MARRY DESTI'S ASS

In Bayreuth once
we were very good friends of the Wagners
and I stepped in once
for Isadora so perfectly
she would never allow me to dance again
that's the way it was in Bayreuth

the way it was in Hackensack
was different
there one never did anything
and everyone hated you anyway
it was fun, it was clear
you knew where you stood

in Boston you were never really standing
I was usually lying
it was amusing to be lying all
the time for everybody
it was like exercise

it means something to exercise
in Norfolk Virginia
it means you've been to bed with a Nigra
well it is exercise
the only difference is it's better than Boston
I was walking along the street
of Cincinnati
and I met Kenneth Koch's mother
fresh from the Istanbul Hilton
she liked me and I liked her
we both liked Istanbul

then in Waukegan I met a furniture manufacturer
and it wiped out all dreams of pleasantness from my mind
it was like being pushed down hard
on a chair
it was like something horrible you hadn't expected
which is the most horrible thing

and in Singapore I got a dreadful
disease it was amusing to have bumps
except they went into my veins
and rose to the surface like Vesuvius
getting cured was like learning to smoke

yet I always loved Baltimore
the porches which hurt your ass
no, they were the steps
well you have a wet ass anyway
if they'd only stop scrubbing

and Frisco where I saw
Toumanova "the baby ballerina" except
she looked like a cow
I didn't know the history of the ballet yet
not that that taught me much

now if you feel like you want to deal with
Tokyo
you've really got something to handle
it's like Times Square at midnight
you don't know where you're going
but you know

and then in Harbin I knew
how to behave it was glorious that
was love sneaking up on me through the snow
and I felt it was because of all
the postcards and the smiles and kisses and the grunts
that was love but I kept on traveling

Frank O'Hara 4/15/61
ST. PAUL AND ALL THAT

Totally abashed and smiling

I walk in
sit down and
face the frigidaire

it's April
no May
it's May

such little things have to be established in morning
after the big things of night
do you want me to come? when
I think of all the things I've been thinking of I feel insane
simple "life in Birmingham is hell"
simple "you will miss me
but that's good"

when the tears of a whole generation are assembled
they will only fill a coffee cup
just because they evaporate
doesn't mean life has heat
"this various dream of living"

I am live with you
full of anxious pleasures and pleasurable anxiety
hardness and softness

I read what you read
listening while you talk and walking while you read

which is right, I am the one with the curiosity
you read for some mysterious reason

I read simple because I am a writer
the sun doesn't necessarily set, sometimes it just disappears
when you're not here someone walks in and says

"hey,
there's no dancer in that bed"

0 the Polish summers! those drafts!
those black and white teeth!
you never come when you say you'll come but on the other hand you do come

Frank O'Hara 5/20/61
A Work.

A work which would free much of the encumbrance upon man as himself a universe - not microorganism, microcosm - would start with Hesiod, taking him as a base-line and saying anything after him as 'lost' something and that all which he does show and include is a beginning of dimension of man's place in the cosmos as it had been imagined before Homer or any such better known ways man is placed which have come on since. What I am gesturing in, is a 'literature' (of which Hesiod seems to be a conclusion) which is now for the first time again available; and it amounts to something like Hesiod's own title, a theogony. As such - and not as it has sounded - it is a total placement of man and things among all possibilities of creation, rather than that one alone, of modern history and politics, and science and literature, or arma, the Indo-European chariot, and virum, the old epic. My confidence is, there is a new one, and Hesiod is one of its gates.

Immediately my purpose is only to wake up the time spans and materials lying behind Hesiod, so that they can seem freer than they have; but essentially I'm sure a line drawn through Hesiod himself will already demark the difference the materials and times behind him will yield. The problem is what seems still to be an unwritten history, the History of the Second Millenium BC. Already in fact an historian-scholar of Hittite, such as Hans Guterboch, has suggested that the classic three generations of God-Fathers Absolute, and their Wives and Sons, is in fact some curious summary of conditions in each of three successive millenia, the 1st, the 3rd and the 2nd, the series running thus:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Greek</th>
<th>Hittite</th>
<th>Phoenician</th>
<th>Mesopotamian</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Ouranos (Saturn)</td>
<td>Anu</td>
<td>Kumarbi</td>
<td>Enlil (also El)</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Cronos</td>
<td>Tesub</td>
<td>Baal</td>
<td>Marduk</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

And even - in Babylonian and in Phoenician - a 5th Millenium oldest of all "Gods", prior to Ouranos etc and 'father' of sames; Alalu (Babylon), and, according to Phyle Biblius quoting Sanchuniaton - the latter lived in the "time of the War of Troy" - the first generation in Canaanite was Elium or Hypsistos, "The Highest".

I stress the 2nd Millenium because it is clear that the series set themselves then, and though there are the wars of the Zeus and his brothers with the Titans, or Giants, who didn't rebel with the brothers, and therefore insert a curious mixed evil set who trouble thereafter all the established effects of heaven and confuse the general cosmology, the fathers run out in the 'sons decisively in the 2nd.' At the same time the 2nd is the millenium of the general overthrow of the ancient settled world, which was neither East nor West, and the bringing into existence of what, even if unclear, comes through to us - or has, up to now - via mostly the Greeks (allowing that those who still read the Old Testament get a great deal of that previous time of man slipping through the Israelite overlays.)

The facts of the 2nd Millenium are loosely known. Around about 1800 things shook up. The main drive down on the older Mesopotamian-Egyptian-Indus world seems to start with Hurrian and then Hittite people, the latter at least certainly Indo-European, in and before that date. But there was disturbance earlier, setting in between Mesopotamia and Egypt when Western
Semitic called Amorites (meaning "the Westerners") were fussing at settled cities and people around 2200 and 2000 BC, actually founding the Larsa Dynasty in southern Babylonia in 2020 BC.

But by 1800 results showed all over the known world: Egypt itself was ruled by Hyksos, who are now seen easily to be "Phoenicians", the Phoenicians themselves (or Canaanites, to use the Hurrian meaning of 'purple') were mixed with Hurrians - and the Hittite First Empire was in full swing north throughout Anatolia, Crete itself appears already by this date - by all the evidence that the identification of Linear A by Cyrus Gordon now makes easier to lock in place - to have been conquered or infiltrated by Phoenicians, so much so that in the period 1600 to 1400 the balance of Aegean trade was in Phoenician favor.

Giving that history of that disturbance the most time one gets a period of 1000 years overlapping the next huge impact from which came Greece: that is, by 1230 a whole new series of shift does come in, the Israelites invade from the east, the so-called "Sea-Peoples" (the Philistines of the Bible) sweep over the Eastern Mediterranean between 1225 & 1175, devastating the Hittite Empire and destroying Tyre and Phoenician power. Two great battles or wars dramatize this time, Troy, 1183, and Kadesh, 1188/87; but obviously years earlier Greek and other new forces had been accumulating and the overlap appears to come from about 1500 BC; Tatian in his Address to the Greeks quotes Thallus, a 1st century AD historian, as saying that Zeus' victory in alliance with the Hundred-handed Ones over the Titans of Thessaly took place "322 years before the siege of Troy." This can then be taken to be the line of the end of God-Father change and or transmission, as well as a good controlling date for the emergence of the Mycenean or Aegean Greek governance of the Mediterranean: 1505 BC.

We have then two 'halves' of the 2nd Millenium, starting with "The Westerners" hitting Babylonia 2220, and ending with Troy and Kadesh (1188/87 and 1183). In the first half of the Millenium Hittites and Canaanites - or, a double Indo-European and Semite disturbance - replaced older centers of power such as Babylonia and Egypt; and in the second half a new Indo-European force, the "Greeks", and a new Semite force, the Israelites, overran the earlier like 'pair'.

I believe this is a fair picture, despite how it leaves out much that we usually think is ancient history, especially that 19th century stuff which stressed Egypt and Babylon. It may in fact be one of the advantages of just the literature, both which we have inherited, the Greek-Hebrew, as well as the new literature these facts put into proper shape, the Hittite-Canaanite (as well as the improvement on the oldest past which Sumerian gives us), that they 'right' the history and give us this new picture of the 2nd Millenium.

With that one can then begin to work Hesiod back - as well for that matter as the Iliad - and at the same time come forward toward Homer and Hesiod's day (850-800 BC) from a 'true' origin of much which they include, the thousand years of writing some of which is now known and which precedes them by a term of time as long as 1000 years. In other words Indo-Europeans and Semites had, for that long before Homer and Hesiod, power and governed an earlier literary and historical tradition which itself preceded them by the full millenia, the 3rd and the 4th.
How much, then, of Hesiod and Homer is, (a) earliest man's work and story (3500 BC or before, and coming through relatively a unit to 1800 BC or so); and (b) how much is it the 1000 years of their own sort of people - I-E's and Semites - from 1800 BC to 800?

May 3, 1962 Charles Olson

A Passion Play. 1.

All principia in chorus: the chorale simultaneous.

Prince Achmed: I wonder where the Devil went.
I wonder what the Devil meant.
I wonder, what? the devilment....

Devil: Here! Here! Here! Here! Here! Here!

F.M. Forster: Upon a hill in Devi once I knew....

Stein, Pirandello, Rexroth, Weil, Strindberg, Ibsen:
Hear! Hear! Hear! Hear! Hear! Hear!

Poetaster: Boom-a-lay, boom-a-lay, boom-a-lay, boom.

Dylan Thomas: Ah! The Arse Poetica.

Bertolt Brecht: Ghost of Basle,
Brendan Behan: Bi by Basle

Crazy Joey: I'll get them all!
I'll get them yet!
Crazy Joey never forget!

Tonto: Crazy Horse!

refrain: Heigho Silver, everywhere!
Tonto lost his underwear!
Me no care! Me no care!
Tonto get another pair!

Custer: I'm George Armstrong Custer!

Burroughs: I'm Jack Armstrong.

Charles Foster Kane: I'm citizen Kane!

refrain: O, sing me a song of the highways,
I'm the All American Boy!
Put a dollar on my watch-chain,
Our old man is coming home!

Freud, et al: Picasso says that mankind is insane!
Jaybird: It's not coming out right,
It's not coming outright.
Thomas should have had the last line.
Bartok's was forgot.
Crazy Joey and The Saints
are in the wrong position.

Emperor: It doesn't matter. I knew an emperor once....

Andreyev: Death, doom, dominions. Whales, walruses, porpoises
flourishing mid Marloweanean madnesses. Hanged women of
Bucharest. Oil of Ploesti, the only known ingredient.
Guaranteed to mollify. All complaints referred. The
management not responsible. Infernal machines returning.

Cocteau: Playwrights unite! Gide! Opium! Radiguet (Yes, he the
same who wrote Brigadoon!). Artaud: (I'm the greatest
theatrical theoretician of the century. That means God,
you know. That means good, none better. Without me,
no plague! no plethora! no).

Pomes Pennychech: Drivel of Hemingway! Blood, Snot, Agape!
Stop them! Stop them, so I can kill more.

Chessman: I'm only a kid.

The Kid: You wouldn't send a kid like me up in a crate like that
on a night like this.

Devil: Drivel!

Wise Old Owl Pepper: Boo-Who?

Shoot: Are you a Hustler?

Trade: (Hustler:) Fucking-monger!

Monger: Who'll buy my buy, and bye and bye pie?

Devils:
Devils: Ginsberg!

Devils: Happy Birthday!

Norman Soloman
Conway, Mass.
St. Teresa stood at the window with her trusty six-shooter, and, carelessly, without taking aim, fired. Bang, bang, bang, bang, bang, bang. How could they do this (that) to him, she wondered.

Meanwhile, he fell. Falling through the abyss luxuriant: banana skins, orange peels, walnut hulls, the husks of the coconuts, the inedible exteriors of pineapples; his mustache, beard, wings, baptismal garments floating archaically behind him (or was it above?) or was he falling upwards and therefore did they trail down - those appendages, ridiculous to name, but perhaps they were not useless really, as they didn't inhibit transcendence): no, that is, not necessarily - perhaps (it was) the garbage which was falling, or rising, or otherwise in motion, while he, or what was left or had been of him, was inert, immobile, un-being, in that non-movement of that actor of the Chinese opera who could so well simulate the puppet, unhandled.

Six o'clock. Covering the sugar bowl with only one hand, the magician graciously produces the piped marching song of the Black Death Watch Scots Highland Queen's Own proud Regiment out of (so to speak) thin air with the other. He gets kicked in the ribs. Show us what you can really do, the Police Chief exalts him. I cannot equate you, the conjurer replies.

Endless motion, only going, no way of knowing of the existence of inertia - is that too a concept? The exile of the self is apparently impossible; the idea of surface absolutely idiotic, and (anyway) only an idea.

Houndness is an image of the all. You see, says the Laocoon, they see around us. A Trojan horse laughing at a Whistling Tangerine.

Speed, speed! The meter went to 80, 900, 2,764. Not enough. More is impossible, we're flat out already. Throw the furniture into the furnace, burn the books, and this time don't spare the Shakespeare. One chance at Alexandria should have been enough. The priests of Egypt were fools. One thing to speak through the tubes through the mouths of the statues of the imagined gods, but to preserve, to record, the Word... an abomination!

Fragmented sun's bursting colors of Byzantium in patterns of the criss-cross lead tracks' shadows - crossing her and the rug beneath, her brain not burning, but calm, quiet; the only sound the noise of splash, of light, a riot - the color, the intensity, transfixed... but not beyond endurance.

Norman Solomon
Conway, Mass.
Our Dear Friend Charles:

Love letter for you. We are one happy poet & one unhappy poet in India which makes 2 poets. We would like to come visit you when we get thru India to tickle yr feet. Further more King in New York is great picture, ---I figure it will take about 10 yrs before it looks funny in perspective. Every few years we dream in our sleep we meet you, why don't you go ahead & make another picture & suck everybody. If you do could we be Extras. We be yr Brownies free of charge, let us tell you about Ganesha, He is elephant-faced god with funny fat belly human body. Everyone in India has picture of him in their house. To think of him brings happy wisdom success that he gives after he eats his sweet candy. He neither exists nor does not exist. Because of that he can conquer any demon. He rides around on a mouse, & has 4 hands, We salute your comedy in his name.

Do you realize how many times we have seen yr pictures in Newark & cried in the dark at the roses. Do you realize how many summers in Coney Island we sat in open air theatre & watched you disguised as a lamp-shade in scratchey down stairs eternity. You even made our dead mothers laugh. So, remember everything is alright. We await your next move & the world still depends on your next move.

What else shall we say to you before we all die? If everything we feel could be said it would be very beautiful. Why didn't we ever do this before? I guess the world seems so vast, its hard to find the right moment to forget all about this shit & wave hello from the other side of the earth. But there is certainly millions & millions of people waving hello to you silently all over the windows, streets & movies. Its only life waving to itself.

Tell Michael to read our poems too if you ever get them.
Again we say you got that personal tickle tuch we like love.

Shall we let it go at that.?

NO, we still got lots more room on the page--we still to empty our hearts. Have you read Louis Ferdinand Celine?--his translated into English from French--Celine vomits raspberries. He wrote the most Chaplin-esque prose in Europe & he has a bitter mean sad uggly eternal comical soul enough to make you cry.

You could make a great picture about the Atom Bomb!

Synops:

a grubby old janitor with white hair who can't get the air-raid drill instructions right & goes about his own lost business in the basement in the midst of great international air-raid emergencies, sirens, kremlin riots, flying rockets, radios screaming, destruction of the earth. He comes out the next day, he cries out of the pile of human empire state building bodies, & the rest of the picture, a hole hour the janitor on the screen alone making believe he is being sociable with nobody there, having a beer at the bar with invisible boys, reading last years newspapers, & ending looking blankly into the camera with the eternal aged Chaplin-face looking blankly, raptly into the eyes of the god of Solitude.

There is yr fitting final statement Sir Chaplin, you will save the world if ya make it---but yr final look must be so beautiful that it doesn't matter if the world is saved or not.

Okay I guess we can end it now. Forgive us if you knew it all before.

Love & Flowers

Peter Orlovsky, Allen Ginsberg [43]
BEST READING LIST (an analysis based on the contents of a kitchen table on the lower east side, nyc, during aug/62)

THE BATTLE OF SAVO, stan smith, a fairly decent account of one of america/s worst naval defeats, quite clear in its indictment of the authorities in their attempts to cover up and cop out, but unfortunately tending to pander to the sensationalist in the reader. far better is lesley blanch/s THE SABRES OF PARADISE which purports to be a factual history of the rebellion led by shamy the avar against tsarist russia in the caucasus 1825-1860, however miss blanch waxes worry romantical about all them muslims. ARMY LIFE IN A BLACK REGIMENT by thomas wentworth higginson is an excellent little book about those happy simple souls who thought they were being freed, and mr higginson, who was 'de cunnel', has a genuine affection, in addition to being a radical abolitionist.

LILITH, j r salamanca, is supposed to put him forever in the first rank of great american novelists, and is also supposed to be better than his first book. i never read his first book. this one is a groove, if you want to phantasize about making it with a full-fledged skitz, whilst you are supposed to be giving her occupational therapy. it may be better than the movie-goer but i wldn/t know. THE CROOKED ROAD, morris l west, is an excellent thriller if only he would forget he/s a novel writer. THUNDERBALL, ian fleming, is james bond grooving again, and saving us all, and getting laid while at it. this time we get a lesson on how bars cheat on martinis (clue: suspect giant olives).

MY DAYS OF ANGER, james t farrell, bids fair to destroy an elaborate fabric i was building up about how maybe they were writers after all, i.e., i had buzzed back again at sarsoyan/s early stories and o'hara/s, and was gassed gassed gassed. this book is so hopelessly hung up i/m embarrassed. ubi sont les neiges d'antan? THE TALENT SCOUT, romain gary, is rather strange, it comes so close to making it, but m gary goofs it, badly, but i suppose maybe it/s worth a looksee anyhoo. some things are very lovely. i wish he would write the roots of heaven again though. DRUM & BUGLE, terence fugate, can only lead one to wonder whom the nom de plume belongs to. it/s to gag. young macarthur perhaps? no, he never went to a southern millinery school, i doubt. and i/m afraid that salinger has to take the blame for this one, just like rod steiger is guilty of robbing that there mail shipment.

THE HAUNTING OF HILL HOUSE, shirley jackson, is a good ghost story, not a great one, and you don/t even really need to leave the radio on, but still it moves nizely enuf, and is fairly consistent. if you like such things, try it. THE GERMAN GENERALS TALK, b.h. liddell hart, is not one of his best, though it does contain some new info, but he/s done better. also he keeps grinding his own goddamned ax about the theory of the indirect offensive, and it wld have been better just to talk about what they did and knew. NOT THIS AUGUST, c m kornbluth, is fine future history scifi, but i/m afraid in the end it/s romantic, not that i ever disapproved of that, but i have to warn you. A HISTORY OF EXPLORATION, percy sykes, is a scholarly start towards sources with some excellent maps. recommended. THE MANCHURIAN CANDIDATE, richard condon, also recommended but i/m not sure why. corny, mostly pretty badly written, but a very interesting book politically, in that it admits americans might succumb to proper brain-washing. i think he/s basically an anarchist, really, but don/t tell anyone.

THE GAME OF GO, arthur smith, was referred to several times to clear up certain problems in play. --aquarian, 1/10 of a minyun
A CONCERT OF DANCE - Judson Memorial Church, Friday, 6 July 1962

One of the objects of the Dance Concert presented at the Judson was to give the dancers a chance to perform in works they themselves had choreographed; all of the choreographers had attended Robert Dunn's workshop class. One of the immediate results was the emergence of three new choreographers of definite promise.

David Gordon stands still a lot. The flow of the energy, like a good crystal set. The receiving & giving out one operation, no dichotomy there. One incredible dance 'Mannequin' where he moved slowly from one off balance plie to one other, singing all the while, somehow terribly moving. & 'Helen's Dance' where moving slowly downstage in a straight line he moved thru chronologies & histories, focussing you w/clear eyes, pure energy.

Yvonne Hainer did a dance - 'Ordinary Dance' - that will probably become a classic. Naming streets out of her past, moving in her inimitable manner, pausing & twitching, lyric & wooden, a system of dante's hell in dance, personal as any hell, but terrifyingly clear to the observer.

Fred Herko's work still less clearly defined than those two, seems to come from more varied places. His dances happen inside his costumes a lot. 'Once or Twice a Week I Put on Sneakers to Go Uptown', a dance to Satie where he traveled around the stage his feet carried him, his arm made a occasional very simple gesture, he wore a kind of lampshade on his head. & 'Like Most People' he performed inside one of those mexican hammocks (bright colored stripes) & Cecil Taylor played the piano. It was some of Cecil's very exciting playing, and after a while the dance started to work with it, and the whole thing turned into something marvelous & unexpected.

There was lots more -(John McDowell in one red sock, leaping about like a demented pixie; Yvonne Hainer's 'Dance for 3 People & 6 Arms', beautifully performed, but going on too long; Bill Davis cutting up to some rock & roll in 'Crayon') - but those three stand out. Performance level thruout was high - there were of course, those who perform far better than they make dances - Ruth Emerson immediately comes to mind. And it was a pleasure to hear John Cage's Cartridge Music.

At this distance, the evening retains its excitement, the high one feels being in on a beginning: these people working out of a tradition (all three are, or have been, members of James Waring's Dance Company, all three have studied with Merce Cunningham & have been highly influenced by both of these masters) yet in each case doing something that was distinctly theirs, unborrowed, defined. Yvonne Hainer to a large extent summing up existing techniques, Fred Herko & David Gordon in their unsimilar ways marching uncautiously forward into what may be new romanticisms. Interesting, too, that for all the dance is once more pushing at its so-called boundaries: David's talking & singing in 'Mannequin' Yvonne's street names in 'Ordinary Dance' & Freddie's costumes & that jazz, right there w/him. ok.

--Diane Di Prima
NOTICE

Floating Bear wants to get collated every other weekend. Also, it wants its mailing list typed from time to time. If you can help, call Diane Di Prima at Canal 8-5320, or write the Bear.

Stamps for Floating Bear #20 were donated by the League of Militant Poets.

The dance studio of Aileen Passloff, Yvonne Vaine and James Waring will present a series of lecture sessions on alternate Mondays beginning 1 Oct. Guest lecturers include Valda Setterfield, David Gordon, George Brecht, Jill Johnston, and others. The series is conducted by Diane Di Prima and James Waring. Send a self-addressed stamped envelope to the Bear for further information.

A bilingual edition of Jean Genet's Le Condamné à Mort is being published by Bear Books. Send 25¢ for your copy to Floating Bear.

The new Totem-Corinth books this fall will be The Love Bit by Joel Oppenheimer, & Four Young Lady Poets, i.e., Carol Berge, Barbara Moraff, Rochelle Owens, Diane Makoski. Each $1.25.

The New York Poets Theatre will conduct an acting workshop: work on scenes from new plays to be produced and under consideration, exercises in movement and speech, starting October 1st. If interested write Alan Marlowe c/o the Bear.

Diane Di Prima is looking for work - typing, copy editing, proof reading, indexing, mimeographing. Call her CA 8-5320 with any leads.

The New York Poets Theatre is preparing its season. Needed: scripts, performers, (actors, dancers, musicians, people) tech people, money, theatre space, love encouragement, etc. Send scripts to the Theatre, c/o the Bear. Performers should drop a post card to same address, so that they can be notified of casting dates & places.

Go buy the Gertrude Stein books remaindered at the Eighth St. bookstore!

Watch for Yugen '8', out soon, maybe.


Blue Grass is another new magazine, this one from Dobbs Ferry, New York. First issue 75¢ includes the work of Wiener, Dorn, Dawson, Olson, et al. Subscriptions $2.50 for one year, $4.50 for two. Patrons invited @ 10 bucks apiece. Send mss. & $ to Hank Chapin, 111 Estherwood, Dobbs Ferry.

Stamps & some of the paper for F'ing B #21 donated by Michael Malce.

The Bear still owes its lawyer $150.00....

Go hear Cecil Taylor at the Take 3! Thassall.