NOW THAT I AM IN MADRID AND CAN THINK

I think of you
and the continents brilliant and arid
and the slender heart you are sharing my share of with the American air
as the lungs I have felt sonorously subside slowly greet each morning
and your brown lashes flutter revealing two perfect dawns colored by
New York

see a vast bridge stretching to the humbled outskirts with only you
standing on the edge of the purple like an only tree

and in Toledo the olive groves' soft blue look at the hills with silver
like glasses like an old lady's hair
it's well known that God and I don't get along together
it's just a view of the brass works to me, I don't care about the Moors
seen through you the great works of death, you are greater

you are smiling, you are emptying the world so we can be alone
SONG

Did you see me walking by the Buick Repairs?
I was thinking of you
having a Coke in the heat it was your face
I saw on the movie magazine, no it was Fabian's
I was thinking of you
and down at the railroad tracks where the station
has mysteriously disappeared
I was thinking of you
as the bus pulled away in the twilight
I was thinking of you
and right now

COHASSET

I see you standing
there on a rock
in my light mind
your body's smiling
as a tern plummets
and gulps fishward
from hot rocks
to freezing water
clambering up
swooping down
golden like last
year always golden
your tender eyes
pull me into the
water like a lasso
of seaweed green
and I fall there
the huge rocks
are like twin beds
and the cove tide
is a rug slipping
out from under us
Beer for Breakfast

It's the month of May in my heart as the song says and everything's perfect: a little too chilly for April and the chestnut trees are refusing to bloom as they should refuse if they don't want to, sky clear and blue with a lot of side-paddle steamers pushing through to Stockholm where the canals' re true-blue

in my spacious quarters on the rue de l'Université I give a cocktail in the bathroom, everyone gets wet it's very beachy; and I clear my head staring at the sign LOI DU 29 JUILLET 1881 so capitalizing on a few memories from childhood by forgetting them, I'm happy as a finger of Vermouth being poured over a slice of veal, it's the new reality in the city of Balzac! praying to be let into the cinema and become an influence, carried through streets on the shoulders of Messrs Chabrol and Truffaut towards Nice or do you think that the Golden Lion would taste pleasanter (not with vermouth, lion!) ? no, but San Francisco, maybe, and abalone there is nothing in the world I wouldn't do for you for you (zip!) and I go off to meet Mario and Marc at the Flore

-- Frank O'Hara
no saints in 3 acts

the photograph is mostly
flat 2 dimensional
you name it
at that a quick relief
from the black & white
conflict
over the negative landscape
into which no peasant
(spade or other
has entered in to
arrange
the disorder of the virgin
or whatever
lies unfurrowed behind
the furrowd brow

guest

what pulls out the poetic
line
is not what's in the head
but what's not in the belly

the lean
lines out.

the cat faced
hunter
artist
crouched
tense
image of the prey sketched already
upon the
central forehead
with the of course
detaild
overemphasized
hips

-- Steve Jonas
A QUICK GRAPH

1. Recent BBC broadcasts of Pound interviews summarize the following:

   a) Writing: "You can't have a literature without curiosity. You cannot have a literature without curiosity. And when a writer's curiosity dies out, he is finished. You can do all the tricks you like, but without curiosity you get no literature with any life in it..."

   b) Literacy: "A man has a right to have his ideas examined one at a time..." (This parallels another comment made earlier, to the effect: literacy consists of the ability to recognize the same idea in different formulations. Both relate to Pound's insistence on the need to be able to dissociate ideas, i.e., to separate those living from those dead.)

2. Measure--which Dr. Williams continues to hammer at, as in a recent mimeographed sheet, "The American Idiom":

   "We must go forward uncertainly it may be, but courageously as we may. Be assured that measure in mathematics as in verse is unescapable, so in reply to the fixed foot of the ancient line including the Elizabethans we must have a reply: it is the variable foot which we are beginning to discover after Whitman's advent..."

   One academic, Scully Bradley, some years ago made use of a shifting stress concept in an attempt to 'scan' Whitman--prompted quite probably by the need to regularize that fact the stress may be variable and yet cohesive in over-all effect. Too, he showed understanding of the fact that the stress may be variable and yet cohesive in and/or reaches its end. Poems of this sort read: The man sat down/ on the chair/ and lifted his foot/ into the air, etc. At no point should the rhythms peculiar to the given word, in the context it comes to define, be lost track of. All rhythm is specific. (Which in turn explains the bore-

3. A sense of order--Louis Zukofsky defines one in his essay, "Poetry" (included in "A" 1-12, Origin Press, 214 Main St.,
"With respect to such action "utterance," i.e., the movement of spoken words toward poetry" the specialized concern of the poet will be first, its proper conduct—a concern to avoid clutter no matter how many details outside and in the head are ordered. This does not presume that the style will be the man, but rather that the order of his syllables will define his awareness of order. For his second and major aim is not to show himself but that order that of itself can speak to all men."

Or reading backwards:

"The choice for science and poetry when symbols or words stop measuring is to stop speaking."

Such order proves as well "the contest any poet has with his art: working toward a perception that is his mind's peace," which Zukofsky has spoken of in **Bottom**.

4. Range—which can be variously characterized:

a) Zukofsky: "...the scientific definition of poetry can be based on nothing less than the world, the entire humanly known world."

b) Olson's **Maximus** has built from a like premise, with the corollary:

He left him naked
the man said, and
nakedness
is what one means

that all start up
to the eye and soul
as though it had never
happened before

c) It is equally Duncan's:

that foot informed
by the weight of all things
that can be elusive
no more than a nearness to the mind
of a single image

Range implies both what there is to deal with, and the wherewithal we can bring to that activity. Range describes the world in the limits of perception. It is the "field" in the old Pythagorean sense that "terms," as John Burnet says, are "boundary stones" and the place they so describe the "field" itself.

--- Robert Creeley
Revue

Recently someone handed me some pages which had been taken from the latest Hudson Review, which contained a review of Donald Allen’s anthology The New American Poetry: 1945-60, written by Cecil Hemley. (I shd say also that I think this was perhaps the first time I had actually read something in the HR since 1954; tho’ it was just last Fall that I managed to get rid of (sell) what copies I had collected since whatever grim days of innumabula, and hence, at last, rid myself of a certain hideous cackling (“music”, Creeley calls it). A music I’m certain must rest heavily in not a few “events” in my life, perhaps better left alone, or at least, as Dawson wd say, made into some “purer” fiction. I could suppose that that he, Dawson, is a Greek...meaning the comparative for some more blatant artifact (than Life?? itself, which phenomenologists tell us, “is only for living”, i.e., being used up temporarily.

Hemley says first “Anyone who has had a serious interest in American Poetry from 1945 to 1960 must see that this is a very eccentric version of what has been going on. It represents Mr. Allen’s private view, and that is all, and it shows what happens when a narrow, dictatorial taste attempts to assert itself as authoritative.”

Liberals are disparaged by anyone attempting to demonstrate Taste or Feeling (sensibility) as separate from Situation. Nothing shd present itself outside of certain recognized conditions. The Negroes in the south cannot utilize violence to achieve their ends (whatever schools, homes, jobs? Why bother? But if you don’t want another man to handle your life...you might, just might, mind you, have to kill him) because they admit (officially) that there is some common utopia each of them wants/collectively. If this is true, they are stuck, perhaps, for another hundred years. But the minute some intrepid soul prints up, say, a manifesto, declaring exactly what, just he, himself, alone, uncontrolled by the NAACP or KKK or Fischer Baking Co, wants, (and not “wants” proceeding from the demands of some abstract social situation...but wants proceeding from what we hope can still be recognized as some personal ethics, morality, or attitude that is contingent for the most part on rational discrimination and perhaps the logical accretion of historical example). Then perhaps these “wants” will not be so common: and then perhaps, someone’s list might definitely have to do with homicide.

The Liberal, also, cannot help but be academic. (And this I see now is a pertinent pun, as Hemley has titled his piece “Within A Budding Grove” (leaving Proust out of this)). And it, the review, certainly is within that same “walking grove (of trees)” Peripatetic academicism, is certainly another name for, like, American Liberalism. And definitely in any relation to The Arts, ie, they find their solace in the most miniscule of realities.

“How confused the editor’s general position is can be seen in that he speaks of the poets in the volume as comprising a single literary generation. Of course, they do no such thing. Charles Olson was born in 1910, James Broughton in 1913, Lawrence Ferlinghetti in 1919, Allen Ginsberg in 1926, and Ray (sic) Maltzer in 1937. In
Other words Ray (sic) Meltzer could conceivably have been Charles Olson's son. A very extensive generation."

(I think the "son" idea is fine.)

If he did stay in one place. Have some hard fact to tell us. Some error to point out, that is, say, in the physical world. But what can you say, "Go fuck off"...or "How come you don't just change your life?". No, in a review (as this is also) you say "How come you don't read introductions?"

And that Allen's book is as much a chronology of a process as it is a yearbook. And that history, itself, can be measured by ideas (their cessation &/or resurgence) as well as events. Oh, well.

And the saddest realization I make is that Hemley must have some glimmer of himself as, at least, as honest a man as Horatio. He says further "I am less enthusiastic about Robert Creeley, a third member of the group. His forte is the short lyric and his method has been extremely influential among young poets. Creeley's poems can be graceful and arch, but they do not generate much power. However, my incapacity to read him with enjoyment may be a personal limitation".

Orwell had a term for thought like this. O, Christ, why not for once shoot standing still?

-- LeRoi Jones

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