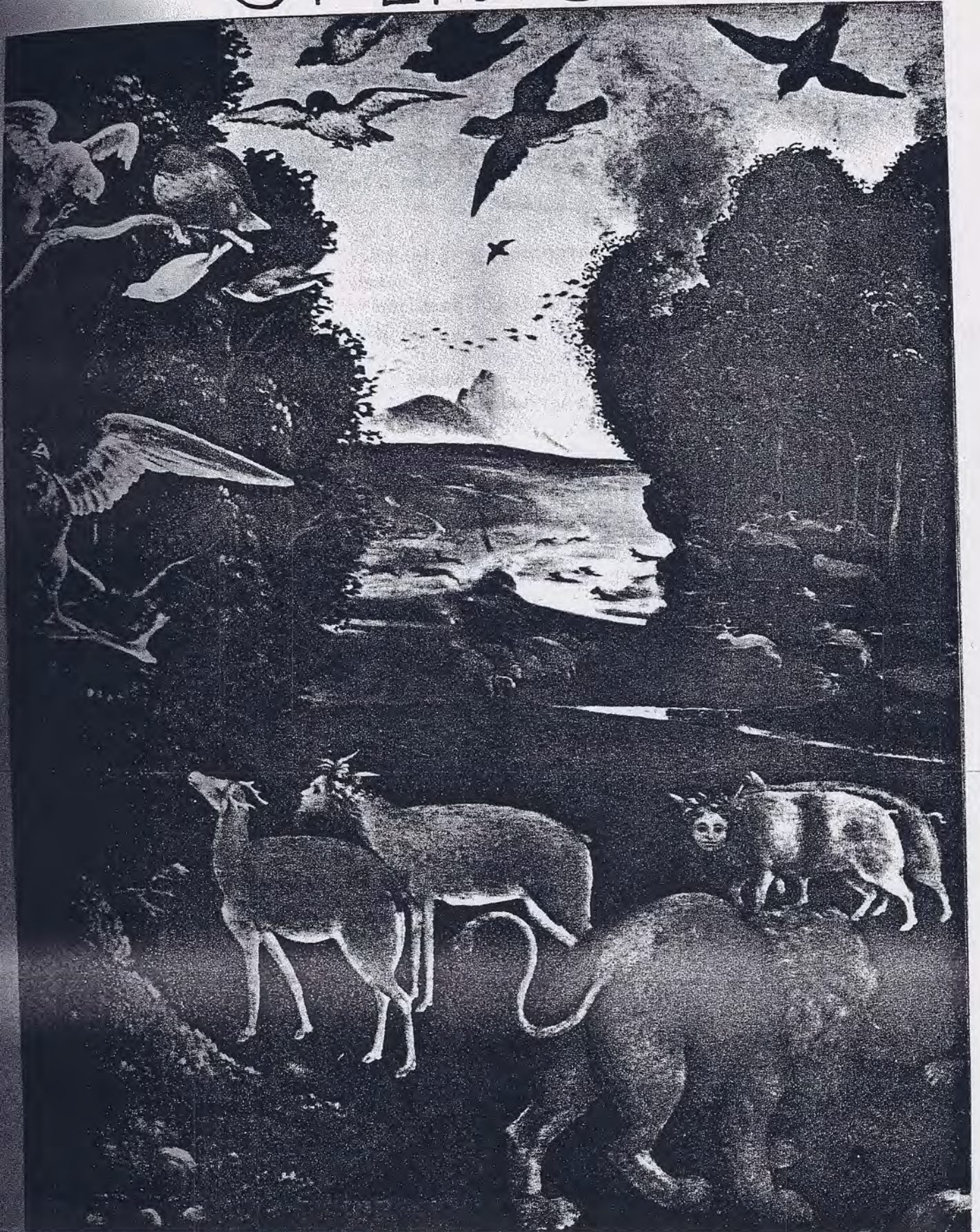


OPEN SPACE



ORPHIC SPACE

1. Open Space. This magazine, which has run half the course of the year I guessed (or was told) it wanted, aimed

a. to draw together certain poets whose work I felt I had to follow, even when it was not always clear to me, who would be responsible themselves for what they printed

b. to get and print good poems from young poets I had never heard of or met

c. to focus attention on aesthetics in place of politics or gossip in the bars;

and the magazine is

a. given away free

b. for the city, San Francisco

c. monthly

The aim has been to see a community of poets somewhere in the city, or imagination, or some time.

2. THE YOUNG. The invitation is for young poets to submit new work. Jack says that you feel you're invited to some kind of party, maybe fancy, and you aren't sure how you should dress, which explains your reluctance or shyness. On the other hand, I've seen few signs of that eagerness to be a poet — poet, that one, who makes the highest art in language; and though it's a kind of priestcraft, this place, space, is not a coterie or closed group, as mediocrities want to think. When Jack and I talked about how to actually invite new poets, and not make them stand-off more, last week, I complained that I hadn't received many poems from poets I didn't know that dared much, that knew 'astonish me,' that cared for beauty unspoiled by sentimental slop, accurate sentiment rather than expressiveness, or the excitement of the intellect without pedantry. When I was first a poet, the 'popular fashion' was Ginsbergery, so that there was a lot of sprawling in poems, but out of the slosh and imitative parts, a good eye might pick out threads of real feeling and objects that belonged to the poet's own voice; but now, says Jack (whom I rely upon to inform me on what's current) the wheel has turned, and the style is to make tight, incisive poems, following the way of Creeley or Denise Levertov and some parts of Williams. But, I thought, that accuracy one finds in Creeley, that 'hill' really there, those 'footprints' the hill discovers, that's Creeley, the man himself, seeing it through his own wise and working of 20 years. And you should see it yourself.

I hope you see the invitation is real. Astonish me.

3. Send poems for the July 30 issue of Open Space to 640 Turk, #26 or put them in the mailbox inside Gino & Carlo's bar on Green street between Grant and Stockton. Deadline is July 20.

1st SF Home Rainout Since. Bounce
Tabby-Cat Giants. Newspapers
Left in my house.
My house is Aquarius I don't believe
The water-bearer
Has equal weight on his shoulders.
The lines never do.
We give equal
Space to everything in our lives. Eich-
Mann proved that false in killing like
you raise wildflowers. Witlessly,

I
Can-
not
accord
sympathy
to
those
who
do
not
recognize
The human crisis.

The country is not very well defined.
Whether they are bat-people or real people. The sea-
Coast of Bohemia. The in-
Visible world.

A man counts his fingers in these situations,
Whether there are five or ten of them or
udders as we might go sea-bathing in
dream.

But dream is not enough. We waking
hear the call of the

In-
Visible world

Not seen. Hinted at only. By some
vorpals, some sea-lions, some scraggs.

Almost too big to get used to, its
dimensions amaze us, who are blind to
Whatever

Is rising and falling with us.

I squint my eyes to cry
(No tears, a barren salt-mine) and then
 take two snuffles through my nose
This means emotion. Chaplinesque.
As the fellow says.
We pantomime every action of our bodies.
Do not wait
On one sad hill
For one sad turn. I've had it
Principly because you're young.

The metallurgical analysis of the stone that
was my heart shows an alarming percentage
of silicon.

Silicon, as George would be the first to
tell you, is not a metal. It is present
in glass, glue and since glue is made
from horses — living substance.

I love you. But as the iron clangs, the
glass, the glue, the living substance
(which, God knows, has been to as many
glue factories as it can remember) muffles
what the rest of the heart says.

I see you covering in the corner and the
metal in my heart bangs. Too personal
The glass and glue in my heart reply. And
they are living substance.

You cannot bake glass in a pie or fry
glue in an omelette

"If I speak in the tongue of men and
angels..."

The sounding brass of my heart says
"Love."

Jack Spicer

THE GIFTS OF DEATH

after Virgil

for Louis Zukofsky

Proteus to Aristaeus:

Your bad luck?
Don't you know the power in it?

Unhappy Orpheus
sends you pain, wants you to feel it more,
so mad is he with the loss of her,

who in a game, in a stream, fleeing you,
breathless, barefoot (near death),
ran up on the grassy bank
where slid

a deadly snake.

Her girlish kind, and of the trees
inseparable Dryads, cried.
The rocks of Rhodopé echoed their lack.
Rings of mourning broke, on
mountainpeaks, men's tongues,
rippling Hebrus, lonely nymphs' lips.

But he, trying to blend his pain into the lute's music,
the pain too new not to have its own words, cried out:
"You, oh my sweet wife, I am here, alone,
by the sea, in the dawn, raw, and I fear the night!"

Like an automaton, he went
to Tainaron, the Ostia of Hell,
a place where leaves shake, though the wind be still,
a Cave, he entered, and came

to a Throne, where the Great Ghosts wait on the King of Shocks.
They unhabited to sympathize with what humans say.
He sang.

A whispering below, a low commotion...

*

Thin things, with hints of the human they were,
like pale darts, to hear, alighting
by thousands, like birds
on boughs, in a dark rain
lit by the Evening Star —
They were the rest-
less dead, our wisp-
y mothers, men,
the mighty heroes
lifeless now,
the girls and boys
unsmiling,
the young warrior
in battle killed
by father laid on flames
in filth and blackness kept
where crooked cattails hang
by loveless rippling swamps,
Cocýtus, Styx, the names —
Nine times they circle Hell.

And all that Court grew still —
The fiery cracks grew dim —
Like statuary, the grim
Eumenides, crowned with snakes
blue as the mold on bread —
The Dog with Triple Head
agape — and Ixion's wheel
that makes Hell's only breeze
braked, by the poet's voice.

*

Blasts of air!
and a bright whistling in the Cave.
He is out of Hell, and she
so near (following, as
Queen Proserpina had bid her)
she tastes the light.

When what wild whim of affection

(Certainly, it was a thing to be ignored —
but the Great Ghosts know not how to ignore)
caught him off guard?

Forgetful he,
turns to his Eurydice,
and she sees him, and the Day.

Crash! crash! crash! the words
break. The words of Hell break.

"Who has doomed me, and you, Orpheus?
Who hates so much?"

And then from a little farther away:
"I hear the voices, calling me again.
I go to sleep behind my eyes."

And then as if nearer again:
"Here — take my weak hands!

"Alas, they are not yours.
I am taken away. It is all dark around me."

And as she spoke, she was dispersed
from where he stared,
like when a little smoke
is lost, in blasts of air.

*

Shadows, where she was.

Shadows, to reach at
and talk to.

Needing to tremble
in the pain of the thought,

but held, as by hands,
in the pain of the loss,

in a dark so dense
with denial it danced.
What tear? What voice?

Slosh.

Charon guides the raft she goes on, cold.

*

They say, seven months he walked
with the cranes on the streaming banks,
and cried where the sharp rocks jut —
Word after word it came out —

The icy stars

The big cats on the slopes, the soft
breathing, the wind in the oak leaves,

Like the nightingale grieving on the poplar branch
in a stipple of shadows — Was the boy
wrong, that reached in her nest? But her song
is only Where? and its notes are night.

Love cannot curve me.

Do you hear the marriage-
song from the nearby village?

No, I see the glacier.

Snow I see,
not the river.

Frost I walk on,
not the field.

Where?

I ask the gifts of death.

Daughters of Bacchus! Sharp nails
grasp his neck, grip, turn his head.
Enraged, they see the tears.

All his flesh they tear.
It bleeds into the frost.

Rippling Hebrus, Fatherwater,
in your swift midstream you bear the singer's head,
caressing the cold neck. And as you turn it,
once, the pale lips move.
"Ah, Eurydice," it cries, "Ah, lost Eurydice!"

Then right and left, on either side, your banks
echo, "Eurydice," all their seaward length.

George Stanley

Library of Congress

IMAGE-NATIONS 3

what if the body goes the sense
of the word which draws amor
in a body his arrows leafless, shining
steel his meaning in that meeting of
hands, tastes, bitter
filling fountain if that poetry goes
whose power drank from the body, gave
the body, gave amor a skin,

an act, the worshiped height higher
than what is left
another amor inescapable pouring, holding
that shape here together all ways,

born through all the elements, the night
singing sparrows are arrows I define
the dark correct that allows that I to appear
the naked, unyielding form of I acting apart,
but it is Naught the other is that unlearned,
this fear and charm of word O shepherd, his way apart,
flower and youth with an arrow offshot

Robin Blaser

O-friend,

it was time you came
this night you were NO

man attached to his opposite,
seen through a gate or handed

his hat you were as held
in a vase orange calendula

and hot pink geraniums in blue
glass and that tropism

made you laugh and the room,
is it possible you do not exist

separate from that glow
when I turned the flashlight

on the door? who is there
who came dragging his

bag of tears? and remained
invisible the whine is

not in me is not part
of the moth who escapes

the cold in my electric
blanket I suppose

I heard the dark and
with the craft wrought

against memory, it should
have been of no consequence

but the bones breathe, that
frame of what is contained,

opposites the Sorrows sit
nearby surely, cracking

their paws once, the I
came on the Lady Bugs' home

at the foot of a redwood
they were dead in heaps

their shells and loosened wings
flew in the wind of my steps

and once, Proteus, the goldfish,
jumped out of his bowl, left

the color of dried orange peel
and so it is a turn of the wheel

you left a kind of music,
la - de - da and stink

in the air held close
with the invisible rose,

O-imaginarie-in-knowledge

Robin Blaser



A COLD DAWN

Antares, red over the ocean. Morning, country sounds,
water dripping from a tap in the garden, an animal moving
in a shrub --

The astronomer puts aside as many of his conceptions of
time, space, mortality, as he can to see the objects of
the sky, without fear. Stars are points of light, the
size and numbers of these points of light can be increased
for the eyes by glass, but as bodies they will never have
shape for us, nor can we hope to know much about them.

The sounds of morning are equally remote.

Lewis Ellingham

*

It lit up
his poem
verdant
green springing
Dolores
virginal holiday of grass
near the church.

Then were no elders,
only new growth
bright I saw from the bench.

Oh — but later
the robes were rich
hierarchy of the church
In the night I saw them
gather...proceeding in splendour
down the dolorous street

and a fire to match their robes.

Stricken, they were tended,
the robed men of the church.

In my arms
I held a forgotten Mexican.
I was younger than he...smaller
and caring for him.

I did not wake
from the brilliancy
of poems —
It is no dream
dispelled by the celebrating sun.
The flaming mission
sears my eyes...
I've lost
the green temple dream

Deneen Brown

ONE CIRCUMLOCUTION

Sometimes we see astonishingly clearly
The out-there-when we are already in;
Now that is not what we are here-for really.

All its to-do is bound to re-occur,
Is nothing therefore that we need to say;
How then to make its compromise refer

To what could not be otherwise instead
And has its being as its own to be,
The once-for-all that is not seen nor said?

Tell for the power how to thunderclaps
The graves flew open, the rivers ran up-hill;
Such staged importance is at most perhaps.

Speak well of moonlight on a winding stair,
Of light-boned children under great green oaks;
The wonder, yes, but death should not be there.

One circumlocution as used as any
Depends, it seems, upon the joke of rhyme
For the pure joy; else why should so many

Poems which make us cry direct us to
Ourselves at our least apt, least kind, least true,
Where a blank I loves blankly a blank You?

Wystan

THE PERFECT CORRESPONDENT

When Walt wrote to Tom Sawyer he'd write "celestial" then cross it out and write "starry" instead.

Tom Sawyer wasn't someone in a book.

Tom Sawyer was someone in a book

He didn't answer any love-

Letters.

**

THE SLEEPERS

My brother and I had a friendship
as thick as trees
And on the wall we kept a picture
of Socrates

I didn't have any mystical experience

Maybe I found a beach
Idiocy pounding up on it.

The moon goes floundering
through the drifts
She wrecks the ships to give
as gifts

The poems long as a wave hitting the beach.
There's nothing here for beauty's sake.

**

UNDERWEIR

The man in the Walter Middy chair
Sits and schemes, with a wild despair
Reaches his brandy in disrepair
Homages cruel and images rare
His head in Oz, his feet in the air
The dirty socks are under the chair

The peasants are pheasants, outfoxed of their frocks
The web of the spider, such intricate locks
Rapt in a thriller, but his brain doesn't sleep
His heart's with the fellers wherever they sleep
But the plots are stellar and the Dada they keep.

The dirty socks are under there.

Lewis Ellingham



SERGEANT, THE BEST WAY TO STOP THE BANDITS IS TO GET CHARLEMAGNE.



DANGER
STAND CLEAR
OF MALLET

10 PRIZE

paste-up, the city
we build up of blocks, the

alpha beta and this



is gamma so placed

as Miller named the Delta



his vehicle and

zone, cunt,



is language Pythagoras knew .

∟ I mean to set up emblems again in these passages of a poetry, passages made in the condensare, the pyramid that dense, a mountain, immovable, cut ways in it then and trick the walls made with images establishing space and time for more than the maker knows, in it ∟

It wont smear, it can be

moved, can move, but

no word, it's that clear, is

soft, shit, painty . can consonants

so crawl or blur

to give

contrive to imitate juices, excretions, the

spit


beyond how wet the air will

come and carry these vowels,

these dentals, labials the tongue

so adamantly insists upon

this rrrr to be a river

and I place here, my air,
this block with  for elefant

is throne, is soft and

as far as I get in the play

runs down,

April 1: runs away with me

and I enter the wave of it .

how long I have been waiting,

the language, the sea, the body

rising above

sleep

above

and leaves us

fallen back

above sleep .

the moon taking over tides of the mind

pulling back

whatever cover love had

until the reefs upon which we lie are exposed

the green water going out over

the rock ledges

body upon body

turning keys as the tide turns

and reaching up into . . .

In the curve of the dark

the light strives

at the lips, the labia
her crack of a door

her cunt His wound
the gash in His side
from which monthly
blood flows .

Zinzendorf said all maidens
bore Christ's woe with them
. at this flowing
souls gather .

At the Babe's birth
the whole woman
opens . the flower bleeding .
the head of the embryo
shoved forth from its red pod, from the pain,
into the Child's place
. cries .

From the horizon ancestral
echoes ring .

In the streams of the wound they
"want to have little beds, and
tables, and everything else."

PASSAGES 8

6/6

"...it must have recesses. There is a great charm in a room broken up in plan, where that slight feeling of mystery is given to it which arises when you cannot see the whole room from any one place ... when there is always something around

the corner" —Gustav Stickley, The Craftsman Idea, 1909.

from the window-shelter

the light

the curtains of daffodil-yellow

light

beyond .

a little night music

after noon

. strains of Mahagonny on the phonograph

distant

intoxications of brazen crisis

the (1930) Können einem toten Mann nicht helfen chorus

the procession with drum-roll

in the distance

recesst

(the stage becomes dark)

from the bookcases the glimmering titles arrayd

Hesiod . Heraclitus . The Secret Books of the Egyptian Gnostics

"Take a house planned in this way, with a big living room ... its great fireplace, open staircase, casement windows, built-in seats, cupboards, bookcases ... and perhaps French doors opening out upon a porch—"

La Révélation d'Hermès Trismégiste

Plutarch's Theosophical Essays

Avicenna

The Zohar

The Aurora

I was reading while the music playd
curld up among the ornamental cushions

"—which links the house with the garden / and
sparkling into the jeweled high lights given forth

by copper, brass, or embroideries"

"the staircase, instead of being hidden away in a small hall or treated as a necessary evil ... made one of the most beautiful and prominent features of the room because it forms a link between the social part of the house and the upper regions—"

Below the house
stript to the moonlight embraced
for the mystery's sake mounting
thru us .
the garden's recesses

"You are to make it," I told you
in the past. I do not suppose
you recognize me. "Owl" is what
I am calld. This is how I am.

They saw an owl.

Phantastes . At The Back Of The North Wind . The Princess and
the Goblin . The Princess and Curdie . Lilith .

the lamplight warm upon the page
romance in which lost, reading .

You will often tell the story. If
you do that you will be able to
marry those you love. You will
continue to marry. But you will
fear me. If I even see you, you
will die."

"—which belong to the inner and individual part of the family life."

PASSAGES 9

6/11

Willingly I'll say there's been a sweet marriage
all the time a ring
(if wishing could make it so) a meeting
in mind round the moon
means rain.

In the beginning there was weeping,
an inconsolable grief

I brought . the storm I came in,
the driving rain,
the night-long
torrents of wind.

Was that that time? Or was it
another time . all the time the torrents
of love-making, hiding my inconsolable grief
in your arms. Sometimes .

when I am away from you
I have to make that journey,
the journey to you as if blindly again
along steps I have memorized
not to forget, not to forget the way,
having no more weight nor strength to go by than my will,
my wraith,

to take heart
calling-up the steps to the house, the door, the stairs,
the hall, the room's dimensions the where you are
to come to you .

my helplessness that must somehow be a help

for you.

Willingly I'll say it's been a sweet
marriage

and I would fill your arms
as if with flowers with my forever

being there . "French doors

opening out upon a porch which
links the house with the garden."

"There is really no circumstance of human life
wherein He has not at times been our forerunner."

Robert Duncan

CRITICAL DREAMS · V (ivy)

6-22-61 ... there was a Prince, more handsome than the radiant day, searching the clear sky high above him. He stands upon a mountain ledge. His leather clothes are torn and stained. He lowers his hand from shading his eyes. From aloft an eagle plummets toward prey. The Prince strings his bow. He will shoot after the bird has struck. The eagle hurtling past disappears into a crevice above in the cliff face. With some difficulty he climbs to the opening and strains to see where all is dark. An eery lite faintly illumines a shadow-box, at the left of which a foul nest. An ancient scrawny hen squats, served by two attendant hens likewise withered and fetid with age. The hen-queen knows her audience, raises her beak and gazes sightlessly with milky opal eyes. "His hands! his hands! he must give me his hands!" The Prince, bartering for directions to home-ground, rests his weight upon his elbows and thrusts in his forearms. The hens-in-waiting with small keen knives pare off his fingers from his hands like crisp vegetables. The hen-queen protests: "His hands...ahh well then...fingers will have to do!" She puts three small green pastilles into the Prince's palm. The rock cleft grows dark. Only rock and furze. His hands are whole... In turning from the cave I pocket the pills, slip down the steep slope to firmer footing, and then descend more slowly, alert to recognize some sign of the right way. The mountain air is thin, a whisper barely heard, "the spirit of the ivy vine." Just below me appears a tendril of green, starting from a crack in the barren rock. I follow the trailing plant, at first with difficulty down from the mountain, then thru an arid featureless land, which changes at last to a fertile landscape like a Patinir. With hilltop castles. Encountering a tangle of lush ground foliage which covers a wall, the ivy vine darts thru the bars of an almost hidden iron gate. I pause, for the wall is high, the portal large and heavy. It opens: I enter: clang-shut behind. It is an airlock, a smaller door ahead. And so thru a diminishing spyglass of six or seven more doors. At the end I wriggle ignominiously thru a small oven-door. To stand, dazzled: a multifariously appurtenanced and luxuriously textured chamber. Directly across from where I stand by the baroque porcelain oven, is a sunlit entry hall beyond which there opens out a serene margin of the classic sea. But the soft glow in this windowless room warms the eye to lovely objects, instruments of mysterious employment, volumes of cryptic manuscript lying open on lecterns, opulent color in swarming, quickly shifting pattern on materials ravishing to touch—enthalls. I follow tracing along the carpet at my feet a pattern of acid-green ivy against an orange-beige field, leading toward the entry hall. But an overlapping corner of a thick plush carpet presents in wine-dark and fire-opal contrast a sharply contradictory labyrinthine geometry which tempts me to trace its maze. Aside and around and on I explore this magician's den... How long? What seen?... A presentiment of return warns me to conceal myself

in a draped alcove. The great gate clangs in the muffled interior distance: "He is coming thru the seven Swedish doors." The doors sound at regular slow intervals till the oven bursts open. A tall junoesque woman in flowing white robes appears before the stove. She summons me from hiding: why have I tarried! She will not listen to excuses. Sternly she raises an arm to point to the entry hall. She turns and disappears into the fantastic stove. I stand, I stand with hands in pockets, I stand and take from my pocket three green pastilles. I ruminate vaguely about them. But, perhaps the esoteric volumes lying about the chamber yield clues to their use. But... But! O, I have not acted on the Lady's command! I turn to the entry hall. The radiance has departed the scene. It's but a woven tapestry with perspective of vestibule opening on terrace, lawn and calm sea: to cover a grey, rough, stone interior buttress. Again. I will be found out! I hide in the alcove. The doors sound their introductory clangor. The oven-door opens. Out steps a little bearded gnome slyly grinning. I wake wondering "was it 8 tho and not 7?"

Jess

A VOICE, VOICES, SPEAKING

I

How can I tell you
what is in my heart?
My heart can't tell,
and that is more
than anything told.
All I can tell
is that in my heart
there are things to be told
to you.

II

This is about as much good
as if I was
just muttering to myself.
I'll make myself heard

if I have to yell
until my teeth shake loose.
I'll break the windows
and rattle the pans.
I'll write it down
every blooming word
and shove it in your face.
I'll even stand on my head
and weep real tears.
Sooner or later
you've got to admit
I'm talking and
you hear me.

III

I can't think why you don't reply
except that perhaps you could not say it -
in which case, I cannot think.

If it should have come to what cannot be thought,
then I cannot speak -
certainly not to you, except to ask.

I have to ask - though not of you,
who could not answer,
unless there was, after all, nothing to be answered.

To ask is the only possible answer to silence.
I can't think of a better -
except silence itself, which cannot be spoken.

IV

It doesn't matter,
that is, to most of us.
Even to me, to whom it matters,
most of the time, it doesn't.
What does it matter?
As if all this could matter, to you.
When something does matter,
nothing else matters.

V

I said, "There are no words for it."
and began to write.

I said, "It has no form.",
and the shape became clear.

I said, "It has no end.",
and found myself at the brink.

I said, "No one can hear."
and began to speak clearly.

VI

I'm sorry. I said what I did not mean.
I said I was sorry; and that was not what I meant.
Sorrow was meant; but not to be sorry.
I didn't mean what I said; and there's sorrow
in that.

Gael Turnbull

*

TO BE SHAKEN

To be shaken at heart is to be taken by the heart
and mine scarcely known until surprised as if struck,
almost toppled by a few words which I took to heart -
in themselves perhaps groundless and scarcely heard
yet in which my heart was discovered
and I in its grip, taken
in the same shift, as it shook, shaken.

Gael Turnbull

A POEM OF LIGHT AND DARK

for C.S. Lewis

Turn 1

sleep's ways, or somnium Scipionis:

I was the leader, or officer-in-charge. We were at the edge of town, and the army had fought a long time against the invading - tired, unfed - the street had a crowded nightclub-bar ringing with music and to get money we would have to break in and get the cash register - they were having fun and we were doing all the work - broke in and took it - all a blur - until we were in the streets, the heavy metal box in someone's brawny arms, everyone suddenly scattering, to make a run for it - I had recognized many faces but didn't know every man's name — there were only a few of us now, a half-dozen or so - more shouting, whistles, sirens - only you and me were left - we were running through tangled, narrow streets - 'this way' I shouted, -they were close behind - down Rush street - 'this turn' -and we turned up Elm, running

awake for an instant, I thought, I'd been the leader, but we lost everything the lead

was a distance between us
and by dark, we travelled many
leagues that night

fell back again

this time you wrote a poem - there was a shadowed street at the same time and a business of the father saying names, Cagliostro's turned up - you showed me the new poem and I even made a pun on the title, in my sleep — Image-Nations became Alien-Nation,

an afternoon nap, as I woke
you came into the room and
typed the poem.

Turn 2

It was just before dawn - but before that I'd wakened to your coughing, wondering whether to get up because I'd been drawn by the superstition of strangling that haunts you — when I heard the typewriter, clearly clicking; you had taken it

into the next room, so not to disturb me — I must have been just on that side - the 'dark side' - as if I had gone during the night on a long journey and by dawn came back to 'me', to cross into the day. You had stayed up all night writing a poem. Through my closed eyes I strained to see into the dark corner where the typewriter sat, to make sure. And I vaguely worried if you would go to work, not having slept. Awake, the room dark and exciting with objects, but the air or light 'alive'. I had to look several times to be certain it was there in its place, the typewriter - and went into your room next door - the day-lighted room - to make sure - unsure - the sound of clicking was the black dog slurping up the last of his breakfast milk.

Light and Dark

the author asks us to take the walk by starlight

we are not the gods, but their offices
I know the friends and familiar
enemies each is a Many-at-Once
'we' are a woven forest
out of the cards
dirt crumbled, falling to the
table.

open out here

in the sky a man drawing the sword from his thigh

'it glitters not because the swordsman set out to make it glitter but because he is fighting for his life'

my author says, the Other

'naked, imageless (though we salute him with a hundred images'

Turn 3

Today a new window has been put in this room
I can actually see the morning for the first time in over a week
after all that work and dark weather

in the third of the new dreams we were in a bright wide room - many of us - you were at the typewriter, laboring in poems, again - while I slept at the foot of it all - Robert had his hand on your shoulder, talking away - and the others, well, they were buying real estate, the price of lots or we could see the highway out the window - Lew had a truck pulling his house up the hill towards us - then Jack came in, all changed, younger, and reddish light radiating from him, healthy and scrubbed looking - he handed Robert the thick sheaf of papers, 'Here are the Leninist-Trotskyite poems' he joked

I woke to all this light
my instruction was to make a mistake
and I took the wrong turn many times
the way is not what-you-will

Not What-I-Will

Well, Jack and me again. We get on the cable car. He has a lot of packages; one is marked 'Gold', another is 'mother'. Loaded with the obvious. We go along, but Jack gets off for some reason and suddenly the cable-car starts up, he's left standing in the street, he tries to run after it a little but I know he can't. That means I'll have to get off and walk back to him. Do I miss an extra stop? it's full of ragged edges. I do get off and a grey car is backing slowly around the corner toward me; the license plate says 'Mother'. I start going back, down the street in a strange part of town; instead I run into two negro boys and I start lecturing or giving them a sermon; I see by their eyes they're going to grow up mean — it all switches - we're in a school lunchroom - sitting at a low table, child-size, with strangers or children all around; we're drinking milk from small bottles. Then Robert comes in - again confusion - I wonder whether to pour the milk for him or — but he's on his way out - I have something I want to tell him - but I have to get the right tone of voice - he's at the door - I shout 'Don't forget 7 and 8!'

But it's late! I mean I'm late! It is late - I wake, overslept, and have to dash —

distrusting the 'brightness'
lent in the eyes. 'A tear

is an intellectual thing'
for Hell's sake
'And a sigh is the sword of an Angel-King'
sang this Master, William Blake
of the impossible sentence

The real wants
your words, your line, your own
design
Find the Master of Turning if
that's who you want, but

Stop blackmailing the voice.
Master-minding

Not 'what-I-will'
A
a
a
a wind-
Ow.

*

I Thought it was All Over

What is left is stuck like a cinder in the eye; I must have been asleep.

I looked up at the dark picture of Piazzone, the painter, on my wall, and thought, Oh no, it can't be all blackness! I saw only a sheer black rectangle. Either I'd opened my eyes during the night or saw the image through closed lids.

In the photo Piazzone is painting the murals of California. It's a landscape I see about three times a week in the Public Library.

These are the walls above the grand staircase — one side is the sea-blue of looking out of California — the other panels are the brown hills of looking in. In the photo, the painter is painting the part of looking in — there he is, amid the light brown are the jagged patches of many dark brown - crevices of the hills - like a fold of skin in the body of California, or you.

And I go up the marble stairway - toward the books' magic — the panels are true windows of the Library.

Stan Persky



HOME & GARDEN

APOLOGY FOR NO HOLY GRAIL REVIEW

* Jack Spicer, The Holy Grail (White Rabbit Press, San Francisco, 1964)

What is the Grail? I suppose, is the most important question.

Here, through the Persons in the poem a life is given to adventures of the Grail-quest.

'Cup Christ bled into and the cup of plenty in Irish mythology', partly or mostly invisible (the invisibility is the part most poets forget about - invisibility, the poem keeps reminding Jack) - findable - but in such a way that nothing happens.

I've read Jack's Grail about five times now, and without benefit of the information in Malory, I think it's a very, very good poem -- I've been excited by the language, by how it is a poem, and by the characters, who are real and separate, though I don't know how they are true to the other pictures of them. Sporty Lancelot is hateful, but the Gawain book keeps getting better and better once I get over the first line. For the poem, Guenivere and Arthur are the most realized, and as the poet is dragged into the poem's surface we see that each of us is all of them in some way.

Poetry and the grail are opposite, the poem says, but I thought poetry was a language in which the world of the grail becomes possible.

Love between two people isn't possible, the poem says, but that is Lancelot's view maybe, where I thought it isn't as simple as that.

And at the center, what the theology is about in Jack, to follow the metaphysics, I need lots more readings and reading.

The danger is to mis-read this as camp, but of course, the same people who couldn't, wouldn't and won't read After Lorca, or The Heads of the Town Up to the Aether, might find this more accessible, but they won't read it any better.

A HOLE IN THE HEAD

Michael McClure, Gopher Tantrums (San Francisco, 1964)

Having sniffed around the garden quite a bit, hunting these nasty little creatures, I'm rather familiar with the material Mr McClure is dealing in and I conclude:

- 1) Mr McClure doesn't know much about our language (or yours, perhaps) and doesn't care.
- 2) What he does care about is having a vision and he will never learn that you don't seek the vision, it seeks you.
- 3) Rx: Aesop's Fables; Ravel-Colette's 'Child and the Sorceries' opera; that story about how a young man got to talk to us (I forget what it's called).

(((Chien Noir
▼ (Labrador-Golden Retriever)

JESS AND BRODECKY: OPENING A GALLERY

Buzz ('a place to see paintings', 1711 Buchanan, 21-27 monthly, weekdays 7-10 pm, Sat & Sun 2-7, drctrs: Larry Fagin, Paul Alexander, Bill Brodecky)

Buzz' first show, beautiful and not pretentious, was highlighted by exciting new work from Jess and Bill Brodecky. Joining with them, Paul Alexander showed two excellent drawing series; Tom Field, an Aquatic Park painting and a canvas in progress; Fran Herndon, indoor and outdoor landscapes and her two Gemini collage-drawings; Knut Stiles and Graham Mackintosh, collages, serious and funny.

Jess presented master-work at every turn, four absolutely superb paintings, using a 'sculptured-paint' technique amid sharply linear drawing. Three of the paintings are from a current series of scientific instruments, the fourth, 'Montana Xbalba' is the soccer player painting. The way Jess works is that the content, the subject, is chosen or chooses him, out of a search in the sources that draw him, and from inspiration in his readings -- how Plato's Crito finds a way to that instrument balancing two globes of liquid, worlds -- but the shape of the painting is all discovered in the work itself, while at the work, in the paint. The result combines that necessary excitement and a master's hand and eye. Above all, it's the beauty of the painting, a sense of colors, and in the series-paintings we see unfolding of the objects (things he finds the life in) without repetition - it's Jess' most beautiful work.

Bill Brodecky is a young painter whose work is at a place where we begin to take real interest, as he himself has made a place in the mostly imaginary community by his energy and being drawn. His project with Paul Alexander of working from Titian's Europa painting led directly to drawings and two Europa canvasses of his own, which were shown in this first show. The small dark Europa, crossing the waves on the bull's back, at sea but seen in the moonlight, is a lovely painting, its glow does stay in the mind and away from it, I see it repeated times. It is really there. A second, larger Europa is frontal, lighter in colors, with the images and objects of the Europa painting and stories called up into the work, happening there are the painter happens upon it. This and two other large canvasses, portrait of a man with roses in a big rough oval and a lighted stage-world or setting seen through a window, are signs of the many directions, and he can follow them by his skill and interests in the craft.

Paul's two groups or series of drawings were both very good, one batch of Orpheus dancing, learning a new step, drawn from sources in his brother's poetry, and the other group, workings from Titian's Europa which will lead him to a canvass. The whole show, in this way, sparkled with an attention to the intellect.

Buzz, undominated by the necessity of selling or the incompetent opinions of local newspaper or Art Forum hacks, is the best idea for showing painting we've had. A monthly show, organized somewhat like a magazine, open to a wide range of work, and there to provide interchange for the painters, should be an exciting entertainment for those of us who need a way in the visual world.

whOREGON

A taxi-cab hack displaying a midget brain proved that every sentient being is a lake. After Welch paralyzed whatever Intelligence existed in the audience, poor Philip felt he had to be amusing. So he read four funny poems in rapid fire order which were inaudible beyond the third row and then punctuated the remainder of his reading by turning about a hundred and fifty pages of manuscript. I suppose it wasn't his fault: and the two poems he came to read were of interest, if not interested in the sound at least he wanted the voices, and the music poem seemed good at one hearing. Whalen closed with a long poem in which girlish voices drone a patter to it, but he, the poet, got lost in his politics and gucked it up, instead of following the excitement the poem was suggesting. Snyder proved the most disappointing of all -- long chunks intending and succeeding in being quite simple minded - no care for the language - and nothing ever happens to Gary, he just goes on recollecting thing after dull thing - writing the same poem. Not only was it the worst poetry reading I've ever been to, also the worst place to hold one.

*

BY-PRODUCT

Guano, No. 1 (a new quarterly)

Faced with a magenta cover and 'Rosalind's' drawings of the fatal Cleveland (or wherever) beetle, it looked promising from the start -- and to find out it was the official poetry organ of Black Moroccan Exorcism and printed in Belgium! a tremor of excitement crossed my mind. By page 2, however, we find out that the exotic Guano, presided over by Ira Cohen, is merely the sequel for that half of the Beats who turned into drugs and kook mysticism: mostly filled with Burrovian prose, the Raw Cheese himself and 3 or 4 imitators all gushing about junk, fuzzy politics and their genitals. No poetry. Illustrations by Jack Smith, the NY transvestite photographer.

FREE-FOR-ALL

The weekly poetry readings at the Blue Unicorn coffee house (1927 Hayes) is an example of liberalism-in-poetry-in-action. Moderator Gene Fowler holds open reading space for anyone who wants to read and the result can be imagined. The hope was that out of the expected roughness and disorder might come one new poem and that poets would find like interests in each other. Each of the readings I've been to there have been awful in different ways - the appearance of a nightclub entertainer; an aesthetic dominated by an illiterate neighborhood hero, -- Mike Hannon is the one poet I've heard there who might turn into a real poet, who at least shows the voice of a poet. The rest wallow in a slosh that ranges from Thomas to Frost.

ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE KELLOGG FAMILY

Synapse (No. 1, Spring 1964, Berkeley)

Synapse, Crackle and Pop are three new poetry magazines from Berkeley, which, by some peculiar accident, have published in their first issues exactly the same poets and poems, right down to the last syllable. The name of the mask is 'young and new', as usual. I didn't find any poem there I actually liked or thought good.

GEMINI AND COMPLAINTS

Open Space (May Issue)

The Signature

Dear Lew, though I still feel that your demand that everything be signed and thus be as clear as a History of English Literature or a Social Register, is still only the beginning of name-dropping, I've tried to get as many complete names signed to the poems as possible. Anything other than a signature is there by request of the author, anonymous or withholding his name.

On Harold's Venus Poem

Many, by inattentiveness, missed a poetic event, I thought. Though full of praise and blame (a gossip), you speak eventually of the poem's 'diffuseness', meaning the despoiling greed of the poet (not a personal fault). But the part beginning 'When that jealous moonyheaded crippled smithy's' is the voice which is not the poet's own, his hand moving only in obedience to that other voice - how few of you wished to celebrate this. Here Venus speaks (perfectly - the-god-talking-poetry) in the line and meter, of which Harold didn't know or couldn't learn unaided. From this poem which needed all the poet's search for the lady and experience of the moon - so that he would be a ready instrument for it, he tries to learn, especially in the Rose poem, bringing all his skill and her gift to it and his lovely sense of rhyme does move it: 'the bloom went sailing across the sea
of that great forest to be'

The poem inspired, that's what I thought it was about, not your chatter, nor his fault of interest in fixing up instead of complete interest in what's next.

A Meeting

Dear Nemi and Jamie, I was sorry you didn't get the message to come to the reading at Lew Brown's. I sent it through Bill, Ronnie and George and I thought it would reach you. Nem, I called you a couple times that afternoon, but you were out. Anyway, it went pretty well -- awkward and all backwards, friendly and as if we were strangers; what opened it up was Ebbe's superb reading of The Sonnets -- that was the real excitement, in which those poems opened again and again, so that I felt my feelings or words to be sham or hollow against that. George read Jess' dream and his poems well too. In any case, it wasn't a tea party and 'oh you're too divine' type thing.

Credits:

Second essay toward 'Narcissus', Jess
Lady over the sea of paper drawing, Armando Navarro
2 photographs of poets and statues talking, Robert Berg
cover, new year's gift from Helen Adam
litho, Mike Kummer assoc.
Social Security no. 550-58-8514