

A CHRONICLE OF LIVING LITERATURE

PERIODICAL GUIDE TO MODERN WRITING

LAWRENCE BARTH on self-publishing

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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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STORY OF UNIVERSE INSIDE ME

Lawrence Barth

THE EXPERIENCE OF SELF-PUBLISHING

It's no news to developing, offbeat or generally-nonconforming writers that selling their work to a standard trade publisher is a job that's huge, complicated, and dispiriting (where possible at all). Having written an off-the-track book, *UNIVERSE INSIDE ME*, I sized up the choices. The big 'vanity houses' are expensive and have, on the whole, an undesirable reputation. The small offbeat presses are possibilities, but many of them lack enough money for proper promotion or even for good quality printing and proofreading. (They need help on all their problems; perhaps there should be a conference on them.) I decided to be my own publisher, so I could control every facet of the job and cut corners on expenses in my own way, as necessary. In this adventure, I haven't yet (Summer, 1959) broken even financially, but it's been a fascinating project. I record the details, to give other self-publishing writers some practical guides.

The amounts of time, thought, physical energy, and money that went into this job were substantial, and brought a sharp decline in the spare time I ordinarily devote to writing, using up roughly eighteen hours a week. The book has been out over two years, and of course the worst sweating is over; but promoting it and filling orders still take up several hours a week. I mention these facts to warn the writer who contemplates self-publishing to be realistic about its demands before getting into it; but not in order to discourage him. Walt Whitman, Stephen Crane, and many other outstanding authors had to do it at first; and publishing of this sort may become an important solution in

the future.

The first procedure was copy-editing and typographical designing. Having made every last change I could think of in the actual writing, I settled down to reread the ms. and mark it to guide the printer in such matters as: size and style of types; width of the printed lines; indentation of any sizable extracts from other publications; correctness of punctuation; correctness and consistency of spelling (including capitalisation and use of hyphens); consistent style for headings, subheads, footnotes, italics, etc. Every detail is important. For instance, if there are hyphens at ends of typed lines, one should indicate whether or not these are to be retained in the word. A *MANUAL OF STYLE OF WORDS INTO TYPE* will be of real help in all this. (The *MANUAL* is somewhat academic and overfussy; *WORDS* has a simpler, more functional approach.) Your printer will give advice on typographical matters; but don't necessarily trust his visual taste. An artist friend may be a happier choice in deciding on type, title page, cover layout, etc. (Luckily, I was able to do my own cover, keeping to a very simple visual form that could be repeated in ads for the book.)

Deciding on a printer is very important; for those who go about their work in an unintelligent, purely mechanical way can be maddening and will waste much of your time. A firm that regularly does a good deal of book work is preferable to a general commercial printer; and from careful analyses of announcements and listings, plus observation of recently-issued books, one may ascertain which specialises in private printings of novels, poetry, etc. After receiving my galley proofs, I read them with care in their marking. Any good dictionary, or either of the books mentioned above, shows how to mark proofs; but there are many pitfalls. Be sure to make the desired changes perfectly clear for the printer, even if you have to write out detailed explanations. Don't fail to have at least one other competent person

proofread after you've finished. Check page proofs extra carefully. In correcting an earlier error a printer may make a new kind of mistake, such as misplacing a whole line anywhere on the page. On all proofs all errors of the printer should be marked PE, and your own last-minute changes on proofs should be marked AA ('author's alteration'); this helps keep the bookkeeping straight, since you have to pay extra for any resetting due to your own change of mind. I had 700 copies of the 100-page UNIVERSE INSIDE ME printed at a union shop with a two-colour paper cover, and the type of binding which uses staples through the spine-fold, like that on small pamphlets (not ideal, but a financial necessity). The total bill for printing and binding was \$980 — \$75 of this, due to AA's. The deposit paid before setting began was \$300. Other expenses included: No. 1 Jiffy book bags for mailing (the only sensible solution; wrapping and protecting a book with paper in the old way takes endless time). These bags were \$3.80 a hundred, with a small reduction for quantity. An adequate stapler to close the bags cost \$9.83. I sell through a post office box which costs \$6 a quarter year. Each book is mailed for (now) nine cents. I designed and typed an ad sheet; 3,500 copies of this were printed by offset and machine-folded — total cost, \$40.17. I mailed these by firstclass (unsealed envelopes mail for less, of course, but they suggest 'junk mail'). Small advertisements in various publications may cost about \$6 to \$35 per insertion. I tried only a few, without much result (constant repetition of such ads is what makes them most likely to work well). Copyrighting cost \$4. (The Copyright Office, Library of Congress, Washington, D.C., will send information on procedure.) Finally, there are miscellaneous items like envelopes and a rubber-stamp.

Promotion was of course the primary job, once printing was accomplished. Here I had to sit back and very consciously evaluate every aspect of the book; what individuals and groups would be interested in it as a whole,

or in different sections of it, and for what reasons; and how to reach them with the least expenditure and the most effect. I started the campaign by sending out a listing request. Knowing that some publications run names of new books, with sometimes a descriptive phrase or two, I sent a mimeographed sheet to book editors of a wide variety of publications, some of which I intended sending review copies later. This sheet asked for a listing, including the price (\$2) and my post office box address; it also offered data for a publicity item, stressing such as: LIBRARY JOURNAL; LIBRARY QUARTERLY; WILSON'S LIBRARY BULLETIN; WILSON'S VERTICAL FILE INDEX; and the Division of Cataloguing and Classification, American Library Association. (In all these cases, a copy of the book was sent too, to ensure listing.) The sheet went also to some of the best newspapers in large cities throughout the country. By 'best,' I mean those which seemed most open minded and thus most likely to pay some attention to a self-publishing author. Lists of newspapers, as well as other useful lists, can be found in THE LITERARY MARKET PLACE. And my announcement went to most of the little magazines.

The listing requests didn't stir up many results, except among a few little magazines. The next step was to send out review copies. All this, of course, was done a number of weeks before publication date. The dates of publication and starting promotion are important. For obvious reasons, summer and the winter holiday season should be avoided. In my case, I probably should have waited a bit later than the 16th of January, which may have been too soon after Christmas buying. (TRACE Editor's comment: before Christmas (but preceding school holidays), when people are doing Christmas buying, has generally been found the most productive period of all!) A typed slip in each copy said REVIEW COPY, gave the book's name, publication date, price; and I added: 'Please note: Kindly include publisher's address in review.' Below this, used neatly, the name-and-address

rubber-stamp. Naturally, a printed slip is preferable to a typed one.

I sent out 91 review copies. Recipients included book editors of newspapers, a few big magazines, a great many of the little magazines, carefully-selected columnists who might be interested, a few book-reviewing services, and one radio book program. In addition, I sent gift copies to 46 wellknown writers, editors, and critics, often with a covering letter asking for comment that I might quote. Choice of many of these names was suggested by conversations and my daily paper and magazine reading.

The results of this heavy labour (that's exactly what it was) were neither great nor small. Here's a sampling from the scrapbook: John Ciardi of SATURDAY REVIEW gave me a nice quote; Norman Mailer spoke of passages 'where you write with beauty and unembarrassed eloquence'; Millen Brand said, 'It is like reading Whitman in prose form'; Greenwich Village's VILLAGE VOICE gave it a scorching thumbs down; NATURE MAGAZINE seemed bewildered by it; THE NATION mentioned my do-it-yourself project approvingly and even included the address; August Derleth gave the book a fine full column in the CAPITAL TIMES, Madison, Wis. (one reviewer who is much interested in the efforts of small publishers); NEW REPUBLIC called me 'lively . . . promising' . . . and so on.

My original ad sheet (plus an additional one, mimeographed, giving quotes that were gathered later from reviews) went out, over the course of a year or so, to about 1,600 names on a mailing list. Results have not been too bad, considering that I'm a writer whose name is almost unknown. I still have a few boxes of books left though, and have settled down to the idea of patiently, undramatically selling fifty or sixty copies each year for several years to come.

Making an adequate mailing list requires constant alertness and ingenuity in looking for names and addresses.

I had started one several years before publishing, while in a prophetic mood. These were some of my choices: friends (naturally); art gallery managers; little theatres; actors; directors; some schools; writers; artists; English teachers; names mentioned in, or advertising in, appropriate magazines and newspapers; libraries (a discount was offered, and Harvard and some other university and college libraries bought—but so far, none of those run for the general public have done so, except the central library in New York City). I also used a list provided by a little-magazine editor I'd corresponded with for years; and a few buyers who liked the book sent lists when they wrote to me. One practical point I learned: if I had made up my list fully alphabetically it would have consumed more time to make it, but it would be handier now for finding names again (as when the post office returns mailed ads for more accurate or recent addresses).

Once I had a large number of the offset ads, I realised that there just had to be a few ways to spread them without using a postage stamp each time. I spent a couple of evenings posting them on board fences and the like, in company with posters about poetry-jazz sessions and dance groups; and this resulted in a few orders. If I had done it repeatedly over a long period, I feel sure it would have had real advertising value; but here again, it uses much time. A more effective method probably would be to hand them out to audiences departing from lectures, concerts, and so on.

Orders received gave me a few interesting angles on the project. For instance, because the book was reviewed in one or two little magazines that go all over the world, I received orders from England, Switzerland, and one from a Buddhist in Hawaii. On the other hand, a few friends and acquaintances who live only blocks away never bought. Orders came from varied professions, including an architect, two school principals, a chiropractor, a Kentucky radio station man, the manager of a perfume company, and a

steel-bridge salesman.

Letters of comment too gave sidelights, and are among the real pleasures of having published; luckily (or perhaps unstimulatingly?) no one has yet written me a nasty one. Letters have told me, for example: that an upstate New York school-teacher read parts of the book to his English class; that someone sent a copy to a French publishing house in the hope that they might get interested in the book (they didn't); that it might be a good idea to send copies to some English publishers, as James Purdy successfully did with his privately-printed book, now published here as *THE COLOR OF DARKNESS* (I sent seven copies to London, but without result); and that a teacher in the small town of Wren, Ohio is struggling to 'teach 150 very reluctant children who suspect all learning, because of their lack of schooling,' and wants my book to help his morale. The warm and friendly letters I received from dozens of people I didn't know at all have been strong propellants to my own self-confidence, both as a person and a writer. And even little details often had the same effect.

Some of the sales were made through bookshops. I soon learned that I couldn't interest bookshop managers by letter, and took a shopping bag filled with *UNIVERSES* and footed it to three appropriate spots in my part of New York. I was extremely glad then that I'd spent much thought and effort in designing the cover in two attractive colours. And, though it had been a last-minute thought at the time of printing, I was happy I'd added to the cover, comments from two editors who had read the ms. These quotes (all the blurbs carried) played a definite part in convincing each manager to take on from five to ten copies for a start. This was on consignment basis, and at the 40 percent discount that is usual with bookshops. The attractive cover with its quotations, my local advertising efforts, and the fact that a few of my friends bought their copies from the stores rather than directly from

me, were factors that started a slow but fairly steady bookshop sale. I haven't made very much effort with this generally, however; because of the discount, such sales bring back less money than I lay out, and they require too much bookkeeping.

Considering that the project used up rivers and oceans of my writing time, and more money than I could really afford, I ask now: Was it worth doing? The answer is: It was definitely worth doing. It brought me some recognition as a writer among a wide variety of people; and it was fine for my morale — something a serious writer easily can lose in a world of TV and bomb-politics. While working on a novel now, I have under me the knowledge that editors of two major publishing houses are interested and are waiting to read the ms. the minute it's done. That is one of the most deeply satisfying results of having done my own publishing.

TOWARDS PRINT

by Gil Orlovitz

(THE CO-EXISTENTIALISM OF THE POETIC LINE)

Lad: Sir, what in poetry is a line?

Polyhistor: Very fundamental, lad. Perilous, as a matter of fact. Were it not for the existence of the line, a reader who uses his voice might run on to the next line without a halt and thus endanger the whole damn structure of the poem —

Lad: No, no, never mind the next line. You see, from my own terribly limited investigations, I've discovered that the Ancients — Oh, you know, the Sumerians, the old Egyptians and even, I think, the early Greeks, among others, put down poetry in a sort of block arrangement, in which you can't really tell where one line begins and another ends, just as they did their prose, and without even any separations between the words themselves. Sir, weren't those Ancient poets subtle? Or did they think their readers awfully stupid, so that it didn't matter one way or the other how the poem was put down? Sir, I repeat, what in poetry is a line? I hear John Milton in the choruses of *Samson Agonistes* used to counterpoint his lines, rhythmically, of course, not like Bach. Poetry isn't that much like music, is it? I mean, a line in poetry isn't like a bar in music, is it? Maybe a poetic line is something like a painting? You know, the Conceit poets used to stick a poem in the shape of a diamond or a crucifix sometimes; I'd like to know, Sir, when you read one of those aloud, do you stop at the end of the crosspiece and then continue, staccato, down to the foot of the upright? Or are you just supposed to keep your mouth shut when you come across a poem with various shapes to it?

Polyhistor: The mouth shut, Lad, if I may say so, is a poem scored. That is to say, the poet in his line dictates to

the silent reader the necessary plastic evocations to transmit to the reader the nature, or at least, the partial nature of the poet's experience in his time-place. Contemporary American poets are particularly fecund in this sphere. I know one poet, for example, who, if his metrical scheme demands alternating masculine and feminine endings to his lines, will cleave a polysyllabic word down the very middle, or, if need be, cast-rate the suffix from a word at the end of a line and have it, albeit somewhat wounded and sexually indeterminate, start the following line. Another of my acquaintances will have his lines broken into a variety of echelons, much like a squadron of jets, the better, one might say, to view the poet's phenomenon from the grandstand perception. Still another disavows linear regularity altogether, so that his lines will be as long or short as the complex of his metaphor will activate. Each poet, it should be said, seeks to strike to the heart of the American essence, as, indeed, the pentameter struck to the Elizabethan essence, the Alexandrine to the French, the —

Lad: Curious, that the French essence should have been so much like the Attic. tional moments in grandiloquent blank verse. *PARADISE LOST* and *THE RING AND THE BOOK*, end-stops or no, are as remote from the gauche gags of the masses as you can get; and if you credit Whitman with having embodied American democracy in the tedious anapests and dactyls of his long biblical lines, about as unfree a verse as can wearisomely be imagined, then you had better re-examine your poetic politics. If you believe that the irregular line of an Apollinaire could not have been put down conventionally punctuated and printed in prose paragraphings, then your understanding of the nature of poetry belongs to—

Lad: I did point out that the Ancients —

Polyhistor: Had you not better sense than to refuse yourself with Progress? You have been listening to those

artists who, whenever they evade their responsibility to their art, manifest shrill regard for hypotheses on their instrumentation, and drub everyone who will be drubbed on the drubee's responsibility of ascertaining the most precise method of whatever artist doing the drubbing, the degree of the drub's reception in proportion to the number of accolades sported by the drubber, Nobel, Pulitzer, Prix de Circumflex, or what-you-will. There has been and is as much fustian on the Poetic Line as on Co-Existentialism in musical serialism and plastic non-representationalism.

Lad: Co-Existentialism, sir?

Polyhistor: Indeed, lad, the most radical development in eclectic philosophy.

Lad: But, sir, there's a contradiction in terms —

Polyhistor: Ah, there you have it: Co-Existentialism. And, if I may say so, as proud a definition of the Poetic Line as we Americans can come to.

EDITORS WRITE

*ROZANA WEBB (fired to answer 'Regarding Mr. Anonymous,'
who took anthologists to task in No. 32):*

The anomalous position assumed by this writer is distasteful. Riding the split-rail fence, feet held high to avoid stomping on editorial toes, he screens his face with a grey topee and snipes at random from behind his shield.

He laments choices made by anthologists, proclaims he finds the lot objectionable; yet he wishes his name withheld just in case some "Great White Hunter" might be annoyed and leave him out of the abominations.

If, after twenty years association with American arts, Mr. A is still below the rung of fear, I seriously doubt if he will make it to roof with his load of chips. This type of mental aberration is backfaced thinking. It is this very thing that is condemning the literary body to the abattoir, where it will be ground up for dog food. It is the basis of that old fag best known as censorship. Fear . . . fear to take a public stand.

'Study the requirements of commercial publishing houses: don't make laughing stocks or villains of mothers, bankers, grandmothers, curly-haired children, plumbers, working girls, widows, orphans . . . ad nauseam. And if you do any of these forbidden things? You receive a pleasant little slip: "Sorry, this does not quite meet our present requirements." Meaning is clear enough: we are afraid to offend; if one or more of these groups should boycott us, we would have to leave our platinum straw nest.

'A reputation is not won by eating warmed-over scraps at the second table, or by writing to please sixteen-and-maidenly — no, nor by thinking to pattern. Writers are without age or sex — they have their beings in red meat — not strawberry meringue. They are good or bad; but never anonymous. Hiding behind a no-name will annoy

briefly; but what is gained? Better a reader who rants and evokes curses on your name than a hundred who don't give a damn what you say. 'Personal integrity and the courage to uphold your convictions: these are sneered at and considered passé. Nonetheless, the top of the totem finds the face of just such oldfashioned virtues to be carved as a symbol of the "Head of the Clan." Not the goody boys and girls — unh-unh, but the Hemingways . . . the Caldwells . . . the Larsens . . . the Orlovitzes . . . the new . . . the old,— no matter, so long as a writer has something new to say . . . and says it . . . loud . . . in the first person . . . and is willing to back up his statements and add newer words to build on . . . refusing to be a fading carbon of great-grandpa. You may not like what they say. But no one is going to tell them what to say.

'Censors are faceless . . . formless . . . anonymous. Like slugs in the tomatoes, they hide by day and creep out at night, leaving a dead plant and a slimy trail . . . but nothing there to fight. Who can know where a slug or a censor spends the daylight hours, unless another censorslug?

'Mr. Anonymous, you are apparently an editor. May I make a suggestion? Next spring, when the wormy corpses are disinterred, refurbished, and released with funereal oratory — why not put out a collection of your own choice? I will reserve a copy right now. Incidentally, your ideas and mine most probably will not mesh. Most certainly, I will be included out. I'll buy it anyway. Unless it turns out to be a "dear God little garden." If it is, you deserve a cash-register marked NO SALE.'

Grace Ross and Mabel M. Kuykendall (quicksilver):

In considering poems, we do not take into consideration who the poet is, what school of thought he belongs to, whether he is a part of the academic, renaissance, activist, traditional, underground, or any other labelled movement in poetry. Neither do we weigh poems to see if we can balance men against women, foreign poets against Americans . . . (the poem creates the poet, not vice versa). We select poems entirely on merits, according to . . . our own purposes, i.e., best possible poems in un-temporary terminology (using vivid images of our day — not horse-and-buggy figures, not what could have been written fifty years ago. Where we fall short of this goal is, in our opinion, in failure to receive all the material from poets who could permit the wide latitude of choices necessary to point up our aims. This, we know, to be the saddest experience of any editor — common to all. ‘We do not consider whether or not a poet already has two or three poems in our file of acceptances, how many times he has appeared in QUICKSILVER, nor by which other magazines his work is being accepted. If the poem is what we want, we take it; and we publish it in its proper place one of the sequences carefully built up in each issue — even though somewhere else in the issue there may be a poem by its author.’

ESLIE WOOLF HEDLEY (INFERNO PRESS EDITIONS):

The success of our last two books, William Pillin's *PASSAGE AFTER MIDNIGHT* and Guy Daniels' *POEMS & TRANSLATIONS*, has given us the profit to prepare future plans. We will publish a book (untitled, as yet) by James Heanue, formerly a contributor to *INTRO BULLETIN*, made up of aphorisms and selected miscellany. We will also publish my own *ABRAXAS & OTHER POEMS*, a departure from previous works. Also on our schedule is a book of selected poems by Gil Orlovitz.

Together with Curtis Zahn, we agreed to cancel the West Coast anthology of short fiction, because of inadequate material.

'We are considering a short anthology of contemporary African poetry, as well as a "White Paper" exposing the beat hoax, and to be written by several independent writers.'

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GUY OWEN (IMPETUS):

D. Vincent Smith (olivant)

This magazine began three years ago as a project in the creative writing workshop at Stetson University, its purpose being, as the name implies, to provide an added stimulus to the writing of poetry on our campus. We were immediately encouraged by the number of faculty and offcampus poets who wished to contribute. Although we still use student work, we now welcome exceptional verse from anyone interested in publishing in our semi-annual magazine. We pay only in copies. 'We have no grand illusions about IMPETUS. We are not going to shape the poetic trends of tomorrow or steal readers from the established university quarterlies. We do hope to find at least five hundred intelligent readers for young poets of promise, to provide one more outlet for poetry of literary merit. We are especially interested in seeing the work of talented unestablished poets — though we would not reject poetry merely because it was written by Robert Frost. Our magazine is eclectic; we have no axes to grind, though we perhaps tend to be somewhat conservative. Our staff is composed of young Ph.D.'s of fairly broad tastes and we are hesitant to publish verse that none of us understand, feeling, as we do, that one can be clear without being simpleminded, and that even the most profound poem should yield some meaning, communicate something, at once. Two editorial biases: we do not welcome either Victorian poetry, the sentimental and traditional claptrap of the poetic sewing circles, or (though we stress the modern always) the obviously "beat" emissions of the hour. We would not abolish either; we simply feel that such poetry is already finding adequate audience. Perhaps this statement would help: we would like to help discover and encourage the Richard Wilburs and Philip Larkins of the next decade.'

'This is one editor writing about another. Recently, I submitted a poem to THE FIFTIES; and the editors rejected it — certainly their prerogative — because it was too prosy,

there being, for instance, virtually no images at all. What they well may have missed was that the poem wasn't a character sketch, but a cultural condition expressed in the mask or mental image of a personality; and they did not consider the poem from the vantage point of liking or disliking, enjoying or being bored by it. Which is the only standard I know. There is something hypocritical about such judgements rendered on some classic stand denying or ignoring what qualities, if any, a poem may possess. Why not judge a poem by looking for its qualities and limitations — not by saying that it should have qualities which are lacking? Why overlook, by looking so hard for preconceived elements?' Let us forever swear an end to this sickening hypocrisy! Let us admit outright when we like or dislike a particular work; we can at least say why!

'And then, a letter to a writer: A CANDIDATE THEORY.

In reply to yours—OLIVANT asks for subscriptions as outlined in the letter of acceptance you received. We do not, however, make acceptance dependent upon subscription. There are many fine poets who for one reason or another at a given time are unable to subscribe.

'We think though that this publication belongs to our young writers and that whenever they buy subscriptions, it is for the benefit of themselves—enabling their publisher to promote their work, to increase the magazine's circulation, to provide us a true front and to demand attention of these writers.

'You do not say why you will not subscribe, and I see no reason to press the point. I hope that your attitude is not that you think little magazines stink and you won't spend a dime on them; but from your letter, I might well reach such a conclusion. Which still is your business. But, if that is your attitude, I would ask: why bother to be published in such a sty? . . . I gather that your financial situation is about the most severe of any man in the country, for you are unable

even to contemplate subscribing. Most at least can think about a subscription, for some not too distant future, if impossible now, and send good word of hope. But if you are that hard-pressed, please do let me hear, and I'll rush you a few dollars, even though I make only a modest salary at outside work and spend over half of it on the magazine.

This is not a matter of boasting, but of facing realities of publishing. If we had only 100 young men and women as dedicated to poetry's success, we'd have enough money (multiplying my own contribution by 100) to put our work across despite present public apathy. I guess I just belong to the new generation which refuses to sit back and wait for subscriptions . . . like government, like magazine, like discipline—I rather think this should be called consent, and not subscription. What is subscription other than recognition and gratitude?’

THE COIN(AGE)

James Boyer May

(Excerpted from a forthcoming book: a survey of the last ten years from the TRACE view)

In a world of sane dogs, but many mad Englishmen over a midnight sun (not scrambling the old saying with malice toward the English, but taking account of Frenchmen, Indians, Chinese . . . others), it appears less idiotic than it might have in any prior era that serious social consideration is given latter-day practitioners of unoccupational therapies. To wit: those (mainly unidentified) persons recently dubbed the 'Beat.' If not held in defined esteem, they are granted a vague status not theirs when they'd remained unclassified as 'unadjusted' or 'put down' as ordinary (or extraordinary) bums and hoboes. As W. B. Yeats phrased this in *THE SECOND COMING* — in accord with philosophical poets before him — more manifestly and crudely than ever, today: 'The best lack all conviction, while the worst/Are full of passionate intensity.' The feeling of this permeates works of Kenneth Patchen, whose personality is an excellent example of the pessimistic reaction of those who are neither Beat nor 'Square.' There also are optimists among these; but, while Patchen does not lack intensity or passion (as poet), and while his convictions are steadfast, he is depressed by premonitions of evil. Compare the title piece in *WHEN WE WERE HERE TOGETHER*, along with several of these poems and from other recent books as well, with such Yeats lines as: 'A shape with a lion body and the head of a man, / . . . / Is moving its slow thighs . . . / . . . what rough beast, its hour come round, at last,/ Slouches towards Bethlehem to be born?' Patchen dwells upon like visions, asserting an angry resignation to failure of the triumph of good in this world,

despite his own achievements of self-realisation.

In contrast with bad and worse beatnik verse, petty hysterics are absent from the work of Patchen, whose mature detachment carries the kind of originality resulting from honest exercise of individuality. He has gained certain insights of himself and creation, to the formulation of inimitable and proven-memorable expression.

That all non-Beats are not Squares nor vice versa, could be illuminated by other references and analyses. But this is obviated, because the validity of the invented terms themselves is challenged. Precisely what do these pat categories signify? Their uses ignore presences of many talented people—not only poets and other writers, but in other walks—who can't plausibly be pigeonholed.

The attitudes displayed by those resorting to this kind of social non-analysis are of a piece with the very group pressures they ostensibly attack, and against which the Beats are supposed to be in some sort of passive rebellion. Their argot is significantly not enriching to thought. In fact, it is contra-thought. THE LIGHT YEAR of Autumn 1958 contained a portion of a lecture by John Theobald, on linguistic theories of Benjamin Whorf, a pioneer in demonstrating how growth of human understanding may be anticipated and expanded or limited (as in this instance) by instrumentalities of language. Adoption of beat and square labels is in conformist line with decadent mass panaceas; instead of revolt against 'organisation man,' this is another trend toward escape from demands of the enormously-accelerated tempo of cultural complexity.

The ever-woeful state of the world indubitably is magnified by expanding differentiations; however, differentiations evidence the continued operation of the universal law of being. In the aggregate, these 'make the world go around'; and the woes are from the endeavours of those interfering with the process by panicked efforts to

block changes by forming new dogmas. Some of these excited and noisy manglers of 'letters' have been babbling about need for 'modern rituals'; but their notions quickly may be debunked in the light of modern semantics, psychology, and a bit of sound philosophy. No matter 'progress,' humanity hasn't altered greatly in thousands of years; only the development of tongues has spanned time to enrich knowledge. Examined by a specialist, the uses and abuses of language are clues to cultural gains and losses. The specialist called upon is William Empson.

Of course, Empson did not know of the coming advent of the Beatniks; yet, his writings indicate his intimate understanding of these types,—and of those now called Squares. By substitutions of terms, astonishing revelations are provided in paraphrasing from his essays in semantics. Acknowledging the debt, but not documenting the parallels (ideas and conclusions being this writer's and not those of Empson), we can debunk the bunkshooters of a fat sack of swollen beans of vocables such as 'disaffiliation,' 'alienation,' 'nonconformism,' at a society nevertheless conceded to be in quite as parlous a state as alarmists have been shouting.

Unwarrantedly assuming that representative bodies of the citizenry have earned the B. and S. titles (NB: the perhaps not-coincidental allusive gain from these initials), investigation of the nomenclature suffices. For, these terms are everywhere bandied about, and they are rampant in both literary and popular journals, and not a few books. However, they are not only found contradictory—they denote and connote much in common.

Starting with a fundamental—both designate ways of living without painful struggles for self-fulfilments, courses of conduct by which responsibilities may be avoided, despite that on the surface they appear to be in strong opposition. Next—as words, both terms invoke concepts long carried by the very old word, 'foole.' They divide and share this foolish

inheritance. Beatnik handily equates with fool-as-knave,—which does not exclude the concept of ‘innocence.’ A Beatnik may be equated with a knave merely by reason of his innocence-of-salvation in refusing to accept ‘God.’ This is not necessarily to charge that God is denied, *per se*; but that, in one way or another, God-in-a-socially-accepted image is denied. This, in turn, is only an apparent refusal of ‘divine’ aid (*viz.*: Beatnik assertions of independence of ‘superstition’ and all revealed or ‘handed-down’ ethics). Square may be equated with fool-as-hypocrite; and he also may be innocent,— as simpleton to the degree he supposedly tries to ‘fool’ God by embracing a mass ritual or lip-service. He avoids wrestling with conscience, by flight along a ready ‘non-way’ of self-limited interest. Still, he never ‘takes off’; he confirms his own foolishness by failing to act really in his best interests. The same applies to the Beatnik—also fooling himself in this respect.

Talk and writings about the beat-fool often characterise him by the same sort of easy wit, ambiguity of everyday expression, and snide slurring manners associated with early court-jesters; while the square-fool is pictured humourless by intention, except in parroting wit by repeating worn and corny jokes. The latter fits the historic mould of the loud street or army-camp fool, entertaining ordinary men because they can keep ahead of his punch-lines. The authoritarian voice frequently is attributed to the Square; otherwise, a dull provincial patter. On the other hand, the Beatnik usually is described as low-voiced, except during ‘high’ sessions, when transported to howling frenzies (with or without drugs, with or without jazz).

Which introduces the ‘cat’ side of the Beat. Such Beats inhabit ‘pads,’ or homelesslessly roam, lugging their ‘sacks’ into alleys, parks, roadsides, or to floors of the pads of friends. Without too many samples of beat-talk, it’s obvious

that this allegedly special vocabulary is derivative ('man!' was common in New Orleans years ago) and no more original than 'cornball' expression of Squares. The same phrases are repeated over and over again (often undefinably, except in context or with gestures); and while the key expressions of Beats and Squares are treated as passwords to identification, they merely serve identical hackneyed purposes of saving need for thoughtful verbalisation. In actual practice, few exclusively employ the identifying words; their usage is adulterated in the bistros and coffee houses.

By taking for granted the basics of inferred conduct, the rest of these comments may be confined to semantical clarifications through generalisations. Since fools outstandingly are in the habit of passing judgements upon others ('a fool is one who calls another a fool'), this sin is shared by Beats and Squares. The former deny most prescribed wisdoms, mocking those who adhere to rules of conduct. The highest 'wisdom,' they state, contributes most to one's own vainglory; and from this, they maintain that the only valuable contributions to the arts and sciences are by-products of subjective diversion. Such a stance saves bona fide Beats from the petty anxieties of square fools, who get tangled in quandaries over their deliberative 'rational' embracements of conflicting 'texts.' Pictured as intuitionless, Squares are in unending searches after objective confirmations of memorised 'parts.'

Beats are the sorts of fools who are literally ready to try anything, following their instinctual hunches; and Squares supposedly are prudent and shortsighted, feeling it's scandalous to act freely. For this, the latter are charged with cowardice. Indeed, they are unventuresome,—and in pretending to be of service to others, they adopt expedient approved manners. Squares invariably try to conform socially; Beats are supposed never to pretend respectability. This is why only the Beats—in speech and writing—get away

with 'shocking' words (see: 4-letter) without severe reprimands.

And the last goes with tacit regard for Beatniks as harmless madmen, excusable for simply misdemeanors, and to be lightly punished even for felonies; nor is this contradicted by their vulnerabilities to casual arrests. The authorities are partly indulging desires to be foolishly amused. The extent of this may be verified in scores of reports of Beatniks and the drug traffic; only in relation to the Beat may a journalist indulge the humorous touch where dope is involved. And—as in jazz sessions—in dope sessions, Beats try to duplicate the happy frenzies of Horace . . . or, in the somnolent stages, try to find freedom from care in a kind of Platonian lunacy. Which leads to religious considerations from this terminology, and to passing mention of extreme romanticism. There's an undoubted resemblance to the holy quest for that carelessness of earthly goods prescribed by Jesus to his Disciples; also, to the ancient monkish belief in profound ignorance as a way to wisdom (the far-out romantics). Over against this 'thoughtless' fool's 'digging' to become a sage, may be placed an equally foolish thoughtlessness in the Square, who is satisfied to appear wise in scrabbling for 'respectable' wealth, or in burning candles for academic degrees the world at large believes sure signs of learning. The Square feels superior with his college credits — the Beatnik congratulates himself in his pseudo-contemplations. In regard to the last — not to overlook the Beat affectation of 'becoming as a child.' And while this may seem far removed from the Square failing, square and beat psychologies together tend to make sophistication a synonym for wrongmindedness. This is so — despite that the Square becomes no more a genuine Christian than the Beatnik becomes a mystic. By the square practicality-gauge, the blessed acts of Christianity are plain follies; and Squares emphasise faked maturity (viz.: what is

childlike is worthy of simpletons . . . and meanwhile, the child remains, beneath a 'grownup' pose); yet, any advanced sophistication is felt to be dangerous, because related to radical experimentations. The square anchor is 'commonsense' attached to the chain of routine. Remarkably enough, opposition to change isn't unknown in beat circles either — though the double negative is involved. This is from a foolish premise that the seeking of change must be motivated by the Candide-philosophy attributed to Squares. The beat equivalent is the consequence of a try-anything-once attitude: foolhardiness, in other words. Again — delusions of superiority are found in both Beat and Square: transparently, from their foolish self-satisfactions,— though masochistically reversed in the Beat. Both may exhibit false serenities stemming from their being well fooled in different ways. The Square acquires spurious maturity through conformity, while childish and smugly trying to seem above petty or vicious foolishness. In the Beatnik's airs, no disguise is intended; at most, he patently pretends childish excuses for small misbehaviors, often concealing serious criminal immaturities.

Without saying, both the Square and the Beat are decidedly unhappy fools. The Beatnik endeavours to hide this with careless gaiety—the Square, by fictitious 'adjustments' in approved pursuits. Which makes majorities of both neurotic, of not psychoneurotic and sometimes psychopathic. Through silly behavior, Beats try to capitalise on this; but when Squares catch themselves acting silly, they foolishly may undertake to 'explain' themselves, reciting legal lingo, as to establish that they're 'of sound mind.'

Finally—the public reaction to the terminologies. Little may be remarked about the Squares, they being part of the accepted public. But reactions to Beatnik labels cover virtually every type history attaches to fools: extreme harshness (they themselves are responsible for their own

condition); extreme softness (they are madly irresponsible, and should be pitied); amused toleration (they provide good laughs, and may be humoured); admiration (they are foolish, but extremely talented); mere sufferance (they are silly children); earning special privilege (but—as ‘pets’) . . . and on and on . . .

Still, while the common idea is that Beats are victims of society and suffer harder treatment than they deserve, it's noteworthy that they, in turn, cherish not a shred of sympathy for those dutiful members of society at whom they sneer. Ostensibly, they reject privileges; but in practice, they take what they can get. This is most noticeable in beat publicity. Even the really ‘gone’ Beats willingly meet the press and accept suggestions of square (it would be assumed) photographers, in posing for the flashbulbs. Most will, when opportunity glows, violate their fool's tradition, to compromise with ‘beat truth’ in statements for publication. thousands of tons of free corn (five bushels monthly, per man) were distributed to the plebs urbana in the declining years of the Republic. This may have sinister bearing as a portent. By then, the city plebeians included many unemployed by deliberate choice, besides those dubbed ‘mercenary workmen,’ who seem to have been knavish Squares, bettering their condition by grabbing charity while picking up extra dinarii (like today's unemployment-insurance cheaters). There were ‘lost’ plebs (Beats turning hypocrites?); and the rustic plebs lauded by Cicero (approved Squares?) respectfully toiling to earn their corn. The ‘corn’ in this history conjures odd parallels. For instance, corn came easy for the idle later described creating public turbulence (Livy), to serve wealthy patrons seeking political favours. Not — mind — that there's much cause to fear revolutionary plots among today's Beatniks — just that it's interesting to learn how ancient plebs also exercised literary influence, by causing uprisings at public readings.

But this simply underscores the disenchanting note of venal non-detachment in the beat cravings for publicity, no matter how low the costs. It furnishes background for probability that Beatniks are vulnerable to reform (from being knaves) into hypocrites (like the Squares).

And sad conclusion: to the extent these classifications may be valid, Beats and Squares alike are semantically proven tinged by psychopathological delusions. They imagine that they are making trusty fools of the real individualists, the rare honest persons who are the victims of society. Of course, these unclassified individualists keep busy and actually undertake to learn humility. This leaves them little annoyed, for they have no ambitions for 'success' either in the eyes of Squares or Beatniks.

Undignified though it be — to thus summarise a restrained analysis — in the writer's opinion, 99 and 44/100 percent of those who have won petty notoriety ensuring them of the left-buttock-tapping non-accolade of beat night-hood, ain't pure anything. In the established vernacular: they're phonies.

VISIT TO STEEPLETOP

Recalling Edna St. Vincent Millay by Fraser Drew

LOOKING over the pattern of a flower garden at the Vermont home to which I return each summer, I see blue larkspur among the hollyhocks, bergamot, and mallows and remember some lines from Edna St. Vincent Millay. One of her THREE SONNETS IN TETRAMETER from HUNTSMAN, WHAT QUARRY? begins:

His stalk the dark delphinium
Unthorned into the tending hand
Releases . . . yet that hour will come . . .
And must, in such a spiny land.

This is a poem of special meaning for me, because I have its original manuscript, a gift some time after the poet's death from her sister Norma. The ms. is more than a sheet of paper with value for the collector and admirer of Millay; it gives evidence of the care which this poet, like another of her admirers, A. E. Housman, exercised in the search for the exact word, the inevitable epithet, the *curiosa felicitas* Horatii of which Petronius wrote. Like Housman, Edna St. Vincent Millay may have learned this lesson in craftsmanship from the Latin poets. Though not a classical scholar like the English professor-poet, Millay knew her Romans — Catullus and Vergil, Horace, Propertius and Tibullus — and read them often.

My acquaintance with Millay's poetry began when I was a university student and a major in Latin, not English. FATAL INTERVIEW appeared in 1931 and made an impression upon me which has strengthened rather than diminished through the years. In a day when it is fashionable to ape the small angers of shrill-voiced, image-breaking critics, I cannot go along with the scornful dismissal of Millay as an immature

and sentimental versifier. Even in 1959, we can still read RENASCENCE and the elegies for D.C. and lyrics like THE BOBOLINK, THE BUCK IN THE SNOW, and MARIPOSA with pleasure, if we have not forgotten what it is like to be 17 or 19 or 23, to lie on a hillside and watch the sky, to love a lover or a friend. Even in 1959, we can hear the serene and sonorous music of Millay's sonnets, if we still love the English language and are not sworn to hate a phrase or a verse pattern simply because it has been used before 1912. I am satisfied to spend at least as much of my time with the latterday Elizabethans and Twentieth Century Greeks and Romans like Millay and Housman and Jeffers as I spend with the literary juvenile delinquents of many little magazines and the tired pseudo-liberals of many college English classrooms.

I never talked with Edna St. Vincent Millay. Two years ago, however, in the company of a Connecticut poet whose first muse had been Millay, William Vincent Sieller, and his mother, I went to visit Norma Millay and her artist husband Charles Ellis at Steepletop. Steepletop is the name given by Edna and her husband, Eugen Boissevain, to the farmhouse which they remodelled in the Twenties and where they lived out their lives. The house stands on a heavily wooded hillside off a side road near the hamlet of Austerlitz, New York, a few miles from the Massachusetts and Connecticut borders. Norma and Charles Ellis were warm and gracious, as if our correspondence of a year or two had made us fast friends without further formality. We sat for a time with drinks in the long living room with its painted brick fireplace, its two pianos, its bust of Sappho, and the bird window which Vincent Sheean describes in his memoir THE INDIGO BUNTING. We too talked of birds, but more especially of my favorite rogue, the blue jay, the 'sky-coloured bird' in more than one Millay poem. I recalled the pair of jays which had been our house guests one year in Hartford, and Norma had a story of

a wise and wicked jay which had hungered for her baby phoebes.

We saw the proofs of Edna's COLLECTED POEMS which Norma Millay was editing that summer and were invited to read proof for a page; then we walked down to the Boissevains' swimming pool in the woods and to Eugen's rustic bar under the bittersweet and arbor vitae. Later, we saw Norma's files of Millay mss., and I had a look at the worksheet of SKYCOLOURED BIRD. We saw Millay's special room upstairs with its shelves of the poets; I noted the Romans and the Greeks, Shelley, Dickinson, Bynner, and Robinson Jeffers, whose portrait alone occupied this room.

Bill Sieller had brought Norma a copy of his poem for Edna (or Vincent as she preferred to be called) which the NEW YORK TIMES was to publish a month later. The poet's sister, much moved by the gift, had gifts for us as well—mine, an inscribed copy of THE BALLAD OF THE HARP-WEAVER, which seems to be an unrecorded variant of the first edition in uncoloured paper wrappers. Bill, who as a high school student had seen and heard Vincent, found Norma most like her sister, especially in voice and eyes, in the shape and expression of the eyes. We came away in the knowledge that charm and beauty and intellect and poetic insight and grace had not been a monopoly of the eldest of the three Millay sisters.

It was a lovely and memorable afternoon at Steepletop, perfect in its weather and hospitality and in its evocation of a lovely and memorable poet. Driving away down the narrow road toward Austerlitz, we recalled lines from an unpublished fragment in Millay's last notebook:

Never before, perhaps, was such a sight —
Only one sky (my breath!) and all that blue —
Lapis, and Sèvres, and borage — every hue
Of blue-jay — indigo bunting . . . bluebird's flight.

Mother Sieller was inclined to mourn Edna and to wish that she might have really been with us at Steepletop. Her son, the later Vincent, had a poet's answer for this. He quoted those final lines in the last Millay notebook, the closing lines for a poem never finished :

I will control myself, or go inside.

I will not flaw perfection with my grief.

Handsome, this day: no matter who has died.

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WALTER LOWENFELS

PARAGRAPHS

Goethe and his reduction of poems to prose! The idea without the flesh. Who wants the irreducible minimum? We want the complete thing with all its faults and virtues in its own form. To hell with the essence of things.

The social group is mightier than the pen. It is the pen—in the hands of someone who can write.

All previous poems may be considered as a resolution of contradictions insoluble in society by any other means. However, the history of poems rises above their basis in human error and gives us the 'hitherto unapprehended relations' of words.

Marx paraphrased Theodore Vissler Westhetch: 'Beauty is necessary in order that the spectator may merge with it.'

It is comparatively simple to understand the principles of logic. It is difficult to behave as if we did.

Any reading of Marx without acting on Marx is not reading Marx.

All we want is to be understood. But at the last burst of comprehension, our difference falls between us with the difference that makes all the difference. This nightmare is one of those mathematical equations whose certainties only love can solve.

SOME ITEMS RECEIVED

by the Editor

The first *TWO CITIES* is worth its entire price, for a piece addressed to writers, and yet addressing everyone who may be aware that vital consciousness is a 'quest for meaning' (subscr.: £1 10s. from Edwin Mullins, 19 B Stafford Terr., London, W.8 — U.S.A.: \$3.50 from 39 W. 9th, New York City). And other contents, including appraisals of Lawrence Durrell by leading moderns, are outstanding.

The article, *THE WRITER AND THE SYMBOLS*, is more than a lucid statement of personal literary purposes, by Anais Nin; it carries her deep insights of the human spirit and her entire philosophy. She says: 'Our fate is what we call our character. The more we know about this character, the more able we are to direct our destiny and reach our fullest development.' And: '. . . we preferred to hide ourselves in the myth of a collective community which could function with human beings who had abdicated their individual existence. We know now that this is not so.' Yet, here is not merely a batch of generalised wisdoms,—she precisely details her honest discoveries in search of her inner self. And though the direct applications may be for artists, perceptive readers will find help in overcoming their own 'resistance to truth.'

• At last, a well-recorded and representative—if somewhat sombrelly weighted—selection of recent Patchen is available (*SELECTED POEMS OF KENNETH PATCHEN*, read by Kenneth Patchen — *FOLKWAYS*, 117 W. 46th St., New York City — FL 9717, \$5.95). The impact of each of nineteen readings is doubled by the poet's renderings. He does not indulge tonal dramatics. He has no need: the fitting expression, together with the deep timbre of his voice, imbues these the more strongly, by reason of restraint. As in every genuinely tragic

expression, humour is here too. The poet's convictions about life are conveyed with a sincerity which makes inadequate even the adjective 'extraordinary.' Perhaps 'extra-sensory' better suggests the effects. Even the less-receptive will appreciate faith in love heightened by fury against the world's evils and principled by what surely are prophetic insights of our confused era.

Scheduled to be released as this TRACE appears is KENNETH PATCHEN READS WITH JAZZ IN CANADA (also FOLKWAYS). This is from a tape made with the Alan Neil Quartet for use on CBC. And also as of this date, Patchen's first play, DON'T LOOK NOW, was to have its premiere at THE TROUPE THEATRE (Palo Alto).

Another factor underlying romantic individualistic trends—in the perimeter of influences from Freud (also from Nietzsche, the recent revelations of him show)—is sidelined in PSYCHOANALYSIS AND RELIGIOUS MYSTICISM, David McClelland (PENDLE HILL, 35c). While McClelland, psychology professor at Harvard, is mainly concerned to demonstrate the Jewish influences (from the ZOHAR's interpretations of man himself as a 'text') and especially those of Hassidism, upon psychoanalytic theory, he brings forward the relevance of mystical culture to modern writings also. This, in the field of so-called free association, and in poetical emphasis upon allusion and metaphor as against simile and 'logically' selected references and forms. And the religious emphasis is far from irrelevant here: in this context, art expression is perhaps the most important means for human participation in universal endless change. Creativity's part in the realisation of the comprehensive Self, definitely aligns with analytic healing/conversion.

Though a better superficial description might be to call them dramatic embodiments of a mystical ideology—the essential dramatic conflicts are subordinated to their revelations—FIVE PLAYS, Vincent Ferrini (FORTUNE PRESS, 21/5

or \$3) are moving and disturbing in theatre tradition. As poetry—necessarily, for stage presentation—these works are less concentrated than most of Ferrini's. But symbol and metaphor and analogic suggestion are utilised in each; and whatever their critical histrionic fate, they display the mature thought and art of one bringing forward new shapes in both spheres. Handling major themes, Ferrini is a major writer in the basic definition; and the degrees of genuine difference he achieves through deceptive simplicities are strong evidences that he deserves higher status than so far allotted him by the 'judges.'

- That Dagobert D. Runes' DICTIONARY OF THOUGHT (PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY, Inc., 15 E. 40th St., New York City 16, \$5) should be imposingly ushered forth and publicised as 'thoughts of an outstanding modern philosopher,' is as revealing of the confusion in Western culture as perusal of this book may prove sadly informative to many just partially aware of the muddlement in those who generally are considered in the upper echelons of contradictory 'command-units' on the intellectual front. Here is an answer to prevalent notions that the schizoidal symptoms in society are merely reactive and temporarily in evidence at a median level, — that further spread of today's overexpanded brand of higher education may effect a cure. Not that the book is pernicious, nor the author mentally unhinged! But it's very 'mixed-up.' Runes discloses no developed core of purposive insight. Wisdom is present,— but in such a conflicting jumble that the value of the whole is that of a negative 'personal-documentary.'

To be sure, the expansion of culture has made it impossible to acquire knowledge in depth through all branches of contemporary thought. And many philosophers have been side-tracked by overwhelming diversities of misnomered material 'progress.' Runes has a sort of learned homespun approach which will appeal to the larger audience

more influenced by what may be called factual multiplication; but he exhibits little unity of world-view, and seems oblivious of his own multiple contradictions. These often result from his couplings of valid abstract ideas with rather uninformed observations. For example, the section on psychoanalysis. The book is replete with half-truths and misunderstanding exceptions; and this gives it a negative value in highlighting current failure of comprehensive contemplation of the failure of purposes in our time. Though his work is called a 'Dictionary,' he is careless in his language, dropping 'smart' brevities into high-sounding contexts, where corrupted usage makes for dubious applications, quite out of place, by the inferred intentions. On the whole, this work is an addition to world confusion; it reflects the contemporary rage for pinning-on labels (recall that childhood game of trying who could come nearest to blindfolded natural placements of the donkey tails?).

- Here too late for review in No. 33, *THE FLIGHT OF MR. SUN*, John Barkley Hart (*HENNY PENNY* — but from author, as there shown) deserves mention, both for undoubted merits and because it has joined the ranks of censored books, along with *LADY CHATTERLY*, etc. The cause appears to have been from a few isolated phrases in the title piece, which indicates less of Hart's potentialities than most other sections. He is a restrained sentimentalist, but at times allows 'protest' feelings to run too full for his channels of outlet. Still, his exaggerated franknesses and nostalgic interludes never become mere invectives or maudlin meanderings. Genuine individual ideas and ideals save him from one of the patterns of 'beat' pseudo-rejection and dejection; and there's positive humour, explicit and implicit, in these 'citations' of society.

- And speaking of humour — a quite awesome and unusual type of it has brought wide acclaim to *WORDS & LINES*, F. N. Souza (*VILLIERS*, 10/6 or \$2) with both drawings and intense autobiographical writings. These reveal that

Souza's view of life is not unlike Henry Miller's; and even the English style of this native Goan has Millerian twists. He maintains a terse control of language and exhibits a more gratifying attention to sounds and structure than may be found in most of the roughly-tortured prose of Miller. His drawing, as he himself immodestly asserts, is positively unique.

- Many miscellaneous smaller items deserve more detailed appraisals than can be given them. The Spring 1959 WAGNER LITERARY MAGAZINE, which arrived in Hollywood via London, offers an absorbing 'beat' symposium, with comments from international 'names' and a reply from leading so-dubbed Beats retorting there is no Beat Generation.... Among pamphlets—NINE BY THREE, Robert Beum, Maxime Cassin, and Felix Stefanile (HEARSE, \$1). Stefanile earns first attention, for newer poems showing his consistent growth toward maturity; he preserves his special 'transient observer' mode, along with his favorite key images—the sun pouring down over all.

More limited interest attaches to KYK-OVER-AL No. 25, focused on theatre in British Guiana; yet, besides for its insights of colonial culture, the issue holds broader significance, semantically, in showing exactly how world literary trends affect an undeveloped and isolated literary community.... And there have been such unrare and doubtless irrelevant curiosa as Bob Kaufman's ABOMUNIST MANIFESTO and SECOND APRIL, noticed in different places for different reasons. These broadsides of a darkly moon-warped personality trying to obscure sickness, are being circulated by CITY LIGHTS (35c ea.). Also from CITY LIGHTS soon, will issue Felix Greene's WHAT'S REALLY HAPPENING IN CHINA? (\$1).

A NEW YEAR'S-END FEATURE

LEADING 1959 TRACE RECOMMENDATIONS

CARDINALS & SAINTS (Metier)—Arlene Zekowski and Stanley Berne

SOUTHERN WRITERS IN THE MODERN WORLD (U. of Georgia)—Donald Davidson

THE HAND OF A STRANGER (Horizon)—Jean Cocteau

LUNAR BAEDEKER & TIME-TABLES (Jonathan Williams)—Mina Loy

CRITICAL WRITING FOR THE JOURNALIST (Chilton)—Roland E. Wolseley

LI SAO (Olivant)—Jerah Johnson translation

(These books are not judged 'best', nor even better than others reviewed; but they are emphasised as likely to prove valuable permanent additions to libraries of TRACE readers.)

ADDENDA . . .

Deteriorating magazine-directory co-operation having spread to that from the presses, the last comprehensive listing of these is in this issue. Although the presses editors have supplied their own descriptions (paraphrased without critical alterations), editorial choices of what to review—plus, of course, editorial opinions—appear to have been intolerable to many publishers, who also perhaps are irked over increasing reader-approval of what a recent correspondent named ‘the trace line.’ And editorial motivations have been questioned.

Little call to reaffirm that monetary considerations, in a job for which there is less than no net cash-return, are irrelevant. And without any ludicrous pretensions to sainthood, for donating time and energy, the Editor confesses that, besides wishing to aid projects he has thought worthy, he increasingly has been stressing his own views upon new writings.

Yet, space has been open for all publishable dissents; and many antagonistic views have been printed. Besides which, readers—soon acquainted with editorial prejudices and blind-spots (no doubt)—have been able to make allowances and often seem to have drawn differing conclusions upon negative regard for those of the magazine. It is elementary to remark that expressing less-than-honest opinions rapidly reduces any writings-on-writings to meaninglessness and uselessness.

In 1960, TRACE will expand in scope, concentrating less narrowly on the little magazines and small book editions; but complete up-to-date information about these magazines and presses, together with all obtainable data on new ventures, will appear in each issue. This running account will provide full coverage, to aid teachers, writers, librarians, and interested readers—plus more about new literature in

general. For those requiring complete annual catalogues, there is the new International GUIDE, under other editorship. Five thick issues of TRACE, besides offering more reviews and articles on more different publications, will be supplementary to The GUIDE. Expansion is much too rapid and changes far too numerous for mere annual listings. 1960 support is urgently solicited for TRACE and for what may be regarded as an enlarged sixth issue, The GUIDE, for which nearly 300 editors already have provided more detailed descriptions of their projects than feasibly could have been condensed in the former TRACE Directories.

- Spread of an anti-integration trend (in jazz-poetry—?), except for the continuing and improved ‘fused’ work of Kenneth Patchen, recently was manifest in Santa Monica Canyon (Calif.) COASTLINES-party announcements: ‘. . . invites you to dig its big poems and (not with) music . . .’ . . . Such fundraising expedients are succeeding in other centres. And such revivals of ceremonial literature wed to social revels may be as incongruous as most P+J. Well — the celebrators at least do retain greater respect for the readings than history reports of those ancient Roman suppers where poetry won more ephemeral publication than via the smallest of small presses today.

- In London, programmes of CONTEMPORARY MUSIC AND POETRY CIRCLE (opening on 12th Oct.) were scheduled for second Mondays each month through May, at Stanton Coit House, with new information-address: 4 Princes Ct., Worsley Rd., N.W.3 . . . In Beverly Hills, PACIFICUS PRODUCTIONS (Curtis Zahn and William Norton, sponsoring WORKSHOP SEVEN) seeks one-act plays on anti-war themes. Entries to: Mr. Zahn, 24402 Malibu Rd., Malibu, Calif. This is a non-profit project, earnings over production costs to be distributed among actors and directors. Verse plays are favoured; and works are being staged at BEVERLY HILLS PLAYHOUSE. . . . In Greenwich Village, many declare the ridiculous to have

defeated the sublime, in what have been termed the ultimate depths of pseudo-poetry readings — reported by such diverse observers as David Kalugin, Henry Picola, and Alfred Kreymborg; while George Stillman, both as news correspondent and poetry director at the COLLEGE OF COMPLEXES (spelled ‘Colledge,’ according to Mr. Picola) provides ‘straight’ reports on these readings, plus those in

John Mitchell’s GASLIGHT and WASHINGTON SQUARE PARK. . . . In San Francisco, a poetry-vs.-police chapter recently added concerned William Margolis of the late MISCELLANEOUS MAN and Patrolman William C. Bigarani, who contended he and the entire police department had been vilified in verse. The American Civil Liberties Union has intervened, muse-or-not. . . . In Los Angeles, an hour’s monthly panel-discussion keeps alive the POETRY LOS ANGELES name—over KPFK. And as this TRACE prepared the Editor of TRACE also was participating in preliminary programming of a CBS national network project for ‘cultural airing’ of moot matters. From New Haven (Conn.) William Byler reports NEW HAVEN ARTS FESTIVAL poets outnumbered by audiences for first time.

• POETRY PUBLIC (*issue dated 1958, but released early last summer?) carried out an unique idea, at least, for encouraging more analytic methods of poetry reading. Four large pages of leading questions, however, fitted a frame limited by the criteria of Editor L. R. Holmes. They concerned 59 poems he had selected and displayed hopefully without names of authors. To be sure, it was timely that all these should have been of philosophical nature (with current revival of such), and notable too that the presentations for ‘reader-gradings’ should have ranged from the translated ancients down to contemporaries and hitherto-unprinted items. But among contradictions here (besides that most selections easily were identified by the professional PP subscribership) was the demand for comparative judgements, when these particular poems were of thematic

and verbal types most distinguished by differentia-

*(*Just as this typescript was completed, along came a PP dated Oct.-Dec. 1958, but shown actually released at the end of July, 1959! Apparently, the above was out in 1958. Because of this Editor's suddenly discovered 'contribution' of one of the 59 poems, the foregoing paragraph is left unaltered. This pre-dated and post-released issue carries tabulated results from partial answers of a grand total of five responding to this documented call to dubious jury duty.)*