

LIVING LITERATURE



POETRY: CORRINGTON

Gil Orlovitz, E.A. Campbell



SPRING 1962

11th

Year

45

4/- 75c

JAMES BOYER MAY

TRACE

EDITOR

TRACE

No. 45

Living Literature

Essays & Articles · Poetry · Reviews

SPRING 1962

Edited by JAMES BOYER MAY

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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A NEW EPISTLE: CREATIVITY IN THE SIXTIES

by James Boyer May

TOWARDS PRINT FOR TRACE'S NEXT TEN YEARS

EACH INDIVIDUAL IS: an individual, that is. That's how life is Life. Of course. Meanwhile, Death always says, 'Present,' to define life: degrees of life-death, death-life; infinitesimally graded, infinitely individuated. Life expands through change/s; and each process (part) reaches distinctive being through differentiation. In man (and no doubt in other cellular systems) thought accompanies activity's continuation. Yet, all men are not by any means self-relatedly thoughtful. Most men scarcely ponder their meanings to themselves as purposive entities. They rarely question their intentions, in order to isolate and recognize individuating perceptions; though they often may abstractly ask themselves who they are. To the extent that people fail to inquire into identity/ies, they give fealty to stasis. They subside into patterns and assent to the stilled illusions . . . which are death. Self-aware or not, life is unceasing reaction. To the extent that people relinquish awareness, they negate particularizing reactions; when personal consciousness of change is diluted, individuality atrophies. An undirected self minutely disintegrates. Life renews, apart from that self. Carcinosis occurs; the multiforming cancer. Who stirs less by his own intentions, lets other life define his slow death. The struggle is plain in those called artists. They suffer visibly, audibly. Others who deliberately leave Tarsus on the long Damascus Road also must suffer enroute; but their symptoms are hidden. Misinterpretations by the nontraveling majority are the natural rule. And naturally the most misunderstood artists are those who exhibit outstanding (perhaps violent) signs; and these, in turn, are the ones who endeavor to uphold unique convictions of *raison d'être*. They half-perceive universal fated implications: that their radical departures hold greater hope for realizing

authentic identity. Where the road is so directly individuated, sufferings are severe; yet, on such routes, the resistance to cancer approaches success. The bedeviled writer-artist is expected to explain 'abnormal' deportment in the minority to the mystified 'normal' majority. However, creative writers don't necessarily discern the underlying causes of their own or others' lively torments; and the occupation of writing is far from usually creative. Closer explanations sometimes are uttered by composers, painters, sculptors, even dancers and actors. And exceptional psychologists have whispered that all failures of 'adjustment' may not stem from neuroses or psychoses.

This approach to the problems of nonconformism in the Sixties purposely ignores confirmatory evidence from the past; it avoids the use of the perspectives of historical argument. The best of the commoner demonstrations — how cultural stagnation has ensued suppression of deviation — fail to sift the sane from the sick, the sincere from the dissemblers; and 'screwballs' at large come to be tolerated on the precarious premise that a few will be vindicated by genius. This is not justifiable impartiality, not benign suspension of judgment, not even mere critical laxity, but total resignation to critical nongovernance. Undiscriminating defenses of nonconformities will lead to faster decay of standards than would ensue the most fanatical enforcement of a rigid ideology.

A CLOSE LOOK AT THE ACTORS

Again, then, this is an approach by examination of specific signs by which 'screwballs' may be segregated from persons of probable (original) talent. Two kinds of nondiscernment confuse the latter with the mentally maimed whose rebellions should be of limited clinical interest, those whose encouragement is detrimental to social health, if not perhaps an endangerment of social safety; and at the least a waste of leisure. The first kind has evolved because the disconcerting behavior of talented persons often is superficially identical to that of the ineffectually neurotic and/or diagnosably sick. The second, because of the proclivity of 'mental cases,' or glib opportunists, to assume dubiously-protective roles of (in such instances, pseudo) innovators.

A primary superficial resemblance is from extreme selfconsciousness evidenced in various annoying departments: exhibitionism, unmannerliness, pugnacity, etc. But — though gifted people, especially in younger years, may be as uncouth as certifiable lunatics — there is a basic difference.

The genuine artist remains noticeably — if by delicate comparison — free of illusioned conjectures projected beyond second removes of introspect, or retrospect. From the very earliest, he will not be found obsessively selfconscious about the opinions of others. At most, he will give only intermittent credence to apprehensions concerning what he may fancy others think about him or his work (whether in terms of a 'standard' or in the light of some special concept of existence); and, in time, he will evince scarcely any such apprehensions. Greater artists are said to live in the present tense — common observation. This is largely because any authentic pattern or scheme of individual creation does, by its own identificatory force, compel disregard (sometimes even forgetfulness) in its author — both of his own prior creations and the reactions of others to same. Behind this

lies an essential intuitive resistance to developing consciously-recognizable patterns which might be attributed to selfconscious influences of 'association' or to defensive rationalizations derived from the artist's own precedents.

Less abstractly — artists usually reject emulative roles commonly adopted by undedicated persons with no real urge to look for 'socially significant' occupation; nor will they always be directly (or indirectly) drawing attention to their origination of their self-assignments, as such. In fact, they do not necessarily so originate these at all, but most likely proceed upon their own particularized inclinations toward expression. This has much to do with the foregoing: that they don't often speculate whether private motivations are being penetrated, and still less whether they are being analyzed with approval. This is not, by the way, to argue that artists are 'balanced' personalities; they're invariably 'disturbed' and selfconscious in ways that elude 'reasonable' explanation.

A basic factor in selfconsciousness is anxiety. The anxieties characterizing those who try to function as entities rise deviously from a conflict oddly veiled to themselves. That is, they recognize this solely as a separate troubling sensation; few penetrate any relationship between recurrent states of obscure dread and semi-awareness of a link between creative activities and feelings of guilt. They relate their guilt-sense to quite other matters involving conscious rejections of a social order.

The other things don't necessarily have to do with politics. Not even with ethics. There needn't be theoretical dissent from accepted mores, nor from popularly-approved endorsements of the system; present or not, such considerations have slight part in the radical schism. The deep split commences at the level where creative persons, knowing independence of entity, subjectively understand that they (alone) do whatever they choose to do. Should they

chance to be politically or/and socially acquiescent, this isn't from political or social pressures, but from what they may be found to feel are rather fortuitous preferences of their own never-fully-affirmed individuality. The fatalistic artist is only comparatively so; the predominant conviction is that his pursuits are made 'on his own.' Thus the everlasting harassing doubt of the ultimate: existence itself. Creative persons may (and, intellectually at least, usually do) perceive that without a society, they could not 'be' (so conscious); yet, they simultaneously understand (if intuitively) that they are affirming a 'being' who contradicts and denies that society.

Diagnosable states of shock are attributable to this unconscious dilemma. Meanwhile, though the artist may not frequently be given to explorations of the allegedly-'unexperienced,' however occasional such excursions may be, he provokes misunderstanding enmities to aggravate his pseudo-schizophrenic malady. Mainly because the artist himself interprets hostilities at levels of his major (or minor) outward oppositions to a society which (raggedly though it be) does support him. Coincidentally, he'll not be one whit more inclined to brood less over the really-irrelevant dissents of those around him, not having penetrated the fundamental connection in the area where he evinces considerable imperviousness to opinions of others.

People near the artist will call his behavior neurotic, equating the symptoms with those of sick minds. Too, the artist perhaps will defend the symptoms (as well aware of them as anyone) in terms of some half-convincing narration of misfortunes, such as to explain 'normal' nervousness. He'll then be charged with exaggeration — nine times in ten, correctly.

But, the personality-element distinguishing the artist from the mental case is the individuating strain in the crisis of very real purposes, and that he is to some extent able to satisfy the purposes. A few recognized psychologists have

pointed out that an actually neurotic personality remains frustrated, and that his self-pity or self condemnation (direct or indirect) unceasingly conditions his mind. At any juncture whatsoever, it has been remarked, the psychotic's patterns of projected 'blame' may change; but these are invariably and continuously conjured at some more stubbornly unreasonable second-remove (than are the less-fixed notions of the merely neurotic). In contrast to both, the aesthetic nihilist or anarchist will, at least periodically, overcome frustration through achievement — even when the achievement is only self-affirmed. In the most incidental of his expressions, the artist seeks valid identity, struggles to define this and find personal 'meaning.' He may or may not be aware of psychological implications; but he objectively evidences that he believes he must register, for his own satisfaction, some measure of difference — or be a cipher.

WHAT IS SPECIAL ABOUT THE SIXTIES?

These broad psychological considerations have special applications to the Sixties,— as they have had to each preceding decade. One Sixties' application results from what was inferred above by mentioning that historical arguments grow common. That these are not invoked here is partly because the decade is characterized by reactive conservatism, as noted by scores of observers. This emphasis has deepened in relation to every form of art expression, enhancing stress upon timely significances, with particular attention to probable degrees of traditional influence as signalized in terms of specific pasts. Periods frequently tied with comments on contemporary arts are those touching primitive cultures, the medieval (European) approaches, and all phases of the 1920s avant transition.

Throughout the Fifties, people in the arts (yearningly and audibly) began to hope that 'lost' clues to their concededly-dubious intentions and pretensions might be picked up and tracked across some gap of years to eventual

solutions. Such ideas weren't necessarily unsound,—except for the ubiquity of their untethered discursive ratiocinations.

Which introduces another basic Sixties application (also inferred in the beginning): an obsessive focus on the philosophical question of identity. This, rendered sharper by direct conflicts between proponents of a 'Mankind'-rescue of civilization (the Marxists being the extreme) and those cheering for the solitary-'Man'-rescue (and with a certain analogical political extreme in the John Birch Society), the so-described Romantics.

The latter (here rejecting the Birchers as out of context) grow stronger in all areas; more theorists (some of them in rather sullen difficulty) maintain that any hope for culture depends upon exceptional individuals. Again, a cross-reference to political life: their usual objective is not to support probable 'dictators,' but to gain priority for subjectively-oriented logic.

Debate along these lines glows in each major field. Because of its unlimited public exposure, that of design (especially in architecture and furniture patterns) provides fitting material. Here, as elsewhere, questions of 'sanity' are flung up,—often without close analyses of the works that ostensibly originate them. Nor is it essential to discuss buildings or coffee-tables specifically—no more than textual critiques upon specific books, or professional examinations of painting styles, or scientific treatments of new media for sculpture. The point is obvious in general observations how manners of design reflect the personalities responsible for the manifestations dubbed 'modern.'

For, everywhere, the complaint is amplified: what's 'wrong' with new buildings and interiors? Ignoring the nonverdicts of a vulgar majority, failure of warmhearted acceptance by the cultivated minority is even commoner than it seems. Besides all who consciously adopt a tentative 'openmindedness' ('we'll learn to like it'), there are multitudes who pretend to accept,

but who really indulge snobbery in their professed delight at novelties-unlimited. Their pseudo-sophistication, in truth, equates with the brief enchantment of some barbarian's first encounter with civilized gadgets. Others, surrounding themselves with deemed-outré objets d'art, bask before ideosyncratic façades — from the same socially-rebellions inducing them to assume the livery of the Beat.

Well, to proceed — with beards. Not capriciously, but because of their continuing factual revival, a revival that's not ideally (or in any other way) truly new. Here, the pertinent mental jog is from the noncoincidental cultural precedents behind all beardedness; every whiskered mode ineludibly identifies with some vital society, past or present. Perhaps a wearer's imagination has returned to Gilgames, the Assyrian Hercules, or to Marcus Aurelius, or to great-great-grandpa. Maybe he overtly endorses the patriarchy of the Latter-day Saints; or conceives notional kinship with the unshaven mother-lode-seekers of the Yukon? Few will deny a sympathetically creative and correlative impulse in their adoption of a beard; yet, scarcely anyone will defend it on grounds he would call functional. Consider now the total reversal of these elements in coming to terms with a stark aluminum storefront or the slot-drop proportions of stainless-steel chairs: the outstanding argument for aesthetically unprecedented design is based upon rudimentary functionalities that leave entirely out of account the higher and really functional warrant for beards — the psychic factor. Yet — what more functional factor in the design of a place of daily employment, the daily-handled furnishings of a home? Reassurance and relaxation — and physical comfort too — come with psychic ease. Feelings of dissatisfaction with 'modern' equipage and housing consequentially emerge from the sterilization of culturally-identifiable elements.

The fundamental demand for security lies in the psychological matrix of any effectively acceptable art development. Priority is consciously or unconsciously given this human need in virtually all judgments upon every conceivable product of creativity. And still, particularly in architecture today, amazingly few innovators seem psychologically aware. Most of the exceptions have been alleged 'squares' or regionalists or those chauvinistic builders concentrating to perpetuate a national 'ideal.' Only to the extent that such urges are genuinely part of an artist's own individuality, can their expressions be accredited sincere. And lesser planners opportunistically use limited traditionalisms in the same ways that bolder ones conjure unacceptable structures by their deliberative adjustments of aesthetic forms to new materials. In either category, the rational will to demonstrate uniqueness bars and blots self-discovery, which is 'originality.'

THE RELEVANCE OF THE TWENTIES

Leaving readers to apply the parallels of these signs of rebellion to 90 literature and other arts, observe rebellion itself (as such). Also, the tabs and circumstances conjoining the Sixties brand of discontent and that of the frequently-mentioned Twenties. Glancing back to those years, we seem not then to have pondered very deeply the socio-psychological enigmas now deeded us in the Sixties; but, from this present vantage, it's obvious that the immediate post-War I generation (especially those young enough to have escaped military service) held an unprecedented proportion of youth obsessively inclined toward one or another trend of self-torture. Although the college people of the early Twenties (excepting returned veterans, whose presence played a part) had been birthed at an ostensibly-fortunate time — too late for the carnage, yet early enough to sow wild oat\$\$ during 'prosperity' and to miss War II slaughter — they were extremely cynical. As

though they really had premonitions of the Crash and all the horrors implicit in the future from their spurious moonshine joys.

Otherwise-bright young people, by the same adjuncts, adopted expository conservatism and rejected responsibility by refusing to espouse 'causes.' Causes never were more unfashionable than in the Twenties. Dedication was naiveté; personal sacrifice, idealistic stupidity. Ridicule pursued those who deprived themselves for highflown aims; and 'religion' lost holiness.

Of close interest now, is the fact that then-regarded knowledgeable collegiates adhered to adolescent incipencies in appraising the arts. Else — among the less-sophisticated — 'educated' notions of painting, writing, building, etc. crusted in moulds comparable to the orthodox stereotypes they simultaneously were tossing into the waste pit. Of course, the smarter boys and girls rebelled in every field, bragged of directionlessness. But there was an exceptionally tiny majority of sincere nonconformists to whom either attitude was irrational. In the resulting climate, any actual search for (individual) identity was denied in advance by the better-recognized 'new' artists.

Blasé poses of worldliness were so scoffingly assumed that the elder adults of that period scarcely discerned the sincerely-oriented few. Next, the Label was applied (out of F. Scott F., who was not, himself, so jaded as was proclaimed): The Lost Generation. And it has stuck on until now we chiefly fancy that decade to have been pervaded by careless, boozing, whoring artists. A false image — proven durably convenient — has transshaped that history. Gross result? Everyone born between 1900 and 1910 has met enlarged obstacles, more grievous difficulties — in literature, theatre, the arts generally — than those who later moved from adolescence into maturity during the depression Thirties, the war-deformed Forties, or the dubious Fifties.

The insane behavior of the Twenties was a superficial, juvenile, and actually conformable wildness: those thrill-bent excursions in the first high-speed automobiles, the preposterous consumption of paralyzing quantities of poisonous booze, the sexual frenzies. Talent's hallmark was muck on a crumpled bedsheet. The effects persisted; until very recently, one risked raillery for seeking (as a young person) more solemn life-meanings than those of animality. That this lasted through three decades was largely because the next-older generation misunderstandingly attempted to uphold the brass counter of fulfilment in the acquisition of property. For thirty years what commonly passed for philosophical discussion was little more than exchange of speculative sentimentalities; 'serious' conversation at a sophomoric level rang down the curtain with remarks upon the 'certainties' of passage-from-this-mortal-frame — and related inanities. In combination with the continued vogue of sensual indulgence, this ensured perpetuation of health-breaking and suicidal 'diversions'; most humans will endeavor to diminish their fears by hugging them closely, trying to condition themselves in lesser enactments — for damnation, or perhaps assurance that they at least can become their own guides, pick their own paths into purgatory.

But, there's more to it than that. This may be seen today in yet-more complex aberrant tendencies, the solutions for which appear doubtful even for the year 2,000. Many picture the college people of the Sixties as more wisely balanced, despite the 'fringe' (they like to say) idiocies of drug-addiction and criminality. Maybe this generation really is more thoughtful. Maybe the return to a Popular Science god of secular dedication does rise from other causes than those perpetually goading each generation to rebel against its parent generation? Maybe . . . Yet, these prognostications are formed upon revolt-against-revolt, moving into substitute

conformities that span the scale between young fascist gangsterisms and demos-banded (and branded) pacts to formulate new humanisms. There are few inherent links with traditions; there's no unity of reactive patterns for a consequently-undefinable revolution — if this really is one. Today's fifty-to-sixty-year-olds cannot agree on the foils.

What sort of balanced maturity for a generation controlled by the exemplars of a kind of mathematico-stoicism? These do hold the rudders in business and in government (less firmly in the arts). What alternatives are there to mere plots to stick it out with hand-me-down materialistic pessimisms? What can eventuate from pseudo-attacks upon holdover governors from a permissive era? These aren't real leaders — let alone tyrants — these equivocating figureheads, posed and poised, waiting no one guesses what. They refuse credence to oracular pronouncements of their own rare members — those who had been purposeful nonconformists through the same years. About the only thing it seems may be said for younger dissidents from such obtusity is that they aren't just marking time. They aren't just standing with their elder 'leaders' in figurative soup-lines, belly-to-back with the unproletarian, confused, unthinking, masses.

DISPERSION INTO ANONYMITIES OR?

A Twenties' heritage of deteriorative tragedy. But—may not forlorn glimmers be kindled from recalling that, throughout the moonshine era, some concepts of mythic 'substantiality' were preserved by negating elder conservatives? Here could be the unlikely touchstone: that even dubious contra-concepts have evoked sustaining images (for some) which have persisted through War II and into the Fifties—if on thrice-muddled parades. In other words, that fertile oppositions do endure—that the Sixties' potentialities need not be limited by what could straggle out of mere revolt against revolt itself.

As 1962 unfolds, the surface impression is of noncontainment, of nothing to contain. Aboveground there's a great unidentifiable biob of exploding particles from unsortable abandoned traditions. Unspherical, it appears to hold no core for condensation. No forms are predicated for the most conglomerate subsequent and consequential reactions toward meaningfilled 'newness.' A chaos of rented atoms seems to impend from this societal schizophrenia. Such desperate conformities as are being readied to salvage cultures are singularly comfortless; their exponents insidiously promise 'welfares' gauged to subsistence maximums calculated to discourage overt anarchists. The only heterogamy here—the projected 'democratic' catholicons and those of dictatorial fiat—seems retrogressively theoretical: that the former could be enforced without armed trumpeters to post the edicts.

To illustrate—in the vital area of the printed word, there's an unnameable apathetic concurrence in a \$\$-determination as to which titles remain commonly available in libraries and what may be the contents of books enabled publication under any aegis rendering them practically available to a significant public minority. Without conspicuous individual or group decisions, a thereupon-uncombatabile censorship spreads to eliminate all publications not catering to swamp-level readerships. There's an unprecedented censorship-in-reverse resulting from withdrawal of discriminating endorsements—while indecipherable seals are placed on aborted sex and sadistic violence (fast sellers) and works of thoughtful candor and aesthetic restraint earn disapproval. Though psychologists aver none can be directly corrupted by suggestiveness in bad art, no responsible student of ethics would argue that an exclusive provender of undisciplined and fatuous composition cannot turn people to perverse or lethal distractions from boredom.

Abstractly, this is frightening: for interchangeabilities of censure only can be affected from reactions against deviations from a norm. What if idiotic (or maniacal) expression becomes the norm? And deviations fade? Proponents of sane beneficence — whether by brush, pen, or chisel — could then be heard only through echoes. The crowning apothegms for an age of cruel lust could be: love is weakness; compromise is cowardice; and finally, undestructive change means slavery. The larger Death would prevail against every act not bred of little deaths.

However — and even for those conceding inevitable obsolescence to ‘eternity’ — there are hopeful signs. Already indicated, they lie in the frequent Sixties evidences of a spreading perception that advocates of darkling doom are either blundering ‘squares’ trying to unsquare themselves by decorating their nontastes *a la mode*, or they are selfconscious and self-indoctrinated ‘beatish’ types exposable as ant-artists. And despite this great schizophrenic cloud which has no nucleus, there are nuclei: those certain individuals who may be condensation centres for recovering perspectives of genuine reaction to primitive wonder or to the medieval speculation that brought the Renaissance or to those not-altogether-discarded idealisms of the Twenties. These persons are the not-lost survivors of the Lost Generation — including many who are (physically) dead.

There are valid tests for determining who may be proponents of life and which are the vital works of art. Whether by modes of existence or via writings and creations in other media, the proponents display meaningful intentions to identify — at whatever levels — something of individuated being. They exhibit purposive uniqueness — not unapishness for the sake of being discovered as a different breed of apes. They are opportune, not opportunistic, in their endeavors to find individualism that may lead toward universals. They are never-ceasing doubters, questioning

everything, including themselves. They will make scarcely any concessions to what may be 'expected' as most acceptable at any given moment. Should there be press notices of their 'interesting' lunacies, they do not endorse them for advertisements of their 'engagement,' nor allow such subsidiary matters to distract them from the unique consistencies of their own dedicated inconsistencies.

How to distinguish the merely disturbed and the insincere from the artist (living or dead) is really simple. The adaptabilities of the former are transparent camouflages; they circle telltale courses of cute 'fitness.' They are literally impossible to 'see' as persons, either in their Britain, the Continent, etc. . . . BLUE GUITAR (35c) still comprises PACIFIC EXPLICATOR (Box 5068, North Long Beach, Calif., . . . BRAND 'X' (620 E. 6th St., (Apt 3), New York City 9) is a new mimeo'd mag (25c) carrying off-trail works—auspices of 7 POETS Press. No. 1 offers David Kalugin, Tracy Thompson, and others . . . BREAKTHRU (1090 S. LaBrea, Los Angeles 19, Cal.—50c) has launched contests for articles, fiction, poetry, and drawings. . . . From BRUCE HUMPHRIES, Inc. (48 Melrose St., Boston 16, Mass.): THREE LOVES THE SAME, Horatio Colony (\$2.75)—three 'story' poems.

Extremely different: THE WALGAMOT INTERSTICE (BURNING DECK Publishers, 615 Turner Park Ct., Ann Arbor, Mich.—\$1.25), described in SOME ITEMS. . . . CASTLE-PIERCE Printers (Oshkosh, Wis.) offer POEMS OUT OF WISCONSIN, ed. by Maude Totten (\$4 from: Oliver Sanders, Finance Chmn., 1102 Columbus Circle, Janesville, Wis.), collected from past quarter-century. Includes Horace Gregory and contributors from all walks—no 'cultist' poems. . . . Winter's CATARACT (4975 Isabella Ave., Montreal 29, Can.) featured an open letter from Louis Dudek to Irving Layton. A duplic. quarterly (35c) ed. by Seymour Mayne and Leonard Angel. . . . Just out: WHERE WE ARE, John William Corrington (CHARIOTEER Press—see adv. in this issue), Poetry Award winner. E. Paul

Lawson states mss. for 1962 competition will be accepted in June . . . Financial problems cause THE CHAT NOIR Review (150 E. Superior, Chicago 11, Ill.—\$3 per yr.) to go quarterly, ensuing four monthly issues. . . . CLO CHLUAIN TAIRBH (52 Derwyn Rd., Toronto 6, Can.) releases: THAN ANY STAR, poems by Pádraig O Broin (\$3.50); and still available—LADDERS TO HIGH PLACES, G. C. Miller (50c) and bound vols. of TEANGADOIR (\$4.50).

The annual hardb. mag, CONTEMPORARY POETRY (4204 Roland Ave., Baltimore 10, Md.—\$3) is currently FROM AN INTERIOR SILENCE, by Richard O'Connell. . . . No. 1 CRAZY HORSE recently arrived; but mail to the N.Y. publisher, MANDRILL Press, has been returned. This dupl. selection of protest poems, 'real' to human problems, incl. Thomas McGrath, Naomi Replanski, Charles Humboldt (free). . . . As with ATLAS (above), new CURRENT holds close TRACE interest: educational intention to cite matters of social relevance in all communications areas, including academic journals and little mags (905 Madison Ave., New York City 21—\$8 per yr., \$5 to teachers or students).

The high levels of individuation sometimes reached by modest dupl. mags is typified in No. 8 DEUCE (56A Balfour Rd., Southall, Middlesex —4/- per yr.); and see SCRIP note, below. . . . ELIZABETH Press (103 Van Etten Blvd., New Rochelle, N.Y.) releases: TALL TALES FROM FAR CORNERS and other poems, Gena Ford, foreword by Frederick Eckman; REFLECTIONS IN THE DARK —'instant poems,' B. A. Uronovitz, foreword by James Weil (\$1 ea.). . . . From E. M. WHITE, Publ. (Big Sur, Calif.): a symposium on book-suppressions, HENRY MILLER—Between Heaven and Hell, with photogr. (\$2.25). ... EPOCH (159 Goldwin Smith Hall, Cornell U., Ithaca, N.Y.) is on quarterly schedule, though queries indicate late ms. replies. ... Unexamined: EXCHANGE (Canadian address to come); and EVIDENCE (Box 245, Stat. F, Toronto 5 — \$3.85 per yr.).

OF RECENT KEEN INTEREST:

A CANADIAN ANTHOLOGY from FIDDLEHEAD (U. of New Brunswick, Fredericton, N.B., Can.), editors' choices of native poetry in its pages, 1945-59 (\$1). ... FIRST PERSON (Box 147, Planetarium Stat., New York City 24 — 7/- or \$1) wins anthological reprints: work of Dana Athill, a 'first' there, in DOUBLE-DAY collection; that of Ellen Marsh and Martin Elevitch, editor, in CITY LIGHTS Anthol. ... Two LP discs of George Abbe's readings: his own — FI 9164, Poetry in the Round; of his contemporaries — FL 9735, Anthology (ea., \$5.95); by FOLKWAYS (121 W. 47th St., New York City 36). Three Kenneth Patchen records, previously issued. ... GALLEY SAIL's Stanley McNail, and Roy Miller of SAN FRANCISCO Review (Box 671, S.F. 1, Calif.) are personally reissuing William J. Margolis' THE LITTLE LOVE OF OUR YEARNING. ... Ethel M. King's REFLECTIONS OF REEDY (GERALD J. RICKARD, 30 Prince St., Brooklyn 1, N.Y. — \$2.75) arrives for William Marion Reedy's 100th birth-year — a semi-biographical compilation of bibliographic value, detailing publications, excerpting from THE MIRROR (St. Louis, Mo.) ed. by him, 1893-1920.

**GILES GORDON, PUBL. (11 GREENHILL
GDNS., EDINBURGH 10, SCOTL.)**

offers two pamphlets: THE MAN OF (ALMOST) INDEPENDENT MIND, Hugh MacDairmid on Hume; DEER ON THE HIGH HILLS, long poem by Iain Crichton Smith (3/6 or 50c ea.). Their initial book will be 'first' poems by Frank Singleton. ... From GOLDEN QUILL (Fracestown, N.H.): SPRING ECLOGUE, Ann Hyde Greet, Book Club for Poetry Selection (\$2.75); FOLKWAY Verse Selections, M. Rosser Lunsford (\$2.75). ... Distrib. by CITY LIGHTS: booklets from GOLDEN MOUNTAIN Press, incl. selection

of 'poems, etc.' by Tram Combs: but never mind. ... Another HILLSBORO: TRAVEL, Poems, by Michael Lebeck (\$1.50 from Box 76, New York City 40).

**FOR EARLY REVIEW, FROM HORIZON
PRESS (156 5TH AVE., NEW YORK
CITY 10):**

ARSHILE GORKY, the Man, the Time, the Idea, Harold Rosenberg (Illustr. incl.—\$3.75); EDMUND BLUNDEN, ed. by Kenneth Hopkins (\$4.95). Also: THE CHARTED MIRROR, critical literary essays by John Holloway (\$4.50); BORDER COUNTRY, first novel by Raymond Williams (\$4.50). ... INSCAPE (1702 Vermont, N.E., Albuquerque, N.M.—50c), in larger format, after brief lapse. ... With what seems redundant warning that mss. cannot be returned (complaints having been registered re Editor Henry Picola's VESPERS). INTERNATIONAL Academy of Poets (3 Sheridan Sq., New York City) asks contest entries, sonnets in Petrarchan form on Edna St. Vincent-Millay's life, loves, or in her 'intimate' manner sent Mr. Picola (Box 98, N.Y.C.) before Oct. 15 (\$200. prize).

A third international congress in the interests of cultural understanding was held May 5 to 23, under auspices of INTERNATIONAL Foundation for Cultural Harmony (P.O. Box 43, Numazu City, Japan). . . . Announced for spring, from JONATHAN WILLIAMS, Publ. (c/o Phoenix Bookshop, 18 Cornelia St., New York City 14): SOME DEATHS — Selected Poems and Communications, 1929-62, by Walter Lowenfels (\$2.50). . . .

A topical monthly, The LIBERAL DEMOCRAT (2440 Bancroft Way, Berkeley 4, Calif. — 35c), uses some poetry. The title does not tab party-affiliation. . . . Long-delayed No. 2 LIGHT YEAR (3331-B 17th St., San Francisco 10, Calif. — unpr.) blasted out, in March, as a huge miscellany of uninhibited controversy and the gamut of creativities, both unknowns

and Names, plus graphics. . . . New LOCUS SOLUS (also, via Phoenix Booksh.), ed. by John Ashberry, Kenneth Koch, Harry Mathews, James Schuyler, covers range, ancient to modern.

• Acutely significant to trends is THE FEDERALIST LITERARY MIND, selections from The MONTHLY ANTHOLOGY and The BOSTON REVIEW — 1803-1811 — ed. by Lewis P. Simpson (LOUISIANA State University Press — \$6), to be reviewed in next issue.

THE ASPHALT CAMPUS, by Geoffrey Wagner, whose article on publishing is in TRACE No. 46, is scheduled for Feb. 1963 by The MACMILLAN Co. (60 5th Ave., New York City 11). . . . A technical monthly of probable value to too-impractical publishers, is MARKETING Tactics & Strategy (1656 Lincoln Blvd., Santa Monica, Calif. — \$2 ea.), ed. by Henry G. Burger.

Setting a record, since 1955 when recommended in Trace No. 16, THE LESS DECEIVED, Poems by Philip Larkin (The MARVELL Press, 253 Hull Rd., Hessle, East Yorks, Engl. — 12/6) reaches its fifth edition. . . . A diverse MATE (4 Sealy Rd., Torbay, Auckland, N.Z.), ed. by Robin Dudding, cover by Robert Lowry (3/-) just received. . . . John Wieners has revived long-hibernating MEASURE (185 Eliot St., Milton 87, Mass. — 75c. . . . Sold via CITY LIGHTS, Wm. Margolis' MENDICANT queries should go to: c/o Turner, 335 Huntington Ave. (33), Boston 15, Mass. . . . Reported, unseen: MOUNTAIN (99 Barons N., Hamilton, Ont., Can.), ed. by David McFadden — poetry. . . . NATIONAL GENIUS Books, no longer distrib. from Cincinnati, O.; Robert Lowry's PRIDE OF PRINCE STARRING must be obtained from himself: Apt. 10, 190 Bleecker St., New York City 12. . . . LIVE New Departures Programmes of jazz & poetry fetes are worth ordering from Contemporary Poetry & Music Circle (Stanton Coit House, London — 1/6). Responding to complaints re ms. reports, NEW DEPARTURES eds. affirm a newer departure soon. . . . NEW

YORK CITY Writers Conf. of Wagner College closed the \$500 Stanley Drama Award contest, May 15. Winner, to be announced June 15 — annual Conference sessions, July 10-20.

- Future reviews are set for MILTON'S GOD, William Empson (NEW DIRECTIONS, 333 6th Ave., New York City 14 — \$5) and ASSAYS, Kenneth Rexroth (\$4 or \$2.25, paperb.). Also from N.D., reprints: WHO WALK IN DARKNESS, Chandler Brossard (\$1.25 paperb.) ; SELECTED POEMS, Federico Garcia Lorca, ed. by Francisco G. Lorca and Donald M. Allen (\$1.35) ; Stendhal's LUCIEN LEUWEN in 2 vols. (\$1.75 ea.); AMERIKA, Franz Kafka (\$1.60); THE TIME OF ASSASSINS, Henry Miller (\$1.40). Timely, with the last: ARTHUR RIMBAUD, Enid Starkie (\$10). Also just out: THE NIGHT OF THE IGUANA, Tennessee Williams' play (\$3.50).

Books planned by The NEW FRESCO, Inc. (Box 2457, Detroit 31, Mich.) under Editor Wm. F. Dwyer, are not yet released.... Also new: NEW POET (100 Beaconsfield Rd., Leicester, Engl.—2/6), ed. by J. T. L. Weston....NEWSPAPER (Box 114, New York City 12) has blazed forth with a No. 12 (25c) attacking USA review practices, Editor Jack Green utilizing in extenso the history of THE RECOGNITIONS, by William Gaddis (little sold in 1955, now in MERIDIAN paperb.—\$2.75)... Left-wing slants in NEW UNIVERSITY NEWS (5478 S. Woodlawn, Chicago 15, Ill.—10c), monthly, ed. by Ron Dorfman—some lit. content.... Early return to schedule promised by NIMROD (U. of Tulsa, Tulsa, Okla.).

NORTHWESTERN U. Press (Evanston, Ill.) is to bring out Stendhal's MEMOIRS OF A TOURIST, first printed in FIRST PERSON.... Delayed OUTCRY (Box 12082, Washington 5, D.C.) merges with Two MUSES—is set for May. Also, to do booklets with POET's Press. Editors ask good criticism and fiction.... PARALLAX (Box 519, Carbondale, Ill.) announced—unseen.... From PARTHENON Publ. Co. (Box 95, Brooklyn, 27): The MUSE ANTHOLOGY, ed. by Aaron Schmuller and Mildred Moon

Howell—Archie Rosenhouse, Sue Abbott Boyd, Zack Walsh,
among contribs.

**FROM THE PHILOSOPHICAL
LIBRARY (15 E. 40TH ST., NEW
YORK CITY 16): INTERNATIONAL
DICTIONARY IN 21 LANGUAGES,
COMPILED BY H. L. OUSEG (\$10) IN
USABLE STYLE.... JEANNE S. BAGBY
(EX-SPAN) HAS NEW MAG: POEMS
FOR PEACE (1843 VERNON ST.,
N.W., WASHINGTON 9, D.C.)....
POETRY SCORE HAS MADE A 2ND
(SCORE); AND THIRD TO COME SOON
(C/O JOHANNE SALINGER CARSON,
GEN.D., CARMEL, CALIF.—\$1)....
AMONG PRIVATE PRINTINGS:
REMEMBERED EARTH, MARVIN
DAVIS WINSETT (NAT'L. BLDG.,
DALLAS 1, TEX.—\$3.75)—POETRY....
EDITED BY JAMES W. SMITH &
RICARD E. BRAUN, QUAGGA (Box
7591, UNIVERSITY STAT., AUSTIN,
TEX.) APPEARS IN VOL. II, No. 1,
AFTER DELAY.... RAMPART PRESS
(P.O. Box 8277, PHOENIX 40, ARIZ.)
IS NOT NOW SEEKING CONTRIBS. FOR
MORNING STAR, BUT ISSUING
BOOKS FROM THIS ADDRESS....**

**RECOMMENDED: IMPOLITE
INTERVIEWS, PAUL KRASSNER,
FROM PAGES OF THE REALIST (225
LAFAYETTE ST., NEW YORK CITY
12—\$4).**

REFLECTIONS FROM CHAPEL HILL
(419 HILLSBORO ST., CHAPEL HILL,
N.C.—65C) ISN'T CONNOTATIVELY
KEYED TO THIS TITLE, BUT—UNDER
ED. ROBERT V. N. BROWN—IS A
REBEL MAG OF SHARP VERSE, IDEAS,
ART, OFFERING 100-PLUS PAGES.... OF
EVEN BROADER SCOP AND LITERARY
SIGNIFICANCE, IS NEW RENAISSANCE
(1303 RHODE ISLAND ST., SAN
FRANCISCO, CALIF.—75C)—GRAPHICS,
POETRY, PROSE OF LEADING
MODERNS.... A THIRD 'HIGH' IS
RESPONSE No. 5 (1626 EAST
BLVD., CHARLOTTE, N.C.—60C)
EXCITING OFFSET, WITH LOUIS
GALLO, AVANT POETS, PHOTOS OF
CYNTHIA MOOREHEAD SMITH'S
SCULPTURES, DECLAN HAHN....
REGRETTABLY, SATIS (21 LYNTHURST
AVE., NEWCASTLE-UPON-TYNE 2,
ENGL.—2/-) CEASES WITH FIFTH
ISSUE.... TRIPLE-STAR RATING FOR
ENLARGED SCIAMACHY (1096 ELM
ST., WINNETKA, ILL.—35C).

- From SCORPION (11 Rofant Rd., Northwood, Middlesex, Engl.): A MAN SINGING, Iris Orton (15/-)—for review next time.... No. 1 SCRIPT (see DEUCE) marks fresh success for Ed. David Holliday.... After lapse, SECOND COMING (200 W. 107th St., New York City 25) comes again (for 50c) as a more general-interest mag—bi-monthly.

- From The SENSITRON System (Box 1126, St. Augustine, Fla.): VISUAL WORDS (\$1), ed. by Clarence Van Vredenburg, described as a 'different, more actual approach to language, with examples of seeing-eye words.... from works of lit. Sound words, touch words, taste words, odor words....'

Another No. 1: SET (92 Main St., Gloucester, Mass.—\$1), in large offset, ed. by Gerrit Lansing, work by Charles Olson, Robert Duncan, Edward Dorn, Robert Kelly, etc.... Out soon: SOUTH AND WEST (2601 S. Phoenix, Ft. Smith, Ark.), a semi-annual of new poetry,' but will not reject good work in tradit. mould(s).' Ed. Sue Abbott Boyd announces several prizes—both general and regional issues (75c).... STEM (Box 4676, Tampa 7, Fla.) is more limited. Indicating religio-philosophic view, Founder James Granville asks brief prose, poems to 14 lines—no 'school' (3 for \$1)... TARGETS corrects pay-data: \$1 ea. for other-than-Signature poems. Send mss. to Casabuelo, Sandia Park, N. Mexico, rather than to Albuquerque publisher.

Hawaii also has off-trail pubs: THREE-PENNY PAPERS (1837 Keller Rd., Honolulu 14), ed. by Rosaly deMaños—poetry, fiction, woodcuts.... The TAUNTON Observer (51 Grant St. Taunton, Mass.), ed. by Bill Lyons, uses creative bits at \$4.... Described as 'staticly bankrupt' by Ed. Frank Davey, TISH (3591 W. 11th Ave., Vancouver, B.C., Can.—for donat.) is a quality mimeo newsletter. From RATTLESNAKE Press (same address): D-DAY AND AFTER, poems by Davey, introd. by Warren Tallman (65c).... Just as mail to TRIAD (Connecticut) goes unanswered, a new TRIAD Publications, Inc. (807A E. 14th St., Austin 2, Tex.)—no relation—announces an arts

quarterly (50c) in 8½ x 11 in. offset. Texas and S.W. articles, but takes stories, poems from anywhere —‘non-coterie’—\$10-20 for poems, \$50-100 for prose.

Long-awaited No. 10 YES (Université de Sherbrooke, Faculté de Commerce, Cité Universitaire, Sherbrooke, Quebec, Can.—30c) proves worth it.... VENTURE Press (Hull, Engl.) cooperates with the Byelorussian Literary Committee of G.B. (52 Penn Rd., London, N.7) on a 1963 anthology of poetry in transl.... VESPERs (see Int’l Academy, above) says sole response to mss. is (if so) affirmative in two weeks (\$1.25).... VIRGINIA QUARTERLY Review (1 West Range, Charlottesville, Va.—\$1) for spring featured Guy A. Cardwell’s THE LYRIC WORLD of Scott Fitzgerald, poetry by Sam Bradley, story by Howard Nemerov, a Lewis Mumford piece.

Poetry from WESLEYAN U. Press (Box 360, Middletown, Conn.): THE TENNIS COURT OATH, John Ashbery (\$3.50 & \$1.25) DROWNING WITH OTHERS, James Dickey (same). . . .

**WESTERN POET DROPS PRICE (520
ZOLEZZI LANE, RENO, NEV.—\$1.25)
WITH LARGER REPRESENTATION THAN
IN No. 1 . . . WHO (Box 76, New
York City 40), NOW PRICED (\$1). . .
LONG-PROMISED ANNUAL THE WIND
AND THE RAIN APPEARED IN APRIL
FROM MARTIN, SECKER &
WARBURG (14 CARLISLE ST., SOHO
Sq., LONDON, W.1 —25s.) WITH
GEOFFREY WAGNER, RICHARD
EBERHART, VERNON WATKINS, ANGUS
WILSON, JOHN COWPER POWYS,
ETC.—A PIERRE T. DECHARDIN No. .
. . THE NEW YORK NUMBER OF
WISCONSIN POETRY MAGAZINE (925
N. 13TH ST., MILWAUKEE, WIS.—50c)
TAKES PRECEDENCE OVER
PREVIOUSLY-ANNOUNCED CALIF. No.**

**THE MORDANT WIT OF SAMUEL
MILTON ELAM DARKLES IN A
MERIDIAN PAPERB. SELECTION FROM
HIS MAG: THE EVERYDAY
AMERICAN SATIRICON (WORLD
PUBL. CO., 2231 W. 110TH ST.,
CLEVELAND 2, O.—\$1.50). . . AN
ATTRACTIVE FIRST PAMPHLET FROM
THE WILD HAWTHORNE PRESS (2ND
FLAT, 24 FETTES ROW, EDINBURGH,
SCOT.): MY FRIEND TREE, LORINE
NIEDECKER, ILLUSTR. BY WALTER
MILLER'S LINOCUTS, ED. BY JESSIE
MCGUFFIE (5/- OR 75C). . . THE
WRITER'S EXCHANGE (RFD No. 1,
FREDERIC, WIS.—40C) IS A MIMEO'D
BI-MONTHLY FOR 'USE AND
ENJOYMENT OF WRITERS,' ED. BY
RUTH B. CHRISTIANSEN. . . FROM
YOUNG PUBLICAT. (CARTER BLDG.,
DRYDEN, VA.): BLUEBOOK OF
AMERICAN POETRY, AS 'BEST
POEMS OF 1961.' BUT, NO PREFACE
OR INDEX, NO REFS. AS TO WHERE,
IF, OR WHEN ANY OF THE NAMES
(MOSTLY UNFAMILIAR) HAVE**

**APPEARED. A NEAT 'BLUE'
PAPERB.—UNPRICED.**

EDITORS (AND OTHERS) WRITE

SETH WADE HAS SUCCEEDED so chastely and subtly in imparting the essence of a predominating, prevalent literary diathesis that—although the Editor radically opposes the negative psychological and philosophical implications—his tersely-honest communication is published exactly as received:

SENISFAL: A LETTER

I would meet you upon this honestly.—Old Possum

Ah fuck all that.—Sam Beckett

You ask me my situation. I am at present suspended in a kind of sac which I might best compare to an inverted collapsed sky turned inside out—which of course would turn what we commonly don't refer to at all but will call the out side, in —which is very dark. But holding my eyes shut it grows lighter. Then, blinking them open again, like the baby bluebird in its shell—what delicate effects I get! All the tints and hues of blueness. All the hints and clues of clueness. All the mints and stews of

Oh to hell with that, I smell nothing. Suspended, then, in some kind of womb perhaps, vertiginously tilted, somewhere near what I take to be the world's backside, I wish to pose a few observations and ask a few questions. Once more, with new addenda, my position: Swaying like the stalk of an eye at about a 60° angle to the perfect infinitive, I have a sense of endless space, yet I feel cramped. Why? I am cramped, I am miserable; yet this doesn't keep me from being happy. Yet I am not happy. Again why? And here's a pretty something to think about: Is it possible I am simply the victim of some aberration of the earth field? The victim of a temporal short circuit? In short, have I simply been shorted out? Or can it be

Can it be my condition derives from some disturbance (to introduce a solipsistic metaphor) of that cosmic jelly of felicity found in purest concentration, Melville said, in the heads of whales? Some imbalance of those galactic, gelatinous, and glutinous elements which, as Paracelsus tells us, are so necessary to a sane and happy — past? Or can it be that, at some time so far in the past I have forgotten it, can it be, I say, that intending merely to diddle-daddle

some old cunt, something has given way and I have plunged,
by a series of devolutions, revolutions through involutions
and convolutions, to the very center of things?

Or do I simply have an interiority complex?

BRAINSTORM CONSTRUCT FOR JBM, EDITOR

(1/28/62 — upon an upsidedown blank delineament of a
Farmer & Redfield Handling Process diagram, with CUSTOMER
as Correspondent David Lyle)

(Next, a photo-offset repro of a magnification of effects of a
'supersonic raindrop,' illustrating: 'The not so gentle rain can
ruin a jet at 600 MPH.') (from INDUSTRIAL PHOTOGRAPHY, April,
1960.)

PERTINAX

Amid the Storming And the Swarming I wait
For Form. Robert Frost
(with connecting line and arrow)

FORM

FORM, by opening itself to chance and absurdity invites
harsh distortions & sometimes verges on denying itself.'

'SOCIETY,

as a rational, historical, or moral order, is no longer available
to the writer.'

*'THE NEW HERO, a rebel-victim, projects a difficult
and private existential ethic.'*

THE AVANT-GARDE

Hassam: Which Way is Forward? 1/62 Current Magazine

Mr. Hassan teaches English at Wesleyan Univ, Middletown, Conn.

(Next, a photo-collage repro of city street from newspaper clips, from INDUSTRIAL DESIGN, October 1960): CITY BRAINFORM CONSTRUCT (via) R. E. Doris Johns Manville NYCity 6/25/61. (ensued by the actual right-side-up Farmer & Redfield diagram 'Information Handling Process' from page 2, 3/2/60, SPA-Palisades Interstate Chapter)

(On reverse of this page, a soapstone repro in mauve, turquoise, and sapphire pastel tones of a freehand drawing of a Norton Grinder, by Ronald Wood.)

William Carlos Williams 'The Wedge,' remarks that 'A poem is like a machine (or the Norton Grinder above) made of big and little words

(teaching machines, programmed (learning etc. . .

The movement is MORE PHYSICAL than literary.'

DL, 1/28/62. 930 SUNDAY, SOUND OF BOARD & TABLE HITTING FROM HELEN'S USE BREADBOARD IN KITCHEN. SHE DOESN'T LIKE BAKER'S BREAD, MAKES HER OWN.

Sunday, mild gray, 806am 1/28/62. Helen standing before the mirror doing her hair in curls, a large as life model of Picasso 'Woman before Mirror.'

JBM:

Thanks for the card, and a bit of punched card and character workformat fitted to the card carying data, which you sent me.

Your indexing of 'rushing to get No. 44 out. . It is about to go to press in London'

A certain beat like 'London Bridge is falling down' fallout and what would we do without you to bridge and carry, appears in a woodcut by Feininger 'Train Crossing bridge' in the Modern Museum, while practically Berlin size, Trains by NY NH & H may fall out of the picture, because NY NH & H is 'bankrupt.'

Feininger's 'Train Crossing Bridge' is MICRO-miniaturization. I've amplified it by 1 clause to the Feininger MACRO—turization, also woodcut in the same Modern Museum

MFG PROCESS ADAPTER FOR INFORMATION THEORY — BLACK BOX RETRIEVAL

Model A: Norton Grinder Core Let (A) stand for all the dynamic toolusing geometry of Mfg Systems, under the one dimensionless, analytic measurement aspect of (I, Information: R, Retrieval). (A) = (I, : R,). Let (=) be a 'Line of Balance' universal E, resulting from this format, (Here, at far right, same Chinese symbol upsidedown, with arrowed line leading to 'Namely' — also added to form.) Namely (with arrow pointing to 2 bivalence symbols, one above, leftward, one below, rightward — between two quantical symbols for terms having same numerical coefficients). (Precedes): any IMPACT of environment on a person, and counter compact, the IMPORT of environment and person resultant, eg, sales-wise ,, IMPORT of environment and person work amplification via ,, IMPACT amplifier wrench SWENCH, mfd by Curtiss Wright. Let (A&) (Here, repeats bivalence symbols, with = horizontally, on vertical, between.) (Precedes): our 'Line of Balance' universal strip be given narrative format.

NARRATIVE FORMAT

Our two fold, physical ratio punching generality is Impact, Import. It generates the voltage flow patterns and Prior Analytics for bridging the one measurement/information operation = ... Chinese character 'Universe of discourse expanding from the Hand' (=) is hence time study extended in the total systems (A) aspect. (All) of time and prior history vanish, leaving only the “ (”) ” least effort or least redundancy or least action ratio of the identical, self adaptive, retrievably identical characteristic, common to one and all ” (”) ” individuals. Massive narration format is in suggestion systems. ” (”) ” (At this point, arrowed line downward from the right-side-up Chinese symbol above on left points to):

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OPERATOR

CUSTOMER

*'Universe of discourse expanding from the Hand'
equally describes Thought Act and Hand of
'customer, Thought, caught in a 'line of beauty' a
point system of Dittos. "pointillism & Ditto
splashes of broken color, like a flame turning on
itself, or a child splashing toy ships in a bathtub
'Englishmen, splashed going abt in the noonday
sun.' David Lyle*

MORE ON LITTLE MAGS FOR CLASSROOMS

Howard McCord

Dear Editors:

Mr. Corrington's idea that little magazines be used in college English courses is a fine one; I would be happy to use them in my literature and creative writing classes. I foresee two problems, however. One is that it is not quite so easy as Mr. Corrington suggests to use anything that strikes the fancy as a required text. And the other is the difficulty faced by the instructor who does not live in a large metropolitan area, to have a thorough knowledge of more than a few little magazines.

To allow for other than an erratic selection based on the instructor's ignorance, it would seem to me good advertising for editors to send occasional sample copies to instructors who will use them in class. No one could guarantee that a flurry of subscriptions would descend upon such generous editors, though even one subscription would pay for the sample copy; but one could guarantee that the copies would be read and discussed. And who knows what kind of revolution that might bring?

I understand the financial difficulty editors would have in doing such a thing; but perhaps back issues that aren't

selling well (if at all) could be put to use in this way. One other method . . . would be to sell exchange and review copies in batches for \$5 — \$10. Some of these can be sold to secondhand book dealers . . . (thus, why not) limit such sales to teachers for class use. Such bundles for boneheads could include books as well as magazines.

AND MORE . . . PLUS ADVICE TO POETS

Sue Abbott Boyd

Dear Editors: I noted with interest the suggestion made by William Corrington in TRACE No. 43. It was a good one; and here is another: Each poet who can would do well to give a subscription for at least one little magazine to his local library.

After submitting to and publishing in the 'littles' continuously for ten years, I have chalked up some opinions and a fancy or two. The new poet who follows no school (hurrah for individualism), and who does not write for any particular publication, could profit by submitting to the following magazines and others like them. He should also support them if possible. They encourage the new-'comer' . . . make suggestions as to revisions in some instances . . . favor large submissions. They are: QUICKSILVER, AUDIENCE, EPOS, THE SAN FRANCISCO REVIEW, AMERICAN WEAVE . . . (Widely-varied types! — Ed.)

The poet who is not an academic quiz-kid, a Beat or quasi-B., etc., and who thus does not find his work favored by those presses publishing the aforesaid, may gain recognition through appearances in these 'littles.' His pocketbook may always be slim, but he can retain his poetic virtue.

Bravo to those new to the poetry world who do not give a damn whether their work is accepted by POETRY (Chicago), who refuse to submit to the 'slicks,' who are not swayed by pseudo-intellectualism, and who do not care whether they ever win an award from the poetry-society-of-anything-for-a-warmedover-sonnet painstakingly carved and hammered in the neat-dead-heat of

the night. May the antiques conceived and dedicated by the old masters remain (long have they been honored); but it is time to look toward the new roots.

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POETS' UNION NEWS

Tracy Thompson

Dear Editors: The following is a copy of a letter received yesterday (Mar. 5): 'the_____ * REVIEW 'Dear Tracy Thompson, 'The magazine,_____ * and I are editing does not return manuscripts because Mr._____ *s* friend, G., is a collector . . .' (signed)_____ * My only question, JBM, is: at what figure do you begin to prosecute such bastards?

**Names on request.*

ISSUE P. 108 · SCAN P. 26

AN INTERVIEW WITH ALBERTO MORAVIA*

by Gabriel d'Aubarède

FREUD DIDN'T TEACH ME A THING

ALBERTO MORAVIA AGREED to see me the day after he arrived in Paris, in the apartment he'd rented for a week in the Place des Pyramides.

Here was the Italian who had authored the sulphurous *LA NOIA* (Empty Canvas), the boldness of which — and also its great success (more than 100,000 sales in a few months, something unheard of in Italy, twenty-eight translations, the four million lire — \$7,000 — Viareggio Prize) — unleashed a scandal in Rome which paled into insignificance the fuss about the publication of *LADY CHATTERLY'S LOVER* in London.

He turned out friendly — a man in his fifties with a fine-looking serious face etched by sad and noble wrinkles. Under his eyebrows, which he often knit and which, very thick and black, contrasted with his silvered hair, I could not make out the exact color of his elusive eyes; they gave him the look of a man used to sounding out interior landscapes. The exact descriptions in his works, however, prove with what precision those eyes can encompass people and objects when necessary. Furthermore, sometimes they lit up with roguishness, while a casual smile relaxed his thin lips.

Moravia spoke good French marred only by an occasional lisp. He answered questions sans hesitation and kept away from cautious circumlocutions, always coming straight to the point:

The events which mark us morally are those we don't provoke but which we experience. Two such capital events, from the psychological point of view, influenced me deeply in youth. First, sickness. Stricken with tuberculosis of the bone, I had to stay immobile, between the ages of nine and sixteen. So I grew up all alone. No friends my own age, no regular schooling. I had to be my own guide in the world of books, and I was a very precocious reader. This isolation

naturally contributed to giving me the taste for and the habit of solitary reflection.'

'And the second important event?'

'Fascism. I was barely an adolescent when this started in Italy. It was all very casual at first, but its procedures were those of any real tyranny: I mean that the regime became more and more systematized. Having spoken against Fascism, during that long period I underwent great material and spiritual difficulties. My books were banned, I had to publish under an alias (translator's note: Moravia's real name is Pincherle), and I frequently had to go into hiding. What was the result of this painful cycle? When Fascism fell, in 1943, my name was put on the wanted list.'

**A translation from the French, by Christopher Waters, of FREUD
NE M'A RIEN APPRIS — which originally appeared in the NOUVELLES
LITTÉRAIRES of 26 October 1961.*

'How can that be explained?'

'The anti-Fascist government which had followed Mussolini immediately collaborated with the Germans. For an interminable year and a half I had to go underground, living literally like a mountain hermit in a wild region between Monte Cassino and Anzio. I lived in a hut under the most rudimentary conditions. Quite an ordeal. But this new period of isolation was quite important in the development of my interior life.'

'So it had a fortunate effect on your powers as a creative writer?'

'At least one: LA CIOCIARA (Two Women), which I wrote during that period. So now you have my whole story.'

'But, afterward? You weren't even forty when Italy was liberated.'

'The rest isn't very important. My life became a normal professional writer's life. A book every two years. Journalism. A correspondent for CORRIERE DELLA SERA. Cinema critic for ESPRESSO. A few movie scenarios.'

Moravia soon gave up trying to turn his own books into films:

‘Literature and film-making are two different things. The least likely person to make a good scenario from a novel is the novelist himself.’

Thus, Moravia’s work is the fruit of solitary concentration. I told him it was clear enough — his minute analyses more or less proved it — that his own life played a major role in his work. But he assured me of the contrary:

‘I’ve written more than a hundred short stories, about fifty novellettes, and fifteen-odd novels. Well, I wrote every one of these in the first person and not a single one is autobiographical, nor even a clef. I don’t think a novelist can create good characters if he copies from real people. The novelist’s sources are simply generic experiences, and the imagination he applies to them. If the graft is successful, you’ve got a good novel. But if reality’s share in the venture dominates, then all you’ve got is a poor snapshot. A fictional character is always more profound than a real person.’

‘Would you say that your varied and abundant production can be broken into categories?’ ‘I see my work in two very distinct series. First, there are the plots where the “I” is a man of the common people, as in *RACCONTI ROMANI* (Roman Tales), *LA ROMANA* (Woman of Rome), and *LA CIOCIARA*. Coming from a middle-class Roman family—my father was an architect—I have always felt very drawn to the common people. I am at ease among them, and I think I understand them. You see, in Italy at least, this group is not a social class. It is made up of very diverse and very individuated humans who are often unfortunate, but who have one great thing in common: a strictly-immediate conception of life. I mean one naturally free of conventions. It’s a kind of simplicity, but you must be very sure not to confuse it with naivety. I try to picture this simplicity in the “I” of my plebeian narrators.’

‘It certainly confers an amazing freshness of tone. I’m thinking especially of your countless short stories; in one after the other you get completely inside such diverse characters as a truck-driver, a nightclub acrobat, a factory watchman, a sandwichman, a poorbox thief. Nowadays in France, I’m afraid we don’t encourage short stories with such a human touch. I take it this isn’t the case in Italy.’

‘You’re quite right, fortunately for me! I think that the short story is a strict and difficult practice ground, somewhat analogous to the sonnet, and that it is an excellent discipline for the writer, in that he has to put so much material in just a few pages, and do it well. But the Italian public, for its part, is very fond of the genre. Everybody always first turns to page 3 in *CORRIERE DELLA SERA* for the daily short story; incidentally, that’s where I publish my own stories.’

‘May we go on to your second category?’

‘In this series, the “I” is an intellectual. For example, the abstract painter in *LA NOIA*, or a movie writer in *IL DISPREGIO*. And there are the intellectuals in *GLI INDIFFERENTI* (The Indifferent Ones) and in *IL CONFORMISTA* (The Conformist). It strikes me that the intellectual is a valuable character for the novelist because he’s the only person, a product of the middle classes, who is able to get to the heart of things, to come face to face with truth and express that truth without worrying if it will compromise him, or if he is rising above the conventions of his original milieu.’

‘You mean those conventions which the common people have the good fortune not to be aware of?’

‘Yes.’

‘You indicated that your lonely childhood made you a voracious reader at an early age. Which great writers particularly interested you, or taught you something?’ ‘Forced as I was to confront life so young, I think I may say that the main lesson I received in my early youth was that of

reality. To tell the truth, there are few literary influences in my work. If you wanted to, I suppose you could say I was impressed by Dostoevsky and Joyce . . .’

‘How about Italian literature?’

‘What Italian writer hasn’t retained something from reading Boccaccio! What contemporary story-teller doesn’t stem in some way from Manzoni or Giovanni Verga? They are the veritable creators of our contemporary prose. And isn’t Verga the father of our “verismo”? But I also profited from your great Nineteenth-century novelists—with the exception of Flaubert, whom I admired—but that is all. Especially Stendhal. And my discovery of Rimbaud, although I’m not a poet, affected me a great deal. Rimbaud gave to us all the key to modern reality . . . Which doesn’t mean I don’t often go back to your classical writers.’

I was a little surprised that Freud hadn’t been brought up yet, at least in regard to Moravia’s ‘intellectual’ category. Those plunges deep into the subconscious. And, at the center of his whole work, that pulsating obsession with the question of sex. So I felt obliged to mention the formidable master’s name on my own.

‘My position in regard to Freud and his doctrine is curious. I can understand that people are inclined to think that my preoccupation with sex results from having studied his works and methods. Frankly, I’ve read very little Freud. How to explain the similarity? After the first world war, during the troubled times which witnessed the downfall of all the old values, like everyone else given to reflection, the convalescent I was at that time was in search of something which might resist the general collapse, something really basic which couldn’t be reduced by analysis. I encountered sex, and certainly Freud and I have not been the only ones to make the discovery. If I’m not mistaken, Proust did it too, and he had no time to study psychoanalysis. And many other lessknown writers as well . . . I’m not trying to question

Freud's genius, which I admire a great deal, nor the importance of Freudianism. But I already knew within me what he had to offer. Let us say that as far as I was concerned, he confirmed the things I had discovered for myself.'

'And that in this way he gave you the courage and the strength to dare investigate them more deeply and speak out clearly?'

'Exactly.'

I couldn't avoid the tender question of the scandal provoked in Italy by the publication of *LA NOIA*. Certainly in this profound and audacious book Moravia had gone further than ever before in analyzing the question we had just been discussing and in supplying details which naturally had to accompany such an analysis.

'Let's not be dramatic!' he said philosophically. 'All in all, the real reaction (I mean that of the public at large, not that of the powers-that-be and the Church — which seems to have forgotten how liberal it was during the Renaissance) was rather one of approval. Many people who read the book told me they found it chaste!'

'Chaste in depicting things which aren't chaste?'

'But which it seemed necessary to say. And doesn't obscenity begin with the lack of such a necessity? Can't one identify pornography precisely by the complete uselessness of the descriptions with which it tries to entice its customers? Don't forget that the Italian public is inherently hard to scandalize. The pure Latins that we are will never react as Puritans. Thus, our literature has always been relatively free. No matter what, Italy will never forget that she is Boccaccio's homeland.'

ISSUE P. 112 · SCAN P. 30

Must You Run

by James Hargan

During eclipses,
when mad people grow restless,
goldfish jump from bowls
— must you run to hide yourself
when I knock upon your door?

ISSUE P. 112 · SCAN P. 30

SCHOOL BELLS

by James Hargan

Our brains antedate
school bells and dictionaries
by millions of years:
complicated bodies know
many things they are not taught.

MOONS FACE: IN A RUFFLED POOL

By Parm Mayer

I GAGGLE WHENEVER critics, instructors, worshipful students, Bongo-landians (or myself) purport to know what an author intended to say in a poem.

The *nuda veritas* often is that we don't actually know what an author had in mind when he wrote a poem, — no more than we know for sure what a rooster has in mind when he crows on a dunghill. Only the author or the rooster knows. And, unless they tell you and me, you and me don't actually know.

Take the first line of John Donne's A HYMN TO GOD THE FATHER: 'Wilt Thou forgive that sin where I begun.' This line is generally interpreted to refer to original sin. It doesn't actually say so. But some say that it does. With all the positiveness of a chiromancer reading your palm while your gloves are on.

Note that Donne didn't say: 'That sin when I begun.' Or: 'That sin when I was begun' — in sin my mother conceived me, and that sort of thing. He says: 'That sin where I began.' Doesn't this say: That sin by which I began my sinning? (Which-ever one it was.) Or couldn't it be interpreted to mean this? Just as well as it could be interpreted to mean original sin? Which it doesn't say at all.

Take the last line of A HYMN TO CHRIST, at the author's last going into Germany: 'An everlasting night.' Some say that Donne was alluding to death. He very well may have been. But he doesn't say so. He says: 'everlasting night' — possibly to rhyme with 'light' or 'sight,' which end the lines before it. Had one of these lines ended in 'breath,' he could have said 'death,' and saved critics, instructors, worshipful students, Bongolandians, and myself a lot of fogdogging. Even as it is,

couldn't Donne have used 'everlasting night' to mean a biglong stay in a church? In the sense that it would apply to one who becomes a priest. Especially, since he says: 'Churches are best for prayer, that have least light;/To see God only, I go out of sight.' Thus, couldn't 'everlasting night' mean his withdrawing from the world and taking up a stay in a church (a connection with)? After all, who is to say? Since Donne didn't. Or, the whole of ELEGY XIX: TO HIS MISTRESS GOING TO BED. This colorful piece of clay might be said molded after a literary form borrowed from Ovid's AMORES. A sort of dramatized loveletter. An Ovidian verse epistle. That Donne intended it to ridicule Platonic love. Or, one can see in it a reflection of voyages of discovery and beginnings of colonial empire. Here is a request for 'license' (royal patent) to explore a new land (the Indies) voluptuous with unknown riches. One can find even political implications: mentions of 'bonds' and 'hand' and 'seal.' As in these lines: 'To enter in these bonds, is to be free; / Then where my hand is set, my seal shall be.' Some might prefer to interpret the poem in the imagery of Petrarchan love poetry, even though told they might be shaking fruit off the wrong tree. Still, we could do this, if we wanted to. In which case, we could work with mathematical precision, using such formulae as: soul = the naked body; God = the mistress's naked body; the Beatific Vision = the sexual orgasm. Not too logical. But very exciting. One could even pretend that undressing the body to attain physical joy corresponds to undressing the soul to attain spiritual joy. That loving a woman's naked body is equivalent to loving her soul. That a woman's genitals are the Essence of God. The lines: 'As souls unbodied, bodies unclothed must be, / To taste whole joy,' could refer to the intellectual (even spiritual) joys which the soul can fully experience only by direct contact with God. That is, the soul's yearnings for 'whole joys' can be satisfied only when it strips off the fleshly clothing of the body. Which is to say, God has arrayed a

woman's soul, her essence, in a physical body so men may be led beyond physical experience to the beauty of her soul. (I pass these on to any ministers who may be casting about for something really different in the way of texts for sermons.) But, a few critics, some instructors, some worshipful students, most Bongolandians (the poor Bongolandians), and even myself might not be satisfied with the piquant beauty of these postulates. So, I turn to that magnum opus, PHOSPHORIC FACTS AND FUMINOUS MUSINGS, by that eminent alcophologist, Pediment Quinsey Calumet, for more detailed explication of some lines.

Take this flame-ripened one: 'Off with that girdle.' According to Calumet, it could mean either: Remove the halo from thy head, else my eyes blinded be. Or: Slip out of your heavenly orbit, and closer come to my earthy sphere.

'Unpin that spangled breastplate' is Donne's way of saying: Brush aside that stretch of stars, so I can see you (i.e. certain parts of you) in all your celestial glory.

The meaning of: 'Your gown going off, such beauteous state reveals,' is obvious to all mystically-minded people. As Calumet points out (quite unnecessarily), it means: Remove your earthly pretense and stand before me in all your spiritual beauty.

'Unlace yourself,' is similar. It means: Loosen the armour of thy soul.

I could go on, But, you get the idea. And Calumet could be right. After all, he is no ordinary goonbutt who dropped off some boob-tree.

However, I am inclined to disagree with most critics in their explication of ELEGY XIX. Even with Calumet (too gentle to be classified as a critic).

Mostly for fun (the hell of it, if you prefer), I'll give this unctuous piece my own explication (along with some of my aesthetic reaction). While critics, instructors, worshipful students, and Bongolandians sit on their thumbs in a

corner.

As a major premise: Why not let good enough alone? If Donne wants to tell us about a young man (himself in disguise) asking a nice young woman to undress, why don't we let him do it without meddling? Isn't that story enough? Is there need to read above, below, or between the lines?

To me, Donne is saying: Okay, Daisy, take off your girdle, when he says: 'Off with that girdle.' Nothing more. Nothing less. 'Unpin that spangled breastplate,' corresponds to our way of saying: Now, your brassiere. 'Unlace,' is equivalent to: Corset, next. (Busk, in those strait days.)

I'm keeping my hands off these five-fingered lines: 'License my roving hands; and let them go, / before, behind, between, above, below.' That's complete coverage, I think I may guess.

Today, Donne would be playing with a girl's nightie when he says: 'In such white robes, heaven's Angels us'd to be.' The 'us'd to be' implies that angels once wore white robes, but weren't at that time. In plainer words, they were going around nude. Or possibly in preElizabethan bikinis. Just how Donne knew this, is not ascertainable.

Who am I to dispute Donne? He became a great preacher (after he got a few elegies out of his system) and was somewhat of a lawyer. He should have known what is moral and legal. I also believe he knew a good thing when he saw it. And saw it on numerous occasions.

I thrill to: 'O my America! My new-found-land.' Some of my little-boy proclivities bubble back when I read this. For a moment, I am waving a small American flag and shooting firecrackers. As a grown man, I squiggle to think that Donne is indicating a relationship between my country and a woman's private geography. In fact, I would never have suspected it, if a critic hadn't suggested it.

'Full nakedness.' Again, this takes me back to my boyhood. When we used to swim, as we are made to swim, in

Rust's Creek. Critics could probably imagine that 'full nakedness' is a sanctimonious homily, symbolizing God with his clothes off. In order to reveal himself perfectly in all His glory. But, I doubt they could convince even the most ardent instructors or the most worshipful students. With the Bongolandians, it would be different. They are a simple people and quite used to such things. The idea of their chief standing naked before them would not raise goose-pimples on their livers.

To me, 'full nakedness' means simply, naked. I can't see where the 'full' adds anything. Except it sounds more poetic.

By now, you should see what I'm pointing my pointing-stick at. I'm not saying that authors do not intend to say more than is in their lines. Many times they do. Nor that critics should not try to figure this out.

What I am saying is that it is practically impossible to interpret accurately what an author means in a poem. Apart from what is obvious. Especially if the author (1) didn't write his meaning on the back of the poem-sheet in eighth-grade prose; (2) has been dead for 329 years and is not available for querying; and (3) didn't know, himself, what he was trying to say.

The best way to know accurately what an author hides between his lines is to ask him. Then catch the bigflow right out of his mouth. How many authors' mouths are there in your town?

Isn't it true that a thinking person sees in a poem what he wants to see? And/or what he is conditioned to see? Unthinking persons see what critics and instructors say in in a poem. Which could be what other critics and other instructors before them said was there.

It is conceivable that authors may not intend to say something above, below, or between the lines of every poem they write. Not every line in a poem is significant. Some lines are there because of

(Continued on page 133)

JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON

COMMUNIQUE: I

Life at the peak of the Radiant Days
is dream
broadcasting rigid tendrils through
the sleepcaught,
fleshing the great poison,
the continental cancer,
the imperial ailment,
booming the uranium age.
And khaki declaration drums and
teeters,
hurtles erect and bannerwide:
who plies the nightshift until
fail safe,
who blesses the smoking fleet?

*

*

*

— corporal jesus
commander grinly
said — see that hill
the one with three sad trees
take it

*

*

*

Yet soldier leavens the thundering grass,
and earth bent in rainy continuum
leaches downward great loamy tears
for all the dead warriors:
the melting gunmen,
old bones of poorshots scattered
in gin wars, land wars, pride wars, sin wars,

JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON

and (of course) the sterling campaigns, and some most
youngish foot yet mopes paths of glory where deep worms
patrol new catacombs guessing potential bone in darkness
the size of ending.

COMMUNIQUE: II

Now then,
one Italian is an
aria, two (they say) are
a duet, but three (o lord dun
thy crumbling servants : collect
the legion dues) make inevitably
a retreat

*

Ships full of paper ordnance,
planes with stinging tails,
sly grabber Sarge, molten jeep
full of plowshares beaten and
transformed
sit all like stones in the
readyroom to blast a rugged period to
the history of skies.

*

Now then
no wthen
let us cross
over the ocean and seed mushrooms into the
steppes

JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON

tell u s steel to pass to the front there is no hope of peace in
tennessee listen listen listen can you hear what moves the
men i mean to fight it out along this line if it takes the rest of
time (and the world will hold still for it) Workers, string your
fathoms of blank hope: you have nothing to lose but the
taste for life, the sky and its bitter blue. Are you praying? Of
course. Now then:

COMMUNIQUE: III

— i have pushed that hill
and pushed
and pushed
till my hands
and feet are holes
and the commander grinly
grims
— where is your pride
where is your pride
where is your gamblers streak

*

*

*

Meanwhile back in the garden,
they were passing empty chalices like
trophies from the rape of Nanking:

JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON

*And one of the company, Downright by name, saith — No man
is an island. And another called Deserter, mouth full of
reason, tickled by fearful sense, replied — Each man is an
archipelago, every spit and hump of meat at war with every
other, nursing villainies; the brain impedes the hand, The
hand ransacks the eye, The eye winks off the threatened foot,
Foot plans a toe in the tremulous ear. * Under earth, drained
bones fence ore of our pasts like warders retired on halfpay
who utter tours across the cleanly fields telling nothing
unusual and marking marble spots where hundreds
disagreed themselves to death, where quizzical ponies tripped
on broken legs across the sacrificial flood. We are not yet
downright enough to live within the sheath of love — nor yet
enough deserter to glamorize our tongue and quaking thighs.
Who will marble our hot retreat, the gash of our burning
advance? Who will lyricize our blunders? Most intriguing: how
many arms, how many legs, do you think the warder will
have?*

JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON

COMMUNIQUE: IV

Analyze the pathology of poisoned spirit
that feeds on a pension of hopeful
wrath.

Erect a minimal table to the armoured
impostures sealed and nourished in
a wilderness of hearts.

Render statistics of amputation, together
with filmed excerpts of surgeons gone
mad, of nurses coyly munching something
odd, of mothers aborting with pencils
fearing the face of their young, of
fathers dancing into geigermist with
the Xxix armycorpse.

Check

Check
Check
It is finished.
except for that hill
where the singing
will not stop
where the bones chill and
wonderfully white
are strumming tomorrow
awake
We gunned and gunned —
We bombed and bombed
till the sad trees
bent into belcanto, till bullets turned and
blossomed back to us, till pits healed themselves and
propellers whispered a treason of
love and rest.

JOHN WILLIAM CORRINGTON

**THIS IS TO INFORM THE COMMANDER (WHO
GRIMS AN ENDING GRIN)**

We have
gone over to the flowers,
defected to our fathers.
We will die in
pairs
alive till then: no bone has lied
no tree has borne the truth
in vain. At last the grass is springing
syllables:
we are finished with thunder
(yes the commander grims)
It is finished. Even a hill can be plowed,
and bones broken to wheat.
Dream of an aria tilted to summer,
an alphabet breathing plans: are you praying?
Already. Now then

EDWARD A. CAMPBELL

*The little boy stepped from behind the hedge
and yelled at the figure on the corner —
GO AWAY, MISTER DEATH! . . .*

it is early in the evening and I stand here waiting
pebbled of asphalt road departs from the concrete
highway winds out from the pitless center of a small town
wandering past farms and fields of dry brush and thicket
occasionally skirting the turpentine stain of new boxes
near places of once-forest yet lonely and not quite town
telephone poles beside the road lean at a slight angle first
emplaced for farmers and country summers creosote and tar
tongues licking cylindrically at the night still frozen from
winter and March without flavour
a sudden whispering and distant shouting of invisible
children passes around me — under bushes and behind

hedges hide-and-seek running noises

because summer isn't here yet and the wind remains
beside me waiting

I remember how my eyes felt when I was there and the
almond-green silhouette of shining early hedge leaves hiding
from the other

they peer from behind their twisted windows to see me
standing here rough woolen sweater pulled up high about
my neck and chin

EDWARD A. CAMPBELL

Mysterious cap of leather down over my forehead
shielding my eyes from the motion of darkness
hand in my mouth — keeping headlights from entering
my throat

only swallowing the wind
leaning a blunt and tall shape into the telephone pole
they wonder and angrily investigate my presence
opening side doors and stepping into spindly
flowerstalks

afraid to venture from their fingers of salt
afraid to find me
waiting

but this doesn't worry me as much as the other
once-in-a-while car passing by which might not pass by
and I would be questioned.

GIL ORLOVITZ

MASTERINDEX: 18

These goggles out of trellised juices
purvey the broken monuments
of trusted mutes who, alone
of the niggards, assay virtue
stripping off the scabs of cleats.
However thinly mad, we retain
volutated sights, such as may be
woven about our buttocked temples
sticky with hair-pulled fruit —
denoting beast for god whenever
the latter rises too high-pitched
to summon his own damned animals.
Swelling through our scrolls, we
relieve the bastion edemata
with whippoorwill willies and
such skinflint scavengers as cannibal
to gargled pink monoliths.
When air provokes all common
witnesses, we will wipe our eyes
slowly with ground glass fireflies.

GIL ORLOVITZ

MASTERINDEX: 23

I hear the night hanging down in white holes
barbecuing my fathers morning face
on the golden vending poles of the sun
I hear the aluminum slicer of the sea
sailing up the deafening nerve narrows
at night the phosphorescence harpooning
hummingbird spines my fathers face
hovering over nectars vaportrails
the aluminum slicer of the sea spinning
cyclones around my eyes hurtling at
hangman velocities I hear storms
grazing like cattle at night over
my black grasses through which my
fathers face crawls on its bellybrain
I hear my native boys beating my bush
so I can pose him through oceanic
lenses discovering the golden vending
poles of the sun barbecuing white
glacier steaks sheared from the aluminum
slicer of the sea I hear the night

GIL ORLOVITZ

INSCRIPTION: 1

Pulled no team of ears along the caterpillar
cobblestones
— Lord of the levers, have mercy —
that, yellowyoked to pachyderm pollen and weasel
whales,
or caul-caravaned,
— Gales of God, die down to angels —
could castrate his bearded feet.
Echoes, had they convulse over the spherical whip,
he would have snarled out to lean lingers in the lain,
knotted Christ-ringers deafened to the pale by the bell,
listening, not the least of us, for the grasses of a stall.

— Earless, quarters for the hurricane —
So far as pigs purred, and airless faces trundled at his
flesh;
so far as old doorways stumbled through the sleepways,
— Tumblers, launch the stairs —
salvation-cobblestones cupped up for the christening;
eh? what hour for the pyramid ears bolted upon the
deserts?
what constructions slide in wailing whaledoms
down the whistled letch?
— Children, to your hairless harems —
he let grow his bearded feet.
Summers in their seances left the colored stains on
white hands;
auguries, exiled to toadstools, stove through their
bellies

GIL ORLOVITZ

to hunt the smallest crystals down refracted gutscales; for
when the least angle, begging by curve, haggled him, he
could produce no naked feet to endure the armless thing, no
wonderwound that would flake off in miracles, that, in
retch-recoil to reach the solitary of the head, would stoop
bare features to tinkling hungering. — Mumbler s, mercy on
the orators — The bearded feet —Crucifix nails no earthly use
— — Carpenters, go on strike — trembled, earthquake-wise;
trembled at cores, conceived as cortices, cast at them; at the
pachyderm-lobes baked into loaves, that they eat; at the
egg-oxen pulling out the stumps of thunder yellow with aged
lightning: cut off his beard for his mother's and father's sake,
for they who are his progenitors have no feet, no, nor beards,
no, nor ears, — Hurricanes of angels in the eye of God — no,
nor sons cutting sons cutting sons.

GIL ORLOVITZ

WHEN

when shall we go wallop ing over the larval nest
with a fullmasted boomer and a trellis mask
if grist is a gnome of amnesiac angels
who bask like rattlesnakes with their edges asped
if foam is as brittle as marble fret
whose fever skips like cough jumping rope
mezzanines of moss slip through frost
with parapet beards edges asped
money green as flint for love potion and raising the dead
when shall we go wallop ing
steaming open the envelopes of the flesh
of the hiccuping hyena at the fluorescent flagon
whose electronic foam brittle as marble fret
swallowed by amnesiac angels
the fullmasted misnomer sails through the sorrel seas
the light skipping like cough jumping rope
the fever coiling in rattlesnakes
the grist tapping the canes of gnomes among the larvel
 nests
the flesh basking with its edges asped behind trellises of
 masks
when shall we climb the mezzanines of moss
through frost fragrant with wintergreen

GIL ORLOVITZ

ELEGY

Karakul-spittled, the bliss wretch fells
the lamb of air
where men and women meanly marvel.
Crystal,
time calls the eye, sweetly cuts the throats' fanfare.
Stunts alone, my god has no publicity;
but betrayal
files suit through single diversion.
What the hell,
if hooves strike angel-proof, be satyr-server.
Cries wrinkle knives like monkey-climbers;
I dare sit
like an old ape upon my concert
conceivers.
But this boy, bareback-mouthed, wills
wild nurses, wild nurses to his spare fail;
white-jacketed
love braces, that spin-stalling stanchion
to echo-eaves
and mares with white caps on their knees.

GIL ORLOVITZ

Pitch-prime the day, the day pouches down
what the hell,
that the lamb shudders dusk from the god's charades;
belly-gaunt,
the light moans against the gutter-ribs.
Watch cheats in the night though the bliss
is dead; they kiss
foam-rubber ghosts in publicity fits,
karakul-spittled,
where men and women coldly marvel
at trinities
in black and marble under the white sleet
of his scratching.
Spasm-stunts spank my apish children's spines.

GIL ORLOVITZ

VARIATIONS ON UNTIED SHOELACES

losing touch with my fingers
my shoe laces are untied
I go along with my hair in shoelaces
my neck slips out for stud poker
my fingers are tied in touch-me-nots
I am told I can enter the Sanctuary of the Footless only
with bare feet
the touchless in having untied shoelaces
can see the pigeons their plump confetti pity sloshing
down
from the rooves
to peckle at untied shoelaces
the beggars in the Sanctuary of Confetti
hawk loose shoelaces
but the pigeons would drive them from my fingers
I muss my hair with necks through the
touch-me-nights
I braid my fingers with slipping studs
I raise you at poker with two untied shoelaces
surely the pigeons who wobble are footless
surely the Sanctuary barely has feet
surely one must not touch very much to have fingers

Because we forget to think of authors as human, we overextend ourselves to think of them as more than human. Sort of supra-vertebrates. Always saying something profound. Something worth reaching for your notebook for. And if we can't comb it out, it is always our fault. Never the author's.

Could be: Comparatively few critics, instructors, worshipful students, and Bongolandians are authors in the creative stretch of the word. Therefore: They don't think like an author; emote like an author; talk like an author; or scratch their pogies like an author. As Calumet said (in one of his few moments of complete sobriety): Nobody, simply

nobody, makes a period (.) like an author does.

The night I'm thinking of, I was looking at the reflection of the moon in a pool of ruffled water. I couldn't tell if the moon was laughing or crying. Or what it was thinking. So I turned to Calumet. And there it was. So clear that even an assoronic Bongolandian could understand it. Unless he thought the whole business pretty silly.

When the moon is seen in a pool of ruffled water, it has lines on its face. If you look carefully between the lines and have not drunk too much beer (I never touch the stuff), you can see what the moon is thinking: The earth is not an earth at all. The earth is an immaculately conceived citron that grew too fast and fell off the vine. It is now in its seventh stage of ethereal globification. It will ultimately pass into an eighth stage unless the citron seeds (earthmen) tamper with the atometaphysical design and let loose a terminilocus.

And the stars are all

But the ozone is already littered with uncharted elegies. And there is the furious laughter . . . of God.

EZEKIEL'S WHEEL

A COMMUNICATION FROM SECOND BIOGRAPHY

Walter Lowenfels

I USED TO SAY (1929): Not poems as literature but as a bridge over the desert of our age.

All my work has this signature: it is not a direct picture but an underwater angle — out of the corrupt sickness of our time into the possibilities of making a poem; it is a sign of our time's decline, as well as a pointer to how we can create out of any situation — provided we know what time it is and which way the clock is moving.

To create out of death remains the artist's hope in the U.S.A. We may be making a Byzantine kind of art that will not happen again. When millions of people paint pictures and write poems, and the division of labor is eradicated so that millions are artists, we may not get that tension between extremes that dominates the work of Eluard or Picasso. It will be a new poem we will be looking for . .

At best we are reporters, recording how it is — in biography rather than poetry. This helps to account for the verbal texture, the use of ordinary words, scientific lingo. To avoid 'poesy' — to see ordinary people and ordinary language as the creative stuff of our age.

Mary Austin wrote, years ago, that there was a connection between soil and language rhythms. That's why only the U.S. has produced the rhythms of our Indian poems or of Whitman; i.e., the native style. I think the soil — if seen in a geologically social way — accounts for what we are doing with language today and with forms.

The artist's job is to reveal the instantaneous present. So the eternal question arises: What time is it? Of course the

answer depends on where you are. So each of us defines his time differently — that is, in separate poems. I have tried to report human experience at my particular instant within the country I inhabit, but with the consciousness of the rest of the world. I call this ‘socialist surrealism;’ but I don’t ask you to accept my definition or to use my terminology.

Montesquieu said that good writing is the art of omitting transitional thought. In poems, it is the adventure of ‘words arrested in time.’ The artist is a master of revelations, adept at reading the entrails of beasts; he visits the oracle at Delphi; he has to be able to join the Hopi snake dancers . . . the dragon dancers of China. No one of the mysteries can be penetrated today with the politics of yesterday.

It is in this sense that Rimbaud has to be understood today: ‘It is absolutely necessary to be modern.’ Some interpret this thought as an injunction to describe social decay; they think the next piece of dirt and the next is the last word. Society can always get worse; there is no hope in society as society. Our only hope as human beings is to transform society into its opposite.

We cannot conceive the people of tomorrow. If we could, we would be like them. All we know is that without them we all die today. It is this tiny glimpse of the future without which today is unbearable. That is what Leonardo told us long before Marx; Marx worked it out in scientific terms; Aeschylus and Aristophanes have been saying it through the centuries: The artist is the first politician. That, naturally, is the way the whole story starts — not once, but over and over again. ‘In the beginning, there was the word.’ All we have to do is to record the facts, arrange them so they make sense. .

I used to call it (1930) ‘The World as Poem.’ But that sounded pompous, so now I sometimes call it ‘Reality Prime.’

P.S. There is an underground movement that keeps alive the biography of the earth. Our kind of poems are not likely

to happen again. It is the instantaneousness of our lives that some of us are trying to catch. For years, while I was silent, and often after I resumed writing, I thought: It is necessary to write the poem of tomorrow today; I even had a title: Tomorrow is Today. But that approach would produce slogans, posters—not art.

My definition of a poet: 'a re-write man.' Of poems: 'The continuation of journalism by other means.' At the decisive moment, you have to be equipped to act.

We expect from the poet only the last word that everybody misses because it is about to fade out. For, it is not only the poet's role to reveal—he always holds back the final word; he appears to be saying something, but he is silent in the face of what he really sees . . . or spells it out so simply nobody believes him.

Simplicity may also have a false face. The Medicine Man. The Indian Mask. The dancers in the rites of Dionysius. The Totem Pole. We have a long story to tell: the Dyaks knew it and the Eskimos know it—only in the igloos of Manhattan the story breaks into glass everybody thinks he can see through.

Of course, we transcend literature. And no one can ever tell when or where it will happen. I get it from a twenty-year-old poet in Jamaica nobody knows; or Cesar Vallejo in Peru; it is heard in the last words of the Haymarket martyrs ('Let the voice of the people be heard'), or in Vanzetti's speech to the court ('this agony, our triumph . . .'), or Bruno at the stake. All the gewgaws we go through, documentation or collage—all disappear in the final consummation. When the fire burns in the poet, it melts everything into a new creation—or it leaves everything stone dead in the market.

We are adventurers on Ezekiel's wheel—extending the spokes of our words into space and always returning to the hub. As you know, I am saying in another way: The rites of

Dionysius, the burning of the old god. Out of it comes the DRINKING GOURD and other Negro songs; or Chu Tuan giving out his POEM OF EVERLASTING SORROWS before he jumped into the waters. The minimum demand of creation: that something be given up, some of life be sacrificed, some of it done away with so that something new arrives.

Thus, the ‘anti-poem.’ To kill the dying verse of yesterday’s elegy for the simultaneous birth of today’s song. Of course, today’s song doesn’t seem to sing; only yesterday’s, to which we are accustomed. Everybody knows LEAVES OF GRASS reached one reader its first year—Emerson. That’s the pure mechanics of the creative act and makes absolutely no difference. Nobody is interested in what the poet or poem goes through. All that is of interest is the arrival.

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THE — SUGAR-COATED PILL

William A. Hoftyzer

LATE LAST SUMMER, William D. Maxwell, editor of the CHICAGO TRIBUNE, summarily ordered a revision of the bestseller list the paper prints each week. The doctored script, per instruction, was to reflect Maxwell's personal tastes, the facts of sales be damned.

Maxwell, recently out of the hospital where, presumably, he caught up on his reading, personified the demagogue in his blatancies concerning bestselling novels. Of Henry Miller's TROPIC OF CANCER and Harold Robbins' THE CARPETBAGGERS, he 'found language in there that you wouldn't hear in a men's locker room.' Judging by Maxwell's standards of editing, to say nothing of his attitude, the man has not seen the interior of a men's locker room since he cleaned out his own locker at Ye Olde Countree Clubbe — incensed by Gene Sarazen's plus fours, and indignant over the fact that women were permitted to infiltrate the links. An educated guess would be that Maxwell used his space for stowing gear such as rain cap, golf shoes, extra two-for-25c. golf balls, and salvaged broken tees . . . and that when he did frequent the place, it was to pick up a few of those tees and leave his lemon drops so that they would not melt while out on the course.

Fortunately, Maxwell and those of his persuasion will not be able to force their ivory towersome prejudices upon the reading public; a few disciples of reality do remain in this World. Through his horn-rimmed glasses, Maxwell may not see the illicit lovemaking, the occasional goose, the discreet pinch, or the surreptitious feel — extant. These do take place, despite that certain editors and innumerable Squares still affect mental bundling-boards, locked and separate

bedrooms, — and cautiously bathe in a chemise. The TRIBUNE editor impresses one as a man deadset against any sorts of communal bathing. It would be worth the price of a plane ticket to observe Maxwell's reactions on viewing bath-time in Japan, or watching the Chinese perform necessary ablutions over the sides of sampans afloat on the Whangpoo River, in full view of downtown Shanghai.

As Miller graphically documents, people do perform certain physical functions; but, by Maxwell's standard, these are not subjects for creative writing: the characters may not have bowel movements, contract venereal disease, copulate, and certainly must never become angry at spouses or lovers and address them as 'you dirty SOB!' Swinging his un-gay eighties' watch chain, Editor Maxwell may be unaware of the actualities of THE CHAPMAN REPORT, Dr. Kinsey, Lady Chatterley, Theodore Pratt, and the sometimes of Mickey Spillane. The Editor may well take refuge behind the fact that vests are 'in' this year — but this latter realization may be cause for further editorial discriminations. Editor Maxwell may well outlaw the 'in' vests from the fashion pages, and pressure his advertising department to refuse waistcoat-type copy. (Happy alternative would be that Maxwell shuck his vest, but he is probably set in his sixtyish ways, and this denuding process seems unlikely.) In fact, one gets the impression that the 'good' editor wears one to bed; in this area, Maxwell is, no doubt, an advocate of separate bedrooms. Locked, of course. Rather an introspective Brief Encounter. In retrospect. Or, if a conundrum be acceptable, Separate Tables set to the music of the theme from Lifeboat. Empty, of course.

Actually, this tirade of an angry young man is not directed against the TRIBUNE's editor, alone. He just happened to be in the way. Maxwell is more than twenty years his senior — which places the writer near Walter Pitkin's rhetorical fountain of youth. What it does for William

D. Maxwell is subject to conjecture. There has always been the school of thought advancing the theory that age begets understanding wisdom. This assumes affluence, naturally. Only one lamentable fallacy mars the argument: if a man reaches a position of opulence in those years beyond physical prime, he is considered genius, soothsayer, and sage. If this eminence is in the public eye, he is unable to do wrong. But, the citizen of sixty-five who has had it in the workaday world and just wants to live out his years within his own personal pleasures, is regarded as worthless. Yet, this writer has known such pleasure-loving oldsters who make righteous old hypocrites pale to insignificance. Which raises the moot question: when, precisely, does youth give way to age? When does knowledge abdicate to senility? All of which leads to the question of the validity of Editor Maxwell's observations about bestselling novels — recorded as follows:

'We have come to the conclusion that we can no longer publish this list raw. Recently and tardily, we have become aware that some of the bestsellers that have appeared on our lists were sewer-written by dirty-fingered authors for dirty-minded readers.'

We advance the case that Editor Maxwell has become an addict. No, not an alcoholic nor an opium-pipe puffer nor a glue-sniffer nor a 'mainliner' with a big H. Nor is it suggested that he smokes marijuana or hits goofballs and beer for kicks. Instead, he has fallen victim to the lure of the sugar-coated pill. And, unfortunately for the World today, too many nine-holers share this addiction.

This sugar-coated pill is as habit-forming and as dangerous as heroin, as deadly as cocaine, as moribund as opium: known as 'wishful-thinking.' It is well enough to yearn for a better life, a harmonious World, and an existence lined with mink; but it is lethal to imagine existence as sugar'n'spice and everything nice. No continental jungle entertains so many survivalist struggles as daily life itself;

and if Editor Maxwell and other addicts continue to swallow the pill of wishful-thinking, they're as quickly dead as a pig thrown in a piranha tank. Rape, murder, muggings, wife-beatings, common assault, drunk-driving, perversion, child-beating, dictatorship, communism, aggression, petty larceny, and four-letter words are among us; and no prescription is going to drive them off. Not even an overdose can rid the addict of the World.

What, then, is the proper approach?

Return to a responsible reportorial standard would be in order. A reporter is just that: one who gazes upon the scene, then reports what he sees. He does not chronicle what he thinks he's observed, not a list of his hopes. His reports are directed to the eye, the mind, and the mind's eye — not to the feet, the hands, the belly, or the heart. If a racy novel about a gamekeeper and the manor mistress playing house, entwining bachelor buttons and dandelions amongst each other's private parts — if this is the bestselling novel of the day, then that's it! Ignoring the fact does not make it go away.

Perhaps Maxwell and other sugar-pill addicts should re-read and reconsider the BIBLE — a pretty fair bestseller, with no lockerroom punches pulled.

Selah.

SOME ITEMS RECEIVED

SKELETONS AND MARROW

JOHN CAGE'S *SILENCE* (WESLEYAN University Press — \$5.75) is a collection of lectures and articles ranging over two decades of the author's missionary efforts on behalf of 'the new music' and his own philosophies of sound, silence, and Zen. These views are at times sensational in character, even on occasion juvenile in treatment; but certainly they are also stimulating. And this seems honestly to be Mr. Cage's intent: to stimulate rather than to dictate.

In the course of the lectures he ranges considerably farther afield than his own metier; exploring such varied avenues of thought and creation as poetry, physics, metaphysics, sound-engineering, the dance, painting, architecture, semantics, and more . . . It is evident, from constant reference to them in so many of the essays, that an odd collection of circumstances, individuals and things (such as the author's father, one of his teachers, Arnold Schoenberg, Zen, a probable traumatic experience in an anechoic chamber at Harvard, Meister Eckhardt [[of the Maundy Thursday legend](#)], Dadaism, D. T. Suzuki, the word 'morphology,' etc.) have substantially determined Cage's predisposition for experiment and rebellion. (He makes no secret of his distaste for 'European harmonies.') Nor does he attempt to conceal or discredit his origins; exploiting or exposing them, as expediency requires, honestly and outrageously.

The base-ingredients of the collection, by which its intentions become manifest and its goals are sought, are the use and overuse of stream-of-conscious questions (which sometimes stimulate and sometimes merely patronize); the use (and again, overuse) of such literary and quasi-literary

devices as riddles, conundrums, and parables; a variety of typographical effects which seek to shock with their mercurial aspects and occasional deliberate incompatibility (but which also employ a knowledgeable use of 'white space'); too-frequent and perhaps only partly-conscious recourse to Authority (quoting and paraphrasing especially Zen and Zen protagonists); and a sometimes-adolescent pleasure in academic and intellectual heresy (at one point the author declares: 'Beethoven now is a surprise, as acceptable to the ear as a cowbell' — with a transparent wish to outrage).

There is a chapter composed almost entirely of these stream-of-conscious questions.

Another chapter's pages are ruled off into narrow columns. Each line, whether full, short or blank, within a column is allotted a one-second interval. There are uneven numbers of blank lines interrupting uneven numbers of lines with words. The 'silence' of each of these blank lines is given the same second's interval as the 'sound' of each of the written lines.

Another lecture appears altogether in fine print. And whole paragraphs and portions of paragraphs are repeated and interwoven and altered and combined with other paragraphs, with sometimes a modified or altered sense and sometimes an entirely new meaning; or again, sometimes only a new or added emphasis for the same point.

Many of the essays conclude with one or more parables or anecdotes, more or less related to the substance of the preceding material.

And another chapter juxtaposes alternating bold and light faces; standard and italic print; and white space and type.

Elsewhere the typography and punctuation of the lines vary in random visual patterns not unlike some of the early experimental poetry of E. E. Cummings, or the current work of Charles Olson. One chapter will make its shy appearance with almost childish simplicity and innocence of adornment.

And the next essay will be burdened with the elaborate pedantry and impediments of the most virulent kind of foot-note compulsive!

Apart from its frequently sensationalistic and self-consciously heretic intent, this variety suffers almost as much from 'an embarrassment of riches.' Nevertheless, there is sincerity and depth in this amorphous rebellion. And it does stimulate. Often and considerably.

Mr. Cage does not believe in silence. There is always sound, he says. He explains that the intervals of so-called silence in a formalized piece of music are filled with random sounds. Where the audience thinks, because the orchestra is silent, that they are not hearing anything, they are for a space of time simply not having their hearing responses occupied and directed by a more orderly progression of artificial sounds. They have been left for this interval to the only half-perceived stimulus of more random 'music' (noise).

When silence, generally speaking, is not in evidence, the will of the composer is.

Cage is primarily concerned with introducing into the province of music some element of this randomness in natural sounds. In this he is neither alone nor original. There are two excellent chapters, *FORE-RUNNERS OF MODERN MUSIC* and *HISTORY OF EXPERIMENTAL MUSIC IN THE UNITED STATES*, which examine the work and intent of myriad composers and virtuosos, many of whose names appear elsewhere in the book as well. Cage's views on the value of some of these contributors and contributions are frequently controversial; but he has clearly not usurped any prerogatives.

He writes of them all, pioneers and contemporaries: Edgard Varese, Christian Wolff, Charles Ives, Henry Cowell, Schoenberg, Earl Brown, Morton Feldman, William Russell . . . the names that have given dignity and stature to experimental contemporary music.

In his exposition of personal views the author refers much to those mechanical and intellectual musical devices which enable the same piece or composition to be played differently each time, so that every performance is, in some part, unique. The question from an audience's view is whether this system of random 'musical' effects is altogether always desirable in place of the more predictable elements and effects that most of its members would have been educated to accept as desirable musical achievements. The question, from this composer's perspective, is the antithesis, if not the opposite.

I ask you, sometimes, too, sounds happening in time, what will happen to our experience of hearing, yours, mine, our ears, hearing, what will happen if sounds being beautiful stop some time and the only sounds to hear are not beautiful to hear but are ugly, what will happen to us? Would we ever be able to get so that we thought the ugly sounds were beautiful?

This is the sort of material that touches the borders of the absolute; and relative creatures occupy themselves with such Eden-apples at peril! 'You pays your quid and you takes your choice.' (Huxley, not Cage!)

The central theme of these lectures, though they deal much with this 'music of change,' is a larger one. Cage apparently does not wish to destroy traditions or classics merely for that sake; nor to deface them unnecessarily; with all his violence. Rather, this is a passionate individual refusal to permit the seduction or even the delay of new frontiers permitting the old to bind us to it out of an uncritical affection, or fear, or intellectual laziness.

It is a large canvas. And although the author is at times infuriatingly precocious, patronizing, bellicose, and outspoken, the evidences in the book of a capable and original thinker mitigate, if they do not redeem entirely, the immaturity of his style.

Cage is the opponent of cliché-thinking. He attacks such intellectual lethargy persistently and variously. One method is to quote some of the more ubiquitous clichés sufficiently out of context to make their shallowness neatly evident. Another way is to relate them to preceding matter in such a manner that the ensuing contrast exposes them as effectively as the more direct technique.

Shall we praise God from whom all blessings flow?

Which is more musical, a truck passing by a factory or a truck passing by a music school?

It is possible Mr. Cage considerably overuses Zen to sell ideas with which it is less than precisely connected.

There is a story of a young Zen swordsman who had become one of the greatest masters of his weapon and yet felt there was more for him to learn. Knowing by reputation of a much older man, who was perhaps the most famous master of them all, the younger man determined to make a pilgrimage to his retreat to ask that he might study with him. This he did, and his journey met with success: the old man agreed to accept him as a disciple, putting him to work immediately at the menial tasks of a servant. For two years the new disciple performed such services for the master, but received no instruction in all this time. At last he gave voice to his complaint, and the master agreed to begin his instruction at once. The training was severe and original. The master would come up behind his disciple whenever he could catch him unawares and hit him brutally with a long stick. He did this as often as possible every day.

The younger man suffered much pain and terrible bruises, but he bore this treatment stoically for five years, continuing to render all the daily services the master required during this interval. At the end of seven years from the time he entered service and training with the master, the younger man decided he had had enough of beatings and enough of being a servant. He determined to speak to the old

man about leaving him. But he thought, just once, to give the master a taste of his own method of instruction. Taking the master's stick, he sought him out and, coming up behind him without the old man's knowledge, he swung the big stick in a powerful arc. Before it could land on the portion of his master's anatomy he had chosen to insult in this manner, the old man's hand swept out at the last possible instant, catching the stick without injury to himself! His disciple did not speak of leaving at that time. He remained, and things continued as before. And after another seven years of this education, his body, like the master's, learned to know, without the aid of his eyes or ears, when the stick was aimed at it. And there came a time when he invariably caught the stick before it could land, so that he suffered no more blows. After seven years of painful discipline, the young man was only a dilettante; after fourteen years, he was no longer a dilettante. Zen, as the somewhat obvious moral indicates, is a most rigid discipline. Westerners, sometimes even quite sincere practitioners, rarely acquire more than a surface acquaintance with Zen. One wonders, since he repeatedly employs it as an indirect authorization for his views, how much more than the customarily-engaging patina Cage has legitimately mastered. He mentioned in his Foreword to *SILENCE* that, when he heard Alan Watts had questioned the relation between the composer's work and Zen, Cage voluntarily went on record to '... free Zen of any responsibility' for his actions. Cage's work seems substantial and original enough to rest on its own merits, without metaphysical or other authority to lend either his ideas or their exposition additional weight. Zen places a certain emphasis on spontaneity. There is considerable of that in Cage's original thinking. This music of change and his concept of sound and silence are a challenge difficult to meet on its own terms. Most of us have an inadmissible reluctance — even momentarily for the sake of curiosity — to abandon

entrenched prejudices about art and letters and life. We resort quickly to 'standards' of taste and preference (euphemisms for transparent absolutes). If we adhere with sufficient rigidity to such 'absolutes,' even the worthiest of them, one day there will be no more introductions (parlor or jungle) to adventure and the grandeur in the human spirit. What is the range and the specific nature of the human sensibilities upon which a work of art (genuine or spurious) realizes the different parts of its magic (or placebo-effects)? Precisely what spectrum of human emotions is stirred by a Mahler symphony? an El Greco canvas? a Twelfth Century feudal estate? an Egyptian bas-relief? or a Rodin tableau? And what margins enclose and define the assorted human reactions to a Brancusi form? a Pollock oil? a Bartok concerto? or a FINNEGANS WAKE?

This collection of articles and lectures has deficiencies. It lacks order and progression; its greatest weakness is the omission of material which might have softened and balanced these essays. But it is the work of a sincere and dedicated thinker; and if this is not the complete edifice of a finished revolution, it is at least the skeleton and marrow of rebellion.

A. Fredric Franklyn

Fervid Contravalences

THOSE DISTENTIONS OF percepts which also are tight contractions into knots of impassioned insights, intuitions applied through language drawn by the Unconscious through fleshly thickets of wonder via tendrils of emotion, unlocking wise old posterns to muse in glades of rebirth, then jostled by half-unsummoned concentremments of idea, sound, vision to declare love, hurt, hate, joy, rebellion . . . the whole tempered by moods out of metabolic hours of undeterminable organic change psychically interacting with conjured urges to heated feasance . . . withal perhaps adventitiously diverted or coheringly thrust by glandular

incidence into agonizing vortices: This is poetry today. At high levels, with or without benefits (or detriments) of cultivated artifice. Diminishingly and partially, the same elements combine in less-individuated works, — even in verse.

Never before, so many books and booklets of poetry, pseudo-poetry, intended poetry! Never before, so many persons gaining (or buying for themselves) print. To evaluate the onrush needs triple the sorting and perusing than three short years ago.

From dozens of collections, selections, and unities (extrinsic, if not intrinsic); by place, theme, structure, attitude, notion, conviction; just a half-dozen (a descending series) could be chosen for limited examination here. Of these, only the first two — arbitrarily declared 'best' — qualify for broad standards of comparison in the field; and these obviously belong in a reference frame outside that of the rest. Nor are the other four positively 'better' than several others (see *The Chronicle*), each in its category; they merely seem more successfully characteristic of the gradations of flux.

That books by two poets of similar intentions and attributes arrived for simultaneous review will be called coincidental: one, by Peter Jones, an Englishman in his thirties (*NEXT TO NO TIME—ROBERT HALE Ltd.*, 10/6); the other, by Gil Orlovitz, an American in his forties (*ART OF THE SONNET—HILLSBORO*, \$1.50). No doubt, the two are little cognizant, one of the other; they can have exerted slight influence, one upon the other, in the welter of contemporary expression.

The similarities plainly stem from like tastes in modern readings (notably James Joyce and the Twentieth Century Romantic poets) formed by the same classical exposures ranging from the Greek tragedies through Chaucer and Shakespeare to Coleridge, Browning, and Melville. Also, from like resistances to commercially-expedient societies, together

with like inventive bents in uses of a common language. The natural gifts practically ensured that — given access to libraries in the same Western culture — they would develop, it not perforce identical purposes, semantically-related methods. Both have found prevailing usages inadequate.

In their theoretical writings elsewhere, remarkably concordant views have been revealed: a sort of complex intellectual twinning assuming, nevertheless, nonrational emotive poetical modes. We find Jones enunciating semi-Pelagian theory (NEW HELIOS, Oct. '56), referring to 'a poet's function of self-fidelity . . . always becoming synergistic in the life effort of creative experience;' and, to the 'unified complex of continuing instantaneity of co-existence.' Orlovitz (MISCELLANEOUS MAN, '57) states: ' . . . the congeries of symbols in the work of art could have their sources distinctively (Editor's italics) in the unconscious evolution of the artist's whole organism, integral with the evolution of the species itself.'

But, the philosophical backgrounds of these poets would require a sizable book to detail. A probable summation would seem to find farther depths and breadths in Orlovitz. Of course, he is older; still, the chances of his future acclaim in terms of genius are greater: his analogic range exceeded that of Jones, in writings composed when his years numbered less than those of Jones today. Meantime, both are unassailably Poets; and that's quite enough.

Their resemblances do not obscure the genuine self-discoveries which make them as different as they are alike in their approaches and word-ways. Each has formed his own diction of harmonies and dissonances; and, employing the same theories, each has perfected his own style of thrust, so to speak, in executing (both would approve the double entendre) the language: Orlovitz with the wilder abandon, Jones with a peculiar restrained disorder. No one could take many lines of the one for lines of the other.

Setting other comment aside, here are two somewhat parallel pieces, the first from Jones, the second from Orlovitz, neither plucked out for especial merit in comparison with other pieces:

FREEDOM FROM PAIN It is as though, wet
beside the mind A hand bounced; most he
wondered that holy Cornelians and the
spider grazed that were tears, his
tree-bound case of ribs; in the bather's
dumbelling death-sweat Aquarian
scrimmaging, fountains' snowflakes
fastidious as buttercat's pads Hasted him,
as lord hilarious who saw an ingot of
lightermen burn to gold. My soul does
magnify his word as the proven hoof was
laden with spikenard and the ass was
christophering; and all the milling mouthed
a song of lyres, chrysoprases starred a
ring-around the unhorseshoed shapes,
mighty his kingdom.

SONNET: 30 ABOVE THE TIMBERLINE OF DREAM
THE SMALL BLUE PERFECT FLOWERS OF
IMPRECISION SCOUT THE CRUSTY NAKEDNESS OF
YOUR WHITEST SNOW FOR THE TRACERS OF THAT
CONSCIOUSNESS FLOWN OVER FERN LEMON
SUNRISES AND THE TALL FIRES FOUNDLINGS IN A
CHILDLESS MEMORY, TO LEAVE A SCENT OF
SUPPOSES TREMBLING AT A ROOT AND PARADISES
SNIFFING AT THEIR HEELS, WHILE DOWN IN THE
SPIKED GOTHIC EYE WELLS THIS HUGE HULKING
BEAST OF TEAR TO FALL A SOAKED CARCASS
ACROSS SHRILL UNDERGROWTH BEFORE IT COULD
SPIT DEW ON THE NEAREST FLOWER THAT IT
NOT WITHER IN YOUR LAST CRYSTAL FAULT AND
LOOKING BACK ON MORE THAN GOD FROM
CRUMBLING SALT

Then, briefly, from two items showing how divergence in manners of expression is striking even where imagery overlaps. Here are opening lines of Jones' I HAVE BEEN PUTTING OFF WRITING TO YOU:

A cat was lying in a pool of syrup.

I called to my soul to rejoin my body,

Which was a heart-shaped policeman for two.

Here, the opening lines of SONNET: 11 (Orlovitz):

What shall I make of this kitten circumstance? that had me swagger like a kite upon the air, insist I patent consequence, and confess to chance while praying the inevitable stalked to chance's lair. There's no plainer way to graph the reach of difference between Orlovitz (or Jones) and many others now to hand than by quick readings from two poets of fine sensibilities who yet fall short in renderings. First, Denise Levettov, because she is published widely and has gained maximum critical praise in some quarters. A piece from MATINS (THE JACOB'S LADDER — NEW DIRECTIONS, \$1.55) is typical:

The authentic! Shadows of it sweep past in dreams, one could say imprecisely, evoking the almost-silent ripping apart of giant sheets of cellophane. No. It thrust up close. Exactly in dreams it has you off-guard, you recognize it before you have time. For a second before waking the alarm bell is a red conical hat, it takes form.

The elements of fine poesy fail of the welded integration that issues from genuine word-frenzy. Her qualities are undeniable, but realized through telling: through narration; explication (however remotely-inferential); description (via metaphoric brilliance, minus heat of direct conjurement); and through clever interpolations of ideational justifications evincing slight spontaneity. Her selfconsciousness projects because she seldom gets within her language; and no matter that words are well employed, they don't become the poem, in moulted phrases that move necessitously through content

and sound. The memorabilities of most of her lines are simply those of sensitive aesthetic reportage.

Next, listen to the lessknown Gwendolyn MacEwen (THE DRUNKEN CLOCK — ALEPH Press, 50c):

of course life I do not know; am just here singing up a
gold storm

and wondering what street in this webbed city slides me
off to Sumer.

which opens her SUMERIAN SONG, closing:

hills nest all over that trite Sumerian valley; people shunt
through singing up

a gold storm and streaming with wonder their dark red
robes behind

MacEwen is less sophisticated and less practiced in artifice than Levettov. In hers, the distinction between poetics ‘about’ and veritable incarnations of poetry is made plain in the words made vehicles and not themselves forming the expression. Yet, such poetics are readily accepted and easily approved by many; the slightnesses of unfamiliarity in their ‘disturbances’ do not frustrate or confuse those who read poetry as though it were prettified prose. She offers little travail and milder sorts of joys, scarcely extending her medium nor innovating over disturbingly (as Levertov occasionally does). More than half her lines can be anticipated; familiar echoes beat across her described — if dreaming — hills.

Passing to the older Joseph Payne Brennan (THE WIND OF TIME — HAWK & WHIPPOORWILL Press, \$3.50), we meet developed individuality. While many may demur that he exhibits less original imagery than either of the women and that he’s hampered by rote attachment to conventions, his voice is rather convincingly his own, — triteness and all. Unfortunately — prerequisite though genuine individuation is to high art — this quality (without several he lacks) does not result in more than the seasoned honesty often

discoverable in letters, diaries, and in otherwise-routine periodic reports (as by persons in business or military life) at the nethermost bounds of literature. His dexterous turnings of nevertheless long-familiar analogies and jointures of quickened imagination soon may be seen as the choices of accreted habit, distinguished solely by their obvious validity in his personal satisfaction — which, in turn, consanguineously transmits to many readers. This is true even of those of his which perhaps are least annoying to a discerning contemporary ear, such as MAELSTROM OF FEAR:

When frozen grasses glittered
And phosphorus dust of space
Streamed in an icy sky,
I went outside to verify the night.
Over the ridge
A grey fox barked,
But then all earth grew still
As a granite shield of death.
That maelstrom of mighty stars
in a universe of space
Offered no comforting clue.
I closed the door; I knew my place.

Brennan also produces reminiscences where lines scarcely ever blend into such commoner images of abstract generalities. This is one factor establishing (at a homely level of lower heat than the above) his personal authenticity; but, the same may be accomplished by a good crackerbox yarn-spinner.

For closing contrast, Margaret Masland Lavin's LANDSCAPE WITH FIGURES (GOLDEN QUILL — \$3) contains skilled examples of the kinds of abstractions that not only hold no particularizing identities in and of themselves, to lend special character to stanzas, but are so compounded in their utterance as to leave no individuating impression of a personality, unless — cumulatively, from many pieces — an

impression of her endorsement of a certain amalgam of ethico-sentimental attitudes in human relations and toward existence. Such fusions of poetical 'glass,' with minor gradations of tint, long have been favored emotional filters for numberless poetasters. Lavin's special refraction is well illustrated in the 'conclusive' lines of the

POSTSCRIPT TO KATE:

No catalog of wood and stone can yield
Illumination of reality—
Save records of the worn heart's wind and rain:
But once in dubious alchemy I spilled
My blood for ink to write your memory
As legend. That I cannot do again.

Several others maintain far less connection with direct personal meanings, in their platitudinous metaphors, as she stretches (not ineptly, however) toward various classical pasts in sections oddly titled 'impressionist,' 'romantic,' and last, 'neo-classic,'—while titling the Kate section 'classic.' Because of the form, of course. Often, she regrettably adulterates good work. She can fairly freshly say: 'Our piano laughed and clapped its keys'—then revert with: 'its own grief unappeased,/mute years a silent monument . . .!'

J.B.M.

A CONSEQUENCE OF NAKEDNESS

Sam Bradley

CAPTURE THE MOST fabled beast. Fling off the clothes.

. . . white moving statue,

while the water around me ripples circles of light.

Harold Witt in his long-awaited first collection (BEASTS IN CLOTHES, MACMILLAN—\$4.25 & \$1.95, paperb.) is fully aware of the timeflow and imageflow about him. However, he hears Heraclitus' 'Everything flows . . .' as a herald cry of a sensuous flowing.

I first met Witt's work in a wonderfully erotic VENUS AND ADONIS published in WHETSTONE, and I exclaimed: 'How Shakespeare would have enjoyed this!' Will his poems live as long as those of Shakespeare? Who cares? They will live in my time, and give genuine pleasure.

This banquet of Witt's is civilized; make no mistake, it is no quick naked lunch at the bare beat big table. 'In spite of not caring for the bloodlessness of academic poetry. I believe,' he says, 'a poem needs form.' The art of poetry is not the same as the rapt exhibition of automatic writing; '. . . the traditions should be known before broken.'

Witt knows with the uninhibited knowledge of a lover. GIRL is one of his poems; 'girl' is the image that his art most excitingly learns; word invites responsive breath; breath invites body to its large-hearted dance. And a poem of his is firm-fleshed, adequate before dazzling; full-personed, however light on its feet. In the sequence, SIREN SUNG, eight women teach him in eight different contexts to be a rising realist. In THE COCK OF CONFIDENCE, he writes a modern Aesop's fable of sex when All-is-Sex. His mistress NUDE is . . . well, it's like a jar of honey in the sun, to be had before it spoils.

Yet, around summer creatures are the summer elegies and the ghosts of lives. Witt knows that the poet's inspiration can begin with the April 'A,' and summer be right and ready celebration as it moves. But there are tragic interruptions. He remembers a brother whose killing-compulsion he could not share: brother, hero, blond god, why do I see murdered birds still bleeding in your eyes? He writes of the spastic girl, the girl who cannot conceal her injury as she lurches, honest Alice, life onward: and tallest athletes crippled as she passed inwardly erect but outwardly collapsed, shattering all our certainties, like glass.

I suppose some damn-sadist is waiting for my critical racking of Witt. Well, his possible faults grow out of his evident virtues. The richness of his imagination and the felicity he has with images and phrases sometimes lead him to attempt, and do up, small subjects. Or he is likely to pick up some discarded rich old fabric, such as the old clothes of Theseus, Daphnis, the Manger Babe, Cellini and Botticelli, and one of the rapings of the Sabines, and other varied manifestations of Venus in Italy. Or he plays bright-eyed fool of the commonplace in poems like *THE SUPERMARKET* and *POWER-MOWER WITH A MAN*. Or his inventiveness wriggles into trick poems, like *EYES*; *EARS*; *THIS ARM*; the erotic nonsense of *THE WORD*; a thirteenish *THIS CLOCK*; and the highly successful pin-up, *PREFERRING NAKEDNESS*. Fault-pickers — come, come, unravel.

The imagination has furiously jeweled its dreams of sex, of love. For *IN MYTHS OF MUSIC*, Witt remembers Shakespeare's sage: 'In sleep a king but waking, no such matter.' Every poet may today be a writer of *THE DREAM DISSECTED*; but this poet has not scanted joyous erotic dreaming (*MAD ABOUT BODIES*; *WHEN MEN*; *SWIMMER*; *GIRL WITH A HOOP*) nor rejected bawdy humor (*BUTTERFLIES AND ELEPHANTS*). Genitals are a glory for man, concerned as he is with creation in Creation. However, the clothed beast-man is

not always as well purposed in love as he would like to be; he is as much error-maker as he is god. Harmonies go awry. OF VARIOUS ERRORS reminds us that the feeling of powerlessness in modern society leads to impotence. Whether the WEBSTER'S UNABRIDGED knows it or not, error is but an extension of the word 'eros.'

*Roses are roses, women are women, and if an
Adam is disappointed, he has reasons. He takes
cover — clothes. But Creation looks on, not caring
for clothes, amused at reasons.*

A FORWARD MOVEMENT THROUGH THE PAST

NOT TO MINIMIZE the far and unstarred distances between latitudes of formal versification and those of poetries creating their own forms or genuinely re-creating what the centuries have shaped into amphorae of the language, — but, a false goe-desy has wheeled in view. Scores of bad critics aver that limitless wastes separates all tradition-steeped poets from all those works following unaccustomed lines and/or displaying untraditional semantics. The casuistries of such ‘geographics’ have provided misleading maps for readers. With twisted compasses, obtuse topographers would make every author using familiar words in time-marked sequences or conjuring rhymed or unrhymed classic metrics seem unworthy of contemporary appraisal; contrariwise, that the crudest of unprecedented verbiage and/or hitherto-unseen arrangements (many of which may be exposed as more mechanically uninspired than the tritenesses of a veriest tetramist) must be per se declared documents of genius.

A very disturbing manifestation just took place. This Editor failed to persuade some of TRACE’s lively contributors to detail their reactions to Donald Davidson’s *THE LONG STREET* (VANDERBILT University Press — \$4, illustrated by Theresa Sherrer Davidson’s engravings), which indeed does contrast strongly with most of the other winter’s books for review. Yet, the contrast isn’t from failure of significant realization; Davidson’s originalities are no less undeniable because unobtrusive. Should they be dismissed because they bear the impress of long years of discipline? Is Davidson of no account because he never twists or breaks a line, seldom cavorts to exaggerate the unexpectednesses which he nevertheless does present? To this reader, he deserves more than a modicum of credit for the unstrained personal

authenticities permeating this mature definitive collection.

Such seasoned word-mastery is rarely met today: an unfevered compose that resembles the *savoir faire* of an old-world master in his atelier. Modern readers at first may overlook the finer lines, the valid uniqueness of his turns of manner, the quiet originalities of phrase and image. But, the comprehensive ranges of the statements connoted by many of these pieces surpass those in most current purported poetries. His contributions (the volume holds several revised or reworked things published in the past, along with several that are new or hitherto unprinted) are not limited to fulfillments of distinctive expression: he subtly reveals that he's his own kind of conservative rebel — against abuses of education, jurisprudence, psychiatry, and in protest over many elements of the social structure and the cultural milieu.

Some of these are commentaries in accomplished verse; some are successful poems which sprang out of trained contemplation. Of the former, the fourteen-page *CASE OF MOTORMAN 17: COMMITMENT PROCEEDINGS* perhaps may be rated classic: it is a semi-Jungian verse play rooted in the poetics of ancient Greece, dramatizing the ages-long problem of the artist in social relationships, the clashes of his sibylline vision with 'sanities' of everyday routine (and see the leading article in this *TRACE*). Of the latter, *SECOND HARVEST* conveys deep-centred impact. *THE NERVOUS MAN* condenses in seven short stanzas the 'reasonably' answerless question of *MOTORMAN*. *AT THE STATION* is rather mannered; yet, a powerful piece.

Verbal appreciation of Davidson is of course heightened by reading him aloud. To be said of all poetical writings, to be sure,—yet, particularly in his case, bringing to focus a profound verbal historicity. This may be an unaesthetic phrase, but it precisely conveys his special accomplishment with language. He has cultivated an ability to weave

innovations into lines of traditional substance. Appropriately, THE NINTH PART OF SPEECH contains several of these. Here, in his own quiet way, Davidson voices revolt against the academy of which he has been a distinguished member:

And ever the wildcat's scream
Must break the Platonic dream
Else we but skim realities
And mock the great humanities.
To know this secret, you were not the first,
And will not be the last, we hope, to pledge
Redemption if the worst should come to the worst,
And bring the schoolhouse back
Somewhere close to a wildcat's track
And the forest's finite edge.

And — of the schoolmistress and the beast:
Till dark fell he was Master, she the class;
She figured unknowns through her pane of glass,
Chill binomials, hour by hour:
She plus the burning eyes, the frozen grass
Times weather to the *n*th power —
Then horses' hoofs, a voice, deliverance.

A subtler instance of fine interweaving is the first stanza of ON

CULLEOKA ROAD:

Girl in the blue sports-car that floats across the bridge
You toss your yellow hair and will not look below
Where deep in shadow we claim the shadows' privilege
And wait at a dry ford to watch you come and go.

Although mention of such matters isn't ordinarily appropriate in literary evaluations of texts, a prime factor in Davidson's significance has been from his association with the Fugitive (or Agrarian) Group. In this connection, he, better than any other member, has clarified questions

regarding, not only the influence wielded by this coterie (if you like), but the still-emerging preeminence of Southern culture in American letters. See his: SOUTHERN WRITERS IN THE MODERN WORLD (reviewed in TRACE No. 33, Aug.-Sept., 1959).

J.B.M.

THE NUDE FROM THE GROVE OF ACADEME

YOUNG AMERICAN POETS are now divided into two main camps, publicly at war: the Beats and their assorted followers; and the Academics, many of whom are anaemic descendants from 'corn-belt metaphysicals.' Anyone who wishes to discover the difference between these factions has only to read and contrast two books: *THE NEW POETS* of England and America edited by Hall, Pack, and Simpson, and Donald Allen's *THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY 1945-1960*.

Frankly, I am not at all happy with this oversimplification of the current poetic scene; maybe it's time we retire Beat and Academic, since both terms are becoming meaningless. (The Beats, of course, are doomed to pass early from the literary scene — for sufficient reason: it is the only 'literary movement' I know of that has produced everything but literature.) Why link, for example, such fine talents as Robert Creeley and Denise Levertov to the 'instant poetry' of Jack Kerouac or the dull slobberings of Orlovsky or Gregory Corso? Conversely, not all Academics write like Allen Tate or Randall Jarrell.

Although I am not actively engaged in these hostilities, the reader should know that I am not neutral. As editor, teacher, and reviewer — and sometime poet — my sympathies are, perhaps inevitably, with the Academics. I prefer Wilbur and Snodgrass to Ginsberg (Allen) and Philip Lamantia (the truth is, I prefer almost anybody to them); and though I am underwhelmed by much of the verse in *THE NEW POETS* etc., *THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY* seems to me to be unquestionably the worst collection of verse I have ever read.

But — to the poems at hand: X. J. Kennedy's first collection, *NUDE DESCENDING A STAIRCASE* (DOUBLEDAY, \$2.50), the winner of the Lamont Prize for 1961. Once again, the

committee has made a conservative choice. I think Mr. Kennedy deserves the prize, although I am sure there are many who will not be so enthusiastic about his NUDE as I am. I have read his book through three times, despite having read most of it earlier in POETRY, THE PARIS REVIEW, THE NEW YORKER, etc. It is the best first volume I have come across in many a moon.

Kennedy is a young English instructor at the University of Michigan and the new poetry editor of THE PARIS REVIEW. It is not difficult to place him in the 'right' camp: he will be included in the new edition of THE NEW POETS, and most readers of TRACE will have read his review of Allen's NEW AMERICAN POETRY in POETRY (July, '61): 'So much of it is in language like instant mashed potatoes.' This poet, then, belongs in the same group with Snodgrass, Bowers, and Wilbur; in my opinion, at his best, he is as good as they are.

In NUDE, Kennedy does pretty much what you would expect of a young poet with his academic background — only he does it a great deal better than most. He tries his wings with a number of traditional forms: songs, ballads, elegies, epitaphs, epigrams. There is even a rondeau (THE WORLD IS TAKING OFF ITS CLOTHES) which turns out, surprisingly enough, better than the usual finger exercise. There is no sonnet and, thank God, no villanelle or sestina. LANDSCAPES WITH SET-SCREWS proves that he can handle a controlled free verse with beautifully integrated imagery; but he's clearly most at ease with a variety of quatrains. In tone he ranges from the charming LITTLE ELEGY, which reminds me of Herrick or Jonson, to the earnestly religious IN FAITH OF RISING — somewhat like Sir Walter Raleigh — to the playful Wallerlike love lyric CONSPIRATOR MY ROSE and the bitterly satiric AT THE GHOSTWRITER'S DEATHBED. His language is simple and absolutely pellucid; he proves once again that you can pour new and exhilarating wine into old bottles and that you can be simple without being simple-minded.

Beyond this impeccable craftsmanship and simplicity of language, three qualities stand out. First, there is Kennedy's obvious love of the sound of words, his astonishment and delight in the music that can be wrung from them. Here is the first stanza of the classically beautiful title poem:

Toe upon toe, a snowing flesh,
A gold of lemon, root and rind,
She sifts in sunlight down the stairs
With nothing on. Nor on her mind.

This love of language manifests itself in the outrageous rhymes of his humorous poems, as well as his penchant for punning — carried over — like a good Elizabethan, into the superb 'religious poem' *FIRST CONFESSION*, as well as in others. The sounds are no doubt the poet's main interest in songs like *SEINE RIVER BLUES* and *BARKING DOG BLUES*.

The second quality is the refreshing wit that colors the whole volume. Kennedy is one hell of a funny poet; in this area he is miles ahead of his overserious colleagues, to say nothing of Phyllis McGinley and the commercial crowd. As Donald Hall says: 'Other young poets are witty; many of Kennedy's poems are wit itself.' His light pieces are written with the same uncompromising craftsmanship that goes with his serious work, and they range from epigrammatic couplets and four-line epitaphs to *IN A PROMINENT BAR IN SECAUCUS ONE DAY* and *THE AGED WINO'S COUNSEL* to a Young Man on the Brink of Marriage.

Finally, there is here, even in the most serious poems, a subtly-expressed sensual streak. It is unobtrusive, a healthy earthy quality. In contrast to the Beats, this element is kept in perfect taste; there is nothing the least sensational. Kennedy knows that you don't have to resort to four-letter words to move your reader. This sensuality is handled as deftly as the delicate poetic forms he delights in.

I could make the usual adverse remarks — for all of these poems are in a minor key — but I'm in no mood for carping. I

predict that the best of these, ON A CHILD WHO LIVED ONE MINUTE; AT THE GHOSTWRITER'S DEATHBED; NUDE, will be anthologized frequently and be around quite a while.

Kennedy's gifts are formidable. Mechanically skilled, he possesses a wide range in form and subject, tone and language. Moreover — and this is the supreme test — his is an interesting mind, a mind of genuine intelligence that responds sensitively, vigorously, and uniquely to the myriad facets of the world around him, and one that is capable of recording his responses with quiet power, lyric grace, and rare humor.

Guy Owen

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CALAIS

by John Baker

if you should take my heart as
Mary tendered hers, laying
open the ventricles upon a slab
for signs of yesterday, you would find
tracing out the right coronary artery
arteriosclerosis

GALAX-SEES & W-CEES

AN INTRODUCTION by Bernard Waldrop to *THE WALGAMOT INTERSTICE* (The BURNING DECK Publ.—\$1.25), edited by D. C. Hope, explains something of the group's origins but does little to fix the literary position of the names appearing in the anthology's contents.

Briefly, there are two extreme camps in American poetry today (apart from such ambiguous luminaries as Allan Tate, Charles Olson, William Carlos Williams, etc.; whose names penetrate a remarkably-catholic assortment of publishers' bindings: the so-called Academicians, and the so-called Beatniks. Certainly many of the most substantial names flagged by both groups do not really belong to any movement as such. But that such labeling, at least generally speaking, does obtain is too often attested by deliberately-prejudicial 'economies' in the publishing criteria for both camps. Enough already has been argued elsewhere (ubiquitously!) about this embarrassing 'war of the anthologies.' See also Guy Owen's preceding critical review of a new volume by X. J. Kennedy.

For the reader's general orientation, this collection represents work from the 'academic school' (or camp or whatever). At \$1.25, the thirty poems and fifty-one pages of this softbound edition, designed by Joe Gula, come high.

Donald Hall . . . one of the editors of *THE NEW POETS* of England and America and author of *EXILES AND MARRIAGES* (Viking, 1955). He is representative in some extreme of this militantly-academic faction among the 'new' poets. Mr. Hall deliberately seeks to employ a conversational idiom that is at times arrestingly pure, and at times only pedestrian. *NEW HAMPSHIRE* is an interesting example of the weaknesses as well as the possibilities of this purist approach. What these lines lack in original feeling and a more direct honesty, Hall

seeks to remedy with complicated metre (the second line contains dactylic, anaestic, trochaic, pyrrhic, and spondaic feet!) and a succession of concrete images. Almost they stampede the reader from first line to last: the bear, the cellar hole, the granite doorstep, the well, the broken leaves, the oak tree, the anvil, the forge, a bark of rust, the trees, the gas pumps, the eat signs, the shallow cellars, a wildcat, the roof of a car, a highway, a quarrel of vines, the spilled body of a plane; eighteen such article-based concretes (not to speak of the poem's other imagery) in a work of only three stanzas and twelve lines!

KING AND QUEEN, 'After Henry Moore,' employs the same barrage of concrete images. The second of the two sentences in the last stanza achieves impact; more so on succeeding readings: 'As slowly /as a river builds a delta,/they have become still.'

His work is interesting, but Hall has not undertaken great things.

X. J. Kennedy . . . three of these five poems are of uniform technical competence: LITTLE ELEGY is moving and beautiful. Its special success lies in the fact that, without being a quotable poem, the same sort of weight and emotion attaches to it. But these derive from a sum-effect realized only by the totality of the poem's movement and intent. IN A PROMINENT BAR IN SECAUCUS ONE DAY rests on a foundation of considerable craft, employs a persistently-risible imagery, but ends by conveying a weak emotion and a less than memorable experience. LEAVE OF ABSENCE illudes the scope of poetry despite the extent of its craft. The imagery is journalistic and the flavor of its vocabulary is too deliberately academic.

A two-line piece, OVERHEARD IN THE LOUVRE, makes an obvious point in the form of a pun.

SATORI is only another of so many like it to come from this barriere and cannonade off more or less in the

uncritically-despised direction of beat literature.

Despite the limits of this selection, the poems give more than a hint of a substance and sensitivity they unevenly example.

Dallas Wiebe . . . these three poems exhibit the same intent focus on craft that characterizes most of the work in this selection. But their images are original without sacrificing a certain lyric value. The customary conversational tempo of the academician is lost here, but not his technical excellence. There are lines of impact and beauty. In *THE HEAD OF DAY*: 'Oh rare epiphany! / We knew that all along / the cold bone . . .' And in *AUBADE UPON ST. LUCIE'S DAY*: 'And if day last one thousand years, / How can I love, / Oh pepper pot?'

The deliberate dissonance that interrupts the poems' harmonies strongly suggests the music of atonality. In *DAYLIGHT* . . .: 'But night comes on / as Marvell's rhyme death's ash, / as gamblers rattle cold cash.' Or in *AUBADE* . . .: 'I love you, Agnes, / in this Gaderene commerce.'

James Camp . . . the interrupted rhyme schemes of these poems are consistent enough to avoid a jarring note, and sufficiently unpredictable to avoid offensive syllabic repetition.

The heresy of *OLD MAN'S PRAYER TO A FADING STAR*; the gradual unfolding of the stellar theme of *AN EDICT FROM THE EMPEROR* for a Ceremony Without Carols; the whimsey of the biographical *FRANCIS BACON*; the lonely Allegory of *SUMMER IS A SECOND SEASON*; even the misanthropy of *THE EXPLICIT RENDERING*; all are executed with precision and warmth. Camp's weaknesses lie in his overuse of abstractions and his sometimes tepid imagery. But these are compensated by his vision of the largeness in the human soul and his perception of the human condition.

John Heath-Stubbs . . . is an English poet. The four poems evince a high level of technical proficiency. The rhyme

schemes, metres, imagery, all his devices, unfold a productive satiric quality. By chance or design, all four poems have their source in irony. But this irony is in every case distinctive.

Bernard Keith . . . the almost gymnastic skill of SYMPTOMS OF RUIN detracts as much as it contributes to the poem's obtrusive morphology. The secular realism in the two other pieces, UNCLE CHARLEY and ON AN ATHEIST GIVEN A CHRISTIAN BURIAL, is developed with irony but without cynicism. The alternating metrical schemes in the four stanzas of the latter employ the same contrasting effects utilized in the architecture of SYMPTOMS . . . The strength of Keith's poems is in their thematic content, not their aggressive academics.

D. C. Hope . . . the first of these two poems, ARCHAISMS, over-exploits this same conversational flavor (supra) in its preferential usage of casual idiom and its almost painstaking avoidance of heartbeats. It achieves a limited color-spectrum, but it does so with the apparatus of understatement, technical and subject contrasts, and a four-part division in which each unit is consistent in morphology and event but almost only mystically connected with the others.

The second work, JAZZABYE, is a weak poem. Maxwell Bodenheim attempted the same type of musical effects (BRINGING IN JAZZ) with greatly superior results.

W. D. Snodgrass . . . the primary theme in each of these three selections arises from a virulent mistrust of formal education.

In THE EXAMINATION, Snodgrass compares the fate of the college and university student at the hands of his instructors to that of a helpless patient, 'anaesthetized,' unknowing and protesting, as he is operated upon by a group of surgeons who seem almost demented in their ruthless determination to carve from their patient's intellectual and spiritual being any excellence of passion that separates him from their

mediocrity and senility.

The last two poems, LYING AWAKE and THE MEN'S ROOM IN THE COLLEGE CHAPEL, are less ambitious in scope and treatment, but not less effective in language or art. And just as Hall's I HAVE VISITED MEN'S ROOMS opened this Walgamot collection, Snodgrass' THE MEN'S ROOM . . . closes it. The unfortunate comparison this juxtaposition inevitably suggests is not favorable to Hall.

A recent recipient of the Pulitzer Prize for his HEART'S NEEDLE, Snodgrass has treated in these three poems with a theme that is not especially new. Nor does his notable technical skill set him apart particularly from such contemporaries as Howard Nemerov, Robert Lowell, Richard Wilbur, Louis Simpson, and Richard Eberhart, etc., who have dealt with similar themes and exploited them less or more with this characteristic academic expertness. But this is the work of a significant poet.

And it stands out conspicuously in this collection. A.
Fredric Franklyn

THE CHALLENGE OF MIMEO by Humphrey A. Olsen

WE HAVE RECENTLY MADE an important decision, important at least to us. For the first time in its history, we have had enough money to print SNOWY EGRET. But we have decided to stick to mimeographing. Why?

Because the mimeo process has a great deal of flexibility and makes possible the use of illustrations in color at little extra cost. More important, however, it gives us the chance to explore an underdeveloped field and it is the only process within our means which enables us to control every stage from manuscript to completed magazine.

First, the cost based on our circulation of 200. Two printing companies in Rome, Georgia, will do a 40-page issue in the same size (8½ x 11½") and on the same paper, for \$240 and \$450, respectively. (I suspect the latter would be closer to the average printing cost, since it is line with an

estimate I got from a Gulfport, Miss. printer several years ago.) This is of course for a straight type job, without any cover-cut or illustrations.

The cost of mimeo was obtained from a Rome office-supply dealer who also does commercial mimeographing. He will do 200 copies for \$156. By doing the work ourselves, this can be cut to approximately \$50. (We spend twice that much each issue on payments to contributors.) None of these estimates includes cost of envelopes, postage, and other mailing expenses.

In the past, printing generally meant letterpress; but today the term includes a variety of related processes. Chief is offset lithography, which ranges from the finest work done by commercial printers to miserable and indifferent copies turned out on office machines by inexperienced operators.

An example of the latter in the literary field may be seen in any of the annual anthologies of the National Poetry Association. The offset process has been improved greatly during the past thirty years and is not necessarily inferior to letterpress. But, except for attaining subtle shades of color, I would say it rarely equals the best letterpress.

Through the years, printing has built up so much prestige and produced so many fine examples that the average person is likely to associate the term with good printing. It is just the opposite in the case of mimeo, most often associated with a blurry mess on newsprint made from a stencil picked out on an ancient typewriter.

Mimeographing has improved too. The twin-cylinder, paste-ink machines, such as Rex-Rotary, give a sharper type image and are cleaner to operate. The main disadvantage is that even the quick-dry ink used by these machines does not dry so rapidly as that used by the conventional single-cylinder type. But careful operation can reduce this deficiency to a minimum, and Rex-Rotary has just come out with a new ink (we have not tried it yet) which is reported to

dry faster and thus cut down on offset on the backs of copies.

Improvements in paper manufacturing now make mimeographing on both sides of the sheet more satisfactory. We use 50-substance Warren's Olde Style Eggshell, roughly comparable to a 16-substance mimeo bond. For illustrations that are heavily inked, we depend on 60-substance eggshell. Covers are on 65-substance antique and must be slipsheeted.

Another objection to mimeo needs answering. 'You should print your magazine and get it on a permanent basis,' an Iowa editor wrote us, some years ago. Such a statement requires a thoughtful response, and we do not hold it against him that his journal died long since.

The S. D. Warren Co. has this to say about their eggshell:

Old Style, Eggshell, 1854 . . . (is) alkaline, and according to artificial aging tests should last for many decades or centuries.

A definite end point of course cannot be stated categorically, but there is evidence to support the belief that our papers as currently made should stand up in use for three or four centuries.

Rex-Rotary Distr. Corp. makes this statement about their inks: Rex-Rotary inks, once they are printed, are as permanent as the material upon which they are printed . . . hence will last almost indefinitely. That brings us to the problem of prejudice against mimeo. Surprisingly enough, only one publisher among the dozen or so from whom we have asked permission to quote material has refused, saying that they never give permission for any of their publications to be reproduced in mimeographed form. Presumably they are afraid that if permission were given, every mimeographer in the country would copy their stuff willy-nilly. The fact that other leading publishers apparently do not foresee any such outcome leads us to the opinion that this one could be

wrong.

Mimeographing, from the standpoint of magazine publishing, is largely an unexplored field. Most of such work to date is the blurry, newsprint kind, or frank attempts at imitating printing. An example of the latter was MODERN FICTION STUDIES in its early years, using IBM executive type which has thick vertical strokes, as do most printing types. This type shows through more than ordinary typewriter type, and offsets much more.

We feel that we have made some progress in exploring mimeographing as mimeographing: but this is a fertile field to be explored by future mimeographers. With the constantly-rising costs of printing, we believe that mimeo will make important contributions to the small mags of tomorrow. It is one of the best methods for editions of less than 500, and can add years of life to magazines no longer able to meet expenses.

Such statements may bring visions of an 'Every man a mimeographer' movement flooding the country with inferior literary productions; but, personally we are willing to take the risk. Nothing but a record mime output could compete with the inferior stuff being spewed forth by the presses every day. If such a movement makes possible publication of material that otherwise would not be published, some of it is bound to be good. After all, the quality of the material is more important than the process.

DESERT TREASURY OF VERSES XV

Edith Schneck

Armoured against cosmo's tableaux,
An armadillo burrows rocky arroyos.
Megaton Era has come and gone,
But to it, it's a Cenozoic one.

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BLUES-RIDERS—A WAY

by Hugh Collins

I HAVE JUST COMPLETED reading the current issue of a writers' magazine. Outside my room, it is a bleak, gray, chill day — quite unlike the usual warm, sunny weather to be found here most of the year.

The weather blends perfectly with my mood. For, after reading the magazine, I realize that I am painfully inadequate. Why? Well, this issue — like all the others in my file — shows that everyone in the writing business is a success.

I sit looking out the window, watching bare trees dance a clumsy ballet in the wind and vision a world populated by writers. All of them selling. It frightens me. I contemplate hawking my typewriter, but I can't. I look disdainfully at my tape-recorder, which contains the notes — and dreams — of a half-dozen stories. I scream for my wife to bring me more coffee. I light a cigaret.

Shivering . . .

I read every issue of every writers' magazine that reaches the local stands. Each saps my courage a bit more. Why? Because I can't seem to follow the formula. My stories are not clearcut. With beginning, center, and end. My characters do all sorts of odd things, just as the people did who were the patterns for these characters.

I drift around the room. I pick up a copy of a national magazine. I scan it. I then pick out a story and read it.

Someone wrote this story. Someone sold it. Many are reading it. But the characters are one-dimensional — unreal. No one, outside these covers, ever used dialogue like this. The situation is contrived and the resulting climax obvious. I lose interest.

But you can't knock success. It sells.

A recent writer, a Believer in the 'formula,' says that this must be. A writer must write for the editor. The editor must edit for the reader. If not, the reader will cancel his subscription.

This is nonsense; if true, most slicks would have no readers. The majority of the stories are rote. Thin gruel. As far removed from people — and their problems — as can be, and still deal with humanity. If the writer's premise is true, this means that we have the worst reading-taste in the world.

Since this train of thought is getting me nowhere, I read the ads in the writers' magazine. I am stunned. Not only is the world populated with successful writers, but most of them can teach the art of writing in a few lessons. All you have to do is send money. That elixir vitae. Then, in short weeks, you will be another Ernest Hemingway, Thomas Wolfe, Charles Dickens . . .

I eye my large pile of rejection slips. Then I peek into my checkbook. Why not? What's the use of writing, if you can't sell? Why not join 'em? It's worth twenty bucks to become a proficient writer. But I'm stubborn. I still believe it takes more than 'formula' to become a writer.

I'm not entirely convinced that the world is full of rich writers peeling and eating grapes in the Garden of Allah.

Too, I also recall the many painful experiences that I have had with writers in my own eight years of editing. A great many of them the products of 'creative writing' courses.

Some of the more daring, or honest, writers slip a paragraph into their articles on how to compose bestsellers, pointing out that writing is hard work. They do it obviously — like a lady swearing — for shock-value.

Others even go so far as to intimate that it takes time to become a good writer. But they quickly gloss over such heresy by telling how they were sitting on the back steps one

day and, having seen all the movies in town, decided to write a bestseller. So, slipping into something comfortable, putting out frozen dinners for the husband and kids, they sat down at their battered old portables (Who buys all the new ones?) and dashed off a novel.

I shake myself, get up from the desk, go to the window and look for the sun. No luck. I return to my desk and the magazine.

—market notes! Here's SUN TAN AND YOU.

'We are on the lookout for original stories of all kinds and poetry.' Let's see, they pay 1c a word. Well ten bucks is ten bucks. So, I go through my magazine file. Ah, here's a SUN TAN. I light a cigarette and begin to read. This is pretty — Bad! I ought to be able to sell it to this outfit . . . Ah, here is a story. It wasn't good enough for Ray Russell over at PLAYBOY, but it's sure as hell better than anything in SUN TAN. Seems to fit right in with the S.T. formula though. So, off it goes. It'll be back, however, One of my characters, after being hit in the face by a large angry man, said 'damn.' And, as we all know, in the magazine world, people never react like people.

Back to the market notes. Here's a magazine that pays about 30c a word. Now, there's an editor who has the right to demand the best. But if he has this right, the one-cent editor should be content with 1/30th of the best. Is he? Not on your life. He wants 30-cent perfection.

There's a moral here somewhere . . . It's that all editors suffer from the delusion that theirs is the best of all possible magazines. Or, as Aesop would say: 'The folks is as good as the people.' I watch the cigaret smoke climb in the still air of my room. My lonely, lonely room. A thought strikes me. If all this is true, and my premises false — who writes all the junk I have to read as an editor? Well, no matter — I will just have the 'formula' typed out and mailed to each contributor and passed out to my staff writers. Then we can live happily ever after. Why am I angry? Because a ms. was returned this

morning? Perhaps. None of us likes to have anyone knocking our kids, delinquents or no . . . But then, some of our brain-children found homes. Maybe not as many as we'd have liked — but some of them. What is it, then? There's some elusive quality . . . What is the word I want, to describe this current issue here in my lap? Ah, smugness. That's it. Everyone — from the letters to the editor, on back — is infernally smug. They all have the 'formula,' — which is the ideal word for it: a tasteless pap for babies. Only in food-form is it healthy. . . . But, thank God, there are still protein-writers and beefsteak magazines. So it is really just a matter of deciding whether to surrender and join those who make — and serve — the thin gruel, or to write as though the reader were a sensitive, imaginative, intelligent humanbeing. Ah, there is the sun! Now there's grace in the dancing of the trees, with upturned arms, posturing in the golden sunlight. . . . So, mount your typewriters, men. We hie to the barricades, ready to hurl our meaty works at the formula-regiments, to hoist the formula-fighters on the lances of literature. We shall return, either selling our mss., or upon them.

The Editor of TRACE hereupon takes — or concedes — personal responsibility for coinage of the italicised 'alienormous' in the Felix Singer essay in No. 44. He uncharacteristically yielded to the temptation to substitute the nonexistent word for 'enormous,' from the notion that it carried triple connotation and more adequate denotative value in the context. But it transpires the author does not agree.

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PETER JONES

NEXT TO NO TIME

Robert Hale

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(from GUIDE Editor, Carol Bird—who will announce her 1962 edition later in the year)

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