



crow feather

there were factors
FIRST that it took my eye
(sleek as it was
and black
a punctuation mark for WHAT
speech to be newly understood
if I should pick it up?

But oddly enough the ACT
it had weight you see
the BREEZE (I thought then
caught the thousand eye winkers cheek to cheek
that made it just not straight
but when I tried to walk it SHOWED me
how
the pull of THRUM a wing makes
what air means and how everything SLANTS
so that the insupportable glides like angels stroke like crows
and what they say's inconsequential
only the act has WEIGHT
And's bouyant

Ruth Fox

PLEISTOCENE MYTHOLOGY

Now that you see what negates (get that last list, III),
we can go to work, Bibliography, as acts of excision --

(1st a correction:

the Mt. Carmel stuff is in the U. of Chi.
readings in anthro., and not in ERE, which is
where you will find the business about 'cup
holes,' as well as Miss Levy you know);

then to cut:

	the <u>continuum</u>	
-200,000----100,000	_____	35,000--7000/5000-4000 B.C.
(Wurm glaciation--		(last de- (N.E. Civ.--
		glaciation) & see esp.
		Mellaart on
Neanderthal--	--Cro-Magnon	Anatolia, 1965
(to 1725 cc.)	(to 1880 cc.)	Camb. fascicle)

	(the operation)	
PHI	_____	NU
Practical or <u>Applied</u>		<u>Theoretical</u> or Causal
the 'minute'		the 'largest'
(articles, of faith):		(Cosmography):
<u>grave/burial</u> (Mousterian)		Physiography/climatology--
'cup-holes'; painted		Sauer, <u>Env. & Cul. in the</u>
bodies, etc.		<u>Last Deglaciation; Land</u>
<u>labyrinth/spiral</u> ('passage')		<u>& Life</u>
Mt. Carmel, Palestine;		Genetics/blood/race--
France & Spain (Levy)		Gates, <u>Human Ancestry</u>
<u>cave paintings</u> (Aurig. to Magd.)		Boyd, (from Boston U.)
See Abbe Breuil, 400 Cen.		'Basque differences' (see
<u>of Cave Art</u> ; Osborne, <u>Men</u>		<u>Sci. Amer.</u> on RH neg.
<u>of the Old Stone Age</u> ; Kuhn		Migrations/occupations--
<u>Rock Pictures of Europe</u> ;		Keith, Osborne, Gladwin, etc.
<u>Lascaux</u> ; the Bollingen book--		Dating/chronology--
anything you can lay your		Libby, <u>Radiocarbon Dating</u>
hands on that puts this		Ehrich (ed.) <u>Rel. Chron.</u>
'animalogy' on display.		<u>in Old World Archaeology</u>
<u>figures/statuary/sculpture</u>		Stratigraphy/geology--
Aurignacian Venuses;		Movius, <u>Early Man & Pleisto.</u>
Venus of Laussel (bas relief)		<u>Strat. in S & E Asia</u> , etc.

artifacts/tools/weapons, etc.

see early Magdalenian
caves & graves (also see
the big man painted red)

movement/gesture/dance/mime

'man with a tail' (les

Trois Freres, etc.);

Mt. Carmel, 7500-5000 B.C.;

also Cf. Olson's "Notes
on Language and Theater"

--here the thing is to expose
the earliest human experiences
by seeing differences, unique-
ness, by avoiding all explana-
tion, by allowing the 'minute'
to speak in its own 'language'
without interference from
your, or anybody else's,
'intellectual part.'

Archaeology (Europe & Asia)--

Hawkes, The Prehistoric
Foundations of Europe

Braidwood, The Near East
& the Foundations of
Civilization, etc.

Ethnology/anthropology--

W. Schmidt, The Origin
of the Idea of God, 12
Vols., 1912-1955?

Geography--

try some Canadian???

--as we require mapping, you do
your homework, i.e., exercise
your brain until it can
contain the 'largest', as
cosmography. The sheer SIZE
of man's history (Millenia)
requires you be an 'astronomer.'



THETA

Y-O-U

yield) nothing short of:

transformation

(& see Jung,
Psychology & Alchemy

for only comparable triadic advantage our subject

Pleistocene offers.

J. Clarke
'Dept. of Further Studies'
10/12/65

The Blue Garden

Month of,

well, let's say

sunflowers

we'll take baskets

into the wood

fill them with

among other things

honey

the sweet smell

thereof

but only from flowers

half-opened

the sparrows

from one tree to another

fly, greet us

their mouths full of song

shaking the blue air

but all

we'll do

is find a place

a brook

& lie down there

let your mother

believe in the baskets

if she will

I believe in you

But while it is true that 'this eye' uses brushes,
out there his canvas not only absorbs the colors,
it also gives them sight, taste and smell. To see,
he must step out when it is yellow again, sniff
the lily pond: if that is not enough, let him bury
his head between her breasts and look.

A stifled explosion

And the enameler's blue
(but blue as of the eye)
loses to the garden's blue
concedes and does not destroy
the light and shade
depending as they do
on the dust in air
the dark head in the cloud

Forces

down
the white siding
that blue
from the spout
blue tin
and the eye
the birdbath holds
the birdbath
the eye holds
two falls
into blueness
until spent in the moss

O
the
garden
always
blue

The
Garden
Always
Blue
Before
It
Rains
Runs
The
Sunlight
Off
Scuttled
Into
The
Leaves
Then
Dissolves
Without
Dinging
A
Color's
Edge
Is
Blue

Streaked
With
Dirt
The
Pillar
Of the
Birdbath
Supports
The
Same
Blue
In its
Pan
Below
Small
Feathers'
Molt
And
This
Eye
Au
Gust
Sixty
Five

Charles Doria

I'd call you sweet but
you're not, send you a
spring daffodil - but I find myself
consorting with
dan de lions -

Seymour -
some other being
connected to my being
in time
across space
not by my choosing.
Dandelions are.

Colette Butterick

For Andrew Crozier- wherever he goes, the same way, always

of the mind a
place that recurs without
the asking, recurs, in

pictures
of a teenage smash
broken trees

like
the first front
porch, i saw, maryville, ohio?

with the lights
on across
the valley an invisible

state line crossed
mid-morning bix
beiderbecke, his country

that reminds me of opening
an old magazine the late
thirties- an advertisement, for the kind
of tobacco i am smoking, father
and son

at a ball game
wrapped against the
cold, indiana

of the mind like the man sd.

John Temple

Notes on the Possibility of a Phenomenological Poetics--The Body's World

"The problem of the world, and to begin with, that of one's body, consists in the fact that it is all there." (M. Merleau-Ponty, The Phen. of Perception)

1.1 As a psychological of perception professor put it one day, "We have solved the mind-body dualism problem. There is no such thing as mind-only body." And coming out of Merleau-Ponty it becomes possible to say of the form-content split, to which the academy is heir like the good uncle who cares for the bastard child; there is no such thing--only body.

1.2 To go straight to the point--A poem is the constitution of a bodily state in language. Its meaning is not eternal as is that of true ideas, but is locked in the perishable page, or in the even more perishable memory. This meaning is not aetiological, but teleological (not The Purple Island or great parts of Nosce Teipsum, but Ode on Intimations of Immortality). Each time a poem is read it is taken up and the gestures constituting it are re-constituted (Language being gesture--to dance sitting still you sing), and the bodily state (attitude) motivating the poem into being is incorporated in ourselves. This puts the force (or vector) in it at our disposal, or in the case of certain great poems, ourselves at its disposal. The experience of poetry is this reconstitution, and its meaning the attitude taken up in that process.

1.3 Out of an infinite number of possible attitudes the body in the 'point-horizon' context takes up a definite attitude. Intentionality through the access of the body invests itself in a meaningful world. Intentionality transfigures both body and language, making the indeterminate determinate. Here the spatiality of the body is one of situation, and not of place. If the bodily image or form exists, it is only as an attitude toward a task. But to catch a ball you watch it, and not your glove. The body is not in time and space, but it inhabits it. And its unity of movement and gesture exists by virtue of intentionality--that is by grace of the direction in which it is moving. In the traditional sense the body has no form--only direction, and that towards a point on its horizon.

1.4 To return, then, to form-and-content--it seems that this way of thinking results from thinking of the poem as an object in time and space, rather than as an inhabitant of space and time. Like the body transfigured by its intentionality, the poem has no form in the traditional sense--only direction. This does not mean that it has no unity, only that that unity is not dependant upon form, but upon attitude, or, as I've said, the direction it is moving in. If a poet writes in traditional forms, it is not by pouring himself into the 'mould', but by taking up and incorporating those forms in himself and making them over (they become habitual, as it were).

1.5 One important matter this approach points toward is the consideration of the structure of a poem in non-empirical and in non-rationalistic terms. It is possible to get away from such creatures as 'contiguity relationships', and back to the thing itself, or to be more exact, for itself. To have an idea of someone, and to look him in the face are two discrete acts.

Charles Sherry

Powell, Michigan

At landsend I
saw two wait-
resses dance hap-
pily in a small
cafe to the
sun's rising and
a table of men.
And not knowing
to which they belonged-
being fantastic;
one very thin,
one very fat--
yet danced on
for themselves only.

Alteration of Field

Below me she
lies in the park-
her skirt hoisted
up, with the sun
on her white thighs.
Below her smiling
under a pine--
a young Mexican
gets a good look.
And the question
I want to ask is:
'Who got there first?'

Charles Sherry

Plus X

This photograph lies;
My eyes staring into my own eyes,
Bodied in sari, flat
On the desk of now.
That day overexposed
By steaming piss vapors in the sun
Is bound six thousand miles
Around this girl, brown with braided hair,
Grown pale and freckled in developing.

At my beauty parlor,

On Bailey by night.

The cars are reduced
To lights, fluttering
Like paired butterflies
Through the window's rain.

Patricia Jamison

ISHMAEL:8:X:sixtyfive

I have not th bottle to hold
th water of th heart
I have not th vessel
to put it in

From these heavens
pass thru me
they pass thru me
I who wd hold them



golden rays of Ra

I am th dead man walking
mine the eyes unclosed
mine the eyes no brother closes

I go out to th regions

in them I learn of th wheel
in them are my fingers bent
around th clay
in them

I am th dead man walking

I have turned & presented th bowls of containment

They have turned me out from th regions
They have made me th dead man walking
They have made me to walk fr want of a grave

They call out to me now
I who go out in th wilderness

They tell me my bottles are needed
They tell me my pots are required

I offer them vessels to hold
th water of th heart
th water I pour to them
th vessels I offer them

I will not close th dead man's eyes

daniel john zimmerman

NOTES FROM CLASS

Feinstein Letter - I still stick with that chunk more than any other chunk that I dropped. 9/15/64

The only possible study is limited to the Augustinian triad, and this is dogmatically true -
politics (phusis) - nature, state (necessity)
epistemology (nous) - mind (possibility)
religion (theos) - God (imaginable) 9/15/64

Modern is how far any of us in this room has gotten. 9/15/64

We are preparing the middle voice for the American language. 9/22/64

Thought today has come via cosmology back to terms you have to call mythology. 9/29/64

Fenellosa - that pointing has stood in the sky above us all. 9/29/64

The law of discourse - say what you have to say and stop. 9/29/64

Language - the acquisition of the human race that changed the species to culture. 9/29/64

Christopher Hawkes - speech shall not be understood to be a metaphor. 9/29/64

Once you get the meaning of a word you know its effect. 10/13/64

Words as objects - logos - language in its material condition -
language through the mouth occupies space and time - objectism 10/20/64

Objectism is perception. 10/20/64

Object has an animate result from you having your attention on it. 10/20/64

The formal or grammatical condition of language comes with the universal discourse. Loss of logos (material condition) comes with that development. 10/20/64

Transaction - when you traverse the field and stop, the poem goes ahead as a transaction, as goods. 11/10/64

Monism is a disease as well as a heresy. 11/24/64

Poetry - letters, not lutes. 11/24/64

Ear is throne (kingdom, power, glory). 11/24/64

Parkman did to the novel what John Smith did to the poetry of
America. 12/1/64

John Smith was the psyche that split off and went to America at
exactly that moment of Shakespeare, Daniel, and Campion. 12/1/64

Jonathan Wilde is the most important English novel. 12/8/64

Go always as far as the subject will take you. 12/15/64

unless you're willing to drink those carbon compounds so that your
whole metabolism is constellated 12/16/64

Monism and Manicheanism - the condition of modern man since Kierkegaard -
assume a condition in ourselves which is divided from nature.
12/16/64

Kierkegaard - a miserable little wretch, the original killer of our
non-civilization. 12/16/64

Mythology - an inventory of the most complex conditions of experience -
a dictionary. 12/16/64

On metrics - you take as many steps in a given movement as the rhythm of
that movement can supply. 12/16/64

I still think of Webern as critical for composition, for space, he put
space in where structure had been. 12/22/64

One of the great charts we possess as a people is the Plotinus essay
in Melville's Pierre. 12/23/64

Parataxis - putting one foot in front of another - put the next word
out without having any plan or future. 2/9/65

The law of parataxis is the law of the senses - one thing or experience
follows another. 2/16/65

Parataxis - units succeed themselves which is the same as nature - not
an order of an organized and imposed discourse system. 2/16/65

Only two things you need to master - vocabulary and syntax - then you
write poems, you don't think about writing poems first. 2/23/65

Kafka, Valery, Husserl - those men were the weather of Europe before
existentialism seized Europe. 3/2/65

It's better to be a boy scout than a MacLeish. 3/9/65

Kerouac's Spontaneous Prose - disease of the single horizontal line,
non-interrupted spilling out of the self, the ribbon of even,
conjectural futurism, stream of time, soft Heracleitian doctrine.
3/9/65

Sports pages are so crypto-homosexual. 3/31/65

The founding of the Olympic games is the only condition which excuses
public athleticism. 3/31/65

To take a model is not equivalent to practice. 4/20/65

The condition of your sentence will reveal your experience of creation.
The condition of your sentence will reveal your structure of
creation. 4/20/65

Epic - where the man is the hero.

Myth - where the god is the hero. 4/20/65

As post-Europeans, beware of the second conditioning (the Greeks were
the first) - the abuses that we know stem from the second half of
the thirteenth century (Aquinas, Grosseteste, Eckhardt, Roger
Bacon - put Aristotelian generalization back in). 4/20/65

To just step back from 1250 to 1220 is one of the most difficult
acts of life. 4/20/65

Ways you have to damn three great men -

When a sculptor becomes a talker - Socrates' logic

When a poet becomes a writer - Plato's episteme

When a teach becomes a scientist - Aristotle's classification

(taxonomy) 4/20/65

Poetry is news that stays history. 5/4/65

George F. Butterick

Nothing Done

for natural grass roots

o I was burning some grass with maryjane
i was burning grass with this girl
and that one was burning grass

with this book and i was burning grass
was burning i was burning some
grass with a hill side on it
and burning some grass with a poet in it
and i was burning grass with a mountain behind
where i was burning grass to fight the firefighters
to get back where i was buring grass with Maryjane
and she was Mary Jane all over the place and
burned and was burning plump plum warm thighs
and i was burning eye was burning for I was burning
for her thighs were burning

I thigh there fellow
and i was burning that with grass was
burning that this was burning with grass that grass
that was burning burned with that is this is not and
not it at all

yet without

and

Jim Braemer

very gay in front of the bar
eyes squinted he swished to
what was his song --
I got it bad and that ain't good.

We all hated the four eyed runt.

Tears on his face?
I have never seen a hung man.
Their eyes bulge out and their tongue
sticks from a blue face.

Ah Alice ironic
(from shoelaces)

sequin ones for Halloween.
But I remember now he always wore loafers for dancing.
No laces.

We heard later the police
broke his neck by mistake I see
Alice O'Brien hung
head down on
his gay world, swinging
under the yellow lights.
Prescott Townsend comes tomorrow to the burying of Alice O'Brien.

We are all of us lost, Lawrence said.
No difference to Alice
if Alice knew and went
dancing instead of dying
off the laces
of his high French shoes.

John Wieners
November 1955

This poem is in tribute to Jack Spicer
because he wept over it.

Hotel Blues

For Jack Spicer

Pass by this room, stranger.
Heartbreak hides within it.
Pass by this door.
Tarry not in this hall, boy.
Hurry on down.

Hold not your hands to the light, here
friend, skip the moon.
Get off at the ground floor

and keep on going
 right out the door.
 Fit no key in this lock. Nor look over my transom.
 You'll see only death sitting on the bed.
 Stretching out her long hair to the moon.

Brandy will not do up the wound, nor staunch the blood.

John Wieners

The Address of The Watchman To The Night
in Agamemnon

Watchman, what of the night, always seemed an order to me in my own life, even though I never knew the phrase until I was 29 or 30. To explore those dark eternal of the nightworld: the prostitute, the dope addict, thief and pervert. These were the imagined heroes of my world: and the orders of my life. What they stood for, how they lived, what they did in the daytime were the fancies of my imagination. And I had to become every one of them until I knew. Until I know now that they are only deprivations of the self, not further extensions of its being: manifestations of want, denial and betrayal.

They assumed no dream-like poses or positions of the hero; they expressed no noble sentiments; they banded together out of fear and in need. The night was their palace, their working ground; its neighbor was the dawn and that never to be known. Daylight was only to be endured. And the night war never ended. There was no declaration of peace or armistice. And love only a casual happening or accident. When it occurred, salvation and a change of life for the instant. But it never seemed to be of any permanence. And one went on, shunning mirrors and the sun.

Love was to profit by; a night's warmth, a new suit, a week's lodging, a full meal, a soft pillow under the head; but to the heart and soul only a remembrance or memory out of childhood, a tune played on a tinny piano in someone else's house.

Morning found us sick, dawn exhausted,
night an exhilaration and excursion.
Who wanted to be seen in the daylight, when
the drudges were out, lazy to do their lives
justice. The lames abound on weekends, so
use them, find them out. Houses and villages
of money, furs and jewels.
Yet such it was, we became who let
life exhaust us by 30 or before
we felt burnt out, and truly were;
only to re-kindle later, we
hope, by rest, relief and redemption
in the form of a poem, with
its order, expression and release.
Touching on subjects once remote, now
familiar, as the song of birds in the
backyard where before there was
snow and the drift of rain.

Communion also with the
ordinary things of life, removal of
and from excitement, ordering externals
and interior beliefs, mingled with a
cohesion of world and its cosmos down
to the single syllable. There let live
the divine reign and the mysterious man-
ifest itself in the hard touch of wood
upon the bottom. The bottom! the depths
reached, the sounding of the ocean swell
in the empty plains of the heart, reach-
ing to the sky with forests of the country
filling the horizon. The world revealed
in a word.

Saturday April 27th 1963

John Wieners

2 songs for children

1.

In the greyhound terminal I see-

The two nuns in black tobacco road on
the jukebox their glasses iron
rimmed the hook

-nosed cowboy frantically
crossing his legs & pul
ling on his cigarette

2.

The red light blinks
on &

off across
the mesa south

-west, of where I am
watching, the red light etc.

John Temple

The Canoe, Too

there is all that talk about northern waters
lakes with canoes sliding silently over the cold glass surfaces
in the moonlight
and a mountain rising to the moon in its ice and snow
the rocky shore and its cold dry branches of driftwood waiting
for you to return alone in the still night
shimmering in the lights of darkness

there is all that talk of this
and the thoughts wander there in a canoe language carries
like a picture framing you in the ice dark water

there is all this kind of talk and you listen to the words

the northern lakes freeze
over the ice snow covers the valley
and all the trees

Fred Wah

Notes (for I. Massey 9/28/65
on C. Olson

A.

Work done to date: Bibliography (method), Texts, Biography, Letters

B.

A look at Maximus I

1. Max. written Spring 1950 at Wash. D.C. Pub. first in Origin 1; then Contact 3; Max. 1-10; Maximus Poems; NAP; Poesia degli ultimi etc.
2. & to be continued next Spring IV,V,VI
3. With attention to textual matters, and various printings.

Words

Kylix (var. Cylix: shallow cup with a tall stem

Ant. of Padua . Patron Saint of Portugal who tried to correct the
evils of his time through preaching

substance (to stand or be under, be present substare

mineral . any substance which is obtained through mining

STEMMED (O Teut *Stamn-z or *stamno-z
MLG, MDU, OHG, MHG stamn masc "trunk or stem of a tree
the word is probably from the root *sta - to stand
see Gr. stamno earthen jar (? standing vessel ?

pejorocracy . also stand on Cressy's beach

oral (os - or mouth

faun (proper name

vase (L. vas - vessel

Albert Glover

Poem for Planters

Useless, the ground barren, no part
of the field fit for seed, no part
open to receive the seed's energy

It was hard as rock
the dirt caked by a hot sun
we said nothing will grow here
you can't possibly plant
where the earth is unfriendly
like it is here, now
under your feet
hard as rock
caked where even a path is formed
under the hot sun
cracked until, unfriendly

But he told that he would plant there
where it did seem impossible for any thing to grow
and took out a pointed stick
scratched at the dirt

(making signs?
struck, almost, suddenly, his name on her body
and things that no one could understand

we looked doubtful, unfriendly
hard on him bent under that hot day
his head
hanging down
shoulders hunched
his hair, because the back
was bent, stretched down
sweeping the ground
muscles tensed up with the effort of cracking the surface
of scoring himself in the caked earth
that was his mistress then

Albert Glover

It's No Fun Anymore

In the silence of afternoons
I used to climb
the three flights of stairs
to the third floor
to explore,
one by one,
the empty rooms,
then come down
the back stairs
to the second floor
and lock myself in
the bathroom
to sit and stare
at the tile & porcelain,
it was so beautiful,
then out and down
the fire escape,
time and again,
without seeing a single
human adult,
except on Sundays
 & at meals.

Jack Clarke

As to the Exomorphic...

I was about to say that even those first (Pleistocene) Hunters had a definite - 225 cc., to be exact - advantage over us, the homo saps, who came after--not as you might necessarily think that an advantage, i.e., 'spiritually': what it now seems we are here after

(whatever you may think or do about that bigger business, Religion, as it turns out to be - to Mr. B anyway - a System formed to enslave the vulgar by attempting to abstract the mental deities from their objects--he said with his usual calm just before sitting down to dinner with Isaiah & Ezekiel), but just that their 'objects'--customary as well as imple- mental--evidence, indeed substantiate a condition of mind or of knowing that we, the last of the Planters - with all our 'arts & sciences' - have been totally dispossessed (perhaps only ignorant) of since sometime after that last ice began to melt, c. 35,000, & then did, c. 5000 B.C. (Cf. C-14 N.E. date of "Jarmo bums"), leaving only those two ('civilized') substitutes for: "Religion & War" to swallow up, literally, the public trust--

the Establishment as it was found (yet not overtly) by him, our mobile 'ancestor' of the valley Neander, when he first thought (& 'thought is act') to stop & bury his dead (east to west?) under a stone slab 'altar-table' (containing those

curious 'cup-holes') so inverted (over the 'red'
body) to 'cause' the necessary reversal ('ingression'
of the eternal) in that (holy) place, of practice,
i.e., the KAVE, where these (theo-retical) 'relations'
could take place below any continued (domestic)
habitation above.

Beyond that there is always - as there can be, no ex-
clusions - MONSTERS--again, not as you might easily expect
(lap the brains!) cannibals, we become, but only--

as I am told they later dis-
covered, long after the law
(nomoi) had passed (Blake says,
to prevent any further depopulation
of the earth), that, exo-morpho:

THE WILD GUYS WERE NOT THE ONES WHO WERE DOING
THE KILLING!

So you see, it requires belief, & what all Ethics misses, the
whole point, in fact, is: the MORAL--whether in the mastery
of instruments and skills for living (Neanderthal technology), or
in the performance of death itself (Neanderthal burial ceremony;
Cf. also animal 'rites,' as the severed heads of giant cave-
bears were found carefully arranged on stone slabs with leg
bones pushed through the holes in the skull where their eyes had
been)--

purity is the practice of personal precision
in primary places

(e.g., the fire of the hearth
is not to cook with.

Ergo, you go on, as the theriomorphic (process) must,
obey, move, act - accordingly - as the condition of being
alive, demands freshness (like raw meat) and accuracy -
even discipline - of mind, its measure, the (free) steps
you take,

even as you might be at the edge already
hunting for some (mammoth) gain than would make
'war' the demonstrable equivalent to...

ENOUGH, sila ersinarsiniydluge

(which is only to say:

"Be not afraid of the universe."

Exercise your 1500 cc. as though it was not some
disability we all share, since the last days of the Great
Hunt when thought & act were still one, 'language,' gesture.
Indeed here - & thanks to C.O. - "the theater is large."

J. Clarke
Oct, 10, 1965

The Lamp

you can hurry the pictures toward you but
there is that point that the whole thing itself
may be a passage, and that your own ability
may be a factor in time, in fact that
only if there is a coincidence of yourself
& the universe is there then in fact
an event. Otherwise - and surely here the cinema
is large - the auditorium can be showing
all the time. But the question is
how you yourself are doing, if you in fact
are equal, in the sense that as a like power
you also are there when the lights
go on. This wld seem to be a
matter of creation, not simply
the obvious matter, creation
itself. Who in fact is any of us
to be there at all? That's what
swings the matter, also -
the beam hanging from

for Jack Clarke, October
14th 1964

Charles Olson

traitor poem

that city
as a woman
could be

song
I sing
 "no sources, save
 what the mind
 may bring - - -

to call her
an absurd act

 stubborn
dreams -- bright lights
 across dark water
 in a shivered image -- chimera;
 (all that s of what a City might be

 and the nets going down
 thru hands green phosphorous
 still clings to

 (showing motion)

Sea? what sea? oh
memory; these scenes are
 talismans --

 "how far back must I travel
 with you
 plastered on the faces all around me - - -"

falling, falling all
the masks melt, glass
 cracks, back and back --

 old peurile postures,
 tears and pouts
 to bring love out

(the mountains cleared,
the next year -- flooding

and the inlet
full of shit from
 sawmills, sewers, freighters
 dumping "surplus" oil - - -

real then, too
moments only
 when I saw her plain --

fades into ---
dreams, sweet jumbled
brightness by the edges of
your face

two strands of coloured
words
(weave image into partial
understanding - -

both ways outward;
what I saw --
white spray
(remembering)
that painted prow - - -

and what was there

now looped
around you

draws me too - - -
(a babble of inconstant
metaphor

the music of a world
I thot mine
all song
filled from - -

breaking, broken
(waves white over me
who held these
beauties whole
for use
(to bring you --
I thot love still
moved on - - -

surface only, I'd
forgotten; tides of feeling,
feedback of imaginations
landscape, formed each
syllable, lips, hands and
cock, to sing to you

feels root-lies, fading, fading,
gone ! a stammer of associations - - -

guilt then ?
death reel ?
dance around
the mind, trapped
standing in the center - - -
old, old faces, so
my own bones creak

click
rattle
rap on wood
with nails and knuckles
on the bench, between the legs
kept in, closed
down; old poses set
to please
old fears - -

as traps are,
masks hung round me
by myself

(masked layers of intention
catching that - - - -

so twisted
as the heart sinks
writhing,

body twitches ?

NO ! another
city holds me as the lines
are written - mystery of place
the mind had fixed on,
broken, falling, (I despaired, lost
feeling, then
found "reasons", fear in
childhood's retributions

(gone too - - -

nothing, no one
but our own selves
naked, here, where nothing is

a sound slow feet make,
spiral inward,
shuffle down to
sleep - - -

that night another
side of silence

(how I dreamed
her face and colours
came around you - - -

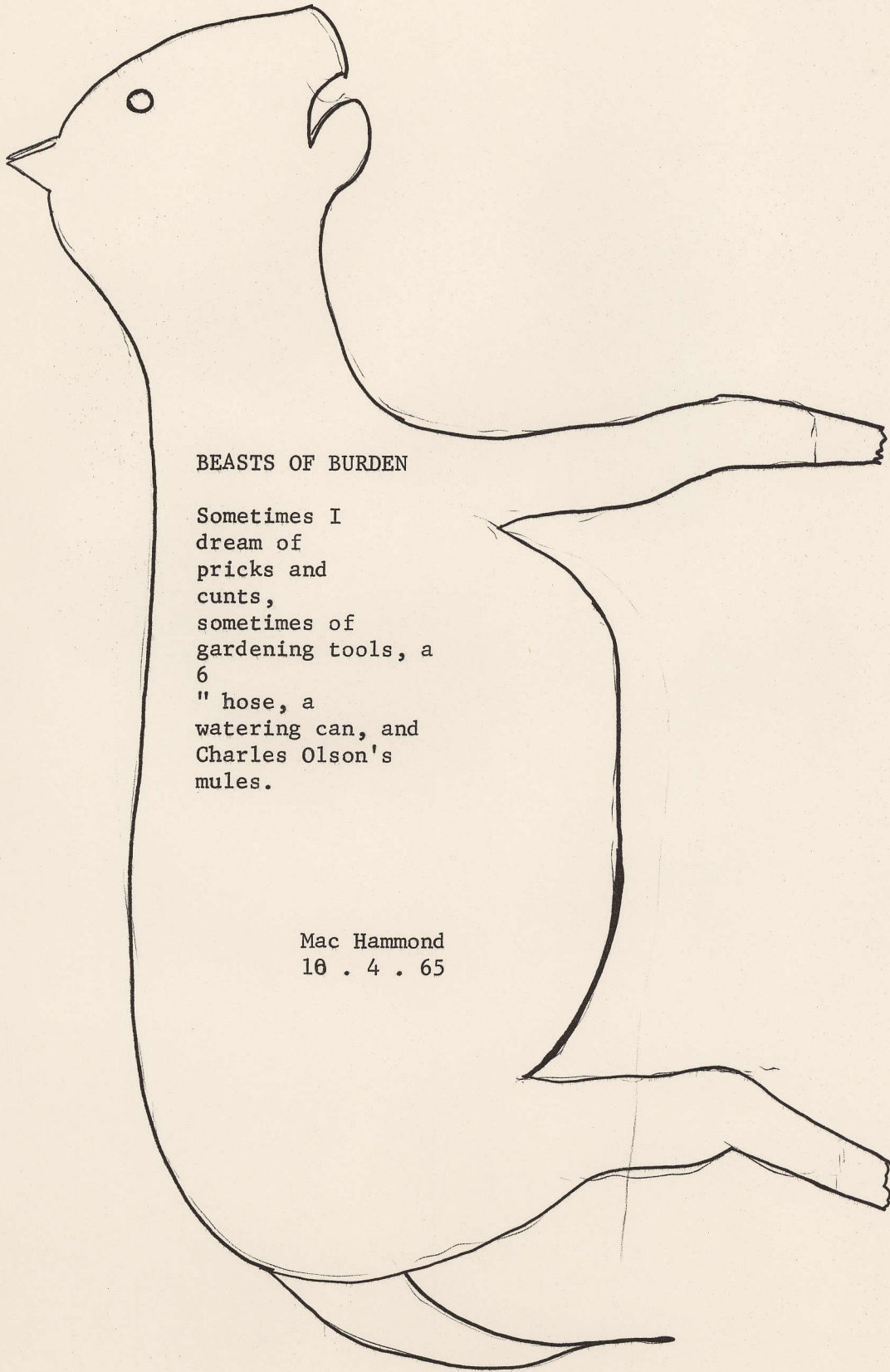
every time
(fog burning off
the water
from the boat
to blue-green distant
edges

so my self comes real
again
(old music -- rhythm only
of the mind's
old song
rings thru - - -

I reach to touch you
love, the tide moves
darkly as the moon - - -

we make
a harbour of
your breasts and thighs.

Dave Cull
London/Ottawa, fall '65



BEASTS OF BURDEN

Sometimes I
dream of
pricks and
cunts,
sometimes of
gardening tools, a
6
" hose, a
watering can, and
Charles Olson's
mules.

Mac Hammond
10 . 4 . 65

There will be more READINGS. sunday afternoon's
(see Fred Wah!)

Univer-city News Flashes

LIVING OBJECTS CHEMICALLY GENERATED AT ILLINOIS

AFTER 20 YEARS FRED HOYLE OF CAMBRIDGE CONCEDES 'BIG BANG'
BUT SAYS IT'S ONLY LOCAL -- GOD REMAINS 'STEADY STATE'

WINDHOEK EXPEDITION FINDS PALEOLITHIC MEN LIVING
ON NORTHERN FRINGE OF AFRICAN DESERT

Yale map PROVING 11th century NORSE DISCOVERY OF AM.
ALSO CONTAINS LOST ISLANDS OF ATLANTIS

CALIFORNIA'S (CARBON 14) LIBBY IN BUFFALO WITH A COLD
PREDICTS LIFE ON VENUS LOWER OR higher THAN HERE

ASTRONOMERS CALL FOR WORLD-WIDE INVESTIGATION OF
CONTINUED PRESENCE OF UFO'S

There will be NO MORE DEADLINES for this magazine. summit
continuously to
anyone