

A LITERARY MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA

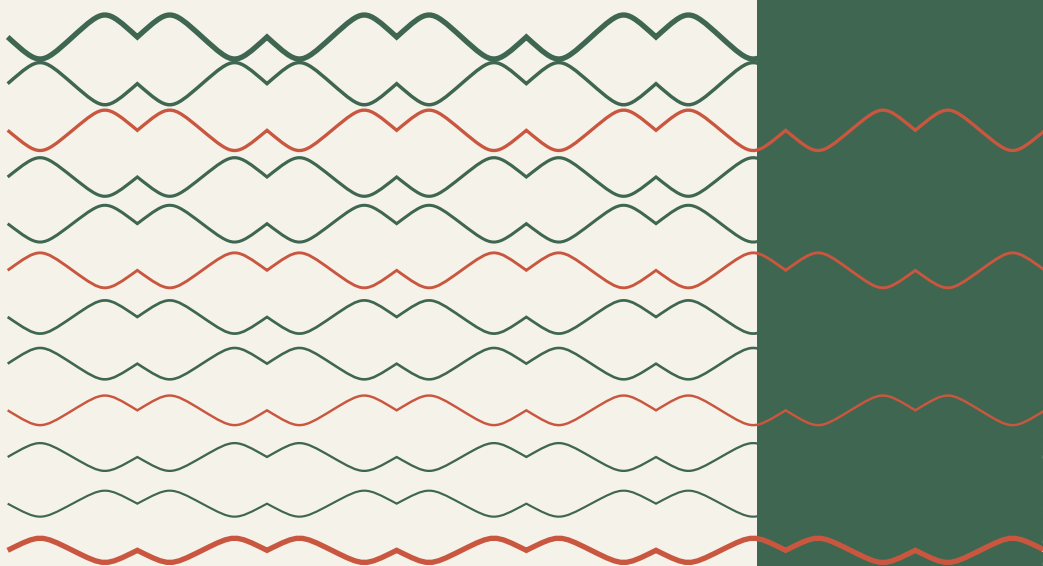
COAST LINES

Summer 1956

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A Literary Magazine of California

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EDITED BY

Mel Weisburd

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THE KITE

Robert Eskew

The boy sat at the breakfast table and sipped his juice, trying to make it last until his mother brought the mush from the kitchen. Opposite him sat his father, in his one hand a freshly lighted cigarette, its gray spirals of smoke coiling up through the yellow stained fingers, and in his other a cup of steaming coffee. He gulped the coffee nervously, spilling some of it and wiping it away from his heavy chin with the hand that held the pinched cigarette. He wore the same yellow bath robe belted loosely across his swollen stomach and his hands trembled except when he rested them against the table. Fine drops of perspiration darkened the hairline high up on his forehead where the graying hair swept back tight over the large skull. His whole body quivered at times as though suddenly chilled. It always seemed odd to the boy that his father should be cold like this in the morning when the room was so hot. His mother came in then with the mush and put a bowl of it in front of him.

"Will you eat some eggs, Larry?" she asked the man.

He shook his head and swallowed more of the coffee.

"I can scramble them. It will only take a minute."

"No eggs," he answered flatly.

She looked at him a moment, then sat down and poured coffee for herself, her face empty and resigned.

"Eat your mush," she said to the boy. "Don't play with it."

He tried to eat but it was too hot and he believed now that she had forgotten. He watched her taste her coffee and then look over at him, her soft eyes dark and tired.

"I told him he could have a kite, Larry," she said, pouring cold water into her coffee.

His heart quickened and he glanced at his father.

"Kite?" his father said.

"He needs it for school," she said.

"What do you need a kite for?" he asked the boy.

"It's a contest."

"What kind of contest?"

"It's for the one that can fly his the highest and the farthest," he answered excitedly. "There's a prize."

"I told him he could buy one," his mother said.

"When is it?" his father asked him.

"Tomorrow," the boy answered. "After school."

His father was silent a moment, then looked at his watch. "You'll be late," he said.

The boy stared at him.

"What about the kite, Larry?" his mother said.

"Don't worry about it," he said, not looking at either of them. "I'll build him one."

A worried expression came over the mother's face.

"But he can buy one for a quarter at the dime store," she said.

"I said I'll build him one," he repeated, mashing his cigarette into his empty cup.

The boy still stared at him, surprised now and anxious.

"But the contest, it's tomorrow!" he said.

"I know it is."

"I've got to have it in the morning."

"You'll have it," he said. "Do you want to be late?"

"Wouldn't it be easier just to give him a quarter," his mother said.

"He'll have his kite!" he shouted at her. "Go on, son," he said quietly to the boy.

"I'll pick you up after school. You can help me."

The boy rose, gathering up his books, and stood waiting, looking at his mother. His father smiled at him.

"I mean it," he said. "I'll pick you up after school."

The boy hesitated another moment, shuffling his books, then ran out the door. The mother rose then, glaring angrily at the father.

"God, it would have been so simple just to buy him one!" she exclaimed.

"Yes," he answered quietly.

At recess everyone talked excitedly about the coming contest. Most of the boys already had their kites and had practiced flying them off the contest hill back of school.

"How about you?" one of them asked him. "You gonna enter?"

"Yes," he answered

"Where's your kite then?"

"My father's building me one," he said uncertainly.

"Building you one? A kite?"

"Why not?" he asked.

"Why's he building it?"

'Cause he wants to, that's all."

They stared at him silently, a couple of them whispering.

"Bet my dad would build me one too if he was like yours and didn't have to work," one of them said.

When he came out onto the street after the last bell, his father was waiting for him. He had not believed that he would be there but seeing him wave and hearing the horn honk, he ran blindly across the street, leaping for the running board when he reached the car.

"You little fool!" the father exclaimed sharply.

He stepped down embarrassed and walked around the car, climbing onto the seat quietly. His father swung the car around and headed down the hill toward town. He said nothing until they had parked and entered the dime store, the boy walking beside him, disappointed now, thinking his father had decided to buy a kite after all.

"What color would you like?" his father asked, stopping before a counter piled high with bright rolls of tissue paper.

"Red."

"Nothing else?"

"I'd like it red. I don't know what else."

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"How about red on one side and white on the other?"

He watched his father fishing among the rolls of paper, his eyes bright instead of watery and pale the way they usually were.

"I'd like that," he answered.

His father bought one roll of red paper and one of white and a tube of glue, and when the saleslady offered to wrap them, he said impatiently that it would not be necessary. Outside they walked to a market where his father asked for an orange crate and next to a sporting goods store where he bought several hundred feet of heavy fishing line and a thick block of wood meant to be used for a drop line.

On the way home his father reached over and squeezed his knee.

"We'll build a kite, son. A real kite like nothing they've ever seen."

When they reached home, his father removed the sides from the crate and when he had them free, turned one of them on end and split thick strips from it, pounding his pocket knife down through the white wood with the heel of his shoe. Then he spread newspapers over the floor and began carving one of the strips while the boy watched curiously from a chair beside him. He would shave and carve for a while, then hold the strip of wood up to his eye, sighting along its edge to check its trueness. When he was through with the first one, he carefully notched each end of it, then began a second one, checking its straightness after each stroke of the knife.

At dinner time the boy's mother made him eat in the kitchen. His father went on working and he could hear him carving the slim strips until he had them perfect and then begin to sand them smooth. He ate hurriedly and after dinner he watched his father bind the strips into a huge T-shaped frame, then stretch the rolls of bright paper over it and begin cutting out the pattern of the kite.

The boy stared at him, fascinated by his hands as they worked. They faltered sometimes and stuck to the thin paper and once the point of the scissors jabbed his finger, the red blood dripping bright and sticky against the white paper. But they never trembled. They worked quickly and easily and he felt a sudden strong desire to reach out and touch them. After a while his mother came in and told him he would have to go to bed.

"But I want to see him finish," he said.

"You'll have the kite in the morning," she said, glancing at his father. "It's late."

"Let him sit up if he wants to," his father said.

"Please, Larry," she said, controlling her voice, "he has to go to bed."

"Go ahead, son," he said, without looking up. "I'll have it for you when you wake up. And I'll help you fly it."

"At the contest--really?"

"Really," he answered quietly.

The boy suddenly leaned toward him awkwardly, then rose quickly and ran past him to his room. The mother waited until she heard the door click shut.

"Are you satisfied?"

"He wanted a kite," he answered.

"You could have bought him one in two minutes."

"You already told me that," he said. He walked into the kitchen and reached down under the sink.

"You think that will help?"

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"I don't think it will do anything."

"It's done plenty already," she said.

"Why don't you go to bed?"

"You and your fancy gestures!"

"Go to bed."

"If you don't finish that kite..."

"I'll finish it," he said.

"Lord, why didn't you just buy him one?"

"Why don't you go to bed," he said, filling his glass.

"Please, Larry-I beg you!"

"Jesus, leave me alone, will you?"

She turned away then and ran into the hallway, her thin hands pressed against her face.

When the boy came out to breakfast in the morning, the finished kite was propped up against the dining room wall like a huge red and white butterfly. A note was pinned to the front of it and when he removed it, he saw the small brown spots of dried blood on the white side by the center strut. He read the note.

Here is your kite, son. It's strong and it will take all the line you give it. Don't be afraid of it. Believe in it, boy. No matter what happens, believe in it.

He read the note over again, not understanding it. The writing was blurred and it said nothing about his father's promise to help him at the contest. But the kite was beautiful, more beautiful than any he had ever seen. It was tall, almost his height, and twice as broad and it smelled strongly of fresh paper and polished wood. The heavy fishing line was attached to it, the other end wound tightly in a thick ball around the block of wood. He lifted the kite, finding it firm and light, and stood holding it out before him like a giant wing or a viking's shield.

"Put it down now and eat," his mother said.

He leaned the kite against the wall again and sat at the opposite side of the table so he could see it while he ate. His mother brought juice and cereal and when she bent over him, he saw that she had been crying

"Where's Dad?" he asked.

"Sleeping," she replied flatly.

"He'll come, won't he, like he said?"

"I don't know," she answered.

"Will you remind him?"

"I will," she said. "I will. Now eat or you'll be late."

"It's a good kite, isn't it, Mother?"

"It's a lovely kite. You should be proud of it."

"I didn't think he would," he said.

His mother said nothing. She sat sipping her coffee and staring at the kite.

After school everyone gathered excitedly on the contest hill. The other boys' fathers were with them, helping them ready their kites for flying. He stood alone watching them, holding his kite against the light sweep of breeze that tugged at it, and waited. Several minutes passed and then a man with binoculars slung across his chest and a small gun in his hand made an announcement through a megaphone.

"The contest will begin in five minutes," he shouted. "You'll have one hour from

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the time I fire my gun. Three of us will judge the distances and the winner will receive the dollar and gold certificate. Get ready now. I'll fire in five minutes."

When the gun went off, the others were ready. Some used running starts and others had their fathers hold their kites high in the air until the wind caught them. In a matter of seconds the sky was filled with the rising kites. He followed them, noticing how different they were from his own, their dull colored faces printed with names and drawings and their long rag tails dangling in the wind beneath them. He glanced back then toward the street hoping he would see his father coming across the field. But he saw only the man with the binoculars walking up to him.

"That's a handsome kite, son," he said. "Aren't you going to fly it?"

"I'm waiting for my father," the boy said.

"I'll help you if you like. Ten minutes are gone already."

"No," the boy answered. "No thank you."

The man walked away and the boy looked once more toward the street. He knew then that his father was not coming. For several moments he stood motionless, watching the other kites race away from him into the blue sky; then all at once he began unwinding line from the block in his hand, slowly, letting the kite stand on its own against the pull of the wind. When he was several feet away he gave a slight tug and slacked off quickly as his kite rose in a sudden upsweep of wind. The line burned through his hand like fire and he grabbed it quickly with the tip of his jacket. Above him his kite streaked up the steep wall of sky, catching the sunlight and shimmering scarlet and white like a bright banner. The other kites were far away now but he could see his moving toward them, climbing rapidly.

It seemed perfectly balanced as it rose. Then all at once it tilted slightly and tumbled over, plunging in wild loops toward the ground. His throat tightened as the kite fell dizzily from its heights, then suddenly it straightened, quivered against the wind and shot upward again like a rocket, as though it had only meant to test its bright new wings.

Minutes later it had exhausted its line and hung a remote fleck against the late afternoon sky above and beyond all the others. The boy, his heels dug into the

and at times he felt that the now tiny wing beating in the high winds almost buoyed his vision would lift him into the sky with it. He had forgotten the others. He thought of nothing but the kite and he hoped his arms would not give out before the finish gun sounded. The wind had risen since the contest had begun and he could hear it singing in the thin, taut line that linked him with the distant kite. He listened to the singing and stared at the kite, wondering how it would be to float in the blue sunlight beside it.

He barely heard the finish gun and when the man with the binoculars came over to him and told him he had won, he was aware only of the prize being slipped into his jacket pocket and his own voice saying, "Thank you," quietly. He was thinking only of the kite, the strong kite that had flown higher and farther than all the rest. He felt the full strength of it in his hands now struggling to break free. Then slowly, reluctantly he began winding it down out of the sky.

It was dark when he reached home. He left the kite in the downstairs hallway and ran up the stairs three at a time, waving the prize over his head and shouting for his parents. The living room was dark and no one answered. Finding a lamp

he turned it on, blinding himself with the sudden brightness. When he could see finally, he found his father asleep on the couch wrapped in his robe. He dropped to his knees beside the couch and began shaking him.

"We did it, Dad!" he shouted. "We won! You were right! It is a good kite! It's a beautiful kite! Please wake up. Don't you hear me? We won..

His father trembled under the robe and the boy felt the dampness of his body through the worn cloth. The man moaned and his mouth twitched at one corner. The boy watched him a moment, then drew back to stare at the pale, swollen hands linked across the heavy rise of stomach. His own hand tightened about the prize then and he began to cry.

Three Poems

George Bluestone

Dream Boy

*The boy unwinds a midnight street,
sails master down his ravellings.*

*The sweep of what he clearly dreams
cleans away the evidence of slums,
and, architect for muddle, he makes
the rubble's skin more lovely.*

Now he is a ceramicist:
where ash cans wad
the alley's broken ear,
he plugs his vases curled in lily.

Now confectioner:
where roofs tar-table holds the sky,
he blows high tiers of cake
all limned in pastry, candy-rimmed,
frosting the fins of white clouds.

Now troller:
*where fish heads dam the gutter,
he swills blue marlin to the deck,*
escarpment churning, white with spray.

And now his lariat Maker:
*where man's hand drops a little left,
the boy turns dinner pail to camel,*
the leather hands to reins
so rolls from desert street
his own, his own oasis . .

GEORGE BLUESTONE

The Professor at Walden

The golden water whispers to the summer air;
 The air spirals to inform the sky,
And what the sky replies I cannot hear.
All there, I say, is joined without my joining,
 And here my small palm's universe
Speaks to me sufficient mystery.
I've thought of all the larks and lichen toads
 Whose leaps exceed hermetic prose,
Exhausting foolish hearts by sides of roads,
And this, I think, is what it comes to:
All things are as they are, and life's
But a children's game for naming them.
Therefore, will I accept the perfect pond,
 And closing my old man's eyes, snore
A prayer for the inward seer who's fond
Of sitting still; he'll quietly forget the time,
And from the flush of morning appetites
Ascend and ascend to the contemplation of a line.

December Walk

December smoked the upgrade by the bridge,
The rise was fierce with brake and formless,
Holding us like the claws of dry affection,
When we in the gully below the overpass
Felt that air upon our tongue like thorns,
 Or salt frozen to the skin perhaps.
The stones, telling of age in the dry bed,
Marking the season's toss where we'd not been,
Were firm and hard against our walking shoes.
 Then we came ahead to find the tree
Below the railroad track, proud in ways,
Bowed where the water's hands had shaped it.
The stream had washed its contours there,
And now it reared, an antediluvian thing,
Its lines like thinly pencilled water shells.
And we thought of how a different light
Might strike it, of how many hands had curved,
Or met, along those smooth and perfect limbs.
 Presently, we took the sharpest rise,
In laughter rose like snow against the toss.
And where we walked the land dissolved,
Losing a winter's touch of cold and thorns,
Until we looked and saw that it was good,
That topaz-morning above the gully-stones.

Hour of Charm

All over again it is an hour
 perching itself upon the chairs,
 stunned beneath the pictures of
 old presidents that celluloid their
 graveness out; there is talk, shy
 like pigeons, who feel no candor
 where they can see beaked hawks
 intrepid on the staring sills.

Can we shift a little, cross legs,
 juggle knees, cup forbearance
 in the crater of the lap like
 extravagant milk of human kindness
 and spill it somewhat? Or light
 cigarettes and diagnose phobias,
 when darkness commingles with
 the shadows in the pit of the stomach?

There is this finchy conversation,
mock-orange flavored; yet among
 the curtains dwell brother and sister rat;
 scared roundalays circle on the clock,
 and fevers jiggle across clean
 dusted taborets; it was why we voted
 for a hero from Idaho, and cast
 our lot with other guaranteed men.

You answer here and it repeats you,
you canvas the width of the room,
causing dribbles and diddle-doo.
One agrees and assuages, but the rats
are now at the throats of the pigeons
 on the television screen, and eat
 the million dollar answer which
 the becalmed guests denied you.

Summer Song

A brief candle in my head,
 merry one, pinky girl,
 an assembled gent 1 am
 of shamle fashions
quipping through the cuckoo months
 emulating sparrows.

DAVID CORNEL DEJONG AND JACK ANDERSON 11

*Glowworms on my toes,
but your eyes are perched
like towhees on the moon;
I am become an ample caution
wrapping shaking arms
all around the daytime waist.*

*Beneath festive trees
with posturings that strum
up and down the merry spine;
virtue lost and threatening again
with beware-wine teasings
to be drunk and witty.*

Now candle out and
*glowworms shaken off,
giggings in the inky night,
blood loud as wrens and
sparkling clear as fountains
in a sudden, pulsing love.*

--David Cornel DeJong
(two poems)

Concerning Heresy

Servetus, rising phoenix, tickled with his feathers
Calvin's pontifical nose; Calvin sneezed
and Servetus, phoenix, burned again,
this time for goodor so Geneva hoped.

That city has been most unfortunate for peace:
Calvin sneezed for all his life, but
still it tickled him like hell; the phoenix tickle
is hereditary there's the rub;

and, immortal, it can well afford persistence.
Like a sailor's parrot, the phoenix speaks its mind
at most embarrassing times. Though priests
and potentates search scriptures and raise sceptres,

the bird is quicker than the Law
and moults its feathers in the pews until
sacred truth begins to wriggle in its robes
and congregations itch all over.

-Jack Anderson

*TIJUANA: a profile**Barding Dahl*

(Note: the sections in capitals are free translations of news releases from newspapers of Tijuana, B.C. during the period March 29 to April 2, 1956.)

Friday night in Tijuana, the battered old town braces itself for another week-end assault of Northamericans seeking the bitter-stale thrills of professionalized degeneracy. They pour across the international bridge in hundreds to grab, squeeze, kick, and jostle their way through the groaning buildings that cage the turgid excitement of night life dinky bars where sailors grin pastily at jiggling strippers, musty hotels where quick-trick girls apply assembly-line methods to the supreme act of love. Consciences checked at the bridge, the strong-boned bodies lunge about, jockeying for a stranglehold on animal sensation. They are young, and they are sports, and Miss Priscilla Prim back home can keep her old what-you-call-it, she'll be glad to heel when she finds out it's not so hard to get.

WE WILL NOT FORGET THE SAD CARAVAN OF 1950, IN WHICH 4500 DESPERATE FAMILIES MADE THEIR GALLANT MARCH TO THE CAPITAL. PROTESTING INTOLERABLE WORKING CONDITIONS, MISERABLE COMPANY HOUSES WITH NEITHER LIGHTS NOR WATER, AND STARVATION WAGES, THE MINERS OF NUEVA ROSITA Y CLOETE MADE THEIR BRAVE BID FOR JUSTICE. HOWEVER, THE COMPANY, COUNTING AS ALWAYS ON THE LOYAL SUPPORT OF THE MUNICIPAL AUTHORITIES, WAS ABLE TO CONVINCE THE GOVERNMENT THAT BLACK IS WHITE, AND THAT HUNGER IS GOOD FOR THE SOUL. THE STRIKE WAS BROKEN. AND THE ENTIRE CARAVAN WAS REPLACED BY THE COMPANY WITH SCABS. SO THAT NOW MANY STRONG MEN, OFTEN WITH FIFTEEN OR TWENTY YEARS' SERVICE BEHIND THEM, ARE NOW HAPPY TO GET ANY KIND OF WORK TO BRING A LITTLE BREAD TO THE MOUTHS OF THEIR

LITTLE ONES.

WITHOUT MEDICAL SERVICE OF ANY KIND, THE INFANT MORTALITY IS TREMENDOUS, WITH OTHER PROPORTIONATE DIFFICULTIES. AND ALL THIS IN THE FACE OF THE INDIFFERENCE OF THE MINERS' OWN UNION, THROUGH WHOSE TREACHERY THE COMPANY'S TASK WAS MADE EASIER. 3000 OF THE ORIGINAL 4500 FAMILIES STILL STICK TOGETHER.

THIS CARAVAN MAKES A SPLENDID CONTRAST TO THE PUTREFACTION WHICH IS NOW THE CONDITION OF OUR UNION MOVEMENT. THE DRAMA OF THE MINERS OF THE STATE OF COAHUILA IS NOW PART OF HISTORY, AS IS THE FREEZING OF THE STRIKE FUND. THE DISSOLUTION OF THEIR CONSUMERS' COOPERATIVES, THE CLOSING OF THE MEDICAL CLINIC, AND THE EXPULSION OF THE STRIKERS' CHILD. REN FROM SCHOOL.

AT THE BEGINNING OF THIS YEAR, IT WAS ANNOUNCED WITH BU. REAUCRATIC PRIDE THAT THERE HAD NOT BEEN A MAJOR MINE

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STRIKE IN THE STATE OF COAHUILA FOR SIX YEARS. THAT IS TO SAY, SINCE THE CARAVAN PREVIOUSLY MENTIONED. SURELY THE 4500 HAVE BEEN PUNISHED ENOUGH FOR THEIR CRIME OF WANTING TO LIVE DECENTLY, BUT IT MAY BE THAT THEY ARE BEING KEPT IN THIS CONDITION AS A TERRIBLE EXAMPLE TO OTHERS WHO MAY BE TEMPTED TO AGITATE FOR A DECENT LIFE.

THE PRESIDENT HAS LISTENED TO THE MINERS THEMSELVES, AND HAS PROMISED TO WORK FOR A SOLUTION TO THE DILEMMA, BUT SO FAR NOTHING HAS HAPPENED. WILL IT BE NECESSARY FOR THESE BRAVE PEOPLE TO EMIGRATE, SEEKING ELSEWHERE THE JUSTICE WHICH THEY CANNOT FIND IN THEIR NATIVE LAND?

They're coming, they're coming hard-eyed hack drivers make their spiels with leering gestures. She's lovely, waited all her life just for you, she'll be grateful for a smile, and so cheap. How do you like 'em, any way you want, just name it. You can spot the Jai-Alai fans a block away making their proper way to the stadium--cool courtesy for them, obsequious alacrity for the boys who mean business. She's clean, I swear it, still lives with her folks, just takes a few dates to pay the rent. In exchange for your cash we'll give you a cold, dying body briefly on a string. Come on, boys, we need your warmth, we'll treat you right. Don't stop coming or well turn to stone.

THE FINGER IN THE DYKE

THE NOTORIOUS DIVE KNOWN AS "EL RETIRO" IS ONE OF THE WORST EXPLOITERS OF PROSTITUTES OF WHICH OUR TOWN BOASTS, AND IS OF SPECIAL INTEREST BECAUSE ONE OF THE OWNERS IS ALSO THE OWNER OF ONE OF OUR MOST RESPECTED NEWSPAPERS. IT IS SAID THAT THE DAILY STREAMS OF SCANDAL BY U.S. SERVICEMEN, AVARICIOUS HACK DRIVERS, AND THE MANAGEMENT, IS IGNORED BY THE POLICE PATROL, WHICH IT IS SAID, HAS ORDERS NOT TO LINGER NEAR "EL RETIRO." THE GREAT NOISE WHICH SOME OF OUR PAPERS MAKE ABOUT STILL ANOTHER "MASTER STROKE" AGAINST THE VICE CENTERS IS ONLY NOISE, OR "SANDWICH WITH PAINTED BREAD."

Conversation while ham and eggs undergo chemical changes on a griddle. The cowboy is from the great plains of Texas, the cafe owner has seen the faces of more than a thousand ships:

cowboy: what do you reckon is holding this town back?

owner: in one word, my friend, water. We are in a flat placethese poor hills around us don't collect enough water to make a dribble.

cowboy: can't they pipe it in?

owner: from where? The Colorado River is a long way off ... and besides, it does not belong to us.

cowboy: yeah, I guess that's right.

ARROWS

THE GENERAL TOURIST OFFICE IS A NATIONAL SCANDAL. THIS FLAMBOYANT DEPARTMENT, REEKING WITH SLUSH FUNDS AND HIGH

SALARIES, CANNOT IN ANY RESPECT PROVE IT HAS AUGMENTED THE FLOW OF TOURISTS BY EVEN ONE LITTLE GRINGO. ONE OF THE MEMBERS OF THIS DECOMPOSING BODY TELLS US HE IS GOING TO RESIGN AND TELL THE TRUTH-HOW MUST HELL BE IF EVEN THE DEVILS

LEAVE?

Come right in, boys, show starting in five minutes. Girls, girls, girls-only in Puzzyland do you get the finest. Variety show, dancing, songs, she rolls it, she shakes it. Step right in, sailor, show starting in five minutes.

Outside, lights and promise inside, the night is a dusty antique, and the men sprawl at their tables in slack abandon. A ring of eyes, fixed in the glaze of lost sleep and treadmill boredom. O where are the scarlet dreams of adolescence, before the bright edges of sin smoothed to the dumpy blob of reality. Sin in Puzzyland is not sin, nothing more than a blurred imitation, an endless belt of tired hate love must be done away with so that the dull ache of lovelessness may be drowned in sundry sensation. A sad story indeed, but come on in anyway, the show starts in five minutes.

THE BATTLE IS ON

IF YESTERDAY WE STRUGGLED TO THROW OUT THE GRINGOES, TODAY WE GRAPPLE WITH THE BIRDS OF PASSAGE WHO COME TO PLUNDER. THESE "FRIENDS OF THE PEOPLE" COME AND SETTLE THEIR FLANKS ON THE JUICY GOVERNMENT POSTS AND FATTEN, WHILE THE OLD RESIDENTS AND THOSE OF DIGNITY AND ABILITY GO WITHOUT REPRESENTATION IN THE GOVERNMENT OF BAJA CALIFORNIA. ALL GOOD PEOPLE MUST UNITE AND GIVE THE LIE TO THOSE PESSIMISTS WHO SAY THAT ALL IN POLITICS IS ROTTEN.

"Hurry up, sailor, go into this room, she'll be right in."

"But what does she look like. You said"

"Life is short, and love is shorter. Hurry, another battleship is docking at San Diego."

MEXICO IS NOT FOR SALE

THE NORTHAMERICAN LEGISLATOR, JOHN L. COLLIER, OF THE CALIFORNIA LEGISLATURE, HAS COME OUT WITH THE FANTASTIC PROPOSAL THAT THE FEDERAL GOVERNMENT OF HIS COUNTRY PURCHASE THE PENINSULA OF BAJA CALIFORNIA AND THE NORTHWEST PART OF THE STATE OF SONORA. IN VIEW OF THE RECENT MEETING OF PRESIDENTS EISENHOWER AND RUIZ CORTINES AT WHITE SULPHUR SPRINGS, THE ONLY POSSIBLE INTERPRETATION IS THAT THIS YANKEE LEGISLATOR, NOT HAVING ANYTHING ELSE TO DO, HAD THE INFANTILE IDEA OF MAKING HIMSELF RIDICULOUS IN THIS MANNER. TO THINK OF SUCH A THING IN THESE TIMES, WHEN WE ALL KNOW THE IMPORTANCE OF RESPECTING INTERNATIONAL BOUNDARIES, IS TO REVEAL A MIND IGNORANT OF POLITICS, OR MORE PROBABLY, ONE SUFFERING FROM A MENTAL ILLNESS, FOR WHICH WE RECOMMEND HE PUT HIM.

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SELF IN THE HANDS OF A GOOD PSYCHOLOGIST BEFORE IT IS TOO LATE AND THEY MUST COME FOR HIM WITH A STRAITJACKET, OUT OF REGARD FOR THE TRANQUILITY AND SECURITY OF CALIFORNIA.

Dawn is coming to Tijuana. Soon the golden sun will rise over the roof of Puzzyland and chase the night creatures to their lairs. The young-old barker in front of the club, hoarse from crying the wares inside, leans in painful fatigue against the wall. Hard, dry thoughts come rattling out of his head like crushed rock as he sums up the night with a torpid hack driver, "Ai, what a life they will kill me with this kind of turismo. Nothing but queers they send us from the north --what a winter this will be." Then, in challenge to his doom, he raises his cracked voice in a lilting ranchero song of defiance, "She was born in Tijuana, in only fifteen days, in the back of a jalopy, right into a paper bag...?"

THERE ARE TB'S AND LUNATICS IN THE JAIL

THE CITY JAIL OF TIJUANA CONTAINS MORE THAN 250 INMATES, WHO LIVE IN THE MOST MISERABLE CONDITIONS OF FILTH, LICE, AND OTHER PARASITES. SOME ARE THERE THROUGH MERE BAD LUCK OTHERS ARE JUVENILE FIRST OFFENDERS, AND STILL OTHERS ARE DEGENERATES AND VICIOUS CRIMINALS.

YESTERDAY THE CHIEF OF THE JUDICIAL OFFICE, ACCOMPANIED BY VARIOUS OFFICIALS AND REPORTERS, MADE AN INSPECTION. AT ALMOST THE SAME MOMENT, IT WAS DISCOVERED THAT THE INMATES OF TANK #6 WERE GETTING READY TO STAGE A MASS BREAKOUT. A HOLE OF SIXTY CENTIMETERS WAS FOUND IN THE CELL WALL.

AMONG THE COMPLAINTS HEARD BY THE CHIEF WAS THAT OF CLAUDIO CARREON RODRIGUEZ, WHO STATED WITH TEARS IN HIS EYES THAT HE HAS BEEN DETAINED FOUR YEARS WITHOUT EVER BEING SENTENCED. THE CHIEF WAS CONSIDERABLY SURPRISED TO HEAR THAT THE ONLY CRIME OF WHICH THIS MAN IS ACCUSED IS HAVING HAD AN AUTOMOBILE ACCIDENT.

OTHER COMPLAINTS CONCERNED TUBERCULARS AND MENTAL CASES WHO RECEIVE NO ATTENTION OF ANY KIND, AND THE OTHER PRISONERS HAVE NO PROTECTION FROM THE "WHITE PLAGUE" TWO LOONIES CAME NEAR; ONE SHOUTED, "I AM NAPOLEON!" AND THE OTHER DECLARED, "I AM CUAUHEMOC!"

THESE POOR MEN BEG NOT TO BE FORGOTTEN BY SOCIETY, AND IT IS OUR DUTY TO REMEMBER THAT THEY ARE STILL HUMAN.

Morning is upon us, and all the outrages of the night are under wraps. Trade, decency, education, elections, all can now show their heads. I will prove it to you, come. Pick a street, any street. There, you see, nothing but good, honest--what's that? No, you did not see a girl in that window and she did not wave to you, it's strictly against the law.

GUEST OF HONOR

THE SUBJECT PICTURED IN THE ACCOMPANYING PHOTO IS JOSE GONZALEZ MARTINEZ, WHO IN SAVAGE MANNER BLUDGEONED AND

WOUNDED THE PHOTOGRAPHER OF THIS PAPER. THE NAMED INDIVIDUAL, THANKS TO THE MILLIONS IN HIS POSSESSION, IS STILL MOCKING JUSTICE, WHICH ONCE AGAIN GOES TO THE AID OF THE POWERFUL. IF NECESSARY WE WILL GO TO THE PRESIDENT OF THE REPUBLIC, TO INFORM HIM OF THE SCARCITY OF DIGNITY IN THE OFFICIALS OF THESE PARTS, WHO ALLOW A MAN ACCUSED OF INJURIES AND THREATS TO SLEEP PEACEFULLY IN HIS HOME. THIS IS ONE OF THE PLEASURES OF RICHES.

Over coffee: "It is a sad fact, but a true one, that if you close the border, Tijuana becomes a ghost town."

"More, just take away the sailors and we couldn't make it-but you know, compadre, I would like to try."

BARBITURATES AND ALCOHOL IN A MORTAL MIXTURE

TWO NORTHAMERICANS WERE FOUND DEAD IN THE HOTEL NELSON, POISONED BY A FATAL COMBINATION OF LIQUOR AND DRUGS. THE REASONS BEHIND THIS TRAGIC CASE HAVE BEEN RENDERED EVEN MORE OBSCURE BY THE DELIBERATELY OBSTRUCTIVE TACTICS OF THE MANAGER OF THE MENTIONED HOTEL, WHO, DESPITE MANY FAVORS RENDERED HIM BY THIS PAPER, REFUSED IN A HAUGHTY AND DICTATORIAL MANNER TO PROPORTION US THE DETAILS TO WHICH THE PUBLIC HAS EVERY RIGHT. IT IS CERTAIN HE WILL AGAIN NEED OUR SERVICES OF PUBLICITY, AT WHICH TIME WE WILL NOT FORGET THE RUDE AND CURT MANNER WITH WHICH HE DISMISSED OUR REPORTER.

It is a bargain at ten dollars.

Five is too much.

Very well, since you are my first customer today, nine.

It's robbery, but I'll give you six.

I'll lose money, but I want you to tell your friends eight.

Seven, I can't stand that hungry look on your face.

All right, seven-fifty, but I'm ruined.

It's a deal, but there must be an easier way.

THE FAITH IS ON THE MARCH

THE CATHOLIC FAITH OF THE MEXICAN PEOPLE FLOWERED IN SPECTACULAR FASHION YESTERDAY IN ALL THE CHURCHES OF THE CITY, FULL OF BELIEVERS WHO WENT TO WORSHIP THE CREATOR. THE TEMPLES, WHICH DURING THE WEEK ARE SEEN ALMOST DESERTED, COULD NOT HOLD EVEN ONE MORE PERSON. IT WAS A GREAT SPECTACLE, DEMONSTRATING THE FERVOR OF THE FAITHFUL, AND JUSTLY CELEBRATING HOLY THURSDAY.

"Are you crazy? You eat in a Mexican place and you'll get poisoned."

"Well how come the Mexicans don't die?"

"They build up an immunity, get so it doesn't affect 'em."

"Oh."

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VILE PUBLICATIONS IN THE CAPITOL

MAKE A RUINOUS CAMPAIGN AGAINST TIJUANA

PUBLICATIONS WHICH LIVE FROM BLACKMAIL DO NOT REST IN THEIR OUTRAGEOUS SLANDER AGAINST OUR CITY, EXAGGERATING THE EVILS FROM WHICH WE SUFFER, AND PAINTING WHITE THE FLEA-BITTEN CITIES FROM WHICH THEY COME. AS IS WELL-KNOWN, PERSONS CALLING THEMSELVES REPORTERS COME TO OUR CITY TO SELL EXPENSIVE PUBLICITY TO OUR BUSINESSMEN. WHEN THEY ARE REFUSED, THEY LEAVE, SPREADING PESTILENCE AND LIES ABOUT TIJUANA.

IT IS TRUE THAT OUR CITY HAS MANY PROBLEMS, AS WE OURSELVES HAVE SAID MANY TIMES, BUT IT IS ALSO TRUE THAT THE EVILS WHICH ARE SEEN HERE ARE SEEN ELSEWHERE, NOT EXCLUDING THE CAPITAL. THE REPORTERS FROM MEXICO CITY SHOULD CLEAN UP THEIR OWN CITY BEFORE BOTHERING ABOUT TIJUANA. THE BEST PLAN TO COMBAT THESE SCURRILOUS REPORTERS IS FOR THE AUTHORITIES TO PREVENT THEM FROM SELLING THEIR WORTHLESS "PUBLICITY" TO OUR BUSINESSMEN, WHICH WOULD ENCOURAGE THESE PIRATES OF JOURNALISM TO STAY HOME WHERE THEY ARE WANTED.

"These people are really money-crazy, they'll do anything for a dollar."

"You mean like the folks back home who work two jobs to pay for their cars and houses?"

"No, that's not exactly what I had in mind."

THEY RECLAIM SOME LAND

IN THE POWER OF COL. FELIX ROMERO

SEVERAL HUNDREDS OF FARMERS HAVE PROTESTED TO THE AGRARIAN DELEGATION, ASKING INTERVENTION AND RE-DISTRIBUTION OF A HUNDRED HECTARES OF LAND LOCATED IN THE COLONIA TECOLOTES-BATAQUES, LAND WHICH IS NOW IN THE POWER OF ARMY COLONEL FELIX ROMERO. THE ARMY OFFICIAL SAYS HE IS DISPOSED TO PUT THE LAND UP FOR SALE, BUT THE FARMERS SAY HE HAS NO RIGHT TO SELL LAND WHICH BELONGS TO THE FARM COMMUNITY.

"Why did he take the fat one?"

"The pretty ones won't do what he wants."

"Then it's easier to be virtuous when you're pretty?"

"Yes, because you're not as hungry."

FARMER'S BODY FOUND

IN THE BLACK WATERS OF A CANAL

AT SIX A.M. THIS MORNING THE AUTHORITIES FOUND THE BODY OF ANGEL LUNA, OF 53 YEARS, FLOATING IN THE FOUL WATERS OF A DRAINAGE CANAL IN THE NEIGHBORHOOD OF SAN ISIDRO. THE AUTHORITIES SUSPECT THAT THE UNFORTUNATE DEATH WAS INTENTIONAL, AND THAT AN UNKNOWN PERSON GAVE HIM A PUSH FROM

BEHIND. THIS THEORY WAS REINFORCED BY THE KNOWLEDGE THAT ONLY A MONTH AGO MR. LUNA WAS SHOT IN THE HEAD BY PERSONS STILL SOUGHT BY THE POLICE.

"That girl, she smiled at me!"

"Why not, you can turn a trick by day as well as night."

"No, it wasn't that way she turned just before she got on the bus. Not dressed so hot, must be a working girl."

"You think you're the first sailor she ever seen?"

"I don't care what you say, it was different. I know plenty of whores and I can tell the difference."

"So what? She's gone anyway"

"So I'll be here tomorrow, she's probably just getting off work right now. I'd give just about anything for a kiss I didn't have to pay for."

THEY WILL STOP DRUNK DRIVERS

IT HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED THAT INTOXICATED DRIVERS WILL BE PREVENTED FROM CROSSING THE BORDER. THE BOARD OF SUPERVISORS OF THE CITY OF SAN DIEGO, CALIF., ASKS THAT A SPECIAL CELL BE CONSTRUCTED TO CONTAIN DRIVERS UNTIL THEY ARE RID OF THE PESTILENTIAL INFLUENCE OF ALCOHOL. IT IS HOPED THIS WILL REDUCE THE SCANDALOUS NUMBER OF TRAFFIC ACCIDENTS ON THE MONTGOMERY FREEWAY.

"I wouldn't give you a nickel for the whole town."

"This may surprise you, but they don't give a lukewarm damn, and they'll keep right on until you raise the ante."

FREEDOM OF TRADE

MANY ARE THE ATTACKS WHICH FALL UPON THE FREE ZONE OF BAJA CALIFORNIA, WHICH GIVES CONCESSIONS TO IMPORTED YANKEE GOODS. MEXICAN MANUFACTURERS ARE FURIOUS AS THEY POINT TO THE FLOW OF GOODS WHICH ARE NEEDED NOT AT ALL SINCE MEXICAN INDUSTRY COULD SUPPLY THESE DEMANDS. MANY THOUSANDS OF DOLLARS GO NORTHWARD WHICH ARE DESPERATELY NEEDED HERE. BUT THEY OVERLOOK THAT THE FLOW MOVES IN TWO DIRECTIONS. THE HEAVY VOLUME OF TRADE BETWEEN THE TWO COUNTRIES IS OF MUTUAL BENEFIT.

AS FOR THE MEXICANS WHO CRY FOR PROTECTION SO THAT LOCAL INDUSTRIES MAY PROSPER, WE MAY CONSIDER THE CASE OF A PROMINENT BUSINESSMAN OF THIS CITY. HE RECENTLY BOUGHT AN AMERICAN REFRIGERATOR, ALTHOUGH HE HAS LONG BEEN AN ADVOCATE OF PROTECTIVE TARIFFS FOR MEXICAN FACTORIES. HE HAD PREVIOUSLY BOUGHT A REFRIGERATOR OF MEXICAN MAKE, WHICH LASTED EXACTLY FIVE MONTHS, THANKS TO THE FREQUENT VISITS OF A REPAIRMAN. "I BELIEVE IN MEXICAN INDUSTRY," HE SAID, "BUT WE MUST PRODUCE GOODS THAT ARE COMPETITIVE. PROTECTED PRODUCTS WHICH ARE INFERIOR LOSE US THE CONFIDENCE OF THE PEOPLE, AND IN THE LONG RUN DO NOT HELP OUR ECONOMY."

THE REST OF THE COUNTRY IS JEALOUS OF OUR HIGH STANDARD OF LIVING, AND THAT IS WHY THEY WANT TO ELIMINATE THE FREE ZONE. IF THEY WOULD MAKE A FREE ZONE OF THE ENTIRE COUNTRY, THEY WOULD SEE THAT TRADE, REALLY COMPETITIVE TRADE, WOULD BENEFIT THE ENTIRE COUNTRY, JUST AS IT HAS BENEFITED US.

Tijuana endures, in the face of the atom age and international governments, by grace of the ancient commerce in flesh, night lights, and strong waters. Geared to old stones, bright-eyed politicians, and a clogged trickle-down economy, progress will founder as long as God looks the other way while the devil pays good wages

In the Alley

*At noon an airplane,
a hard drop of sweat,
rolls down the sky's
huge forehead.
The dry alley
dreams of water-
trampled root.
Fenced-off the housewife trees
multiply their fruit.*

*Later, a man,
grey as gravel,
comes up the alley.
In a garbage can
an alarm of flies
goes off in his face.
The passing dogs
wouldn't even piss
on such disgrace.*

*Scared by a wind
that walks through gates,
among the leaves
the fallen man
curls like smoke around
a wall, disappears.
In the yards the trees
drop loquats, and yellow
ripe round pears.*

--Bert Meyers

Nomads Without a Tribe

The wheels that brought us here can take us far
if a caprice or need compels the move.
We pay a monthly fee for walls to bar
wind, rain and mist, walls sheltering our love;
a portable, emancipated love
that needs no steady prospect or fixed star.

And someday we will surely go from here
lured by new landscapes, hills or seas.
We'll mingle with new strangers, take our cheer
beneath identical though different trees.
No spot will kindle any memories
or bring to surface either smiles or tears.

There is no image in the rock to seize
imagination like a mystic clue;
no folksong to torment the heart, no piece
of loam to bring our childhood back to view;
no first love's carved initials on a yew
to make us wish to linger in the breeze.

And when we die our ashes will be blown
in careless fistfulls to indifferent skies.
Our brood, nomads without a tribe, will go
to other towns, for any will suffice;
and fleeing on four winds, they will not grow
memorial flowers over our dead eyes.

Fugue

*To find, if for a day,
vistas of lake and hill
we glide asphalted way
at fifty miles an hour.
Under the plastic wheel
a metal tiger purrs;
explosive teeth devour
the wavering wind and thrill
with lubricated grace.*

WILLIAM PILLIN AND GEORGE P. ELLIOTT 21

*An epoch's chilly breath
is blowing down our backs,
whose commerce, loud and brash,
hedges with artifacts
highway and flowering heath
and we cannot escape
accumulated trash;
garages, tourist shacks,
follow in our tracks.*

*This is our psychic vent;
a burst of sparking speed
to ease our discontent,
extending the frontier
of eye's bright innocence.
We will avoid the towns
and ride the highway clear
to the hill whose aspen dome
autumnal bonfire crowns.*

*-William Pillin
(two poems)*

Delicate Omens

*Delicate omens in your cheek
Approve my reaching eye;
Your falling voice that leans me near
Says what its words deny.
Yet, when my lips would truly speak,
And wordlessly signify
What none but parting lips can hear,
You chill my heart Good-bye.*

*I'll pluck no omens seen or heard,
Stanch my desire, and start;
My stroking eye now disentwines,
To ply a ruder art.
I wish you well. Yet taste this word,
This morsel of my heart:
May rolling on your tongue these lines
Regret your lips apart.*

-George P. Elliott

Of Universal Conflict

Yet secretly I will confess to you,
The high imperious form of love was less
Within the market, on the avenue
Than humblest pauper praying in the dress
Of hate. The gay and haughty passed her by,
Even the few who lingered did not move
To do her bidding. Bowing they would sigh
And go. And love was helpless to reprove.

But hate, with teasing drivel, cupped a penny
From the least, and saw men dance to match
Her cunning tune; while love, unseen by many
Stumbled dying to a thistle patch.
Yet I will whisper this, past all denying,
She was a fair young thing as she lay dying.

-Carleton Winston

Jack-in-the-Box

Jack still remembers it, though mistily,
How, dwelling in the bowels of the box,
The floor, the sides, the top did so agree
In perfect junction that the few strange knocks
And weird hums to penetrate his ears
Were only instant's irritants of calm
Delight in timeless home devoid of spears
Thus, Jack remembers it before the bomb!
The flashing thump, the sudden plunge of white
Poured in, the gross indignity of springs,
And sailing up, high up, in daze of bright
Cold roofless air, the common end of kings.
Now, in the box and out, by child's intent,
Jack suffers shrieking bursts of merriment.

-Moss Herbert

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THE END OF HER ROPE

V. K. Gregory

During an afternoon early in June, Bernadette Stafford stood abstracted before the kitchen sink of a small village apartment on eleventh street. She was pondering the clear flash of insight she had experienced the night before, at the party; the sudden, lucid comprehension of her state of desperation. It had sneaked upon her so insidiously, but now she knew it was there.

Bernadette was a tall, slim, lovely blonde of twenty-four, a graduate of a fine girl's college in up-state New York. Standing before the sink, three months pregnant, she was thinking, "I'm not a woman anymore."

All day long she had been suppressing tears of pity, tears for herself, and also for her husband, Tom. She recognized the futility of the ceremony she was about to commence, and was terribly afraid of the passion it would invoke, but the ceremony would palliate the shock he would feel when she would tell him she was leaving.

"Tom.

"What?"

She clutched the edge of the sink tensely, restraining the flood of sentiment that had for so long destroyed her every effort to accomplish an estrangement.

"You've got to get a job tomorrow."

Tom, a small, sandy-haired fellow, hurried into the kitchen. "But what about my living art?"

The sound she uttered was half a sob and half a grunt of amusement. Another week and I'll be truly mad, she thought. And again the sound came forth. She waved Tom away with a sharp turn of her long white hand and drops of dishwater scattered from her fingertips. They arched thru shafts of sunlight leaning in bars thru the open blinds, casting a spray of dropping color onto the white wall. "O!" she cried delightedly, "Did you see that?" She reached into the pan and flung another spray.

"Well? What about my living art?"

"Oh you haven't even picked up a brush in eleven months!" She looked at him, feeling her face doing strange, jerking things and thought: I'm crazy already!

Tom turned and strode from the kitchen.

"Honestly, Tom," Bernadette called, slapping the dishrag idly against the side of the sink, "You've got to. You've simply got to. I shouldn't work anymore." She added, portentously, "I mean it." It was not womanly to support a man for so long, she thought. Even had to tell him when to change his shorts. Not a thing for a woman to have to do. She nodded.

Talking to Virgil Leighton last night had stunningly returned to her the delicate whorl of femininity that had surrounded her before her marriage; school, dramatics, the theatre, the fine social communication she had maintained with fine people; here passionate discussions of Shapiro, Auden, Gregory, Graves. And slowly she had degenerated into a laboring woman, waiting on tables in restaurants to provide the necessary money that her husband would not consider working for. For the

last several months she had not had even a little time to make the rounds of the theatres or casting offices. And the stock companies had already completed their summer casting. She had hoped so fervently that Tom would have gotten a job so she could have tried out and gone away for a summer of stock.

Virgil had spoken so lucidly on the desperation she was feeling, and she found with delicious surprise that she was in such need of a lucid mind that it was an aphrodisiac when she found it. God! she thought, how she and Virgil had communicated.

At one moment she had said to him, "I'll never again become emotionally involved with anyone in my life!"

"Of course you will," Virgil had murmured. A few months rest and you'll be ready again. Go home and be taken care of by your parents and you see. Sleep ten, eleven hours a day, walk around in the sun, read plays, dream of a new future, and in two or three months you'll be an entire person again. Life is composed of deep relationships. Superficial relationships lead no-where, they offer no rich satisfactions, and you'd soon begin to crave depth in emotion again."

And he had not thought her British accent an affectation, either. He had said he would have liked it even if it was. Affectations did not annoy him, he said; they, *Was Affectations* did like any other weakness, merely aroused his sympathy, an emotion he preferred to hostility.

Her parents were not from Britain; they were English but did not speak with an accent. But she had always spoken that way, even as a child.

Once, when she had been in the kitchen mixing the salad, Virgil had come in and stood behind her in his shabby clothes and said, "I love to see people engaged in domestic enterprise."

"Yes," she said, understanding his meaning perfectly. "It's so very direct." Virg, she thought, you're the first man I've really communicated with since the early months of my marriage.

Later she had said, "But Tom is still so very charming sometimes." She was thinking, I will miss him so terribly. She recognized immediately the weakness implicit in her statement, and expected Virg would disapprove, but she was delightfully surprised.

"Yes," he said, smiling to her in such a way, combining admiration and empathy. "High degrees of intimacy breed much charm." She had wanted, right then, to lead him off to a bedroom.

She and Virgil were together steadily during the entire evening. Tom, sulking at the other side of the room, watched tensely. Sweeney, the girl with whom Virgil had recently come east from Los Angeles, wandered about lost. Unattractive, bottle-blonded, she was a graduate of UCLA's department of music. Virgil wanted to help her start her career in singing. Bernadette had seen immediately that she was deeply in love with Virgil.

"You're a bastard, Virg," she had murmured.

He asked with his eyes what she meant.

"Sweeney's madly in love with you."

Virgil looked at her for a moment, then nodded. "True, on both counts," he said. "People aren't very human when they're desperate."

So Bernadette assumed he was interested in Sweeney for only the money she

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would earn. She looked at Virgil for several seconds. Then slowly the insight flashed home. She began to twist inside. "I'm desperate, too," she thought. "And I'm not very human anymore. What am I going to do?"

"I've never been quite successful enough to rub elbows with the heavyweights in the theatre," Virgil said.

"You will someday, Virg," Bernadette said, placing her hand on his arm. Virgil's

face registered warmth. Presently they began discussing the amazingly modern-sly imagery of Abraham Cowley and Sir Philip Sidney, and soon the majority of persons at the party were engaged in poetry readings. Seated beside Virgil, not looking at Tom who was slowly drinking himself sick, she felt free, feminine and passionate.

"Tom," she cried again.

Tom again entered the kitchen.

"Listen, I'm telling you, you'd better find a job tomorrow!"

Tom hurled himself out of the kitchen. Bernadette immediately heard sounds of canvas ripping. She dashed to the doorway and saw Tom attacking his last remaining canvases. They had just been selected for a showing at a good gallery on fifty-seventh street. She whirled and gripped a long kitchen knife and moved into the living room toward him. She saw one canvas completely destroyed. She felt her heart contort. Tom saw the knife, dropped the canvas thru which he was preparing to punch a fist, and strode toward the door. Bernadette followed. He walked down the three flights of stairs and out onto eleventh street. Coming out of the door behind him she was saying, "I'm going to kill you when I catch you."

He headed east and glanced disdainfully over his shoulder. "I'll kill you if you catch me."

Bernadette did not heed the eyes attending their progress toward sixth avenue. The streetlights suddenly went on as they crossed toward fifth. Tom maintained a five yard distance before her. "I'll just kill you if I catch you," she said.

"I'll kill you if you catch me," he said.

Before crossing University Place, Tom paused a moment for a car to pass. He looked nervously back. Bernadette paused 5 yards behind, impatiently watching the car in their way.

The car passed and they crossed.

"You're a terrible bastard, Tom," she said.

He skipped for a few steps. "I'm an artist," he said.

"I've supported you for three years. I've only had a few good parts. None at all, know," he sang, "I know."

"I'm going to just kill you when I catch you."

He said nothing.

"I'm not a woman, anymore."

"Yes you are. Why'd you have to talk to Virgil all night for. That old cat's no-where."

"Thirty-seven is hardly old. And he's a man with a very rich insight."

"Haw, haw."

"Just let me catch you. I'll kill you."

"I'll kill you," he muttered.

The il you do when you get to Broadati all come back bal tahin
should be about eight months gone so they'd catch on."

"I'll make out," Tom said.

Her voice without practice had been going bad. She had had so little time for reading aloud. Last night she had felt herself becoming hoarse right in the middle of George Herbert's *The Collar*. Too much desperate smoking, she thought.

"You know what Virgil said about you?"

"No. What did that old dad say about me?"

"He said your suicide attempts were desperate forms of masturbation."

"How would he know? He's not an artist."

"He has a brilliantly lucid mind. He doesn't lie to himself."

"He's only been to the eighth grade."

"He knows more about poetry than you ever will. You don't even know who *Jok Donne* is."

"Jonathan Donathan."

Bernadette grimaced and chuckled.

Tom arrived at Broadway, where eleventh street was interrupted by a block that stretched between tenth and twelfth. He glanced north and south, crossed the street, went a few yards south and stopped in front of the church. He sat down, and grinned to her. She sat beside him. He took the knife and began bawling the blade over his knee, drumming what Bernadette recognized as his high school alma mater song. Now I must say it, she thought. A few seconds passed in silence. I have to say it now, she thought. Say it! she screeched silently. "Look, Tom. I'm going home to my parents." A clenching feeling of sadness spread outward from her diaphragm as she said it. She rose to her feet and looked down at him, pity roaring into her eyes.

"Go to hell," Tom said. He skittered the knife beyond her on the sidewalk. She looked at him while picking up the knife and cried all the way home. "How could he speak to me like that?" she thought. How can three years end like that? She sobbed audibly, now painfully conscious of people staring. When she arrived at the apartment she looked about, at her furniture, her blinds, her books. Why couldn't he have said or done something noble, instead of saying that? No one had ever spoken to her in such a manner. No one ever spoke to a woman like that... It's because I'm not a woman anymore, she thought, flinging her wrist to her temples. I'm coarse, now, no longer feminine," she thought, "Having had to light half-smoked cigarettes just to save money, and that looks just terrible! And I've had such lust for men that no woman should feel! And I've lost so much weight that I'm flat-chested now and men don't look at me anymore!"

She expected that at any moment she should fly into pieces. After a moment she realized that it was ended, now. Relief began flooding thru-out her. She would be free. She would go home and have her child, and Tom could commit suicide and she would adjust to it. She would read plays all day long, for months and months, lying on the expansive lawn at the front of her Parents' house up-state, soaking up yellow sun. After the baby was born she would start preparing the barn for a summer theatre. Virgil would direct the first production. He had said he would love to direct *BACK STREET*, that he would do the job without an advance.

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She heard Tom approaching the door. She turned toward it with frenetic anxiety.

"Are you really going to leave me?"

"Indeed I am.

"Then I'm going to Florida," he said. His mother lived in Florida.

"How?"

"Don't worry. All I need is fifteen cents to get up to the Washington Bridge."

"All-right, I'll give you fifteen cents. Will you help me pack before you fly off?"

"No, I'm going right now." From the hallway he got a card-board box that he had brought upstairs with him.

"All-right, Dear," Bernadette said encouragingly.

Tom began throwing things into the box. Bernadette felt a rising joy seeing him determined.

He slung the guitar around his neck, picked up the box and started for the door.

"But Honey," Bernadette said, "That's my guitar."

"It's my guitar. You bought it for me."

"But it's worth a hundred dollars. I'm going to have a baby. I need the money."

"You can keep all the paintings.

"I would love to keep the paintings, but you just ruined them."

"Sew them up. I've got to have some music."

A sweater slid from off the high-piled box. He bent to pick it up and the guitar banged on the floor. "Give me the fifteen cents."

She went to the chiffonier and took her purse from the top drawer. She looked in her change purse and gave him a token. He took it from her and looked steadily into her eyes. Please, she thought, say something sweet and noble so that I can remember it.

"Honey, I can't live without you."

"Tom, after-all, you're twenty-two, now, and you're a man. I can not support you any longer."

The guitar hung at his left side and the box was clutched under his right arm. A trouser leg hung out of it.

"Watermelons are good this year," she said. "Why don't you go down and get one and we'll have some bread and cheese with it. Just a snack before you go."

His look of supplication became curt. "No." He turned and left the apartment. She stared at the door. You crazy boy, she thought. Three years, just like that. She started again to cry. She looked around the room from between her knuckles. She hurried to the phone and dialed the number Virgil had given her. She hoped fervently that Sweeney was out somewhere so Virg could come see her.

"Hello?"

"Virg, listen, this is Bernadette. Is Sweeney there?"

tonight, at a possible hundred and a quarter a week."

"Oh how nice," she said. "Virg?" She began sobbing. "Tom and I, we've broken up. He's gone."

"I'll come right over, all-right?"

"Yes."

"Sit down and relax. Please, Bernadette. Will you do that?"

"Yes."

"On second thought, lie down. Cry!"

He hung up.

She remained standing, holding the phone, sobbing freely and much relieved. Then she heard a guitar slide into the apartment. Turning, she saw it hurtling from the doorway toward the kitchen, into which it bumped out of sight.

"God dammit, don't you have any string?"

"Oh!" She rushed into the kitchen and opened a drawer. There was only a three foot piece of cord left on the roll. She dangling it before him. "Look, this is a literal manifestation of my state of mind!"

He grabbed it from her. "Who the hell were you talking to on the phone?"

"Virgil."

"Is he coming over?"

"Immediately."

"Don't let that bastard make out with you, Honey. You're pregnant."

"O you juvenile idiot!" She glared livid at him. "Get out of here!"

"Now I mean it," Tom said, backing off. "I don't want anything to happen to my kid."

She picked up the guitar and draped the string around his neck. She pushed him as hard as she could. "Get out of here!" Get out of here!"

He hurried out.

She turned and wandered about the room. "I'll make out with whomever I please, now," she said, and immediately flung herself upon the divan thinking "O how unladylike!"

Virgil arrived five minutes later. She opened the door and said "Hi."

Virgil entered nodding his head. "The most pathetic thing I've witnessed in my life."

"What?" Bernadette asked.

"Tom was standing at the door downstairs. His guitar around his neck, things hanging out under his arm. I said hello and was about to pass when he asked if he could talk to me. He asked about Sweeney, and then looked up and asked, 'Are you koining to make out with my wife, Virg?'"

"Oh, that child!" Bernadette gasped. "You know he's only twenty-two."

"Is that all?"

"I was twenty-one when I married him. Can you imagine that? I married a nineteen-year-old! Well, we all thought he was twenty-three. That's what he said he was. I even thought he was older because he was so bright, and such a fine artist. I wish I could show you some of his things. But he destroyed them all. Look there," she said, pointing to the three paintings on the floor. "Those were the last three he did. Do you know when he did those? Over eleven months ago. They were going to be in a show on fifty-seventh street in two weeks. That's what he does with his work. Oh God Virg, I'm so glad it's ended. It was such a hard thing to go thru."

"Poor sick boy."

"Have you eaten, Virg?"

"No, but I will later."

"Nonsense, I'll fix you a sandwich and some tea."

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"All-right, thank-you," he said, winking. He followed her into the kitchen. "How exactly do you feel?"

"Very glad and very sad."

"What a tremendous moment this is in anyone's life."

"Yes." She smiled at him. "Virg, I love talking to you."

An hour later they were drinking beer in Louis's, standing, leaning against pillars, under cobwebs. And Bernadette saw Tom, exchanging his token for a glass of beer. She put her hands to her face and swayed. Virgil asked: "What's the matter?"

She nodded in Tom's direction.

"What do you want to do?" Virgil asked.

"Get out of here, or something. Let's take a walk in the square."

Tom turned with his glass just as they were passing. He grasped her arm.

"What is it, Tom?"

"I'm going to kill myself."

Bernadette stood there looking at him and nodding, tears in her eyes. "Tom, I'm afraid you'll just have to go ahead and kill yourself. I can't take care of you any longer." She hurried toward the doorway.

Half a block away she turned and saw Tom following. Virgil also turned. "Listen Bernadette," he said, "With all due respect and all that, but I'll not be followed thru the park at night by a madman." He stopped and faced Tom.

"O please don't hurt him, Virg!"

"Feel that arm. I'm a cadaver of the former man."

Tom had paused when Virgil stopped. Seeing they were not continuing, Tom strolled slowly toward them. When he was a few steps away, Virgil said, "Are you following me?" Bernadette noticed confusedly that Virgil's voice at the moment had taken on a rich theatrical orotund.

"Yes I'm following you."

And she noticed that Tom, too, was employing histrionics. Hamming? she thought. At a time like this?

"I won't have it!" Virgil cried richly.

"She's my wife!"

"She's left you, you sick child!"

"She'll come back."

"She will not. She needs care. She's going to have a baby."

Passersby, Villagers, tourists, up-towners, leaned against the Circle In The Square. Bernadette stepped between them. "Oh Tom, please go off to Florida. Virgil, come on." She tugged at his arm.

"I'll not be followed by a schizophrenic thru the night!"

"Why you sciolistic sybarite," Tom said, "Who are you calling schizophrenic. You're just an actor."

"Don't call me an actor, you hebephrenic cretin. Just stop following us. I'm going to help your wife to regain what she's lost because of you."ie

A policeman asked, "What's going on here?"

"That woman is my wife!" Tom said.

"Officer," Bernadette said, "We've just separated this evening. He insists on following us. Will you call a cab?"

The officer signalled a nearby taxi.

"I'm not going anywhere," Tom said.

"Officer, he wants to go to the Washington Bridge. Make him go there."

The taxi drew up. "But I don't have any money," Tom said.

"Get in the cab, Tom. I'll pay," Bernadette said

"I don't want to go anymore, Honey."

"Officer, make him go."

"Come on, young man, into the cab or I'll take you with me."

"To whom do you think you're talking, cop?"

"Tom!" Bernadette pled. "Get in the cab."

Tom glanced around him. A large Negro was standing behind him, leaning against a light pole. Tom reached over and yanked his tie out with a quick flick of his right hand, saying, "What do you think you're looking at, Pops?" The man's chest began expanding, but Bernadette stepped quickly between them. She

the gutter. "Now goodbye, Darling." She blew him a kiss. "Driver, please, to the Washington Bridge." She handed him five dollars, and the cab drew away.

Tom peered thru the rear window. His face contorted and he solemnly waved.

The Middle Ages

*Their history lends a name
To all that's safe and minor,
And my own grieving years
Lament the cooling flame
And take for sign the lunar
Lady's reflected fears,
Walk in a borrowed glory
Of a young man's burning story.*

How gay the tapestry
Of that departed time
Seemed to my childhood eyes,
But now, embroidery
I know to be rhyme
With windy age and sighs,
An effort to embalm
Appearances that spoke a younger charm.

*They dressed themselves in tin
Against the sword and lance
Which I mistook for courage;*
There is no glory in
*The cramped, arthritic dance,
The bandages we flourish*
Hoping to prove a cure
Is on the way through wishing to be pure.

-Louis Johnson

INTERVIEW

Leslie Woolf Hedley

Q-Your name?

A-Jimmy Cleanfellow, although Mother called me Jay.

Q-Did you begin writing poetry before you attended college?

A-Oh, no sir! I started my writing career under proper supervision.

Q When were you first published and in what periodical?

A-I had poetry accepted in Bang, a little magazine a few months ago.

Q-Ah, so? One of those independent radical things?

A-(hurriedly) But then the first thing I did was to subscribe to Poetry Chicago and write a slambang review against the editors of Bang.

QWell done, Cleanfellow. Where else have you been published?

A-I wrote a review praising the poetry of T. S. Eliot for Sewanee Review, a review

Americanism of Ezra Pound for Hudson Review, a review against independent poetry for Poetry Chicago, a review praising the poets of New York for The New Yorker, a review-

Q-I think I have the general idea, Cleanfellow. I must say you've been very creative. How do you stand on present world problems?

A-What, sir?

Q-Present world problems. Korea, Formosa, unAmerican Activities committee and so forth.

A-You mean the world, sir? Outside of literature?

Q-Hmmm. ...

A-Well... I mean... that is, I do read the New York Times every weekend, sir. I guess things are pretty bad, sir, but not quite as bad as newspapers make out. There always seems to be a lot of trouble-makers around-as Mother used to say-lazy people and all that. Is that what you're referring to?

Q Don't fumble, Cleanfellow. Out with it.

A--Well, sir, I'm sorry, sir. World problems? You mean like war or hunger, or something?

Q-Quite.

A-Yessir, yessir. I'm against war--it upsets things but I'm for war if the intelligent, conservative leaders feel that through war we can gain peace. After all, I think freedom depends on the curtailment of freedom in order to have more freedom. And sometimes freedom can be a dangerous, unauthorized thing.

2 Would you please try to unscramble that?

A-I'm for war or anything else if intelligent, brilliant people-like yourself, Professor-think it's best.

Q Yes, that's much better, Cleanfellow. And what have you to say concerning contemporary literature?

A-(aghast) You mean outside of the English Department, sir?

Q-Never mind, Cleanfellow. Now tell me what else you've done creatively.

A-Well, sir, I wrote an article stating that Wystan Auden, T. S. Eliot, Stephen Spender, John Crowe Ransom and Allen Tate aren't published often enough. Sometimes I'm forced to read 5 or 6 pages of our literary magazines without coming across their names! I feel this is scandalous like reading The Bible, sir, and skipping the names of The Apostles!

Q Good simile, Cleanfellow. What schools have you attended?

A--Thank you sir. Freshman at Yale, Sophomore at Harvard, Junior at Kenyon, one summer at Oxford that's in England, sir, where T. E. Hulme lived-and graduated from Columbia. All the proper Eastern schools, sir. Also attended Writers' Conferences at Indiana, Dartmouth, as well as Antioch. And I have

Q You're doing well, Cleanfellow. Will you sign our Loyalty Oath?

A-Oh, sir, I'll sign anything to get into the English Department of this splendid University!

Have you tweeds?

A-Yessir.

Q-Briefcase?

A-Yessir.

Q Filtered cigarettes?

A-A carton, sir.

Q-The Glossary of New Criticism'?

A-Under my pillow each night, sir.

Q-- Let me see you sneer.

A-(sneer)

Q Rather good sneer there, Cleanfellow. Yes, I think you'll do young man, as long as you put your shoulder to the ...

A-Wheel.

Q Your nose to the . . .?

A-Grindstone.

Q Yes, I daresay you're a fine example of our American University system. Good to have you aboard.

A-Oh, it's certainly good to be among my own kind! By the bye, Professor, I've got a manuscript dealing with the verb as an active subversive agent toward the inner destruction of poetry. Would you...

Q-See me some time next week, Cleanfellow. I'm in the muddle of the middle of taking count of the semicolon in 19th century Pastoral poetry. I'm not at all sure if it's 16,767 or 16,768 semicolons. Perplexing problem. Well, carry on, Cleanfellow.

A-Thank you, sir. And Happy Ambiguity to you!

Q-Thank you, Cleanfellow, old chap. Happy Footnotes to you!

(iron curtain descends)

MR. FAULKNER'S POSITION ON EQUALITY

Originally this article was designed to deal with William Faulkner's "A Letter to the North" which appeared in the March 5, 1956 edition of *Life*. In this letter Faulkner's critical attitude towards segregation and its inherent inhumanity towards the Negro came into conflict with his allegiance toward his Southern ancestry. The inner turmoil was resolved with the plea of "Stop now and wait." This writer, at that time, was confronted with the necessity of pointing out the negative implication involved in this appeal for moderation, especially in direct political relation with the Negro's struggle for equality. Since then, in the June issue of *Harper's*, another article appeared entitled "On Fear: The South in Labor," differing from the letter in *Life* in that it dramatically pointed out the necessity of granting the Negro equality, and directed the main force of its attack against the White Citizen's Committee. Because of this article the writer has been forced to revise some of his opinions and to change his approach.

To begin with, it is important to point out that William Faulkner's view of the problem involving integration is the point of view of one individual, filled with paradoxes and confusions as well as a clarity of vision, and that to approach him from a purely political context would be unfair. It is also important to realize that in the realm of polemics, Faulkner is weak. The man is at his best in the story and the novel where confusion, paradox and clarity of vision can fuse together harmoniously. The consistence of literature is different from that of politics as it enables the writer to use his inner contradictions to his best advantage. Politics is not so merciful.

The integrity that it demands is that of a single purpose. Politics requires a precision, an intellectual organization enabling the individual to choose sides without any equivocation. Faulkner still clings to the position of the moderate ... a position that is nowhere in the question of racial equality. Its bane is that it makes Faulkner an easy target for both sides. In dismissing him, however, a lot of valuable insight that Faulkner has to offer would not be brought to the surface.

The article itself is written with a studied simplicity which is more Hemingway than Faulkner. Such a style is fine when it is confined to the narrative and lyric prose; for it is in this type of writing that the humanity of the author becomes of prime importance. In that instance we want to hear his genuine voice, that unofficial voice that rarely appears in articles, manifestoes and

where in the world today and be against equality because of race or color, is like living in Alaska and being against snow." The vividness of such a statement belongs in a soliloquy.

It is possible to imagine a stage with a lone figure standing before an audience. He is a White Southerner cherishing the image of the old freedom, the freedom from any type of coercion, the aristocratic freedom of one man alone. He realizes that this illusion was tarnished by slavery, that the Civil War and the Reconstruction period following produced a South that became increasingly afraid of true democracy. Faulkner sensitively gets to the root behind this fear:

.. that the Negro, who has done so much with no chance, might do so much more with an equal one that he might take the white man's economy away from him, the Negro now the banker or the merchant or the planter and the white man the sharecropper or tenant."

It is an unusually sharp insight since it recognizes the fear of miscegenation as a shabby alibi. The changing tides of world history have made it clear to him that the fight for White Supremacy is a losing battle as the non-white majority of the world's population is in a state of upsurge and rebellion. It is a moral imperative to grant equality, not simply because the survival of the white race is at stake, but because such an action would guarantee the right to survive.

This vision could easily parallel the view of an enlightened courtier of the "Ancien Regime" who, while loyal to the monarchy, would suggest the adoption of "The Rights of Man" as a preventative measure against the decapitation of the king.

It is in this context that Faulkner should be seen. If he regards with suspicion the "northern radical" and "the Supreme Court Justice," it is because he feels a mystic bond with the South of his grandfather. This bond should not be dismissed as a psychological excuse for not taking

a stronger position. America, for all its potential of grandeur and its still unfulfilled humanistic dreams, is a lonely country. A railway trip starting from the warehouse district of a large city, through deserts, plains, and towering mountains is the closest physical experience one can have of this fact. Geographic reasons alone are enough to make anybody search for roots, so it is not surprising for Faulkner to feel the need to cling to the old homestead. Asking Faulkner to disavow what liberals rightly feel to be a corrupt past is asking him to embrace an overwhelming sense of loneliness.

The most unfortunate part of the article, however, is where Faulkner utilizes the monolithic menace of Communism to stress the need for equality. It is the worst argument to give for ending the denial of rights to a people. Practicing freedom and extending it to all peoples is a sufficient motive in itself. To translate it into Cold War strategy gives this necessary goal an opportunistic flavor which can be self-defeating in the long run.

Nevertheless, in the final analysis, it must be realized that whatever failing Faulkner may have had in the realm of polemics, it is due to the fact that Faulkner is a man who lives close to his emotions and is suspicious of any intellectualization. Such an orientation is responsible for a literary honesty and for the inner disturbances that led Faulkner to recognize the necessity of equality. If his profound sensibilities fail to prevent him from writing such articles as "Letter to the North," they also lead him to clarify his point of view in the more satisfactory article in Harper's. Whether we should expect any future twists and turns on his part is a question that can't be answered. The most we can demand of Faulkner is that he remain loyal to his integrity.

--Tom Viertel.

Gone

Hands, sweaty; bags, warm; spittle, drying.
 The grilled screendoor gives way to the hound.
 On the loose boards an exchange of time with
 the old dawdler
 With the cracked eye-shade. For you and friend
 a glass of feeling;
 And pocketing what he puts in your hand.
 The tracks thrum. It rains; and you see a black
 puff
 That floats down like an aria and off, far off,
 Someone running; and then, like a warrant for
 your arrest:
 The train.

The shoelace-come-loose and the trunk intrude at
 the last ...
 The witlessness of a blank reply easing the hands
 away.
 Then the eye, barefooted, runs... flutters around
 the tall upraised arm,
 Alights on the twig of a smile until the face,
 Bolting glances like a food, swings away and is gone.

--Stanley Kiesel

Correspondence...

Pulp, The Last Resort

I am entirely in accord with your views in avoiding "clumsy propaganda on the one hand and obscurantist pedantry on the other". To compete successfully for the popular attention, as you folks are trying to do, you'd have to not only avoid both above drawbacks, but also print material that would really reach for such attention. To some extent, this means using imperfect forms that sell popularly. What I mean are the forms American fiction usually takes ... the kind of fiction printed in the popular journals; I allude to the form only. The content would certainly have to be higher. Our American forms (based on pulp fiction which had ... it is almost gone now... a higher literary content than any critics would admit) are the only ones we've got. Pulp fiction, at one time, was a real mass fiction... and by pulp I mean fiction based ... on pure entertainment. This is something very little popular writing provides today. In fact, it is so absent in modern American magazine publishing that magazine after magazine is beginning to abandon fiction. This is a splendid sign, for a lot of trash is therefore prevented from being published (though the contradiction exists of a lot of perfectly decent but amateurish writers for the slicks being deprived of a living) and the decks are being cleared for a resurgence at the proper time of older, sounder forms and even older, sounder content. In pulp fiction there was never a hesitation, for instance, in pillorying "the interests" or greedy capitalists, or murderous cattle barons, or twisting the knife when it had to be twisted in the backs of absurd and degrading social pretensions, when bourgeois life was written about. You can't do that today without being rejected summarily and without appeal. I have always noted, in my relations with the commercial magazines, that when I send them anything solid and nicely written I get a printed rejection slip. When I get a rejection on inane trash (which I sell enough of to barely manage to live) it is always with a written, personal note. This is the commonest experience any writer has to go through, and it spells the death of American mag fiction (I think we can say that American book fiction is almost dead anyway, as a mass medium of art).

Let it die ... nothing can be done about saving the corpse's life, anyway. But such magazines as the California Quarterly, and your magazine, at least, keep the spirit of real writing alive. Provided, of course, that in your fiction as well as literary criticism, you follow traditional American forms and content. Our forms are all right (I will even defend the detective story as a form, for it is harmless and good entertainment, and good entertainment cannot be "bad" in content). I wish it were possible for all American writers to go through the hard school of the pulp held (it may be possible ... there is a slight resurgence of pulps, despite their small number at present) which aims at pure entertainment based on rigid requirements of form, space, architecture and so forth. True, pulps usually let characterization go partly by the board (as an old pulp editor and editor in many fields I know what I'm talking about), but that would not be true today. Oddly enough, pulp and confession magazines are today the last refuge of characterization and even (in the case of confessions) social problems realistically handled.

When we take the case of a man whose hard training did partly result in his world popularity ... Howard Fast... we see that the popular approach is essential. Fast can be criticised in many ways, but because he was a pulpster (at least in the old science fiction) and because he wrote fine slick stories, he can tell a damn good yarn when he's in his proper element. I think that a little "purity of Line" can be sacrificed profitably to popular form. If you can do this, your magazine will unquestionably survive and grow, even if slowly. If you can't, you're all dead ducks.

--Jacques Barbicane

Coastliners abroad

I am stationed at Camp Zama which is about 30 miles south of Tokyo and 20 miles south of Yokohama. Camp Zama is the largest camp in the Far East and has every convenience

one could possibly need. Prior to the war, this camp was used by the Japanese as the West

to fit our American needs. So, all is quite comfortable.

Camp Zama is situated in the middle of the countryside. When I first arrived (early November) the fields and trees were beautiful and, as a native Californian, I was quite impressed by the array of colors--the trees were all yellows, browns, and reds. Now, most of the trees have lost their leaves--for the coldest weather is during the months of January and February. All this week we have been expecting our first sign of snow (the mountains surrounding us

of spring when the cherry trees will be in bloom. The blossoms only last a week, but it ought to be a beautiful sight.

Being so close to Tokyo and Yokohama, I have spent most of my weekends in either of these two large cities. Both are teeming with people--Tokyo in particular. Everything seems

ing a sort of badminton game right on the sidewalks in the busy downtown areas, and in each vacant lot there are men and boys playing baseball.

than anywhere else. If you chance to board one (which is quite common because they are 15-55¢) The traffic here is something almost impossible to describe. The taxi drivers are worse

so cheap and there are more cabs than privately owned cars) you feel as though it were going to be your last ride. Japanese drivers seem to have more confidence in their horns than in their brakes--what a constant racket they make. One honk of the horn and you move --if you value your life. I can't understand why there is a population problem here.

Mixed with the loud honking of horns is the familiar sound of the Japanese wooden shoes (getas) along the rough pavement of the streets. Other interesting sounds occur all day and night. In the morning there is the newsman announcing an extra by running up and down the streets jangling a bunch of silver bells. Sometimes in the afternoon on a Saturday, Sunday, or school vacation a man will announce a children's matinee that has come to the neighborhood by walking up and down the street hitting two wooden blocks together. Then comes another tapping of wooden blocks (this time in a different rhythm) and the geta repair-man appears. He goes from door to door and repairs them right on your own doorstep. About 10:30 p.m. one hears a funny steam whistle similar to our peanut vendor--here comes the sweet-potato man. People rush from doorways on all sides of the street to buy the sweet-potatoes by the pound or to stand there and eat them steaming hot. Last, but not least, comes the soba man (noodles) at 12 midnight. He pulls a rickshaw type wagon and toots a funny tin horn that has a long eerie sound. You take your own bowl to him and he fills it up with delicious noodles in a steaming brown gravy. They're really wonderful, but what a task to eat them with chopsticks. I didn't have the courage to order soba in a restaurant, but here in my own room, I could slurp like the Japanese to my heart's content.

The department stores are new and modern. Escalators have just been installed (going up only) and it is funny to watch the people trying to use them. Most are quite skeptical of the whole process. Department stores stock everything from the latest can opener to the newest thing in wooden bath tubs. Plastic is new, and like the States, it is used for everything.

Each department store has a complete food section in the basement with packages done up as I have never seen before. Each one looks prettier and more tempting than the next. One package may be an assortment of whole fish (dried or raw), another different seaweed products, and still more with pastries, candies, or anything you would want to send as a gift. I don't find the odors too pleasant, but I'm dying to sample some of the products. I understand that although the candies and pastries look tempting, they are filled with a bean paste and the taste is unpleasant unless one is used to it.

The small shops here are open stall type affairs and are full of all sorts of wares. One finds a jewelry shop and a fish market right next door to each other. Silk, lacquer ware, china, and pottery are everywhere. Cultured pearls, jade and silver are much cheaper than at home, but one has to be quite careful in purchasing them. Japan deals primarily with cultured pearls and they are so inexpensive, most of the girls (American, that is) are dripping in them. I still can't get over the feeling that I am shopping in a tourist section of Los Angeles. I think one has to be here for a while to appreciate the merchandise.

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I was fortunate in being able to take a 10 day vacation from work Christmas through New Years and to spend my entire time in Tokyo and the surrounding area. Christmas Eve in Japan was quite interesting. It is celebrated in the same fashion as we celebrate New Year's Eve. Every teahouse, coffee shop, restaurant, and hotel had a party. But, for Japanese ONLY. We were turned away from every place we tried to enter. It was the first time I had encountered any discrimination between the Japanese and foreigners, and I was completely taken aback. We finally found a little sukiyaki restaurant where we had dinner in a private room and were royally served and entertained by two lovely geisha girls. They sang and danced and then taught us some of the traditional Japanese songs, dances and games. We drank lots and lots of saki (a white rice wine served warm) and had a wonderful, wonderful evening.

As we walked down the street after dinner, everyone we met said Merry Christmas to us in English. They wore party hats, blew tin horns, and threw confetti. They found it very amusing to be greeting us in our own tongue.

New Years in Japan is rather quiet. This is the time of the year when all families gether. On New Year's Day the Imperial Palace grounds are open to visitors and like all other tourists, I was there. What a beautiful sight it was to see all of the lovely Japanese girls in their pretty kimonos and fancy hairdos. It seems that each girl saves her pennies all year to purchase her New Year outfit. The girls cooperated and seemed to enjoy posing for the pictures that were being taken from all angles. The Japanese people are really shutterbugs they were taking as many pictures of us as we were of them. You can't walk down the street without having someone ask you to stop for a picture.

On Christmas Day I went to the Kabuki Theater. This is one continuous performance from 12 noon to 10:00 p.m. Some of the Japanese people attend the whole day, but we attended the afternoon only. As this was the last program of the season, we were fortunate in attending one of the best traditional performances. The roles are all taken by men and it is hard to believe they can be turned into such lovely Japanese girls simply by costume. The costumes and scenery were very elaborate and beautiful as were the dancers. simply enchanted through the entire performance which lasted 5 hours.

I also attended a performance of the Takarazuka Dancers. This was quite a contrast from the Kabuki because here all the roles are portrayed by women. These women reside in a little community of Takarawa just outside of Tokyo, and are known never to leave or get married. When it is time for them to retire because of age, they remain as instructors.

At the Takarazuka Review I was prepared for some sort of a light opera, but found it to be a stage review similar to one at Music City in New York. The sets and costumes were fabulous and although I did not understand the dialogue, it must have been funny for the audience was rolling in the aisles. I did get a big kick out of some of their selections-The Shady Lady from Shady Lane, Dream, White Christmas, Shake Rattle and Roll, and many other top tunes-all sung in Japanese.

--Arlene Steinberg

London Newsletter

The Little Magazine in England

The surveyor of the literary magazine situation in Britain has a painful assignment unless he is fortunate enough to be making his survey on one of those rare occasions when things appear bright. Even then he should restrain himself from proclaiming a new era of enlightenment, for the brightness is surely an illusion, and will pass. The last such occasion was two and a half years ago, when two substantial monthly magazines came into being. Both were under distinguished editorship and had strong financial backing. Such bounty seemed too good to last, and the present evidence suggests that in fact it will not last much longer. One of the two, The London Magazine, financed rather surprisingly by the least culturally preoccupied of London's popular daily newspapers. Now, less surprisingly, that paper is withdrawing its support because "there just isn't a demand for the magazine," the circulation of which has dropped from something like 25,000 to less than 10,000. The editor, Mr. John Lehmann, is looking for a new backer, and has said he intends to carry on for several more months "even if it is under my own

steam and backing." He is the most persistent of literary impresarios, but it would seem optimistic to suppose that he can defer the end for long.

The other magazine, *Encounter*, is said to be in rather better shape. It is backed by an American foundation, and is supposed to show a healthy animosity towards Communism. odd thing is that its circulation has been simulated by the exploitation of an idiotic fad, "U" and "non-U" speech. Americans may have been spared this tiresome game, so I should explain that the idea is to glorify the words used by the "U" (upper) classes and sneer at the synonyms favoured by the unspeakable proletariat. All of which seems to me to do credit neither to the western way of life nor to a magazine with the serious pretensions of *Encounter*.

What of the little magazines? One expects them to come and go fairly rapidly, but at present the death rate is alarmingly higher than the birth rate. The inevitable editorial inquest usually gives the increased cost of printing as the cause of death, but surely this is merely the final, fatal complication of a malaise that is less easily diagnosed. American magazines appear not to suffer from it to the same extent. I should say the reason is the greater concerted energy behind the American product. The British literary animal is not gregarious. He distrusts group activities, associating them (all too rightly) with gossip old women of both sexes, or with leftist protests. A British writer usually works in comparative isolation from other writers. So does the editor of a little magazine, and the sad sequel seems to be that he soon finds himself an ex-editor. I can speak from experience, since my magazine has lately gone the way of most of the others. From choice, it was a one-man product, and the one man (myself) lacked the all-round ability to keep up the editorial standard and make a success of the difficult business of selling and promotion. The apportionment of different problems to different skills would doubtless have prolonged the life of the magazine, but I do not think I could fit into such a co-operative set-up, and the same is probably true of many British editors. There is also the question of what I have termed elsewhere 'the public's increasing disdain for small unglamorous activities,' but that is another story. In any case, the American public appears to have more glamorous activities to distract them than the British.

It is to be hoped that the present dismal phase will soon pass, and that the surviving magazine will be augmented in their task of bringing to light worthwhile writing that would otherwise remain unpublished. Sponsorship is badly needed, but where it is to come from I do not know. In Britain today, those in need turn instinctively towards the state; but the state shows no anxiety to add literary magazines to its other artistic commitments. One can imagine the yelping of Fleet Street's self-appointed gurdians of the public- purse if it did.

London, May 1956 Derek Maggs.

Literary Woolworth

"It's too late, I came too late", muttered my friend as we walked down London's (England) main Oxford Street with its bustling crowds, shopping emporiums and shocking architecture. My friend suddenly realised that although he was the centre of his own universe, he was not God, after all. This kind of thinking goes through lots of people's minds during certain depressing junctures of their careers. It came to him in Oxford Street and he refused to walk any further.

"This is the end" he said "and I'm even too tired to commit suicide."

That's just about the position in England. John Minton, at 40 one of England's leading panthers, has just thrown in the sponge or should I say the brush. He told the sleepy Sunday readers of the yellow press: "Painting is as out-of-date as the horse and cart." Exit Minton.

"Everything that is good has been said before" is a saying that is heard being repeated everywhere from the snooty nightclubs of Mayfair to the smoky art-haunts of Hampstead. Theirs is a generation of cynics and can you blame them?

The intellectual has lost his platform, the writer his audience and the panther his inspiration.

This is a depressing picture, but a true one. England has not produced a single writer of genius since Bernard Shaw, although more people seem to write than ever.

Says a young writer, Colin Wilson, who is probably the first major discovery of the new literary generation:

"For any of us who are determined to be writers in the future age, in the new Elizabethan age, there are certain errors that we must avoid like the pit of Hell itself. To

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understand that we are not merely called upon to support either Shaw or the petty attacks on him by Pound and Eliot, but that we are part of a tradition that must recognize the immenseness of Shaw's greatness while understanding that Eliot's reaction is not entirely bad grace; to know that we are swinging towards an Existentialism that demands again that the great writer shall be also the great man, the politician, the orator, the religious reformer."

But then against one Colin Wilson there are ten A. J. Cronins, the literary Woolworth of this era.

I might not agree with Colin Wilson, who finds a solution in a new religious era, I say it should be first and foremost anti-commercial.

It should be positive in other respects by rekindling old affections for platitudes like Truth, Justice, and Freedom and the rest of the capital letter Corn. Writers should understand the myth of this age and try to interpret it. Maybe the answer lies in intellectual village community, the kind of job your magazine and mine are trying to do.

Man can still tell the difference between right and wrong, even so there are so many considerations to be taken into account. Films like Lorenza Mazzetti's "Together" and plays like Peter Ustinov's "Romanoff and Juliet" can still get an audience appreciative of an artistic endeavour. And if Minton has capitulated, Ruskin Spears' work is just being noticed by the thousands of people who flock to the Royal Academy every week.

But still there are girls waiting around in Piccadilly Circus; pigeons in Trafalgar Square and they talk the same bosh at Westminster. London is beautiful when the sun shines and one finds peace in the pleasant trivialities that life still offers.

One waits for the Brave New World with less and less enthusiasm and gets by on rolled cigarettes, benzedrine, coffee and that "mental masturbation" that Faulkner used to call hope.

--John Rety-London

*Legislators**Walk as wards of Caesar bellowing*

To Leagues and Legations,
Deadlevel, earnest

Oh promise you my friends, and

Downright in the morning
at committee-stations;
By gathering dusk to cocktail matrons;
Their constituents to drive-ins.

Bi-annually they arrive in
Virtue from hebe-cites
Dead earnest, level
headed for the, john me
Oh promise my,
to mould the rights of
geologists.

Meanwhile

Left yours and my icebox in a dripping wheeze.
Washers out of the water pipes
And three levels of ceiling; can't sneeze
Around here without something going off.
To war?
When?

-James Hiner

Cause for Complaint

*I didn't get home till 4 a.m.,
With morning showing its dingy hem.*

Two drunks were giving the madam trouble,
The trade that night was nearly double,

*And I waited two hours for my turn.
We need a new administration*

When you have to sit two hours and burn,
In a cat house, like a poor relation.

--Lori Petri

Notes on Contributors

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DAVID C. DEJONG has had nine novels, two volumes of poetry and short stories, and five translations from Dutch and Flemish published. His collection "Deciphering the Elephant" will

MORTON DIMONDSTEIN is an instructor in the New School of Art in Los Angeles and art editor of the *California Quarterly*. Formerly an instructor in visual education for UNESCO, he won the ACA annual national one-man show competition in 1951.

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ROBERT ESKEW is making his first appearance in print. He has been a musician, publicity writer, pursuer for the Alaska Steamship Co., and is at present a newspaperman. He makes his home in Manhattan Beach, California.

VAHAN K. GREGORY appeared in *Coastlines* 4. He has been published in *Martha Foley's Best Short Stories*.

MOSS HERBERT has been published in *The Lyric*, *Arizona Quarterly* and the *American Poet*. He has been a newspaperman on both the East and West coasts and currently resides in Los Angeles.

JAMES HINER has appeared in *Prairie Schooner*, *Numbers*, *Quicksilver*, *Trace*, etc. He has a Deful coacher laler, rec hand, salem at ald, saag me from hat fates He has a.

one-half interest in a and earthworms for proposed experimental small farming. He now lives in Redondo Beach, California.

LESLIE WOLFF HEDLEY has had three books of poetry published, is the editor of *Inferno* and a volume of poems *This Time On Earth* and essays are forthcoming.

LOUIS JOHNSON is editor of a number of New Zealand publications including *Numbers Quarterly*. He has been published in a great many American magazines.

STANLEY KIESEL has appeared in previous issues.

DEREK MAGGS, editor of the late British magazine *Zebra*, has offered his services as foreign correspondent for an experimental department of *Coastlines* begun in this issue.

BERT MEYERS has appeared in previous issues of *Coastlines*.

LORI PETRI appeared in *Coastlines* 4.

WILLIAM PILLIN has published in *Poetry*, *Voices*, *New Orleans Poetry Journal*, etc. His book, *Dancing Without Shoes*, is scheduled for publication this year.

JOHN RETY is editor of the literary humor magazine *The New Intimate Review*, published in England.

ARLENE STEINBERG was an early supporter of *Coastlines* by helping to grind out the second issue in the days of mimeographing. She is now working for the army in Japan.

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