that will not be sentences.

Weakly the current moves me close to you and my hand lifts up stemming  
in accordance to touch you. You respond, we correspond, weakly.

What can I say, after I've said, I love you?

It isn't just that in myself I feel like the Celtic Sun imprisoned--  
watching Sue mornings, working afternoons & nights, tired  
and no time to write or read

rhyme tells me it makes no difference if there are 3 flowers or 1  
so long as the Body & Spirit speak in unison--

but I am here, I think of things I read je mange l'image and it  
works thru my system branching finally out  
and there are poems I find that I try to read you but you bear thru them  
waiting for me to come within the borders of the heart of the matter.

What to do, what question will let  
the sun in to see  
the moon too;  
let this border into the poem to work to a limit of being. . .  
or is this the limit, the frame  
between our being?

Waiting for me with 1 flower held in your left hand and bordered in  
a common world I want to open up to a music again but how can I when  
I intrude with poems that leave you like smooth round stones--

honey with a woman, milk with a cat  
a way within and an edged tool perhaps, but the limits are  
the limits of being

it is my love for you that I want to bring the bacon home with  
found flowers, as they say, of someone's spirit.

To you Queen of my Heart holding 1 sad flower like a blue flame  
to match the sadness within your border.

Richard Duerden

## A BLESSING IN DISGUISE

Yes, they are alive and can have those colors,  
But I, in my soul, am alive too.  
I feel I must sing and dance, to tell  
Of this in a way, that knowing you may be drawn to me.

And I sing amid despair and isolation  
Of the chance to know you, to sing of me  
Which are you. You see,  
You hold me up to the light in a way

I should never have expected, or suspected, perhaps  
Because you always tell me I am you,  
And right. The great spruces loom.  
I am yours to die with, to desire.

I cannot ever think of me, I desire you  
For a room in which the chairs ever  
Have their backs turned to the light  
Inflicted on the stone and paths, the real trees

That seem to shine at me through a lattice toward you.  
If the wild light of this January day is true  
I pledge me to be truthful unto you  
Whom I cannot ever stop remembering.

Remembering to forgive. Remember to pass beyond you into the day  
On the wings of the secret you will never know.  
Taking me from myself, in the path  
Which the pastel girth of the day has assigned to me.

I prefer "you" in the plural, I want "you,"  
You must come to me, all golden and pale  
Like the dew and the air.  
And then I start getting this feeling of exaltation.

John Ashbury



A NEW LOG had been put on the fire, we were watching the flame grow around it. The appearance of a horse's head, severed well down the neck, soon the eye was a deep-red coal, burning quickly, then black. The curve of the throat glowed in silent yellows with seams of orange. As the flesh charred and opened in flame, the jaws parted slightly. Much later, after the head had been almost entirely consumed, the mouth burned, gradually disappearing into the shapes of the coal bed....

two north-bound ships, cloudless (order, coincidence, suggestion; motion in silence). We had driven to the intersection in his car, the shells of buildings everywhere, a vast unlit ruin. He pointed at nothing, saying, "On the ground floor was the big bar; upstairs, the restaurant and dance bar; on the top floor, the pool, lockers, rooms -- there were private suites too." We had met at a dance bar early in the evening, a winter mist and cold as we drove from one place to another, he telling stories.

"I was here for the bombings. We had three gay bunkers, one near the Opera on the Fasanenstrasse. We had everything, dinners, makeshift theater, I provided most of the decoration from my shop" (there was little possibility of seeing this in depth, maybe collage, later I heard "yes, sentiment, feeling about feelings..." and something about "action" as correlative to "feeling directly" -- I doubted whether the situations which inform life could do anything but spoil it) "Officers would enter and at gunpoint force us into the streets for the defense after Soviet artillery appeared in front of the city. I remember three nights I spent on the roof of my mother's apartment house throwing debris into the street, we had no water" (this building I can only see as black with blue figures, a kind of visual detachment)

Finally we came to a saw-dust tavern near the Russian sector, an old woman serving, two middle-aged men placed centrally at the bar, each in brilliant costume. One wore a faded lavender gown, spotted and torn; he had close-cropped silver hair. The other wore a rag-dress of many colors, over which hung a great black cape secured by a brass medallion, the ensemble crowned with an ebullient, cascading orange wig tumbling onto frayed velvetine (choosing its object, style involves the actual, the detail shuffled like a pack of cards, fantasy, an effect given) two men danced. One tall, young, a dark blue suit, a wide tie, the other small, old, a black turtle-neck sweater, their motion had a certain gracious monotonousness. At some point the dancers came to a halt, simply nodding (the imagination folds the wings of the swan) Slowly the bus careened down the mountain, back and forth over the unseen road, I walked to meet it.

Forcing the issue, accepting the possibility of failure, design (a psycho-

logical trick ) I wanted to finish what I was thinking, give it form as writing, the detail accumulating in orders of distance as if a rhetoric of light... a choice of style, something I could not call the mind but was protected by it, to select not to tie as a constellation is a choice of vision or a refusal not to see another -- dinner guests, the bus turned at the bridge, 6:30 and a precise light as if the trees had an order, to finish and not to complete as when eyes fall in conversation through whose disbelief? True, "in myself I am desolate," dismissing the personal in favor of the mandate, eternal and divine, not unlike the grace of liturgy, which acknowledges the incidents of person as means to revelation; the radio whose voice is heard as axiom, impersonal, the structure of mystery, wry, a view of the stock exchange from the visitors' gallery, the puzzle of numbers on a large board blinking unrelentingly -- of and through myself, what had been accomplished other than a display of the familiar, personal attachments prisoner like the plants in my plant case, the shrubs and flowers in my garden, objects of elegy, lives dependent upon my own

...objects of elegy, time in personal relationship, its space, to want to close these distances as sex does or tries to do, the rose another texture, I call it gold but I realize I have no right

( I had said, 'I think of poetry as a church where play is permitted,' but he said, "Poetry is the queen of the arts" ) endurance , then, the experience for which life itself is metaphor, clouded like Venus in what? imagination ... this house, variously, a private rhetoric, a light, a clear distance

access without terror, as sword, as wielder of the sword, as destroyer of the sword, victim

He said, "We have not helped you."

Mirrors, shields oddly, I turned quickly

He said, "Thank you."

To walk in my garden, I knew this was wrong

...I knew it is less difficult than I might once have imagined, every slight intensity, data, evidence of life, blocking out what little I could still see of the ocean, the scorched stone of the fireplace, the ash, a bowl of melted ice which at first I didn't recognize until water splashed over the table when I picked it up, to read was out of the question. Somehow I found the stillness welcome, the familiar tediousness of objects sometimes joyous, decoration the meaning of which could only be broken in a loss of faith, at first it seemed outside me, an isolation, confusion, then the mirror again,

I had said to her, 'the distances between the stars'

and could not help smiling that my thought had failed to carry, that words are a disguise

Lewis Ellingham

Pull down the shade of ruin, rain verse  
kiss the sile of these yawning lips which curse  
the god singing immortal youth of dreaming  
wheels

I may hide in yr smiling breasts to-  
morrow & with little trickles level the  
fucking world without

Mine are like them, wailing thru the  
casements of hasty poetry  
Now I am 31 & my dolphinhead will go on amusing  
the idle  
framing songs with another man's work.

If yr mother's mother had not riven; mother;  
to find love another love— in perfection's im  
perfection sparrows sing— & left the wild thing,  
you might be solitair— apart frm these parts,  
a star poet's material; Love-suicide in our  
oasis city

I not only love you but the pinto pony at yr side.

What insight do I have  
I fall on precious hours too  
This is how it was

In the agony of life I fall  
on a few hours there  
for every emotion there is the deeper there  
did you know it, girl

I look down dimly I see  
a face never seen known to me  
resting frm yr agony  
so brave, girl, bravery everywhere.



NEMI FROST

It comes May and the summers renew themselves  
( 39 of them ) Baseball seasons  
Utter logic  
Where a man is faced with a high curve.  
No telling what happened in this game. Except one didn't  
strike out. One feels they fielded it badly at second base.  
Oceans of wildflowers. Utter logic of the form and color.

Jack Spicer

\*

Like Odysseus under the ram  
You have clung under your lovers  
And under your love of lust,  
Seeing nothing else for this mist,  
Dark of heart, dark of mind

Graham MackIntosh

\*

A NEW POEM

for Jack Spicer

You are right, what we call Poetry is the boat,  
the first boat, the body, but it was a bed,  
the bed, but it was a car,  
and the driver or sandman, the boatman,  
the familiar stranger, first lover,  
is not with me. You are wrong

What we call Poetry is the lake itself,  
the bewildering circling water way,  
having our power in what we know nothing of,

in this having neither father nor son,  
our never having come into it,  
our never having left it,  
our misnaming it, our  
giving it the lie so that it lies.

I would not be easy  
calling the shadowy figure who refuses to guide the boat  
but crosses and recrosses the heart....

He breaks a way among the lily pads.  
He breaks away from the directions  
we cannot give.

I would not be easy calling him  
the Master of Truth.  
But Master he is of turning right and wrong.

I cannot make light of it.  
The boat has its own light.  
The weight of the boat  
is not in the boat. He will not  
give me images but I must  
give him images.  
He will not give me his name  
but I must give him....

Name after name I give him.  
But I will not name the grave easily,  
the boat of bone  
so light it turns as if earth  
were wind and water.

Ka, I call him. The shadow  
wavers and wears my own face.  
Kaka, I call him. The  
whole grey cerement replaces itself and shows  
a hooded hole.

From what we call Poetry a cock crows,  
away off there at the break of something.

Lake of no shores I can name,  
body of no day or night I can account for,

snoring in the throws of sleep I came  
sleepless to the joint of this poem,  
as if there were a hinge in the ways.

Door open or closed,  
knuckled down where faces of a boat join,  
Awake-Asleep  
from the hooded hold of the boat  
join in. The farthest shore is so near  
crows fly up and we know it is America.  
No crow flies. It is not America.  
From what we call Poetry  
a bird I cannot name crows.

Robert Duncan

#### FAREWELL STRANGER

theme song for "Flotsum" a film by Garry Swartzburg.

Morning, noon, and night time,  
The sea wind blows the sand.  
Wherever I walk, wherever I run,  
I'm a stranger in this land.

Someone's walking behind me,  
Someone always alone,  
Playing a tune with her smiling mouth  
On a flute of splintered bone.

Come a thousand miles over thirsty land  
To the somersalting sea.  
Wherever I walk, wherever I run  
There's a stranger following me.

A window opens above the wave

And my lost true love looks down.  
My true love lives in an empty house,  
The darkest house in the town.

Bones of strangers are hard and white,  
The breakers strip them bare.  
It's a thousand miles to my true love's breast  
But the sea wind blows me there.

Farewell stranger,  
Lost when the tide was low.  
If ever you near your journey's end  
There's a thousand miles to go.

If ever you near your journey's end  
There's a thousand miles to go.

Helen Adam

\*

These are your nights.  
Your star is above you.  
Also  
since you like hard cheese  
the moon.

Quiet mirrors see you pass  
and dont remember  
after  
how you flashed life  
into dead glass.

Mice move softly  
in our closet.  
Turned upside down



the stars would drown  
its raining so.

Wetness grows roses.  
Hyacinths  
specifically  
are grown with  
tears.

On rainy nights  
and sunny afternoons, etc.  
I think of you.

Jamie MacInnis

FROM A LINE BY SPICER

I have closed my window  
because there is nobody  
down there to give me  
a line on things.  
It is almost dark  
and your face looks  
for something other than sleep.

And I tell you  
there is a lake and some trees  
put both feet against them.

He- "I have been here twenty years  
and haven't moved."

Hasn't anyone told you they've found gold  
and that clouds show anguish,  
and there are fish that swim between your toes.

He- "I have been here twenty years  
and haven't been told."

Ronnie Primack



for pen lace

BARTOK

I'm reminded of a cur's tail behind a rippling curtain  
(or a wagging manner along a wagging way).  
Is there any dust in the closet where the books are kept?  
No, and how about where the clubs are kept?

Rooms are a meander which is to me a me-and-her  
that I think he doesn't have  
that I don't think he has.  
His rooms slide around.

He has a cut-in cut-out pressure switch.  
Or differentials.  
But tolerances -- taking and resisting  
like a happy dog backstage.

BARTOK

Here is what all of us are fond of  
that respect is to look again and again  
with a dry eye  
or a blinking wet eye for a dark thing.

Art reads the same book again and again.  
He doesn't photograph it like the master's pupil.  
What he remembers is as blank as A crystal.  
His head still wants for words.

THE MAN SPRING ( FOR STAN'S THING ), MORE BARTOK

The soup that villeins drink is pea split crosspatch  
through the half inch split in an opening throbbing glans.  
I could swallow it if it is tender and opening like the glans  
that's got to be dark and exciting.

In the fly I see an enchanting rose with me overseeing,  
a being above circling like the flys in the middle of the room.  
What did it taste like the first time?  
Did it ever taste like that again?

If you are "sprung from the unnatural love" it's a natural crime  
that makes you myrtle "out of whose bark springs the beautiful Adonis"  
who flys and lands as an anemone and remains as a crust...  
"after a brief blossoming always dies again".

He dies in the deep, but his body floats.  
Adonis is as fragile and stiff as a couplet  
which is bad because it has to be.  
In the hottest season aren't you committed to the waves?

Lewis Brown

## BOOK OF THE BOSS

Knowing what's going to happen for the next  
13 centuries or whether it's going to snow  
tomorrow is an advantage.  
Kept Merlin in the weather bureau.

East is East and West is West  
and the snow shall never rest

He got hitched to the Mother of the German Language  
Hello-Central

The flakes go blowing through Camelot's ruins  
the weather's geometry, and the wind its tunes

The Holy Grail's like the Northwest Passage  
Worlds of reputation in it  
Who go to look wear their armor like sandwich  
boards

Until two strong men meet face to face  
Broken lance, broken mace, broken face

You knights of the host turn in your grave  
and look on a world unknown  
You ghosts  
look on nothing  
you can call your own.

\*\*

## TWO PARTS OF A POEM

To start a long way back,  
with a question,

but not ask it,  
and keep going  
and not ask it of any of the  
things along the way

Not let them not ask  
their questions. Take them

Be a bus or a  
collection acquired without greed  
shimmering on a table  
Lack  
speed.

2

Oxygen, acid-maker.  
Burning's environment.  
Talk, something burns.

No, there aren't "worlds",  
aren't words, isn't a space to defend  
them in. Dervishes are dust.

Nose, face, eyes, smeared  
mouths fingerpainted, press them to  
and into, putty love.

George

Thanatos, the death-plant in the skull  
Grows wings and grows enormous.  
The herb of the whole system.  
Systematically blotting out the anise weed  
and the trap-door spiders of the vacant lot.  
Worse than static or crabgrass.  
Thanatos, bone at the bottom, Saint  
Francis, that botanist in Santa Rosa  
( Bless me now, for I am a plant and an animal )  
Called him Brother Death.

Jack Spicer

~~ATHENA~~  
~~PENELOPE~~  
~~NAUSICAA~~

a man drawing the sword from his thigh  
an imagined rain, falling in the dirt, inches away  
'I "waked" to realize we were in  
two different places (yr high house  
I couldn't wake, I was trapped in the sleep  
I am a mind-guided ship it said  
I is entangled and withdraws'

then the ball  
the ball which falls in his lap  
girlish voices sharp as 1st light  
and the bare-armed player leaning over the  
edge, staring at him  
the crack or hole, where he wakes up  
after all this  
to the plan in her eyes.

Stan

# HOME & GARDEN

## CREDO

The syllable moved  
somewhere in the void<sup>1</sup>  
a basic block where we builded.  
Later, a phoneme was isolated  
& another: a mu-phoneme & a pi-phoneme:  
several hundred in all--  
but these are seen only in hermetic chambers  
where magnetic forces are intensified to MIND--

the syllable moved  
displaying an attractive intelligence  
described, first, as ACTION  
at a distance:

)syllables cluster(

--a one dimensional cluster  
a LINE.

--a two dimensional cluster  
a STANZA.

--clusters carry architectonic  
--into music/becoming IMAGE.

THE PHASE-SPACE<sup>2</sup> = CONSCIOUSNESS.

Poet sits on mountain tops  
touches the sun--

extends dimensions outward  
into the Energy.

Pattern begins  
as objects find  
their boundaries

touch, & relate.

Then, Poet laughs --begins  
to re-form all this  
into something

new.

1. consciousness/  
gradual  
expansion of  
collapsed  
n-dimensional  
matrix-worlds  
--phase-space

2. the void/  
structured  
& non-structured  
called by many  
names/  
9,000,000,000  
are thought to  
exist

CONTENT GROWS ORGANIC, crystals  
settle out of solution--

GESTALT/SHAPE/PATTERN

FORM, a reduction  
--the structuring forces of mind  
recognizable serpent guides.

(Faraday named it, Maxwell  
mapped it--& Einstein. It  
waited for Poet to see it alive:

FIELD)

The electron permeates Universe  
--a field overlapping all other fields  
--a probability function hints at the  
sequence of locations  
manifest.

(Dirac wrote it....)

UNIVERSE GROWS ALIVE<sup>3</sup>, Poet  
is the life--

he watches from within all  
the Universe's things (permeating the aggregate  
held in stasis  
by space-time

--a BREATH function hints at the  
sequence of locations  
manifest--

crests his view

on a wave of location--

Poet looks out/& in  
from a single pair of eyes--

manifests environment

to house

grey dragonflies of the mind.

Crystals settle out of solution (ritual fires of the  
tribe give way to carefully tended schools) Then, the sea  
comes-- --it is new/CYCLE/the sea.

3. consciousness/  
modal--  
recurrent  
patterning/  
dancer  
=dance  
--phase-space



& Poet walks into the sea  
to name fishes & sea-horses  
whales and dragons:

syllables swim past

(clusters like schools) the BREATH  
marking SIMILARITIES and DIFFERENCES  
in the sea's dance:

Then, Poet laughs --begins  
to re-form all this  
into something

new.

Gene Fowler

\*

Forth, ballad, and take roses in both arms,  
Even till the top rose touch thee in the throat  
Where the least thornprick harms;  
And girdled in thy golden singing-coat,  
Come thou before my lady and say this;  
Borgia, thy gold hair's colour burns in me,  
Thy mouth makes beat my blood in feverish rhymes;  
Therefore so many as these roses be,  
Kiss me so many times.  
Then it may be, seeing how sweet she is,  
That she will stoop herself none otherwise  
Than a blown vine-branch doth,  
And kiss thee with soft laughter on thine eyes,  
Ballad, and on thy mouth.

C. A. Swin.

## GEMINI

1. I think the poems make it clear that the shapes of this issue isn't just a gimmick.
2. The next issue of Open Space will appear June 30, 1964.
3. The magazine is free, for the city especially, comes out monthly.
4. Send poems, stories, drawings, blasts, H&G stuff (I didn't have time this month to curse at the fools) to 640 Turk, #26 or leave it in the mailbox inside Gino & Carlo's Bar on Green street between Grant & Stockton.



### Credits:

Mike Kummer, Lee Kummer; lithography

Peggie Engle; lettering

Fran Herndon; the Gemini drawings

Nemi Frost; drawing of John Weiners and cat on the table drawing

Tom Field; Miss Onion cover and Miss Onion drawing

Bill Wheeler; litho of Jack Spicer and its printing

Graham MackIntosh; designing and publishing of Janet Thormann's pamphlet