

Subway Opening

Remarkable story from DJ Andre at the opening tonight
(*three middle-aged guys, two in harem pants, the third in blue shorts*)
in response to my asking about guys beating up on each other
(thinking of Sharon's unhappy conclusion that patriarchal means sado-masochistic),
how he told us that the patriarchal trip was brought to earth by aliens
about the time the Julian calendar began and spread with the Roman empire.
Wayne brought up the Bible's shitty take on women and I wondered out loud
about the Aryan takeover of archaic Greece. Callie just got back
from the Mediterranean, traveling ruin to ruin by motorcycle
in the company of an Irish woman she met at the Palace of Knossos. Dik
makes the fairly astounding suggestion that all three of my children being Leos
has something to do with my father energy. Standing at the bar
with Paul and Steve and Ted, I bring up deities of the arts and crafts
—linking Brigit, for instance, goddess of healing, metal-smithing and poetry,
with Hermes, Hephaistos and Prometheus, who took an axe to Zeus's head,
giving birth to fully-grown and -armed Athene, the male Goddess of Wisdom—
and in particular pan-Arkadian Hermes *il miglior fabbro*
whose magic golden bough given to him by Aphrodite became in time
(but long before he became the patron of thieves) the physician's caduceus
still held high though without the snakes by his avatar delivering flowers by wire.
Steve notes that function-wise all those gods begin to look alike.

I'll drink to that, says I, finishing the box of chenin blanc and drifting
into the main gallery where Jane and Dave sit under three of Larry's
tastefully lewd black and whites of white semi-nude rear ends. Knute
tells again whoever will listen his stories about the beats and Black Mountain,
the egos, pretensions and eccentricities shaping our immediate past:
how, for instance, Ray, one of what he called the queen BM painters,
cut the head out of a canvas a young woman had shown him at his request
(a starfucker he called her), pasted it to an oversize pingpong paddle
with rubber band and ball attached, and sent it back to her. (This was since she
got sewed back together and was looking pretty good after the wreck
with Pollock when he got killed.) Out on the steps on OK Street I shoot
the summer breeze awhile with Danielle, first about our puberties
then recalling our first encounters with smooth, cultured, expensively-dressed
ambassadors of evil. Hers at fourteen, a gentleman whom her father
had introduced her to whom she, for reasons she didn't understand at the time
but which her father happily explained later, just didn't like.
Mine (me being almost invincibly naive), not until '78,
in the person of a Dow Chemical lawyer back when they were spraying
National Forests with Agent Orange after it was banned in Nam.
Sara's in remission, back in class rthrowing five-foot pots;
Sydney's up by Mt. Olympus, thinking of moving out because it's getting

so crowded; Chantal's in Pendleton with her bass, speakers and family;
Tom and Robbie have found a nice house on a quiet cul-de-sac in Missoula.
Following this there's a birthday party for Amanda down at the Grand.