

# OPEN SPACE

eight



MICHEL FAIT DE GRANDS PROGRÈS, ET MAINTENANT EN VOYANT SES DESSINS ON DEVINE À PEU PRÈS CE QU'ILS REPRÉSENTENT. IL DESSINE TOUS LES JOURS. IL A LA PATIENCE ET L'AMOUR, CE SONT LES DEUX MOITIÉS DU CÂLINÉ. ...

## THE MYSTERY OF THE HUNT

It's the mystery of the hunt that intrigues me,  
That drives us like lemmings, but cautiously -  
The search for a bright square cloud - the scent of lemon verbena -  
Or to learn rules for the game the sea otters  
Play in the surf.

It is these small things - and the secret behind them  
That fill the heart.  
The pattern, the spirit, the fiery demon  
That link them together  
And pull their freedom into our senses,

The smell of a shrub, a cloud, the action of animals  
- The rising, the exuberance, when the mystery is unveiled.  
It is these small things

That when brought into vision become an inferno.

Michael McClure

In the children's  
forest, words are  
blackberries. They  
pluck through  
gargoyle shadows,  
pale, with sturdy buckets  
and timid eyes.

Only ten, to  
have to gather from  
thorns, on dark carpets, so  
many blackberries.

The bucket,  
filled and deep blue, is  
far too heavy. And  
they lurch a little;  
into trees  
and the dark.

In your tears, the  
dark weighs more  
than either hand.  
The dark is plumed  
and heavy, Listen  
where you can't  
see me.

Across the room  
or through the trees; a  
gripping of roots and  
heavy with hair.

Fall through the holes  
in the forest:  
the night is too heavy  
and where can I touch you.  
I notice that sometimes  
your eyes are missing.  
Sometimes blacker  
than all the past.

Left to myself  
there must be darker paths.  
Voices late and  
strung from trees,  
bronze to blue  
to black between the stars.  
The tangle begins  
at the end of the path. Trees  
are darker  
robed like priests and  
hoarse with blood. Sightless  
feet  
pace the edge of the water;  
branches chant in the  
absence of birds.  
I don't know where you are.  
The direction is certain,  
bronze to black, but what  
if you're behind me,  
lost.  
Before, I dream you  
at the side of the pool,  
real as death,  
or a bronze boat. Singing.  
Black to blue to  
where you graze  
the water, with your fingers:  
Death in your voice, a  
black bush,  
bare in wonder.

If you knew where  
I am,  
what landscapes shape  
the dark or  
the day, bronze blood  
on my eyes and  
the mountains...

How do you drive a rose through somebody's chest?  
How do you cry  
without choking  
on night? Where are  
the trees moving just  
before light?

Three things.

Night is black, the sun is huge the  
stars drink blood. If you  
knew where I am the  
dusk would die in your mouth.

L. Kearney

## A NOTE FOR OPEN SPACE 8

That he wore the god head and did not worship, he should have been the first to know, deriving his self from joy and even suffering that was not his, enthralld by whatever gift came in the it seemd never exhausted by his deserving or not deserving bounty of the givers, he should have straitend his ways and not taken easily what the daemonic suggestion gave so easily, gave away to him, it may have been no daemon but his reading into it gave him, head in the honey he would be taken in by whatever sweetness moved him or deep sounding thing or flaming that came on him in reading the green of a tree, the promise taken in a star, or in the wisdom-texts of Plutarch, Boehme, or, second-hand, third-hand, whatever hand, from a professor Guthrie's Orpheus and Greek Religion, giving forth with sweet, deep-sounding, or flaming passages, bits of green, promise, or wisdom. And before he composed his passage of theogony—but this composing was a receiving, a recognizing, a seeing that it fit—having in that what authority?—hadn't he heard in the great passages of Charles Olson's Maximus such resounding theogony that echoed as he wrote? But life shakes like a drum and would discover resonances of its own in what it loves, taking its beat in the heart of another, seeking the scale of that music as if it sought home. The old man wetting and heating the head of the drum until it answerd the tone he sought that sought him.

And then they will dance the Waltz of the Dead, and then the Waltz of the Flowers, and then the Waltz of the Saints who have enterd the Waltz they play. Note it is built up of passages of old Spanish music we heard in Majorca, where the Church had forbidden dancing. But in the 13th century, before the righteous hearts hardend against the dancing ease of Christendom and condemnd joy false before the hardness of true belief, they danced la quinte estampie réal in the cathedral. Christ, the Leader of the Waltz. But He was the Waltz Himself Itself, He said.

Dearest Charles, how strangely, after your Against Wisdom As Such, I have alterd and used and would keep the wisdom, the man, the self, as if it were "solely the issue of the time of the moment of its creation, not any ultimate except what the author in his heat and that instánt in its solidity yield."

The old man tunes his drum between the bowl of fire and the bowl of water, listening to the music that is about to come.

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PASSAGES ( continued from Open Space 7 ):

WINE ( to be publishd in OYEZ series, Box 3014, Berkeley, California; available also at Cody's Books, 2476 Telegraph Avenue, Berkeley, and at Holmes Book Co., 274 Fourteenth, Oakland, California )

## STRUCTURE OF RIME XXIV

In the joy of the new work he raises horns of sublime sound into the heat surrounding the sheets of crystalline water to make walls in the music.

And in every repeat majestic sequences of avenues branch into halls where lovers and workers, fathers, mothers, and children gather, in a life, a life-work, the grand opus of their humanity, the old alchemists' dream. They must work with the first elements, they must work with the invisible, servants and students of what plants and insects say,

not of the future. This city and its people hides in the hideous city about us, among the hideous crowds in this street. Was there ever before such stupidity, such arrogance, such madness? But from these cinders the old dame who appears again in our story works transitory hints of the eternal, whose jeweled gowns, coaches, palaces, glass shoes...

and lights in the hearts of certain youths the unquenchable yearning for bliss so that they know not what to do but must go as the thot of bliss sends them. So these horns pierce the blue tents above us, rending the silence because— what illusions? faeries? have awakend in the real new impossibilities of harmonic conclusion'.

And we have made a station of the way to the hidden city in the rooms where we are.

THE FIRE ( to be publisht in POETRY Chicago, April 1965 )

### CHORDS

For the Thing we call Moon contains

"Many mountains, many cities, many houses."

And Nature, our Mother,

hides us, even from ourselves, there;

showing only in changes of the Moon . Time

"a serpent having heads growing from him

. a bull and a lion,

the face of a god-man in the middle,

and he has also wings, and is calld



ageless, Xronos, father of the ages,  
and Herakles";

is call'd Eros, Phanes, Χρόνος εὐμαρῆς θεός  
having the seeds of all things in his body,

Protogonos, Erikepaios, Dionysos .

These are the Names. Wind-Child, Ὑπνρέμος,  
of our Night-Nature;

in the Moon-Egg: First-Born, Not-Yet-Born,

Born-Where-We-Are; Golden Wings,

the unlookt-for light in the aither

gleaming amidst clouds.

What does it mean that the Tritopatores, "doorkeepers and  
guardians of the winds", carry the human Psyche to Night's  
invisible palace, to the Egg

where Eros sleeps,

the Protoegregorikos, the First-Awakend? To waken him

they carried her into his Sleep, the winds

disturbing the curtains at the window, — moving

the blind, the first tap-tap, the first count or  
heart beat; the guardians of the winds ( words )

lifting her, as the line lifts meaning and would  
light the light, the crack of dawn in the Egg

Night's nature shelters before Time.

Before Time's altars, our Mother-Nature

lighting the stars in order, setting

Her night-light in the window the Egg will be

The breath of the stars, moving before the stars,

breath of great Nature, our own, Logos

that is all milk and light .

These things reborn within Zeus, happening anew.

"A dazzling light .. either .. Eros .. Night"

where we are.

The first being Fairyland, the Shining Land.

## SPELLING

He did not come to the end of the corridor.

He could not see to the end of the corridor.

What came beyond he did not know.

Christos, Chronos, chord are spelled with chi, X, not

K ( Kappa )

Xristos, Xronos, Xord.

X "the first letter of  $\chi\lambda\lambda\omicron\iota\alpha\epsilon\alpha = 1000$  — Later  
X was used either simply or with points ✕

"to call attention to anything remarkable  
in a passage; see also

"used as an abbreviation for  $\chi\rho\eta\sigma\tau\acute{o}\nu$ , useful:  
since a collection of passages so marked  
might make up a Xrestomathy

"also for Xronos and Xrusos or Gold."

$\chi$ aire, rejoice.  $\chi$ aos, the yawning abyss.  $\chi$ arakter,  
the mark engraved, the stamp of a man.

$\chi$ aris,  $\chi$ aritas grace, favor.

I want to see the sound of the names: Kirke, Kalypso  
(kalypsis, a curtain or veil), Kybele .

Xalkis —there being kopper nearby, malaXite  
Xalkeos, of  $\chi$ opper, bronze, brazen ...

OE hw being written w h from the 13th century

hwat, hwen, hweel, hwile but hwa, hwo becomes hoo  
hwite

### SOUNDS

Before slumber was slummer

salm, salter

thunder was punor  
tapestry, tapisry

/k/ examples: kan, kind, kleep, klime, kween, skin,  
skratch, thikker, brakken, siks, kase, kure,  
kreem, klame, kwarter, skwire, konker, distinkt,  
eksamplz

A-K-E, the verb being of the order of take, shake, make

the substantive pronounced at or "H", until 1700

(Dr. Johnson, ignorant of the history of the words,  
erroneously deriving them from the Greek ἄχος,  
declared the verb "more grammatically written ache",  
the substantive more correctly pronounced ake)

but ake, ache like make, match; wake, watch;  
break, breech; speak, speech

a nadder, a naperon, a nompere  
an ewt, "a old ainshent nobbylisk"

"For weiriness on me ane slummer soft Come" Dunbar sings  
and Jespersen recites:

She was a maid -- the maiden kween.  
It is made of silk -- a silken dress.  
The man is old -- in olden days.  
The gold is hid -- the hidden gold.  
The room is nice -- all nicen warm.

and quotes from Conan Doyle's The Great Shadow:

"I wish your eyes would always flash like that, for  
it looks so nice and manly."

It looks so nicen manly.

## AT LAMMAS TIDE

### ☞ PRESENTATION NOTE TO PAT AND HELEN ADAM

This is what comes of a Lammas eve, tho I did not think of that at all this year until I had awakend at 2 AM, in the middle of the night, with the lines "My mother would be a falconress - and I a falcon at her wrist" being repeated in my mind. I got up and took my notebook into the kitchen to write it out, for it would not let go. And when I wrote down the hour and date, I saw it was Lammas. "August 1, 1964," I wrote: "Lammas tide, 2 AM." And I rememberd that George Stanley had told me that Saturn, my birth-planet, had come into the sky in full glory — "But that's between one-thirty and two in the morning," he said, "long after your bed time." \* The poem comes too of reading William Blake's Vision of the Daughters of Albion just before turning out the light to drop off to sleep. "With what sense is it that the chicken shuns the ravenous hawk?" Oothoon asks, and I said to myself, yes, there are bloody men and I am not one of them but of chicken-kind, for I would never draw blood... \* Which goes to show one shld be careful of vain self-delusions entertained at bedtime. \* Postscript: Jess comments— "Especially since chickens do draw blood"; and I recall those horrible cannibalistic hens I tended at Treesbank, that needed only the first sign of blood that might be left after egg laying to tear at each other, bloody not from hunger but from malice, like so many poets furious in their pecking order.

Do I draw blood then chicken-wise  
and hide myself in a hawk's disguise?

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My mother would be a falconress,  
and I, her gay falcon treading her wrist,  
would fly to bring back  
from the blue of the sky to her, bleeding, a prize,  
where I dream in my little hood with many bells  
jangling when I'd turn my head.

My mother would be a falconress,  
and she sends me as far as her will goes.  
She lets me ride to the end of her curb  
where I fall back in anguish.  
I dread that she will cast me away,  
for I fall, I mis-take, I fail in her mission.

She would bring down the little birds.  
And I would bring down the little birds.  
When will she let me bring down the little birds?  
pierced from their flight with their necks broken,  
their heads like flowers limp from the stem?

I tread my mother's wrist and would draw blood.  
Behind the little hood my eyes are hooded.  
I have gone back into my hooded silence,  
talking to myself and dropping off to sleep.

For she has muffled my dreams in the hood she has made me,  
sewn round with bells, jangling when I move.  
She rides with her little falcon upon her wrist.  
She uses a barb that brings me to cower.  
She sends me abroad to try my wings  
and I come back to her, I would bring down  
the little birds to her  
I may not tear into, I must bring back perfectly.

I tear at her wrist with my beak to draw blood,  
and her eye holds me, anguished, terrifying,  
She draws a limit to my flight.  
Never beyond my sight, she says.  
She trains me to fetch and to limit myself in fetching.  
She rewards me with meat for my dinner,  
but I must not eat what she sends me to bring her.

Yet it would have been beautiful, if she would have carried me,  
always, in a little hood with the bells ringing,  
at her wrist, and her riding  
to the great falcon hunt, and me  
flying up to the curb of my heart from her heart  
to bring down the skylark from the blue to her feet,  
straining, and then released for the flight.

My mother would be a falconess,  
and I her gervalcon, raised at her will  
from her wrist sent flying, as if I were her own  
pride, as if her pride  
knew no limits, as if her mind  
sought in me flight beyond the horizon.

Ah, but high, high in the air I flew.  
And far, far beyond the curb of her will,  
were the blue hills where the falcons nest,  
and then I saw west to the dying sun.  
It seemed my human soul went down in flames.

I tore at her wrist, at the hold she had for me,  
until the blood ran hot and I heard her cry out,  
far, far beyond the curb of her will  
to horizons of stars beyond the ringing hills of the world  
where the falcons nest

I saw, and I tore at her wrist with my savage beak.  
I flew, as if sight flew from the anguish in her eye  
beyond her sight,  
sent from my striking loose, from the cruel strike at her  
wrist,  
striking out from the blood to be free of her.

My mother would be a falconress,  
and even now, years after this,  
when the wounds I left her had surely healed  
and the woman is dead,  
her fierce eyes closed, and if her heart  
were broken, it is still;  
I would be a falcon and go free.  
I tread her wrist and wear the hood,  
talking to myself, and would draw blood.

SAINT GRAAL (after Verlaine)

At times, dying of the period in which we live, I sense  
that my immense anguish gets drunk on hope.  
In vain the shameful hour opens profound mouths,  
in vain disasters without end gape beneath us  
to engulf the self-indulgence of our harsh suffering,  
the blood of Christ streams down from everything.

The precious Blood flows in waves from Its altars  
not yet overthrown and will go on flowing  
when they will be; and when our ill hour will be such  
that the strongest, giving way to mortal terror,  
will abase themselves to the law without honor,  
from the shadow of prisons it will burst forth again.

It will run forth from the stone walls,  
it will loosen the horror that cements them. Sweet and red  
sweating-out, patient flood of orizons,  
of hard expiation and of good grounds taken  
against the acts of cowardice .....  
against the death-chambers and the instruments of interrogation.

Torrent of love of the god of love and sweetness,  
be amidst the horror of this mocking world,  
refreshing river of fire that quenches life's thirst,  
live source where the heart may be revived,  
even of the assassin, even of the adulterer,  
salvation of our fatherland,  
salut de la patrie, in whom the heart's safety,

O blood, gift of love,  
that quenches life's thirst!

Robert Duncan

I have a fairy by my side  
Which says I must not sleep,  
When once in pain I loudly cried  
It said "You must not weep."

If, full of mirth, I smile and grin,  
It says "You must not laugh,"  
When once I wished to drink some gin,  
It said "You must not quaff."

When once a meal I wished to taste  
It said "You must not bite,"  
When to the wars I went in haste,  
It said "You must not fight."

"What may I do?" At length I cried,  
Tired of the painful task,  
The fairy quietly replied,  
And said "You must not ask."

Charles Dodgson

## AGAINST WISDOM AS SUCH

As the best of the mood of Duncan's genuine "diary" ( under such headings as "On Children Art and Love", "On the Secret Doctrine", "On Revisions", and "Notes Midway on My Faust" ) I pick this paragraph:

Here I am, at last, I said. Why who cares now, not I, that I imitate or pretend, or sit a great frog in the mighty puddle of my own front room. Here I need not be mature. I can be, as Virginia Admiral used to accuse, wet behind the ears, adolescent indeed. I shall live out my life in this small world, with my imaginary genius, doing as I please, as fancy will; all pretension and with my wits at an end at last.

Just after this entry Duncan puts it all in this sentence: "I am a poet, self-declared, manqué." And I had to write to him that I took it ( from poems of his I have admired since I saw one in Circle in 1947 ) that he was neither as balanced as the sentences in this "Notebook" try to be. Nor manqué. And that he chastises himself as either more or less than he is, because of some outside concept and measure of "wisdom". Which is what's wrong with wisdom, that it does this to persons. And that it damn well has to go, at least from the man of language.

( I wanted even to say that San Francisco seems to have become an école des Sages ou Mages as ominous as Ojai, L.A. But I didn't. For as I sit in the midst of these dreary States, all atomic and anti-Russian events served up to the people to kill them off with botulism before botulism, I think that just because Duncan does declare "I am a poet", because he does include Jack Spicer in a list of forty fashionable writers he himself would emulate, imitate, reconstrue, approximate, duplicate ( led off by Pound ); because Rexroth and Patchen do also say "We write", that this is something. And worth more than all the religion they all do seem to court ( as so many gifted men do, these days — as Jung, say; or as other more immediate writers have courted other forms of authority). — As though art were not enough for any of us to behave to!

I take it wisdom, like style, is the man — that it is not extricable in any sort of statement of itself; even though — and here is the catch — there be "wisdom", that it must be sought, and that "truths" can be come on ( they are so overwhelming and so simple there does exist the temptation to see them as "universal". ) But they are, in no wise, or at the gravest loss, verbally separated. They stay the man. As his skin



is. As his life. And to be parted with only as that is.

Only sectaries can deal with wisdom as separable. And even they do it by symbols and by signs, and in secret. Example, the eight signs of the Book of Changes (I Ching). Or its sticks for coins, to be tossed.

Note: it is worth saying, at a time when the ideogram, which once had so much effect in teaching us how to hew back to the lines of force by which an Anglo-American word has its power, has flipped over and is now taken as the root of Oriental wisdoms, to be imposed on us; and at a time when suppression for any heresy is the order of society; that I do not myself believe that symbols and signs are forced on sectaries, out of a necessity to be secret, but that wisdom itself, or at least the cultivation of energy-states per se, thrives on secrecy, on sect, and - at exactly the time we are in - finds its pleasure in conspiracy ("epater tout le monde").

And I think two things: (1), that such secrecy is wearing the skin that truth is inside-out; and (2), that, as Duncan has so finely made Confucius say, the third of the civilized pleasures cannot ever be conspiracy simply that it is "Perspective" - which is everywhere and every thing, when it is "contained".

"Contained". I fall back on a difference I am certain the poet, at least has to be fierce about: that he is not free to be a part of, or to be any, sect; that there are no symbols to him, there are only his own composed forms, and each one solely the issue of the time of the moment of its creation, not any ultimate except what he in his heat and that instant in its solidity yield. That the poet cannot afford to traffick in any other "sign" than his one, his self, the man or woman he is. Otherwise God does rush in. And art is washed away, turned into that second force, religion.

It was thinking about an earlier eastern Westerner, Apollonius of Tyana, which prompted me to write Duncan. For Apollonius is valuable that he did insist there is "the moment which suits wisdom best to give death battle". It came for him, he decided, when Domitian put him on trial. It comes for a poet - that is, is this the single moment, or should wisdom go back where it came from - each time he writes. But wisdom is only this thing which is carried like the blade in a spring knife (or like Cordelia's heart, which she wouldn't heave into her mouth, couldn't). Or as Apollonius said to one of Nero's questioners, trying to trap him, "What do you think of Nero?", he answered, "I think better of him than you do, you think he ought to sing, I think he ought to keep silent."

The subject is a matter of importance, now that the wisdom of the East and the unwisdom of the West are both being looked to as dispensations, by the Right, and the right Right.

Note: I don't know enough Anglo-Saxon to say, but if the noun

"wise" (AS. wise) is the root of the adjective (AS. wis), then one is back at the sort of force I suggest the proper use of wisdom is: "way of being or acting", as in, "in this wise".

All the vocabulary which goes with truth ( the sort of words Duncan, here at least, seeks to make gnomic by sets of positive and negative upsets ) is only valid if they are used recognizably as part of the reductive, not the productive, process - that one does try, and damn well might, to analyze the knowledge of truth. But to use it...

here I go off, and have to explain, that I believe that the traditional order of water to fire to light - that is, as of the sectaries, as well as the Ionian physicists, that except a man be born of water and of the spirit, he cannot enter into the kingdom of God - has to be re-taken. Light was the sign of the triumph of love and spirit before electronics. And we are after. So, fire...

Sound

is fire. As love  
is.

Light is reductive. Fire isn't. Or - to get rid of any of those false pleasures which paradox and sectaries involve themselves in ( are alchemic or gnostic or Lu Tung pin, the Guest of, the Cayern ) I said to Duncan, "heat, all but heat, is symbolic, and thus all but heat is reductive."

I asked Duncan if it wasn't his own experience that a poem is the issue of two factors, (1) heat, and (2), time. How plastic, cries Wilhelm, is the thought of "water" as seed-substance in the T'ai I Chin Hua Tsung Chih. And time is, in the hands of, the poet. For he alone is the one who takes it as the concrete continuum it is, and who practices the bending of it ( as others do, say, aluminum, to make the rockers; say, of a hobby-horse).

Rhythm is time ( not measure, as the pedants of Alexandria made it). The root is "rhein": to flow. And mastering the flow of the solid; time, we invoke others. Because we take time and heat it, make it serve our selves, our, form. Which any human being craves to do, to impress himself on it.

But I didn't want to leave it at the word "time" any more than I wanted to leave it at the word "fire". One has to drive all nouns, the abstract most of all, back to process - to act. And I wanted to convince Duncan, or any one, of what he has proved to me by any number of his poems - that he has had the experience that a poem is ordered not so much in time ( Poe's Poetic Principle ) or by time ( metric, measure ) as of a characteristic of time which is most profound: that time is synchronistic and that a poem is the one example of a man-made continuum "which contains qualities or basic conditions manifesting themselves simultaneously in various places in a way not to be explained by causal parallelisms"

I take

it Duncan, or any writing man who takes it seriously, needn't bother his head with

greatness. We are ultimate when we do bend to the law. And the law is:

/ whatever is born or done this moment of time, has  
the qualities of  
this moment of  
time /

II

I urge on Duncan or anyone that a poem is not wise, even if it is: that any wisdom which gets into any poem is solely a quality of the moment of time in which there might happen to be wisdoms.

There are obviously seizures which have nothing to do with wisdom at all. And they are very beautiful.

Or maybe I don't believe it's "beauty", any more than I believe it's "light" ... how Bill has it in "To a Dog Injured in the Street", that he and Rene Char both believe "in the power of beauty/ to right all wrongs". Maybe I think this is also partial, social, wisdom.

"It is time (love) is difficult, Mr.  
Beardsley"

I'm so foolish. A song is heat. There may be light, but light and beauty is not the state of: the state is the grip of (and it is not feverish, is very cool, is — the eyes are — how did they get that way?

"He who controls rhythm  
controls"

This wld seem to me to be the  
END

Otherwise we are involved in  
ourselves (which is demonstrably  
not very interesting, no  
matter  
who

Charles Olson

## EVERY LITTLE STAR

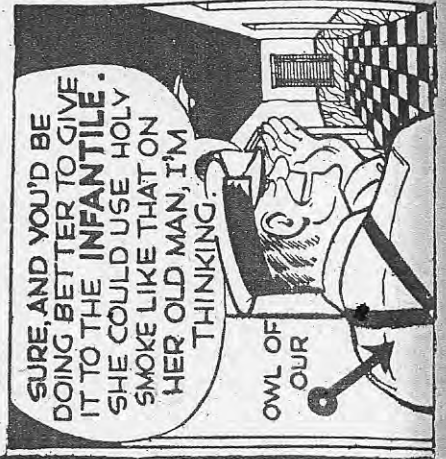
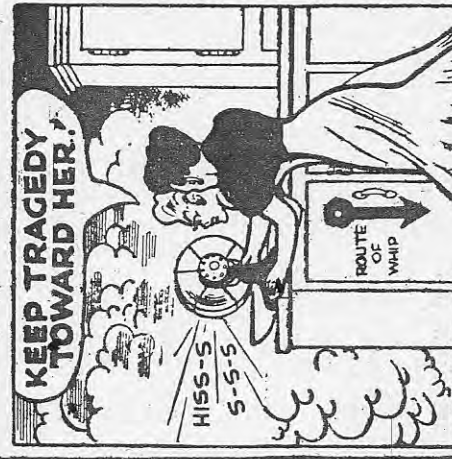
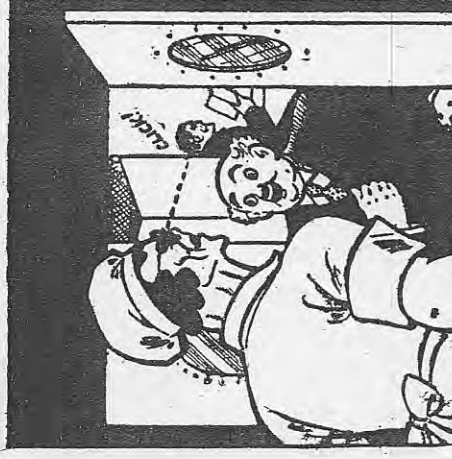
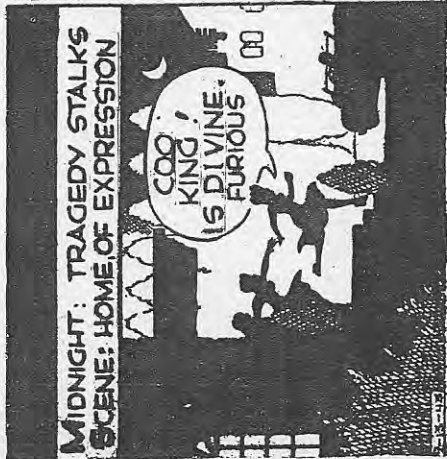
In flat Nevada  
& early California  
hills do roll.  
Over and over the moon  
goes down and no dawn.  
Any more hills  
and there's no hope  
of morning.

In Reno herself  
in my sorry ear you whisper  
no sweet nothings.  
Sometimes I wish her whole face would  
disappear.

In Reno  
the birds have hand-painted wings.  
They float  
like ties  
in stained air.

Jamie MacInnis





## Intermission I

"The movement of the earth brings harms and fears.  
Men wonder what it is and what it meant.

Donne

In the next line

Contrasts this with "the celestial movement  
of the spheres." Rhyme soothes. And  
in a book I read in college fifteen  
years ago it said that this was an  
attack on the Copernican theory and  
a spidery hand had pencilled in the margin  
"Earthquake."

Where is the poet? A-keeping the sheep

A-keeping the celestial movement of the  
spheres in a long, boring procession

A-center of gravity

A- ( while the earthquakes of happiness  
go on inside and outside his body  
and the stars in their courses stop  
to notice )

• Sleep.

## Intermission II

The Wisdars of Oz have all gone kook  
There are no unidentified flying objects. The  
Moon may not be made of green cheese  
but my heart is. Across the Deadly  
Desert We found a champion. The poem  
Which does not last as long as a single hand  
touches.

Morning comes. And the signs of life  
( My morning had a telegraph key at here )  
Are less vivid. There is a long trail in  
the back country. Choose  
Carefully your victim.  
Around the campsite we argued who would  
choose the fire  
I left in a huff with your hand  
Naked.



Intermission III

Stay there on the edge of no cliff. With no  
conceivable future but progress — long,  
flat mesa-country. A few sheep you  
will hold for the rest of your life. Rimbaud's  
lover

Who had tears fall on his heart or some  
sweet message.

Dare he

Write poetry

Who has no taste of acid on his tongue

Who carries his dreams on his back like  
a packet?

Ghosts of other poets send him shame

He will be alive (as they are dead)

At the final picking.

Jack Spicer

## Transformations I

They say "he need ( present ) enemy ( plural )"  
I am not them. This is the first transformation.  
They say "we need ( present ) no enemy ( singular )"

No enemy in the universe is theirs worth  
having. We is an intimate pronoun which  
shifts its context almost as the I  
blinks at it. Those

Swans we saw in the garden coming out of  
the water we hated them. "Out of place,"  
you said in passing. Those swans and  
I ( a blink in context ), all out of place  
we hated you.

He need ( present ) enemy ( plural ) and now  
it is the swans and me against you  
Everything out of place  
( And now another blink of moment ) the last  
swan back in place. We  
Hated them.

## Transformations II

"In Scarlet Town where I was born  
There was a fair maid dwelling."  
We make up a different language for poetry  
And for the heart - ungrammatical.  
It is not that the name of the town  
changes

( Scarlet becomes Charlotte or even in  
Gold City I once heard a good Western  
singer make it Tonapah. We don't  
have towns here )

( That sort of thing would please the Jungian  
astronauts )

But that the syntax changes. This  
is older than towns.

Troy was a baby when Greek sentence  
structure emerged. This was the real  
Trojan Horse.

The order changes. The Trojans  
Having no idea of true or false syntax  
and having no recorded language  
Never knew what hit them.

Transformations III

This is the melancholy Dane  
That built all the houses that lived in the lane  
Across from the house that Jack built.  
This is the maiden all forlorn, a  
    crumpled cow with a crumpled horn  
Who lived in the house that Jack built.  
This is the crab-god shiny and bright  
    who sunned by day and wrote by night  
    And lived in the house that Jack built.  
This is the end of it, very dear friend, this  
    is the end of us.

Jack Spicer

from Procris & Cephalus

The path in the forest divides  
and ends are out of sight.  
Clear Lake where the limits  
are the lights  
Jump and lookup  
Story  
you say  
I have none to tell you.  
The limits of love are out of  
Town

At least a sign of  
Hell  
Lover  
Damn  
that trick  
devil-mouth to devil-mouth  
Damn  
that 4 a.m.  
I am shaking so you would  
be ashamed  
of my hands.

The heart is an herb  
tastes like bitter reason  
Pride come to a junction  
Stop wanting her  
to run you around the block  
like a dog.  
There is a big wink in love  
A shrill whistle.

Alba

Alba my eye, Procris said  
Her tight mouth  
didn't fit her face  
and either of us woke up  
to find the other gone

She'd her apron about her  
and he took her for a swan  
but o and alas  
'twas she Polly Van

No traces  
of his trust in love  
In love  
she bled her memory  
of Cephalus.  
The tree she hides behind  
growing steadily in her heart  
where no trail of crumbs  
leads love out

"...with whom in courtship I had twirled  
'twixt Sky and Hell and Sea"

The near-corner  
you cross into my country  
gathering your skirts in a high wind  
to an abyss dividing the white-flower  
from the wild violet. Cross  
what I have kept of you  
and what is left me here  
is left for you

Lawrence Fagin

If beyond passion our  
love ceases to be, ceases to  
excite the birds' flight  
in memory  
reason for the sun exploding  
its fiery setting to bring an  
aftermath's softness and you  
stark in trees' silhouette against  
a parting glow As tho my hand  
had gently swept, waving  
the colors upon each other  
we blend and when it ends Then  
then this world will end for me

Edna Barnes

I've listened before  
but listening together last night,  
following word by word  
the libretto she brought home from the library,  
I finally heard what Orfeo is singing-  
how one song is the absolute joy of love possessed  
and another the absolute sorrow of love lost  
-and wondered how I hadn't heard that before,  
even if I didn't understand the language.

\*

"Sol.....

Da gli Stellanti giri

Dimmi.....?

"Sun"

Orfeo asks

"from your star-strewn path  
tell me

was there ever a man more blessed by love?"

but there is no answer

for hardly has the sun time to hear him out  
and she is dead

"Ahi Stell ingiuroso ( Aiee star-crossed

Ahi Ciel Avaro ( Aiee jealous heaven "

and he has now the seemingly more important question

"How can I get her back?"

and by the time

he goes into the dark

to lose her the second time

and comes back to where they come down to get him with their

"Too great, too great the joy

that accompanied your happiness

as now too great the sorrow

over your hard and bitter fate.

Don't you know yet

Earthly delights fade and die?

Set your sight on life immortal-

I have come to take you up to heaven."

he has as many apparently forever to be unanswered questions

as there are strings on his lyre-

"Then I will never see her face again?"

"You will be able to trace its loveliness in the sun and in the stars

"Nothing holds still long enough to ever reach it."

They cry out from that first bright cry at their apparent beginning  
all through the white yellow red and white of their lives  
until lightless and apparently dead they are dark crying

"Nothing holds still long enough to ever reach it."

but that isn't what the lovers step out on the porch to hear

"See we are the stars. We are what the first man and woman  
saw when they first stepped out together. We are here  
always."

The lovers believe everything they hear  
and now the night is still and quiet

"I am the moon. Tonight I am full. Once I was empty.  
Again I will be empty. But again I will be full. I return.  
I return."

The lovers believe everything they hear

but even as they go in the porch no longer where it was when  
they stood there rolls and sweeps with the earth in its  
path about the sun's towards a point somewhere near Vega  
that still moves further away.

The moon does not go around the earth. The moon's path as  
it swoops before and behind is the figure of an endless  
serpent coiled about the speeding earth.



## THE SURFBOARD

Sañosa como la mar  
está la niña.

¡Ay, Dios! ¿quien le hablaría?

When she rode in on the wave and walked back smiling "It's beautiful. You really ride on top of the wave." I felt as good as if I had ridden in

and when after several failures trying to 'get right there where the wave breaks' as she said a wave carried me all the way in on top of it and I walked back to her she looked as happy as if she had ridden in

but when that 'right wave' I had waited so long for broke over me and the board broke under me against my balls and I jumped up in pain with only the top of the board in my hand in the froth beside me holding up the bottom she screamed

"You broke it and I never got my turn again! You hogged it! You're so selfish! You would never let me have my turn and now you broke it!"

and all the way up the shore all the way up to the men's showers she ran after me waving the bottom shouting riding on top of the crest of the wave of her anger

Now, if the air is right  
on the evening beach  
colors long suppressed  
by the sun's overhead glare  
appear- the red  
of that girl's sweatshirt  
like nothing I have ever seen  
between the now deep blue of the sea  
and as deep blue of her pants walking towards us  
and green and brown of hills and trees beyond  
stands out separate  
isolate  
without counterpart  
like nothing I have ever seen  
except once  
in a Winslow Homer  
somewhere on the sea  
blood- Was it a gash  
in the side of a shark or whale?  
( The whole of memory fails  
but that color ) Red paint  
below the waterline-  
a boat lifted by a dark sea?  
and once before  
a Vermeer in the Louvre  
a seamstress sewing  
her head turned  
a red thread falling out of her hand-  
Or was it blue? Or both  
entwined?  
As she walks by us the colors change.  
Walking away she is not the same.  
The pink of the sky where the sun had set.

Harold Dull

"THE BURDEN OF LOVELINESS" 1

Expecting diversion & spectacle, we  
get it. —How many thousands of us  
sitting & booing, brought to our feet  
by our team's incompetence: the  
celebrated rookie dropping a pass laid  
right in his arms, our non-existent  
pass-defense, high-school tackling...

But we're saved at half-time by the  
Arizona State Drill-Band,  
double timing onto the field chanting  
Ari- Ari- Arizona State!  
Ari- Ari- Arizona State!  
Ari- Ari- Arizona State!

—The World's Fair is the theme for today:  
New York, Seattle, Paris &  
Chicago; unwinding those intricate  
patterns, the Space Needle, the  
Eifel Tower, the Golden Gate Bridge.

& some babe in gold, leading them all,  
twirling her baton with "consummate  
artistry"; her gold covered breasts, her  
little skirt as she prances, lifting  
to show her gold covered ass, she kicks!  
points a gold covered toe. Stoops,  
those lovely hemispheres in the Fall air,  
& uncoils to throw her baton

—What else can we watch? huddled in the cold  
stands, bespectacled, overweight, the guy  
behind me, with his cigar, saying, Man,  
will you look at that!

"THE BURDEN OF LOVELINESS" 2

No, Botticelli, she's borne on the crest of a wave  
of socks, underwear & detergent. In the  
laundromat, where we come with our dirty clothes  
& our incompetence with machines. The blonde  
with her butchy friend, here! in our midst!

Every man in the place watches the movement of  
her thighs beneath her skirt, her eyes as she stares  
into her purse for the right change. O!

Oblivious to us —it doesn't matter: she's like Saint  
Cecelia suddenly come down to bless us all—  
the place is filled with harmony: every male head  
is turned in the same direction. & O, she says  
to her friend. & O, what do we have to offer her  
but our o-  
pen mouths

## THE GREAT SAND DUNES ( for Joey )

In the sand dunes we saw where  
the water'd been seeping, &  
digging thru the sand we saw a layer of  
snow, white & compacted, 3 or 4 inches  
of it, covering acres of sand dunes,  
& covered in turn by the sand.

Later that night we heard the rain  
on the roof, briefly, & looking  
out the window we could see the clouds  
headed eastward, toward the mountains,  
pushed by a wind out of the northwest.

Ron Loewinsohn

# MUSE NEWS

## HER MEASURE

Helen Adam, Ballads, drawing by Jess (Acadia, New York, 1964)

Her particular music circulates among us again in this small volume, illustrated and hand written by Jess, of a half-dozen excellent ballads, including Queen of Crow Castle (White Rabbit, 1957, now o.p.). To see Helen Adam's worth in poetry is to accept a gift — her use of the old form and constant occupation with the romantic figures of this and the spirit world — how well she does it, how it springs to life from her — are to be used by the reader as an entertainment and a lesson of ways in poetry. Its easy fitting into the work of poetry in San Francisco is another sign of its liveliness. Adding this book to San Francisco's Burning (Oannes, SF, 1963) we get a better idea of her range and of the stories that move the work. The smaller edition of Ballads in which Jess gives us a real cover and restores two drawings is by far more handsome and complete.

## FOR THE ARTS FESTIVAL

It seems to me rather pointless to make complaint against the forthcoming Arts Festival unless you have some sort of constructive suggestion. I suggest, as a corrective to the inadequate presentation of poetry at the Festival (which, yearly, becomes more and more a graphics and crafts display) and the less than satisfactory means of selection of poets invited to participate, the following program:

1) that the Festival publish annually 1 or 2 books by local poets selected from manuscripts which could be submitted at some time during the year. (I really feel that the broadside is a limited, unpermanent and not particularly accurate way of seeing poetry; that getting a volume published, on the other hand, is something really valuable. A project like this would not prevent illustration or use of local printing; some portion of the profits from the books being sold at the festival could even provide a monetary prize to the poet in addition to the distinction of having his work published by the community.)

a) that the group selecting the manuscript be composed of poets.

2) there could also be a reasonable amount of poetry reading (I say reasonable because invariably we get too much; what should be striven for is a good balance; marathon is not equatable with festival, and demonstrating that a great number of poets exist and write is not necessarily a worthy objective) which could be held in the Public Library's upstairs room, a place directly adjacent to the Festival which has available facilities for handling readings — the point here is that it be kept simple and not turned into a variety show complete with folk singers and hoofers.

This is what I consider to be a more real program in giving poetry an honorable place in a city's festival and would be an improvement over what we have at present.

## DEPARTMENT OF HIGHER CRITICISM

Tender Is The Cliché (readers are invited to fill in the blanks)

If he loved glamor, it wasn't a meretricious glamor. He loved much, deeply and \_\_\_\_\_; was alive in his life to the heights of \_\_\_\_\_ and to the \_\_\_\_\_ of despair. He was a \_\_\_\_\_ of courage who never lost \_\_\_\_\_ of his dreams, who remained to the end a \_\_\_\_\_ and dedicated \_\_\_\_\_ in the deepest fiber of his \_\_\_\_\_. If he broke, it is as any \_\_\_\_\_ must, not into death, but into a \_\_\_\_\_ and enriching of the life within him. Fitzgerald courageously dredged and revealed his \_\_\_\_\_ in the generosity of his \_\_\_\_\_, and it still strikes and yields a \_\_\_\_\_ to the lives of all of \_\_\_\_\_.

Michael Rumaker, in Wrotting 2

Some of My Best Friends Are....

New York City  
Friday

I arrived at Bryant Park (41st at 6th Ave) at 6.15 to find some 250 of the most beautiful faces imaginable, my friends, the writers, the painters, the creatives. Many of us wore black and brought flash lights. Standing on shallow steps with trees in background, foreground of people getting out of their offices, soft rain falling. The Becks, Jackson Mac Low, Marty Greenbaum (Hallelujah the Hills), Taylor Mead, Allen Marlowe and Diane of course (he had a black velvet scarf and a strong stride, she let her red hair out of the confining braids into a torrent of comment against being bound), George and Rochelle who more and more are coming in, Susan Sherman, Miguel Grinberg earnest and active under a funny hat, Allen Ginsberg and Peter with it, Szabo playing a flute of his own devising, Bob Blossom gentle, Ellen and her little baby Laurie, Allen Katzman, Kathy Fraser, Max Hartstein, the painter Bob La Vigne recently arrived from SF, Susy Kaufman, Frank Kuentler, what I am trying to give you is the feeling of all those faces, cheekbones, eyes, faces of the working creatives....

- Carol Berge

### HOW TO SEND POEMS TO OPEN SPACE

Open Space invites poets to send poems, stories, reviews to 640 Turk #26, San Francisco, or to leave them in the mailbox inside Gino & Carlo's bar on Green between Grant and Stockton.

Cover, from the collection of Robert Berg

THE HOLY GRAIL  
by Jack Spicer

White Rabbit Press  
\$3.00

at City Lights and other  
bookstores

TETE ROUGE and PONY  
EXPRESS RIDERS by  
George Stanley

illustrations by  
Paul Alexander

White Rabbit Press .  
\$1.50