

[Three broadsides by Elwin Volk]

Elwin Volk The heavenly bridge of the Asses los 1950 Angeles

to the everlasting freedom of love in an age of hatred

The reed's voice torn from the shadow whispers that love's secret is a song, And every hair of every head forhoar, A silverslender maid.

Black hyacinths blow in midnight gloam over the whisper of a heart on fire, And many are the songs of the dead alone, And long the lonely heart lies.

Black pines tremble under a grey star, A gleam of fey fire scars a bough, eternal hunger meets eternal love, even as my lips lie hungering on your lips.

Star leaf—through every gardens way the wind and rain have whispered who knows how many flowers have dropped their heads in the dust?

My soul's forever drunk with singing though I'm as as you my friend I were a candlestick maker the sun would not go down.

O song, O song, O song, when you come into the world look for no comfort in men's hearts, little silent song.

Gift Elwin Volks & Dennis McCalib

July 6, 1950

I climbed the sky-bright mountains, I slept with the naked stars, And in the dust of the dead I laid my heart.

The hungering mountains were a millstone laid upon my spirits; then at the shadow of a whisper I rose and found you, soul of Souls A vintage of pain, a vintage of fire.

When out of the Neverness of the Seas O murmuring of the sea in the silent heart of the pearl the shadow woven in the thunder and fire And the Barking Sea. Are a dream and a boding and a mystery Beyond death, Beyond life, Beyond fate.

They have torn my hands, they have torn my feet the stones of the field they gave me for companions; I love, wherefore I am.

O Star-soul in the dust? Star of our whisper faring in wilding winds.

A bristle of sackcloth silver breath fires the rose-wraith of a dawn where like a flickering thistle's
dawn the shadow of a moon was spent.

Circa nineteen hundred and forty three

Elwin Volk the heavenly bridge of the asses Los Angeles 50

2/39N PE 1 of 3

these little songs, and many like them, were made for the comfort of my friends in their Sorrow,
Doubt, and Sufferings happily— they may find another friend

RAISE the Stone RIVE the Wood lost-words of Jesus

freely englished from the Greek

with Interpretations by Elwin Volk and Envisioned by Dennis McCalib

He Said, The Man who hears these utterances will not drink the darkness of his spirits.

Look for the light—never flinch your quest when you find it you will be aflame with amazement in
your wonder you will hold all the kingdom of the spirit, and at last reef in the stillness of your hearts.

The little birds of heaven, the little fish of the sea, all the beasts on earth and in the bowels of the
dust, draw up your hearts and spirits into heaven—a kingdom of an everlasting love—where you will
know your hearts, and know your Father everlastingly.

Before your eyes the buried spring from the dust— the shadow before the hidden soul is shattered
asunder your spirit pieces through men's graves breaking its webs upon the winds.

I stood in the midmost of the world, bearing the shape of flesh before many. And I found all men
drunk And not one thirsting.—blinded by the blindness of the heart—And I grieved.

You see life when you are stripped of your robes, And—like the field lilies—are not ashamed.

Where two hearts are, there is Gods when you Are alone—when at last there is no one else—I tell
you I am with you still.

Raise the Store—I am near!

Rive the Wood—you will find life!

There is a town built on the top of a high hill And deeply founded, which cannot fall and cannot be hidden.

You listen out of one ear— the other you keep closed warily.

Gift Elwin Volk Dennis McCalib

July 6, 1950

Inrist in Paradise

2/39N PE 2 of 3

Elwin Volk Mince Pies Maypoles

Mince Pies & Maypoles

Fragments of a Letter Dropped to Earth From the Interstellar Spaces

CALLI Braphy Elwin Volk Images Dennis McCalib

Gift Elwin Volk & Dennis McCalib

July 6, 1950

While writing to you about our village gossip it occurred to me that it is a kind of rudeness in letter-writing to take the whole conversation. And so I fancied we were once again agelessly talking the hours away, absorbed in our favorite interests. At last we suffer a metamorphosis—you, with you fatter sides, into a treeload, Brekekekex—I, with my skinnier sides, into a cricket . And our babble grows wilder and more incoherent.

“The cask is in its last quarter. Say, aren't we getting a hit inebriated, Tit?”

“But you forget, we have some fire-works to go with our tipping. First a match. Now watch 'em sizzle and wriggle—there they go Brek!”

“A shimmering arhorscence see how it in my glass: stilliciduims of diamond, ruby, topaz, eavesdrope, elves bolts.”

"Look now it's getting werrier. Showers and showers—fountains and fosses—and there! it flares out and is spent. It vanishes into nothingness, like the blazing typhoon of the universe."

"...the quenchless star of crazed desire...the world-mystery and frenzy of the heart calling a man to climb speaks to the sky brim."

"To evoc, ! You've ground your eloquence on a grape-stone."

"...compelled by insuperable infatuation, our everlasting unmeaning in an eternal meaning...."

(Brekekex croaks)

"...Out of memories rise up crazy devil-on-two-sticks houses, devils' potes...memories of the well where the two Babylonian angels are hanged by their feet—punished for refusing to worship Adam—who give prognostications for a respectable fee...Hyaline cockle-crags of Qaf, groping like horrible gangrenescent hands, circumvallate that world and flesh their frozen talons in the -smokeless either. From all the windows of messages enchanted skeleton faces flees upon the star....

"And out of the seven days wonder of an old wives' summer of gossamer hobbles Hashish, leaving on his lath, discoursing with his heart.—Cuckoo! This is even as the universe, this ship-wrecked house of the apothecary, this mortifying foxfiery tristfal necropolis, and I Hasish, I am the Self-Seeking Self who dances in the hearts of men and sleeps on the edge of the parperilous sword...I have waylaid the mama-maidens of Paradise. and in my arms my darking jewel-jointed Henna slept and murmured as she slept and list! O stars and skeletons, with a shameless mouth have I revelled upon the rosy-rivaleted lips of Atar, who breathes the famining sighs of nightingales, and I kissed the unvintaged eyelids of Kahl, and so many a lass and leman love as there are stars in heaven and break homes in the dust! Our hero shakes his grey mate hair, puckers his lips. This was the time he had trysted when his sweets would come from the ends of the earth—that is to say, from the shelves of the apothecary's shop....

—It was in Venice, a shadow and a flame, where I was lured from love to wander in the world...The splendor of those topless dreams, radiance and gloomy piles, where the gold of the empyream and the drove of the enchanted sea are fined as in furnaces; pinnacles and domes of fire that float on swaling guttered seas, rolling, dripping, darkling, burning all music and, madness; labyrinths of turquoise and emerald and azure where phantasm gandalas dream forever, where a myriad flawing gardens and palaces in the sea rejoice like the stars of paradise, and oriflammes rage and trumpets clarion, festivals of fantasy; and then all is lost in a crepusculine so dark and iridescent

and cold, yea, an iridescence and a phosphorescence, and the narcotic odor of the sea—All hail, O Venice the Invaluable!...But somewhere in the press there was that dark gream, the silent face, the face of the critic, half-fearful and half-fiend, somewhere in the tumult of laughing cavaliers and oozing pigments...Venice is an anodyne for all the sorrow of the heart. I'll throw for the pleasure of Venice—whether Aphrodite or the dog! It smacks on my palate as a luscious vintage....

—Still my passion was driven on its fearful way. Flood and wood, stone, fire, dust, and wave and waste cast me forth. I wandered lunambalating in the wind and the smirr and the star smoke of the bournes of the desert. In the deep of the night, out of the jasmine sea, I heard the sweet still voice of Bibi Khanum, murmuring when the star drops fall like silver bells, gimleting agony through my entrails, a voice of a dreams song. My heart is like a white-cold flame in a wintily-weary star of the ten thousand ten thousand, stars of hoar rose of the heavens! Wherefore, because of the love I cherished for Timyr the Lume, and for Bibi Khanum, the femine ineffable, the most beautiful of tears, and the sapient Wugh Beg, I made pleasaunces and mausoleums to rise up like moons, so that the very heavens gnawed their time I was rapt from the earth in a pyramid flame.

—Then I went to Jinistan riding on an eye-lash to visit the Sinugh in her divan pleach with the trembling wings of dead dreams, and there I snared the bird of the new moon in the shadowing sea.

—When once again I took upon my glorious spirit the burning veil of the flesh - when I rose out of the tremendous darkness—I wended to Jerusalem where King Solomon heard of my fame and brought me into his palace. We were like brothers. The King gave me wine stuph in rose petals and butterflies hearts'. We drank together from his glass o' th' world and cup inscribed with riddles and runes.

—Then, lo! a dark-dun sea passed over all the beauty of the earth...For this was the work of the shadow immuned in a narrow glass, who has planted his lilies in my lives...I, the living of the living, in the little times of days, was a spectre spitted on my own skeleton...My heart is as cold as the stoness under the sea....

—At last one Friday when Tubat-cain was sharing me and I was emblazening my heraldries my spirit was within me, and I called for his razor, wambling in a voice as loud as the crack of doour, and taunting the spectre to follow me-DIES IRAE DIES ILLA SOLVET SAECLUM IN FAVILLA TESTE DAVID CUM SIBULLA- and the heavens were gathered up like black sackcloth of hair. Then I lashed a rosy-fingered crescent round my neck from ear to ear.

—Thus I launched my spirit on the wave—sol de rol lol de rol de ro!- But when I awakened—and all too soon—I found myself in a whirling coffin boarded with mirrors,—Hist! In this cell is hedged the nothingness of knowledge and the erosion of justice: Truth is the den of liars.

—With the golden winds of the fallen year my self-seeking self arose and followed its glamour to this supernal sea. Hashih pointed to the well of Babylon. Here I will possess Al Surah and flew down the star which rises over against the Qof. And shall wed the desire of my desires!

(Lagouchia)

“Trillil, trillil, trillare!”

“...and perhaps you and I, Tit, only have the fading efflunium of an ancient cask of wine...Even errorum! That casmie cruz in the unit of reality, that dream of self, always of loggerheads, with everything, forever threads its wild peregrinations and the true pole — a claw of smoke wound through a labyrinth of fire....”

“I think of reality as a caufluent spirit, rather than an aggregate or any articulated body...a broken rose of foam...the wind-drift of race wakes...a sand of nightingale stars hidden in a blazing cloud...The way of the sank, the world waves”

“This, old wind-bag, is the very essence and fiber and pressure of a man's life — good produces evil, evil produces good; from nothing something comes, from something comes nothing...the shadow is true shape of the light...Albeith, there is an everlasting pot-values savor in our truth...a reality within ourselves which refers us to an unreality within and an imorality within ourselves which refer's us to a reality outside ourselves...death is the soul-shape of life, life the soul-shaped of death....

“Wherefore, to the merciful to the merciless, just to the unjust, understanding to the ununderstanding, may be true freedom and true goodness.”

“Man seeks and finds himself in the spirit of love...Living, and dying in living—dying, and living in dying—his free spirit is even and one. At last he finds his soul in the soul of his brothers, at last he finds his brothers in the soul of the universe.”

“The contemplativeness in death and the communicativeness in life are woven together into the mind mesh of the spirit of love beyond death and life and fate—beyond the wraith, the allswing, the alpenglow—

“Love-that in life seeks death— Love-that in death seeks life— Love-that in fate seeks freedom—
Love-that in freedom seek fate.”

(Then the Rose of the Lute whispered to us)

“Here's a kiss to the stars!—Loom the Web, O Moira! and even your lips with me! The world is not
wide enough for my capers!—Here's a health, Brek. We'll broach a thousand tunes, and then a
thousand more! And here's a health to the vagary of the world-weaving wandering mind...Amo, ergo
sum.”

(The Enchants Unicorn, the Hobbledehoycowlicktbay, the Fire-changed Tulipomaniac, and the All-
Sinewy Heart also insinuated their distinguished sentiments, leaving over the Heavenly Bridge of the
Asses...)

(But at last a Fool mumbled)

“Man is not these mere wrinkled creeping thirsting shadows of flesh. Man is the everlasting universe
of the spirit.”

“Wassail and Wisdom!”

Circa 1940

Elwin Volk
