

OPEN SPACE



A rock.
The fog sun, orange,
hammered,
quenched in poured mist.
I fear that rock.

Sun through fog, down
and black
at the edge of the sky. The rock
sees the shore as
lonely, weak with pitched
angles, cracked shale, less
than sea grave and
silver, less than
itself, more
in the eyes
of nervous climbers, short
of breath on
loose stones. I

turned
on the face of the cliff.
The rock gleams,
the sun dies.
Gleams,
stuck there in black spray,
Stone-lunged
in a waste of sea.

Breathe for me;
like a tomb for
loose boulders. The
light cinched,
night a black belt. Cold
black water
sucks its ribs.
Stars or the rock?
The same stare:
eyes sliced on gravel.

There are no demons here, just
God, in a cold rock. The

forests are dark. But
no smell of
charred autumn flesh.

New England valleys
are gouged
Black with bent fingers;
eyes move
like snapped twigs. I
would scream
to wake in one. These
trees are straight
and dumb.

Waiting to slide
into the sea. Dead on a
coast that's
hung on a rock.

There is no danger here
of losing your soul.

My eyes.
The loneliness peels
to the bone. Stars, there
and there, farther
and bright,

Brighter

If you were here
weight of your leg, curve
of ribs, and belly,
white, with a
soft dark heart,
legs spread
in a heavy moon

There would be no chance,

The cliff mistaken

I'd have to scream, pitched
from the hill,

Alone and loose in
a black sea.

stars or the rock?

the same stare. my
eyes

A wound is red.

L. Kearney

A certain kind of dusk
settles on ceilings.
This one has no face,
even with shadow.
The dark sinks,
deeper than my bed, past
the windows, looking for
corners to
play with.
So many ceilings
with white backs.
Should I forget,
or build a ladder?
A garden. I have my own
garden to
tend; and no room for
sandflowers.
Not every man has
blood roses, in his room, at
dusk. The
ceiling will forget,
be warm.

L. Kearney

I could be wrong except for
my hands. Will may be
good, for poetry, but
I need it elsewhere.
Poems are best
beaten by sun*or moon;
no thin eye of sectored stars
will help.

In bed,
If I wake, her face is
dark, stranger
than hair.

In the morning,
stretch an arm and
ring her hips;
touch her lips and see,
in the corner
of my eye,
the strange life of hair.

Watching her dress with long
warm legs.

Written poems
Crack from the heart.

Of night
and morning
and death between.

L. Kearney

CHAPLINESQUE

We make our meek adjustments,
Contented with such random consolations
As the wind deposits
In slithered and too ample pockets.

For we can still love the world, who find
A famished kitten on the step, and know
Recesses for it from the fury of the street,
Or warm torn elbow coverts.

We will sidestep, and to the final smirk
Dally the doom of that inevitable thumb
That slowly chafes its puckered index toward us,
Facing the dull squint with what innocence
And what surprise!

And yet these fine collapses are not lies
More than the pirouettes of any pliant cane;
Our obsequies are, in a way, no enterprise.
We can evade you, and all else but the heart:
What blame to us if the heart live on.

The game enforces smirks; but we have seen
The moon in lonely alleys make
A grail of laughter of an empty ash can,
And through all sound of gaiety and quest
Have heard a kitten in the wilderness.

Hart

A NOTE FOR OPEN SPACE 7:

The poems themselves are passages of a poem, sometimes woven, sometimes built-up, sometimes collaged, from what comes to me or what I come across—threads, blocks, bits . . . but waves of impulse rising from words too, and whenever it arises I follow the melodic possibility. The numbering of the poems has increasingly seemed wrong, as if they were sections of a thing and had sequence apart from the time when they were written. Now I have titled each poem—that these passages belong to a poem beyond them will be let go into the free lights and shadows of each reader's reading of the title Passages.

Here are the titles of previous poems in Passages and changes that have occurred in my most recent transcription of the text:

(Open Space #2)

For "I" read "TRIBAL MEMORIES"; for "II", "AT THE LOOM"

4th stanza of AT THE LOOM, revised line notation:

the light bounding from his fur as from a shield
held high in the midst of a battle.

(Rivoli, number two)

Page 15: for "PASSAGES III" read "WHAT I SAW"

Page 16: for "PASSAGES 3" read "WHERE IT APPEARS"

Page 17: for "4" read the first line "THE MOON" as title.

revisions:

as Henry Miller once named the Delta

△ his vehicle, and

Her zone, Her parvis ▽

is language Pythagoras knew

leading to the life-door, the cunt,

after prose passage in brackets:

. the way is the way below .

The mouth of the cave or temple growing moist,
shining, to allow the neofite
full entrance.

The body of the poem, aroused, having
what mouths?

It wont smear, it can be

For "PASSAGES 6" read "ENVOY"

THE STRUCTURE OF RIME XXIII

Only passages of a poetry. No more. No matter how many times the cards are handled and laid out. To lay out a fortune. Only passages of what is happening. Passages of moonlight upon a floor.

Let me give you an illusion of grieving. In the room at the clean sweep of moonlight a young man stands looking down. An agony I have spoken of overtakes him, waves of loss and return.

But he would withdraw from the telling. We cannot tell if rage (which rimes) or grief shakes him. Let me give you an illusion of not grieving.

For "PASSAGES 7" read the first line "AS IN THE OLD DAYS" as title.

revisions:

where we are I am .

at the lips, before speech, at life's

labia, Her crack of a door opening,

her cunt a wound now
the gash in His side
from which monthly blood flows .
So Zinzendorf saw
all maidens bore Christ's woe with them

....

opens . the flower bleeding life-lanced .
the head of the embryo
shoved forth from its red pod, from the pain she knows,

For "PASSAGES 8" read "THE ARCHITECTURE"

Revisions:

Below the house in the dark of the peppertree
stript to the moonlight embraced

....

the lamplight warm upon the page where I

For "PASSAGES 9" read "THESE PAST YEARS"

Revisions:

not to forget, not to forget the way
the way you are,
having no more weight nor strength in going than my will,

SHADOWS

6/19

The grail broken,
the light gone from the glass,

we would make it

anew .

From the thot of the smasht gold or silver cup

once raised to lips,

we would raise shadows to hold the blood the drinkers

desire so . that now

among my compeers Blaser, Spicer, Turnbull tell

the beads of that story again,

raise hallows as if there were a land...

There was a land and a time in which we were .

Where the poem would kneel an ache rose in my knees,

and the poem knelt in the rosy light of the ache

so that where the cup was raised up as if

the air had lips,

in the shade of my words raised,

in the flame of my words raised,

my mind worried about the sullen ache,

the hot sun

raising a fever where I lay sweating in the room.

Was it some forewarning of disease, some

painful core of the body's aging? The ear

catches rime like pangs of disease from the air. Was it

invisible syphilis raging in the blood? for poetry

is a contagion . and Lust is a lord

who'll find a way to make words ache..

—There is a land and a time, Morgan le Fay's
marsh and river country, her smokey strand,
in whose lewd files I too have passt, to
tell the beads of that story again,
There appeared before him such an one as he hunted for,
a beast of golden hue and antlerd crown,
led on as it were bound by a false word a lure to search
the maiden carrying the bleeding head
commands. Lady whose bright laughter
rings avid, and my heart dismays . For I
dread me sore to pass this forest.

The feverish youth challenges the red man
who throws him down, where he is,
and wont be done.

He takes his head off.

He turns aside, face into the heat,
groaning

The while . They had brought forth
certain wonders he did not remember what
and among those shadows
the shadowy cup passt.

Robert Duncan

Love Poems

1

Do the flowers change as I touch your skin?
They are merely buttercups No sign of
death in them. They die and you know
by their death that it is no longer
summer. Baseball season.

Actually

I don't remember ever touching your
back when there were flowers (butter-
cups and dandelions there) waiting
to die. The end of summer

The baseball season finished. The
Bumble-bee there cruising over a
few poor flowers.

They have cut the ground out from under
us. The touch

Of your hands on my back. The Giants

Winning 93 games

Is as impossible

In spirit

As the grass we might walk on.

2

For you I would build a whole
new universe around myself. This
isn't shit it is poetry. Shit
Enters into it only as an image The
shit the ghostes feasted on in
the Odyssey When Odysseus
gave them one dry fly and made
them come up for something important
Food.

"For you I would build a whole new
universe," the ghosts all cried, starving.

"Arf," says Sandy"

"To come to the moment of never come back
to the moment of hope. Too many buses
that are late" Hugh O'Neill in our
Canto for Ezra Pound.

The ground still squirming. The ground still
not fixed as I thought it would be in
an adult world.

Sandy growls like a wolf. The space
between him and his image is greater
than the space between me and my image.
Throw him a honey-cake. Hell has been proved
to be a series of image.

Death is a dog and Little Orphan Annie
My own Eurydice. Going into hell so many
times tears it

Which explains poetry.

"If you don't believe in a god, don't quote
him," Valery once said when he was
about ready to give up poetry. The
purposefull suspension of disbelief
has about the chance of a snowball in hell.
Lamias maybe, or succubi but they are
about as real in California as night-crawlers
Gods or stars or totems are not game-
animals. Snark-hunting is not like
discussing baseball.

Against wisdom as such. Such
Tired wisdoms as the game-hunters develop
Shooting Zeus, Alpha Centuri, wolf with
the same toy gun.

It is deadly hard to worship god, star,
and totem. Deadly easy
To use them like worn-out condoms
spattered by your own gleeful, crass,
and unworshipping

Wisdom

Which explains poetry. Distances
Impossible to be measured or walked
over. A band of faggots (fasces)
cannot be built into a log-cabin in
which all Western Civilization can
cower. And look at stars, and books, and
other people's magic dilligently.
Distance, Einstein said, goes around
in circles. This
Is the opposite of a party or a social gathering.
It does not give much distance to go on.
As
In the beaches of California
It does not give me much to go on.
The tidal swell
Particle and wave
Wave and particle
Distances.

Sable arrested a fine comb.
It is not for the ears. Hearing
Merely prevents progress. Take a step back
and view the sentence.

Sable arrested a fine comb. On the road
to Big Sur (1945) the fuses blew every
time we braked. Lights out, every
kind of action. A deer

Hit us once (1945) and walked sulkily
into the bushes as we braked into silence.

No big white, lightless automobiles for
him. If he's hit, let them show him.

Sable arrested a last stop..I think it was
in Watsonville (1945 sable arrested
fine comb a)

Past danger into the fog we
Used the last fuse.

The howling dog in my mind says "Surrender"
at eight points of the compass. North, South,
East, West, combinations. Whether
He means me or you to me I am not certain.
A color-blind person can read signals
because red is always at the top and
green at the bottom. Or is it the reverse?
I forget, not being color-blind. The dog
In my heart howls continuously at you, at
me. "Surrender."

I do not know where my heart is.
My heart's in the highlands
My heart is not here
My heart's in the highlands
A-chasing the deer. Dog
Of my heart groans, howls
Blind to guesses. The deer
Your heart and guesses, blandly seek water.

There is real pain in not having you just
as there is real pain in not having poetry
Not totally in either case as solace, solution,
end to all the minor tragedies
But, in either case (poetry or you)
As a bed-partner.
Against the drift of rhododendrons and
other images we have not seen together
I have seen your locked lips and come
home sweating.

For you I would build a whole new
universe but you obviously find it
cheaper to rent one. Eurydice did
too. She went back to hell unsure
of what kind of other house Orpheus
would build. "I call it death-in-
life and life-in-death." Shot

In the back by an arrow, President Kennedy
seemed to stiffen for a moment before
he assumed his place in history. Eros
Do that.

I give you my imaginary hand and you give
me your imaginary hand and we walk
together (in imagination) over the earthly ground.

Jack Spicer

Songs from Arcadia

1.

Horizons, not noted before
We stared at Life
dazed our eyes
with Beauty
but if we blinked,

Then out of those horizons like slots
came Pirate-ships.

2.

Daiphantus, to save you
was more to me than you
(but Love sent a Pirate-ship
to save you from saving)

I could have fallen
all that no distance
forever (but Love sent a Pirate-ship
to keep me from falling)

3.

Horizons, where sea seems to lap
or land to heap up
against sky,

or Time tick
to the Sky of Passion,
Daiphantus facing me

bleed, fade.

4.

I thought I saw as through
a door let swing to
of its own weight

Doubles, triples
of all we know,
chairs, tables
Shirts, pants, clocks, roads
No horizons Sun
and stars at once

5. The Rescue

In the air in the hour
Your Pirate-ship
or Angel came, the tide
was mixed

The Flames that ate the timbers
wiggled reflected
in the slack water
like red fish

The Hands that reached for you
were screwed on old arms
of Fear, in Prudent sleeves
of Tweed

The Oarsmen wouldn't
row near Your knees
bent and you slid
into the Smile

The fire and the tide
whirled tightened
round you like Silk
When in the air

Pirates or Angels
When Ladders, arms
clatter to your bed
of Early Sleep, Early Love

George

In July

Geraniums

Taking a walk in the morning
the warm mist like rain

Jack picked a nasturtium about 7

Quiet lake with water lilies
no one harms anything that comes down there

the family comes with smiles

thru the large luxurious rooms of the house
scattered thru in white clothing like flowers
take your time, take your time

this is a guest house where all are taken care of
the great and good sun comes out, the sun is a star

Joanne Elizabeth Kyger



there is no meeting
and they could not string the bow

Memory has no direction,
a soft weeping like rain drumming dry soil

give me a pile of grape leaves
give me a lot of wine

Joanne Kyger



CRITICAL DREAMS · VI (quicksilver)

7-16-63 ...and into the chthonic hall comes a towering Daemon, our conductor thru the great suite of caves. He is head and shoulders a baboon with pelt of satiny silver, heirarchically toylike as an arte-moderne statue. His countenance is bright and reposeful. He distributes among our group (a lieutenant, a tourista, a boatswain, and several others), as if giving us very necessary implement for the tour, each a silver cup filld to the brim with glimmering mercury, mobile and yet unspilling, heavy and vibrant to hold. I liken the shape of the cup to a bullethead, to a beating heart, to a penis-head, to a votive lamp. The Daemon starts to the door, leading the way, in his hand a larger cup. We pass thru a succession of cave-halls stackd with merchandise as if it were a warehouse mostly of common household goods: chairs, tables, mirrors, ranges, dishes, ladders, arranged in category with accessory parts—and all gigantic. We are little-folk in a mysterious department store, with things heraldic, inscrutable, as wondrous as first hearing a fairytale. Each passing room is surpasssd in wonder, not thru the kind of object but by shifting of scale or referent or suggestion, by distortion whole or in part. We traverse a hall where elongation has transformd the tops of kitchen-ranges from their usual die-faces to bandarols of intermittent car-tracks, emblazoning the walls with oriflammes of domesticity. The lieutenant, the tourista, the boatswain, then I, followed by the others, enter a rough-hewn doorway and down three plank steps to a platform which at first seems caged in by large bars irregularly set. The bars are stovepipe, and beyond them appears a vast dim cavern, whose floor is a giddy drop below. A big roaring black furnace is down there, vented by great stovepipes branching out like a tree, to heat the entire complex of the cave-palace. This is the basement. A pipe runs horizontally along the edge of the platform, and over this the great silver baboon does not hesitate to step, still holding high his cup. He does not fall but with foot a step below turns his head, by intensity of gaze compelling us to follow. Lieutenant, tourista, boatswain, one after the other, step forth, disappearing stepwise from view. Fearfully I look over, down and past the pipe and first steps dismayd to gaze upon the irregular web of piping thru which by undiscernable support flites of plank steps descend steeply and zigzag to a clear space by a far dark door. The three in advance of me have followd down the final steps past the flaring furnace mouth before I find courage to step over the first pipe. I stub my toe on it. The pipe dislodges creakily. It falls. Its plunge breaks thru other branches. The furnace mouth flames out, and the whole pipe system slowly begins collapse. Leaping back in panic, with heat and fumes rising, I try to gain the three steps back to the entry. Neither I nor the others can find a door. The smouldering platform shudders. I peer over the edge down thru the inferno to where in a group the Guide and the advance three stand clear and serene by the far door. The Guide's eyes meet mine with hardly a flicker. He slowly, as if imparting a demonstration in geometry, inverts his cup, pivots to the door in a ritual QED and leads off. Period. I fall to my knees, and down doubled to my face, the inverted cup huggd close in prayer-lockd hands. Black. Void. Then, clear, light, and cool, out of a bubble swelling from the right hip of the Guide, I fall into place to follow thru the door, ...a...wake...

ALEXANDER

Tang a lang bang it rang and it rang
I pulled out the wires
but it must've been rooted in hell
in the mouth of a terrible shark
note the list of the bell
it must've been ringing for hours
yours and mine clang
his and hers clang
what love in conspiracy

I want not the lie of strength or the filth of glory
an aesthetic that cannot be measured
this is I

poetry and the eye of poetry
do not provide an altar for the cunning of beastly kings

so have the wise written for a million years

so in abstraction we toy

the sun king won
and he is only a grain of sand
dissolve salt and you have a sea
solve love and you know love
as the ancient sez
solve me and you will have
wasted our time

Jim Alexander

JACOB'S LARDER

tho you be gentle you are the soul of steel
these others have connived in the shadow of the negro
you need lots of attention
I love to give it to you
a primitive, I know more than the angels
Open Face welcomes the young
but does not know the young
how they develop
in the wilderness where they are wanted
athletic in their notions
breach their own terror
and lay real gifts before God

Jim Alexander

POEM TOWARD A RONDEL

if ever a man wld to kingdom come
strengthen his home
would he worry of the frost and dew
aye he'd seal the cracks and crack
the seal on liquors ancient
and unleash the spirits of his pride
and ever wander as the winds carress
and tho his gold be not unfortune
his sunburnt outlook wld a nation possess
and hold the tracks of fathers and of sons
unto the ends of power and extremes of beauty
and salt white hair wld stain his pillow bed
and yet the joy of each new generation
possess his heart, and fire in his head
and all the books be told for syncopation
and all his dreams be lavished where he wed

Jim Alexander

3

Burgie Schlitz Olym Hammed
hands,
What you look for
in funny tin cans

Well,
Round is their bottom
flip is their top
They make it so easy
that it's hard to stop

No No hands,
Not why
but what
you see

Oh!,
A artesian willed
Rainbow.

D. R. Drake

FIRST LESSON

Lovers quarrel. It is inevitable and, rather than dread, this first fight should be welcomed, the anger flowing swiftly and directly into passion, but, it may happen that the lovers are not in the right place or at the right time for that best act of reconciliation. Then he should take her for a long walk into the woods pointing out various shrubs and trees and before they know it they will find themselves deep in the woods, her hand in his.

The first tree we came to was our old friend, the bay tree, whom we both pretended not to recognize

INSTRUCTIONS Select a typical leaf from the tree whose name you want to know. BEGIN

HERE

If the tree has ordinary leaves, go to



If the leaves are simple (not made up of leaflets), go to



If the leaf is not lobed, go to



If there are no spines or spiny teeth, go to



If the leaf margin is smooth, following a gentle curve,

without teeth, notches, or waviness, go to



If it is not heart-shaped, go to



If the leaf, when crushed, gives off a strong odor, go to



If the leaf is dark green, tapering to a blunt tip, it is **CALIFORNIA LAUREL Bay Tree**

It was the Bay Tree we found, the odor of the leaf I crushed in my hand so strong, it burned all the way to the back of my head as I put my arm around her and we went on



BIGLEAF MAPLE



DOUGLAS-FIR



BLUEBLOSSOM
Ceanothus



CANYON LIVE OAK
Maul Oak

The last tree they found before they entered the deep of the woods she was about to call "The Tree of Confusion" afraid they would never find it, some of the leaves in his hand, sawtoothed, some sawtoothed on one side and smooth on the other and some smooth all around as if it had lost some teeth cutting a path up the side of the canyon and some just trying to stay alive.

SECOND LESSON

The stars move
actually move—
some rise as others set
sink into the sea
invisible
as the barnacle crested rocks
the tide covered in front of the house where I lived as a child
as others rise. "Now.
Now, in the newness of our love,"
I said, "There is so much to learn."
and taking the star chart
the former occupant left in the house
hand in hand we stepped out onto the porch
"to learn the names of the stars"
and with my arm around her waist I pointed out
what I am only just now beginning to learn myself
the Zodiac how it is the path of the sun
the animals the sun must pass through
how it is a wheel that turns
each animal rising and setting
and holding the star chart over us
its stars glowing too
the big dipper on it matched
to the bigger dipper in the sky above
handle to handle
we began to move through the sky
cautiously at first
ARCTURUS
certain because Bootes, the kite, the herdsman followed
and Corona Borealis appeared as suddenly as if it had been dropped
on our heads
and the head of the serpent Serpens Caput was before us
"In the newness of our love"
and below it Scorpio

the scorpion rising on the horizon the hour I was born
recognizable now claws head body but the rest?
and as I tried to follow out the vagaries of the long tail
she became restless
complained of the cold night
of how I was holding the chart
in front of what I was trying to point out to her
and as I didn't answer
still trying to find the end of that tail
that seemed to be hanging half out of the sky
she went inside "to go to bed"
and I followed her.
They move.
They rise and they set
and once begun
we can return again.

The lovers also can sit on the terrace
of the mansion and converse softly
together in the clear bright moonlight.
With his mistriss lying on his knees,
her face turned towards the moon, the
citizen should show her the different
planets, the morning star, the North
star, the seven Rishis and the Great
Bear. This is the ideal end to sexual
intercourse.

THIRD LESSON

Even if I was blind to the sun
couldn't see it in the sky
couldn't see it on the yellow hills
I'd know by the steady stream of cars going down to the beach today
the sun is in the sky
(how much more aware I am of everything around me,)
and she is lying in the sun on the mattress I pulled out
on the porch
before climbing up to my study to write.

When the lover must take leave of his
beloved he should leave something behind
that would continually remind her of him
such as a plant she would have to water
everyday as likewise she should give him
something to carry on his person or do
something for him just before he leaves
that will make it impossible for him to
forget her, and, as he returns, he should
bring her something beside the regular
gift, a flower, or a poem expressing
how much he had missed her.

I climb up to my study to write
the crushed leaf of the bay and the herdsman
from the day and the night before still in my head.
She is lying in the sun on the mattress I pulled out.
She is lying in the sun and though I can't see if she has her
face or back to the sun
I see her with both her face and back to the sun as if I were
around her as she was around me last night and saw her
from all sides,
as the Haida blanket I'd wear above all clothes portrays
the Killer Whale the Bear the Frog or whatever animal it
is carrying from all sides and forwards and backwards
just as it'd be seen by the sea.

FOURTH LESSON

Certain strange caresses not mentioned in the Kama Shastra should however be practised during sexual union if they lead to the heightening of mutual pleasure and to a more intimate knowledge of the desired body. The rules of the Shastra are only applicable when a man retains control of himself and is not drowned in his passion, but once the wheel of Kama starts to turn, there is neither Shastra nor rules, only the numbing ecstasy of motion.

If he is not on his way into her arms
he is on his way out of her arms.
The increasing weight of the ripening fruit
all summer bends down the bough of the tree.
Fulfilled love is an ever-widening stream.
Everything they have to learn
is already written in their blood.
Everything they have to say
is writing itself in their blood.
They may as well be in the middle ages
as here in California on the Fourth of July.
"I celebrated the birth of my country last night," He said
"the last way I came to her from the side
slowly at first her further leg closed between my two
as I slowly stroked the inside of my love
but before I knew it my upper foot was climbing up the wall
behind the bed
and my two legs were spreadeagled
were two wings spread her hand between
the hand of the rider guiding the True Eagle of American Independence
as it swooped into her."

Harold Dull

II, 12

Will the transformation. O be enraptured by the flame
in which one thing withdraws from you which asserts transformation;
that sketching spirit, which masters the earthly,
loves in the play of figures nothing so much as where they turn.

What hides itself in permanence already is numb;
does it suppose itself to be in the shelter of unostentatious gray?
Wait, a hardest warns from far away the hard,
the hammer rises!

Who pours himself out from the spring is perceived by perception,
and she leads him enchanted through the serene created
which often ends with beginning and begins with end.

Every delighted space is child and grandchild of separation
through which they go amazed. Metamorphosed Daphne,
knowing laurel, wants you to change to wind.

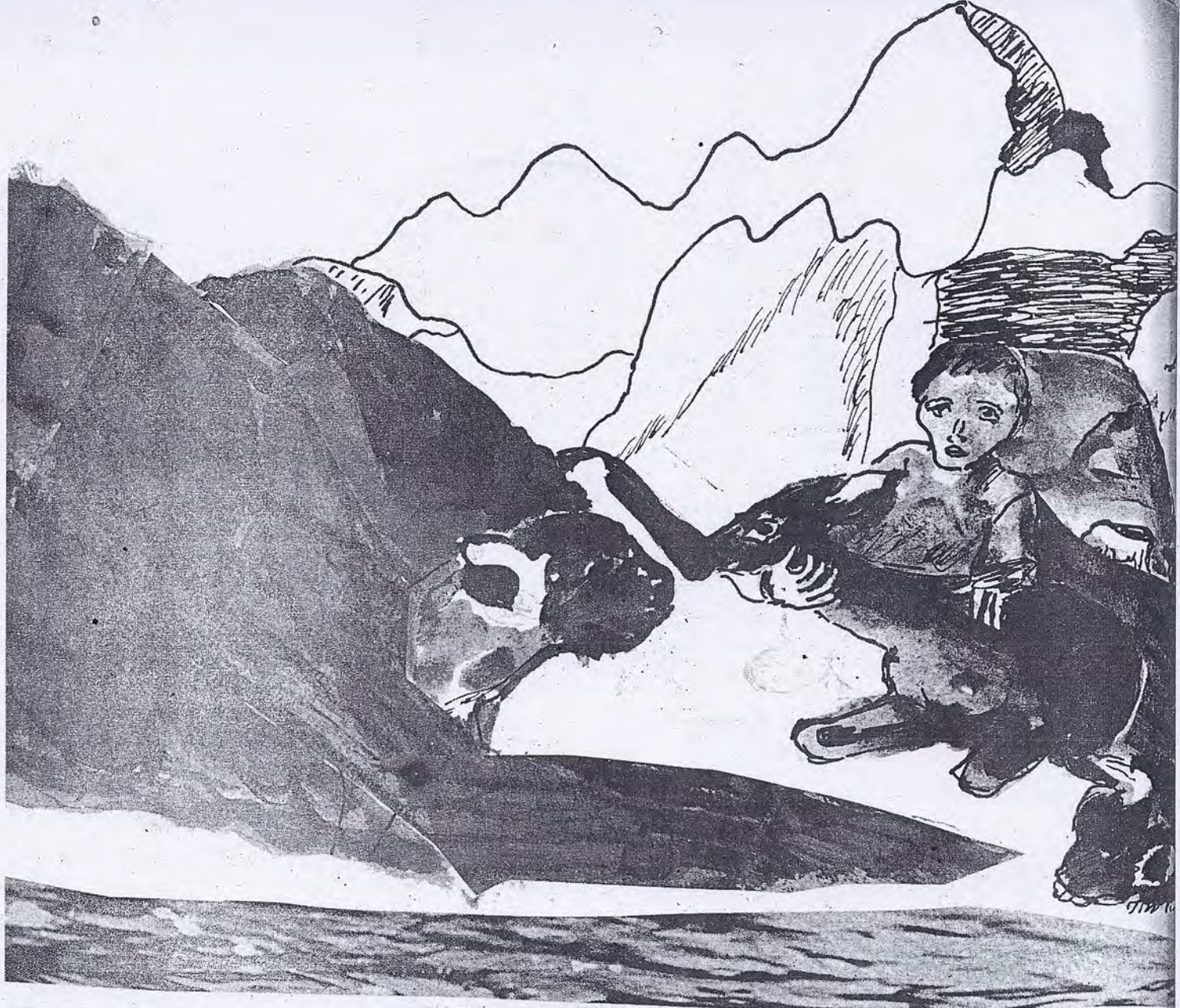
Consecration. Be the ghost of the flame
which burned my shadow — hide
the tombstone in the fire, short lines of
Chinese. The story

Of the dead.
Believing the sky is tiny,
harder than the steel of the stars.
Knock them out of the sky.

They spill with every drink,
water, gin,
they don't know where it started.

At 28 he sold his books for psychoanalysis.
He wanted wings. He wanted things.
He sold his books.

Lewis Ellingham



THE
MOUNTAIN
MAN



REPORT TO THE STOCKHOLDERS

THE VANCOUVER REPORT or HOW I FELL IN LOVE WITH ROBERT DUNCAN

I came to this Seminar convinced that nothing Robert Duncan has ever written is worth a damn, and that he is personally not merely a bore, but an offensively affected bore. I hate to be wrong and I hate even more to admit it: I am wrong. I still think he is not my dish of tea as a poet, but I say now that he is a vitally interesting lecturer and an unforgettable personality. He has a warmth of projection of personality which sweeps one along until one forgets to be annoyed. Somewhere along about mid-week, last week, I realized I compared Duncan to some of the professors I had in college: jolly, clever, unambitious, damn funny, a performer to the end. And then I visualized him in a jester's outfit (forgive the pun), which image has endured. Through a small insight like this, Duncan reached me. Once I realized that he is really not very important, not the poet or the person I consider Olson or Ginsberg to be, I could forgive him a great deal, and begin to enjoy him.

Carol Berge, The Vancouver Report

SHORT AND SWEET

Dear Stan

It is quite obvious to me that you did not understand a word I said. You did not read them. Enclosed is one, which in spots, even you will like. One question though, How can you expect contribution from "young" poets when you are such a pedant in your own way?
Etonnez Moi

Pat Wilson

My Dear Miss Wilson: Alas, no, not even in spots. —ed.

PROTESTANT LETTER

Dear Stan Persky [I add the last name because I am sick of the tea-party first-name business, my fault as well as yours, as if Open Space were a Turkish Bath of the imagination]:

The only poem that interested me in the whole July issue (including my own) was the rhymed poem called "Underwier" about half-way through the issue. Though the signature to it

is given as Lew Ellingham, he tells me that the authors, in tandem, were you, Ron Primack, and Jim Alexander. The poem seems to me better than anything the three of you have written in the last two years and I wonder why you did not give your names to it.

Something happened. It isn't happening often enough now and I wonder if the accusation against Open Space is not that it is too homosexual but that it is too homogenous. Like cartons of milk.

The Home And Garden section reminded me of Boston and the Christian Science Monitor reporting a Sunday-School Picnic (Open Space reading), a Sunday lecture by a practitioner (Buzz), and a review of a book of poems by a 97-year-old member who hasn't quite decided whether she'll leave all her money to the church (Mine.)

The rest of the notices (in nasty, pastel colors) are perhaps accurate but one wonders what the magazine would think of them if they belonged to the Church.

I am, nonetheless, submitting poems to this August issue and will continue to even if things get worse.

Sincerely yours.

Jack Spicer

A CHANGE

Dear Jack,

This is the last "Open Space" - like the end of part one; but not the end of the magazine — because as a poet my business is to do what's really real. The only point where you and I agree now is that people don't read poetry; hardly anyone.

Trying to figure out how to be fair to you is hard, who have so often used unfairness for your way. Even in my dreams you confuse me by two of you: Dirty Jack and Radiant Jack. In one part I come into your room, your back to me, I see your elbows in the holes of your shirt, the oily glass, the back of you looms up big as a ship, and you growl and tell me to give it up. In Radiant Jack you yourself come to the warehouse where we're working, wearing clean sports-clothes, and you have tickets to the ballgame for me. It isn't that you've given little or withheld too much — only last week you led me to a new friend, among the dead, where one has more luck with friendship than here — but it seems to me you want a world small enough so that wherever you spit you'll hit something, a world you can control. Though you've often shown how this can serve poetry, more and more often now it seems to exclude the music, paintings, statues, objects, adventures, I want in my poems, my life — and the world isn't fixed.

You complain about my support of what I'm drawn to, and I'll try to amend slanted reporting, yet I've seen you play Colonel Tom Parker building up an Elvis Presley when you wanted to engineer and insure a sympathetic reading for someone who attracted you.

I think you're wrong about the poems, the problem is not so much in them, as in the range of your interest.

I know I'm supposed to keep it light to the very end. And the repertoire demands as custom, I suppose, The Christian Science Minotaur, The Holier-Than-Thou Grail and to even get Tom Field to pass out in the middle of this.

The new magazine will be a place where the friends can keep publishing their work for the year, where writers who haven't published here can send work, where some of the inevitable pretense and success and accumulation of power in OS can be dropped. I name it AL-LIES. The first issue will appear August 30. The city will continue to be its concern. Poems can be put in the mailbox inside Gino & Carlo's Bar on Green street between Grant and Stockton or sent to 640 Turk, #26.

love,

Stan .

LUST FOR LIFE

Prominent Local Painter (late 20-ish): The thing I hate about Balthus is those glazes.

Prominent Local Painter #2 (early 30-ish): Oh, don't you like those glazes! The whole Renaissance was based on glazes!

Prominent Local Poet (30-ish): The Renaissance is based on the re-discovery of Classical Culture.

Prominent Local Painter #2: Oh, well....

TO CLOSE ON NOTES OF PRAISE

Denise Levertov, O Taste and See (New Directions, Norfolk Connecticut, 1964) .

This is the best book of poems I've read in two years; they are a source of continual pleasure as you go back and forth among them. For the first time since Overland to the Islands, Denise Levertov is working at full power, making beautiful, intensely exciting work. The poems are distinguished by their continual work toward clarity in the language, her music, and willingness to discover in the world of imagination.

credits:

- cover, Jess
- poppies' series, William McNeill
- bar drawing series, Ken Botto
- swan song collage-drawing, Fran Herndon
- conversation between two ladies drawing, Nemi Frost
- lithography, Lee Kummer
- lettering, Peggy Engle