They would force scrunched
paler-than-thou heads up
on razor stalks
against which a beetle might run head on
(like a fist)
and the two halves, one
to the bluebells, one to the fence
climbers in shadow
Then the morning-glory
is a hang-up
it is too stressed

the hairy foliage outside
parks and windows

What we dare with commercial products, pasting
them, one by
a chalked $X$, a love letter, "men are patient

and presume
he will come out of his door-
yard with a
collage
held ten feet out in front of him
The trumpet has found its place
it is to the lips
blown clearly
that song has
nothing to do with
getting up in the morning!

But the flower, it would
bloom underground if it could
and the whole

evolution
the head of a monkey

You, Morning-Glory, you have
no charge on landscape! you, first act

your breath
wintrily in the air, the red door

swinging on its hinges, the blue
into the sun

and coming down the street, still,
the man with his painting,
which makes shadows on the pavement,
the feet, the 4 x 8 oblong
which makes
different oblongs,
and at night

the buildings stand up, and talk
over our heads.
The sailors in their ship
sailed on. Ice hit the windows
of their cabins
where Determination
sat like a cruel man
with a twitch in his eye.

Oh, we called that a twinkle, we
sailors called that a twinkle,
though we were fed on salt and leather
and our teeth were filled with tungsten,
we called that a twinkle.

Myriads now fly down
into our lives.
We can't be sure
the brighter insects
are good ones. Out with nets,
catching what catch can,
unaware
of the color of the sky.

-- George Stanley
A FILM FORM: OUTLINE FOR A FILMSCRIPT

TO START: All time/space, no sound

I. PROLOGUE: Dialogue between admonition and temptation
Motifs: Neuter, Preparation (heeding-succumbing), completion (satisfaction-fear), Expulsion, Entrance.
Qualities: Absence of actual time, 2-dimensional space becoming 3-dimensional, Sound decreases from peak.

II. ACTION A (the emphasis on "preparation")

7 Dialogs: Preparation/Completion
  Heeding/Fear
  Heeding/Succumbing
  Heeding/Satisfaction
  Satisfaction/Fear
  Satisfaction/Succumbing
  Succumbing/Fear
Motifs: Neuter, Warning, Temptation, Expulsion, Entrance
Qualities: Absence of actual time, 2-dimensional becomes 3-dimensional space, sound decreases to a stop.

III. CHOICE: No time/space, no sound

IV. ACTION A PRIME (the emphasis on "completion")
The same as Action A with the reversal of Qualities

V. EPILOGUE: Dialogue between expulsion and entrance
Motifs: Admonition, Temptation, Preparation (heeding-succumbing), completion (satisfaction-fear), Neuter.
Qualities: Absence of actual time, 3-dimensional space becomes 2-dimensional, Sound increases to a peak.

TO END: All time/space, no sound

This form attempts:
1. The creative breaking up of "theme" into determining representations.
2. The combination of representations with the purpose of bringing life to the initiating IMAGE of the "theme".
3. A process of perceiving the image.

NB:
1. Form equals condition, therefore maximum empathy, association, regardless of "plot".
2. Everything leads to CHOICE and everything is derived from condition.
3. Space equals time/Image equals space and time
   Infinity of time equals totality of image
4. The "plot" of this outline is the Adam and Eve myth for simplicity, but the outline serves any "plot".

-- Dave Osman
Martin Green 1958/61
To Empty the Mind

the gracious gods
the red man
and the white man
how deliberately Sam Adams parlayed
the "Battle of Lexington" as he had
previously set up the Boston
Massacre as well as led his Mohawks
out of Fanuel Hall to bring about
the Boston Tea Party - failing to get a Constitutional
Army

and that the Reverend Jonas Clarke
in whose house the plot was laid
talked John Locke freshly
during the night thus adding
those general ideas:

at 1:30 AM the militiamen's own decision
was not to meddle with those British soldiers
coming down the pike

to leave us
to our own concerns
thus were the parts
of all the parts of the bodies
of the Federal cavalry troop
- Lieut. Petterman's command - left around
the landscape on and about the dun hills by
Fort Phil Kearny

(for Ed Dorn

--Charles Olson
THE WORLD OF THE LIE

One of those drunken scenes, I holding him around the shoulders & him blind staggering drunk. When they hit the curb he felt the arm tighten around his shoulder for a second, & looking up, the red traffic light. A little Ford came cutting up the street & he jumped out directly in front of it—

Now they were across the street & getting his face slapped lightly, hearing "Hey now, snap out of it," still on his feet in the doorway. The cop said "What're you guys fighting about?" "No, it's OK, no fight; he's just a little loaded." He leaned back against the door & managed to say "Yeah, yeah, it's OK."
"Well get him home & out of trouble before I run you both in."

1: Had the car stopped? In time? Thinking back on it later he remembered the couple in the car, a light brown Ford, quite recent. The guy had made a face more of fear than anything else, an agonized surprise. That was it. He couldn't remember the impact. But then he wouldn't have. Had there been an impact? Did the guy stop a few feet up the street, maybe in the middle of the intersection? Did the guy jump out, not even bothering to close the door, & run back to him lying there with his head battered open like a broken melon, his rib cage flattened where the bumper'd caved it in at 40 miles an hour. There would have been a crowd. —Was there another world, coexistent, that went on from that?

2: About 11 a.m. he'd gone over to M's place & K came out of the other room looking like she'd been thru hell, mouse-colored hair hanging down all over her face. Another time M had told him "Aw shit, I balled her before; she aint such a hot lay." & later she'd told him it wasn't true, he'd never touched her. No, I just can't understand why he'd want to say something like that. —Creating an entire new night & morning: she'd been evicted, no place to go, he put her up, he tried to get fresh but she turned him down, etc.. Creating an entire drama, a whole world that, finally, coexisted, complete & answering to its own laws of motive & circumstance.

3: The home run ball that turns into a circus catch & the game is over, the batter, almost all the way to first, stops, kicks the bag, walks off toward the dugout.

4: The poem.
THE MENDACITY OF WINDOWS

From across the room I can see the upper branches of a sycamore.
Some kind of blight, a white fungus in the forks of the leafless branches.
They're just dense enough to form a pattern, & tho the windows on the other side of the court aren't hidden by them, they're abstracted, showing only a section at a time, like the window itself that shows me 80 cu ft of sycamore branches; no tops or bottoms, just connected sticks.
THE MENDACITY OF RADIO

He jumped out of the car &
pissed in the ditch.
What water had been there was
frozen & the mudbanks hard
& glazed.
He got in again, sitting
with his shoulders hunched up,
& blowing on his hands.
He said
Christ it's cold out there
& held his hands out to the heater.

She didn't answer him,
just kept on driving with one hand,
tuning the radio with the other.
Getting fragments of news, canned
laughs, static,
finally a saxophone in an easy
arrangement of something, very lush
with full orchestra.
When that was over someone talked
about India. A commercial for a bank.
Some more music,
cocktail hour stuff.

They both relaxed & the car
rolled on thru the afternoon
& into the evening, when
the snow started falling.

3.31.60
THE MENDACITY OF SCULPTURE

as it stands, there,
in Washington Square, a plot
of green named for our first president,
& facing the church of Saints
Peter & Paul.
There, at the behest of
Lillie Hitchcock Coit,
to commemorate the
San Francisco Volunteer Fire Department,
who are there, also, in bronze,
one holding a Stricken Lady
in his arms, another holding a nozzle,
a 3rd with a horn, his right arm
thrown up in a gesture, pointing:
Don't you see her! up there on the 4th floor,
garlanded in flames! the child
in her arms is screaming terrified
--SHE'S GOING TO JUMP!

That gesture for 23 years across
Columbus Avenue, the bronze jacket
spattered with pigeonshit, out of whose
sleeve a wrist & hand, also in bronze,
pointing
to a spot in the air above the Palace theater.

3.31.60
CODA: "As far as the Pass"

As far as the Pass, it's still there, & was there before
the Donners came to name it
with their misery, dating back,
of course, to geological times.
It'd been used, before them, as a gateway to this "perpetual April":
Hastings had written of it, &
even taken another party across
it earlier in that year (1846).

They did what was necessary:
they axed a road thru the Wabsatch,
they dropped their possessions,
they'd frozen & shot at Indians.
Stanton made it across to Sutter's
& came back with mules & food,
a couple of guides.
Reed got over on a diet of leaves,
3 dry beans & some rancid
fat in the bottom of a tar bucket;
rested up, fought the Mexicans
under Kaerney, rounded up money &
volunteers & scaled the Pass twice
from the west.

(Denton, who'd come across from
England, then 2,000 miles to the Sierras,
only to sit down in the snowstorm &
compose verses in which he did
"...wander in those summer fields,
The scenes of boyhood's hours."

On the way back from Chicago (September, '56) the guy stopped & bought us coffee at this little place pushed back into the pines on the western slope. When we got up to leave we saw a truck'd pulled in behind us. The guy jumped in & backed his car out anyway, the rear deck going right in under the truck's belly till the trailer just tapped the rear window. Then he cut hard to the right & made it out to the highway in one sweep, spraying dust & gravel all over everything. In the minute before he pulled onto the road I looked out over the narrow valley of the Sacramento, knowing just about where it starts to climb up to the peaks of the Coast Range, the the westernmost wall of them plunging into the sea. Well, this is where I live. & we started down the grade

-- Ron Loewinsohn
the guggenheim exhibition of abstract expressionists & imagists (to Dec. 31)

I keep saying I was disappointed, or disillusioned, when in fact I was bored almost without relief all the way down the ramp, not so much because most of the 50 or 60 paintings in the show were so bad (they were) as that they were so consistently uninteresting. There was a time, I can remember, when for all the really bad paintings cropping up all over town there weren't so many that were actually dull. True, then, as now, everyone was working out of only two or three ideas, but great amounts of energy were in evidence, and energy, while not necessarily Art, is necessary to art (the production of) and is anyway interesting to watch.

What I mean by boredom is Oh, ray parker, again, as tho it had ever been an achievement. morris louis beach awnings. frank stella bright young boy makes good. albers forever and ever. square. leon smith. albert urban. ken noland. wm ronald. ralph humphrey/ patented boredom. I don't understand how or why they keep it up. nothing happening. nearly every painting in the show was done in 1960/61. these are our contemporaries then. who are they talking to? resurrecting ghosts of their former selves, or each others' selves. in a show like this (each painter represented by one work) each painting must be its best foot forward. yes or no, now. I don't care what kind of limb you used to wander out on. I take you seriously and I'm not interested in the mess growing over your mind. the fine thin roots you show me. I'd rather see you fly too near the sun, fall grandly and miserably, as long as you take off.

Well, maybe we're at an impasse in Great American Painting. in which case the show has definite historic value. where (god help us) we are now or aren't which seems more to the point. in any case the show was very poorly organized. to be sure, everyone has enough bad paintings. they drag them out for every one-man show where at least there's reason for comparison. here they're on their own, one right after another. a miserable work. motherwell peeking over his wife's shoulder. the kind of show second rate painters come out on top of. the only reason norman bluhm could look better than de kooning is bad organization. the third rate and on down painters are not worth mentioning.

there are some that hold their own. the kline will stand up well against a great many of his earlier paintings. els worth kelley is dazzling. a yellow like that. I will not tire of rothko's luminescent reds because he has not tired of them. there is a royal blue newman downstairs. hans hofmann is not an old man. james brooks. joan mitchell. I am talking about individual paintings. what there is to see. guston's poignant twisted blacks. a pollock it is worth the trip uptown for. one of those long friezes with white duco and aluminum drippings creating endlessly exciting visual upsets. a very interesting surprise was the jasper johns. it's supposed to be a number 5 (does that make him an imagist? & what is an imagist?) but you can forget that. it's a mess and it looks like he might really be getting into something. why not?

Then 4 days later I say the miro show at the matisse gallery. all work from 1959-61, and electrifying. I thought he was going to die making pots, like picasso, but I was wrong. he's doing huge blue paintings with two or three spots of black and orange. and small white paintings with little crayola scribbles. he's dipping into his entire life and coming up fresh and brilliant again and again, a joy to the eye. he says somewhere he thinks that paintings must throw out sparks, and this show is like the aurora borealis going on in your head. the exhibition at the guggenheim isn't.

-- Marian Zazeela
Review

The Judson Poets Theatre presented two one-act plays at the Judson Church.

The first was Apollinaire's Breasts of Tiresias. I couldn't tell much about the play because of the production. So much happened on and around the stage area. I never knew quite what was happening - what was accidental - what was planned.

The second play was Joel Oppenheimer's The Great American Desert. It had Wyatt Earp, Wild Bill Hickock, Billy the Kid, and Doc Holliday in Western Heaven. The play was a Western. Meanwhile three bank robbers wander with measured slovenliness from one corner of the stage to the other searching for water. There was a sheriff, and a banker, and a sweet young girl with ringlets, pregnant, a saloon whore with clap, a madam who laughed. This western had everything just like the moving pictures. It was a very good western, if you don't like westerns, and even if you do. It was also filled with pertinent information about Indian tongues, six-shooters, history, geography, and so forth.

It worked. The play was a little over-long, and the measured pacing of the direction gave the play a cranked-out flavour, but who cares, I liked it.

--Alan Marlowe

ROLLINS' RETURN

Sonny Rollins came back November 14th with a new group and blew everybody's ears off. I heard him play some ballads, a Duke original, and one of his own up-tempo blues. It was the most beautiful tenor playing I've heard since I last heard Sonny. What has happened in the two years he has been out of circulation is that he's developed a sharper, clearer tone, without sacrificing any of his old power; his fingering is exquisite, his sense of humor at its very best. He was better last night than he is on Newk's Time, and that is to be very good indeed.

His quartet (bass, drums, guitar, tenor) is perfection itself, the rhythm moves fluidly, the time is chopped up, accelerated, takes the shape of Sonny's own mind. It's a happy bunch, Walter Perkins on drums has some of the old esprit of Kenny Clarke, the bassist, George Cranshaw, is like all the bassists of Sonny's choosing (I think particularly of Doug Watkins), solid, clear, he knows all the changes. The idea of sticking Jim Hall in there on guitar, eliminating the piano, is genius. Not only does Hall feel rhythm in much the same way as Sonny, but the very presence of the guitar timbre, the prolongation and softness of the notes, complements Sonny's tenor playing, where a piano at times would have hurried him, clashed with him. Here, the very resonance of the guitar against the clarity of Rollins' tenor voice gives that voice an added depth, a roundness upon its own roundness.

He played very well on everything. On I Got It Bad, he achieved a sound that I must believe is the sound the tenor was made for. My God, he had a good time, too. The best I heard while I was there was a bright, happy, nutty Three Little Words. They got a fantastic thing going between Jim Hall and Perkins, taking Tours in which each man's intelligence was explicitly demonstrated, it bounced, it moved, everybody was laughing, and Sonny (how exactly) "comping" behind them — like the old boppers. Then he and Jim Hall moving alternately up the scale of changes to the very head of the tune itself, and Sonny taking it out lightly, deftly, three - lit-tle - words, the rhythm acrobatic behind him. Well, Sonny is back, better than ever, for me the best. And I get the feeling that he will get better and better as he gets older. His push into what is new and at the same time valid for him, is slow, tentative, but when he knows it, he really knows it all. He proved that last night.

--G. Sorrentino