

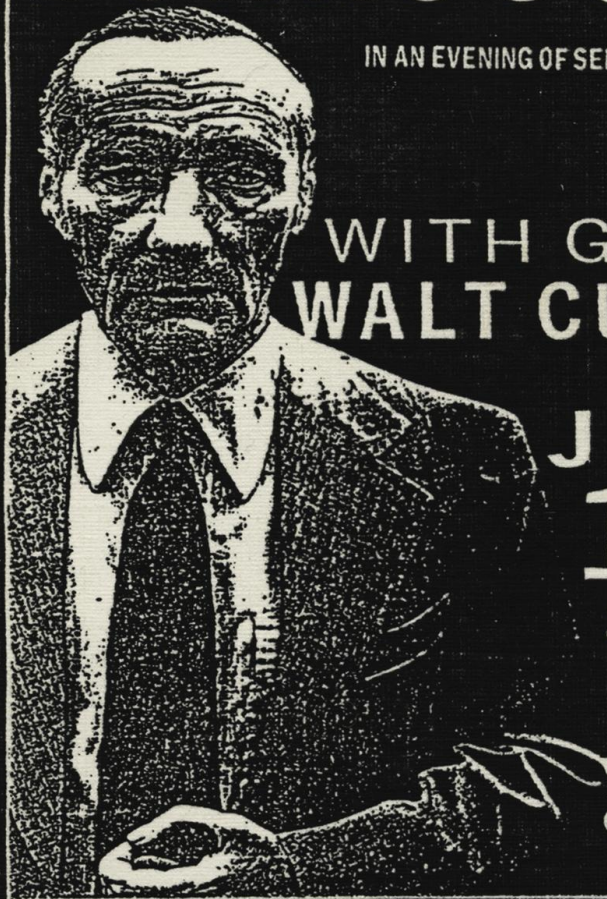
Walt Curtis



A to Z

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS

IN AN EVENING OF SELECTED READINGS



WITH GUEST
WALT CURTIS

JULY
12
8 P M

NW
SERVICE
CENTER

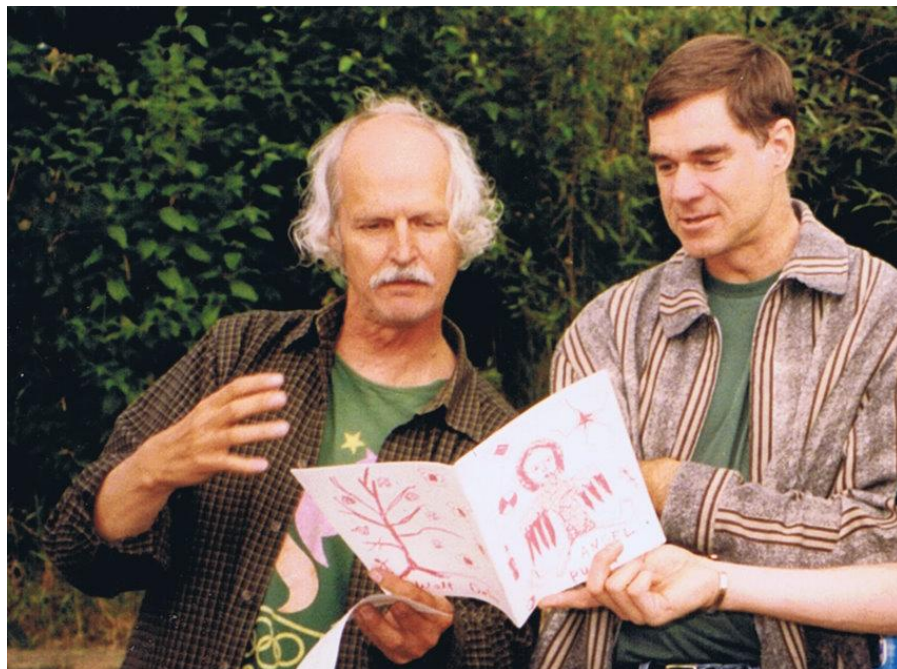


mala noche poster at the Quai de la Gare subway station, Paris

Walt Curtis & Gus Van Sant at Bill Plympton's summer party on the Clackamas

top: courtesy Penny Allen © 2006

bottom: David Milholland © 2004





Dedication – To Gus for decades of friendship, vexing and invaluable

O o U o T O o F T o H o E A o S o H o E o S

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Special High Proof Limited Edition

The five poems included are reprinted from *Angel Pussy*,
The Erotic Flying Machine, and *The Sunflower and other earth poems*.
All of these books by Walt Curtis were originally published by
Out of the Ashes Press. The poems all appear in
Rhymes for Alice Blue Light, Lynx House Press, 1984.
Grateful acknowledgment is made to the magazines
in which some of these poems first were published:
The Atlantic Monthly, *the Portland Review*, *Mississippi Mud*,
the Clinton St. Quarterly, and *Mr. Cogito*.

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Walt Curtis A to Z.

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Walt Curtis the graveside of his mother Margaret Curtis, 2000 © David Milholland 2000

Images

A

to

Z

Alphabetical

Doing an alphabet series of paintings

In 1983, two distinguished poets—James Tate and Christopher Howell—selected a choice number of my poems from various chapbooks. The handsome collection, with a fine portrait by Marion G. Miller on the back, was published as *Rhymes for Alice Blue Light* by Lynx House Press in 1984. Chris Howell did a laudatory introduction. The book was well reviewed on its release. Copies still exist in very limited numbers.

Discriminating readers like Paulann Petersen—Oregon's current poet laureate—believe it is the best representation of my work. Designed by Maggie Checkoway Howell and printed by John Laursen of Press-22, it is an esthetically pleasing, vibrant volume of strong early poetry. Have you seen it? Have you held it in your hands?

Fast forward to September 2011. David Milholland, president of Oregon Cultural Heritage Commission—co-founder with Brian Booth and me—suggested I do a unique painting in each of a limited number of the first edition volumes. He thought an Alphabet might reference lines or images from individual poems in the book. I said I would give it a try.

Each would be sold by OCHC to replenish the *Walt Curtis Legacy Initiative*. It was established to get me back on my feet after the great Northwest Bookstore fire—writing and painting—and to solidify my outsider creative reputation, in Oregon and beyond. I am 70 years old.

David, friend and ally for all these decades, has consistently stimulated me to bounce back and produce. This Alphabet series is now complete and available to the public. What an improvisational Zen-like experience it was—opening these rare, handsome books, taking brush and indelible ink to the virgin page to create a unique frontispiece, each image creatively done in the moment. What happens if I botch the process and make a mistake with my shaky hand? I can't reverse the art or rip out the page. It would ruin the book!

Thanks to Tao, God or Goddess—the series is complete.

for *Rhymes For Alice Blue Light*

There are many to choose from. One will like one, someone else another.

Art is in the eye of the beholder. Art is “subjective.”

We have A – for Alice, F– for Faggot and Buddha,

S – for Scorpio, W – for Walt and Whitman, and

Z – for Dr. Seuss and his *If I Ran the Zoo*. What more?

Perhaps some of you don’t know—I have done paintings as much as poetry. For decades I was represented by the Mark Woolley Gallery. Patrons have included Mark, Jerry Shover of the Gold Door, painter Henk Pander, author Katherine Dunn, filmmaker Gus Van Sant, musician Thomas Lauderdale, Pacific Northwest College of Art president Sally Lawrence, University of Oregon Special Collections archivist James Fox. Famous editor Joel Weinstein, poet Paulann Petersen, and art dealer William Jamison have purchased paintings. Ooops! I almost forgot them—critic Richard Speer and painter Tom Cramer.

William Jamison advised, “Don’t sell your work cheap.”

My art is collectible and limited. For as Alan Watts said: “This is it.”

Through non-profit OCHC, 90% of each one-of-a-kind work of art is tax-deductible—\$225 of the \$250 sales price. It has been a wonderful – zany – creative project. I thank David and others with faith in my art work and writing. This delicate Alphabet set, and a parallel 1-25 Number suite, total 52 books, a deck of cards.

It will never happen again. “Nevermore!” pronounced Edgar Allen Poe.

If a purchase fits into your economic situation, with the concurrent tax benefits, Peace and Gratitude be with you. Each is signed and can be personally endorsed, to you or one dear to you.

Regards,

Alice Blue Light

Alice Blue Light and I went down by the barn;
we decided the farm was too small for us alone.
All fecund, growing all a garden:
cabbages as big and bright as chickencoops,
carrots taller than shade trees, leafier green.
The chickens, the horsies, the porkers mating.

Chili is silly, wine is fine,
apples are hapless, pears are peerless.

Alice Blue Light she came at me
with her blue glowing breasts,
blue lips, and her flowing thighs blue,
sky sparkly and eyes blue water.

Alice Blue Gown, I love you.
Pioneer woman lost in antiquity,
found in the blue blood of the American race
outcrying Ancient injustices.

At night the skunk cabbage would glow blue lights in the fen,
and the horses cobalt would neigh and prance like bolts of lightning.
Will-o-the-wisp.

Walt Curtis, Rhymes for Alice Blue Light, Lynx House Press, 1984 – pg 27

A



Rhymes For Alice Bluelight

A of A to Z Walt Curtis 2011

" Alice Blue
I love you! Gown,
Pioneer woman
found in the blue blood
of the American
rag ...



Brussels Sprouts Poem

I grow furious at the approach of your love
which I cannot have, which I cannot touch
like a green phosphor star.
I turn livid
at the onrush of confection.
Your impossible affection leaves me unnerved
like ice-water dashed on a feverish brain.
When are you going to leave me solitary
with my strategies of loneliness?
Quit toying with my emotional mind,
I a Mardi Gras marionette for your merry apple.
Bitter emeralds, heaps of bitter emeralds. I hate
 Brussels sprouts!
Your face is a huge happy Brussels sprout,
always smoking hashish.
I cannot even kiss your cock, the lady says.
This poem is an unnoticed uninvited enormous cabbage
stuck in my stomach,
a tuber in flesh, a root vegetable, an earth apple, tender to the touch.
Also I am paramour of self-pity, her vagina murmurs.
Five minutes later when I came, out spurted all of my bitterness.
Humble as a freshly washed sock,
I strode down the street praising the virtues of celery.

Walt Curtis, *Rhymes for Alice Blue Light*, Lynx House Press, 1984 – pg 26

Rhymes For Alice Bluelight

B of A to Z Walt Curtis
2011

B is for



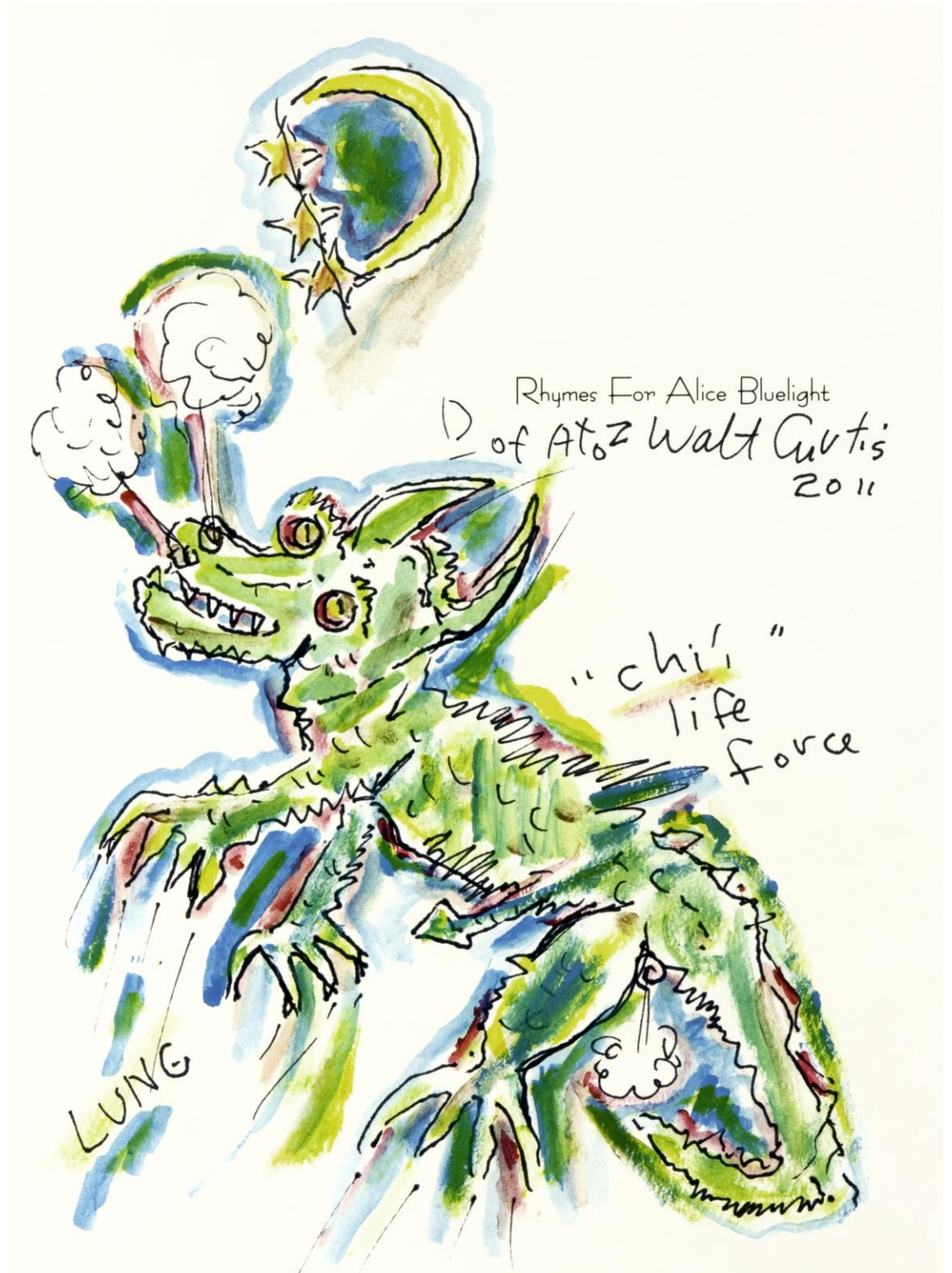
"Your face is a huge
happy Brussels sprout,
always smoking hashish."



Rhymes For Alice Bluelight

of A to Z Walt Whitman's
2011
15 5 05

not cabbage.
"The cabbages in my garden
they are like moons ^{are so sad} fallen
out of sky"



Rhymes For Alice Bluelight
D of A to Z Walt Curtis
2011

"chi"
life
force

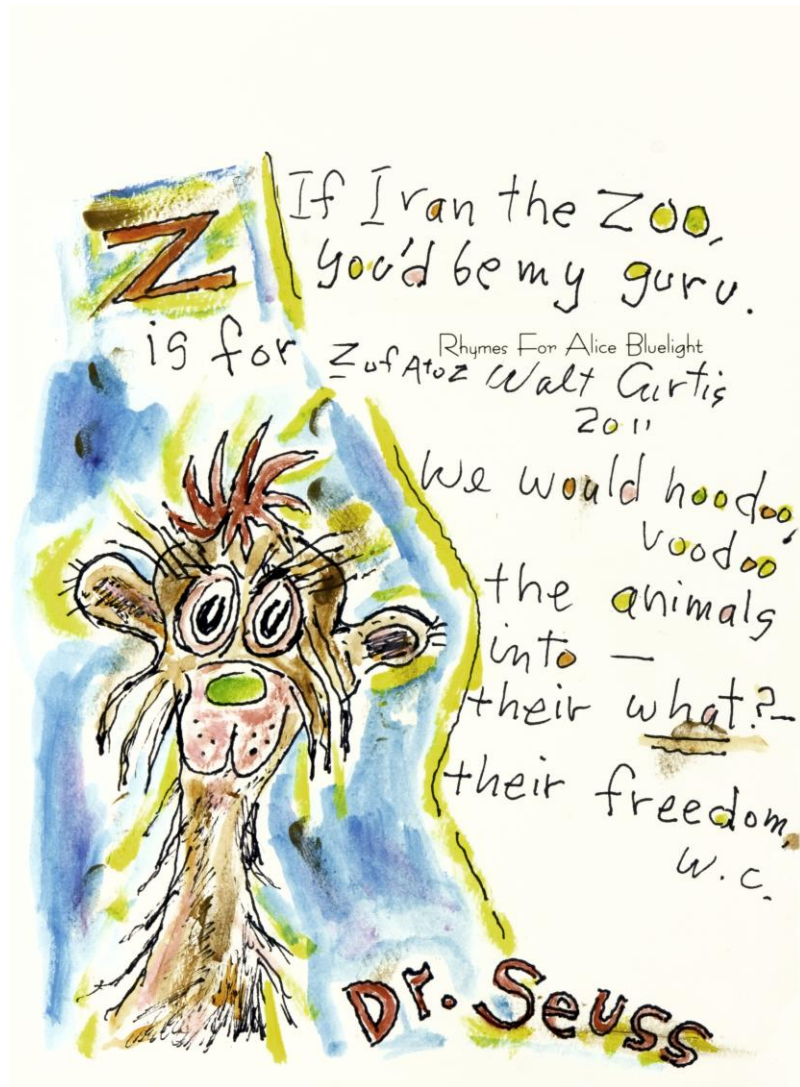
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Rhymes For Alice Bluelight

E or A to Z Walt Curtis
2011

is
for
EVERMORE
for
EAGER
Bliss
in ETERNITY.



Out of the Ashes

\$52

Special High Proof Limited Edition
A to Z + VV & 1 to 25 – a deck of cards