

A LITERARY MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA

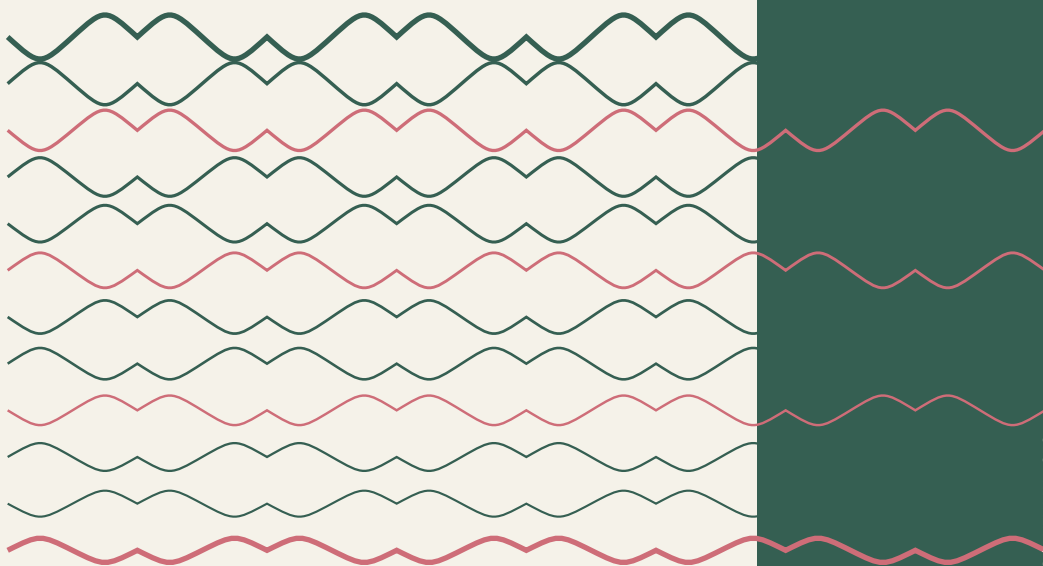
COAST LINES

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ISSUE 11

A Literary Magazine of California

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EDITED BY

Gene Frumkin

A CLEAN READING EDITION

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MAE BABITZ has won many awards including the drawing award at the California Centennial Exhibition held at the Los Angeles County Museum in 1949. Her chief subject is the early architecture of California as it survives in old buildings.

ELIZABETH BARTLETT has appeared in numerous magazines and anthologies, including *Coastlines*.

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JUDSON CREWS has written for literary magazines for a long time; most recent acceptances include *Insert*, *Mainstream*, *Poetry*, *Compass Review*, *Beloit Poetry Journal*.

JOHN COOPER is keeping his hand in as a newspaper reporter while doing his stint in the *R.A.F.*; also does creative writing.

JOANNE DE LONGCHAMPS had her most recent book of poems, *Eden Under Glass*, selected by the Book Club for Poetry last year.

The late PAUL ELUARD was one of this century's most eminent French poets and a leader, with Breton, of the surrealist movement.

WILLIAM ESHER receives his first poetry publication in this issue, is bidding his time in Frisco, wants to go back to Mexico.

GEORGE GARRETT is represented in the bookstores by *The Sleeping Gypsy*, a book of poems published by the University of Texas Press.

SIDNEY GERSHOREN is a student at the University of California at Los Angeles.

JUDSON JEROME suggests we start a movement to abandon notes on contributors. We may do that.

ROY MacGREGOR-HASTIE, Australian poet, critic and essayist, is now in London where he writes the TV news magazine programme, *This Week*, and heads the London bureau of *Redatorial Brasil*.

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WILLIAM PILLIN's latest volume of poems, *Passage After Midnight*, will be published by *Inferno Press* this winter.

LARRY RUBIN's work has been published most recently in *Shenandoah*, *New Mexico Quarterly*, *Canadian Forum*, *Cresset* and *Modern Age*.

G. W. SHERMAN has published in the *Contemporary Reader*, *Frontier*, *Nation*, *Poetry* and the *Literary Review*.

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PETER YATES is a frequent contributor to these pages.

CURTIS ZAHN. Ditto.

WORSE, DAPHALENE

David R. Bunch

Through the dirt and dust-balls she strode, two and one-half years old, beautiful goldy-blonde, cuddly and round, her little stomach ball-slight over the band of her training pants, her knees dimpling two pink stalks curving her up from the floor. The pits in the dust, and the small cone-nodes she made as she walked on down, were from holes in her feet. For last week she had walked for me, barefoot, the lesson of nails on the stairs to learn, as I reasoned, that a path either up or down in our world -- her world soon to be -can be jagged, extremely. But it was time for more lessons now...

As she came on she clutched by two fingers a big doll by the dress cautiously, a beautiful blue-eyed blondy-doll with quite long yellow hair-blue sky and sunshine to baby-girl Daphalene. But with a difference. I had made that difference out of my practical kindness. Beneath the doll's silk dress, out of her plastic body, wrong ends of pins nudged through and the hook points of fishhooks. And when the dolly cried Mama! with her blue eyes blinking and the gold hair shaking down around a most beautiful face and the little girl clutching her out of purest-purest love, the pins would punch through and the hooks, and the gazes of startle would be nearly more than I could bear. But I would slam my tender-tender thoughts hard against the grey walls of my sure-knowledge-of-the-world, and I would know my greatest kindness must be that Daphalene should know -- the scars and the scabs -- early. Oh PREPARATION

"Da-da's dreat big girl has learned and learned fast," she said in her baby-girl voice as she hinted she was too old for dolls and tried to hand me the one with the fishhooks fixed and the long nails hidden. 'Be careful of the dolly, Da-da,' she said. 'Yes,' I said, impersonally as I could, taking the doll, 'but Da-da's great big girl must learn much more than the lessons in toy-play, so that when she's grown... For the world ... For danger ... And yes, you may rest from your lovely dolly today..

I let my voice trail off as I thought of the lurking things, and out-of-the-very-nature-of-things the things stalking Daphalene. And Daphalene yet so soft and so unprepared and so trustful, with her blue eyes slightly squinted intensely as she gazed toward the dark room. The room was a broom closet.

'Daphalene,' I said trying to sound impersonal and really truly quite hollow, the way the world would talk to her later,, 'your training today is in the broom closet. And remember your Da-da loves you, always loves you, Daphalene..: Then my voice almost choked in spite of the adamant-as-steel and rocky-iron shell I always try to be with my-daughter Daphalene. 'Your training is in the broom closet,' I finished quite sternly, and she knew, as rightly she should, that there was no choice -- she must go. But her eyes

went at me a moment, and I almost turned away, her eyes that would slightly squint when she was troubled, and I noted how a thing fluttered in the left side of her chest -- beat like wings of a little bird that greatly hammers the pulpy air, yet descends steadily to land plop! dead beneath the nest after all the hard-trying fall. And I knew my-daughter was scared. But in a moment she would go.

She turned and staunchly went tracking toward the broom closet, the pits in her tiny feet leaving holes and cone-nodes along the floor's dust layer as she walked with no laggard steps. She opened the door, and I hoped she would not look back. But I wanted her to look back; with the soft side of myself that could betray, that could love, I wanted her to come back to rest yet a longer while behind the gray shield of not-knowing. But to what purpose? to what gain? for eventually ... Then just as I was about to cry out, 'Come back! Oh, come back, my-daughter Daphalene,' I turned and steadily went beating with last week's folded newspaper the flies on the wall to jelly-blood paste and she went through the closet door -- toward the things ...

I sharpened all my pencils, filled all my black fountain pens, beat a bit at the typewriter, drew a dagger of dust in the furry dirt on a blue lamp shade, even thought of praying for my-daughter Daphalene. But I would not go soft now; I would not retreat my beliefs across this moment of strain, or turn a wrong way. Grimly I ate a shriveled peach absently, threw the stone at the window fan and tried to shut out the broom closet sounds.

There were no screams from the broom closet. There were just the thudding sounds and the rattle of glass at times and a noise that could have been base-ball hail on a dozen window panes. And a whimpering... that seemed torn from the depths of a stolid child. -- When she came out she was dragging four fur coats.

Her eyes took on that cute squint just for a moment, making me think she was going to cry. But she didn't cry; she merely said in a baby-girl tone of triumph, 'There wa'n't no dreat big boggy man in the broom closet, Da-da. There wa'n't! Just Mama's four fur coats. -- But why did they move, Da-da? Why did they -- hit me?'

Now! to be careful. The answer now was ALL. 'They moved,' I told her slowly, 'because that is the way things are always going to be. You expect a boggy man, Daphalene, because it is dark in a place. And you find, perhaps, only your mama's four fur coats. And just as you start to feel good and quite safe, just as you start to laugh at the ghost of the boggy man, who is running to hide his face beside the ruined sandman -- you know, that one we chopped the head off of, that time when you couldn't sleep, and we used tomatoes beside the toy woodman's axe to make it seem like blood -- blood of the sandman -- well, just as you are starting to laugh at the back of the boggy man, look out! LOOK OUT! Daphalene. For the boggy man never loses, NEVER LOSES, not really, Daphalene. Except we'll make him lose! By never being surprised! Which is the only losing we can ever gain on the boggy man, Daphalene, in this world the only one. And if there is another world -- well, we'll start to think about it perhaps when you are three. And start to

prepare for it perhaps -- both ends, which won't be easy -- when you are four.

"But you say your mama's four fur coats moved in the broom closet, and hit you. Well, the wonderful part about all this world, Daphalene, is that nearly all of it can be explained. So they say. Except the boggy man, and one or two things more, which all makes quite a long story, but hardly to be little more than barely regarded. So they say.

· But about the fur coats. Let us repeat, because it is dark in a place you expect a boggy man, but you are crossed up because you find only your mama's four fur coats. Then just as feeling quite safe you move to touch them and think of your mama --who is gone, forever gone, let us pray - the coats turn and whirl at you and spout arms out like a jack-in-the-box picking its head up past the lid. And they hit you like that jack-in-the-box I taught you to stand over at the right moment for a SPECIAL surprise, the one with the SPECIAL strong spring. You see, when you stepped on a certain place in the broom closet, triggered weights were released and forces acted and reacted. Springs started slamming out their stored up strength, and objects shifted amid great noise. You, in there in the dark, did not know what was the right thing to do, and probably you were stunned by the clash of change. But you stayed, not whimpering except all against your will, and you took it for a good long length of time before you seized and tore the fur coats down and came out all dazed, but undaunted always, to ask someone WHY. And if always the someone you ask is kind to you as I always wish to be kind to you, Daphalene, with a kindness far past simple understanding, he will say, as I am going to say, few words. But he will look, as I am going to look, at your body and face and hands, and you will look and you will both see how you are covered with blood and quite bruised. Though you hardly had felt any of this in the dark of the broom closet.

* Then you will drop the coats and kick them along the floor and out will come broken glass and parts of old knife blades and rough-edged stones and needles and spikey sharpened hooks and rubber billies and plain wooden clubs. Along with the metal of light bulbs and old corset spines. You will know then that the boggy man would have been easy; it was the other that was so hard. But being brave you will say, " The broom closet wasn't so bad, Da-da. I guess tomorrow will be worse, huh, Da-da?" -- But I fear I have talked too long and used big words and I know you are tired. However, what I have said is true; what I have done is good. Because the world... And tomorrow...:

She glared at me staunchly. She drew a deep breath and her round little shoulders squared; her legs were two dimpled stalks curving her up from the floor. The broom closet was bad - bad, Da-da. But I guess tomorrow will be worse, huh, Da-da? And I'll be here tomorrow..? Then she squinted a strange look at me just before she collapsed into her mama's four fur coats. -I wandered away. It was nap-time for Daphalene.

William Pillin

Sabbath

Not the prescribed movement of hands,
not the ritual whispers
out of antique books with broken bindings,
not these you left me
people of blessed candles,
but a certain music, a secret between us,
so that even I, a pagan in Babylon,
celebrate the Creation's completion.

I can spare but a few hours
for this evening's silence
as I can't afford a whole day without labor;
and the hymns I sing are
alas, not Zemirot, the Sabbath hymns,
but snatches from Handel, an Anglican rabbi;
but I will praise the Indwelling Glory,
putting, however briefly, my trials behind me,
putting, however briefly, Egypt behind me.

I will not stint, I will provide of the finest.
The floors will be scrubbed, the furniture polished.
With choice meat and hallot I will praise Thee,
aye, with a double portion of manna,
with broiled fish, with a goblet of brandy.

Overlook therefore the profane, the informal.
Send Shabbath Shalom, the peace of the evening,
to us who are doing their ignorant best at this altar;
son, wife and husband
basking at twilight
in the tender effulgence of grandmother's candles.

Across the keyboard your small fingers rove
collecting little flecks of flame and foam
 to indicate that all your etudes were
well hammered home
by the exacting Malle Irene
who censors every move.

You know dynamic signs and chords by rote.
 Your trained facility allows no lame
arpeggios or stumbling tremolos.
Yet far from aim
of the grave Masters, a green innocence
obtrudes on every note.

The Masters whose obsessions stun the air,
who speak to skulls, whose brooding conjures storms!
What does my angel know of their gaunt griefs?
Faithful his form
to staff and stave; but what notes indicate
the heartbreak and despair?

And so I curb my fatherly conceit
to find a certain virtue in your style.
There's plenty time for greatness; and I hope
that for a while
his music shall continue somewhat green
and ignorantly sweet.

*Farewell, lost friends from a city
of blue doves flying through ashes,
in whose shabby bedrooms we published
timetables of rebellion,
where through the din of traffic
we heard firelike flutes of new sonatas.*

*To some a single farewell suffices.
You who stopped a bullet
turning a hill on a bright Spanish morning;
you who swam too far
lured by the lake's glistening smile;
you in whom a sick rose blossomed
but who spoke poems in a dying whisper;
farewell! you did well in your brief passage.*

*To others I bid a farewell daily.
You, love, who gave up love,
pressed between pages of a book
like a dehydrated flower;
you, swan, who gave up dancing
to grow fat among kitchen dishes;*

*you, enchanted aquarellist,
who once flung riotous splendors on paper,
now sketching fashions for fancy journals;
and you, poet, who daily discovered galaxies,
stunned for ten years by whiskey,
writing skits in semi-stupor.*

*To you I say a farewell daily,
you who turned your back on clamorous candles
to walk down a long boulevard of silence,
you who gave up your attics for apartments,
who kept your jobs, who stayed out of trouble,
farewell, farewell! each day of my existence.*

On the Hundredth Anniversary of His Converter
 1856 (August 13) 1956

*Why does your spirit hover here,
 when it might be in your four post-
 ed bed, in quiet Hertfordshire,
 at home, asleep, a Sheffield ghost?*

*You take the storm's shape, like spindrift,
 between the yardlight and the fence.
 Guards, even on the graveyard shift,
 have not developed a sixth sense.*

*It's really something to look on
 you blasted in our steel-age dawn --
 You'll stay, of course, and watch the blow?
 It's now a hundred years ago,*

*at night! This blotch of hollow, drab
 tin-corduroy buildings all aflame,
 lighting the windows of the lab
 with melted pigiron.... You're a name*

*I thought was in London tonight,
 responding to the wine and toast,
 in a kind of Crimean light,
 with the decorum of a ghost;*

*or going home now in a cab
 to your address at Denmark Hill,
 or halfway to the marble slab,
 whose hyphenated-dates mark good and ill.*

*The bright blow fades; you fade in day,
 leaving steel cities wrapped in smog --
 How are the Herefords down that way?
 Where can one find a good shepherd dog?*

- G. W. Sherman

Larry Rubin

The Evils of Child Labor

They're selling raincoats now at football games
Even when it's only partly cloudy.
The salesman (something under twelve) insists
You never know when things will change.
The plastic splits at midnight, but by then
The game is over. The coat you never wore

You give to the gibbering tot on the corner -- the one
Who hawks his papers and buys Baby Ruth bars
With the nickels. Once he bribed a sale
By pleading that this paper was his last.
Curious, you followed him and learned
This was his pitch to every passerby.

(Calling the truant officer was no help,
For that worthy was away without
Official leave, fishing for Dolly Varden.)

Caddies also seem to earn their keep
Under somewhat shady circumstances.
I've yet to see one fail to shriek for Mama
At the first hint of rainfall on the fairway,
Foreseeing a green, wet grave.

I'm always glad to offer my own raincoat,
Unless, of course, it split the night before.

Lament for Yom Kippur

Father, it is time to forgive; and my catalogue
of sins is great.
I cannot begin to count them all, but the clock
has given them form.

First, for the sins of morning:
For violating the sunrise
And rising after the dew had dried.
For locking up the morning glory
And failing to hang the key over my gates.

While my bones growled at mankind.

And then for the sins of afternoon:

For visiting the grave of my grandfather

And leaving only a rock on the tomb.

For clutching at a wisp of rainbow

When all I wanted was streaks of dye.

For violating the sunset

And setting my table far from the amber light.

Finally, for the sins of evening, I will name only one

(My strength fails me -- I have kept the fast):

For the sin of embracing my beloved

While draining the sea of stars.

Father, it is time to forgive; my list of sins is long.

Quickly, Father, while the clock still gives them form.

The Barren Fig Tree

In these long years of war I have seen

Drought and I tell you, Father, that I

Am sick to death of it. Can a man

Set his house in order just to die?

You speak of peace and truth in our day

And I say hurrah for those not born

For there won't be enough fig leaves saved

To cover their nakedness or corn

To stop their cries. There is no water

And no sign of rain, only briar

And thorn, dunghill and dust, while the poor

Groan like beasts on a desolate moor.

You should have seen it, Father, the day

They attacked, a day as dark as night

With clouds of fire both front and rear. They

Ran like horses, climbed walls, broke ranks, spied

Out of windows, their faces pained, black,

While the earth bled till the moon shone red.

Well, old men have their dreams and young men

Their visions, but that day won't come back

Until the mountains fall and the hills

Cover us, if those are here still.

I've seen green land turn to salt and worms

Rot under clods, while men talk peace terms.

- Elizabeth Bartlett

Arthur Carson

Berlin, 1934

*Black horses pass through the street,
their eyes like cold moons,
their sides shining in the sun
like black apples,
and men on their backs like demons.*

The riders go slowly through the city.
Someday I will ride a tall black horse
on this street, with the sun on my eyes
and a great golden clock on my saddle.

Exile

I have gone about this place like a janitor
taking down my fathers and ghosts from the walls.

My shadow follows me like a friend, a good dog,
although the house will close and remember us forever.

This I must do alone, with the dog, though I have loved you here,
in this house. These doors must be sealed. So must letters

be sent to dead friends, and the mailbox warned
so that it might not break with dark.

So must the clock be killed and locked and never mourned
but by the brooding dog who will not bark.

Until the dark we could not cure, the dust we could not clean,
the dark we leave here neatly dying this evening

Finds us in some other place, living, unaware,
and fools us in our blanket of love.

this autumn harvests the red gathering birds
and reaps the chill narrow white trees..
oh golden the sun descends,
(destroyed for a time, ripe,
like a pomegranate, filled with red birds)
it (who has untied the wind? It)
will rise again. It will be borne
upon the undone wind, across the abandoned sky

Spine Some Facile Dame

The cager ate apples spitting the cores
old Johnny would have limped
in his mad fury
and God
thought wasted seed a fatal transgression

If the lioness were a fair woman

Fire is too good and the goods rot
the mortgage that Adam made has lasted
but the old tree is rotted in its bole

Thus the subject is covered
in hardly an hundred words
and it
will be covered again in less
and more

If the fair woman only
let the tale perish
magic was for cold and endless evenings
Eve was not for the depths
of a damp cold ledge
legends eat hardly at all
in the guts of a metallic age

- Judson Crews

Martin Tucker

Taos, New Mexico..

The recent death of Thomas Benrimo (in early May) has brought into focus the passing of old pictures from this valley and the crafting of new scenes. Benrimo, although he came later in time, stood for the tradition of Taos in the 'twenties along with such representatives as D. H. and Frieda Lawrence, *Mabel Dodge Luhan, Aldous Huxley, Lady Dorothy Brett, Adolph Brill, Mary Austin and John Marin.* Then the valley was almost a replica of its seventeenth-century counterpart with its sleepy, brooding mountainous air, its adobe huts, and its Spanish and Indian cultures. Today it is another artsy-craftsy resort, with expensive inns, hot-dog stands, dress shops and a drive-in movie and supermarket. In character it is becoming little different from Scottsdale, Arizona, a polished jewel in the desert ignoring all the sand-stones about it; in appearance it is becoming little different from most midwestern and southwestern towns with their new bright lights and thinly-boarded white-washed storehouses. Like Tombstone where not only the badmen have departed, Taos has gone 'that-a-way'; at least the traditions like the horse have galloped into the past.

Taos has always been a bed of roses and neuroses since its inception as an art colony fifty years ago. The physical surroundings of the region are so magnificent as to dwarf all human behavior and activity, but Taos Mountain's very majesty and the crescent fervor of the Sangre de Cristo range are just what allow the residents to play mad. The artists who come here are always aware of their own transience. Thus a reverse-defeatism works in them. They can do anything, especially go bohemian, because they are always deeply, inwardly conscious that what they do is inconsequential in the long-range scheme of this mountain. The defeatism produces an arrogance and a devil-may-care neurotic set of attitudes which is only a slight cover for feelings of insecurity. The good artist surmounts the difficulties of Taos and takes what is even finer from it than its lush scenery -- he takes its sense of lonely majesty, of broad vistas and an extraordinary, incapable yearning. The bad artist, or the dilettante artist, continues to play his lawn game with the mountains and to sprinkle bourbon on the grass while the natives snicker.

The trouble is, the dilettante artist is fast outnumbering the good artist. So many 'artists' live in Taos and environs that the village can boast the largest number of painters per capita in the United States. But the epithet 'painter' is applied to all those who put paint to canvas in the same manner that a person who writes compositions for a classroom might be considered a writer. The painter in Taos has no end of galleries in which to exhibit -- eighteen by latest count and that is an amazing number in view of the fact that only 3,500 people live in Taos during the heat of the summer. The dilettante artist exhibits just as much and perhaps more than the good craftsman because he

takes less pains and time with each painting. Right now the tourist is impressed, but even a good thing can go too far, and there are signs that the boom days may be nearing their surfeit. The owner of one of the oldest and most respected galleries in Taos has been heard to say that every summer by August she sells paintings in the thousands of dollars, but last August she only earned a few hundred dollars. The owner of a big hotel in the area confided to a friend that business this year "is the worst it's been in ten years".

This southwestern Greenwich Village may well be going to tourist pot through overplaying its hand. The simple economic law of Gresham promises dire results: cheap paintings, not worth more than the paper they're printed on, are driving out the paintings worth their weight in gold. While expensive prices are not fleecing the tourist but simply sending him elsewhere.

It will indeed be a sad spectacle should the Taos art scene suffer a decline through careless short-sightedness. The village has been world-famous as an art center for fifty years, due mainly to the pioneering work of three Americans who heard about the Indian land of amazing sunsets in Paris where they were students. Of the three -- E. Berninghaus, Joseph Sharpe and Ernie Blumenschein -- only Blumenschein is still alive, but he is very much alive and actively painting and exhibiting. The work of Sharpe and Berninghaus also continues to sell in the galleries where it is exhibited. Three other old-timers who brought fame to themselves and the village of Taos are Robert Henri, Victor Higgins, and John Marin (of Provincetown watercolor-scapes). Marin's work is so popular that it is rarely seen in Taos, but last year a commemorative exhibit of Henri and Higgins canvasses was hung in the local museum.

In this village where painting is almost a residential disease, the factions have grown so complex and functioning that the observer is reminded of the tangled skeins of intrigue and cabal in exotic places like Hong Kong and Macao. Taos society -- not Society which ironically enough is composed strictly of middle-class businessmen and local bank officials and excludes quite definitely all artists and Eastern millionairesses and patrons-- is a maze of in-and-out groups which shift so suddenly and with such intensity that it is not safe to mention any names at a party without the possibility of ostracizing oneself. Right now the artist group is basically divided into the right and left bank wings, with the right wing encompassing most of the old-timers and the really famous painters. In the right wing are such world-wide figures as Andrew Dasburg, Blumenschein and Ward Lockwood; Tom Benrimo was in this group as much as he was ever in a group, for the ex-New York Fortune magazine illustrator and theatre designer was sick for many years. Also in the group is E. J. Bisstram who came to Taos in the 1930's on a Guggenheim and has remained since; Leon Gaspard, famous for his Manchurian and Turkestan oils; and Howard Cook, an ex-New York artist who has garnered a flock of prizes for his stylized pointed views.

The left bank group contains mostly the younger painters but is generally acknowledged to be headed by two Greenwich Village painters who happen to be married to each other, Louis Ribak and Beatrice Mandelman. One of this group, Agnes Martin, a former University of New Mexico instructor, is

now preparing for her first solo show at New York's Betty Parsons gallery. In the center are such individuals as the strikingly-gifted Earl Stroh (a young painter now studying in Paris who is under contract to the plush New York
 cale in suSuspended animation and wateralis to Emplement ds esthese

brethren hanging from the ceiling), and Robert Ray (he is in his early thirties and has been purchased by several museums throughout the country).

Should Taos go down the drain, not only the art colonies would be lost. The historic values of this mountain town where Kit Carson made his home, and the writers' group which is built on two poles -- those attracted by D. H. Lawrence and those by the Wild West -- would also suffer. Right now Taos is making literary headlines through former and present residents Frank O'Rourke, Frederic Brown and Frances Crane who have given their all to moneyed literature, while the Lawrence cult is rapidly wasting away into history. Both Frieda and D. H. are dead, and Frieda's third husband, Angie Ravagli, a former Italian army major, is allegedly planning to sell their house and return to his native land. The serious professional writers -- people like Frank Waters ("Man Who Killed the Deer"), Victor White ('Mornings in Vienna') and William Goyen (House of Breath) - spend only the summers in the area. Waters writes screenplays in Hollywood, and White teaches at an expensive prep school in Texas, while Goyen has lived in New York and Bucks County for the past two years. The important thing, however, is that these professional writers consider Taos their home whether they spend the year there or not.

The biggest new feature in Taos life, one which may well change the whole social structure of the area, is the appearance of four foundations formed within the last ten years, each heavily loaded with millions of dollars and each dedicated to fostering culture and art. The old daddy of them all, the Harwood Foundation, was formed in the 1920's by Mrs Bert (Lucy) Harwood, and it once served as the summer art school of the University of New Mexico. The Harwood is still operating, as a library, museum and cultural focal point for discussions, theatre groups and bridge clubs.

The new foundations, all formed by relative newcomers to the area who fell under its sway, have however now taken the lead in the valley's cultural life. The Wurlitzer Foundation, sponsored by Mrs Howard (Helena) Wurlitzer, of piano fame, is geared specifically to aiding painters, writers, musicians and Indian art and culture. It has generously aided both Stroh and Ray, and has arranged for famous figures to visit and lecture in Taos at the Foundation's expense. The Rogers Foundation, created by the will of the late Millicent A. Rogers, the Standard Oil heiress, and directed by Mrs John (Dixie) Yapple, specializes in promoting old Spanish crafts and arts which might die in the wave of acculturation sweeping the area. The acculturation would not negate any resentment between the gringos and the Spanish-Americans; it would only make their homes equally bourgeois in the display of pressure cookers, vacuum cleaners and linoleum. The Taos Foundation, set up by Mrs Helen Williams, has provided a historical museum for the town

and given \$125,000 toward a new wing in the big hospital at Embudo, 30 miles away.

Another non-profit organization, the Taos Artists Association, has become

artists of Taos through collective management. Included in the association'sThe not to tea in the a storm center and has suffered some jolts and falls but managed to come out alive after four years of existence. The association was formed to help the

program is an art gallery (managed by a woman who claims to have swigged the gin with Hemingway and James Joyce in the vintage days), a theatre for summer stock (the stock company has been disbanded however because of financial difficulties), and a series of cultural entertainment programs including musical soirees and dance recitals.

Taos' claim to fame in the artistic world has chiefly been in the sphere of painting. Aside from the isolated instance of Lawrence who came to Taos specifically for the spirit of the place, writers and musicians have only journeyed here for relaxation and not for working purposes. The visual artist, however, has sought out the locale because it demands and stimulates all his technical skill. Now that Taos is becoming so broad-minded, it may also be losing its perspective. Although it is true that more people in Taos today are 'cultural-minded' than in 1920, it is just as true that no real geist or sense of depth or excitement is felt by the artist-residents. They go about their jobs as if they were jobs; they are efficient, responsible and hard-working. But in the process of conforming to a tourist-inflected economy and Foundation-sponsored art, they have lost their enthusiasm. This is the real danger for Taos: it is becoming a place where spectators and observers and part-timers are crowding the participants out of the creative milieu. Ironically enough, the real residents of Taos may turn out in twenty years to be the nondescript midwesterners and Easterners who have come here for no artistic reason at all. They are settling in the place and turning it into their own backyard. The Taos artist -- beset on all sides by phony bohemianism, indifferent residents, pretentious intellectuals, greedy innkeepers, a host of well-heeled sycophants and hangers-on, and a dearth of dedicated painters -- has good reason to fear he may be seeing the end of an era.

CORRESPONDENT

Sedgley, Dudley, Worcestershire...

It's with rather a sense of shame that I send this particular · Letter to America, for all sober-minded people in this country must have been, like myself, absolutely disgusted at the recent outbreaks of race-rioting in Nottingham and Notting Hill. The camp where I am stationed at the moment is only forty miles from Nottingham where the original trouble occurred. Most of the chaps at this place come from close to, several from, Nottingham. The trouble there, I gather, has been festering for some time. It started in the red light area of the town and stemmed from a white woman's association with a group of coloured men. This ultimately boiled into a full scale fracas the other weekend when there happened to be a particularly large crowd gathered in the area concerned

On to this the members of a hitherto peaceable British version of the Ku Klux Klan, running a 'Keep Britain White' campaign, have latched very successfully. The thugs of the pre-war Fascist mob have jumped on the bandwagon, too, and are trying to whip things up into a frenzy. As yet London and Nottingham are the only centres affected, but I expect an outbreak in the Birmingham area, where I work as a journalist in civilian life, in the not too distant future.

As you may guess, there has been much heart-searching from it all. Everything that hints of colour bar is now being investigated and possibly, by really thrashing the situation out and giving full play to these things, we can now do something concrete about it. Up to now it has all been left to haphazard crusading by the popular newspapers when little pockets of colour prejudice have been found. The enemies of the country are not basically the politicians and those in authority but the mass of people who just sit back with typical British apathetic smugness.

Another point: I don't profess to have the answer on the reasons for the colour situation in America, but I think I am right in believing that it stems purely from race hatred and, more important possibly, the fear of a white minority. Here probably the feeling is different. It is not an innate prejudice on the part of the rank and file but springs from the recent trend in unemployment here which, over the last couple of years, has increased enormously. People here now think that when their time comes to be on the dole that the coloured population will be filling white men's jobs. In principle, of course, I suppose it makes very little difference that these people do happen to be coloured. The same arguments apply to any foreigner in this country. If a distinction is made of the coloured workers then we are obviously operating a blatant colour bar.

What is being advocated now is that all immigration should be restricted with the current economic situation as it is. Up to now any member of the

Commonwealth has been perfectly free to come here and set up home, and in this we differ from the majority of other nations in the world. The next step suggested is that any wrong-doers should be deported to whence they came in future. This I think is a logical solution although I revolt against the idea of accentuating the colour aspect. To do that is, I believe, against all modern morality.

* *

It was most interesting to read Arthur Miller's speech in Coastlines, particularly when his statements are backed by the individual experience he has had in McCarthy and post-McCarthy times.

I firmly believe that the artist must be a perfectly free-thinking being, a kind of antidote to often muddled political thinking. It is completely immoral, as Miller points out, to try to 'channel' people's attitudes in such ways as forbidding journalists entry to China and the students' visit.

Surely the important thing today is not to channel thinking to either Western Democracy or Communism, but to allow the situation of freedom to exist where the choice can be made between the two. Otherwise the Communists become martyrs and martyrs' causes, as history proves, very often succeed. This is, of course, the basic difference between the American Way of Life and ours. Here the Communist is as free as anyone else. There are no Paul Robesons or Arthur Millers. I don't think I'm overenthusiastic when I see ours as the happy medium between the two extreme world systems. In the Soviet bloc the individual is beset with the witch-hunt cry of * capitalist, fascist ' and in the U.S. with 'red, commie' and any suggestion of liberalism, socialising or a welfare state is apt to come under the same whip and be regarded with equal suspicion. The Briton is very proud of his Hyde Park where the soap-boxers can say anything they like within the bounds of the slander laws and there is no political bar. Even when the Irish Republican Army were shooting us up recently their leaders were expressing their views freely in Hyde Park; when the Cypriots were lobbing bombs at us in the Med their countrymen here were demonstrating and having their say in Trafalgar Square. We cherish too our Press freedom where, providing an organisation can muster up the economic means of livelihood, it can print anything it wishes within, this time, the libel laws.

You have no national newspaper, I believe, to compare with the Daily Mirror, with its 4½ million daily sale and estimated 15 million readership. The Mirror is in fact working a revolution of its own in the polls on various topics it has been conducting recently. It may not be read by the people The Times claims to serve, but it has the force of numbers behind it and in our voting system that's what counts.

In Britain at the moment the Press is going through very lean times following on the impact of commercial TV. What with our 'credit squeeze' as well as the advertisers falling off, with one national newspaper 'dying' and two more very wobbly. And, of course, the Beaverbrook and King combines are moving in on the provincials. Many of our newspapers, particularly the Mirror's sister Sunday paper, the Pictorial, and the other Sundays, pride themselves in American-style exposes. And very often, as they must, they

employ a minor Scotland Yard of detectives themselves to make sure they can back up their arguments in the event of any libel repercussions. Such people as these, the editors of our popular papers whose freedom is so threatened of late, are the true apostles with a British levelling drive who are intent on breaking down the social snobbery barriers. (May I point out too that a greater majority of people here are more sick to death with the type of attitudes cultivated on the playing fields of Eton, the cricket pavilion at Lords and the chumminess of a London club that many people overseas give credit for.)

The smaller literary mags and serious intellectual weeklies (the *New Statesman* and *Spectator* are examples of the latter) have very great difficulty in hitting the streets each week. The advertisers are just not coming in for them, and, in fact, these two papers recently made a joint appeal for more custom, although they are of opposite Left and Right political viewpoints. The paradox is that the liberal 'egghead' *Manchester Guardian* and the conservative *Sunday Times* have had increases in sales, the first one of these mainly because of the stand it took against the Government action in Suez. The serious papers have gained readers recently (some people say this is the 1944 Education Act paying off) but the populars are still thriving.

I was violently against the Suez action but I am equally vehement in opposing American rocket bases in England. After all, what assurance have we that the U.S. will not revert to 'isolationism' - surely that is evident in the fight Eisenhower has to get through foreign aid in Congress. Your own country is fortunate in having had no war take place on its soil since 1865 ; a country which has never been bombed should appreciate the views of the British school of thinking which realises, quite rightly, that should war come our own country, having these launching bases, would become an immediate target; and it is no good talking to people of deterrence who fear the blitzes of London, Coventry and Birmingham on a scale thousands of times greater.

There is no denying that there is anti-Americanism in certain quarters of Britain. But I don't think it is a hostile spirit. After all, the younger generation adopts the new American modes and are attracted by your films which, I am sure, mould their attitudes. The smart set of the debutante class even do so, and even if they did not, they are so small in number and so much a left-over of bygone days, that they don't really matter anyway.

Against these, of course, the real thinking' people of this country must be taken into consideration. By these I mean the generation that is appearing here as a result of the revolution which occurred in British education as a result of the 1944 Education Act. These are the people who see the excesses of the less responsible in both 'classes'. They are beginning to see that * class' is humbug (from both sides) and are looking for human realism.

Regards,

-John Cooper

Roy MacGregor-Hastie

Soon after we left the frontier station at Oungeni, and crossed the river frontier line by a creaking wooden bridge, the atmosphere in the train began to change for the better. We were all in Romania, at last, with the interminable glasses of tea, and sympathy (proffered us by Moldavian stewardesses on the journey from Moscow) a thing of the past; the grave gaiety of the waiting greeting parties on Soviet station platforms gave way to the disinterested stare of peasants working in the fields of ripening corn; the flowers were replaced by more useful bottles of water; speeches by suitably clad officials became handshakes and an exchange of 'Dragas'. At least, I believed our interpreter, our 'friend' he was called, when he told me about the handshakes; I didn't see any. Most of the seats in the train were taken by Young Communists. My coach was reserved for 'doubtful' Honoured Guests and we were discouraged from getting out at trackside halts, discouraged by the simple expedient of locking the doors.

But from what I could see of low hills rising out of the flat fields, of the vineyards terracing the hills and the sod-roofed huts at the edge of some of the fields, I had left the collective farm behind me to pay its bills. I was still in a People's Democracy; the discriminatory flags and photographs told me that. They were busy putting up a new series of Tito on most of the buffet walls, facing the train stopped in a station outside Bucharest; Freddy, my 'friend', said: 'He is a good man. It is right that we should be reminded of this.'

· If he's such a good man why did you take his photograph down in the first place?'

'It was a mistake. All people make mistakes,' he replied. Then, modestly, 'We make mistakes, also.'

Joking with Communists is always a hazardous undertaking. I remember a play I made on that word undertaking, bringing in entrepreneur and a cemetery which cost me five hours of explanation in Moscow. But I tried again.

*Perhaps there is some official whose job it is to look after all the pictures of disgraced politicians, store them in some bombproof archive on the off chance they'll come back into favour again? Like a woman hoping to save money by hanging onto a dress in high fashion in the hope that it'll come back into fashion again one day?'

This took me until evening to explain away and I was glad to get to Bucharest and leave the train for an official reception. I managed to get out of my now unlocked carriage and stand at the edge of the platform, feeling and looking not a little lost. But I could move no further. The Young Communists, wearing the same blue-gray suits and costumes worn by all the thousands of PD participants in the 'Festival For Peace', leapt out onto the platform and started to trip some simple-stepped but temporally lengthy folk-

dance. All of them. To the music of a Peace Band, with doves painted on all the instruments. Somewhere beyond the dancers lurked my official reception, the prospect of food and a bath and some clean clothes. I waited. Nothing happened for five or ten minutes, then, over the trippers' heads I saw an Australian flag waving, upside down, in the general direction of the train; it was obviously a home-made flag -- the stars of the Southern Cross were rearranged to look like the Plough - but it looked purposeful. I waved back at it, and saw it flap agitatedly in acknowledgment. I was being received by remote control.

Eventually, having disposed of the distinctive dances of most of the Romanian provinces, the band stopped playing and the Party marched off. A group of gray-blue middle-aged young men came towards me.

· Meetsa Maggregga? This is all a mistake. Draga, take his bags. All Romanian people wait for friendship with Australian people.?

'Oh, I don't mind. I like folkdancing. I mean I don't go in for it myself (this for fear they would ask me to turn on corrobberie), but it's good to watch.'

They went on apologising for a quarter of an hour until I finally assured them that neither Bob Menzies nor Dame Patty would be offended at the thought that I had been kept waiting to be received; what would hurt them, I suggested, was the idea that I had gone unwashed for forty-eight hours. I painted a depressing picture of Canberra in consternation, and the Liberal Party trembling at the thought of questions in the House.

I was taken to an empty bus, and we all piled in on top of my luggage. The windows were down, and the warm night air floated on the smell of sweat and Turkish tobacco by which you may distinguish any Romanian public transport. Buses have two doors: an In door and an Out door. In theory, passengers are supposed to go in at the In door, pay for their tickets at a small built-in cash desk, behind which squats a Moldavian peasant, then pass on down to the driver; in fact, a waiting crowd (not queue) divides equally at the approach of the bus and rushes both doors. The driver gets out and stands on the pavement. He refuses to go another foot until all the Out door entrants have got out and in at the In door; he gets back in again after three or four minutes of protest and drives on to a repeat performance at the next stop. There are few official cars in Bucharest (they are reserved for the Politburo and friends and I was a Non-Political Guest), and we had this performance all the way to the best hotel in town, where I was told I was to stay.

They left me outside the hotel, while they went in to check my reservation and I noticed, not for the last time, how incredibly beautiful Romanian women are; tall, dark, with long black hair, firm well-rounded brown bodies and a natural elegant femininity. I smiled at them across the wide main street, put my shoes wearily onto a portable shoeshine board and admired myself against a background of dark blue sky, floodlit blocks of white balconied flats and shops, offices and hotels. A troop of Visiting Athletes from the German People's Republic trundled past me in an old truck grunting with rude Teutonic health. A tap on the shoulder made me turn round, scatter the

boot brushes and confront the friend of all Australian people.

'My friend,' he began, 'Honoured Guest, there has been a terrible mistake. Here in this hotel you are arriving tomorrow. Your suite is not yet clean.'

'I'm not clean either,' I said, looking at my highly-polished shoes, unpressed trousers and doubtful shirt, 'and I'm tired and hungry.'

'Of course. So tonight you will stay at the Student Palace of Rest. It was once (this was important, you could tell that from the way he paused for effect) in the bad days the stable of the King's horses.'

There was a joke there somewhere if only I'd dared to look for it. But I pretended to be impressed by the forward march of the People's Republic and agreed that democratic students were better, by and large, than over-privileged horses -- as tenants anyway.

He looked at me carefully.

'Draga,' he grinned, 'that is an English humour. You will explain it to me on the way to the stable.'

* *

On the National Day of Liberation from Under the Fascist Heel, all the Honoured Guests were awakened at six and given a fresh handful of lei to spend; the Hotel Ambassador was alive at five with a ferment of chambermaids feudally pandering to teapots, the foyer a turmoil of Trade Unionists and Arabs. The biggest hotel in Bucharest is, in fact, two hotels, with a Common Entrance to the public rooms; on the right, as you stand with your back to the revolving door, is a wide staircase leading to the five-star hotel; on the left is a narrower staircase to another hotel, which belongs to the Romanian TUC and is used by visiting fraternal delegates to conferences, and holidaying Oppressed Peoples. There are two reception desks, one functional, the other leather padded, well-attended and again feudally civil; they border the common hall, which is normally kept clear for bona fide bourgeois.

I went down to meet my 'friend' and found him surrounded by unsuitably clad peasants and workers, pained and alone; why they gave me a neurologist as an interpreter I shall never know, he may have been the only English-speaking citizen off duty.

'All these people have come to march in the Great Procession,' he said apologetically, 'we will go therefore to the Athenie Palas for breakfast.'

The Athenie Palas is the other five-star hotel, but hidden behind the main street blocks and not used as a blind for concealed hostelry; an assortment of South American lawyers and magazine editors was already in possession of the Morning Room. This was the least pretentious of the AP's rooms, most of them reflected the post 1918 and deplorable penchant for ceiling plaster cherubs, gilded shrubbery and red plush fauteils clashing horribly with the folkweave carpets on the floor; the Argentinian editor of Orientacion was making a note of all the food and drink accessible at breakfast time. He seemed to be experimenting with boiled eggs and brandy as I sat down beside him.

'For three weeks, Senor Maggregga, here are no eggs, no ham, no steak, no good wine. They make a stockpile for this day; there are food tables in all the streets this morning.'

There were Romina beside our plates, strong black tobacco in gilded rice paper, at twelve lei for twenty; a gift, a gesture. I fingered my new lei, and wondered how I could possibly spend them. A succession of commissions from Romanian newspapers anxious to give their pages an international flavour on their National Day, and the increasing tempo of hospitality all around had made spending a problem; souvenirs were given away, there were no women to buy and we knew that no lei could be exported or changed into Western currency without a high pile of formulaires. Perhaps, it occurred to us, there was a subtlety in this giving of lei, unspendable lei we would inevitably hand back unused when we left.

A Tunisian journalist joined us as we made for the bus that was to take us to Stalin Square, where the marchpast base was to be. It was only half-past eight but he had already been about the city listing (this was all he seemed to do) the monthly wages and salaries current in the RPR.

'Busdriver 500 lei, doctor 1,000 lei maybe, surgeon 1,500 lei, printer 800 lei, average, today, maybe 700 lei,' he said, gratuitously. Then angrily, 'Who you think make the most money in this place?'

I said I didn't know, but was always interested to learn of other people's good fortune; I had been conditioned, I said, by a Free Press, which gave the reader what he wanted, good fortune, direct or oblique.

'Poets,' he spat. 'Of all writers they make more money, and of all people writers and artists make the most.'

My 'friend' beamed, nudged me neurologically and said:

* This is of all countries the most civilised. Who makes money in your country?'

I told him we had millionaires, farmers and graziers, a few industrialists and the professions, and between them they shared out most of the national income.

*Lawyers and all these things are soon forgotten,' he commented, 'and doctors also go, but poets are always. We see this.'

Thousands of handsome, if tatty, youths and maidens, were straggling along beside our bus. Not poets by the look of them. Poet fodder perhaps. But in spite of this one handicap they looked pleased to be off work for three days, and walking freely to the Free People's Rallying Point.

We reached the square with its thirty-foot concrete Stalin, on either side of which facing each other, were two grandstands, the Official Tribunes; we made our way to our seats in the stand facing the Politburo saluting base, to see three battalions of infantry drawn up in the square between us. There was time for a Romina, before a balloon shot up from a hidden bower beneath our feet, with the word PEACE stamped onto a banner trailing behind it; the balloon was paid out on a long tape, and hung above the stand, to the sound of a martial fanfare and the entry of two jeeps. The general in Jeep 1 lurched round the PEACE tape, skirted the infantry, conducted three hearty cheers for the Politburo; the general in Jeep 2 led his senior officer off in the general direction of the city, and cleared the way for a mass marchpast of the Romanian Army, Navy and Air Force, all to the music of 500 Ruritanian semi-military musicians.

' We are strong for Peace,' said my friend, as tanks rumbled through the square, guns on the Secret List muffled in canvas shrouds.

The Strength For Peace, all looking formidably 1939-45, went on rolling by for an hour, giving way to less martial if militarily disciplined processions of Youth For Sport and Peace. A thousand young runners and gymnasts breaking in front of the stands to execute complicated figures, involving the spelling out of PACE by the upturned bottoms of red trousered women, is quite a sight; to the background of syncopated folk music, plane trees and flowered women by one's side, it achieves a satisfactory improbability.

*All is arranged, you see. Tonight there is Liberation Dinner and Poems.'

My 'friend' was watching enthralled as thousands of drilled cyclists wheeled in pursuit of the gymnasts, followed by at least 200,000 peasant-dressed peasants paying homage to the urban executive, dancing disrespectfully around the Ruritanian band.

The climax came at noon, just when we were all getting tired of the spectacle; for a quarter of an hour attendants had been pushing dove baskets out from the hole the balloon came from. With a flourish of timed trumpets the tops were whisked off. The Politburo, expecting 5,000 doves to fly over them, looked up apprehensively.

There was no cause for alarm. In keeping with the rebellious Bucharesti who board trams via the Out door, the factory hands who hang their quota-exceeded pennants from their lathes to give their workshops an air of carnival, the doves were unresponsive to conversion to Socialist Realism. They all flew the wrong way, disappearing in the general direction of Kluj, thumbing their beaks at my friend.

' Draga,' he apologized, ' next year, all will be arranged. But,' he brightened, ' there is still the Liberation Poem for you. You laugh?'

' Draga," was all I could say.

Philip Appleman

Quiet Evening at Home

The Franck D Minor ornamented blanks
 That James and E. M. Forster failed to drive
 Abroad, and crickets or the neighbors' jive
 Filled chinks that otherwise had wrecked the ranks
 Of earnest domesticity -- the kind
 Of silence none the less that squeezes in
 Somehow, and crash explodes, you know, within
 So others never could expect to find
 The wound. But we knew, and the fatal cry
 Both heard received no answer till the sheet
 Had tears enough to wet it through. The dry
Soul makes perversity its own conceit
 And won't relent, till finally its sigh
 Spills hot tears on the cold, as two nights die.

Proper Study

The boy who made the man I was
 Groped his way up the side of a star,
 Squinted into the black of day,
 Gaping blank as it always does,
 Split the sky through an old raw scar,
 Brayed the bits, in his guileless way,
 And quickly cast (in his first decree)
A world for man and a world for me.

Half way to hell all the man I am,
 Festering fast in a private jail,
 Drew down fire of Damascus for
 Vision that blesses where the Great Gods damn,
 And then no Naples thief, or pale
 Toledo saint or Marseille whore
 Or good Samaritan strode free,
 But found every road in the world to me.

Knows how the purest bodies rot,
Claims his cut in the chances of
Sinners and saviors alike, and he
Breathes them life in a single lot,
Scorning any greater love
Than living for a foe -- and see
How every man is a world for me!

Bathing Beauty

*The sun this morning
scored for trumpets blares
over the sculptured gestures of
the bright sunbathers.*

*They are untouched.
Only gulls and children fly
for pure joy to that holy noise.
Older we turn to the tune*

*like blind men to a roaring
fire. Cat-sleek, curled
in the knowledge of herself,
dozing in the dazzle,*

*she has caught my eye.
I see her on a scallop shell
or lounging in the mythic curves
of a Matisse.*

*O Suzanna, I'll
stand on tiptoes, breathless
among the Elders. O
Judith here's my head*

*my heart my four limbs
and my balls and all
(O Ruth) my alien corn.
She stretches, sighs, and seems*

*to be asleep. I shut my eyes.
I hear the gulls and children
sing. I hear myself
wailing at an ancient wall.*

*and the sea is falling falling
like the walls of Jericho
whose waves were tongues of dust.*

- George Garrett

Lou and Fast

*With teen-age prudence
I always flew high
till one calm day
my instructor opined
I was ground-shy,
and with the assurance
of twenty-nine,
taught me to chase
terrified prairie dogs
over the plains,
till our shadow
swept them
into their holes.
The plane's altitude
was just three feet,
so breathlessly low
that when a fence stretched through our course,
we had to pull up
and over and down.
Dozens of 'dogs' were
searching at sunset
for evening snacks
as we skimmed over,
sun at our backs;
(Flight " into the sun"
is not romantic: rays
throw prop-glint
into the eyes.)
Bedtime for birds is
sundown for students;
leaping the last wire, wickedly wondering
whether Authority
might hurl thunder
down from the tower,
we circled up high
and wandered home.*

- Dorothea Walker

*Judson Jerome**Diver*

A parable: how you behold your toes, tightened like cords,
white on a burlap-wrapped board, and see below the chlorinated

green dancing electric with surface swords and hear the hush
racketing in a tile tomb, overlit, too white, your thighs

too white, swollen above your dripping knees (and each
drop hanging by a hair) as on the balls of feet you rise,

your belly parting from trunks where the hips hang, hands lifting
unbidden, and under your arms the cold of air because you tilt,

drawing a knee high, chin on chest with strain, waiting, ribs fanned,
until all stiffness suddenly is sprung: the burlap lost,

a last touch of toes, echo of lumber. Late, oh late is
release of weight in the spring, and now this moment above the water:

the definition of everything -- the right approach, certain
pace, life's instant contortion, then water and a final grace.

Jack and the Beanstalk

*They had it on television with
color and music for children how
this Jack
traded his mother's sterile cow
for a handful of colored beans. She gave
a smack
for him to grow on, began to rave;
but lo those beans took root and grew
this stalk
up, up, so everybody knew.
By means of that same growth, astound-
ing Jack*

*gold and went in again and found
a squawk-
ing hen that laid; at last he found
this harp that screamed for the big bum
out back -
and then, oh wow, fee fie fo fum,
Jack beat it down to mama. Splat
and crack
went giant, stalk and clouds, and that
was all: just an old story they
brought back.*

Somehow Things

You see the names of things, the pictures of things,
The prices and the uses,
In a somehow beautiful catalog created in the night.

Think you can touch them, these things?
These things, think you can own them?
Think you can own them.
For a thousand dead heroes in bland sleep are calling
"This is it, man. I have it!"

Have it then, like these separate dead.
You have it. You
On a shimmering screen before a million hard faces
In the back-street movie house of the lonely soul.
-- William Esher

IN MODERNIA

David R. Bunch

It was in jingle-bell weather that Little Sister came across the white yard, the snow between her toes all gray and packed and starting to ball up like the beginnings of two snowmen. For clothing she had nothing, her tiny rump sticking out red-cold and blue-cold, and her little-jewel knees white almost as bones. She stuck up ten stiff hand ends that were her cold fingers, and she said, 'Daddy! Something is wrong at my place! Come see!' She lisped a little perhaps and did not say it all as precisely as grownups maybe, because she was just past four.

He turned like a man in the bottom third of bad dreaming; he pointed two bored eyes at her. Damn the kid, he thought. 'What the hell deal has Mox got us into now?' he said. And he sang the little rhyme that made the door come open. Then as she stepped toward him he saw the snowballs on her

across his spacious thinking room. The tall nap, like flooded grass nowting mong room, TepThe tall nap like feet. They were melting now, making deep furrows in the green rug spread

along little canals bending away from her feet, was speckled white here and there with crumpled paper balls. His trial plans and formulas peeped out like golf balls.

Coming back across the iron fields of nightmare that always rose to confront him at such times, he struggled to make the present's puzzling moment into sense. Damn the kid, he thought, didn't wipe her feet. All flesh, as yet --her own --and bone and blood, and didn't wipe her feet. The snow melts! - He motioned her to him. "Little Sister," he began in that tired dull-tinny voice that was his now, and must be his, because his larynx was worked all in gold against cancer, 'tell me slowly, Little Sister. Why don't you stay in your plastic place more? Why don't you use the iron Mox more? Why do you bother me at all? Tell me slowly"

'Daddy!' she cried and started to jig up and down in the fits that he hated so, 'come over to my place, you old boogie. Something needs fixing."

So they went across the big white yard to her place, past Mother's place, past Little Brother's place, with her limping snow-hurt and naked, and him lumbering in strange stiff-jointedness, but snug in a fire-red snuggie suit of fine insulation with good black leather space high-tops. Arrived at her place he whistled at the door the three sharp notes. The door moved into the wall and Mox the iron one stood sliding the iron sections of his arms up into one another until he had only hands hanging from shoulders. It was his greeting way. He ogled with bulb eyes and flashed his greeting code. 'What would you have done,' her father said, 'if I had not come with you? You brought no whistle for the door.' Three sharp notes sprang at him from the normal holes of her head, and the heavy door rolled softly out of the wall

until they were shut in a gay red-carpeted room with a Xmas tree - the father, the naked little girl and the iron Mox. And she was impishly holding the whistle between her teeth, grinning up at him. 'I had it all along,' she said and dropped the whistle into the tall red grass of her room's carpet. She wiped the waning snowballs from her feet and sidled her icy-cold rump over toward the slits where the heat came through the wall, soft and perfumed like an island summer. Her knees turned knee-color again and her rump became no longer vari-colored cold. It became the nicest of baby-pink little-girl rumps, and she stood there a health-champion of a little miss, all flesh and bone and blood --as yet -- pointing at an angle toward the ceiling. 'The star!' she said, 'the star has fallen down.' And he noticed that she was pointing toward the tree. 'What star?' he started to say, across the fog that always smelled like metal in his mind these last few years, and then he thought, Oh hell, she means the Xmas star. 'You came across all that yard,' he asked incredulously, 'to annoy me with a thing like that, when Mox --?' 'Mox wouldn't,' she broke in. 'I asked him and asked him, but he wouldn't. It's been down since the fifteenth. You remember when those dumb students went home in their jets early and fast and broke the rules and shook the houses down. BOOM! and the star fell down. Just like that. -- Well, he'd just do silly when I asked him, like you just now saw him, just shake his arms up into his shoulders and ogle. Pretty darn dumb, if you ask me.'

'But what about your mother?'

'I asked her when I was over to her place, over a week ago. But she's been too busy and tired. You know how Mama is, always having that plastic guy rubbing parts of her, that she says hurt, and jumping on the bed at any little thing. Sometimes I think that guy's in love with Mama. What's love?'

'WHAT ? ! What's love? Should I tell you, did I know? Love is -- is not an iron ceiling on a plastic ... But -- oh, never mind! HELL!- How's her star?'

*Twinkle twinkle, little star, how I wonder what you are, up above the world so high, like a mama in the sky. Heard that on the programs adver-in ho sky. tising diamonds?

'Just answer the questions. How's her star?'

'Up real shiny, last I saw. But heck, Mama probably never even looks at her star, because that plastic guy

'And Little Brother's star?'

'Humph, Little Brother! Beat his star up about a week after we put 'em up. Said it was just what he needed for the rear end of his space tube. You know how Little Brother is about space.'

* And so yours is the only star that has fallen. Mother's is still up, though she doesn't have time to look at it, you think. Little Brother took his down in the interest of space. Yours just fell.'

'Daddy, where is your star, Daddy?'

He looked at her, and he thought, Damn these little girls. Always so much sentiment. And so schemy, too. He said, 'I had Nugall store my star away. It's somewhere with the tree, in a box. It interfered with my deep thinking. I've got to have entirely a bare room, so far as Xmas trees are concerned, for

For just a moment he thought she was going to get the sniffles. She looked at him, float-eyed, her face ready to buckle and twist into tearful complaint. But she held and stared at him more sternly, and he said, Sure I'll fix the damned star for you. Drag me a chair over. -- And then I must rush right back to my place.' (Dangerous, this being together too much. And so old-fashioned. And besides, he had been really cooking on a formula when she burst in). So he stood on the chair she dragged to him, and he fixed the frosti-glass star to its hook in the iron ceiling, and he adjusted the star until it was almost impossible to tell that it wasn't attached to the green plastic tree. Then he whistled at the door. Just as he was passing through the open-

she again. 'What now?' he asked.

'Daddy!' she piped, 'you know what, Daddy? I thought, what if we'd go over to Mother's and Little Brother's places, since it's Xmas. And you've got on your red suit. Isn't this a very special day? I've been hearing on the programs -

"No,' he said, 'it isn't a very special day. But if you want to --and you'd probably do a fit about it if you didn't get to -- come on.' So after she had put on a green snow suit, they trudged across the white yard, a strange study in old Xmas colors, and they stopped first at Little Brother's place, who was just past five. Dressed in a pressure suit and sturdy beyond all sense, from the weight lifting and the vitamin taking and the breakfast-of-champions eating, he wanted to know what the hell all the nonsense of a visit was about so early. And he let them know that Nogoff, his iron man, was taking care of everything at his place very well, thank you. Then he strode about in his muscles, sturdy beyond all meaning, and he showed them the new jet tube part he had hammered out of the star, and they left pretty soon from his surliness. On the way over to Mother's place Little Sister suggested that she thought Little Brother thought too much about rockets and jets and space. Didn't Father think so? Father agreed dully that maybe he did, he didn't know, but really, could one ever think too much about rockets and jets and space?

As they walked along, over the yard to Mother's place, she kicked up snow and chortled and laughed and told off-color jokes -- she had heard them on the programs -- almost like a normal little girl should. Father tracked dourly through the unmarked snow under the featureless gray sky and thought only how all this nonsense of walking so early was making the silver parts of his joints hurt, and before he'd had his morning bracer, too. Yes indeed, Father was flesh only in those portions that they had not found ways yet to replace safely. He held on grimly, walking hard, and wished he were back in his hip-snuggie thinking chair where he worked on universal deep problems.

At Mother's place they found her having one of her plasto-rubs from the plastic man, who did truly act a little odd about Mother. Do you suppose he wasn't really all machine but was a man who had been replaced part by part until it was impossible now to tell where the man left off and the robot plastic began? Father worried about it for half a second and then dismissed it. So

what if he was? What could he do to Mother? And what if he did, what would it matter? Mother -- new alloys now in almost all the places.-- Little Sister yelled MERRY XMAS! at the top of her good flesh lungs, and Mother turned through the waist only, as though on a swivel in that portion, and Father coughed dry in the metal of his embarrassment. . "Twas Little Sister's idea, he mumbled. 'So sorry, Marblene. I guess Mox hasn't been watching her programs right, her insisting on Xmas trees and all this year, and now the idea of a visit among the folks of the family. I'm sorry, Marblene.' He coughed again. 'So out of date.'

Mother blazed at him from her very plain blue eyes that were almost all 'replaced' now. It was clear that she wished to continue her rub with the

lamic ca, i Lie Sisterosidy: Then for Somesily reason ane coldne

explain it afterwards, unless it was because he wasn't all 'replaced' yet-- he said a silly thing, something that would obligate him months hence. "Do you --I mean, would you --I mean, could I,' he stammered, ' could I see you a couple of minutes, maybe at Easter? Our places are just across the yard from each other, you know. Maybe when I'm all " replaced" I can't walk.' He hated himself for pleading.

She airily tossed her left hand, and from those fabulous ' replaced ' plastic fingers great rays of light shot and quavered and streamed from rings of ' moderne' diamond. 'Why not?' she said resignedly. "What's to lose? If Jon's through in time'-Jon was her plastic man -- ' we'll talk a bit on Easter'

And so it was done, and over, and soon they were again outside in the yard. 'I guess I won't have to walk you back, will I? You have your whistle, don't you?' he said.

'No,' she said, 'I dropped it in the red rug. I just remember I did. I heard it. It squished down in the wet. While the snowballs were melting. - Maybe I could come to your place! " Damn these little girls, he thought. So tricky. Always scheming. He'd have to start having her 'replaced ' as soon as he could after Xmas.

'There's nothing of interest at my place,' he hastened to say. 'Just my hip seat and my thinking space and Nugall.' He didn't see any use to tell hit sea a dis.her about Nig-Nag, the statue woman who wasn't quite all metal, that he

kept under the bed until he needed her so much that he had to... There were some things you just didn't tell a daughter, not until she was much older or well on the road toward being all 'replaced'. "Tell you what we'll do,' he said. 'I'll walk you back to your place and I'll whistle at the door and you can go in to Mox. Your star's all fixed and everything. You've had quite a Xmas!'

So they walked back through the iron-cold snow to her place, under a sky that was rapidly thickening in a day turning black. And as her door glided open he felt so relieved that he stooped and kissed her on top of the head, and he tapped her playfully a little on her good flesh buttocks as she passed through the plastic entrance. When she was gone he stood there thinking a little while outside her house. Like an old man in the starting third of good

dreaming he stood nodding, prompted perhaps by things from a time before the time of 'replacements', wondering maybe it he had not paid some uncalculated and enormous price for his iron durability.

While he stood thus idly musing, a light high and wee came up suddenly --from eastward, from toward the coast airports --and moved fast down the murky sky toward him, gaining speed. Soon the countryside all around recoiled from a giant blow as the barrier burst. He heard Little Sister behind him scream and beg for him to come back, and he knew without looking that her star was off its iron hook again. Like some frightened monster eager to gain its lair he dug in harder with his metal feet and lumbered off across the yard to his place, anxious to rest again in his hip-snuggie chair, desirous to think further on universal deep problems. -- The light, unswerving, went on down the sky, high and wee, like a fleeing piece of star, like something for somewhere else in a great hurry.

Under a Fig Leaf

*Mannikin of might
your head is conical
and what is quicker
than your blinded sight
boning a barrier,
strider by night
or day glider,
hider or stoker,
gay stoker?
Bird in a briar nest,
small sad bird
who was later heard
fluting in thickets
grove to valley
and alley over
hump to hill,
down-slider
and echoing still.*

-- Joanne de Longchamps

Sidney Gershgoren

To William Blake

*When I saw the vision rise
from the seas-of-marble-skies,
saw the chariot of fire
William Blake to heaven bear,
and heard the rolling prayer wheels
unwind his words of hills on hills.
and saw that sage turn into.
a phoenix bird of every hue --
black and white, meek and wild
a lamb in truth, a tiger child
dancing amid, dancing upon
on the darkening English common;
felt its filaments of fire
from the storm's eyes god aspire
echoing to rebuild its pyre.
simplified -- a golden lyre :*

** We must hate and we must love;
we must know the stars above;
we must turn their engines on
on the darkening English common;
sing of the world and sing of the bed
of visions from our gold forehead,
so turn to me the strangest dead
burning with their eyes of lead
to prove in the human fire
all the soul of man require.'*

Last snowfall saw them fighting in a grave
for gold that flashed like fountains until one
had slipped; and to the bottom they both gave,
until one knife flash up upon the grave
was all remained and a most windy sun
that darkened all the moors like broken dun.

One man uprose and wound his homeward road
in a big ear of valleys. And though his days
paused him in turning hours like a golden toad
and those hours turned in diamonds -- rich in his gaze
of backward years and that first night he rose:
Now all the past had found a smell of dust,
now gold had turned to copper, turned to rust
and one man darkened in another's pose.

The New Horizons

*The new horizons bended as we came
into the newer jungles of our sin;*
our golden directions wandered with the dawn,
and there beside the shore horizons changed.

From ape to man that golden line would run;
never the same, the still pool in our horizon
that circled globe with the ease of a definition.
Our bird that took direction from the sky.

And when the final circuit signalled bliss
building through infinite combinations, a tower
between Holy River and the Land of Sense
(where crossing meant a metamorphosis

we found that golden ape in a soldier's suit
weaving his watches and ordering all the dark,
and now our hearts were beating and our fruit
now sang like sonnets but without the lark.

*On the pages of my school books
On the desk and on the trees
On the sand and on the snow
I write your name*

*On every printed page
On every page untouched
Stone blood paper or ashes
I write your name*

*On images of gold
On warriors' armaments
On the king's crown
I write your name*

*In the jungle and the desert
In the nests and on the furze
On my childhood's echo
I write your name*

*On all my blue chiffons
On the sunlit stagnant pool
On the moon drenched lake
I write your name*

*Instantly on the horizon
On birds' wings
On the milling shadows
I write your name*

*On each puff of morning air
On the boats at sea
On the demented mountain
I write your name*

*On the moss-like clouds
On the pouring storms
On thick or vanishing rain
I write your name*

*On scintillating forms
On many-colored bells
On physical truth
I write your name*

*On stretching routes
On places sharply turning
I write your name*

*On lamps alight
And lamps with dying flame
On huddled houses
I write your name*

*On the cracked front
Of my room's mirror
On the empty shell of my bed
I write your name*

*On my poor hungry dog
On his lifting ears
On his awkward paws
I write your name*

*On the spring-board of my door
On familiar objects
On the flooding blessed fire
I write your name*

*To all wedded flesh
On my friends' forehead
On each outstretched hand
I write your name*

*On the surprising glass
On attentive lips
Well above the silence
I write your name*

*On my destroyed haven
On the crashed beacon
On the walls of my despair
I write your name*

*On the absence of desire
On naked solitude
On the steps of death
I write your name*

*On vanished fear
On hope without recall
I write your name
And to prove it with a word
I recommence my life
I was born to know
And name you*

Freedom.

- Paul Eluard
(translated from the French
by Dora M. Pettinella)

Bat

Twitch corner tumble dip of dainty leather, dart!
Gauze glider in gingerly gloom
Blood snatcher, breath sucker, hair tweaker! (Scream)

Ebony-congo-idol-faced fur-bearer
Web-fingered collapsible umbrella hanger
Cavern swooper, radar squeaker, hole haunter!

Drop, tingling leaves from your evening eaves
Bless the crepuscular light with your transparent
Muscular flight.

- Melissa Blake

On Houses With Gardens Attached

Her will to come on one Greek, archaic, nearly
overwhelms her repose. But except for nostrils
like the entasis of a Doric column
and indisputably a cornucopic dispensation
from Aphrodite Kallipygos, she's not
archaic, not nearly. Equally striking, her desire
to seem concurrently papist and Frau Sorge,
toward which end she dry-havocs Pascal
and ruminates on the Abbess of Port Royal.
Precisely what her tactics at the poet-rending
might have proved, is susceptible of gloss
*not by reference to any experience
unenjoyed if not to tedium denied.*

Amongst her maids, who serve meringues and a wine
 pressed from the pseudo-fruit of cashews (but Nilce
 has black eyes made of quixabas, coaxing shoulders
 and a sweetening mouth that probes by divination),
 Dona Isaura converses in seven tongues,
nevertheless must occupy appointed
imperium: decadent tropicale, misère
 well tempered by cushioned south. Ichnolithic,
 inspissated in ceremonial smokes
 of smiles that smoulder through liquescent gums,
 her mystical finger signs startle the doze
 of winged requiems in bulging brocades.
 Her boudoir's decorated in rose and cerule
 like a mandrill's bottom; from her balcony
 delighted eyes bisected in cusps of quatrefoil
 mortgage Cupid's blessing on her amours.

Senhora, your attractions (on alcohol
 stems uprearing a pose of your blue rose
 excite curiosity but hardly concupiscence.
Greek alcahest, rococco tropicale!
 Senhora, after leaving you I pitch my prospects
 in your garden, patchouli, jaguar's paw
 and sumptuous canna all in bloodblown row;
 by seawall burdened under wind-knotting
 white dawns of vanilla (before which prowling pulse
 walls flare and reel cataracts of lime
 Ilurk, and each as I brush by
 nuzzles against my cheek's slope
 like the moist disturbing lips of Nilce
 kissed behind the kitchen door - her lips
 yes! same savor, wine and browsed anise --
 naked shoulders tendril-nibbled - breasts
 two full seas bruising my headland - same
 thrush-soft laughter on tiptoe, so recklessly small
 stretching up and so prolonged to my backworlds --
 and we lean into the tumid noise anonas make
 bedding down against their inner rinds.

- Robert Stock

Books New or Neglected

No single publication is capable of giving books equal and deserving notice. Few manage with any success to bring the noteworthy to public attention. Reviews ideally consist of one person's monologue directed at a second person, urging him to buy or not to buy the writings of a third person. Reviewers are those who urge the reader to buy the book; those who assume the reader will find it in the library are writing literary criticism.

Reviewers as a class are united in opposition to reviewing any books published last year, a trait in which they resemble their patrons, the publishers, who always think in terms of next season's lists. Critics, on the other hand, do not generally refer to titles published after 1928, unless they are by Faulkner, Hemingway, James Jones or Norman Mailer, except in cases where the author is dead. The gap between the critics and the reviewers is filled by contemporaries writing about or interviewing each other (a classic is MacLeish's open letter to Thornton Wilder in a recent *Atlantic*, or by assistant professors writing introductions to anthologies, or by Ph.D. scribes probing the uncharted 'thirties and 'forties for thesis material).

The best way to get a person to read a book is to talk about it very mildly. The worst way is to press it into his hands with wild acclaim, no author, or very few, can survive such advance publicity. Such books are often left unfinished, embarrass the unwilling borrower, and seldom return to their owners.

reviews try to combine the best and worst approaches by a synthetic blow hot - blow cold treatment masked as 'balanced judgment'. These fulfill the publication's obligation to the public. Any titles not so treated may then be lumped together in the so-called omnibus review, which is a convenient way of preparing for next season's titles. Such reviews may easily resemble the required reading list in a graduate course in literary criticism; they are a hash of titles, off-hand judgments,

generalizations and evidences of hasty and incomplete reading. By the time most such reviews appear in print a majority of the titles mentioned have been placed on the remainder counters at reduced rates.

If any of the abuses mentioned above appear in this column it will be because we do not have an inclination to invent new abuses. Some of the books mentioned will not be at your local bookstore and you will have to ask your librarian to order them. If you discover any pleasure or information in reading the books it will make us happy to hear *about it*.

* * *

In our time the most accomplished woman writer of fiction is Miss Katherine Anne Porter. With such a sentence it would be desirable to announce the publication of a new work by Miss Porter; we hear there is one, but we haven't seen it. She writes a lot, but she doesn't publish much. What she has published, however, is universally acclaimed by literary critics, particularly for its high level of style, form, precision, and so on. Such is the introductory statement of *The Fiction and Criticism of Katherine Anne Porter*, by Harry John Mooney, Jr. (University of Pittsburgh Press, 1957, 58 pp., \$1.50).

That is why it is so damned unfair, Mooney suggests, for the eminent contemporary critics of all schools to have failed to actually treat her work. "Each of them seems to content himself with short statements of the highest praise containing no specific critical analysis." To correct this situation, Mr Mooney has read all of the stories and novelettes together, and he presents a guide for similar coherent reading in short essays entitled 'Profile of an Artist' (her interest in the psychology of human relations demonstrated with treatment of the safe world of illusion and youth and the hard actual world of maturity; "Miranda" ('finest achievement'); "The Novelettes" ('the private world of the individual is ruthlessly and senselessly invaded from without'); and "The Short Stories" (the lonely plight of the individual

has prepared him'). All together, Mr Mooney declares, 'their meaning emerges with all the unity we expect from a novel.'

Perhaps it is because she has not published a full-scale novel that the majority of the critics have ignored Miss Porter. It takes the patience and willingness to read all relevant material which Mr Mooney has shown to demonstrate how inadequately she has been treated, even in the scrutiny of such capable critics as Stanley Edgar Hyman and Edmund Wilson.

The type of self-criticism stated by American authors in the foreword to a book of fiction or non-fiction is rigidly standardized. It acknowledges assistance from various individuals and immediately declares that all errors therein are the author's sole responsibility. Beyond admitting the possibility of error, the American author ventures little by way of self-criticism. It would be practically unAmerican for an author to write: I am fully aware that my descriptive style has its faults, that my heroes are often too much alike, that the psychological line is inadequately developed -- these are shortcomings which, I hope, will not appear in my future work.'

Such is the tone of the foreword to *Stories*, a book of eight tales of scientific research, discovery and travel, published as part of the series *Soviet Literature for Young People* (Moscow: Foreign Languages Publishing House, 1954, 260 pp., \$1.50). The author is I. A. Yefremov, palaeontologist and member of the Academy of Science.

The book is an example of the vast difference between science-fiction here and in the Soviet Union. Our major themes are the space opera, the war of the planets, the mad scientist in a sane world, the sane scientist in a mad world, and the last survivors) of the Hydrogen Mess. Our speculation is almost wholly into the future, about 100 to 100,000 years from the present, unless the story deals with the cliché trip to the moon. Yefremov's stories are different; they are generally set in the present, deal with actual research and discovery, and are about as fictional as the daydreams of

a fossil-hunter the author invariably casts his glance toward the past rather than the future; the only space craft in the book is used by star-men to visit Earth seventy million years ago. Yefremov isn't tempted by space; 'our first task is to unite the peoples of our own world.' In the Soviet Union, it appears, science-fiction as escape' literature is rather

limited.

Yet there are features of adventure that must appeal to young people: truck convoy expeditions across vast deserts, ancient inscriptions, salvage divers unravelling the mystery of a sunken ship, exploration of an Ice Age cave, climbing sheer cliffs, and discovering the fossil skull of a star-man.

However, these elements of interest are overcome by Yefremov's love for palaeontology, his commitment to providing educational material and making side references to national aims. One scientist hero states the theme of the book with the flavor of a college introduction to historical geology:

*The greatness of palaeontology lies in its vast perspective of time. In this respect its only peer is astronomy. However, palaeontology has one great failing, which is torture to those who yearn for fuller knowledge --I refer to the inevitable incompleteness of our material. Only an infinitesimal number of extinct animals is preserved in the earth crust .. and that means we cannot put our theories to the test and be shown our mistakes. Physical laws are omnipotent; the human brain must not let itself be deceived by futile fancies, must see these laws in their true light."

The reader cannot fail to be impressed by the actually irreconcilable attitudes toward science and the goals of life; as in so many other areas there is a vast gulf between science-fiction here and in the Soviet Union.

* * *

There are three writers on the continent of Africa who immediately come to mind whenever I read the press confusion about events occurring there. Of course there is Albert Camus, the strange, popular and prophetic voice of the tortured French conscience. There are others with a similar tale to tell, but

fantasy than the impressive production of a dedicated novelist. Yet Camus, for all his skill and style, is often as obviously delivering a message as the proletarian Americans of the 1930s. The second writer is Paul Bowles, the American composer who writes of sex and savagery in Mexico and North Africa. Bowles is understanding, perceptive, coldly morbid. He knows more about some sections of the continent than any other American writer, but his voice remains that of the outsider. The third writer is a native of Nigeria, was at last reports employed as a messenger boy, and has caught the critical imagination of a varied group which includes Dylan Thomas, Selden Rodman, Roy Campbell, V. S. Pritchett, Eric Larrabee, and writers for BBC, the Nation and Manchester Guardian.

Tutuola's first unusual books *Alm Wine Drinkard* and *My Life in the Bush of Ghosts*, appeared in this country through Grove Press, and his short story 'The Elephant Woman' was printed in *Chicago Review* (Spring, 1956, 10-1). His London publisher, Faber and Faber, brought out the third title, *Simbi and the Satyr of the Dark Jungle*, and they have just published his latest work, *The Brave African Huntress* (150 Pp., 18), with black and white illustrations by Ben Enwonwu. Surprisingly, Tutuola has met with the continued rejection of his compatriots and, despite the notice of critics mentioned above, he was not mentioned in a recent *Saturday Review* issue purportedly devoted to Africa.

It would be remarkable then to be able to report that with each book the young West African has shown a development and awareness that demands wide recognition. Unfortunately the books have become slightly repetitive. His style remains forceful, imaginative and almost utterly unschooled, but either through choice or the influence of his publishers he continues to write the animal fantasy adventures which first drew him to attention. In this way he remains a curiosity, an example of the utterly absorbing and unselfconscious mind at work with the raw materials of myth--a narrator full of interest for the anthropologist and the sociologist. Perhaps this aspect com-

Chicago Review and Paul Bohannon on BBC when they viewed him as a founder of a new African literature which would bridge the two great cultures of the greatly - romanticized continent. But Tutuola has not apparently been encouraged to direct his energies and attention to the drama of his immediate life; his tales remain expeditions into a non-white bush where only the shakabullah gun gives evidence that the experience is of this century.

- Lachlan MacDonald

A Humanist Sensibility: 1958

DISPLACED PERSONS, by Don Gordon; Alan Swallow; Denver, 1958, \$2.00.

After finishing Don Gordon's third book of poems, one has the feeling that he has read the last poems of a type to be written in this decade. That is, a poetry which is deeply committed to a social consciousness and is concerned with social and natural laws, and which depends upon understanding and intelligence at every turn. I say this, because the foundations of social poetry, blitzed by an era of McCarthyist feeling, have been further destroyed by the current mood of disaffiliation which, despite the rationalizations of the Spokesmen, is one of the freak sideshows of the international struggle.

Consider purposeful poetry: all poetry has a purpose, true, but Gordon's takes the reader directly to the scene of injustice, the poetry reveals what he has to say, does not get in the way either via the ego or the craft. It is true that by his selection of crises, events, states of affairs, etc., we may learn something of the poet, but in the reading we are at once exposed to social trauma as observed by a whole man--the effects of McCarthyism and the cold war have had on the last ten years--the maiming and murder of not only the liberal, but the aesthetic sensibility as well. What comes through from Gordon is a rigorous, unbeaten character--a tight-lipped massive silence against a brutal statism: the refusal to inform, reform or to be beaten. This character comprehends the silent

generation in its brooding mood
 alienation, a hard and pacific resistance,
 a probing consciousness of the under-
 ground. The poems actually concern the
 displaced persons: the harassed,
 investigated, the hunted, the dissenters,
 the deportees. Because it concerns real
 people, real, not literary victims of con-
 formity and political persecution, it is
 much more resilient, much more alive to
 certain realities than any of the poetry
 of the beat for Gordon is still firmly
 committed to humanism. But a human-
 ism starkly devoid of a surface sentiment,
 as if the potential sentimentality of such
 a poetry were subjected to the cold tests
 of an actual inquisition.

These are poems which had to be
 written; they are not the product of a
 routine output of a practising poet; they
 are the observations of a social critic
 who found the emergencies of the time so
 great, and the audience so deaf, that
 compression and great leaps into truth
 demanded statement in poetry.

These are compelling poems, scrupu-
 lously devoid of agitprop -- they are
 neither didactic nor political -- or rather
 they are political in the proper sense of
 that term, on issues rather than the
 party: the politics of the minuteman.
 The issues of these poems are of our
 time and may remain so for the 100 or
 more years that Dulles et al wish to
 wage a war of attrition.

Gordon's style is rather tricky. The
 lines are almost controlled prose con-
 sisting, in most cases, of a series of state-
 ments with a simple subject and predi-
 cate. It is more often a relatively long
 line well adapted to recording the scope
 of the statement. They are on the surface
 statements of facts and conclusions. The
 images are thus often whole lines, whole
 scenes, whole ideas. The individual lines
 occasionally tend to oversimplify, but the
 whole is a succession of powerful in-
 sights which continuously clarify whole-
 sale injustices. The poems are structured
 by compression, they give us the evi-
 dence and the result with impassioned
 restraint. There is sometimes a disguised
 sarcasm, a bitterness which glides lyric-
 ally between the lines.

Not all of the poems concern the
 direct issues of the Displaced Person, but

constant foreboding, the resistance in
 which he must live. Because of a con-
 stant awareness, nature is viewed with
 respect, almost with awe. There are
 poems in this sense like "Guadalajara",
 "El Toro", "The Lizard", "The Pen-
 sioner".

- Mel Weisburd

Craft and Comedy

MAGELLAN, by Ann Stanford; The
 Talisman Press, San Jose, Calif., 86 Pp.,
 \$5.00.

A CONEY ISLAND OF THE MIND,

by Lawrence Ferlinghetti; New Direc-
 tions, 92 pp., \$1.00.

Nowadays some tend to think of the
 iambic pentameter as a pre-Poundian
 relic, one of the tools of the poet's trade
 that is as obsolete as a World War II
 ration card. But Ann Stanford's beauti-
 fully-printed Magellan demonstrates that
 there is still much value in the old iamb
 ... if it is made flexible enough to
 accommodate modern usages of the

English language.

Magellan, subtitled 'A Poem To Be
 Read By Several Voices,
 rative, dramatizing the historic voyage
 and death of the great Portuguese sailor.
 It is an exciting and tragic story, a per-
 fect set-up for an Elizabethan playwright,
 who of course would have made blood-
 and-thunder theatre out of it. Involved in
 this saga are fear, starvation, mutiny,
 defeat of the mutineers, and the even-
 tual triumphant circumnavigation of the
 globe. The climax is Magellan's death,
 which results from the familiar tragic

Magellan is a perfectionist, cannot
 be satisfied with the immense achieve-
 ment of his voyage, but must make one
 minor Eastern king, who holds out, bend
 the knee to the Spanish king and God:

It is my task to keep these lands for
 Him
 To lay foundations strong enough to
 hold
 When we have gone; to do that
 which once done
 Is done forever, to add all power I
 own

done.

So he is killed in an unimportant
skirmish on an insignificant Philippine

But that is part of the most satisfying
aspect of this poem: the portrait of
Magellan as Hero. It is rare these days
to meet the naked hero, the man who
knows his mind and knows his way, the
man who is the embodiment of a
divinely-charted destiny. Had Magellan
lived in our day and had he fallen to
the psychoanalysts,
been adjudged a sick man, a man with
an obsession. And doubtless he was that,
this sometimes De Gaullish man. But
we do not care about that, for in Miss
Stanford's poetry, he also becomes a
man of genuine grandeur. Here he
replies to Estevan who has urged him
to turn back, the ships weakened, the
nearly gone and enough
already gained:

I know the cool adventuring of my
spirit
Which presses on to this extreme
exploit.
Yet I know also the contempt of
kings
And lenders who expect tenfold
return
Not merely what they sent. I have
a fleet
Rotten but real, better than painted
ships
Dreamed in kings' anterooms. I
asked advice
But only to compact my arguments,
Not stand against them. I seek the
positive word.
And being opposed, hold to my
lonely course.

Magellan has a good supporting cast,
including the traditional buffoon, in this
case San Martin, the astrologer, and the
youthful Antonio, who is also the narra-
tor through a letter he writes after the
voyage to the Grand Master of Rhodes.
Antonio is a small puzzle to this reader,
who does not know why he as narrator
'writes' in an elevated style and as actor
in the dramatic segments becomes a par-
ticipant in the comic bits.

tions aside, Magellan is a poem in which
the poetry never intrudes on the progress
of events; it is fast reading, clear, and
coherent in its structure. So balanced is
it that we wish the poet would some-
where have become excited enough to

she her language interfere a pas-
that would interfere

smooth pace, the careful control. For all
its distinguished dialogue, Magellan, it
must be said, is aloof. There is some
sport for the groundlings, but the rest
is way up there on the real high seas.
Though we appreciate the fine story the
poem tells and the skillful way it tells it,
we nevertheless miss the intensity of
language and rhythm that the great
modern poem must have.

Lawrence Ferlinghetti, in contrast to
Miss Stanford, deals with the affairs of
our time. These poems of Ferlinghetti
are snarling poems, with the teeth of wit
and a tenacious grip on their subject
matter, namely: Everything that's wrong
with the world. A huge mouthful and,
a substantial number of the
poems triumph, too many others we are
shrugging off. Ferlinghetti's
bugaboo is cleverness. Advertisements,
entertainments, are clever; poems should
be more. Unfortunately, many of Fer-
linghetti's offerings are merely entertain-
ing, and evade the core of a serious
criticism of society by leaving the reader
no more to feed on than a few varia-
tions on a trite line, a few puns and
much of the endless Whitman kind of
cataloguing. When he is
lyrical, or when a clever line snaps into
a new, serious dimension in the poem,
Ferlinghetti is a man with something to
say who can say it excellently.

There is the poem that begins In Golden
Gate Park that day' about a man and
his wife who go to the park, he carrying
'an old beat-up flute' while she 'had a
bunch of grapes / which she kept hand-
ing out / individually to various squir-
rels | as if each / were a little joke';
and ends:

But then finally
she too lay down flat
and just lay there looking up
at nothing
yet fingering the old flute

and finally looking over
at him
without any particular expression
except a certain awful look
of terrible depression

A poem reminiscent of Patchen's work, but one decidedly Ferlinghetti's own. As is the one about Chagall that starts Don't let that horse / eat that violin / cried Chagall's mother'. Here the familiar 'And there were no strings / attached' is a clever last line, but one that is just right for the sense of the poem.

In other poems Ferlinghetti is not so discriminating, particularly in the seven conceived specifically for jazz accompaniment. In these the poetry is usually sacrificed for the laugh; the poet, striving to stick a few pins in the big balloon of Squaresville to achieve the funny blow-up, becomes the comedian. From what I have heard, Mort Sahl does this better.

- G. F.

Eight Books From

Jonathan Williams

THE BLACK MOUNTAIN REVIEW,

Autumn 1957; THE WHIP, by Robert Creeley; A LAUGHTER IN THE MIND, by Irving Layton; HURRAH FOR ANYTHING and POEMSCAPES, by Kenneth Patchen; OVERLAND TO THE ISLANDS, by Denise Levertov; SOME TIME, by Louis Zukofsky; THE MAXIMUS POEMS 11-12 by Charles Olson.

When a man dedicates himself to a job and does it very well, he should be thanked. Jonathan Williams publishes books for poets; he gets the books paid for and distributed. He designs them well, so they lie substantially in the hand and satisfy whoever looks at them. I cannot say so much for all their contents. Jonathan Williams has committed himself to an attitude in poetry and about what poetry may be imagined to do. I can't agree with him or like several of his poets.

Sentiment drips all over the tough

Dogmatists, emotionalists, and professors play with the worst borrowings of Pound, of Hemingway, of assorted obsolescent Frenchmen Henry Miller; unable to get the better of them, sentiment excoriated by cursing, lacerated by obscenity and maudlin dirt, which no longer shocks or disturbs the audience, they enjoy it. I've put in too many years behind the counter of a government employment office in this swollen liver city, land's end of hope for disappointed new-border-seeking homeless, drifters nostalgic for the lost Alaska, to be startled by imitation heart-tags of defeat. (I am, though, startled when a successful author still does nostalgically dwell on them; see the introduction by Tennessee Williams to his *Orpheus Descending*). Very few professors have the personal experience to write in the idiom of the unwashed and unwanted. The unwashed and unwanted themselves do not do so; they pretend always to a high line and high style. The imaginary sordid betrays itself by little touches out of English 2. Most men blaspheme as they drink, purposelessly: a rare purposeful cussler startles to attention. We find very little purposeful cussing in our poetry, rather a dreamy, unformulated, uncomprehending distaste, hangover from the socio-millennial disappointments after the 'thirties; many have it second-hand. And if the meaning of such poetry, as it has meaning, is only a dulled intelligence swearing at a blank wall, what does that accomplish?

As far as these poets are cryptic, so were the letters of Emily Dickinson. No matter how slight or sentimental her topic, her ear was pushing words towards resonant dissonances, her eye never ceased to open every morning on a living, illuminate landscape.

Let's see what these poets do.

Robert Creeley on Hart Crane, ending thus (I insert colons throughout despite Jack Kerouac, who calls colons 'false'):

And so it was I entered the broken
world
Hart Crane.
Hart

Not with a sob but a gimmick. Kerouac

language is undisturbed flow from the mind of personal secret idea-words, blowing (as per jazz musician) on subject of image'

as per'. Or again Creeley:

Cruel, cruel to describe
what there is no reason to describe.

So I let it go at that.

Zukofsky quotes Aristotle: 'For we say that that which everyone thinks really is so; and the man who attacks this belief will hardly have anything to

This seems to be what we are getting at. But a poem is not what everybody thinks. Following a headline everybody thinks the same, the worse the better. If a poet is a mob, any individual will get away if he can. The notion that a poet speaks universals, ideas true anywhere any time for anybody, should make reading as easy as driving a great big second-hand car how you please. If everybody knows in advance anything any poet can say, the one thing he can do is put it nicely.

Patchen writes in one of the Little Essays from Poemscapes: 'Beethoven vs Statistics. Of course it requires little ingenuity to smell up quite a case against numbers. The case for them is likewise strong, however. What is the puzzled spectator to do? We know that Beethoven walked through parks with his hands in his pockets. This is the practical side to all things: all else - minus a plus-ME.'

Or if I may quote Emily Dickinson: *Gentlemen here have a way of plucking the tops of trees, and putting the fields in their cellars annually, which in point of taste is execrable, and would they please omit, I should have a fine vegetation & foliage all the year round, and never a winter month. Insanity to the sane seems so unnecessary - but I am only one, and they are "four and forty", which little affair of numbers leaves me impotent...'

Some take their slight abilities very hard; this is Irving Layton, writing on

free from money anxieties':

The wind blew hard in the trees
And palegreen was the wet grass;
I love you, Love, my Sweet said
And gave her false mouth to kiss.

O Percy! what a relique. If you feel this unjust, listen to him (from the inside-cover) blurb: 'If I'm not mistaken the book is my best to date. There are more than a dozen beast-type sockdologers included... The trout are running, not walking, upstream, the lox are eating cream cheese, the bagels are a-flutter like gefüllte u.f.o.'s. So-from that home, home on the range, where the ear and the antelope, play, I strum these split-level ranch-type pomes ... Sblood, Sir, I expect a damned good response!'

You've listened to the funny fellow at the party? To which J. Williams, I presume, adds: 'Ah, oh Poultry Lovers of the Nawth, there ain't no chicken-hearted pomes here -- but, there be plenty deep-fried lyre birds and bemused and patoisé barbeque. Readers like W. C. Williams, Creeley, etc... keep reiterating the steady power Layton commands to "celebrate the real!"

Note that apostrophe in ain't.

Patchen again has the bumping word for it: 'Comments for Stringedhorns.

You say, Let them have it, and I don't know whether you mean, Let them have it, or, Let them have it; whether you hanker to join or disjoint these intellectual pimps, liberal punks, and college poetiquettes.' (But he wasn't, be sure, referring to any of the aforesaid.)

Now I like and admire W. C. Williams, composer of Paterson, a little book and a big poem. But just as Aldous Huxley, these latter years, can be dependably discovered prefacing any new, confused treatise on the odd, so does W. C. W. with poets. Anyone can honor the way he stands up for the little fellows; one wishes one could just depend on him to pick the one man in the crowd who isn't a mob.

Of the eight books Jonathan Williams sent me, two are by Kenneth Patchen, both in the privileged character of nonsense books. Not a reassuring nonsense,

Patchen can be reassuring:

MY JOURNEY'S JOURNEYING (114)

Might I have been your Inn beyond
this brief night-place's stopping - O
spirit, poor guest, sinking down at the
woodsedge in this great park where all
lives are hidden. Might I have been a
voice speaking back from the realm of
what has not yet been, I would have told
you not to come!

115) KINDNESS OF CLOWNS

Suspicion made the first pairapants;
but, Joey, it'll be love'll take off the last.

For the other book, Hurrah For Any-
thing, let me recommend that you hear
Patchen himself read from it with the
Chamber Jazz Sextet, the section called
Limericks, to settings by Allyn Ferguson.
(You can find this on Cadence Records.)
The composed jazz of Allyn Ferguson,
which compares with cool jazz as Mozart
with Dittersdorf, has been temporarily
squelched by the breaking up of his
band to follow the bigger money.

Levertov defines her skill: 'A Stir In
The Air'

A stir in the air, the proper space
holding existences in grave
distinction -

If as you read I walk
around you in a
half circle

your response to the poem will
waver, maybe like the light just
now

in the thunderstorm - the balance
is that fine - the dance

of hiving bees it is, that design
in air, joyfully

reducing possibilities to
one, the next act.

That needs no qualitying.

As for Zukofsky, he is a man whom
music much concerns. His poems run
lightly down the page, never hurrying
beyond their matter, like Valentines with

A round
Isn't this a lovely field
In winter?

Who in snow
Has lain
Does not complain.

Whittle -
Whittle --
Wee Willie.

Not without weight.

Chance broke the jaw of this man
For no will could have done so
To him.

Let him dead find such repose
That will dull the days
He is not in the sun -
Our ills and our plaints.

And -- he would prate of universals! --
this serene artfulness:

A tired -- much less -- an old
man does not talk of justice
- much less an old man
having nothing, nothing like
content.

In the presence of lyric 151) FLIES
HAVE FINGERS

With which they don't sign treaties.
Or write speeches. Or applaud ulysses-
quaisances.

eneration Confuse honesty wett
Generations.

inadequacy or strength with smut. Or
fictionally disaffiliate.

Another bow to Patchen. A bow to
Jonathan Williams -- more books to his
imprint.

There are also The Maximus Poems
by Charles Olson. I can make nothing
of them for or against. Emily Dickinson
wrote of Joaquin Miller: 'I did not read
Mr Miller because I could not care about
him --

- Peter Yates

ADVERTISEMENTS: Poems by Robert Sward; Odyssey Chapbook Number One; \$1.00; 1722 W. Carmen Ave, Chicago, Ill.

Well -they are Advertisements; the poet seems to be saying, - See here, J. Walter Thompson - you, too, can be beautiful! There exists a kind of tuneless music in these dissonants, an abstract-impressionist approach. In this rewrite job, the Hardsell has become lovely in death ...

No doubt,

Sward's sideswipe will feel that his satiric bite into a cake of soap has left the man's typewriter coated with slippery foam -- what the hell! Is he for or against it? Or is he already on the payroll of the people up at Vance Packard's Hidden Persuaders -- busily inventing tomorrow's clichés, to be sprung against the Saturated Set? Indeed, Frederick Eckman in an introduction to this slice, observes, ... advertising is, quite precisely, a perversion of poetry...

And Sward's is a perversion of advertising. His commercials (observe such titles as 'Paarker 61', 'Zimmonz-Makers of Umberest', 'Pan Amm', 'Addam's Rib') are so enchanting that the Cadillac, itself, is an anti-climax. He's made preventatives, mattresses, zuits & pantz and ballpoint steering' into an aesthetic, if paranoid, panorama. I felt as though I'd experienced a new

*In case there are innumerable readers of verse.

†Them. The Avenue-Walkers -- i.e., those men in the -- suits.

‡A coined word meaning 'I can't find my dictionary'

180 cubicycles of L.S.D. -- one could marvel at its texture and color without having to go out and buy one of the damn things. Perhaps there is a subversive element of Hidden Dissuase-ment[‡] here. Perhaps with his variations on the theme the poet has knocked down the product and rendered it harmless? Perhaps turning the other cheek to The Avenue is less messy than beating it over the head with its own dicta? Perhaps...

Numerous of us have caught and altered the slogans emanating from the foundries of discontent and flipped them back. I can think of Orlovitz Larsen; modesty prevents my thinking of another. Unfortunately, we've fought the devil with his own words, and the devil has more of everything than we have, except Our words. And the people down at Venice West - busily deodorizing the Social Lie by covering it with their own smell - have used this same, prehistoric technique. And Eckman adds, 'any poet with a sense of the literary past will feel at times that the language of poetry has been usurped and put out to hire.: L.e., if we're not getting paid for it, what are we doing, writing eulogies about filter-tip toiletpaper?

Maybe the author's off on a lonely ride in orbit, up there in 1984 where semantics have become somehow disaffiliated from the Ernest Heming Way. But Sward, in leaving the ashcan school of art, has become an Impressionist; yesterday and today-maybe not so sharp --but who knows tomorrow? And it's all explained in the Introduction to the little book which finds the author's poems. clearly audible mea culpa. I don't know. But I'm willing to look it up

- Curtis Zahn

BLUNDERBUSS

The westcoast movement, spawned by San Francisco, has raised Los Angeles from the dead. What Life did for San Francisco, so the Los Angeles Mirror-News has done for Los Angeles, mysteriously seizing the initiative in a series of articles on the Beat Generation, and then on the Unbeat Generation. By August, the movement came alive in editorials which curiously accepted the 'beats' as a kind of precursor of a new era of moral rearmament. However some disagree, as a Mirror-News quote puts it, 'The Beat Generation is a movement inspired by a society in which papa is no longer head of the house and mom rules the roost'. The answer posed to the Beatniks is to 'Put Father Back at the Head of the Home'. Nevertheless, the Generation is a lively and harmless subject for radio, newspapers, much television, posed photographs, several movies from competing studios, endless jokes by Mort Sahl and Oscar Levant, and a business boost for at least some of the many coffee houses around town.

What Is It?

Nobody knows. In S.F. we no longer hear of the Ferlinghetti-Rexroth Ginsberg and Kerouac are out of town. And where is Kenneth Rexroth by the

Patchen, who has scrupulously maintained his integrity, left Los Angeles to read at the Brussels Fair program sponsored by the American National Theatre Association and Academy. No more eulogies on Rexroth by Lawrence Lipton. In Los Angeles, no eulogies on Lipton have appeared - except by himself. Poets and writers are indeed getting scarce. Herb Cohen, back from a recent trip to 'Frisco, reports 'a town wild with no one there, nothing but the nouveau beat waiting at the corner of the Coexistence Bagel Shop for a Tanner Tour (No Joke!) through 'Squaresville, protesting the insurgence of the squares to North Beach. From the Nation, Guy Daniels writes a post-mortem on the S.F. scene while on both sides of the Social

... an unhip view of the New Beatism

Lie, tourism becomes a boon to those who could not make Europe in the
French Crisis.

**The Cool Groove of the Press
and Other Success Stories**

San Francisco is a romantic town; it is also much saner than Los Angeles. San Francisco has the Giants, whilst Los Angeles is struggling to give away 315 acres of valuable land to keep the 'Beat' Dodgers here. It is Los Angeles which, with its Hollywood predilections, has gone mad for the beatniks. More than twenty-five coffee houses in lean-tos, old store fronts, etc., have found expression on the billboard streets - like the Uni-

Cosmo Alley, Les Entants du Paradis, Café Fresco, Capriccio, Positano's, International, etc., where you can drink espresso at about \$0.60 a cup, hear poetry and jazz by anybody, play chess, observe paintings and read the paperbacks and the big and little magazines. Cosmo Alley and the Unicorn in Hollywood are lauded as the genuine places, but the Ash Grove can boast the first supermarket of culture, with coffee drinking, sandwich eating, folk singing, jazz, art exhibits and a poetry school where poets take voice and music lessons. Here you may hear imitations of Dylan Thomas, Carl Sandburg, Langston Hughes and even the Shakespearian Blues. At the Unicorn and Cosmo Alley it's been Tom McGrath and Elizabeth Zwicker with Lionel Shepard and mimes with poetry and flute. A fall and winter series of early music is being presented at Cosmo Alley featuring Sol Babitz, baroque violin and bow, and Winthrop B. Chandler, harpsichord. Also poetry readings every Monday evening, and philosophical discussions under the Big Tree at the Unicorn on scheduled dates.

Poetry and Jazz in Outer Suburbia

The Pomona College Greek Theatre, which had been abandoned for so long it was becoming an authentic ruin, was

and jazz on May 15, for a chiefly student audience that will probably seek more of the same this fall. The affair seemed to stem mainly from the poetry class of young Ed Racey, who has assembled practically every modern poetry volume in Honnold and Scripps libraries for a reading list. Some of the work that evening was horrible, muffled, and juvenile, but at least two poets were outstandingly good. Linda Douglas and assistant Lucy Carmalt gave a dual reading of 'Back to the Womb' and L. D. read her 'After Dinner Mints' solo—both pieces suggest she is a kind of Françoise Sagan with caesura. The greatest performance was by Robin Linnett who had voice, ease, volume, humor in his reading of the powerful 'Grail Season'. Dave Chatkin's piano seemed to carry the jazz style of the combo which included Mike Fay on bass; Kim Jones, saxophone; Bob Hill, drums; and Ray Frazer, clarinet. It will be a while, though, before jazz and poetry ring true enough in Claremont College town to be heard a dozen blocks away in the heart of Pilgrim Place.

Poetry and Jazz:

1, In

Posed as well improvised music, drawing upon the talents of such musicians as Fred Katz, Jack Montrose, Gerry Mulligan, Buddy Collette, Chico Hamilton, Ralph Pena, Paul Horn, Bob Hardaway, Bob Dorough and others.

Jazz Canto aspires to be in the great tradition, from primitive ritual word-chant with music, through the satyr and goat plays of old Greek comedy and the later classical Greek drama, the bards, skalds, minstrels and troubadours, the

Italian commedia dell'arte improvis half-German Sprechstimme, half-sung, spoken vocals as in Arnold Schoenberg's 'Pierrot Lunaire' and the less-inflected speech of his 'Survivor from Warsaw' the French Café Chantant, and the American 'talking blues'

You will wince at everything as being reminiscent of Les Baxter, as saccharine as middle-class mood music. One wonders whatever became of Blitzstein or Norman Corwin, who were at least greater synthesizers. Still this album is worth it for the somewhat terrific "To the Townspeople," by William Carlos Williams, which shows what can be done, and Ferlinghetti's 'Dog' is tops.

Bully for Us

Two poems by James Schevill ('The Baron of Bulk' and 'Gambling in Las Vegas') and the article, 'Lysergic Acid and the Creative Experience', by Mel Weisburd, which appeared in the Vol. 3 No. 2 issue of Coastlines, have been selected for publication in Best Articles & Stories. We are grateful to the editors of that publication. Payment received for these works,

material that might be selected by Best Articles & Stories, will be turned over by Coastlines to the authors.

A Sentimental Foray

We are told by the critics that the poet must not get too close to his poem, the novelist to his novel. Writers today must mellow their passion, sieve it through their intellect; before they put a word on paper, they must be sure it is not raw. Above all, the writer must be on guard against that great enemy, Sentimentality, for Sentimentality is the saboteur of the armaments of craft and conscience, of the true and the beautiful.

Yet we ought to say a word for Sentimentality, too, lest the propaganda entirely blind us to the meaning of this villain's existence. Webster's New International Dictionary defines "sentimental" as :

1. Of the nature of sentiment, characterized or dominated by sentiment; pertaining to feeling, tender susceptibilities, or moral intellectual conviction or dispositions.
2. Having an excess of sentiment or sensibility; indulging the sensibilities for their own sake; artificially or affectedly tender; mawkishly or superficially emotional.

It is essentially the second definition that is pejorative, of course, and the one of which the writer must beware. Yet a 'sentimental' man may also be a man of "sentiment", of feeling, or moral intellectual conviction. The latter may have elements of the former in his character; if he is a writer, these elements may at times appear in his writing. And, it should also be remembered, the dividing line between what is and what is not mawkish or over-indulgent of the sensibilities is not always clear. Here, for example, is an excerpt from a recent review of *A Death in the Family* in the *Hudson Review*:

No plot, ordinary characters in an ordinary world, very little theme -- only extraordinary handling by the author could justify such paucity of substance. And Agee's handling is extraordinary, not in any technical way so much as humanly: he treats his characters with an affectionate respect and meticulous exactness which are admirable... Once in a while there is some auctorial poeticizing, but most of the time we see by means of the best kind of reportorial prose; and Agee's ear for ordinary speech and eye for details are as reliable as his attitude towards his characters is respectful and loving. Yet, by giving us far too much of this good but essentially simple thing, he pushes the novel into sentimentality. Pathos unrelieved by fear, humor, malice, or wit, but on the contrary added to by nostalgia and dollops of schmaltz -- a little of this goes a long way. Dickens usually kept it down to a chapter or two in a sixty-chapter book ; Agee is less moderate. Some of my tears were jerked.

For me, *A Death in the Family* was not a sentimental book, not to be mentioned in the same paragraph with the Dickensian foibles. Agee's book, to this reader, seemed to involve only simple, on the whole good people, shocked and pained by a tragedy in their midst, and their reactions to this

tragedy. It stands solidly on that precarious theme, and if anyone's tears were jerked, perhaps they ought to have been. We give too much credit to sentimentality when we suppose that only it seeks to elicit our tears; there are also sentiment, feeling, tender susceptibilities, of which we need not be ashamed. They are a mark of advancement -- slight, to be sure - in the out what sort of ears they are to be: bestory toats or hode of gears compassion.

All this does not lead up to a hurrah for sentimentality, but to an appeal for the relaxation of the New Critical muscles of form to permit a wider latitude in portraying emotions. The writer, through the fear of being thought sentimental, has been brought to a point, a plateau, beyond which he cannot seem to rise. This plateau is one of craft and sophistication, but without the rawness of feeling, these exist as empty vessels. What we need today is urgency. intensity, passion, in our writing. In order to get these, we must overcome sentimentality. But to overcome it, we must dare to face it.

- Gene Frumkin

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