

A LITERARY MAGAZINE OF CALIFORNIA

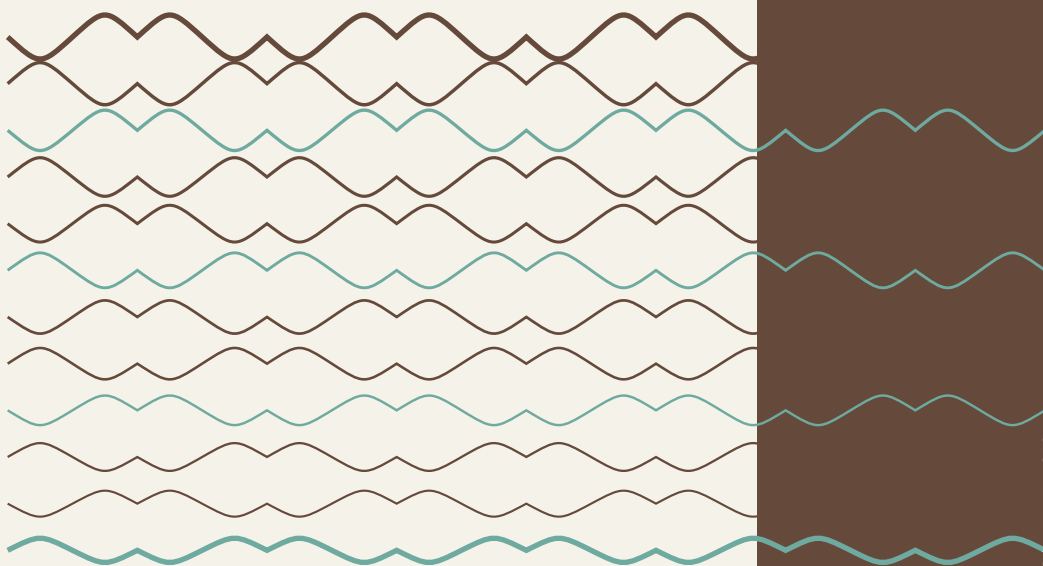
COAST LINES

Autumn 1959

VOLUME IV / NUMBER ONE

1

ISSUE



50¢

COASTLINES / AUTUMN 1959

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ISSUE 13

A Literary Magazine of California

Autumn 1959

EDITED BY

Gene Frumkin

A CLEAN READING EDITION

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CONTENTS

FICTION

The Hunter	Lachlan MacDonald	18
------------	-------------------	----

POETRY

Train Window	John Beauchamp Thompson	10
Jeffers	Norman Disher	11
Two Poems	Nelson Bentley	12
Administrative	Henry Birnbaum	13
Three Poems	Harold Witt	15
Two Poems	Robert Reiss	37
Kim Novak	Louis Johnson	38
Two Poems	Pierre Henry Delattre	39

BACK MATTER

Notes on Contributors		2
-----------------------	--	---

ARTICLES & EDITORIAL

The Great Promoter	Gene Frumkin	3
Orden Público	Mrs. N	40

BACK MATTER

Index to Volumes II and III		46
-----------------------------	--	----

REVIEWS

The Existential Lincoln	Mel Weisburd	43
A Step Toward Perception	Gene Frumkin	45

ART

Cover	Manuel Santana	
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NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

NELSON BENTLEY has survived a previous appearance in Coastlines, and has ha work in Poetry, New World Writing, Prairie Schooner and others; teaches at thi University of Washington.

GEORGE BETAR is a student at the University of Southern California.

HENRY BIRNBAUM has recently been published in Compass Review, Sparrow, Western Humanities Review and Nimrod. He is preparing a collection poems for book publication.

PIERRE HENRI DELATTRE is living in San Francisco's North Beach where h has been doing work in religion and contemporary culture. Has appeared Miscellaneous Man, Antioch Review, Folio and many more.

NORMAN DISHER, a resident of Sausalito, Calif., is 29, works as a salvage dive Has a novel going about a jazz musician. Does most of his writing while restin underwater.

LOUIS JOHNSON of New Zealand has been published in these pages frequentl He is editor of Numbers and founder of the New Zealand Poetry Yearbook.

LACHLAN MacDONALD's story, 'The Hunter,' received a \$1,000 prize as thi winner of a fiction contest conducted several years ago at the University of Chicago where he also at one time edited the Chicago Review. The story has been awaitin publication since that time.

ROBERT REISS is 22, married and lives in New York. Recently discharged from the army, he is readying a book of poems; has appeared in the New York Times an Epos.

MANUEL SANTANA is a painter living in the Los Angeles area. He has taught the New School of Art and the School of Fine Art.

JOHN BEAUCHAMP THOMPSON writes to us from Chicago.

HAROLD WITT had his last book of poems, The Death of Venus, published by th Book Club for Poetry, and has had poems in the New Yorker, Talisman, Poetry, Pa Outposts et al.

Buy My Books?

I have about 200 books on assorted subjects that I intend to sell at reasonable prices (25c to \$15) so I can go out and buy more books. For 10c (a dime or stamps) I'll mail you my mimeographed list. Suggest any hard-to-find titles you need; my friends have lots of books they don't need. Or offer titles you want to sell or trade.

My list includes LA BAS, HARMONY, EAST OF SUEZ, AFRICAN FOLKTALES AND SCULPTURE, Ernie Pyle (4), Howells, CANDIDE, etc.

Lachlan MacDonald, 625 Baseline Road, Claremont, California

THE GREAT PROMOTER

A Hangnail Sketch of Lawrence Lipton

Gene Frumkin

Two thousand years ago Lawrence Lipton could have found employment (otherwise known as , voluntary poverty') as a gospelmonger for the new religious sect that was beginning around that time. Earlier, he might have made the Bible scene as a minor prophet. But today, so debased and business-conscious have our attitudes become that, in his recently-published book, *The Holy Barbarians*, his hosannas for the beat way of life are like unto the sounds of a pitch-man. Mr. Lipton, to use the vocabulary of our day, is nothing more nor less than a promoter --a kind of encyclopedia salesman (ho is crammed with knowledge) with a quick Madison Avenue flow to his prose style. Except, of course, he observes ' Ezra Pound's advice to poets: Make it NEW! ' (*The Holy Barbarians*, p. 72). Mr. Lipton makes it NEW! by doing the same things the grey flannel suit crowd does, only he does them counter-clockwise. Somebody who read this book with a careful eye and ear could doubtless deduce this for himself; however, it does help to have known Mr. Lipton personally, even if briefly, as I have. That clears up any doubts.

A most important weapon in the promoter's arsenal is distortion: making his own product seem splendid and the competition's seem awful when really they are exactly the same. If a bit of the truth does ooze in between the lines, that's okay, provided it's on his side. But beware of treading on the corns of the promoter, for he will tread back on yours -- with a steamroller. He will smear you. He will do or say anything to put you out of business. Such is the position in which *Coastlines*, for example, finds itself in relation to Mr. Lipton. We have questioned and criticized his tactics as a spokesman for the beats. Here, at some length, because the matter is important to us, is how Mr. Lipton retaliates:

I was not unprepared for Allen Ginsberg's visit to Los Angeles, since he had written me from San Francisco, but when he got to town Nettie and I were so exhausted from all the poetry-reading parties we had been throwing for visiting poets that I was relieved when the editors of *Coastlines*, the L.A. quarterly, offered to sponsor the reading. I know they had no use for the sort of thing Ginsberg was writing or what we were doing in Venice West (in fact, much of their magazine is devoted to attacking it, but now that it looked like it might be attracting wide public attention they wanted to get into the act.

DISTORTION No. 1: *Coastlines* has devoted a very small number of its published pages to the beat-anti-beat controversy. Most criticisms therein were directed at Mr. Lipton himself rather than the beat environment. On the other side, Mr. Lipton neglects to mention our publication of an article by himself with a pro-beat slant, a poem of his which one could call beat if one wanted to (though Mr. Lipton's poetry in general has seemed to us away from the mainstream of beat literature), as well as poems by Ginsberg, Rexroth, Corso and Philip Whalen.

DISTORTION No. 2: The reading referred to by Mr. Lipton happened around the middle of 1956 just after the first edition of *Howl* was published, before it ran into customs trouble in San Francisco and began making the news headlines. Ginsberg and *Howl* were hardly known then. We didn't know there was an 'act' to get into. We agreed to host the reading because Mr. Lipton (whom we had known just a little too briefly at that time) asked us

readings and cultural events of various kinds in Los Angeles. Leons of waits kind poo ng espot of pot a to and because one of our editors knew Ginsberg. Also, it has been part of our self-conceived function to serve as a sponsor or co-sponsor of poetry

Mr. Lipton continues:

The reading was to be held in a big old-fashioned house that was occupied by two or three of the Coastlines editors, living in a kind of Left Wing bohemian collective household, furnished -- what there was of furniture, which wasn't much - in atrociously bad taste, nothing like the imaginative and original decor of the beat generation pad, even the most poverty-stricken.

DISTORTION No. 3: 'Left Wing ... bohemian ... collective household

How does one tell a Left Wing from a Right Wing household? By the proprietor, I suppose. But Mr. Lipton didn't and still doesn't know the proprietor (one of our editors). Bohemian? Does a bachelor boarding house have to be bohemian? Neither of the other two editors who lived there (and paid rent to the proprietor) pretended to such a distinction. They were simply living as cheaply as they could. This boarding house also served as Coastlines headquarters and as a place where an actors' group met. But Mr. Lipton is right about one thing: the furniture was atrocious. It came with the house and nobody bothered to remove it.

I consented at their request to conduct the reading, 'chair the meeting', as these people are in the habit of saying. To them everything is a meeting. ...

DISTORTION No. 4: As far as we were concerned, the 'meeting' was Mr. Lipton's from beginning to end. Our then-editor said a few words to those present as a matter of welcome. We considered Mr. Lipton part of the show and our own responsibility merely to provide the stage.

DISTORTION No. 5: We are not 'these people.'

The audience, except for Anais [Nin] and the people we had brought with us from Venice West, was a square audience, the sort of an audience you would find at any liberal or 'progressive' -- how the word lingers on even though the song is over - fund-raising affair of the faithful who are still waiting for the Second Coming. Few of them had come knowing what to expect. They never read anything but the party and cryptoparty press. The avant-garde quarterlies are so much Greek to them. Most of them don't even know such magazines exist any more.

were swallowed up with the advent of the Movement, the real Movement (capitalith the siren it it ragon in the not and T They associate that sort of thing with the little magazines of the twenties which

M), in the thirties and transformed into weapons in the class struggle. The few who had heard rumors of what was going on in San Francisco and Venice West were there as slummers might go to a Negro whorehouse in New Orleans, to be with, briefly, but not of....

DISTORTIONS No. 6 through No. 79: I don't know if Mr. Lipton was really there (*italics mine*) that night or if he has a weak memory for detail (but, no, he remembered the furniture) or is pushing the truth too hard. Only because it suits Mr. Lipton's purpose can the Movement (capital M), th thirties, the class struggle, progressive (in quotes), etc. possibly enter th

reportage of that evening. I would estimate that more than half of the audience consisted of the Venice West group. The remainder comprised people invited by the editor who was a friend of Ginsberg, plus the editors, their wives and a very few close friends of Coastlines. Coastlines did not advertise the event. If anybody present that night was waiting for a Second Coming, it was in the sexual sense, not the political. The audience Mr. Lipton describes did not exist, except perhaps in his own rejected past.

It is one thing to criticize Marx, Khrushchev, the Communists and the Left in general, but quite another to Red-bait an individual or individuals by name or group association as Mr. Lipton has done. In the context of our place and time, to do so is to commit a moral outrage, and it is equivalent to becoming an ally of the committees and one of those 'hunters' (Lipton's word) who do the Social Lying. A queer position for a man who wrote a satiric poem called "I was a Poet for the FBI". (The thought occurs that maybe he really was.) Mr. Lipton's action demonstrates the (involuntary) poverty of his personality, his cliché thinking. This man who says 'make it new' has not approached the progressive in that spirit, has accepted in toto Mr. Luce's thinking on the subject, while at the same time offering to the public in *The Holy Barbarians* a grotesque stereotype of certain human beings known as beatniks. When there is no ready-made cliché available, Mr. Lipton has the gift of being able to invent one.

As it happened, Allen and Gregory [Corso] were not the only ones in the place who had been drinking [Mr. Lipton had noted they had been drinking before their arrival]. There was one other -- in the audience. He was someone who had drifted in, having somewhere picked up one of the pluggers advertising the reading.

DISTORTION A: I can't say whether or not the gentleman was drunk, but I do know he did not drift in. He was invited by our editor friend of Ginsberg. He could not have picked up one of the ad pluggers because there weren't any.

At first he applauded Allen's reading -- at all the wrong places and too loudly. Then he took to cheering, the kind of cheers that are more like the jeers they are intended to be. ... He began to heckle. Allen ignored him and, at one point, Interrupted the reading to ask the heckler... to hear him out....

Then several paragraphs later:

The drunk was indignant. He was outraged. When he heard snickering in the audience he started toward the front of the room, menacingly, repeating his challenge to step outside and settle this thing -- 'You're yella, that's what. Like all you wise guys. You're yella

Ginsberg got up and went forward to meet the drunk.

'All right,' he said, 'all right. You want to do something big, don't you?

Something brave. Well, go on, do something really brave. Take off your clothes!'

That stopped the drunk dead in his tracks.

Ginsberg moved a step toward him. 'Go on, let everybody see how brave you are. Take your clothes off!

The drunk was stunned speechless. He fell back a step and Allen moved toward him, tearing off his own shirt and undershirt and flinging them at the heckler's feet. 'You're scared, aren't you?' he taunted him. 'You're afraid! He unbuckled his belt, unzipped his fly and started kicking off his trousers. 'Look,' he cried. 'I'm not afraid. Go on, take your clothes off. Let's see how brave you are,' he challenged him. He flung his pants down at the champ's feet and then his shorts,

shoes and socks, with a curious little hopping dance as he did so. He was stark naked now. The drunk had retired to the back of the room. Nobody laughed. Nobody said a word....

DISTORTION B: Besides the styleless dialogue, this bit also presents a fictionalized version of the affair. I can speak first-hand on this since I am the one who gathered up Ginsberg's clothes, stitch by golden stitch. The way it sounded to me, the heckler did not challenge Ginsberg until after the latter yelled, "Take off your clothes." The heckler thought Ginsberg meant jacket so, thinking he had been challenged, suggested they go outside. It was only when Ginsberg began stripping that the other first realized when Ginsberg said clothes, he meant clothes.

Then the room was suddenly filled with an explosion of nervous applause, cheers, jeers, noisy argument. Our hosts, the editors of Coastlines, had been having a huddle on the sidelines. Now one of them, Mel Weisburd, dashed up front and stood over Allen menacingly.

'All right,' he shouted, 'put your clothes on and get out! You're not up in San Francisco now. This is a private house ... you're in someone else's living room ... you've violated our hospitality. ...

DISTORTION C: Though he is adept at a few swift jabs and an uppercut or two in writing when these are called for, Mel Weisburd is incapable of standing over anybody 'menacingly'. He asked Ginsberg to restore his clothes alright, but rather with the idea of getting the show back into orbit. Besides. Weisburd thought as I did that the strip was irrelevant to the argument and a meaningless act of exhibitionism. Had it happened as Mr. Lipton relates it, there would have been some justification for the act, for then it would have amounted to a unique and effective response to a challenge.

Mr. Lipton again, just once more:

Corso was all for leaving at once. 'We'll go somewhere where we can get good and drunk....' But Allen shook his head and quietly put his clothes on, one piece at a time [how the hell else could he put them on?], in slow motion, smiling to himself with half-closed eyes. A sly, mysterious, inner-directed Buddha smile. While the outer-directed Buddha slyly and mysteriously writhed on his pedestal.

Although the incident I have dealt with above at some length occupies only a few pages in Mr. Lipton's book, it is of prime importance in estimating the value of the work as a commentary on the beat generation. Coastlines and its former editor, Mel Weisburd, were among several who got the knife in this book, but what about its much wider application as a credo for the beatniks? As such, it seems to me, a grave mistake. I think Mr. Lipton has been a mistake for the beatniks all the way, for as a spokesman for them in life and letters he has been a cold, dogmatic wind blowing in from the past. In contrast to the more original influences of other key figures in the rise of the beatniks (mainly Miller, Rexroth, Ferlinghetti), Mr. Lipton has spent some years codifying the beat mores into what he would like to think of as the beat 'ritual', harking back to the orgiastic rites of the Greeks and of primitive peoples. By doing this, he believes that he has given this movement sanction as a force for a new birth, bringing back the spontaneous life

fow of the ancients, the primitives. By repeated use of the word ' holy', he feels he bestows on beatism a religious base.

On the surface it might appear that such a framework is precisely what the beatniks need. But I think that surface is an illusion. What Mr. his Napoleonic codification - does is to petrify individuals,

11111ingthem into moulds which future beatniks must emulate. He casts in bronze those stereotypes of the beatnik which have already emerged in the wake of Time, Life, Mademoiselle, et al, publicity. Instead of the people the beatniks really are, Mr. Lipton has done much to advance a few caricatures which are not at all likely to frighten the middle class and, more significantly, may serve to rigidify the beatniks to suit the caricatures. This process, if we are to take Mr. Lipton's commentary at face worth, has already begun.

In Liberation (June 1959), Curtis Zahn puts the situation this way, * ... by having been made into colorful clowns by the slick magazines they [the beatniks] have been rendered socially obnoxious and ridiculous... the slicks have given the innocent reader the illusion that a real Underground is being given an ear. It isn't. Only a harmless, crackpot, soapbox kind of character is being plugged. They know that these kids aren't going to do or say anything important -- and if they did, they are already disqualified by being passed off as freaks....

A department store in San Diego recently advertised ' Beachnik' swimsuits. Several fashion houses have beatnik ensembles or items in their collections. A San Francisco merchant recently referred to North Beach as an amusing part of town. I suppose next they'll be manufacturing beatnik beards and sandals for the kiddies or setting up a miniature beatnik lemonade house in Disneyland.

"Well,' the beatnik mutters, ' we'll show them. Let them be amused now. Later we'll show them just how funny we are ... when we tip over their quaint old society and the bottom falls out.'

But, no, that won't happen. Once a fashion dies it stays dead ... for a decade, anyhow. What's the market for coonskin caps these days? Much as they may dislike the thought, the life of beatdom -by that name-- will continue only as long as the beatniks remain interesting to the rest of society. That may not be much longer.

What will be left then? By Mr. Lipton's process -- though he is trying to accomplish exactly the opposite --nothing but figures for somebody's wax museum. Rexroth has indicated a slackening enthusiasm for the beat path; Patchen says he was never on this path in the first place. Only Mr. Lipton doggedly rides his horse, whipping it to its last breath of promotional impact. But, lo, the other horses have gone home.

At all costs, and though it makes Mr. Lipton angry, the beatniks have to retain their humanity, their separate individualities. They have to break away from the pattern that has been charted for them.

THERE IS NO SUCH THING AS BEAT VS. SQUARE.

That, I think, is the first break that has to be made. What Mr. Lipton preaches is the isolation of the beatniks within the structure of their own society. He preaches not love but a mild form of hate, a contemptuous sneer,

for everybody who has a regular job and doesn't live in a pad. This is no way toward peace with one's soul, no way to enlightenment. Standing between the power-politicians of the Soviet Union and United States there is only the human power of love. Not beat versus square, but only as much love as we all of us, people -- can hoard against our own follies, neuroses and corruptions. If, as its adherents claim, the beat way of life is an expression of love, then it must begin to formulate this expression more clearly.

The beat literature, I expect, is not yet adequately formed, not yet capable of presenting the full case. It is too shrill, in large part, for it still has itself to prove. It is not yet formed because most of the people writing it are either not talented enough or not themselves sufficiently formed. But there is much that deserves to survive. There is Ginsberg -- maybe not the poem 'Howl' itself but rather 'Sunflower Sutra', his poems in the *Evergreen Review*, and work he is doing now or has still to do. Corso, yes; a talent that seems to be developing, maturing, still distracted by a need to explode in shapeless protests -- but he's a poet. Gary Snyder, Michael McClure, they've done noteworthy work and promise more. In the end, it may be Ferlinghetti who becomes the freshest poetic talent to come out of this milieu. Burroughs' *Naked Lunch* is a hopped-up Rabelaisian picture of our drugged time and as apropos a way to look at it as any other. (The Chicago University administration is to be censured for blocking its publication in the *Chicago Review* while the Review's walkout staff that launched *Big Table* and published it deserves the praise and support of the literary world for its action.) And Kerouac -- he too may discover that talent should be harvested, not tortured

As for a way of life, the beat way -- here Mr. Lipton is most intransigent. Salvation -- indeed we are already saved if we but knew it, he says (Zen is part of the big package promotion) -- is through disaffiliation from society, refusing the Social Lie, taking pot, living in a pad, voluntary poverty (in which Mr. Lipton is able to indulge despite what seems to be a well-stocked refrigerator). This beat identification may be useful and liberating for some who may have had just such a revolt smoldering in their bones for many years. It is good that this revolt manifests itself, provided it becomes a channel to a creative something. Too often it doesn't; it turns into the ultimate out-

tion, salvation, need not be the style (as Dostoyevsky would put it) of every man who desires the same end. One man's freedom may be another's dungeon though both men are brothers of the heart. One can go the high road and the low road and get to heaven at the same time. The true wise man knows there is no chosen people and no chosen way. Only the struggle and the mystery, and those infrequent moments of felicity. Mr. Lipton, however, gives us generalities about what the beats do and don't, which through his acerbic pen grow into dogmas. For instance, on page 165:

... The beat are not to be found in the baseball stands or tuning in on the play-by-play on radio or television. They never know who's ahead in the pennant race. The World's Series, which one of our new theologians analyzed, in a liberal weekly, as something culturally homologous to the tribal religious celebrations of the fall equinox, leaves the beat spiritually unmoved and unregenerate. They are

likely to take their theology in matters of church and sports from Mad magazine rather than The Christian Century or Sports Illustrated.

He might have added Escapade, one of the Playboy ilk of magazine which in Mr. Lipton's lexicon is square in Beatville (see p. 126). For in the August 1959 issue of Escapade, on the last page, is an article by none less than Jack Kerouac on -- of all things - baseball. And he even sounds as if he knows somewhat whereof he speaks. There is comment on the change in Willie Mays' batting stance, on Karl Spooner's operation (you have to know something about the game to have heard of Karl Spooner or that he had an operation), on Early Wynn, on Bob Feller, etc. The way Kerouac writes about the sport indicates some feeling of his that there is something holy or spiritual about it; and he concludes the piece with the phrase, ... when Babe Ruth ... boomed homeruns to the glory of God.' I guess he feels that way about everything. Sure, he wrote the thing for money, but if nothing else, the article demonstrates the beats have minds of their own and if there is money to be gotten by writing about baseball, they will do it. I think the article -- cornball though it is -- is no black mark against Kerouac except as an inflated bit of writing, for if a few pieces of this kind can sustain him sufficiently to enable him to get new serious writing done, then the taint is worth it. If he gets bogged in this trash, well, god save his beatdown soul. ...

My own article, this one, is getting itself written not for money but to cast doubt, to the fullest extent I am able, on Mr. Lipton as an authoritative spokesman for beat literature. He is rather their unsolicited advertising agent, I believe, a man who is using all the tricks of the trade -- including the hatchet and TV appearances -- to sell a product, a way of life. His own success, his own fame, are embodied in the fortunes of the beats. I do not intend to question his sincere concern with jazz, the spoken poetry, what he calls Jazz Canto and the other things he has hammered at for the past few years and consolidates in The Holy Barbarians. I do question his calling the beats, who are neither holy nor barbarians, by that sales-stimulating juxtaposition. That is a gimmick, and Mr. Lipton is full of them. I do protest 309 pages (and pictures, notes and glossary) by a man who knows all the answers except the vital ones. It makes for boring reading, because all sense of inquiry, of concern about the terrestrial dilemma and the meaning of human existence, has been forsaken in documentation and dogma.

It is astounding to me that those, like Mr. Lipton, who profess their retirement from business as far as society is concerned are so intent on publicizing this retirement. It is a basic contradiction inherent in Mr. Lipton's entire effort. If the beats really want to disaffiliate, why do they not do so quietly, since that would do the most to insure a successful disaffiliation, whereas publicity in the major slicks cannot help but prolong the connection? A look at the record, however, will disclose that they -- through their literary representatives - have never parted company from the 'others'; they have always cared. The work of Ginsberg, of Kerouac and Corso is not cool: it cares and shows that it cares. This means that they are not really beat (and a strong case has been made for that view by Herbert Gold) and/or that the beats are

people with special egos who have to create their own particular place within the social structure.

But Mr. Lipton concludes his book this way:

The editorials and the ads and the speech makers keep telling youth that the world is his, the future is his, and in the next breath cries out with alarm that 'the other side' is plotting to blow up the world with hydrogen bombs. The holy barbarian's answer to all this can be summed up in the remark of Itchy Dave Gelden when he dropped in one day with an evangelist leaflet that some 'christer' had shoved into his hand, announcing that the world was coming to an end-- 'Whose world is coming to an end? '

Not the holy barbarian's.

I suspect that Itchy Dave Gelden, whoever he is, knows, even if Mr. Lipton doesn't, that if the world does explode, the 'holy barbarian's' will explode with it.

The answer then to Gelden's question is maybe our world. Everybody's. The bomb will not ask who is disaffiliated and who isn't.

What is the sound of one hand clapping? asks the Zen master.

Two hands clapping.

Yes, too rational an answer. I realize I have flunked the exercise.

But dig?

Train Window

*I saw a horseman
At Eaglestaky
Eaglestaky, Kentucky.
He had on overalls,
Blue shirt, neck open.
It was blue dusk
Over green hills.
A winding white road
Led into dark woods.
The horse had a white face
Spotting chestnut bay.
Corot and Millet
Could come together
And find trees and light
And horses and farmers
To paint at Eaglestaky.
Only Corot
Would add a little red cap.*

- John Beauchamp Thompson

Jeffers

The old man in the Stone House
sits quietly,
his head hollowed out,
hawk silent and at odds with violence,
in aloneness he sits.

(down in the coves the Orcas hunt
the leather colored seals --
the stallion on the hill
bites at the salt sharp air
his nostrils wide
and his ears pointed steep -
in the valley
a mountain lion runs deep
proud on his paws --
on the beach the sand pipers
scoot quickly after the foam,
the sea moves slowly
and the sky is no longer home.

Hunger holds the old man fast,
stone struck he does not move,
does not see.

His hands have no words left
and his heart is worn thin
from the friction of humanity.

But because he had been conceived a hawk
and born a man,
his eyes, wild and full of the sky still,
never forget.

- Norman Disher

Two Poems

*Nelson Bentley**A Few Miles Below Snoqualmie Pass*

*Eyes washed in the cascading element,
 Face weathering with the corrugated firs,
 I lead my son through moss and cedar scent
 In the tactile vision of his four years,
 And climbing past the lichen-tufted pines
 I watch the miracle of recompense.*

His fingers on the moss-sponged, corky bark
 And gummed by aromatic twigs and cones
 Are sure as hummingbirds; in his pure look
The chipmunks feed at his devotions.
 A childhood forest white with parchment birch
Was my imagination's sacred perch.

Near Humpback Creek's ever impulsive plunge
Into the Snoqualmie, we two stand.
 All morning, paper boats have sailed down range.
He puts an origin upon my hand.
I think of Moses by the burning bush.
 The waters tumble down, serenely fresh.

Washington Coast

*I stand on shards of clam while Shawn
 Filling his circus pail with sand
 Kneels in the shelter of a dune:
 Gentle as a rose his hand
 Scoops and lifts the fluted shell.
 A monotone lives in the sedge,
 A mile from any daffodil.
 Beth, far down the ocean edge,
 Hunts agates, imaged in the glaze:
 Charms from underneath the tide.
 Love impels me to compose.
 Gulls knit the waves' infinitude.
 Though I have shot no living thing
 A hunting cap keeps warm my ears,
 An ocean in the spiralling:
 I aim a pencil down the years.*

Administrative

1. *If on the morning when the sun*
is settled on the wall, a moment
swivels on the water glass, be brief
and it will pass. The mind festers
on a faint carbon: it rushes past
and falls into affection. But we
should be formal with our guests.

2. A wise man accepts himself
and lives with wife against time.
A marriage is no crime. It gives
power to learn and breed in silence.
The hours have their disciplines
and set at their appointed task.
We wear a mask that pilots reason.

3. *Logic is an agreement. The idea*
is to make it work. The motion is all;
it gives a turn to the while and helps
the others to the file. And in season
a letter often serves to warn a lover
of a crisis. The magic in a word
pretends a cover for compromise.

4. *Twice the calendar is most proper:*
once for dates and again for memory.
Each a total of separate afflictions,
like Wednesdays strung on precaution,
and in advance the fictions. Always
glad to promenade, despite the sadness
and the hackneyed appearance of fear.

5. *Re yours of the second instant,*
I recall a time when a constant
seemed invaluable. It was precise
to measure the enterprise: I said,
advice, dear teacher, no need to show,
no need for I am sudden and clear.
Re yours, so nice to hear.

6. And following the afternoon wishes,
*the parade of soiled dishes. Have
you heard the one that begins like
a capture of pride. I found it
growing on the other side, between
the pads and the ribald comments
of the central committee.*

7. The reports must be collated. Sense
sifts its way beyond the desks, beyond
the mind, then falters in the halls.

A hesitation of a kind, so clever a pause
*before I acquiesce. And in the chain
of organizational command, how shall I
dress to enter the evening's argument?*

8. *In a room gathered with opinion,
the conference is arranged on chairs.*

Here in a climax of frozen dedication,
*a collection of stares culminating
in a victory of gavels. It is tender
to trace the continuous flow of tact
until I become chairman of the fact.*

9. *Spender, my mate, it is sinister
to hold and administer a nominal fate.*

- Henry Birnbaun

Three Poems

*Harold Witt**Dog Alive*

* - a living dog is better than a dead lion' -- Ecclesiastes

The gladdest spaniel who prancing brings the ball
and wags a tail stump as if it were a tail
doesn't know his black long ears are beautiful,

his eyes like elegies that mourn the fall of princes.
To please, retrieves the small ball as it bounces
from step or fence, and then delightedly dances --

enchanted worshipper or commanded slave? --
for ' good dog' or a touch. The beast appears to love
this condescending deity above.

In woods of drowse he'll chase on twitching paws
ancestral enemies, and sniff the pleasure trees,
not entirely tame, as no one is.

Smallfanged cousin of the angry wolf -
he snarled at a cat hissing puffed and stiff
and bit a rival vying for a bitch --

coward now, at his hero's word lies down
and doesn't touch the bright desired bone.
Drooling like Tantalus at this Pavlov lesson,

he hates, perhaps, the master he adores,
but after such flattery -- a roof and food and fires,
while nine lions topple for every lion that roars.

Butterflies and Elephants

Like nerves with wings
two butterflies midchase
stopped above a bush to copulate --
lace treading lace in delicate delight,
whose flapping seemed erratic before that,
as, in white flight,
they limberly dipped
across a grass and paused their filaments
to guzzle nectar from the clover cups.

Then there in air
the quicker flickering flake,
gaining his gauzy lady, took her to bed.
Erotic acrobat, this insect slipped,
almost invisible, a thrill of thread,
his penis in a daintiness that gripped.

Miniature rapture,
splitsecond ravishment,
it was for that the ugly larvae hatched
and worms of fur tugged their segments up,
encased, until camouflages split, in grey,
then lifting luminous
that scaled array
fluttered our thoughts with life's fragilities --
whatever nature meant by butterflies.

Improbable amorist, he mounts enormity,
a massive mate to sate her largest lust,
two awkward bulgers at conformity,
hugely fooled by passion, hooving dust.

They squeal, flashing tusks; from tail to trunk
feel, as he thrusts into her throbbing tons,
a coming oneness in that double bounce -
thoughtless of gawky daughters and fat sons.

And she will sway immense through jungle months,
lifting her trunk to leafage as she bloats,
forgetting which male pumped that weighty ounce
the momentary pleasure that makes elephants.

Jet

I dream it's diving and I walk through walls,
greeting its pilot whose guts loop from a slit --
step over jaggedness into shattered plaster, ask him
into an interior he's blasted with his jet.

Now you are dying and I am and it's black
except where, flaring, your plane lights dahlias up.
and sets the fence afire -- was it worth it -
to batter down air Jerichos then drop

splattering lawns with children, staggering out
to wade in brains and livers through my sleep.
the fool of time, believing you'll arrive
- clipping our nerves pianos with your speed -

alive in death's red west before you leave.
Better to sit on some slow mountainpeak
hiked by the eightfold path and contemplate,
while curled horned cloudwhite goats improbably leap.

how burning suns and whirling worlds will stop -
I say this in my dream but hardly speak
before a sky of planes comes shrieking down,
from which bright progress there is no turning back.

THE HUNTER

Lachlan MacDonald

The Eskimo hunter came up along the island trail from the south. Three days he had hunted alone on the southern shore and now with a great weariness upon him he moved slowly along the ancient footpath, leaning forward against the weight of his pack. At each slight incline of the trail he used his rifle as a staff, until he came to a rise and stumbled to the top. Here, with the western shore of the island spread before him, Donald Evwhak dropped his pack free and squatted on a moss-covered knoll.

Behind him the broad javelin shape of the island pointed eastward to the Alaska mainland. The low treeless rolling plain of tundra was spotted with occasional lakes and lagoons where thin sheets of ice floated like irregular windowpanes upon the water. In the dying October sunlight the sere and tangled brush rimmed the ponds with a burned carpet. Night had already fallen over the frost-capped foothills where only the white fox would be awake, sniffing the Arctic breeze that came down in gusts across the western end of the island.

Donald Evwhak rested, regarding the wide curve of stone and gravel that sloped gently upward from the shore. Beyond, gentle waves of the shallow Bering Sea extended gray and infinite toward the West, broken once along its northern brim by a solitary flat crescent of land, Cape Chibukak. Nearer at the neck of the cape, the hunter could see the looming gray shadow of Niyghak-puk, the bluff. Between the cape and bluff, hidden from his view would be the village, a cluster of sod-roofed barabaras and driftwood shacks tightly shuttered to the approaching night.

Carried by the breeze, the sound of the salt water against the graveled shore was as light to the hunter as the soft voice of his wife, Bernadette, saying him not to be overlong on the hunt. But across the island the birds had already flown, the game animals ranged far, and he had turned homeward with the knowledge that soon again he must go to hunt.

On the first day he had been many times led astray by animal tracks indistinguishable among the withered tundra plants that brushed against his tired legs, tracks that vanished like the little men of the tundra. On the first night, caught in darkness in the pass between the hills Tvikan and Poovookpak, he had wrapped himself in his caribou hide beside a stream.

In the cold morning he had taken his tea and pilot bread and dried fish thinking the while that it would be a favorable day. No sun appeared as he descended from the pass to the high granite cliffs of the south coast. He was cautious in his approach; from the high rock seals might be taken without the use of a skin boat, and the stalker must not alarm the game and drive it into the water. The sea was not yet within sight when he heard the hark of seals distinct through the dead calm. In the lifting of the morning fog crawled nearer over the cliff top, fearing that sea birds would at any moment rise in alarm. But the ashen rocks held only bits of shellfish that crumpled

beneath his palms and turned to white powder as he slid over them toward the brink.

His movements made him warm and he breathed deeply. In the catching of his breath he was taken suddenly with the need to cough, as so many times before, and he tried to hold it, but he could not, and he gave way to the urging of his throat and lungs. Phlegm burst warm from his mouth and he heard his sounds echoed by the splashing of water. All that day he watched the bare lower rocks where calm water stood. The seals he had frightened did not return.

Before nightfall he moved back from the sea to sleep in a patch of dried plume flowers on a nearby hill. Having eaten the last of his dried fish he pulled up cahuk, the root of the plume flower, to chew with the taking of his tea. Then he covered himself and rested beneath the starless sky. During the night strong wind sounds had breathed over the hilltops and the stars had appeared and he had been aroused once and had seen them shining and heard the breeze stir the dead stalks of the plume flowers and tear away the last white petals.

With daylight he was climbing the slopes of Tvikan, angry with himself for failing to find meat, scolding himself as the child who must seek for mouse-nuts in grass nests on the hillside. Prying for these among the boulders of the hill he was suddenly alerted by a sharp whistling, and from among the brown weeds and rocks there had burst a noisy flock of brown-and-white spotted ptarmigan, scattering over the ridgeline. The white feathers showed him where they tried to hide and he fired the rifle several times.

With each shot he had counted the great cost of his ammunition and when saw that the birds had scattered beyond his strength to follow he put down the rifle and clambered after the wounded ones with great effort, wringing their necks as he caught them. When he came to the last, the seventh, bird, he hesitated before killing it because it was nearly all white; he was weary and he sat holding the bird and trying to breathe.

He knew that to kill a bird all white might displease the spirits, and he regarded the seventh bird with pleasure, noting the brown feathers of its back before he killed it.

Sitting on the rocks he began to tear out the birds' crops, examining them. He found, along with the willow bark scraps and dry sponwort pods, strange black seeds that he did not recognize. Looking then to the west he remembered the strong wind sounds of the previous night, sensing that these birds were of the fall migration from Siberia, coming ahead of the snow and gale winds of mid-October.

At mid-day, crawling once more over the cliff top, moving slowly and breathing his each breath with fear, he fired a single shot to kill a young spotted seal on the lower rocks. For three days he had not given voice; now he rose triumphantly and he shouted: 'Oogrook!'

Calm waters had sucked up his sound of victory.

He had left his rifle and pack and with a rawhide thong and his bone-saddled knife, he had climbed down the face of the cliff a dozen yards to low rocks and over their slickness and sharp blue mussel colonies to where

the dead animal floated in a shallow pool, so dark the beast and the water that they blended beneath the overcast sky.

Evwhak drew the beast up from the water and tried to remember the ritual for releasing its spirit. The bone-handled knife trembled in his hand as he worked. When he first attempted to scale the cliff, the rawhide thong, knotted through the seal's jaws, slipped from his grasp and, nearly falling, he watched the seal slide back to the water's edge. The second attempt was made with greater care and effort and he managed to reach the top while it was yet afternoon. Then he loaded his pack with the seal and the birds. The fog was beginning to creep in from the southern waters when he began the thirty-mile trek along the autumn trail leading north to the village. His heart pounded with the effort of carrying the pack, and with the pleasure of the kill. North west toward the coast he walked, and the warmth and the weight of his game was against his back. Though he grew weary with each step the excitement within him was high.

He had traced his path to Tvikan and entered the pass that led between it and Poovookpak, leaning into the cutting straps of the pack. Whenever he stopped he leaned a moment on his rifle, never sitting, then went onward. On the other side of the pass he came to the place Inughialuk where a stream flowed to the sea, and there he rested, boiling tea and searing a chunk of seal liver larger than his hand.

With the strength of this food Donald Evwhak had gone on toward the bleak shore, past stubby Cape Aghsit, past the place Kavalrook, until he had come to the ridge that bordered the western lagoon not far from the shore of the Bering Sea. Here he had picked handfuls of kinikinnik, bearberries in a skin pouch for Bernadette. From the end of the ridge he had taken the trail over a rise to the edge of the shore, and along this until the hump of Niyghak-puk could be clearly seen, and now he rested as the bluff began to disappear in darkness.

He thought, other men would have been home on the third day, men swimming over the trail, full with meat, dragging some carcass on whalebone runner laughing, and bold with story. By the pain in his chest, by the coughing, he knew that he was not like these other men. While he hunted alone to the south the young men sat in the store of Franklin Noovook, saying that they were soldiers, trading their National Guard checks for cash and grub. There was talk in the language of soldier drills and talk of what some of them had seen in the mainland cities. While the youths talked the old men went with the younger boys to hunt from skin boats along the north shore. The youths who were like soldiers went to the south shore only in the spring, for the setting of the traps.

Evwhak, not young, not old, who could not keep the silence of the stalker who could not ever be the drill soldier, went to hunt alone, thinking that his father had been a hunter among hunters, that there had been a time when all the men of the people were hunters. He remembered one spring day when he had thought that he would come upon many walrus hauled up on the beach at Kavalrook, that he would kill them all, that in the village many sleds would be made ready to haul in the meat and people would be dancing.

saying, 'Evwhak has taken iee-vuk!' With this thought he had gone to Kavalrok and there he had seen where the iee-vuk herd had dragged itself on the beach, then gone away north toward the straits. A solitary red-throated loon had cried out at his cough and flown away inland at his approach, leaving him in sadness. He had told no person that he had foreseen the walrus there, afraid that he would not be believed.

He remembered those old days of going with his mother and brothers and sisters to gather the blueberries thick on the bush. Those days also the father would show the boys the ways of the hunter. In August his father grouched on the rim of the bluff among the boulders with his long-handled net, catching auklets and puffins as they flew to roost on Nighak-puk from the ponds and lagoons. The boys would string them alive by their beaks from rawhide lines to lure still more birds to the place of the net. In this way the small boys learned the catching of birds, the trapping of furred animals, the hunting of the seal and the chase of the whale. All together would do dancing, everyone eating, and having blanket-toss and games. Nowadays they learned the marching and drilling from Sergeant Wituya and from soldiers who came in a plane from the mainland bringing along clothes and rifles. Now even the youngest ones seldom went hunting with the fathers as Evwhak had done. Timothy and Daniel, he thought, will you come home to hunt with me? Will we camp together?

The shifting of the wind from north to west roused Evwhak from his thoughts and he looked at the familiar stars for signs of dog sled weather. They held their places clearly in the black. It was then that the new star appeared.

His first thought was of the angetkoks, or medicine men, and of the spirits which inhabited the land in the time when the village was called Miogookmiut. These spirits, known only to the angetkoks, had lived upon Naskok Mountain at the east end of the island before the U.S. Army station had been built there. Perhaps a spirit such as that roamed the island seeking a new home, to be soothed only by the angetkoks, but it was said that such powerful men were all gone now. Evwhak thought of the nearly white ptarmigan in his pack.

Far out on the Bering Sea the new star shone brightly, then began to move, small bright point bearing toward the land. The hunter rose to his feet, ready to flee; then the star vanished. Over the darkened sea he found only one other, the familiar, stars. He glanced uneasily about him, along the shore, ad eastward where Naskok Mountain would stand in darkness.

Stars do not move, he thought. Lights move. Light of a spirit or light of man? In this season what man comes in a skin boat to the western shore?

Then Evwhak thought of Mr. Andrew, the white man who had come to the island only last month. Everyone had seen his great telescope and his radio that both listened and spoke. With Mr. Andrew's telescope the light would come up near to the hunter. Then he would describe it to Mr. Andrew, who would say 'No, not spirits. Not likely. Not likely.'

Then the white man would touch his radio and talk to the U.S. Army station at Nome on the mainland, and they would talk back to him on the

radio, telling him to call all those men who were National Guards, saying
* Load your rifles and keep watch."

Once before hunters had seen strange lights passing overhead and heard the sounds of airplanes coming from the west and there had been great excitement. The village scouts had stayed up all of one night watching for the strange things. There was a west wind so that the men who waited stood in the meat holes for shelter. It was that night a white dog had died from the wind blown too cold upon its flanks. When day came the young men went into the store of Franklin Noovook and to all who came they talked the talk of soldiers.

Now Evwhak decided that he would wait as the scouts had waited that night. He settled against his pack, putting his legs straight out before him waiting. Though it was now very dark he knew the broad and familiar trail that led beyond Niyghak-puk; but he would not venture from this place. His black eyes saw only the stars where the light had appeared and then vanished

Several times during the passing of the night the hunter moved his arms about his body in pantomime, generating heat against the increasing Arctic breeze that grew in the darkness. His face was withdrawn into the protection of the soft wolverine fur ruff of his parka hood; to occupy the waiting hours he slowly relaxed the thongs of his sealskin and walrus boots, wriggling his toes in monotonous exercise for heat. Soon he became sleepy, only to be shaken awake by a seizure of deep and tearing coughing that could not be silenced in the fur of the parka hood. The chill of his legs against the ground told him that he had been napping. He studied the stars again, then loosened the thong holding his caribou hide to his pack, rolled himself in it, and tried to rest without sleeping. It was still dark when he was awakened again by the cry of a snow owl, moaning as though in pain. He took this for an omen and was afraid. He sat up, holding the hide about his body. For the dryness in his mouth he crushed the kinikinnik berries from his pouch and held them in his cheeks, holding his thirst while he waited for the morning light to break over the hills so distant behind him.

Dawn light was like the soft pink of the spider crab shell. It swept over the browned tundra, sparkled on the frozen lakes, and touched a large black shape in the offshore waves.

Wind in October, he knew, might drive derelict ships with gale force into the island waters, down from the Arctic Ocean, or east from the Siberian coast. Currents could sweep twisted trees northward from the delta channel of the Yukon River. And in the spring black whales appeared along this coast. But the sunlight touching on the water, raising layers of mist into the morning air, glinted on a metallic hull, and Evwhak knew that it was none of these.

Even as the sun touched on the object it began to move against the shore bound tides, settling into the water, until it sank entirely from the hunter view. Where it had been sea birds shrieked into the air, circling white over the swirling water.

Evwhak jumped to his feet and shook his arms and legs against the stiffness of the night vigil. He smiled, so that his jumping about became the ritual of a dance; if what he had seen was not a spirit, but the ship of a man, then

the light had also been the light of a man. Then he paused, panting white breaths into the chill air; moving slowly he replaced the sleeping hide with its thong, shouldered his pack, and picked up his rifle. The rose hue of sunlight had already turned gray as he hurried toward the bluff and the village.

Walking, he prepared his speech for Mr. Andrew.

He would say: 'I was hunting on south side and came homeward. I had taken one small oogrook and seven ptarmigan. Where Niyghak-puk can be seen from the shore, there I rested. It grew dark. I looked at the stars and one was moving. Then it could not be seen. I waited all night but I did not see the light again. In the morning sun I saw this thing in the water. It was about one thousand yards west. It was black. There was no mark or sign on it. It went down. I think it was submarine.'

He passed along the base of Niyghak-puk at the place where the old ones were buried and the great curved white whalebones pointed skyward. Here he rested and thought again of what he would say.

When he had spoken Mr. Andrew would ask if he had ever before seen a submarine and he would reply that he had not seen one before. Mr. Andrew would ask why he did not come right away to report the light. The time he had spoken in the schoolhouse had he not said to come right away to report what he called unusual incidents? In the schoolhouse Mr. Andrew spoke loudly.

Then the Guard scouts would come to Evwhak and say that he was wrong not to tell them right away. They would go to the place where he had waited and the black thing would be gone and they would wait a while. The submarine was gone; it might not return, as the walrus herd at Kavalrookail gone away. If it did not return the Guard scouts would not believe him.

He did not want to talk to them about it if they were not going to believe him.

One of them might say, 'No, Evwhak, if you did see such a thing you would come right away?'

'You would come to tell us National Guards?'

"No, no, Evwhak."

He went away from the place of the old people and came to the first

The dogs were awake, calling to morning spirits as he passed. At the scent of the dead seal they clamored at the ends of their tethers, tails erect and pointed ears cocked forward. He thought, the submarine gone. Why should I speak of it now, to cause alarm and excite everybody? He passed other houses and in one tin pipe chimney there was a curl of smoke. From this house a man came out, going down to where the skin

were kept on racks above the shore, safe from the gnawing of dogs and wild animals.

Evwhak watched the man walk ahead, and then called to him: 'Friend!'

The man turned, drew back his parka hood with one arm, waiting until Evwhak walked to him. The man's straight black hair was cut in the old fashion, close over the top, but long around his forehead. His right hand held a rusted rifle similar to Evwhak's own weapon. Evwhak, approaching him, regretted having called out; now he hesitated to speak.

It is Donald Evwhak, returning from hunting.'

The speaker glanced at Evwhak's pack.

· It is a small spotted seal I would share,' offered the hunter.

The man smiled his thanks but shook his head and pointed north past the bluff toward the open water.

· Do you then go hunt now? ' Evwhak asked.

* Some boys wish me to go with them to north coast,' the man replied.

· Good luck, Isaac Akhing,' said Evwhak.

Isaac turned with a wave of his hand, brought up his parka hood and walked toward the skin boats. From beyond the white frame schoolhouse two young boys appeared to join him.

· I hunted in the south,' Donald Evwhak said, perhaps to the dogs, turning toward his own home.

Isaac would perhaps have believed about the submarine. Then he would not have gone to hunt with the boys in the skin boat. He would stay in the village with everyone else and become excited. The young men would wake up and put on their Army clothes and take their Army guns that they were forbidden to use in hunting. But the submarine was gone. Isaac Akhing goes to hunt to the north. Let others rest.

Evwhak passed the store. The three hunters had carried their skin boat down to the edge of the water.

Evwhak came to a small wooden shack where thin smoke rose from a tire pipe pushed up through sods covering the roof shingles. In the driftwood enclosure of the shed he was met by the heavy odor of tom cod being boiled. He dropped his pack to the gravel floor beside the steel drum that held sea oil and raised the hides that covered the entrance to his agra. Heat radiated from the flaming trough of seal oil burning beneath a kettle of tom cod. Faint light of day came through the roof window made from walrus stomach scraped thin and dried in the wind.

Bernadette came to him immediately, taking his clothing, the outer garments, the faded sailor shirt. She gave him hot tea and a ship biscuit, and while he sat on the driftwood floor she kneaded his thin shoulders where the straps of his pack had left deep welts. Evwhak spoke only briefly of the hunt naming the places he had been and the game he had taken. He did not speak of the submarine.

When Bernadette had heard him tell of the hunt she pulled a cotton dress over her head and with her ooloo knife went into the shed to flay the seal. Evwhak sat beside the boiling kettle taking his tea noisily, running it over a lump of sugar in his cheek, and chewing on the biscuit she had given him. After a while he looked to the corner where Timothy and Daniel had slept before the Coast Guard cutter came to the village, taking them away. Little ones, he thought, I cannot see you.

He moved to his sleeping place, spreading a soft reindeer skin over the dried grass on the floor and covering himself with a cloth quilt that his wife had brought from Cape Wales on the mainland. In those days when the cutter came he was always among the men who handled the cargo with the skin boats. Evwhak rested his head on his smooth driftwood log and remembered

bered the time when the southbound cutter had come in the summer with many passengers.

The Eskimos aboard the cutter that summer were being taken to schools and hospitals far to the south. At Cape Wales the cutter had taken on several young women; one of these was Bernadette, confused and believing she was only going to visit the ship with her friends who were leaving for government boarding school, too shy to make herself known until the ship was well out into the sea. In September the cutter made a final brief stop at the island before heading south to the Aleutian Islands and leaving behind the unpredictable Bering Sea and its autumn gales. She had been sent ashore at the island, a small frightened girl with a quilt thrown over her shoulders against the salt water spray, sent to be the ward of the schoolteacher who was also a missionary. Evwhak, helping her down into the skin boat, spoke to her first. On shore again he found his mother in the watching crowd and to her he entrusted his new friend. Three days later the school teacher who was a missionary came to the house, this same agra, and spoke loudly, and married the two young people as Christians. It was very strange, the way of white people.

As a boy he had been taken aboard the cutter and put into the san for

to cut with paper, old Christmas cards that he made into small cards, I oks with pictures. One woman had given him some gray clay and a book with pictures of strange animals and told him to make some animals. There were so many times when he was made to rest that he had to work very hard other times with the clay for many days before they were all made and there was no more clay. Then that woman had taken the animals away and another woman came who gave him a book from which she would tell him stories. There were stories of Christian spirits with lights on their heads. These spirits he did not understand; like the light on the sea they were strange to him, but at the san they did not frighten him. It had been a place for much rest. Timothy and Daniel coming from there would perhaps tell of doing such things with clay and paper cards and books. Perhaps with the next breakup they would come home again, aboard the Coast Guard cutter.

Whenever a cutter came there was work for men on the beach and for those who owned the skin boats. After that the spring barges came with things for store and the school. Spring was also the time when all the young men the old men went out to the edge of the shore ice beyond the land of island, before the cutter arrived, hunting for whales. Women and children to help in the cutting up of the black whale, the ar-vuk, and the smaller beluga. Then everyone would be happy, full of muktuk, with much ing and moving around. Afterward there would be an Eskimo dance, and ybe some blanket-toss, or songs from old days. Now those things were Afferent. Last summer all the young men went to work building the U.S. Army station on Naskok Mountain where, the old men said, a shaman spirit had lived. The store was selling most of the grub to the men who worked for U.S. Army, or were National Guards. For the others there was much untung after the seal and the walrus. Maybe when spring came nobody would

go to hunt for whales. Only women would go fishing for tom cod or salmon.

In the fall, while he had been away to the south catching salmon in the stream Inughialuk, the cutter had returned. A white man from the san had taken Timothy and Daniel with him. Evwhak returned to find Bernadette wailing that she had no relatives in the village, that his parents were taken by the red spots and the coughing, and now the little ones were gone.

He thought of the cutter, of the submarine moving into the waves, and of the skin boats. When Bernadette came to rest beside him beneath the robe he was already falling asleep. Still in the distant dream of the waters he groped and held her, warm under the quilt and reindeer hide, their slow pulse beats together

What awakened him was the rattling of the tin pipe against the roof; Donald Evwhak heard the sound and knew that the wind from the west had grown stronger during the morning. He looked around the agra, happy with the knowledge that he was home, that Bernadette was near. He had coughed much, she told him, more than for many months past. She moved quickly about the house, bringing first hot soup, leaving the agra and returning, all the while twittering like a small Arctic bird.

Eating the thick soup of cod and seal Evwhak thought again of the submarine. It was a big thing to think of without the counsel of others. In the

all the old men of the village and talked and then, when the important stories of hunting and of young people being paired and of the sharing of game had all been discussed - then Evwhak would have spoken of the submarine. There would have been a show of interest and a shaking of heads and then talking by each one of the old men until they had decided what must be done. That would have settled it.

Now the karigee was all but forgotten. People gossiped in the store and there were meetings in the school and new dances, and the young drill soldiers met in their armory, and the old men sat at home and hoped that the young men would give them money or tobacco. There were meetings of people, but not like the meetings in the karigee, for all men, boys apprenticed to hunting, and ruled wisely by wiser heads than the village had today.

'Eat,' Bernadette said, when he had finished the soup. She brought him a wooden bowl filled with pieces of seal meat and tom cod and Dutch oven biscuits. She gave him a tin cup of coffee and sat beside him, eating little bits from the bowl as he helped himself. He saw the concern in her black eyes as she watched him. Her face was less round than those of the village women; her straight black hair swept back from a peak on her forehead, back from her high round cheeks and smooth skin. Evwhak smiled at her and she showed the white of her teeth. She touched his arm, then she rose and went from the agra to the shed and he heard her murmuring the words of the raven song of the Cape Wales people.

From the shed she brought a tin plate heaped with kamamuk, a delicacy not usually served until snow was upon the ground. Mixed with seal oil and fat were blueberries and flakes of pond ice like thick cream, making him think that in the coming year there would be very little of this. The blueberries te

be picked for drying were scarce now for the past two years, and from one small spotted seal there would not be much oil to add to the steel drum in the shed. No seals were to be taken by hunting afoot except on the south side: the hunter who must have a boat must be able to get walrus skins for the boat-making and Evwhak had none of these.

When winter came he would not be able to travel by sled, as before. Last year the white men had come to shoot all his dogs, and many other dogs in the village, because, they had said, the dogs had the germs upon them and in them and could not be cured and must die.

He thought again of the submarine and wished that he could speak to someone of what was in his mind. But he knew that the old men could say nothing of submarines since they sat always home alone. The new school-teacher would only send him to Mr. Andrew. And if Mr. Andrew asked questions how could they be answered? When Donald thought about it he became anxious, so at last he dressed himself and took from a pouch one of the coins he had received in the summer from the teacher for fossil ivory dug up on the beach at Cape Agassiz. Bernadette touched his arm lightly as he raised the hide door of the agra, but she said nothing.

Men were in the store to talk away the afternoon and small boys coming from the school played around the low counter. Wallace Wituya, the sergeant of the Guard scouts, was talking about his new umiak, the large skin boat used to hunt black whales in the spring. The year before, flying from the mainland with other Guardsmen, Sergeant Wituya had seen walrus hauled up on the shore ice ten miles from the village. The U.S. Army plane landed Hem at Cape Chibukak and they hurried out after the walrus herd while they were still wearing their U.S. Army clothing and using the rifles they had been given by the U.S. Army, which was forbidden. With the hides of the walrus they could make skin boats, and many were killed. During the summer Wiluya had paid small boys to walk far in search of driftwood for the frame of his umiak. Now he spoke to the others, saying how he would hunt the whale, so that they would all want to go in his boat.

When Wituya saw Evwhak enter he stopped speaking and those who were loafing turned to see who had entered.

Donald realized that he did not want to talk with those who were loafing

Better just to purchase the snuff and leave without conversation. He gave his coin to Franklin for the small round box of snuff that he pointed out, turned to leave.

How is the hunting, Evwhak? ' the storekeeper asked pleasantly.

The answer was innocently given.

Arrgah,' he said, meaning that it was excellent, that he was satisfied, and he was surprised and hurt to hear laughter, for all had seen the small of the spotted seal skin freshly hung on the whalebone frame outside his

The laughter was not hurting laughter, he realized, but the kind made of someone who unwittingly makes a boast or false statement. He had meant to say one thing, to end it there, to avoid the talking.

Where did you hunt? ' asked one man.

On south side.'

· So that is where you killed the very big seal,' Wituya said.

The tone of his voice and the white man's words he used changed the way the men smiled at Evwhak. Donald turned to leave, but Wituya stepped toward the entrance of the store to block his exit.

·Did you walk far and stay away long, Evwhak?' the sergeant asked.

· I hunted three days long,' Donald answered, not looking at the man.

· Because you are away long we sometimes think you become lost,' Wituya said, not kindly.

* I know the trails and the north star,' Evwhak retorted angrily.

* We would have to get the Guard out to search for you,' Wituya said, as though Evwhak had not spoken.

Evwhak put his hand to his parka hood, a sign that he was leaving, but Wituya did not move from the entrance.

* Do you hunt alone because you go too fast for us other hunters?'

Another man spoke softly, · Evwhak does not like jokes.'

* I hunt best alone,' Evwhak said, pulling forward his hood.

Wituya stepped aside, saying, 'See that you do not stay too long on the trail so that we must come to save you.

Some of the drill soldiers laughed. Franklin Noovook waved his arms for calmness. As he closed the door Evwhak could hear Wituya's laughter. He thought to himself, none of those there have seen a submarine. Who has seen a submarine on the west shore as I have done? But he did not return to ask the question of them. Others who had gone to the mainland for training as Wituya had done had returned less changed. Let him talk. He has to pay small boys to find ribs for his skin boat. What does he know of submarines? I alone have seen one.

But he did not speak these thoughts, feeling that they were things not to be said to these men, who would hurry to tell Mr. Andrew. He walked away from the store building. The day had already stretched across the sky as he reached his house, and still he carried with him what he could not make known.

Inside the agra he prepared his pack, lashing the sleeping-hide to it and dressed in his heavy furs. Cooked seal meat he took with him. some strip of dried salmon, tea, and pilot bread. He drank a tin cup of coffee warmed over the seal oil lamp and lifted the hide to leave the agra. He carried the rusted rifle.

'Owinga,' Bernadette said, ' My husband.'

He looked at her, meeting her questioning gaze. He could not tell her what was growing in his mind.

' Pul-lak tootunga,' he said, 'I go to look around for something. I will come home tomorrow.

They pressed their faces together and he went from the agra into the darkening evening. He met no one in the village. From the store alone, facing away from the sea, came light; this he avoided in passing. He was still in the village when he felt the beginning of coughing deep in his chest. In the dark he hurried, running softly as he could, so that no one would hear sounds and know that Donald Evwhak who coughed walked in the night.

At the place where the old ones were buried he fell to the ground and gave way to the pain in his chest, fearing that he would never breathe so much as he had to breathe from running fast and far.

Even before he reached the place where the tundra came down level to the beach he saw the strange light renewed. As he hurried along the trail he saw the motion of the light, up and down, and knew that it was something moving in the larger waves which had been brought on during the day by the rising wind. When he reached the place of the previous night he saw that there were two lights in the water, one very small. Then the larger light vanished and only the small light remained, moving on the water; and then he began to be afraid, for the light was moving in his direction.

Over the clam beds it moved, over the shoal and through the waves, and then the light vanished. Peering toward the water he sensed that something still moved there, moved in toward the shore, toward him.

It is like a seal, he thought; I see it move in the water as a seal moves, but more slowly. And I could try to shoot it now in the dark, and then I could hide from the submarine. Their light has gone out anyway.

Yes, I could shoot it now.

Then I could run away.

Behind Evwhak the dark and treeless carpet of the tundra stretched for miles. He might run a little bit and then fall down in the tundra where the weeds would rise almost over his body and be very still. Then no man could find him. He would be as unseen as the little men of the tundra. If he did not cough.

Now something had risen up from the water, hiding some of the distant

It moved into the shallow water and he heard it splashing and he saw it was in the shape of a man, a man with great magic hands and feet that slapped like seal flippers on the gravel beach. And when he thought of the seal flippers he was struck with terror and tried to remember if he had rightly on the seal's life in the ritual of releasing its spirit. But he could not remember. He only remembered the rawhide thong knotted through the seal's head, and the seal slipping back toward the water's edge, its flippers tapping on the wet stones. And then he did not try to remember, because the tapping sounds of the magic flippers had ceased somewhere on the gravel

He could not know it to be an animal, a man, or a spirit. He thought, in darkness who can tell the names of spirits, and he remembered the old shaman. He thought of a shaman, an old man who lived a long time ago in a village and one day vanished forever. That shaman would run a long arrow ivory needle into his bare stomach and remove it, bloodless. A man cannot kill a shaman, he thought, a shaman dies of being old.

Dies, and changes and is born again in the shaman child, or becomes a spirit that lives on a hilltop like the spirit of Naskok Mountain, he thought.

He tensed himself, ready to run into the tundra before the strange visitor, wanting to flee from the thing which, half-seen and half-heard, was moving about one spot on the beach. But Evwhak stayed where he was, watching the farfly motions dimly seen in the darkness. Then he realized that the flippers

were gone, that the thing walked without them, but he could not understand. And he thought then, shamans do not come from submarines. It is a man, he told himself.

At that moment the man walked up the beach, suddenly, with quick strides crunching the gravel. Walked up and past Donald Evwhak in a moment, and moved into the darkness of the tundra.

Then Evwhak knew that he had not actually expected a man, he had not planned beyond proving to himself that he had indeed seen a submarine, he had only sought proof of what he had seen the previous night. Now a man had come up out of the sea and passed him in the darkness and was somewhere in the vast tundra. This would be something to tell Mr. Andrew or Sergeant Wituya. A man.

He moved as if to rise, then paused. In a moment, perhaps, there would be more men, others out of the sea, intruders on the island. He waited watching the dark waters, but no others came. Before him the stars were unchanged.

Evwhak turned slowly around on his stomach, moving deliberately and quietly, until he faced eastward. Now he heard the soft breaking of tundra in the distance, the plants sighing underfoot and brushing against the knees of the sea-man advancing further toward the hills. After a while Evwhak heard the sounds no more, the man had stopped, or had passed from hearing. Hurrying on in the same direction? Hiding? Waiting?

East were distant rolling hills; east beyond the frozen lakes and small streams the arrowhead mass of the island formed a sharp peninsular point and there the barren hills rose up to Naskok Mountain. Many years had passed since the hunter had been as far as the mountain, and yet he remembered the stories of the spirits who lived on its top; he remembered how the old people had shaken their heads last summer when the U.S. Army built a station on the mountain top -- a station, it was said, that was like no other building made by the white men, a place of straight wooden sides that held up to the sky a great half-ball of black cloth within which revolved a restless murmuring machine which no man guided.

The hunter rose to his feet and considered the familiar trail back to the village, thinking of Mr. Andrew and the radio. Then he thought of the sea man hurrying over the tundra. Evwhak halted, wondering who would believe him; then he stepped off the trail into the tundra, toward the east.

Within a few minutes he heard again the sound of footsteps and this sound he followed in the darkness. The man walked swiftly, steadily, and faster than Evwhak could walk, but frequently he halted as though to determine his directions. Then Evwhak must stop or be heard by the stranger, and must hurry to catch up when the sea-man moved forward, so that his lungs began to pain him and he stifled the coughing that gurgled in his throat and chest.

He heard the splashing of water and minutes later he drank from cupped hands at the first small stream the intruder had crossed. Then he hurried after. In the darkness the man's sounds became familiar; Evwhak could tell when he had turned going and when he went ahead with ease.

The day began with light in the sky beyond the foothills. Evwhak hid among a clump of stunted willows, waiting. He heard bird cries overhead and saw a flight of terns flying inland, the omen of a storm. Ahead he saw a movement at the edge of a frozen lake; it was the sea-man walking along the marshy shore that edged the thin ice. Crouched in the cover of the willows Evwhak chewed a dark piece of seal meat and watched the stranger enter the Foothills.

When the sea-man had gone from sight Evwhak left his concealment and followed the course of the man's boot-prints around the frozen lake, but at foothills he veered northward, bearing on a high ridge, one not so high Naskok Mountain, but overlooking the approach to it. With hills rising between himself and the sea-man he was free to cough, only now the coughing did not ease the pain. He leaned against the boulders collected at the base of the hill and let the coughing shake him until it had spent itself. He left his blood bright red upon the bird-white of the rocks and went onward, weaker than before. Frost sparkled on the dead grass of the hill, and climbing ward he slipped on the slick grass and struck his knee a sharp blow on stone. He did not cry out, but waited until the hurt of his knee began to away, and then he rose and climbed higher on the hill.

In as I was told, he thought, when he had gained the crest of the ridge and pausing there just below the summit looked up and across valleys and lower hills to the peak of Naskok Mountain. There were two quonset huts partially visible, and one great box, and on the box was a great black fabric ibdome thrust toward the sky.

movement below and to the south; Evwhak saw the sea-man again.

In the growing light of day the hunter saw that it was indeed an ordinary wearing a brown cloth parka, one who carried a sack slung under his arm against his side. Evwhak could not see a rifle. When he first saw the again he thought, perhaps he will go up Naskok Mountain and enter U.S. Army station, there to find welcome. Then my thoughts will have been wrong. I should get up and try to go home, for it is a long way and the night has gone by, and Bernadette will be worried.

Evwhak looked to the north and west toward Cape Chibukak, knowing that he had traveled a great distance from the western shore and even Iyahak-puk's gray bulk would be far beyond his view. What he saw instead the slate wall of snow across the western end of the island, the approach-form sweeping over the tundra toward Naskok Mountain. As he watched Irah gusts of wind whistled to the hilltop and raised the hairs of his parka. The massive wall moved over lakes and streams, shutting them from and then the hilltops began to vanish. The winds that had swept the length of the island had warned of the storm and the birds flying. It had been messengers of its arrival. Like a great wave of sea it rolled the length of the tundra.

the valley below, where sparse willow twigs flanked a narrow frozen the intruder had stopped. There was something familiar about his and the hunter, knowing the storm would soon be upon them, began his way down the slope toward the sea-man. Sliding, feeling the hurt

of his knee, he avoided the outcropping stones, descending nearer the sea-man

There were binoculars and papers, noonawok, the imitation land that mer made by drawing lines. Evwhak had seen the Guard scouts do this very thing what they called map reading. It was the way for the U.S. Army to move overland. At the schoolhouse Mr. Andrew had foretold that the days of fighting would come from such a thing as this, which he called unusual incident. Mr. Andrew had said that from such things the U.S. Army station would be taken away and many people would be lost because of it.

In his mind the hunter saw many people walking on the tundra, as in storm, crying out to each other that they were lost. Their north star was lost Naskok Mountain that they had known was lost. They called to each other but their voices were taken by the wind. Wherever they walked they did no come to the sea. Fighting people came among them to do bad things. Evwhak knew that to make this terrible thing happen was bad.

Then he thought, someone must stop that man, and he knew that no one was near. If Evwhak went up the mountain to the U.S. Army station the man would escape into the storm where the soldiers could not follow. It he went back to the village -- but he was no longer sure that he had the strength to return to the village.

The first snow flakes lightly touched his wrist and he saw that the other man also was aware of approaching snow and was turning his parka side for side, with white clothing showing instead of brown. Then Evwhak knew that he must follow close in the storm or the man would be lost to him. Ever now the stranger was moving toward the west, facing into the whirling snow. Soon wind sounds would be so strong that Evwhak himself would hardly be able to hear his own coughing sounds. He rose and followed the man into the beginning of the storm. When he looked behind him he could see the black fabric dome of the U.S. Army station, but the sky and the land were already white.

Soon the hills themselves could not be seen and Evwhak went ahead with his eyes searching the boot-prints in the snow, the places where dry sou dock stems were broken by heavy heels and a man's hand had twisted the little willow tips nervously as he passed. With each increase in the falling snow the sea-man ahead left fewer traces of his passage. Evwhak began step where his quarry had stepped, to gauge his manner of walking, and knew that the man was tiring, even as he. Once he came to where the intruder had rested; still visible in the blowing snow beside the vanishing boot-prints were the paper wrappings of his food. This stirred the hunger in Evwhak's stomach and he finished the pieces of seal meat, chewing as he walked, and the thought came to him that the man ahead in the gathering storm was eating, was also stung by the driving snow that slanted into his face. The hunter scooped up fresh snow as he walked, letting it melt in his cheek. He saw where the man had stumbled on a hillock and where he had stepped through soft snow into the water of a pot-hole, and he knew that the man was a stranger to the country, bewildered by the storm, and perhaps afraid.

The snow came sharply against the little portion of Donald Evwhak's face not covered by his parka, and with many voices the wind moaned in his ears.

and he remembered old stories of men who turned into seals and of bears who ate mothers. And he thought again of people lost on the tundra.

Once he heard a sharp whistle above the other whistles of the wind, one that could not have been the wind, and he looked for the whistler, but he could not see him, for it must have been a little man of the tundra. He walked against the talking wind, following the sea-man's tracks, traces that were drifting quickly now and becoming more difficult to find. Then he began to think of making camp. Snow would drift around his sleeping-hide to shelter him. He could rest while the other one struggled. Let the other one wander until he came to the western shore and the sea. Eywhak's aching knee and burning dry chest cried to him to rest. He went on.

He came at last to the final stream, frozen solid now, that marked the leanness of the trail and of the island shore. The wind had softened and the snow came down more lightly. Where all had been white there were now gray suggestions of the afternoon sky. With his fingers he thawed the ice that had formed on the parka hood beneath his chin. He hurried toward the rise of land that bordered the shore, and then, ahead of him against the gray sky, he saw the white parka of the intruder.

Perhaps, Eywhak thought, he will come with me to Mr. Andrew. It may be that I have deceived myself about him. Perhaps he has done no harm with making imitation land. I do not know.

Eywhak ran a few steps forward, breathing hard, and he saw that the g-man had halted, within sight of the storm-tossed sea. The hunter raised his voice to the diminishing wind, calling, 'Friend!'

The figure leaped in a pantomime of astonishment. It turned toward Eywhak: its face beneath the parka hood was a white man's face. Then the figure moved with swiftness, throwing itself down in the tundra, reaching to the bag slung beneath its arm. Even as the pistol appeared Donald was down in the tundra, pressing his face into the wet snow tightly like the reindeer eating moss. A shot was fired but he felt nothing. Then another. He waited, but only the soft sound of snowflakes touched his ear.

'Don't shoot!' he called. 'Sooveesa-nuk!'

There was no answer. Cautiously Donald raised his head and saw the intruder struggling through the drifted snow of the rise, looking down at him over his shoulder. Soon he would be gone. Donald pushed himself up on his knees, rose to his feet, feeling again the hurt of his injured knee, and started after the stranger.

'Tabra!' he called. 'Halt! Stop. Come back.'

The snow of the rise had drifted deep and Donald was caught in it, stepping helplessly, waving his arms at the man.
'Come back!'

The intruder turned again to fire a shot. This one Donald heard singing in the air. His feet touched a hard crust and he ran forward, but when the crust broke under his weight, and pitched forward into the snow. As he tried to rise again pain raked his chest as sharp as a claw and his weakness did not leave him. He tried to see the stranger but he could not. Well and he could not raise himself to look over the rise. When he

saw that he could not walk he began to crawl through the deep snow. At each forward lunge the crust of snow collapsed beneath his weight. He pushed forward, dragging the rifle, pushed again.

Darkness was already filling the eastern sky when at last he dragged himself to the place where the trail reached the shore. Snow had worked into his sleeves and under the tops of his mukluks, and formed little white beads on his collar, so that his arms and legs and face were wet, but not cold, for he was heated by the fever of his struggling. Snowflakes had ceased to fall but white ribbons on the surface of the sea foretold the coming of the wind that had driven the storm across the island. Where the wind had dashed water high above the tide-line of the beach the rocky slopes were surfaced with white-glazed knobs of stone. Brightness danced before Donald's burning eye: then the stones held their frozen places in the beach. Steadying his gaze he tried to find the stranger, looking for footprints in snow or ice. He started to raise himself on his elbows, and then he saw it rise out of the snow where it had been hidden beneath the white parka. Fifty yards away it stood, and then the white parka dropped to the glazed beach and Evwhak saw again the spirit figure that had come out of the water. It was dressed all in black and wore on its head a mask like giant snow goggles. The mask turned toward the sea.

Beyond the figure Evwhak saw the submarine rising in the waters that still trembled with the passing of the storm. Spray leaped high over its black metallic hull. Once more Evwhak tried to rise, but failed. Then he called to the figure on the beach.

'Friend!' he called.

Do not go out there, he thought. Come back to me.

The goggled figure did not turn. Instead it walked forward, not pausing at the water, but stepping into the surf, striding through the shallows and wading out, perhaps another fifty yards, never looking back to the shore. Then it put forward webbed things that had been hands and dove into the water.

It is gone, Evwhak thought, I have let it go.

Then, where a sand bar turned the water white, the head appeared, briefly like a seal's head. Like a seal's head, the hunter thought, and he drew up his rifle, knowing what he must do. The bore was lightly plugged with snow and the hunter chipped it quickly clear with a bone needle from his parka pocket. Then he rested the rifle before him and watched for the reappearance of the head.

In the distant waters the submarine waited beyond the shoal, waves lapping its deck.

'It was a seal,' Evwhak said, aloud. At the words there was a clank within him and his lungs heaved.

Then the head appeared again, half seen by the hunter in his pain shaking and coughing his blood onto the snow. Unsteadily he pulled

trigger. There was the singing of the bullet as it danced from the water side the head.

Only a seal, he told himself.

He became calm of breath, his vision cleared, and he waited. The fine notch the rear sight and the blackened front bead came together, and far out in shallow water covering the shoal something no bigger than a black fist appeared again, and the three things merged as he fired. This time there was no splash of water, only a silent flailing of something and then the washing of blue-gray waves. The sound of his shot came to him on the wind.

From the submarine a light was flashing.

It was a seal, he said to himself, I have killed a seal.

Trembling seized him, mightily, uncontrollably, his shaking arms and jerking hands dropped the rifle and in his heaving chest the talons of an owl took tearing him. He sprawled flat on the beach writhing with the burning until a fit of coughing closed his eyes and forced the warm blood dribbling from his mouth. Then he was still.

When he opened his eyes he saw before his face the pink and red and her frozen things on the ice-sheathed gravel. Weakly he raised his head, his on blurring, and saw the moving submarine in the sea beyond his reach.

was you who came to the island, he thought, and a sudden anger swept him; his hands groped for and found the rifle and he emptied the magazine at the black distant hull, ineffectual shots fired at too great a range. And this spent his anger.

the sounds of the shots brought back to him on the wind were enormous. I shots became the sound of one shot he had fired.

guilty a seal, he thought.

When he looked again for the submarine it had gone down into the bikenning sea. Nightfall came to the shore of the island and Evwhak thought

he must go home to the village, to Bernadette, but he could not rise. opened his pack for some dried salmon and biscuit. The biscuit was en to crumbs and powder from his crawling, but the salmon he chewed swallowed painfully. Soon afterward it came up and was spewed onto snow, The winds grew stronger and he became cold and tried to move from the sea, but the owl in his chest gripped with talons that held him and he found that he could not crawl. His knee pained him and his filled with sputum; his head ached and throbbed and when he tried the stars he could not see. With cold and unresponsive fingers he the stiff and frozen sleeping-hide and pried loose the knotted thong. was free he thrust his tortured hands into it but he could not find gth to unroll it. He curled with his hands under his fur pants in the his groin and tried to rest. The talons of the owl clenched and unduring all that night while the wind from the sea blew over him. morning began he heard the calls and cries of gulls very near, as they were pecking in the ice beside his head. He did not move then, his eyes. He thought, I have rested and will get up soon and go the village. But he did not move, not then, and not when he heard footsteps and the strangely muted voices of the men who found him.

He felt himself being lifted and he heard the voice of Sergeant Wituya directir them back to the village. The motion was a bed of ice stabbing him. H thought the little men of the tundra were carrying him down into some car in a mountain. He imagined that he heard their sharp whistles and felt the barbed arrows and that it was they who carried him.

Later he became aware of the warm air of the agra coming over hin ever so faintly and lightly touching the chill of his body. The motion cease and he felt covers placed upon him like weights. Voices sounded indistin and seemingly far away, and then he heard nearby the voice of Bernadette as in a whisper: "I feared. I sent them to search."

Then Evwhak opened his eyes.

He saw Bernadette and felt hot liquid run over his lips. They had pi him in his sleeping place, beneath the quilt, and they were gathered aroun his head, waiting, smoking. He could not see them well, only their smok floating in the agra and their movements as they made room for others. H heard them, faintly, asking, and he saw them go away. Then others cam and he closed his eyes again.

During the afternoon, when light fell upon his face from the roof window he awakened to wild coughing, eyes wide and breath trapped inside hin Bernadette brought him hot soup and put it to his lips; it had no taste bi left the feeling of moss in his throat.

Finally, in a weak whisper only he spoke her name: "Bernadette." wanted to touch her as she leaned near, to tell her of the owl within hil but he was unable to find his strength. He saw that others were still the that they leaned nearer, looking down into his eyes. They said for him speak. There was the loud voice that was Sergeant Wituya. And then tho figures moved from his sight and Bernadette touched soup to his lips, but could not take it. He looked and the smoke of the others was clearing aw and he saw Mr. Andrew leaning with his red face very close so that breath touched Evwhak's face. The hunter listened to the white man's voic but he was able only to shake his head.

The talons of the owl clenched and unclenched within him. Though made no sound tears ran from his eyes.

In the night he awakened to utter blackness and he cried out, "I h killed a seal! "

And then the owl within him became a spirit and beckoned to him brought him away from there, though he held back against the talons drew him, until he could not hold back longer and he knew last of all Bernadette, his wife, was alone, and that he was dead.

Two Poems

*Robert Reiss**In Saint James Park*

In Saint James Park there walks
A small, staid girl with biscuits - trees fanning the heat
Of Buckingham -- birds stuck in the lake like
Lions in the grasslands, green and steamy,
The African students
Mingling with lovers, with the little girl munching,
With Big Ben's bell, with all England.

Gray and elephant sky
And pale, poetic hands dance Picadilly tunes
On the breasts of maidens - trees are solemn
In Saint James Park, in calm Hindustani
The Indian prophets
Unite the poplars, the little girl's appetite,
Big Ben's towers, the whole Island.

Flame and factory sky
And under umbrellas motion parades away,
Drops scurry down midsummer ladders, soon
Big Ben quivers like the Channel and sea;
Only Saint James Park stays
Afloat, where a staid, little girl called England eats,
And chants in praise her sovereign land.

"Now we are distant"

Now we are distant, veil your eyes
That, close, with mine would dance
Love's candles should not jeopardize
Life grown between their glance
And if we tied our sights, resultant fire
Would leave ten countries void of barn and spire.

Adorn yourself in heavy black
Weigh down your bottom skirt
And with the Swedish midnight's sack
Keep your hair's sun inert
That hot winds of your watchers cannot loose
Those beauties, which, viewed, would end civil truce.

Speak not at all: inscribe your needs
 Only in darkness pray
Walk never: I have sent you steeds
To cease your body's sway
 For if the public knew your whim and gait
 The rush to comfort would unman the state.

And with your loneliness be still
 As mine is blizzard-loud
Your dreams in white attire, till
We join, and the rough crowd
 Which now makes garments guard your loveliness
 Gives place to me, and, safely, you undress.

Kim Novak

O platinum charmer in a cloud of pearls
 Bled to extremes to make delusion count,
 You, they insist, are a type of girl-next-door;
 Never my neighbour though I would gladly do
To you as I would have you do to me:
 Even believe that trees throw off such girls
In profligate America and paint
 Hope in lights mile-high or dream that any poor
 Son-of-a-bitch may look out on a dame like you.

But none of the photographs tell all the truth -
 The taste you wake with or the desperate words
 Needed to reassure: the things we suffer alone are proof
 Ultimately, against the pose of grandeur:
 Despair may sit at the wheel like a fourth horseman
 And drive through the acclaiming land in wrath:
 Boredom, like leprosy, may count its beads
 And find no blessings stored beneath the roof
 For the rainy days of the heart when it awakes unsure.

If you pray, it is better to pray for lasting sleep
 And not to awake from the dream wherein you float
 Toned-up to meet expectancy in a world
 Remote from the real world's ways -- a grotesque fishbowl
 Where prize exhibits flourish for all who pay.
 Paint out all elements but extremes and keep
 A sense of the supernormal: here the throat

Constricts for such a life and the fate of the child
 Next door who walked out singly and was swallowed whole.

- Louis Johr

Two Poems

*Pierre Henri Delattre**Pollen*

Deep with Pierrot in buttercups,
She breaks and, breathing heavily,
Swells with the wind that shakes
The germinating spears and, shedding
Eighteen years for someone who
Dies against her ... ends without an answer,
Wades away through sun-soaked fields
Where she lies melting, a heaving
Mound in new, moist mat of flowers.
She knows that she will never run again
But walk like Pierrot when he disappears
Through the yellow rain of pollen,
Forgetting where the seed has fallen,
Upon whose sudden fruit the sun so stares.

Domino

They are testing a bomb tonight
Out on the desert.

The flash catches Pierrot
As, on the avenue, his hand
Makes contact happily.
He plays the game of touching
Every other tree.

The flash has caught him very gracefully.
There goes half the world. Tant pis.

ORDEN PUBLICO

Notes on a Revolution

Bogota, Colombia

Colombia is, as I am sure you are aware, going through one of the most turbulent periods of her long and interesting history. Unfortunately, many have happened to be innocent victims, as it were. Most people here believe that the worst is over, and that Colombia is going to come out of it, and that the future is brilliant. I am one of those.

Of changing from a so-called democracy to a dictatorship, and back again to a democracy, is hard to understand, unless one has actually lived through it. We have. To us North Americans who have lived in a country where most people read and write, and can be reasoned with, it seems that it should be so simple to settle matters and get on with building an economy. It is not so in a country where most of the people do not read and write and are easily excited, highly emotional, lacking in ambition, and accustomed to consider life of little value. They take their politics with much seriousness. Most of them do not know why they are either Liberal or Conservative, but they are willing to give their lives for the party. One is born one way or the other, and so far as I know, one cannot change. There have been in the last six or eight years literally hundreds of thousands of people killed in Colombia in the name of politics. Most of them are poor farmers or laborers to whom politics do not matter one way or the other.

* * *

One of my husband's projects is the building of a section of a badly needed railroad. But its construction has been delayed at least three years due to troubles which are here called 'Orden Publico', public disturbances. The first policy of the government was to ignore such things and deny their existence. N. (my husband) tried to tell them many times about the bandits in his section. Once, after a rather strong attack in which they came in and destroyed much of our equipment, slashing all the tires with their machetes and breaking anything of glass and setting fire to fuel, N. came to Bogota and insisted on being heard by an official. His answer was: 'You have a tract to build a railroad, not to fight bandits. Go back and build a road. But we happened to have a very good friend in the person of Minister X., who arranged for an investigation. But before they could reach the job, Santiago Berrio, the contractor for another section, was captured by the bandits. He was held for ransom, 2,000 pesos, which was brought immediately from his office. Then the price was raised to 5,000 pesos. Since he was a man from a politically prominent family, the government could no longer ignore the situation and they sent out planes to drop leaflets over the jungle offering 50,000 pesos for his safe return. His body was already floating down the Magdalena River in little pieces.

After this they sent fifty soldiers out with N. for protection. This priority

Be worse, because the bandits wanted the guns and ammunition of the oldiers, and because they were also intent upon embarrassing the govern-

The soldiers marching along the railroad clearing, or riding in trucks perfect targets for the bandits who were safely hidden in the jungle on side. They would let our workers pass by and then open fire on the rs -- sometimes killing eight or ten at a time. The buzzards took care

he dead on the other side; they could be seen circling around the jungle iwo or three days after the battle. N. hauled in the dead and wounded lers by the truck loads many times. So this method was given up.

ryone asks, 'Why don't they send soldiers in and clean them out?

those people have never seen that jungle. The soldiers would be at i too great a disadvantage. Of course, N. strictly forbade the carrying of guns by the workers, because for one gun, the bandits would gladly e wiped out the whole group.

* *

hoN. again found himself left alone to build a railroad. Things went fine for a while and then the bandits started coming in two or three a week to the job. They would line the men up with great care, king at their papers to determine whether they were Liberal or Con-Frative, and putting them in different lines, and then they would rob both

N. always managed to carry about 200 pesos so they could rob him feel happy about it. Then they would go away and appear another day.

Heir leader at first was a young boy about 18 years old. He was called Negro (Black Cap), and N. said he was as pleasant a young fellow ou would care to meet. He would ride in on his horse, shotgun in hand seting as much as possible like the bad men in the movies he had seen.

robbed the men, he would dismiss his bandits, who would fade into ngle, tell the workers, 'Get back to work you! Don't you know you're ng N's time standing there?' And then to N. he would say, 'Sit down, let's talk a while.'

said he could never help thinking to himself, 'This could be my own a playing cowboy.

would often say to him, 'Look, fellow, why don't you quit all this and to work?'

the would say, 'No, my men depend on me.'

last time he came to the job he decided as he was leaving that N.'s were better than his and they should change. N. convinced him that nts would be much too big. But he told him that he had a son about

maybe he could bring him some of our son's pants. Gorro Negro that idea and insisted that N. measure him so as to bring the correct N, came to Bogota for a weekend, and when he returned on Monday, Negro's head was on the end of a pole sticking up in the air in the square. He had been betrayed by his own men for a ransom.

*

Herwards, two gangs were organized with new leaders. N. often told These people are not the same type as Gorro Negro. I don't like them. are dangerous.' Then a new engineer came to work. He was one of

the nicest Colombians I have ever known, about fifty-seven years old, an ex-university professor, well liked by everyone. On certain days he would

that the bandits had been in. He would tell the engineer, Please let go out there and face them. I am used to them.' But the engineer would answer, 'No, these are my people. I know how to handle them. I blush for shame for my country that they exist.'

One day in November four bandits rode in to the job, caught the engineer and demanded 1,000 pesos. He did not have it. So they told him to see a check for 3,000 pesos to be cashed in the nearest town; he had no check book and no account in the town. At last it developed into a political argument and he told them they were a disgrace to their country whatever their politics. So they shot him. All four fired one shot each. Then, getting down from their horses, they took his watch and billfold and rode back into the jungle. They were within a few feet of about thirty of our workers who could, of course, do nothing. Because of his prominence and that of very old and revered family, it stirred up a great deal of political feeling again. Last week twenty-five of our workers, Liberals, were arrested and taken to jail. They are still there. Whether or not they were in anyway associated with the bandits we wouldn't know. N. goes on working, refusing to be part of the political brawl.

* *

Last night we were again under martial law in Bogota. It seems that Rojas Pinilla had organized another revolution. The plan was uncovered just in the nick of time. But Rojas, who always seems to be the last one to know things, thought it was in wild swing all over the country and was yelling long and loudly that there were not enough lamp posts in Bogota from which to hang the politicians whom he would have hanged by morning. Dr. Lleras, our very fine President, got on the radio and talked for about two hours, telling the people to remain calm, that all was under control. The army simply surrounded the house of Rojas, escorted him to the airport, and from there to Cartagena where he is at present in detail on a boat. Dr. Lleras is determined to prove that this is a democracy, to the surprise of a great many people, he has so far proved it.

The Colombians tell me, 'We will never have another dictator. We have at last found the sure cure! They demonstrated it in May of 1959 when they overthrew Rojas, who had a very strong army under his command. They literally paralyzed all the cities of the country. All banks closed, all transportation, everything stopped. Rojas told Martin Corral, the president of Banco de Bogota, 'You are breaking the law. I order you to open your bank.' Senor Del Corral rose calmly from his seat and said, 'Yes, gentlemen, I know I am breaking the law. To which do you want me to go? There is not much an army can do with that attitude. They opened his bank for one day with soldiers. But they could not open his safes, and they brought money from the Banco de la Republica.

she day they lost hundreds of thousands of dollars in bad checks cashed. Those people who wanted to travel, soon found that there were no filling is open. Even buses cannot run without gas. And as a final measure treets were strewn with tacks. I have seen as many as eight cars in one fixing flats. Rojas had but one choice, to give up, which he did. I at think the Colombians would hesitate to employ the same tactics again they found themselves in the same condition.

hat 10th of May was the date of one of the happiest, and longest lasting rations Colombia has ever known. From 5 a.m., when it was announced Rojas had quit, until late at night, cars streamed through the streets g as people cheered and viva-ed the Gobierno Civil.

the government has begun to pay some of its debts. They will pay. a will progress, and it will soon be the foremost country of South What happens to Colombia - what happens to the countries of America, is and will always be of great importance to our own won-country. Because whatever we of the United States may think, we pager live apart. And prosperous and friendly neighbours in our own phere are of utmost importance to our well-being as a nation.

- Mrs N.

ITOR'S NOTE: Mrs. N., an American housewife and mother, has lived in for six years. Her husband is a construction company executive. The above n from a letter to friends who in turn brought it to the attention of Coast- been edited slightly to insure the privacy of persons involved in this first- 1 from Colombia).

Reviews

The Existential Lincoln

play by Gil Orlovitz, The Literary Review (Vol. 2, No. 2); Fairleigh Univerxity, Teaneck, N.J., \$1.00.

en a pleasant shock to find that this rather professional play by Gil directly against the grain of that underground which on several occasions to claim him for its own. What would the underground or beat spokes-a play which does not limit itself to a catalogue of social lies? Indeed, hey think of the 'play' medium itself, since it requires a certain discipline, and social comprehension on the part of the artist? Alas! this is a full original and penetrating study of a no less conventional hero than Abe and rendered with such an inclusive, tragic sweep as to involve the

social and political realities crucial to this country. Has Orlovitz flipped?

Gray is a chronology of the life of Lincoln in 39 scenes. The interesting thing about this play is its somewhat existentialist treatment. The spirituality, personality, humor, sadness, conscience, personal indifference, cruelty and even neuroses of Lincoln in this play might have been handled by a composite of someone as far ranging in field of consciousness as Beckett, someone as well organized and disciplined as Saund, paradoxically, someone with the sense of objective social drama like Arthur Miller. This may be a crude, if not a grandiose comparison, but it certainly indicates rather formidable treatment this play has received in the hands of Orlovitz.

The play on a personality that one would assume to have been previously explored gains its freshness and originality precisely on the misconception of the audience and perhaps the rest of the cast as well, who hold to Lincoln's symbolic character. For the irony is that Lincoln is never definite, but is ever groping to find himself. Gray, therefore, reinterprets the Lincoln legend by means of the genre of identity seeking literature. Perhaps that is why both Lincoln and the play are called Gray since Orlovitz attempts to present the indefinite qualified consciousness of experience rather than the black and whites of the school-boy's history.

We begin with the young Abe Gray who does not have the consolation of a definite knowledge or image of himself or his derivation, or a clear recollection or understanding of his parents. To obtain some sense of reality he strikes outward, first raising him up physically in the world by his sweat and his strength, then intellectually, by level of abstraction after another in the various stages of his political career. To define himself, he must attempt to engage the social and political realities of

This, basically, I believe is the action of the play. Some of the scenes read interior monologues, others like modern ballet and still others like pageantrie documentaries. Some of these are brilliant, others are frankly experimental and others are so much verbal pyromania. But most of them despite, or perhaps because of, their treatment have the ring of profound accuracy. To attain this Orlovitz, paradoxically, distorts history. In fact, he feels free to modify facts which, in the process more accurately display both the conflicts within Lincoln and the sympathies antipathies underlying the North and South, than do the anti-climactic facts of actual history. A good example of this is the protracted climax between Lincoln and Bibb in the latter's dressing room.

Until I read this play, I must admit that I had often felt disappointed with not only Orlovitz's work, especially his satirical poetry, for reasons which did not seem to involve his lack of ability, but rather an excess of it. I have suspected this to be caused by a rather uncontrolled and mischievous egoism. Ego, of course, is necessary to any work of art, and to discourage it simply because of its natural self-interest would do a disservice to art. But the independent writer must create an independent work so the work must at the same time transcend or be an allegory of the playwright's ego. His obsession with 'metaphor as mode' and 'paradox as fulfillment', found in other of his work to be unnecessary and unrewarding, and which even Gray has led to some stray, noisy scenes. But these faults are minor in Gray and easily be corrected upon another revision or, better, by review of its live performance. On the whole, the play is devoted to the expression of a personality external to Orlovitz and, in doing so, assumes a power and an independent vitality of its own. Because he is able to create forces which work on their own levels, never controlled, Orlovitz has revealed himself to be a gifted and original dramatist.

Orlovitz's final triumph, of course, is the demonstration of his individualistic courage in undertaking this play. Because many of his other works were devoted to a negative attack on society they appear to have been made to order to do so. He made himself an important ingredient of disaffiliation. It was, of course, to his credit an indication of the independence necessary to create a play like Gray, that he rejected all approaches which would subject him to that and other causes. Perhaps that is why he is now in New York, rather than the west coast.

By the way, is there someone around with enough sense to produce this play

A Step Toward Perception

Y THE MARBLE TEA, by Richard Brautigan; Carp Press, 461 Mississippi St.,
San Francisco, 75c.

His is a small book -- reading time ten to fifteen minutes -- of tiny observation
comments on a variety of subjects. The book's chief characteristic is crispness
I don't believe the following could be better put:

I watched a man in a café fold a slice of bread as if he were folding a birth
certificate or looking at the photograph of a dead lover.

In a Café

And for crisp, lucid commentary:

A circle
 comes complete
with its
own grave
 Geometry

But the poems are not all of this kind. Probably a good half of them are experiments
on the theme of the Unexpected Insight. Irrational poems whose only logic is irrational
(isn't that what much poetry is about?). Yet, if you cannot feel the truth of their
you must call them failures. Some of these, then, I would have to reject on
round:.. but cautiously, for when I ask myself, Is this guy just another
all trying to capitalize on the ever-present market for screwballity?' I have to
with an emphatic 'no. Brautigan seems rather to be working toward
dual and fruitful perception. For example, the unsonnetlike poem called "Sonnet":

The sea is like
 an old nature poet
who died of a
 heart attack in a
public latrine.
His ghost still
 haunts the urinals.
 At night he can
 be heard walking
 around barefooted
in the dark.
 Somebody stole
his shoes.

in an authentic sound and movement to this poem; and many of the others
the same way. This first book is good ore. What is needed now is to dig hard
subject that goes with the method. What is Brautigan's bit of world? His
will ripen, I think, as that bit is finally discovered and explored.

- G.F.

INDEX TO VOLUMES II AND III

Author	Type	Issue	Title
Anderson, Jack	verse	Concerning	Heresy
Appleman, Philip	verse	En	Route
Ashman, Richard	verse	On Crowning Good With	Brotherhood
Babitz, Mae	verse	Quiet Evening at Home,	Proper Study
Barbican, Jacques	verse	The Newest	Criticism
Bartlett, Elizabeth	verse	Gadarene	Swine
Bartlett, Paul	verse	Procne	
Becker, Grove			
Beeching, Jack			Faena, Comes October, Land of the Mayas
Bentley, Nelson	verse	The Barren	Fig Tree
Birnbaum, Henry	story	Rocks and	Stars
Blake, Melissa	verse	Revolt in	Manhattan
Blodget, Susan	verse	A Spontaneous	Dance,
Bluestone, George		Song of	Amber Sand
Bukowski, Charles	verse	The	Bone, Pine
Bunch, David R.	verse	To My Catholic	Daughter
	verse	Hunger and the	Treasure of Flight
Carson, Arthur	verse	Bat	
Castillo, Arthur	article	Indoor	Sport
Ciardi, John	verse	Dream Boy,	December Walk
Comorthoon, James		The	Professor at Walden
Cooper, John	verse	Argosy,	Letter to Beatrice
Corso, Gregory	verse	Dow Jones:	Down
Crews, Judson	story	Tomorrow Will be	Worse,
Cullen, Winifred		Daphalene	
Cuscaden, R. R.	story	A Little Girl's	Xmas in Modernia
Dahl, Barding	verse	Berlin, 1934,	
		Exile,	Autumn Poem
	verse	Three	Extracts from a Science-Fiction Opera
	verse	Faces, An Island	Galaxy
	story	War	Meat
	article	From Our	English Correspondent
	verse	Poets Hitch-hiking on the	Highway
	verse	Spine	Some Facile Dame
	verse	Saturday is my drinking	da
	verse	We are the	ones
	verse	The Crippled	Girl
	article	Tijuana: a	Profile
	article	Reform and the	Myth of Perfection
	article	Correspondence from the	Field
	article	Handie Reference	Guide f the Little Theatre Own

Type	Title
eng.David Cornel verse	Hour of Charm, Summer Song
verse	Hi-Ho on a Patriotic Day
Istein, Morton cover	
George P. verse	Delicate Omens
verse	Song
William verse	Somehow Things
Robert story	The Kite
verse	The Race
story	Time of the Blue Guitar
eh, Angel G. cover	To a Life Insurance Salesman
an, Norman verse	Choreographer of Words
B, Gene	The Poetry of Relevance
	A Squawk About 'Squeal'
	Hark, Hark, the Laugh!
George	Craft and Comedy
	A Sentimental Foray
Jed	In the Tense Present
en, Sidney	Don't Take No for an Answer
	Bathing Beauty
Barbara verse	Poems About Houses
	To William Blake, Legend,
	The New Horizons
Allen verse	The Intellectual Ladies to
Don verse	the Poets,
lott verse	The Creation
	Shipyards No. 3-Richmond
	In the Forest
Vahan K. story	Valses Nobles et Sentimentales,
verse	At Three Rocks
	The End of Her Rope,
Seymour verse	Elegy: Wilhelm Reich,
Lawrence S. verse	<i>Affair</i>
	Campsite
	Sheeprock, Nevada, Flirt,
Leslie Woolf	Matriculation, Like Clouds
Moss	that Pass in Dreams
nes	Interview
Harry	Jack-in-the-Box
Sylvia	Legislators
	James Joyce
Fudson	How I Came to Draw Forces
Louis	Female, Wildwood Type
	Diver, Jack and the Beanstalk
	The Middle Ages
	Lullaby, Marrows
I liane	Man in Arms, The Mood
	of Rain, The Birthday
sley	Crawdads Smith
	The Skin Divers
	<i>Gone</i>
	Gregg, Seven Children,
	Tanya, Joey
	The Divine Average, Gregory,
	Jamie, Marsha, Bob and Lance

Author

Kinsey, Ralph L.
Koerner, J. D.

Langton, Daniel J.
Larsen, Carl

Lemon, David

Lipton, Lawrence article

Longchamps, Joanne de
MacDonald, Lachlan review
review

review
review
review
review

MacGregor-Hastie, Roy article
article

Maggs, Derek article
Martinek, Joseph
McGrath, Thomas review
review

Mesches, Arnold
Meyers, Bert
Miller, Arthur article (reprint)

Mintz, Ruth Finer

Offen, Ron
Orlovitz, Gil
Parvin, Brian
Patchen, Kenneth article

Petri, Lori
Pettinella, Dora M. verse (trans.)
Pillin, William

article

Poots, Tom

Ray, David review
Rety, John article
Schevill, James

Type Issue Title

verse Parabolic Egypt
story The Damnation of Eugene
Kaske

verse Poem
verse Auto Da Fe
verse Letter to Clarence Major
cover
cover
cover

America's Literary Undergrou
verse I Was a Poet for the F.B.I
verse Under a Fig Leaf
Water on the Grave
The Hollow Tower
story The Accused

New World Gates
Books New or Neglected
Books New or Neglected:
Poetry of the Non-Existent
The New Australian Poetry
Draga
London Newsletter

verse Reserved
Poetry, Jazz, etc.
The Pocket Poet Series

verse Letter to an Imaginary Fri
verse Ah ... to the Villages
cover

verse In the Alley
The Writer's Position
in America

verse Pain Is a Pleasure I Will
Not Keep,
Revere House and Square

verse Lines on a Fractured Tooth

verse Art of the Sonnet: XXV

verse Lake, Holiday
A Statement by Kenneth
Patchen

verse Cause for Complaint
Freedom, Paul Eluard

verse Nomads Without a Tribe,
Fugue
Correspondence

verse Sabbath, Piano Lesson,
Farewell

story The Voice Behind
story A God Is Dead

A Chicago Venture
London Newsletter

verse A Renoir for Ireland,
Home Life of the Circus
Dancers

verse Death of a Cat, The Bard
Bulk, Gambling in Las V
In Sharp Moonlight