



“...
setting
to the
blues
his
foolish
hopes”
...”



'Ε Α Π Η Ν Ω Ρ

"Some spirit

not to mention
how much wine I had, God knows! I thought I lay down
(in Circe's house) upstairs, where the hallway
gives out on that roof where we used to lie in the sun, but I must
have moved in the night.

There was a ladder there,
but I wasn't thinking of ladders. Down I fell

αὐχὴν, the tendons
tore away from
ἀστραγάλων

The dice
rattled in the cup and
rolled out on the bar.
Six-sided, numbered...

But once we played with
older dice,
four sides planed,
two, blank, rounded.
Pictured,
a neck, a foot, a cup of wine...

and if they all came up the same, that was the worst, it was
called κύων (dog).
and if they all came up different, that was best, it was called
'Αφροδίτη. All the pictures

"...youngest of my...
He was not very brave in battle, nor
(to tell the truth) all right upstairs"

I can't find a job. No,
I had one, but I lost it.
I'm going to Los Angeles. Hey (laughing),
what bus do you take to get to the bridge approach? And from

there can you walk...?

"When she went to get Welfare they asked her, 'How've you been getting along up to now?' and she said, 'I've been living with friends.'

'How do you get so many friends?' He turned to the other guy with a laugh and said, 'That's what I ought to do, quit my job and go live with friends!'"

for a drink
or the music.

"When I saw him I remembered
rushing away (from Circe's).

He'd slipped my mind
ἄκλαυτον καὶ ἄθραπτον"

This illusion
of life, this temporality
is so dense.

George Stanley

I thought of Achilles,
trying to get at the blood, where it is all
shadow. The life

Odysseus, to whom Death is another place,
like Phaeacia, not letting
too many of them come close at once

trying to get at the blood
The arteries and veins

the jut of the chin and the fire of eyes
beyond the trench,

wanting.

On the hill, at
11 o'clock, the Searchlight Market closed.
No more ice cream from Swensen's, no more
chilled wine.

Where the "E" car ran, oh
fifteen years ago, when I was a kid,
turned left at Larkin and right again at
Vallejo, to miss the hill. Where Fran lives now.
It seems strange
a streetcar ever ran there,
iron-grey, maroon trim, one door in the middle

I told you all this when I said
it was something else that made me
freeze with terror of the dark,
not the loss
you knew. You said, "Of course."

The hill

tilts me, nightly.

Stars I can see from Union & Leavenworth
high in the sky. They make me think--
It's later than I think. But when I get to Columbus,

they aren't risen yet, they're sunk behind
Telegraph Hill, it's only 12:30.

Cut the throat of the lamb, it flows in the trench. "Baa,"
lambie-pie.

The streetcar, in an early dream,
a "K" or "L", in the tunnel
turned off suddenly to the left
or right on a new route,
emerged into an underground cavern,
a new world! where it streaked
past lights, and trees-- like a model train layout.
This place of dim expectancy
brightened gradually. It wasn't the sun
it was Dawn in the world where I sleep.
But I woke as a child and I wake as a man
to a familiar-ness.
A room.

Oct. 18. I want all my love healed.
I want this in! The heartache stilled.

(Later) The day. When it seems all these sorts
aren't being played out, sliding downhill.

(unfinished)

George Stanley

Love Poem

1

I have known this street intimately
I have walked on it, hung on it,
passed it without sense of it
looked for it like Vega
opening thru branches from which
no death could dislodge swung in one
melting jar while earth and tree go flying.
All the fools couldn't bring back
boldness of turnings wanderings.
All the craving lodged in fools
couldn't keep her twin malice
out of there lives.
Tune only one string
 and let the others murmur.
Terror brought from beauty
Enchantment not in stone.

II

Oh to the third person disavowed

You are always there
trafficking in secrets
pulling strings.

Always the master spy.

Splendid, excelling in speech
keeper of Love's radiance.

Oh to child hood unexplained.

Oh to painted ladies.

Oh to winter in my hand.

Oh to Telleman's heroic man.

Oh to the grass hopper stuffed with money
takeing his meals in planted fields.

Oh to the third person disavowed
who lives in darkness of raincloud.

III

There are voices every where
each carrying with them
the description of a dying hour.

Did not Love struggle in poetry
wanting only to be illumined.

A year and a half ago we both payed rent.

You were not Orpheus. You squatted on
high notes like a ring tailed monkey. Prehensile.

We lived in a jungle of fungus. You were dark.

The room was dark. In my ears grew fields of
Nigerian tobacco. I grew to Love you. So I
sang in a husky voice.

You can't make love to a horny tode.

You can't look up at the sun looking
back at you like a smashed watermelon.

Pope Paul the IV, wanting sympathy mixed
with fear, and getting it. He was violently a
professional Italian. Alva shrank from all insult
and got his blessing tho he could of thumped him.

All winter the snow fell
pain in the snow
none in the fall

IV

With hollow curses and hollow verses
the namers named
and the comers came
and the world was ill begotten.
Yet still I am followed by an instrument
the voices there sing thru me.
Clang it rang here Clang it rang there.
You so right Jim.
" The sun king won
and he is only a grain of sand. "
One with sand Won with blood.
" And they fam and they fam all over the damm."
And it would take a pretty big pill to get them out.

Ronnie Primack

it it it it

a white shadow there on the glass,
the white T-shirt turns that

are no longer an end
less meaning leans forward to the

shaping, to find it, a flutter of the
darkness, but it ducks back

from the open slit of the window,
a cinnamon moth enters
and amorous, the lamp takes
it came from the back

garden planted with pale flowers
that might show in the dark it
mocked, tripped, then toted its
image, having no past, unprepared

the moth-kiss has two languages,
the one everyday, dusty, habitual,
and part delight, the other
an unexpended myth washes against

the glass, to be abstract, untied
by the friendship, the moment caught

Robin Blaser

Station Crossing

The railway pronounces the white towns
in fine letters (the style is Spanish)
under the tiles
a sparrow's house hangs broken

As these words hang waiting for death

Waiting for the train to move,
a less cautious man would go under

Inside the station
inside the old gathered cool
not one new thing is said
A teletype sounds the changeless directives
 North Bound & South Bound
The same water fountain (as ten years ago)
coughs up its slender gift
parabola slipping with the age of the machine -
an only sign
At least these things
have killed themselves for a further definition . . .

The train leaves three conductors
 (standing away from the main contingent of mourners
 dressed in the black solicitude of professional men -
 no involvement with the dead)
The track is clear
One moves on, regaining syntax as he goes
 glad to be quits with the station
or stops like a fool among the parallel steel
deranging his coward notion of words

M Hannon

My hand goes dark
for what shines
in an amber sinister lake

only a root
twisted and white
comes to my lips

and summer slips out of the year

This winter I have abandoned my signs
but no one is fooled by the lack of an omen

Sullen -
as a stopped boy on the shore
knowing
how the witches have fooled us with love . .

I have been here without you before
but never in such a night

M Hannon

Uncourtly Love

Our footsteps are preserved
in dry cement.
It was wet this afternoon.
Fair play and sweet enough
you look tonight,
seeming to watch the sky.
Women, not wet cement,
dry with a smile.

Night and dreams
still make the shadows
that are underfoot by day.
Stare, but never gaze,
at visible stars-
you have no shadow now
you have
what daylight forces to the ground.

Jamie MacInnis

Phonemics

No love deserves the death it has. An
archipelago

Rocks cropping out of ocean. Seabirds
shit on it. Live out their lives on
it.

What was once a mountain.

Or was it once a mountain? Did Lemuria,
Atlantis, Mu ever exist except in
the minds of old men fevered by
the distances and the rocks they saw?

Was it true? Can the ocean of time claim
to own us now adrift

Over that land. In that land. If
memory serves

There (that rock out there)
is more to it.

Wake up one warm morning. See the
sea in the distance.

Die Ferne, water

Because mainly it is not land. A hot day too
The shreads of fog have already vaporized
Have gone back where they came from. There
may be a whale in this ocean.

Empty fragments, like the shards of pots
found in some Mesopotamian expedition.
Found but not put together. The unstable
Universe has distance but not much else.
No one's weather or room to breathe in.

On the tele-phone (distant sound)
you sounded no distant than if you
were talking to me in San Francisco
on the telephone or in a bar or in
a room. Long

Distance calls. They break sound
Into electrical impulses and put it back
again. Like the long telesexual route
to the brain or the even longer
teleerotic route to the heart. The
numbers dialed badly, the connection
faint.

Your voice

consisted of sounds that I had
To route to phonemes, then to bound
and free morphemes, then to syntactic
structures. Telekinesis

Would not have been possible even if we were sitting
at the same table. Long

Distance calls your father, your mother,
your friend, your lover. The lips
Are never quite as far away as when you kiss.
An electric system.

"Gk. ἤλεκτρον, amber, also shining metal;
allied to ἠλέκτωρ, gleaming."

Malice aforethought. Every sound
You can make making music.
Tough lips.
This is no nightengale. No-
Body's waxen image burned. Only
Believe me. Linguistics is divided like
Graves' mythology of mythology, a
triple goddess — morphology, phonology,
and syntax.
Tough lips that cannot quite make the
sounds of love
The language
Has so misshaped them.
Malicious afterthought. None of you bastards
Knows how Charlie Parker died. And
dances now in some brief kingdom
(Oz) two phonemes
That were never paired before in the language.

Aleph did not come before Beth. The Semetic languages kept as strict a separation between consonant and vowel as between men and women. Vowels somehow got between to produce children. J V H

Was male. The Mycenaen bookkeepers Mixed them up (one to every 4.5)
(A=1, E=5, I=9, O=15, U=21)

Alpha being chosen as the queen of the alphabet because she meant "not".

Punched

IBM cards follow this custom.

What I have chosen to follow is what schoolteachers call a blend, but which is not, since the sounds are very little changed by each other

Two consonants (floating in the sea of some truth together)

Immediately preceded and/or followed by a vowel.

The emotional disturbance echoes down
the canyons of the heart.
Echoes there — sounds cut off — merely
phonemes. A ground-rules double.
You recognize them by pattern. Try.
Hello shouted down a canyon becomes
huhluh. You, and the canyons of the
heart,
Recognize feebly what you shouted. The
vowels
Are indistinguishable. The consonants
A pattern for imagination. Phonemes,
In the true sense, that are dead before
their burial. Constructs
Of the imagination
Of the real canyon and the heart's
Construct.

Jack Spicer

FEATURE F

ALL F

by F

e was the k

n has listened to p

r before i

or c
or y

e arouse b

Here is th

e cared for w

p save the w

s from all over the w

ng story of o

o took t

A CRUSADE O

O LOOK B

o Owns a

p quarreling o

O READ F

E STOPS B

p stops o

Isn't A

and only o

and s

others will

Remember-

s is c

mild enough f

yet spicy enough f

Y for the w

y for the h

y one factor in t

d to excite m

s in Whitman's h

n runaway h

I LEFT H

ds are on t

ts Coughs Q

T MAKES H

d in common e

E WITH T

READ *L*

A HUSBAND T

DS LEAVE?

Last R

The Host, September

I admitted I don't talk from the entanglement
between my head & my heart -- not often --

and Deneen said, then

that Duncan, speaking of Cupid & Psyche, said:

'A castle's an open secret.'

Well all my castles are ruined, they're inhabited by owls I said;
and then, no, that's a romanticism: I don't have any castles

anyway they're as much a closed answer, at least,

I can't afford the upkeep and they're --

an investment--

an investment they are investing

and I'm closer to nothing
like the sun being
between the sun & the grass, and on the grass.

Or, in this instance,
on a castle I couldn't keep, up,
but is an occasional pleasure, to visit.

Richard Duerden

August 9, 64:

No, Verlaine, I thirst for cool water, for
 the cool of the shade tree, I would
 drink in the green of the leafy shade,
 for the sweet water that wells up from under
 the rock ledge, the mossy shadows
 the coins of light shaken down
 drifting, dreaming in the ever-running
 stream of bright water pouring over
 rocks gleaming amidst the cold
 current, s . words

Sept. 5: Sweet his mouth bitter his mouth

Sept. 7: At dawn, your breath stirs first light
 auras of the cool line of hill-horizons
 ringing, your eyes closed, sweet smile
 bitter smile. The first ones are awakening.

You come early, à l'heure juste, quand tu
 te lèves, morning your temple,
 donnant à ton image et à ton sanctuaire
 le souffle de la vie et une grande puissance

Sept. 22: a current of air . This late in the year
 morning gets darker.

And at the seance night holds at day's
 table

I let sadness gather

Sept. 23:
 clear light and shadow on the moving water,

Coming across an old photograph of him

no recognition stirs, his time
that was forever has slipt away.

The key of C minor no longer belongs to
the song I have forgotten and will never
sing . the longing, the lingering
tune of it

. a heavy bough of darkness above
mirrord depth-dark below .

sparks of sunlight There must be
breaks in the first-thought solid shade

Sept. 27:

Then Jean Genet's Un Chant d'Amour
where we witness the continual song that runs thru the walls.

I loved all the early announcements of you, the first falling
in love,
the first lovers

Oct. 1: mouthing the stone thighs of the night,
murmuring and crying out hopeless words of endearment.

The soldier in a dirty corner of the war
finding his lover, the youth sending roots of innocence
into the criminal ground striking a light that illumines
the dark belly, the old man recalling
the bird's leap upward to flight towards the heart
from his nest of hair, his
mimesis song makes of the dewy lips the fountain forces.

PASSAGES 17

Under the sign of the cross
the spells of the Cabiri have come to an end.

The Orphic-Christos descends in the magic rite--
the driving of the nails into his hands and feet,

the briar crown, and, before: the sweating, stumbling
destitute carrying of the instruments of his death
to the place of his death

Her death he comes to . And lifts me up to him,
lifted me up to him, embracing every fear I had
of him. Every fear he had of me for I
was fearful.

Grand Mi'raj!

(incomplete)

Robert Duncan .

some more from THE STEP

Suspicion,
like the rich,
has its uses--
but O its rigors!
& O its exclusions!

1. What do I want it to say about me?
2. What does it say about me, in spite of me?
3. (a) What expense of spirit does it save me now?
& (b) what does it cost me, all told?

/OF sospeçon, fr. LL suspectio: a looking up to, an esteeming
highly. Later (after L suspicio) suspicion fr. susplicere.. /

* * *

Royal Blue (for Pilar Lorengar)

--a regal blue, flowing like a wave around
her distant whiteness there behind a
marble balustrade
in the tempered light of chandeliers like
clouds, luminogenic clouds-- a light that
contains us
at her breast, a medium
in which
we move.

Up there among the others behind the
pillared marble looking out over the sea
/of humanity/ she, como una reina, waves
a white arm with slow largesse,
accompaniment
of the stiff blue, her gown, in obeisance,
ripples & swirls about her, the light
doing its bidding, & hers.

She is the sea, the sky, the clouds, the very
light: the merest wave of her wrist
before the blue are whitecaps, precisely.

O loke doun at usse
with benignite & gentillesse

--I say it silently,
looking into her far-off eyes, my hands
in my pockets.

No, not "Look down," not even "look."

--Connect us
per your eye-beams; enter,
if only per the light from your eyes,
the light that contains
us, the medium in which we move

* * *

My grandmother was Pilar
of /the/ Oz (de la Oz),
which might have been a balm to me.
But it isn't:

I know she never read those books.

She married an engineer who worked
another kind of magic.--

Draining a swamp
in the Philippines he disdained
pumps.

Noting the swamp was on a slight plateau
he stuck a pipe into it,
hung the other end of the pipe over
the edge,
plugged up the hanging end, filled
the pipe with water &
pulled out the plug.

O physic-
al harmonies!

That was 1932 & the natives
still talk about it.

* * *

"Any game of two together was apt to turn into this.....The whole
group of chimpanzees sometimes combined...For instance, two would
wrestle and tumble near a post; soon their movements would become
more regular and tend to describe a circle round the post as a
center. One after another, the rest of the group approach, join
the two, and finally march in an orderly fashion round and round
the post. The character of their movements change; they no longer
walk, they trot, and as a rule with special emphasis on one foot,
while the other steps slightly; thus a rough approximate rhythm
develops, and they tend to 'keep time' with one another....."

* * *

Why's the sea so present in these poems?
save that it laps continuously at
our shores,
our being
surrounded by it;
 & our tears, flowing
"for no reason at all"
bespeak our kinship

--The kid who lives downstairs is
screaming & crying, kicking &
beating on his family's door.
I go downstairs & get him calmed down
enough to find out he's locked out.
I climb in the kitchen window &
let him in. Back upstairs I sit down
& light a cigarette & find myself
weeping --not even caring to find out why.
--Why?
--Joey Joey Joey Joey Joey
come back, come back into my life.

Knowing too that it's all partly
bullshit: it's me, my self locked out
sitting there in the parking lot looking
at my hands on the wheel, the knuckles
white & then gradually relaxing.
Useless.
Hands.

Looking out thru the windshield papers
& dust blowing along the supermarket wall.
Blank jobs.
an empty cart.

an empty cart drifting
on a sea of asphalt, with no shore
in sight.....

[thing]

the images are so available, so workable, the words

Barely awake
 your touching blanket
moving
 vaguely;
you're barely awake & our touching.
 The flesh pressuring & yielding along
(my)
 shoulder, arm, hip & thigh, down
to my feet,
 the root of--where we
touch is a tree,
 a third thing: not a tree
but its shape e-
 merges an energy shape our
love known, barely

Ron Loewinsohn

DAY

As through the tiniest aperture,
the cracked leaf margin blown back from the branch,
the sun throws down
on stream bottom below
and the already broken surface of the underbrush
and bank
bright disk on bright disk,
each an image of the sun itself,
the world
through the accidental apertures in my intellect's foliage
throws down its images.

NIGHT

I woke up in the middle of the night
to go down, as if summoned, to the dark beach
where, under clouds lit from behind by moon and star,
someone (I first thought of the drowned turned under by the dark
waves the white foam races up the beach)
ran past me
down the beach
as another
and another as it dawned on me
these runners aren't running past
but through me.

Harold Dull

Now the winter burns
new twilight. The sky
without cold
is still grey glass, the
smell of Christmas falls
with smoke. I
remember the smell and my
dreams will be evil.
Where are you?
She has dark bracelets
set with my dreams,
certain, black,
ringed with silver.
Everyone loves her and she's
frightened at night:
the dark drapes her breath..
Spring is where
she was
Winter makes the roof white, smoke
falls like Christmas.
Songs in cold air
crack my heart.
Anyone who falls in
love more than
four times is
a fool.
She wears my dreams in silver,
can hear my voice at night.
I want to live like walking on gravel.
Respect pain, honor
joy; Fear the
smell, black, of burnt Christmas.

Lawrence Kearney

Tell me nothing now.
Not about love,
certainly.
No longings. Spread no
bracken to snare
a song.
My breath is a leaf
and waits for yours.
You could smile. Just
before sleeping
just a smile for
yourself because you're
warm
and tired
and the bed is
soft against your breasts.
You did once and
I danced home,
dawn yawned
and houses danced with me.
My mouth was splattered with
red flowers, God
of dancing God of
her smile, my
mouth is splattered
with red prayers,
effigies of innocence.

Lawrence Kearney

THE STORY

finds a boy whose anger knew some bounds
Whose pride was high as an elephant's head
And memory long, long before he was dead

finds a prince with a marble heart
In whose striations were held all sounds
of music left him all
but empty-handed a life apart
he hadn't longed to love.

finds the forks in the road of choices
for those alone who sought in their voices
the forest's desire well-met
this prince above silence
the boy in his ire

these are invaders moving by threat
who live in the tunes of not forgetting
this is a field of forget-me-nots
in whose arms they finally slept

These are their tusks, sharp and white
these are their ivories,
Their lovely ivory.

PSYCHE.

It was lovely to spend the afternoon talking to you
And I love to look in your eyes
You say you are empty inside The
Globes reflect
Your outward signs, Boston ferns, bookshelves Are only an imitation
Of the true shape of you I see through
Your eyes

AT THE HOUR

the clock chimes that
ancient voice
might lead
in this instance

ANIMALS

a brown moth sleeps on the kitchen table
by the place mat he
greet me home from the bar
where I've come to drink a glass of milk

DOMESTIC SCENE

the air fills something
and then breaks
as a soft whooshing sound
far away at the back of the kitchen
a bubbling tar pit

FOR D.

anyone comes to fill his shoes
the figure shows forth
from the shifting fabric of drinkers,
revelers, worshiping ones
"I was a Myrmidon" he tells me
tonight And I believe the voice
I have to

Stan Persky

NEWS NOTES 62-64

October 20, 1964, Green Street, hot and vacant at midday; the door to Old Katie's open and a scaffolding erect against the wall where the back-bar used to be, two painters working. I noticed them chipping the plaster surface, and asked, 'What happened to the mural that used to be there?' after which one painter pointed to the floor saying, "We just got that down this morning." The spread of rubble was extensive, and atop one pile of it was the face of Beatrice quite well preserved. I gleaned traces of the Ponte Santa Trinitá too, and what might have been Dante's hand, which had rested on the eastern railing by the street now known as the Via Accaiuoli, or rather the Lungarno Accaiuoli since streets along the river are described in this way. No other recognizable scraps. I thought to ask the painters for the head of Beatrice, but then something seemed too irreverent or final about that.

Downstairs, to usher in the new era, a Turkish bath is going in where the Naji Baba was until lately -- a special service is to be offered entitled "After Hours 2 - 6". The plant, which was then arriving as I stood by Old Katie's door, appeared to be spectacular, crates of colored tiles, showers, cots, vending machines, random boxes by the dozen, movers scurrying to and fro. As I watched these several happenings, Dude, a gentleman whose patronage at no bar on the street is encouraged, addressed me saying, "Ha, ha, ha, you scared of me? Ha, ha, I'm not drunk."

LE

NOVEMBER

November is National Fake Anthology Month - an important time of year for grandstand managers, amateur editors and other users of Betty Crocker cake mixes to stir up the poetry batter and add a pinch of terror at appropriate moments. There's the Davy Jones' Locker anthology paying \$.03 a page and then the Pigeon-Feather Anthology for those poets who feel they should seen on the Continent, and one'll be edited by X and one by Y and the introduckies will be scrawled by Z and V and YYY.

And of course there's the Open Hearse fake anthillology edited by Cuntfushias.

One reader writes: 'Haven't those boobies anything better to think up between drinks?'

RACING RESULTS

Grant-and-Groan-Foundation Downs running of the mile and 2 furlongs

Levinson Handicap race (sponsored by Plottery, Chicago) was handily won by Continent, a 3 year-old colt out of Roots & Branches, sired by Opening of the Field. Top money earner among the bettors was a Mission district resident, R. Duncan whose \$2 parimutual ticket returned \$350.

*

John Wieners, ACE OF PENTACLES (Phoenix bookstore, New York, 1964, \$1.95)

In his poems, as diamonds and furs appear on Fifth Avenue or are seen on the back of an insect, he is singing O let the song be extravagant; his poetry becomes a jewelry — he isn't afraid to spend himself in it.

Sometimes the poems are only salvage. For the poet is moving in his losses; it isn't a continually expanding and enriching universe; the poems are songs of the unexpected light or shimmer, he himself a candle of it — there are short-term redemptions — sometimes the date or place is his only place in it; there is tension that the poet might be lost to us altogether, disappear or blow-up. His world is where Love and shadowy things are his Masters, where he doesn't rule, but is willed to follow, his rhymer's skill the only order he knows.

The landscape is the world of desired males and narcotics — the government of Wieners' country is imperial and invisible. Tho the Nation asks Robert Duncan to avoid the subjects of homosexuality and drugs when he reviews Ace of Pentacles, it will be displeased to know that the worshiped flesh, the loins of the lover isn't erased from the poet's eyes, but stays there, as they stayed him, sustained him, stained him and the poetry.

*

OPEN SPACE invites writers who haven't published here to send poems, stories, sports news, reviews, etc. Manuscripts can be put in the mailbox in Gino & Carlo's Bar on Green street between Grant and Stockton, or mailed to Open Space, 640 Turk st., #26, San Francisco. Deadline for the next issue is November 20.

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PUBLISHED THIS MONTH: COYOTE's Journal is an Oregon magazine edited by poet James Koller and is publishing the material intended for the Northwest Review which was swallowed in some college garble. The first issue is full of Ronald Johnson. Robert Duncan has two books current: ROOTS AND BRANCHES published by Scribners at \$1.95 paperback is all the poetry since Opening of the Field; WRITING WRITING published by Sumbooks in Alb. New Mexico is Duncan's Gertrude Stein imitations composition book of a decade ago. Grove Press issued Hubert Selby Jr.'s volume LAST EXIT TO BROOKLYN at \$5.95.

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