

A CHRONICLE OF LIVING LITERATURE

PERIODICAL GUIDE TO
MODERN WRITING

featuring ROY MACGREGOR-HASTIE
Waste Land in Russell Square

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JAMES BOYER MAY

TRACE

EDITOR

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A READING EDITION

ABOUT THIS EDITION

This reading edition preserves the issue's poetry, fiction, essays, correspondence, reviews, and other literary writing in their printed order. Advertising, subscription matter, mastheads, the magazine's own contents pages, annual indexes, address lists, and the running trade directory are omitted as reference apparatus.

The text was checked against newly rendered source pages. Poetry lineation, stanza spacing, shaped indents, and hanging continuations for long lines are retained; prose continuations are joined without false paragraph indents. Conjectural readings are enclosed in square brackets, while original spelling and punctuation are otherwise kept.

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WASTE LAND IN RUSSELL SQUARE

by Roy MacGregor-Hastie

No Twentieth Century poet can claim a quarter of T. S. Eliot's influence on his contemporaries. It was both an honour and a surprise to find myself sitting in his diminutive office, watching the author of the *Waste Land* perspire gently behind his clerky spectacles. A surprise, because they say Eliot never grants interviews to the Press; and he certainly shows no love for the television network on which I earn my meagre living. An honour—because he is the man who rid poetry of all the trappings of overripe Classicism, debased in a century of Victorian proscription of suitable language and suitable themes for poetry; I was born in a post-Eliot era, heir to a freedom to write as I felt the shape of a poem obliged me to write.

For a man who rid poetry of its geometry, Eliot looks oddly like a mathematics don. Tall, hair fading across a pleasant, smooth, and earnest face, he sat with his good blue suit in front of a cluttered desk, smiling at me with the air of a bank manager humouring a middle-income client. When an editorial assistant clattered past his door with an 87-year-old brewer in tow, off to discuss the publication of memoirs, the director of FABER AND FABER smiled even more faintly. His shoes tapped, heel and toe, on the none-too-clean linoleum. There was an atmosphere of account books and blackboards hung about with the differential and integral calculus. He told me there was no prospect of a poet earning his livelihood by writing poetry in English. When the best of his poetry has been bled out of him by the little magazines, the English-speaking poet can hope for a sinecure in a publishing house or in the offices of a Broadcasting Authority, even a stipend originating in the coffers of

American Societies for Cultural Freedom, or British Councils. But the effective verse-writing lives of his contemporaries had been unpaid, and there were no signs of change. Too little poetry is published. He deplored Britain's lack of a sizeable number of solvent journals in which young English poets could publish with some assurance of reward and regularity in print; the LONDON MAGAZINE and ENCOUNTER were the only possibles, the one 'arty' and the other suspect for its associations — and THE EUROPEAN and the TWENTIETH CENTURY are similarly suspect, he said, and for their even greater infrequency of verse publication. The B.B.C. no longer purports to be the patron of poets (the Australian Broadcasting Commission devotes five times as much of its air time to contemporary verse); and he had been unable to persuade his own colleagues of the desirability of frequent and catholic selection of new verse for publication. He no longer reads or has anything to do with his firm's poetry output — this chore he handed over to a junior colleague some years ago.

The tragedy is not as great as it seems, he suggested. There is little or no worthwhile poetry written in England today, certainly not by the young men who have 'taken up' with poetry and are remarshalling their none too lyrical or empirical energies preparatory to an undergraduate civil war between the 'Mavericks' and the 'Movement.' Of the 'Movement,' he said that it showed neither motion nor direction; its label was a misnomer. Perhaps the B.B.C. and the British Council are to blame for encouraging so many of them to believe that they are poets; in the Thirties, both gave shelter to men who had proved some little worth at large — now they harbour a cavey of young men not long down from the Universities. Perhaps these producer-pseudo poets will find themselves hoist by their own petard when television replaces sound-radio as a good pause for the poet who has served his time in the real world. In America, the outlook was

more promising, he had heard. He knows his contemporaries and the generation after (John Holmes et al) but not much about the new generations—though, from all accounts, the West Coast ‘revival’ is the business of warm, enthusiastic, if misguided young poets of considerable promise. He is sorry to see them enjoy their label ‘the Beat Generation’ as much as their less-gifted contemporaries in Britain seem to enjoy being styled ‘Angry Young Men.’ When he was young, he never had time for hysterics in coffee bars—there seemed to be so much to be done. Instead of washing cups and reading the *Digests* over the sink, they should go into the world of people, then withdraw from it to write.

The best means of existence for a poet, Eliot believes, is as a cog, lost in the daytime in an office machine, a bank, an insurance company, the civil service. Not a small firm, where hard work is obligatory and the hours long, promotion slow and the atmosphere false and ‘businesslike’—but a mammoth firm. There, pay is adequate and the duties not too onerous, leaving the poet full of impressions of the workaday world, but in a fit state to write these impressions out of himself in verse. He does not believe it a good thing to work in a small world populated by poets or to waste time reading the work of contemporaries; he got nothing from his contemporaries except a conversational friction and an occasional argument to set off a train of thought. A poet classically schooled and alive to the world in which he lives has no need of a secondhand stimulus. When I asked him why he, of all his contemporaries had been honoured by almost every literary and academic institution in the world, he said this was not undeserved, but an accident which could have happened to any of them, some equally deserving.

A growing impression, noticeable after a few minutes of listening to Eliot, is that of a man with a shy façade, reluctant to seem to be a public figure—but not reluctant to

be a public figure, if this could be achieved without seeming to presume. This 'shyness' is characteristic of a good many thinking Americans and seems to be a reaction against the publicism which is the rule in the social groups to which they would hate to be joined. They would be livid if their works went unnoticed; their lives exhibit that 'modest upthrust' typical of a cultured minority living in the goodwill of an overcivilised majority. Perhaps the plays *MURDER IN THE CATHEDRAL* and *COCKTAIL PARTY* were attempts at an integration with two sorts of Establishment which had ignored him until then; the acceptability to the Catholic Church and to the Café Society in whose cousins' hands the award of State honours lies, which came after publication, cannot have been distasteful to him. He shows no sign of embarrassment when obliged by his new wife to wear his Order of Merit about his neck in public.

Of English critics, he was in turn critical. They were to him both quantitatively and qualitatively decreasing. He believes it essential to any poet's understanding of the world in which he lives that the poet should have a good working knowledge of at least one foreign language; the xenophobe poet is likely to be a bad poet, and has only as much regional significance as the region has parochial interests set before all else. No critic has pointed this out for years, possibly because they exhibit a degree of incompetence from which one could expect a lack of familiarity with other literatures. A poet unfamiliar with alternative shapes in poetry governed by speech rhythms and patterns of life in other countries, is not likely to produce verse which is aurally satisfactory. Eliot agrees with the contention that music and poetry differ from the plastic arts in that the sequence of images they proffer should be aurally apprehended (in the first instance) and not visually. But he himself prefers to speak from the printed page, after he is satisfied that his verse is aurally apprehensible, and does not think it impossible that a

contemporary should be able to recreate his patterns in sound; he refuses to broadcast or to appear on the television screen and bring his own verse to life. This would be the direct approach, and he told me he had always assumed it would be necessary to adopt the Fabian point of view of the 'infiltration of the masses' with ideas worked out by an elite.

Born in 1888 in Missouri, Eliot came to England and settled there in 1915. He told me it was once the cultural centre of the English-speaking world, and that this had been its attraction for him then; now, when the cultural pre-eminence had declined with the passing of political, economic and social supremacy, he lives on (and hopes to live for many years yet) in England from a 'normal force of habit.' His early life was not much tormented by poverty: from Oxford, he went eventually into banking after a period of schoolmastering ('this is a vocation in itself, and not a good thing for a poet'), and then to the Board of Directors of the publishing house which puts out his books ('this is not really the sort of institutional patronage I mistrust'). He seems contented enough with his lot now. And why not? He has won every sort of acclaim a writer could hope for, including a well-earned Nobel Prize. I left him still smiling faintly behind the façade of decent serge and a chartered accountant's papers—and went away feeling that there is more of the real Eliot-man in OLD POSSUM'S BOOK OF PRACTICAL CATS than in Memos to the world at large he titled whimsically THE WASTE LAND AND THE SACRED WOOD.

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TOWARDS PRINT

by Gil Orlovitz

(THE MANHOLES OF PITY : A DIALOG)

Marx:

Personæ: Marx, a Publisher ; Mrs Cunning, a Book-Buyer

Mrs Cunning: But you really haven't told me. Is it a good book? Should I really buy it?

Marx: You must forgive, me, madame. I've never been trained to establish connexion between the question of good and the question of buy. As a matter of fact, the techniques of selling good and buy differ considerably. We should never fail to appreciate that the one can contaminate the other. Selling buy is usually reserved for the public at large; selling good is reserved for Foundations, Charities, and the like; both are good customers, both buy. Indeed, madame, if you are not attracted to this book particularly, I can offer you another. Bear in mind that none of them, probably, are any good at all, but they are all attractive.

Mrs Cunning: I think you are happily confusing me.

Marx: There is nothing so seductive as a happy confusion. When governments become sad about their confusions, they tend to founder. But I purposely digress. Madame, let me tell you a secret.

Mrs Cunning: I'll be forever in your debt, if you do. Women know that so well, don't you think? If only more men told us more secrets, they'd have our ears—which are actually our hearts—forever.

Marx: Thank you for your confidence, and I will do you the honour of betraying it.

Mrs Cunning: Ah. Encore.

Marx: Well, then. The secret is this: a publisher never selects a book on the basis of its merits. One would have to be divine to do so; and, certainly, the picture of a deity at his desk surrounded by a mountain of ms., doing his—forgive me—damndest to detect through his celestial bifocals what is perishable and what will endure, is enough to drive a mortal to the nearest committee on sane atheistic warfare. Publishers, madame—hedge, and never on the ground of what is art and what is not. On the contrary, we hedge, as grain-speculators do, on themes. For example, confining myself to fiction: for a given year we will plan, let us say, on a hundred titles. Of this round number, we know that the historical romance, if it is oriented toward the ante-bellum South, will attract the illiterates from most of the Southern states, and a goodly number of infra-illiterates from most of the Northern. A fictional tract on adultery, if interlarded with references to its major male characters as being involved in making their livelihoods at engineering, quantum physics, medicine, tennis, architecture—whatever, is calculated to draw readers who commit these professions and triangulated sex, or who enviously refuse to have anything to do either with making a living or body-contact. We will print a book on dogs; one on the morality or immorality of nuclear warfare; one on executives with colossal expense accounts; one on the miserable Puerto Ricans (you may substitute any appropriate minority in a similar situation) and their emigrations to New York. There will be a number of murder mysteries; two books on Hollywood, one novel on the decline of our National Parks: one book in the Joycean style as filtered through Hemingway, Faulkner, Wolfe, and Willa Cather; one on cats; one with a host of four-letter words; one on an adolescent; one on geriatrics; five on an impressionable young lady or young man and her or his adventures in skin-diving, mountain-climbing, Tibetan spies, and the Okeefenokee Swamp. A half-dozen will be printed

on—Mrs Cuning (timidly interrupting): Will there—will there be one on Beats?

Twenty-five, madame. There will be twenty-five novels on the Beats. I have the title even now—of one of them before me. It is called *THE MANHOLES OF PITY*. I named it myself.

Mrs Cuning (shrilly): Oh, darling, darling—I do think I understand. You mustn't tell me. I'll tell you.

Marx: Certainly, always, that is my greatest pleasure.

Mrs Cuning: Well, Mr Marx—it goes something like this: the Beats are terribly popular—aren't they?

Marx: Terribly.

Mrs Cuning: And I know why! But first, of course, you're printing all those other books because if one doesn't sell, another will.

Marx: I'd hoped you wouldn't mind.

Mrs Cuning: Oh, I don't. The very idea is a tribute to our American sense of independence, and enables you at the same time to turn over a good profit. I couldn't possibly have any objection. Mr Marx, it all fits, it all fits! When you say you don't select on the basis of a book's artistic merits, and then plan on printing twenty-five novels by Beats on Beats, why—it all means that you don't want any of us in the reading public, literate or illiterate, to feel inferior! Isn't that so?

Marx: Please go on, I might want to dust your words on a jacket.

Mrs Cuning: Let me see if I can put it another way. When a book is in fashion, the rage—doesn't this mean that we, the readers, are terribly sorry for the author who has to write the way he does?

Marx: Oh, terribly, madame.

Mrs Cuning: You see, when we make a book the fashion, it means we don't want to have taste, discrimination. Discrimination, we all know, is contrary to our Way of Life. But at the same time we're sort of sorry for ourselves that we

don't have taste. We sort of remember how aristocratic our lineage is, and we pity ourselves. But we can't admit that we like to pity ourselves, because that isn't strong and American either, is it? No. So, we go out and look for books we can pity. We're awfully sorry for the heroes and the heroines

of the Beat, aren't we?

Marx: Oh, awfully.

Mrs Cunning: That's right. Sorry that those heroes and heroines can't be really strong and American. We can cry over them. We do cry over them, because they don't know any better. Well, we don't know any better either, and we're

proud of it!

Marx: You should be. I know I'm proud of you.

Mrs Cunning: You're sweet, and your telling me these things

has been very profitable. Oh, those poor, dear Beats. They have things so badly. But they are making some royalties out

of their pity now, aren't they?

Marx: Decidedly.

Mrs Cunning: Well, you see, pity pays in the long run, doesn't

it? The very most smartest thing for a mediocrity to do is to

write about himself and all the other mediocrities he knows

and feel sorry that he's one and the others are too. And that's pretty brave, when you come right down to it. For instance, I know I'm mediocre, but I stand right up to be counted. I mean, should I go out and commit suicide because

I'm like the vast majority?

Marx: Certainly not. The decline in sales would be tragic.

Mrs Cunning: Exactly. There you have it in a nutshell.

Marx: A shutshell. Precisely.

Mrs Cuning: So you just go bravely ahead and publish those

twenty-five Beat novels. They make me cry my heart out.

Marx: Please, don't go too far. What I mean to caution you about is that you shouldn't cry your heart out altogether.

That

might force us to climb up out of — if you'll forgive me —

THE MANHOLES OF PITY.

EDITORS WRITE

Gene Frumkin (coastlines)

There is one question that continually follows at the heels of little magazine editors. Is there a need for their product?

Yes, we know that the little mags are outlets for young, unknown writers. Yes, there is often creative stimulation through contacts made between writers and the editors. Yes, little mags publish significant work that otherwise might not have seen print.

But these are the functional answers, the ones even those who have never heard of little magazines might accept. There is another answer, too, though : the same one many active in little theatres, in small music groups, in the less commercial art schools, in folk song and folk dance, have discovered. These people . . . we . . . want to become lost, to detach ourselves from our commonplace neighbors, those good, dear people with their stale gardens and attitudes. And these ventures of ours are side-streets which are never entirely familiar, no matter how often we walk on them. We hope one day to get so lost we need return to the boulevard only occasionally, for provisions. Only those who are truly lost, with no instruction sheets, away from all directional arrows, only those need to find ; only they create something for the human spirit.

Or, to put it another way : we are subversives. Not the kind who make headlines, but nevertheless hard-working, purposeful. As long as we exist, the world of the banker, general, bureaucrat, is not safe. As far as the power, the pillars, of society and those who take their cues from them are concerned, we are no more than termites. Let them then exterminate us. For, if they don't, in the end, we may bring down their house. With the hope, of course, that there is

somewhere among us a better architect to build a nobler structure.

Anonymous (but properly identified to the Editor)

How are anthologies gathered? . . . I remain anonymous, because I have become embarrassed observing the astounding behaviour of poetry anthology editors, and while I believe I possess a certain amount of courage, I do not wish to annoy any Great White Hunter now preparing a new anthology, to cause him to leave me out simply because I step on his toes. I know from some twenty years experience in American art that censorship has become, under various guises, increasingly evident.

I am puzzled, however. How are these poetry anthologies selected? Does the editor wave a magic selector over thousands of poets scattered in every hamlet and city of our large continent? Does the editor read the 150-plus literary magazines and pick the poets from them? Does the editor simply select his cronies? Does the editor stick a needle through a folded paper listing the names of thousands of poets, and he who is stabbed becomes among the chosen? Or does the editor have some secret and abstract esthetic measuring tool? I wonder.

Recent anthologies present such confusing pictures, how is one to guess which of my suggested methods is the one used? I recall an anthology edited by George Elliott which contained about thirteen members of the teaching profession in a total assemblage of fifteen poets. Did the editor choose his poets because they happen to be school teachers or because he honestly felt they were our best poets? In any case, thirteen out of fifteen is a heavy number to accept. I recall another anthology edited by Rolfe Humphries. Here we were presented with a collection made up almost exclusively of Eastern poets. Was the editor too lazy to glance west of the Mississippi? I recall an anthology called NEW ORLANDO ANTHOLOGY, and here the editor appeared to favor female

poets hitherto unknown to this reader, even with a twenty-year reading background in contemporary poetry. Was this because the editor happened to be a female? I recall an anthology edited by W. H. Auden. The late Joseph Warren Beach, in his *THE MAKING OF THE AUDEN CANON*, discusses the swinging pendulum of Auden's career far better than I could. Perhaps only a male psychiatrist could inform us why Auden selected certain poets. I recall an anthology edited by Oscar Williams. The last 100-odd pages in this collection seem almost limited to Greenwich Village, New York, and London. We are left to question whether no worthwhile poetry has been written in Western America since Robinson Jeffers. I recall several other anthologies in very recent years, all announcing some objective attitude; but upon reading them discover that most of the poets published in the literary magazines are strangely absent. Are the editors of the literary magazines so inept that they keep publishing bad poets, while the editors of anthologies have some mysterious inner perception to guide them to publish only the good poets? If the latter is true, then where in heaven's name do these anthology editors discover these almost-unpublished poets; for invariably they are almost totally absent from over 150 literary magazines? Please enlighten me.'

John Beecher (morning Star):

I have the Annual Magazine Directory, wherein MORNING STAR is listed with the description “liberal themes but conserv. presentation.” This is inaccurate and misleading and can only have the effect of discouraging poets of experimental tendencies from submitting work to us. I should be pleased to have a correction made of this in your next regular issue. We welcome (and have welcomed) work which seemed to us authentic and meaningful regardless whether it was experimental or conservative in form. To document this assertion, may I remind you that our first issue contained work by yourself, Hedley, and Kalugin — work which by no stretch or distortion of meaning could be called “conservative.” Our second issue presented “experimental” poems by DeJong, Hiner, Kalugin, Larsen, and James Singer; the third (just out) has poems of Hedley and Kalugin again, plus poems of experimental character by Margolis, Newberry, and Zahn. I personally dislike this kind of nomenclature, but such labels do pull people around by their prejudices and preconceptions, and I am sure this one which you have applied to us will do us considerable harm. I find it hard to believe that you would wish to produce such a result, and hope therefore that you will find some prompt way to correct your misrepresentation of MORNING STAR.’

Jack Green (NEWSPAPER — in elaboration of the David Lyle controversy over the Jack Jones issue): ‘TO THE END OF THOUGHT’ is essentially an attempt to solve the totalitarian enigma and arrest its advance. Like Marxism itself, it is a comprehensive theory of man, society and history, deriving from the analysis of one basic function. Whereas Marxism sees this as the economic system, and explains all other phenomena as “the superstructure,” in Jones’ theory, the basic function in modern times is the rational consciousness itself. Since the Enlightenment the conventional view has been that reason is equivalent to, or at least will eventually obtain

what is called "freedom." Jones shows that this is impossible, not because of the supposed evil or guilt of some segment of the populace, but because of what is inherent in the nature of rationality. Jones demonstrates that reason is based upon two levels of biopsychic repression, both historically and characterologically: the first of these was and is the Christian condemnation of the body; the second was and is the rational repression of the psyche. The first level of repression is well known; however, it has not been realised that the introduction of the rational function has not meant a return to the pagan "freedom," but a further step away from it. Reason cannot arise without the repression of desire (or "bias") which gives us the "fact ;" and theoretical understanding cannot arise without the repression of all natural sensations which permit the abstractions to form. Eventually these abstractions became a substitute for the original all natural desires and still later the only things that can be perceived, and ultimately these are confused with "reality" itself. In Jones' view, this explains the nature of the Communist phenomenon. In support of this thesis, he cites some two dozen artists and thinkers of the modern period, and the significant literature upon Communism. There is a detailed analysis of Koestler and Orwell.'

David Lyle (on another subject): The TRACE editors missed the most important statement in Eckman the Texas Pedagogue, namely . . . the hatred of abstraction. . . . Abstraction, as Suzanne Langer wrote, is the most powerful instrument known to man . . . and of the powerful and not so powerful American

universities. NONE . . . though one-oneth of a beginning shows in upsidedown fashion (in) the new graduate course at the University of Michigan . . . electronic instrumentation taught . . . and used to create abstract models, which are then utilised to create language in full-scale "analog opposition" to real-time, real life problems . . . (shows) i.e., Interpretation — that which Langer notes is the reason for

the analytic inventions of Abstractions.’

‘In John Dewey, “Principles are just Habits,” so we can cut with Joyce, to the core of all habits, and put a single bias on all habits, by “data sampling,” flip-flop speed . . . “Social class is a significant determinant of personality. In our culture, the pressure of the constant bombardment of (the habits of our) culture, (generate, pre-set habits bias) the school, a startling denial of the American dream, that education is a factor in bettering oneself . . . in that the school often actually interferes with social mobility, because of its middle class teaching and standards.”’

“Some referential literary significance” documented (from TRACE), COBRAS AND COCKLE SHELLS, which notes that poetry by William Carlos Williams stand by itself as “imagist structure,” showing love rising from amidst the ruins, and the fierce infinity (ref. Lori Babbitt title) of the Good. Dr. Behold this dreamer (E. Bartlett title) . . . but, the good Doctor, tracing-lining the 49 Industrial reflex, making the latent visible, not merely mimic-ing the Songs of Solomon (Orlovitz ref.) but bringing into recognition what Joyce described . . . requiring as WCW said a trace line, “a new poetic line.” . . . “The dimension over which a trace line extends is intuited from the phenomenal characteristics of the (TRACE) items employed.”

. . . TRACE LINE,—A concept from which to develop “Latent Structure” (ref. to du Mas’ MANIFEST STRUCTURE ANALYSIS). “. . . a trace line extends, is intuited from the phenomenal characteristics of the items employed. . . . Toties, testies, quoties, questies. The war is in words, and the wood is the world.”

*William J. Noble (NOMAD correspondence) ; ‘Dear Mr Linick,—
With trepidation, I approach the task of assessing the first
issue of NOMAD. I have been active in the poetic field since
1951, and in that time have seen many magazines come and
go. In correspondence, I have advised editors on various
occasions, but cannot recall any instance in which my*

suggestions were agreed to or followed. This circumstance has naturally had a discouraging influence, and I have practically stopped telling editors what I think they should do. However, I believe my observations may be of interest. They represent an evaluation based on reading experience and detailed knowledge . . .

I was pleased to note in the editorial an acknowledgment that “in spite of our intended eclecticism, the editors find themselves affected by certain literary prejudices.” This is important, because the initial announcement for the magazine promised “a forum for poets modern or beat.” Apparently, the “beat” school has been allowed free rein this time, followed closely by poetry of the modern type published by ACCENT, APPROACH, PATTERNS, etc. I found no traditional poetry, so one must (sic) assume that there appears to be a “prejudice” against it, as hinted in the quotation from the editorial.

I take the position that as an intelligent person, but not an intellectual, I can find no pleasure in “poems” such as DECLARATION, SHELL TO SKULL, THE REVELATION OF SENILITY, JOHANNA, MISS, and CLARITY OF ECSTASY . . . fragmentary impressions that fail completely to transfer themselves from writer to reader. Others, like THE CLAIM ON THE SHAPE AND MEANING OF THINGS, I TASTE THE ASHES OF YOUR DEATH, SO HAVE ALL PEOPLE ALWAYS THOUGHT, A LITERARY UNDERGROUND, and LETTER TO AN IMAGINARY FRIEND do have some good lines, but not nearly enough to rescue them from the mire of mediocrity. Verse in the nature of REGARD ME slumps dangerously close to trash in “shooting craps with God” and “fumbling with flat breasts.” Mr Bukowski has talent; why encourage him to waste it on such puerile attempts to be brash and sexy?

The best poem in NOMAD is POEM IX, followed by DERELICTS and SAY LA GAIR. In your second issue, I hope to find more like these, and good traditional verse. . . . these remarks

should be regarded in the nature of constructive criticism. Similar reviews (of other magazines) were not favorably received, but these magazines ultimately failed to attract enough readers to stay alive.'

Anthony Linick: 'With sincere gratitude, the editors of NOMAD thank you for your interest, and for your constructive advice. We are always anxious to know what our readers feel about the quality of material in NOMAD.

'You imply that there is a basic contradiction between two statements made by the editors : "a forum for poets from all areas of contemporary expression: traditional, modern, or beat ;" and a line from the editorial : "in spite of our intended eclecticism, the editors find themselves affected by certain literary prejudices." As the author of both statements, I find no such contradiction.

"Prejudice," perhaps, is too strong a word for the context in which it was used, but I am sure you will admit that poetry cannot be judged by weighing the paper on which it is written; nor can it be selected with the editors blindfolded. To choose one poem and reject another necessitates the exercise of some prejudice, be it only a prejudice against mediocrity or dullness. NOMAD's aim, therefore, is not to exclude poetry on the basis of "school," but to exclude it on the basis of quality (or lack thereof). We are prepared to accept the best work within all branches of contemporary expression.

I can sympathise with your remarks about the dearth of "traditional" verse in NOMAD 1 . . . Our problem is that we are receiving almost no poetry by "traditional" poets; the closest approaches have been rejected on the basis of forced rhymes, ineffective metaphor, and sloppy sentiment. You may rest assured that we hold no prejudices against "traditional" poetry. I can find no "hint" to this effect, as you seem to have done.

‘And last—your remark that “the beat school has been allowed free rein.” I know many of the contributors to NOMAD I personally; and those I have never met, I have corresponded with. To my best knowledge none of the poets represented considers himself a member of the “beat generation.” Most of them are relatively uninterested in the concept of “school.” The editors of NOMAD, to be frank, are also rather bored with this distinction. The poetry is good because it is good, and not because it is representative of a particular style or idiom. That your concept of good poetry differs from our concept is both unfortunate and a disappointment to us. But NOMAD represents not only its poets and its readers, but its editors, too. Without our tastes, our backgrounds, and our “prejudices,” the magazine would not be our magazine. It would not be NOMAD.’

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NOMAD

A Magazine of Modern Poetic Expression Featuring the Best of All Schools

***** NOMAD announces and solicits manuscripts for a special 'BLAST' issue to present literary manifestoes and brief critical articles, each to be accompanied by original creative work in demonstration of stated theories. Deadline: October 15.

***** NOMAD 1 : Featuring work by Judson Crews, Thomas McGrath, Curtis Zahn; NOMAD 2 : Joanne de Longchamps, Charles Doyle, David Cornel DeJong; NOMAD 3 : George Hitchcock, William Pillin, Leslie Woolf Hedley, Tom Poots.

***** Manifesto Issue (Number 5/6) \$1.00 Year's Subscription (Number 2—Number 5/6) \$2.50 Other Single Issues \$.50

NOMAD . BOX 626 . Culver City . California

A CONTEMPORARY SKETCH

by James Boyer May

THIS extremely kempt young man nevertheless smokes gaseously from a filthered cigaret and keeps asking himself whether there will be any crowns in his star. His mind is on hired things . . . and he has bled himself of every receivable sacrament. Besides his capacity for uncluttering his disinherited conscience, he has a way of 'making' almost anything (or anybody) just by tapping well-pruned fingernails on the tentative veneer of what he chooses to regard as daily chance. This keeps him well below the level of any serious tensions; and he manages to eat most of his cake, without noticing that he has none. When pressed, he will flick over a few ill-chosen names, which invariably deflate most of the satellites who ever bother to ask about the state of his underclothing.

And this no doubt is the most intriguing morsel of his comparative platitude: his shorts are—mauvely translucent, to guard both modesty and health during sessions with a sun-lamp. All in all, a most surprisingly-unsurprising young chap of the ever-wear. Ubiquitous, rather than omnipresent (a too-elevated term), he is tiredly encountered not only in aesthetic groups and amongst antiseptic revilers of same, but even back of bank-grilles.

As time passes (by his credulous view of this dark frame) the plating on many trophies of his anticipations do begin to show brass. Yet, he seems to be able to conceal senescence through a king of twinned use of a colouring he applies to the nonexistent fuzz on the concavity of his breastbone. This, he sometimes calls 'art'; and the fortuities of his refusal to neglect the weakly practice smear an unawesome, though portentous, indication of an increasingly-aggravated

tendency toward micturation. To be sure, only a wellpaid psychiatrist will diagnose his case; yet, several of them do. And their conflicting prescriptions frequently induce him to go into flannel pajamas of triple thickness. This warms his dreams, and vehicles a cozy sedentary hope for his OLD NIGHT THOUGHTS.

Perhaps, it now appears, after function has driveled to the last of the bladder, the sole consequence may be proven to have been his INNER MAN. He may see that all is subjective... Even his time-sense may grow less resistant. Which could be unhandedly described as a sort of precious prebendary emolument from long self-disservice in habitually grasping at sundae straws. In the end, he will find his last piece; and consume it ... and be consumed by it... And this will turn out to be an unbudded strawberry from an unmade Monday.

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THE LEAVES STILL

by david kalugin

... It has the sweetness of reality which does to be sure taste like medicine, but then it is good for you and in the end tastes right ...' MARK VAN DOREN. '... forceful, strongly felt verse, written with verbal dexterity ...' OAKLAND TRIBUNE. '... David Kalugin must be named one of the best of modern talents ...' AACHEN GERMANY. '... this book has a genuine quality!' LESLIE WOOLF HEDLEY.

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THE LEAVES STILL TALK — \$2.00

DAVID KALUGIN — 1112 Gerard Avenue — Bronx 52, New
York, U.S.A.

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LANGSTON HUGHES AND MY STUDENTS

by Fraser Drew

*'M_E,' Langston Hughes wrote in a letter several
years ago, 'I'm nothing but a literary sharecropper
— never seem to be able to stop writing — to
write.'*

A look at the bibliography of this prolific author will reveal that he never does stop writing. The list is a varied and impressive one, from *THE WEARY BLUES* in 1926 down to his most recent book. Langston Hughes has much to say and much to sing . . . poems and propaganda, lullabies and blues . . . and his energy and resources seem endless. Perhaps Hughes is only a sharecropper instead of a literary landowner, working the land of letters for only a small share of the crops. Certainly he never begrudges a share for others, as I learned early in our friendship.

Mindful of John Steinbeck's eloquent plea to teachers of English several years ago in the *SATURDAY REVIEW*, I was hesitant when one of my modern poetry students in a teachers-college class chose the verse of Hughes as her project, and proposed to write to him for help. I am glad that I did not succeed in discouraging her from the attempt. She wrote to the poet, and almost by return mail had a friendly letter and the promise of assistance. Their correspondence continued, and my student soon had a sheaf of reprints of Hughes' publications and articles about his work, a bibliography and press releases, theatre programmes, and even an inscribed photograph. She blossomed in the sunlight of this largess, and when the time came for her report to the class, she moved us all with her labour of love, her understanding and deep appreciation of the poet's work and

his warm and creative personality. There were several converts to Langston Hughes on that day of school.

When I wrote to thank the busy poet for his kindness to the student and told him of what he had done for her, I did not expect more than a token response. Even that would not have been necessary. But I too received a cordial letter, and there have been several more since that time. When Mr Hughes learned that I could not find a first edition of *SHAKESPEARE IN HARLEM*, he found one for me, with even the dustjacket intact, and inscribed and sent it to me. When he came to Buffalo to speak to the students of another college, he telephoned me and, learning that a faculty meeting would keep me from hearing him speak, arranged to meet me at lunch—a delightful hour for which I am grateful. We met as old friends and talked easily about men and books. Even the annual event of a letter from at least one of my students has not tried his patience; it would be difficult to estimate how much he has accomplished in this small way for the spreading of poetry's gospel.

White or Negro, women or men—students always like *THE WEARY BLUES*. They like the title poem for its name and for the casual mood and piano-thumping rhythm of

Down on Lenox Avenue the other night
By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light.

They like the sea songs that record Langston Hughes the Sailor, and they like the brief lyric about 'Night coming tenderly, / Black like me.' They like the pathetic poem *TO A LITTLE LOVER-LASS, DEAD* and the *EPILOGUE* with its line: 'I am the darker brother.' Best of all, of course, they like *THE NEGRO SPEAKS OF RIVERS*, and they like to read it aloud, especially its last four lines:

I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln
went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy bosom
turn all golden in the sunset. I've known rivers: Ancient,
dusky rivers. My soul has grown deep like the rivers. As they

read the later books, students find other favorites, like

TRUMPET PLAYER : 52nd STREET from FIELDS OF WONDER or the merry-go-round poem and the story of Arabella and the Texas Kid from SHAKESPEARE IN HARLEM. They laugh at the life and times of Alberta K. Johnson, 'Madam to you,' in ONE-WAY TICKET, and are moved by MONTAGE OF A DREAM DEFERRED, especially by THEME FOR ENGLISH B and COLLEGE FORMAL.

When they come to Hughes' translations of the poems of Gabriela Mistral, some of my students discover the full measure of their debt to the poet. Lucila Godoy y Alcayaga, who took her pen name from an archangel and a sea wind, was a teacher of children and has a special appeal for students in a teachers college. As a woman who wrote often of love and motherhood and children, she speaks especially to women. Yet there is a universality in much of her work which 'can strike the heart and brain of a male' as it struck the translator, who first hesitated, because he thought that poems so intensely feminine could best be attempted by another woman.

Hughes writes in his introduction to the Mistral poems that he has no theories of translation, that he simply tries 'to transfer into English as much as I can of the literal content, emotion, and style of each poem.' His success in bringing Gabriela Mistral to readers of English is eloquent evidence of the versatility of the poet of THE WEARY BLUES and SHAKESPEARE . . . , a versatility which excites the admiration of students.

It is the sad and the compassionate Mistral that Hughes understands and translates best—the Mistral who cries in MY SONG :

My Song

The song that I have sung
for sad children,
out of pity
sing to me.

The song that I have crooned
suffering children,
now that I am hurt,
sing to me.

*And in THOSE WHO DON'T DANCE, it is Langston
Hughes as much as Gabriela Mistral who writes
these words for my students who are going to be
teachers :*

*A crippled child once said,
'How can I dance?'*

*We told her that she should start her heart to
dancing.*

*Then said the deformed one,
'How can I ever sing?'*

*We told her that she should start her heart to
singing.*

*Quotations from THE WEARY BLUES are with the permission of
ALFRED A. KNOPF, Inc.; and from SELECTED POEMS OF GABRIELA
MISTRAL with permission of the INDIANA UNIVERSITY PRESS.*

FAHRENHEIT 1996

by Clement Droz

The CHEMISTRY AND METALLURGY OF COPPER, including a description of the principal copper mines of the United States and other Countries, the Art of Mining and Preparing Ores for Market, and the Various Processes of Copper Smelting, &c., by A. Snowden Piggot, M.D.—with illustrations—Philadelphia: Lindsay and Blakiston. 1858. 10 cents.

T HIS book, drastically marked down for re-sale, came into my possession in 1956 when I was working in a San Francisco book store. After spotting it on a shelf among the used books and reading on its spine PIGGOT ON COPPER AND COPPER MINING, I became curious and opened it. That it had hardly been read was indicated at once by its perfect condition; but since then, I noticed some lightly-marked passages half-way through, and a crease where that place was kept, so I suppose the owner read to there at least. But between pp. 60 and 61, near the end of Chapter I, is a piece of paper that is part of a cheque-form, and on the back, a penned message. The ink shadow tells me that this place-marker had remained in the same position for many years, perhaps eighty-eight. For, the message reads : Perkins Flint & Co That Cob of wool you mentioned to me — belongs to J W Flint of San Luis Obispo — he will call about 10 a m this day June 10/68 James H Cutler 405 Front St

I have tried to reconstruct the circumstances surrounding this note, but have been unable to establish anything except a feeling of contact with an era past, but still 'there' in my imagination. But the note does tell me that this book, now over 100 years old, was probably purchased during the Civil War or soon after, and until not so long ago had remained

undisturbed through the years — a beautiful specimen of the art of printing, illustrating, and binding, making clearly evident that perfection nearly had been attained in this field by that time, and that there have been no significant improvements in the art during the past century, nor should any be expected or desired in the future.

The relationship between chemistry, physics, and astronomy has interested me to the extent that I have long regarded them as identical, except for dimension. I was therefore quite surprised to find in this book on copper and copper mining a word I had never before come across. It is used in a different way from that I would mean by it, but seeing the word astro-chemical, referring to a system whereby the Greeks applied mythological names to elements as well as to planets, made me wonder if the Greeks might not have had a word even for this meaning. (Editor's note : No ; because, though the 'astro' prefix goes back to the ancient Greek, 'chemistry' came from 'alchemy,' which arrived via the Arabic from the late-Greek 'chemeia' most likely from the ancient 'chymos' for juice — but there was the medieval word 'astro-alchemy.') By what logic would you suppose the symbol of the planet Venus became applied to a metal like copper, or to any metal? It was because Kupros, or Cyprus, was an island sacred to Venus, and it was here that this metal was extensively mined and smelted in very ancient times. That is why the metal came to be called copper. There was a time many centuries ago when copper was considered especially important for what might be called its murder value, as uranium is today, for the weapons of antiquity antedated iron and steel. They were fashioned out of a kind of brass which 'was not the compound (of copper and zinc) to which we apply that name, but a sort of bronze or alloy of copper and tin.'

But the uses of copper are still very great, even though more civilised. Exceeded only by iron in tenacity, as well as

being the most sonorous of the metals, copper is used for a great variety of purposes in the arts, including its use as a material with which to alloy the precious metals (in gold and silver coinage, and in jewelry), and as still 'the best material on which to execute artistic engravings.' This also included its extensive use as bolts for ships; for, in Dr Piggot's vocabulary, shipbuilding was no less an art than any other.

From the mass of well-presented and sometimes very interesting information about the chemistry of copper and the ores of copper, to say nothing about the material announced in the subtitles of the book, we gather that Piggot was one of the leading authorities on copper and metallurgy in his day. And it is a curious coincidence that a metallurgist should have had a name that looks like a contraction of 'pig' and 'ingot,' both of which mean a casting of metal poured from the smelting furnace.

Even though he may not have known quite so much about chemistry and metallurgy as we know today, perhaps we can learn something from A. Snowden Piggot and his times. Since there were still some rather important elements to be discovered, the alchemist's dream, which has turned into a nightmare for all of us, was as far from realisation then as any with our hindsight could hope. The development in science and economics, reached at that time, still did not rule out, as it does now, the possibility and even the inevitability of a comparatively serene and peaceful existence, and that sense of order and continuity which is no longer knowable. And yet, while Dr Piggot sat in his home at 40 Bolton St., Baltimore, writing 'to supply what the author believes to be a desideratum,' an understandable book on copper for the non-specialist, hoping still that 'the work will be found sufficiently full and accurate to serve as a guide to those engaged in adding to the world's production of copper' (none of this nonsense about trying to out-produce 'the enemy'), not far away in Concord was a man called Thoreau

who expressed much dissatisfaction with the 'quiet desperation' he saw all about him; and in London another author, Karl Marx, was engaged in research and writing voluminously about what he had observed and learned concerning the causes of poverty, while still another, Darwin, was compiling a work which was to liberate man from the myth of Genesis. Why, then, if we now have a world in which exploitation as it was known in the last century is no longer tolerated, and there is a greater abundance and a better distribution of the things by which happiness and fulfilment have always been measured, except when they seemed out of reach or had not been dreamed of as yet, why is our desperation getting louder instead of disappearing?

Why, if we look back at all, do we look back with a nostalgia that is itself a kind of quiet desperation, causing us to wonder, perhaps, what Thoreau in his *Paradise* was complaining about? That the pessimists of every generation have always looked at the conditions of their times with despair may very well be an indication, not that they were unduly alarmed and could not see things in proper perspective, but that the condition of man keeps getting worse.

It is, of course, rather absurd to compare two periods in our history (or, for that matter, two nations in different stages of development) and then attribute greater virtues to one of them, as I seem to be doing here; but one purpose of this seemingly absurd 'review' of a technical book published a century ago is to point out, in my own way, that this is precisely what we do every time we boast about progress, when the truth is that we have really made no progress at all. What started out to be a muddy road to Progress has become a super-highway to Chaos and the Point of No Return.

This, therefore, is not an attempt to salute, in the veiled distance back yonder on the road, the once vanishing and

now vanished American who, after all, helped to bring us here—because we are what has become of him. Even if the scientist of the Nineteenth Century was a Greek scholar, and could quote the classic language of antiquity, as Dr Piggot did, he too was the product of a world he had never made. The same goes for the businessman of that time, whose gentility, compared to the push of the American Dream merchants of today, makes him look indeed like a gentleman, in spite of Karl Marx and the later discontent of Eugene Debs. The time may soon come when young space-enthusiasts, seeing no future on Earth, will be yearning to emigrate from a world they never made, to a world that never made them. But such a motive may be too noble to expect of a generation that knows nothing but this boasted Progress and will do nothing now to save themselves from it. In any case, earth-bound as I am and will be, I hope it will not be considered too un-American if I seem to prefer the backward look.

SOME ITEMS RECEIVED by the Editor

Top recommendation is due a translation now first available in the U.S.A., essays from a contemporary often 'put down' by those inclusively altering an old saying, to declare nothing that glitters is gold. While Jean Cocteau may be a show-off, he is a bona-fide genius. And *THE HAND OF A STRANGER* (HORIZON PRESS, 220 W. 42nd St., New York City 36—\$3.95) is an unusual English rendering by Alec Brown, under M. Cocteau's authorisation, of several 'resistant' works. Even the best French students will gain new light from Mr Brown's facilities in uses of English with parallel multiple connotative effects via words and phrases twice- or thrice-removed from their literal equivalents. This is elucidated by the FOREWORD and the essay ON TRANSLATIONS. Choice sections are ON MEMORY, ON THE BIRTH OF A POEM, and ON BEING INVISIBLE; while ON DISTANCE undertakes profundities, the value of its philosophic entanglements lie in

a few acute strands of suggestions rather than in the knots of Cocteau's metaphysics (and concerning which, unlike himself, he confesses limitations). Space does not allow comparative quotations, to show some of the liberties ventured; but observe that the original title is JOURNAL D'UN INCONNU.

The same sort of jealous begrudging attitude—from resentments over the honest immodesty of a good mind—cripples recognition of the young American, Gil Orlovitz. Our editorial associate, who remains in New York and ignorant of these remarks, is characteristically bold in his assurance of his own talents, in *THE PAPERS OF PROFESSOR BOLD* (HEARSE, \$1). Nowhere in the unrestrained gymnastics of this long poem on the madresses of civilisation does he descend to what would be for him the ignoble pretense of unnatural simplicity. How can knowledgeable heirs of the complex past be anything but hypocritical in posing naiveties? The Orlovitz commentary is both artless and artful, a precocious and genuine expression of an unluclid world: 'and I spin and whirl and whirl and spin / till I am the earth / and the earth is not, / till someone else go searching, if he please / for a colloid button I may have dropped, / or may not have. /// And now let us pray.'

Many fundamentals of the Millerian view are subtly, yet unobscurely transmitted in the first English publication of *REUNION IN BARCELONA* (SCORPION PRESS, 10/6). For this reader, Henry Miller puts his key attitudes across more clearly in this 1954 letter to Alfred Perles than in any of his interviews. If he is no major philosopher, he has a distinctive philosophical stance which in itself constitutes a good deal more than the mere angry polemics most critics see in his work. . . .

Early release of a reply from 'Dear Fred,' *REUNION IN BIG SUR*, is promised.

Through photomontages of Val Telberg, the flavour of Anais Nin's *HOUSE OF INCEST* (new edition : 35 W. 9th St., New York City 11., \$1) is strikingly enhanced. Telberg seems not to have been added, but always to have been integral to the book. His montages convey 'the dream,' in which 'I turned too brusquely the corner and I bruised myself against its madness.' As from the reading, in gazing at these, one experiences against one's will the ambivalence of the dream's repelling fascination . . . to feel that one already has been terrifyingly and delightedly identified there.

David Kalugin (*THE LEAVES STILL TALK* — from : 1112 Gerard Ave., Bronx 52, N.Y., U.S.A., \$2) is a poet who has achieved the enviable (if, by the common conception, dubious) distinction of recognition for honest difference in his writings, without commensurate recognition in terms of status (as commonly and dubiously defined). This may be fortunate ; for the few critics so far recognising him base their approval on but a few poems, leaving Mr Kalugin a purgatorial expanse of other print for his own reappraisals, to the extent he cares to heed the situation. And he does go on trying many avenues — though invariably in his well-defined personal idiom. This again is in evidence here — with his special sort of loving condemnations continuing in typical 'Kalugin-counterpoint.' He is powered by oppositions of anger and love, and pays less heed to precision in workingparts than to the angles deflecting his ideas. Except, perhaps, from those purgatorial questionings ; and meantime, addressing a more varied readership than a majority of today's poets. In this, he is more 'successful' than most of those adopted by college English departments, where he has never asked to be adopted anyway ; and on another level, he often strikes seemingly simple combinations which later may reveal more true gems than amongst the imitators of the enshrined moderns. One opens : 'Nobody smokes or says anything out of the way / To change the familiar- /

Strange habits of time / When it comes to face / The inner
space / with questions /// So long, so deep /// Angels weep
with our skies seeing / Familiar-strange people change
echoes to disguise / The meaningful truth of sleep /// So
hard, so deep /// It leaves a- / Moral standards stranded,
dead /// In a room, so long, so deep. / '

In what many may feel is a vein incongruent and even antipathetic to the above, there is the new work of Christopher Logue (a poet who obviously believes only in the 'importance' of the art, not in the ethical view) upon Pablo Neruda's *LOS CANTOS D'AMORE* (*THE MAN WHO TOLD HIS LOVE* — *SCORPION*, 12/6). And while there is no denying that the expression is the poem, as such, it's upon this fundamental (and forgetting the question of purposes) that these fascinatingly facile beauties nevertheless may be found wanting. For, while Logue indubitably has found his very own and almost hypnotic voice, he has overtrained. Some will ask : but how could this be? As with a singer, surely one never can be too well prepared? Then, perhaps better to say that he has been overcoached. Mr Logue has listened to a thousand voices (not that there is anything wrong with that — but that the echoes never have stopped reverberating) and he has not yet developed the capacity of holding to his own integrated uses of their guidance. He may, and he may not still do so. One hopes that he may ; but, for now, in these poems, the fascination is most-suavely flawed in many lines.

Next, three others — of mixed intentions with re idea-andvehicle — all carrying less effective impacts ; and not because they are poets of both words and purposes, but because the forces within them seem insufficient to approach both goals. Charles Shaw (*INTO THE LIGHT*—*FINE EDITIONS PRESS*, \$3) and Bernard Kops (*POEMS AND SONGS* — *SCORPION*, 8/6) come closer — the former in the idea-phase, the latter in the vehicle phase — than Elizabeth Bartlett (*BEHOLD THIS DREAMER* — *EDITORIAL JUS, S.A., Mexico* ; from

the author at Huntington Hartford Foundation, Pacific Palisades, Calif., \$2). Miss Bartlett follows a too-well gauged middle course, and most of her pieces bear the marks of her careful deliberations — and far less adroitly than the individualised outright uses of tradition by Kops, and much less persuasively of earnest integrity of ideas than in Shaw. Shaw may arrive at more significance than the others, if only because this first book of his shows wider versatility.

How helpful it would be, if we had all these poets on records and could hear their own oral interpretations! But we have just one: Gil Orlovitz's *THE ROOSTER* and collected poems (SW—120, \$5.95). The title piece is that same indictment of cultural non-leadership produced with three voices on the now-historic Chicago radio programme which added to the fury of the *BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL* storm, with loss of college support for the magazine. The poet's rendering of this and a varied representation of other works may provide answers for those who have missed the emotional integration of the Orlovitz intellectual 'stream.'

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TIME FOR REBELLION

by H. G. Coulter (greenwich, \$3)

is an argument in the form of a play on behalf of the lost Christianity of love (no dogma) and against war (specifically, the draft). Many quotations from Henry D. Thoreau's *ESSAY ON THE DUTY OF CIVIL DISOBEDIENCE* key a libertarian Preface. The drama is in three acts, the last and best of which — a trial — might be separately staged. But the whole is designed with minimum requirements for properties. Eschewment of literary ambiguities and somewhat bald concentration on struggle between a peaceful individual and a warring society make this more effective than not a few wellknown 'protest' dramas complicated by metaphor and symbolism; and while not for sophisticated intellectuals, it's nevertheless intelligent. Mr Coulter meets professional conventions and develops a fresh natural dialogue which good actors could make very entertaining; and much of the serious argument is put across with commendable humour, if not at the synthetic level of Saroyan tragi-comedy. The expository 'faults' are intended, and the playwright even suggests cutting many of the court speeches, for some presentations. He also implies recognition of the weak line of conflict in the opening acts, where dramatic opposition is 'talked on ;' and yet, the somewhat vagrant scenes of vagrants on the bum at least strike a par with many 'story plays' of today's theatre. What some may find corny in the slang is absolutely authentic for the time and place (a War II year) ; after all, nearly twenty years have sped! The expressions really commence to mellow into nostalgic reminiscence, though the contrast of a King James Bible style from the chief character, Joe, becomes a trifle ludicrous. And though a 'postlude' scene makes a rather 'laid on' anticlimax, the action-finale springs well-handled surprise.

An excellent coverage of its field is *CRITICAL WRITING FOR THE JOURNALIST* by Roland E. Wolseley (CHILTON Co.—Book Division, Philadelphia, U.S.A. and AMBASSADOR BOOKS Ltd.,

Toronto, Can., \$5). And the instruction, both in critical composition and straight reviewing is quite non-authoritarian. Not only is the distinction between these two defined well, but their many subdivisions are eclectically surveyed, to aid students in intelligent formulations of their own individualistic approaches. Though primarily a text, the book is easy reading; along with stimulating theoretical commentaries, are witty references to controversies and personalities. Without pontificating, Mr Wolseley indicates his views on critics, editors, and periodicals ; and yet, while he's by no means detachedly dry, he does not do this in a merely personal manner — but with documentation relevant to the varied information, instructional, and sometimes controversial arguments. Finally — though it is a practical book, with details about pay to be earned in different markets, the early pages concede that a good critic must be moved by love for music, drama, cinema, literature, or whatever art, and that mainly ambitions for prestige and reputation are likely to be satisfied. High pay is rare. Mr Wolseley indicates awareness that average critical writings today are pretty poor ; and while not pretending to make an adequate 'attack' on the common reviewing drivel and pompous academic balderdash. he pinpoints some degraded particulars and delivers a strong positive appeal for better preparation and thought. Disappointing though it is, *HEIRESS OF ALL THE AGES*, by William Wasserstrom (OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS and UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS, \$4) deserves mention other than as a example of a scholarly hash of poor, fair, and good brief analyses of a vast range of American novels (some 130 years) in a limited sphere. The sphere is the cultural view of sex in the abstract allegedly-typical transformations of the female ideal (or, if not ideal, the ideas of what was characteristically available in different periods of the mind-shaped female flesh). The obstacles to any writer here are so obvious that mere identification of the places

where this writer tripped would fill pages. Enough, to state that no matter who had written this book, his interpretations could be proven personal to himself, regardless how many novelists examined . . . and Dr Wasserstrom is busy rationalising his own preconceptions, from start to finish. The book is loaded with unwarranted and unwarrantable generalisations; and since a large number of readers (including this reviewer) will have lived through many of these decades, both as readers and as functioning humans, the superficialities and too-easy conclusions should be evident to them. Not knowing the author's age, it would seem that he himself has not lived through many of these decades. And still — and in spite of confusing language structures without show of neo-stylistic justification — the volume is worth wading, for more than its glandular stimulations for some vicarious fishermen perhaps. (The last sentence is not an unfair parody on the author's.) At any rate, the book is replete with humour, not all of it intentional; and the notes are spritely-chosen, indicating — along with quotations in the text — that the writers written about often had been as irrationally-rationalistic as Dr Wasserstrom himself.

ADDENDA . . .

THOUGH TRACE could not give timely announcement to the Lamont contest, another activity of THE ACADEMY OF AMERICAN POETS—more important, from this editor's view—may be noted. This is a Poetry Bookstore Plan, a practical programme to aid all poets to boost poetry sales throughout the U.S.A. Posters etc. are available upon request. The key month will be October, when the 25th Anniversary Year of the Academy will gain newspaper and radio publicity. Write to: 890 Park Ave., New York 21.

Good news from British West Indies. Not through the item in last TRACE, but before this had reached subscribers, the magazine BIM obtained sufficient support for at least two issues. This is the 'remainder fund' of an unnamed cultural association. The mid-1959 BIM will be somewhat late, due to shortage of material resulting from prior suspension announcement.

Organised by the dead language (press of Piero Heliczer, 18 Rue Descartes, Paris) will be a PURCELL FESTIVAL, during the second week of July, to celebrate the 300th anniversary of Henry Purcell's birth. This is 'to provide a ground and a time for the more living contemporaries to meet,' and to comprise a manysided exhibition of all types of both ancient and modern arts. Arriving belatedly is A PULP MAGAZINE FOR THE DEAD GENERATION, poems by Om Henk Marsman and Gregory Corso—just one of an array of 'strange' publications, all available on subscription to the above ('including performances') — \$10 or £3.

The bi-centenary of Robert Burns' birth was celebrated in March by CONTEMPORARY POETRY AND MUSIC CIRCLE, which continues with readings at Stanton Coit House, 13 Prince of Wales Terrace, Kensington Road.

The New York scene sounds livelier than in some while. A new GREENWICH VILLAGE POETRY SOCIETY has been holding weekly sessions at the Anca Vrbovska studio; and the Village 'New School' has been conducting workshops, with prominent poets as guest readers . . . George Stillman reports: 'THE WHITE HORSE, THE MARK TWAIN HOUSE, and THE COLLEGE OF COMPLEXES are havens . . . above all, the last is outstanding, allowing poets to write with supplied white chalk upon its Green Walls (of Wisdom) their poems poetical says, or cynical verses, for the moving-public.' He also mentions that the LIVING THEATRE promises to put on more verse plays and that there is much talk about one- and two-act productions in other spots, to leave time for verse readings.

The above correspondent also writes of THE ATLANTA WRITERS CLUB (Georgia), which — with 300 members — is one of the largest of its kind. Extensive programmes are in progress there. . . . And finally, a new foreign writer (also a painter who studied under Fernand Leger in Paris) now settled in New York is Kinoy Adames-Vargas of Venezuela. His work is described as in a 'new style' falling in a neo-metaphysical vein.

What many listeners felt to have been an historic statement was that by Lawrence Ferlinghetti at a Fiesta Hall reading in Los Angeles, in April. Offering his poetry on the same billing, but not with an experimental jazz trio, he declared that, despite what have been called his successes with the combination (and on LP recordings), he is now certain that the two should not be mixed . . . that, even when carefully rehearsed, the combination seldom is effective as a combination, and that extempore readings with musicians unknown to the poet and who are unfamiliar with the poet's works, are just remote gambles. The Ferlinghetti reading was sponsored by NOMAD and TRACE; others were planned.

Also in Southern California — a new FM station (KPFK) will feature poetry readings under direction of an independent board of poets. At the same time it is more ridiculous than disconcerting to note that another smaller station, KTYM, has a POETRY BROWSERS feature, and that poets are expected to pay (on a lineage basis) for having things read! Happily, the reverse is true of KPFK, the leaders of which believe that artists as well as script-boys should be compensated. The University of Southern California KUSC program, THE READING

RAIL, continued through the spring. Most of the two-year series of poets reading on this station had been requisitioned by the LIBRARY OF CONGRESS for the permanent collection there. Meantime, late news of the SUBSCRIPTION BROADCASTING FOUNDATION — yet another FM cultural station — was lacking at the time of TRACE deadline.

To accept funds for student loans under provision for 'loyalty oaths' in the National Defense Education Act 'makes us susceptible to the seductive attractions of the "benevolent despot" philosophy and all its sinister and monstrous consequences,' President Miller Upton of Beloit College has written Washington. He declares that 'the particular controls . . . are both wrong in principle and foolish.' And much more, causing wonder at the earlier inconsistency of withdrawal of support for THE BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL, whose editors were only 'guilty' of insistence upon the same principle! Meantime, the University of Chicago (which has undertaken to make it appear no official pressure caused THE CHICAGO REVIEW editors to resign to start BIG TABLE) is not included on the early roll of famous schools resisting this dangerous reservation upon gifts from 'Uncle.' All these contradictions are confusing, to say the least.

A feature called RECORD (thumbnail reviews of books, pamphlets, recordings, and critical studies of poetry) has been started in THE POETRY COLLECTOR. Publishers are invited to send advance-copies of items before first of months

preceding months of publication.

AVALON Internat'l Poets' and Editors' Conference is set for Oct. 11 & 12 at the Wellington Hotel, New York City. There will be contests, including as a first prize, free brochure publication (to 600 lines). This is open to registrants, whether or not in attendance (fee \$10) . . . entries should be sent Avalon chairman, Alpine, Texas, and from which address other details may be obtained.

Kenneth L. Beaudoin, who is preparing a COLLECTED POEMS he 'fears' will exceed 400 pages, recently held his sixth BEAUDOIN Gem Stone Awards for POETRY (Memphis, And to news of books—Lawrence Barth, whose self-published UNIVERSE INSIDE ME finally has been 'discovered' by the big houses this long while since first reviewed in TRACE, will have a new novel, THE SHELL, under a wellknown imprint in 1960. . . . A new book of poems by Eli Siegel, HAIL, AMERICAN DEVELOPMENT (eight of which appeared in the March TODAY'S JAPAN) will be brought out by DEFINITION PRESS. . . . POEMS and translations, by Guy Daniels, will be one of the new INFERNO PRESS EDITIONS, announced at \$1.50.

A recent TRACE listed ONE POUND FLESH, by Richard Liebow (HARLEQUIN, \$1) at that time unseen. A copy of a yet-more absorbing book by this young writer, A JIM DAVIS STORY (same publisher) was just discovered. Published in 1957, it scarcely belongs among current reviews; but it is recommended for fresh, honest contemporary applications of some ancient philosophies—and in quite un-Beat fashion. . . . And more recent work of another young writer, James Sherwood (see listings below) should please those who find values in Mr Liebow.

Only an interim note can be made in this issue of the HORIZON publication of Mrs Frank Lloyd Wright's personal record of life with the late renowned architect. Publication was announced on the 13th of April, just a few days before his death.

Other books arrived or arriving include: AN ARISTOCRAT OF INTELLECT, by Gerald Dorset (Privately: 22 Bina Gdns, Kensington—3/6); CASEY'S REDEMPTION, Burgess Fitzpatrick (GREENWICH, \$2); THE INVISIBLE POET: T. S. Eliot, Hugh Kenner (McDOWELL, OBOLENSKY, Inc., \$4); THE KEVAL and other Gay Adventures, Harry Otis (ONE, Inc., \$1.95); THE TRADITION OF THE NEW, Harold Rosenberg (HORIZON, \$4.95); 8 LITTLE IDEAS SEEKING 1 THOUGHT, James Sherwood (NEIGHBORHOOD PRESS, \$1); THREE PIECES, Elizabeth Smart (SCORPION, 12/6); THESE SEVENTEEN, Felix Singer (Privately: c/o Zahm, 1454 N. Wieland, Chicago, Ill., U.S.A., prob. \$5); DREAMS and Tales, Brigitta Valentine (GREENWICH, \$2.75); BEAT ZEN, SQUARE ZEN, AND ZEN, Alan Watts (CITY LIGHTS, 75c); YES, MRS WILLIAMS: A Personal Record of My Mother, William Carlos Williams (McDOWELL, OBOLENSKY, Inc., \$3.50).

Other new poetry: IN LOVE WITH TIME, Laura Benét (WAKE-BROOK HOUSE, Sanbornville, N.H., \$1); ORPHEUS and other poems, Robert Beum (ODYSSEY, \$1); PEN ON FIRE, Barbara Doyle (GREENWICH, \$2); SELECTED POEMS, Robert Duncan (CITY LIGHTS, \$1); FIGHTING TERMS, Thom Gunn (HAWK'S WELL PRESS, 75c); POEMS FOR EVERY MOOD, Rosanna Evelyn Hanning (GREENWICH, \$2); IN THE BEGINNING, E. R. Hille, 14-year-old Award winner (AMERICAN WEAVE PRESS, \$1); MILES WEST OF