

TRACE

A CHRONICLE OF LIVING LITERATURE

Third Year

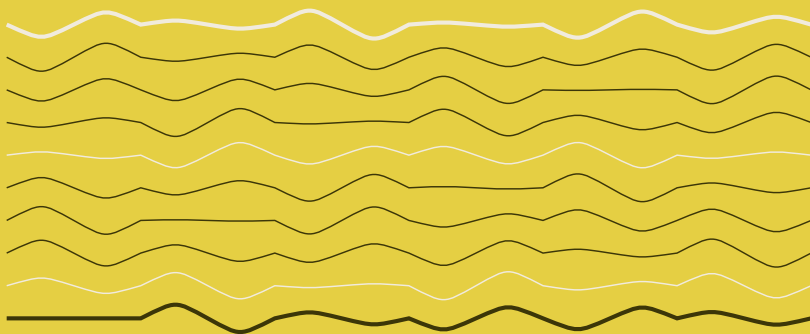
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TRACE

No. 8

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Essays & Articles · Poetry · Reviews

August 1954

Edited by James Boyer May

A READING EDITION

ABOUT THIS EDITION

This reading edition preserves the issue's poetry, fiction, essays, correspondence, reviews, and other literary writing in their printed order. Advertising, subscription matter, mastheads, the magazine's own contents pages, annual indexes, address lists, and the running trade directory are omitted as reference apparatus.

The text was checked against newly rendered source pages. Poetry lineation, stanza spacing, shaped indents, and hanging continuations for long lines are retained; prose continuations are joined without false paragraph indents. Conjectural readings are enclosed in square brackets, while original spelling and punctuation are otherwise kept.

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TOWARDS PRINT

by the Editor of Trace

A virtual harvest of new magazine issues has been garnered, these weeks of preparation for August Trace. And since many readers have been suggesting treatments of selected periodicals, to convey more than the Directory inklings and occasional remarks by their own editors, and since our speeded publication schedule affords space, here are thoughts upon them.

Canadian Poetry Magazine (Pays 1c per word, \$1 min., published at 50c a copy by Canadian Authors Ass'n, under editorship of Arthur S. Bourinot, P.O. Box 803, Postal Stat. 'B,' Ottawa, Ontario, Can., with support from groups and individuals). Spring, 1954 issue is representative; and, accenting this magazine's consistency, the same could be remarked about nearly any issue. Clarity, in the sense of intelligible (though not necessarily obvious) transmissions of ideas, accompanies a wide variety of forms and some experimentalism too—though no inchoate work. What would be regarded then on the whole by most moderns as a conservative bias, seldom nevertheless allows the trite or merely imitative. Rather, this is evidenced by better-polished work than often found in magazines whose editors' penchants for innovation leads to printing some malformed trials, those editors who seem to trust that anything which convinces them of sincere poetic intentions therefore may prove to be poetry, despite poor craftsmanship. Nor do sentimentalities appear; and this distinguished editorial taste within bounds, harbouring few surprises and launching no startling discoveries, surely must be credited for assembling pieces marked by mature restraint and unhackneyed phrases. And still, Mr. Bourinot's careful policy leaves room to speculate that he occasionally may fail to accept valuable individualistic pieces.

But, here's consistent good reading, both relaxing and stimulative—not an easy balance to achieve year after year, a golden editorial mean realised in a manner unequalled. Mr. Bourinot's other conservative facet (i.e. demanding lucid developed ideas and not tolerating semi-applied notional vaguenesses, no matter the measured metres—and therewith also recognising that all irresponsible verse is by no means externally formless—doesn't require that everything be deadly serious, nor even that the percepts behind poems invariably never be trivial. Thus, a good deal of light amusing stuff gets in also despite that selections are from intellectual rather than from lyrical preference. By this, of course, must be conceded that many poems (and all types) leave impressions of having been engendered by less intense emotions than should be, for possible greatness. Yet—how many editors present any really great poetry whatever? And the worst to be remarked about Canadian Poetry Magazine is that the quality of the verse (as verse) is on the whole higher than what may claim to being poetry (as poetry)—and that among these, every now and then intrudes one which, inspite of impeccable formal contruction, may on analysis be judged simply elevated prose fitted to a line-scheme.

From this to Zero is a far far leap—they differ in so many aspects. However, each has exerted and is exerting larger than average influence, and regardless that Zero has put forth only two years' issues in five (Vol. II, No. 5, edited by Themistocles Hoetis in Mexico, sold from 138-52 Elder Ave., Flushing 55, N.Y., U.S.A. for 35c). Where the Canadian magazine has made its mark by sheer regularity and almost-accidental occasional recognitions of outstanding experiments, plus articles of the 'recording' type and a good percentage of anthology reprintings, Zero's sporadic issues have displayed quantities of new work by prominent writers in modern vogues, and scored one especially outstanding introduction of a then-unknown with Paul Bowles' The

Delicate Prey, in 1949. A special international flavour has been preserved, keeping it in demand in advance-guard circles, no matter the lapses.

But with this appearance, not only has Zero reduced the quantity of presentations (an economical 9-by-11-inch format of just 12 pages), but the quality, undeniably good though it is, fails of the excitement of much previously presented. An international flavour remains; but rather dull to the tongue—what with largest space occupied by a rambling consideration of Proust by Elliott Coleman, with overlong quotations from the C. K. Scott Moncrieff translations. Nothing new is suggested in the slight poetry contributions from Jean Rubin, Jean Garrigue, and Sister Mary Jeremy. A new writer, Gilbert Wetherbee, offers a section of novel in progress, with treatment reminiscent of many prominent young (and elder) novelists of recent (and not recent) years. Most entertaining is a short translation from Octavio Paz by Timothy King, worth at least the price of the entire magazine, if perhaps illustrating how the psychological rack of the modern imagination does indeed wear us out, as James Schevill reiterates in *The Mocker* in the *Muddy Perspective* from his *The American Fantasies*. Also more rewarding than the original English poems are translations of two from Rosario Catellanos, by Reine Mehl. And by no means unentertaining are excerpts from a first novel by another new writer, William Welborne But the entire issue holds nothing undeniably suggestive either of structural innovation or expressional extension; and not to charge the quality isn't high, nor even to infer that one of the new writers may not develop into a 'name' next year or the year after Simply that, with little exception, there's no reading to pull one from boredom say on a tired evening after having done one's weary daylong stint of whatever one may need to do to live these tiring years.

Obviously more receptive to work between the apprentice and beginning-promise phases than either of these is The Carolina Quarterly (P.O. Box 1117, Chapel Hill, N.C., U.S.A., \$1.25 per year). This has become the least academically-bound of all established university magazines in the U.S. open to outside contributors. Spring, 1954 features an article of general interest, though relating to student dissatisfaction at the specific school, The 1954 Faculty Evaluation, by Thaddeus Seymour, and an Annual Fiction Award story, The Lost Beach, by Louise Hardeman, plus fine experimental poetry selected by Editor William Rivera, and other fiction chosen by the fiction board. Graphic art, represented by that of Jane Bolmeier, likewise confirms this to be one quarterly not intent on forming merely a prestige showplace for the hoped enhancement of a school's reputation by intermingling minor efforts of the internationally famous with those of careful young imitators. Nor is space wasted by pompous abstruse critical articles of types often featured by school-sponsored reviews. Consideration of books are (as in previous issues) directed instead to the main point—that is, they are calculated to persuade readers to look at the books, themselves.

Speaking generally, to clarify position—explaining what may seem arbitrary pronouncements—praise here is given editors most free from rigid preconceptions (other than those dictated by non-literary opinions—viz. where selections are based in part on social convictions) and withheld from those editors who chiefly appear trying to present 'finished' work of anthology or art-award calibre. In other words, commendations for editors accepting contributions on grounds of their authors' individual intentions, not fearful of printing what doesn't follow obviously some approved modern path, and not harking back either to any now-classic school. In this Carolina Quarterly for instance, is wide

variety of poetic methods amongst Chris Bjerknes, a piece under name of Alan Donovan, work of an unknown J. R. Brownfield, and others; and besides the above article, one titled American Freedom and Faith by Hamilton Horton, Jr. demonstrates this periodical not to be one of those where such articles are demanded to be over-documented, and never printed if authors dare to be colourful in advancing individualistic ideas. Needless to add that the entire magazine makes good reading, whatever may be the final verdict (is one ever?) regarding the excellence of any single contribution.

The best issue of Approach (50c from Rosemont, Pa., U.S.A., under an editorial board) which this writer remembers ever to have seen is the current No. 11. An index of Nos. 1 to 10 (1947 to the present), along with these new contents, shows how a magazine may stress material of topical social consequence, and yet present otherwise neglected literary items and provide space for new writers. Such has been this record, although more than occasionally devoting space to editors, themselves. That theirs too has seemed to have been justifiable on its merits no doubt is due to some system of passing judgment upon works of one another, earnestly guarding against the inferior, if not also obviously selecting with at least partial regard to mutual aid in self-advancement.

Most worthy in this number, from literary view, are poems by Margaret Kirkpatrick—from the topical view, two articles. The latter are by on-the-spot observers: Masako and the Butsudan by Vincent L. Oredson, and Africans and Afrikaaners by Frank and Mildred Loescher. Theoretical and speculative matter is supplied by two editors, Carol Murphy with Literature and Religion, and Albert Fowler writing on Freud in retrospect. J. H. McCandless, another editor, supplies a (rather good of its kind) poem of protest, and included are two of those inevitable (seemingly) things upon

the recent passing of Dylan Thomas (Joseph Millar and Dachine Rainer)—not badly done either.

The first thing in a third issue of *Nucleus* (35c, edited from Box 518, Providence 1, R. I., U.S.A. by Abbott J. Reeves) is a contrived little piece by Winfield Townley Scott (whose well-known name is scarcely what one first hopes to find here either) with a title sadly not far from constituting a valid criticism of this entire project—A Lick and a Promise. The graphic art delivers more than the writings; and the issue contains less creative writing, more critical articles—a bad omen.

Yet, few would find fault with editorial premises: ‘. . . favor new tendencies . . . believe somebody has to try to find new talent and defend freedom of expression.’ The poetry (truer of No. 2) has shown endeavours at least to fulfil this. But prose fiction, unhappily including work of the editor’s, has not shown anything either new in purposes or methods. And, in the graphic art, photographic reproductions (Leo Hagen, Charles Arnold, Jr.) definitely are of better interest than the rather inchoate lithography by several hands apparently at work in the Rhode Island School of Design. Garabed der Hohannesian makes an illuminating practicing-painter’s statement, alongside a black-and-white reproduction of a typical work, the absence of colour in which however blocks transmission.

All the more regrettable this honest need for unkind observations, for the reason that *Nucleus* seems to have been conceived with the soundest of ideas, from the standpoint of performing a workshop function, maybe the greatest contribution of the best little magazines. Also, that the magazine has presented a few trials of undeniable earnestness, including the editor’s own. Perhaps becoming better known, with a better influx of material for selections, Mr. Reeves may present more efforts in which the promises are less weak, and may not find it necessary to fill many

pages with unforwardlooking work by some whose promises (for better or worse) were made and in varied degrees fulfilled some while back.

Every so rarely, comes one of those periodicals whose editor's high designs (and coupled with good taste too) are accomplished in great measure by items providing such fine entertainment that one feels their ultimate evaluations to be secondary; yet, where in measure (inevitably by the personal romantic flavour of the editorial preconsiderations) are items many of which have been accepted only because their authors built cleverly, though really only using those rules-of-thumb which earn high grades behind those ivy-covered walls respected mainly for having stood so long. Of such is Patrick Galvin's *Chanticleer*, 1a, Warwick Pl., London, W.9—well illustrated by No. 4 of Vol. 1, Spring of 1954, 2/6 and 50c.

This excellent (in many senses) magazine is by no means restrictedly academic nor always backward-looking. But much of the contents obviously qualified by reason of echoes; and lending support to a critical letter from Gael Turnbull, in this same issue, charging that regressiveness (both the concededly-enjoyable and that of pessimist sentiment) has characterised British magazines in contrast to forwardlooking and essentially optimistic American magazines. Whether the distinction by nationality is fair (and to this writer, it is not), the admixture here does provide some grounds for the objecting letter, particularly the poetry and poetry reviews. There are two fine pieces of fiction with Irish backgrounds, by Norah Hoult and Ewart Milne, and a good essay on *The Poetry of Robert Garioch*, by Iain Fletcher. Still, poetry by the latter meets every superficial requirement and stems from serious thought, but obviously was accepted for the sort of tailored legerdemain, if different in category, by which the intent producer of Western formulae stories gained print in oldtime U.S.A. pulp

magazines. Entertaining enough—and so is Stanley Chapman's translation from Robert Desnos, and Scottish work by Sydney Goodsir Smith, and the lilting-echoed work of Gordon Wharton, whose immature and misunderstanding criticisms of older poets (notably Laurence Clark) in this same issue tips off the point/s of wrong departure.

Getting down to the specific—the opening poem may seem unfair to cite, being by so-recognised a writer as C. Day Lewis; yet, the contrast to most of the rest is rather shocking. For, here is poetry of contemporary significance to the development of expression through conscious artistry. Toward the middle of the issue, may be cited with equal (if not greater) relevance a poem by an American, Lawrence Lipton, who not only is concerned about contemporary cultural problems and frankly writing about them, but is an original poet of the first rank. . . . And in the upshot, of course, the decision in spite everything should be thumbs-up; and Patrick Galvin's magazine deserves survival for the positive editorial achievements, and shortcomings all.

Even more worthy marks of excellence (by reason of greater latitude in selections) are made by Dannie Abse in *Poetry and Poverty* (2/- or 35c, 8 Eton Ave., London, N.W.3). No. 6 opens with an intelligent editorial of interest to everyone interested in poetry, and emphasising a point referred to before in these pages—that prevalent neglect of poetry is neglect of all types of same, not solely the allegedly obscure nor the alleged moronic doggerel nor the obvious traditional verse. And time surely long is past for poets and poetry editors all to give more effort to their common problem of gaining readers (of whatever apparent kinds) during what at last does now seem may be a poetry revival. These snarls, one poetry editor for another, consume energies better conserved for positive promotion. Not to advocate elimination of critical discrimination, each according to his lights—but, and specially betwixt different theorists concerning which

manners of experimentation, to eliminate the extreme intolerance which makes some editors indulge vituperation at the drop of an adverb.

Many poems in *Poetry* and *Poverty* are of lesser order than should have been hoped (as in *Chanticleer*); however, exceptional work is here too, both thought and use of language — by Edwin Brock, Harold Norse, and Sydney Tremaine. These alone contribute more than the average number of lines of conceivably major significance appearing in poetry magazines generally. A self-analytical article by Stephen Spender is of value, despite considerable rationalising and a perhaps-unavoidable lack of deep frankness. Among other interesting observations, he concludes with an endorsement of what he calls ‘organic’ poetry, albeit seeming not to limit this by very special technical requirements (evidences of what he means to be analysed word by word and phrase by phrase) as set up by certain young U.S.A. editors using this term. The criticism in the issue is both informative and commendably directed to converting readers for books described.

Never has appeared in England a magazine of the type of *Embryo* (edited by E. E. Walters, 1600 W. Broadway St., Louisville 3, Ky., U.S.A., \$1 per issue), the second number of which might serve as a model for this experimental genus which seems to flourish (if seldom long) only in North America. Even the *Continental* projects, more extreme than the British though they be, are less individualistic, and downright compromising beside *Embryo*. The term ‘genus’ also is advised; for this meets the Websterian definition: “. . . consisting of an isolated species exhibiting unusual differentiation.”

The explanation is not that the percentage of radicals (technically speaking) is smaller in Britain than in the U.S.A. or Canada, but probably that economic conditions in the Old World have not favoured chances for individualists to launch

such projects, and that even granted exceptional cash-to-hand, conditions militate against large enough circulations to make them seem worthwhile, if for only one or two issues. And this exclusive distinction between publications in the New World and the Old no doubt is what has given currency to the common notion that writings are more likely to be strikingly novel in the former than in the latter, though the fact is that the United Kingdom has supplied more significant modern literature (in English) the last fifty years than all the rest of the world together.

Here then, in Embryo No. 2, is assembled a remarkable collection of contemporary writings, assembled solely upon the editor's special idea what constitutes worthwhile innovation. To analyse Mr. Walters' theories would occupy an entire issue of Trace. However, it may not unfairly be summarised by pointing its forked descent from the da-da and surrealist movements and its intrinsic trunked insistence upon statement rising genuinely from one or another levels of the subconscious to overt recognition and transcription . . . and joined with a definite bias toward condensation as against more-diffuse amorphous methods of now-older moderns, and comprising what perhaps may be described as a wish to see metaphor surpassed—with allusion, reason, and specific reference all fused in single words and sharp phrases. Although such a developed editorial taste most likely would be assumed would result in a narrow representation of few writers, perhaps a clique, this proves not the case. Not only are almost no writers from No. 1 Embryo in No. 2, but those here are widely separated both geographically and in motivations, if not techniques. Here appears Leslie Woolf Hedley, the pacifist-anarchist so-called 'wild' man of San Francisco, Kenneth Lawrence Beaudoin, the sometimes sentimental neo-romantic of the deep South, the young Frederick Woods of the semi-conservative British Platform, Robert O. Bowen, a Cornell University professor

whose novels have proven sufficiently popular to keep commercial houses interested . . . many others, and including some never before published and several in print only a second or third time.

Of equal value to new writers, if perhaps not likely to become so to new writings generally, is *The Free Lance* (*The Free Lance Poets and Prose Workshop, Inc.*, 6005 Grand Ave., Cleveland 4, O., U.S.A. 50c.). Though this by no means is a project appealing along traditional racial-protest lines, the Wilberforce University (Negro) connection is of note, for the reason that few little magazines with all- or part-Negro impetus have carried forward consistently. *The Free Lance* now is in its second year; and the only other, to the writer's knowledge presently active, is *Phylon*, which is devoted to articles rather than creativity.

Unfavorable criticism, re quality of contents, is not suggested above—just that, despite eclecticism, the new No. 1, Vol. 2 contains less novelty than others of the category. An interestingly-appropriate piece on the death of Toussaint L'Ouverture in a Fort de Joux dungeon, by folk-singer Adelaide Simon, opens the issue, which also offers an ironical humorous Notes on Negro Poets by Russell Atkins. And work by new Negro writers—a first by Dudley Randall, a short and powerful poem . . . others. Appearance of Judson Crews is relevant by reason of longstanding influences traceable from the impact of Negro speech ways in this country (his own numerous writings). But the appeal of the poetry is by no means special; several fine pieces have literary significance quite apart from matters racial, as the work of Madison Wood. While the one short story, Cleota Augustus' *The Great Game*, on the other hand is an unsuccessful piece which must have been included solely because it points up preferential treatment allegedly given colored G.I. prisoners during the Korean conflict. Perhaps the only certainly-regrettable inclusion, however, is a ghastly

verse play by Mr. Atkins, *The Abortionist*, an under-developed nightmare.

A policy of selecting poems by circulating submissions among editorial board members without identifying their authorships (*The Fiddlehead*, 25c, published by the Bliss Carman Society, c/o Robert Rogers, Bonar Law—Bennett Library, Fredericton, N.B., Canada) has led to work from varied hands; and yet, understandably, has not prevented the poetry, itself, from being less varied in types than that offered by several others not following this practice. Of note also that poems by members of the board occasionally appear, as in the recent May, 1954 issue, with Fred Cogswell and Robert Rogers. While these are very different externally, the first lyrical and rhymed, the second concise free verse—they both are in the category of ‘idea’ poems which these editors favour; and their occurrence is then but proof how people tend to like best what suits their own manners.

The reasons behind all these *Fiddlehead* writings have been primary in their choices, despite that poets either may use older forms or forms of their own invention. Or where the piece simply is not poetry at all, with even little poetic expression, and consisting of prose sliced into lines for dramatic emphasis, which then presumably supplies the basis for inclusion. An example (and unquestionably well-written and entertaining also) of the last is a long piece by John Glassco, *A Ballad of the Death of Thomas Pepys, Tailor* (Composed for the Tercentenary of the Same, March 15, 1654), which at first glance seems to be verse narrative, but which on examination turns out to have no metrical scheme. This is neither poetry nor any sort of verse, despite frequent rhymes and half-rhymes—and surely not by any stretch to be classified a ballad, despite frequency of open lines. The balladlike quality of these is outweighed by sibilant closed syllables juxtaposed in such ways as to render any possible singing a task for a ‘wildered tongue,’ as

of the dying man's . . . in parts almost exercises reminiscent
of: 'How much wood would a woodchuck chuck . . .'

EDITORS WRITE

Frank A. Collymore: 'Bim was first published in December, 1942 . . . appeared sporadically (but) from December, 1948 has appeared regularly in June and December. Bim—the name, origin doubtful, is applied to an inhabitant of Barbados, Concise Oxford Dictionary—was originally published by the Young Men's Progressive Association, a social club, of this island, and was intended as a vehicle for Barbadian writers, primarily those members of the club. From its ninth issue, however, the scope of the magazine was widened.

It is interesting to note that George Lamming, author of *In the Castle of My Skin*, and Samuel Selvon, of *A Brighter Sun*, both had their earliest efforts published in Bim, and are still regular contributors. Edgar Mittelholzer, the West Indian novelist, has also contributed to Bim since its fourth or fifth number.

Frederick Woods: 'Aims of Platform. To publish the best possible poetry insisting on technique as well as content. To utterly bar all politics even attacks on McCarthy. To keep a weather eye open for new writers and to maintain a balance between American and English literature in its pages.'

E. V. Griffith: 'Hearse: A Vehicle Used to Convey the Dead will . . . convey stories, poems, reviews, and art-work to the great cemetery of the American intellect . . . it may be coffin-shaped. Initial appearance slated for August or September, two numbers for one dollar. Hearse plans to publish ten issues in the next three years, then suspend, trundling itself off to the cemetery . . . will have no restrictions or taboos. Excellence will be its only criterion. We welcome excerpts from works-in-progress: novels, critical works, and longer poems. We propose to print as much of the best work as we can wrangle from the upper echelons of

the little magazine world, and to discover and promote, through repeated publication, some new writers of our own.

The editors believe that a magazine should have a stimulating variety of materials, and each issue will contain a section of American ballads and folksongs, a little dictionary of American underworld lingo, a checklist of novels on subjects ranging from horseradish to homosexuality, informative articles on little magazines, reproductions of art (drawings, paintings, and sculpture—all American, and all modern), and Ideas. Ideas will have a very important part in Hearse: there will be a section of the magazine devoted to them called ‘the Quick’ (as opposed to the implied ‘dead’ of the remainder): we will publish challenging provocative ideas of up to three hundred words on things from Alphabet to Anarchy, from Insanity to Incest, from Zylphones to Zebras. We think three hundred words is long enough for an idea: if it is a good idea, it can be expressed in less.

We welcome contributions on life in prisons and insane asylums by former and present inmates of both: we want them on sex conditions, brutality, the aloneness of cells.

We will pretend that American literature began in 1940, and our reviews and critical articles will concern only authors whose major work has been done since that time. Our critical appraisals will not deal with the old standards Hemingway, Steinbeck and Faulkner, but with Capote, Vidal, Willingham, Stafford and their contemporaries. First and second novels will receive special attention. We’ll praise what we consider of merit, loudly damn what we don’t.

Hearse is interested in reminiscences about (and of) circus performers—freaks, misfits and hawkers.

Each issue will contain a ‘little anthology’ of some poet’s work, reprinting some five or six pages of his best from whatever sources, with attendant critical appraisals and evaluations.

‘As a magazine, it may be outrageous at times—it will never be ‘radical.’ It will have no politics, and if it criticises or lambastes social conditions, it will be in general rather than ‘political’ terms. Hearse is not a hobby nor an intellectual game: it is a serious attempt on the part of seriously-minded editors to get as much good work into print as possible, as we await The Bomb. We do not consider ourselves lost, only betrayed. E. E. Cummings once said: ‘Always the beautiful answers who asks a more beautiful question.’ Maybe somehow, through the pages of Hearse, for all its negatives, we shall manage to ask a more beautiful question. And if The Bomb falls too soon, at least it will find us with heads high. As the phoenix from the flame, perhaps Positivism rises out of Negativism at the ultimate End. We may undergo the to-be-hoped-for spiritual metamorphosis.’

Alan Brownjohn: (Being part of a response to June questionnaire received too late to be included). ‘To separate the reasons one had at the beginning for publishing a magazine from those that have accumulated since is not easy. Thus, it gives me pleasure to correspond with poets and editors here and abroad—but I was not to know I would do so to this extent until I began editing. Therefore, I cannot say that I started editing with the intention of exchanging views on poetry and little magazines with people likewise deeply interested in the arts. This came incidentally; and it is, if you like, one of the things that keeps us editing, and encourages us.

‘But the very first original intentions in starting a magazine were different. As far as I can remember, our common ideas in the winter of 1951-2, when we were planning *Departure*, were of two kinds. Whether (John) Adlard and I felt these separately, they became views held in common; though I don’t, incidentally, speak for Adlard at all in this—he is busy on his thesis at the moment, and cannot co-operate. First, I noted the absence of larger magazines of

note from the English scene—and not then knowing of the existence of the smaller ones, I felt that a new literary magazine, however small, might be both a service and an attraction to poetry and its enthusiasts. Second—the means. We were too poverty-stricken to launch one unaided, but we observed that certain Oxford clubs and societies held dances that made money which they then used to further their activities. I had the idea of forming a club to hold a dance alone (although it would be pretended to authorities it held other activities) and to start a magazine from the proceeds. We did this, forming a bogus Experimental Arts Club, which held its dances (anyone went to them) and gave us what we needed. (At one dance, some damage was done to the hall, so we had to disband the club. Departure henceforward ran independently.) Now these are perhaps (still) superficial reasons. I feel the main point consists in a desire to find an outlet for energy in some form of creative organisation. What lay at the heart of this desire to run a magazine was the sense that I had to have some form of activity on which I could work at firsthand and constructively. Finding an outlet becomes more difficult as time passes; whereas there had been a narrow and definite world in which to function when I was (earlier) at school, there was less of a ready-made world at Oxford, a much larger and less sympathetic place. A world had to be created; and now that I have left Oxford, this is harder still. In effect then, I have been making myself a satisfying minor world of constructive activity to expend myself in, as on a group activity—sublimating in organising!

‘Afterwards came the subsidiary reasons, of course—desire to have a say, however small, in literary fashions, desire to publicise a point of view, to ‘educate’ those ignorant of the arts, to be doing something constructive when so much destructive was being done in the world.’

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ADDENDA

by the Editor

The active trend continues in pamphlets and poetry chap-books put out by editors of little magazines in addition to or occasionally replacing regular issues. Frederick Woods of Platform announces a series, each devoted to work of a single poet and to be sent free to all subscribers to his magazine; and since, at time of writing, only three poets had been selected, mss. are solicited. Although Judson Crews' Motive Press (Taos, N.M., U.S.A.) has suspended *The Deer and Dachshund*, a chap-book has been promised in lieu of what would have been a forthcoming issue. From Scotland (*The Poet*) has appeared a selection of Gordon Wharton's work—1/- or 25c. As had been announced by Robert Cooper, a pamphlet number of *Artisan* has appeared, *Some Propositions from the Universal Theorem* by Hugh Creighton Hill; and this is being distributed simultaneously also in U.S.A.—Vincent Ferrini (formerly *Four Winds*) price 25c. Also in U.S.A., a 'poetry sampler,' containing representative work of poets resident in Southern California—auspices of the Los Angeles Arts Sciences and Professions Council (509 N. Western Ave., Los Angeles 4, Calif.) unpriced. All in all, in one style or another, a quantity of poetry is getting published, other than in magazines. Among others of the miscellaneous variety, a rather large collection (duplicated) by Anthony Frisch recently appeared from Pickering College, Newmarket, Ontario, Can. (apparently free for the asking) . . . But things are not dull in the field of prose fiction either. Besides the many recent otherwheres-publicised collections in book forms, both anthologies from printed work and from new editorial selections, the *New Mexico Quarterly*, for instance, is preparing a special winter issue featuring 'first' short stories; and mss. are solicited here also . . . Nonfiction includes a British-published edition of 1917 by Voline,

translated by Holley Cantine, made available to U.S.A. readers through Retort Press (prices \$3.50 plus postage) . . . Numerous familiar names appear in the large new survey of the major arts in Western Europe and U.S.A. (*The Arts at Mid-Century*, \$5, Horizon Press, Inc., 220 W. 42nd St., N.Y. 36), Stephen Spender, Archibald MacLeish, Herbert Read, Malcolm Cowley, Arthur Mizener, Delmore Schwartz, Eric Bentley, Norman Demuth, Wallace Fowlie, Mark Schorer, Kenneth Rexroth, Ray B. West, and many others. As might be guessed, accent is on the contemporary . . . Light verse category, just received—*Pinfeathers* from Pegasus by Garth Bentley, who is also, in other moods, a serious modern (a well-bound and -printed volume by Christopher Publishing House, Boston, \$2.50) . . . Replies so far to queries in June Addenda—several suggestions from those not favouring use of typical names of contributors to the magazines, but using names of editors . . . general agreement that warning cards should be mailed holders of mss. for inordinate periods . . . comments to effect that ‘acceptances’ which result in print more than a year later or perhaps never constitute a worse sin by editors; and that authors should be informed when long delays in getting to print are in prospect.