

TRACE

A CHRONICLE OF LIVING LITERATURE

Poetry and Mind
by James Russell Grant

No. 23

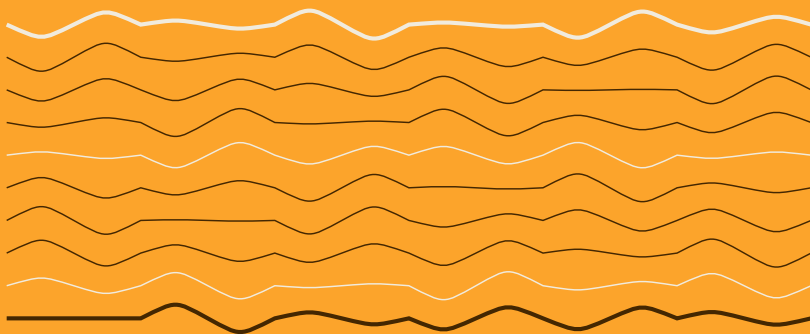
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JAMES BOYER MAY / EDITOR



TRACE

No. 23

Living Literature

Essays & Articles · Poetry · Reviews

August 1957

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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POETRY AND MIND

by James Russell Grant

To dissect poetry, in order to substantiate its relevance in terms of mental function, it will be necessary to discuss, not only poetry itself, but the underlying processes involved in its creation, and, finally, something of the personality which can manage such a thing.

This is a species of butchery; and this essay states only some raw ideas, which might taste better after cooking.

A poet is a man. No woman has ever been a poet. I am not forgetting Elizabeth Barrett Browning, or Sappho of Lesbos I merely point to the virility of these persons; to the infrequency of their occurrence; and to the relatively limited nature of their accomplishment. A poet is a man.

What sort of man is a poet? Sir Herbert Read believes he is a man of no character. 'All poetry,' he says, 'in which I include all lyrical impulses whatsoever, is the product of the personality, and therefore inhibited in a character.'

By character, he means, fixation on an ego-ideal. By personality, he means, 'an active process of thought, a balance of relations maintained between our various feelings and sentiments . . .' ' . . . the reality of the personality (he says)—its operative efficiency—is dependent on a belief in the existence of the self, a belief that may have little support in objective evidence, but is made possible by that insight into the future, that belief in the continuity of experience, which is the will to live. This is obviously a state of mind very different from that involved in character: the whole difference between blind compulsion to an external and arbitrary ideal, and an organic coherence intuitively based on the actual world of sensation.'

These conclusions become self-evident in the life-histories of many poets. There is Shakespeare (for what we know of him), François Villon, Shelley, Leopardi, Coleridge, Baudelaire, Rilke, and Dylan Thomas. Where they become not so self-evident—in Dryden, Tennyson, Milton—we can make use of Jung's antithetical personality propositions, and so overcome the difficulties Read found in dealing with this matter. The outwardly-seeming poet is a poet; but the outwardly dull may have an identical personality, which is inverted, inhibited, but nonetheless poetic. All that happens, is a different kind of poetry.

The poet has always thought of himself as a singer of words, or a teller of tales: never as a writer. He suggests, time and again, that the mouth is the instrument of his art. There is little difficulty in classifying him, in analytical terms, an 'oral optimist'—a term which can be substantiated in his record of personal analysis, his poetry.

The poet, then, is a man of no fixed character, an optimist, and with an oral-type personality. In the face of an emotional crisis, he will regress to a very early level of mental functioning—to that level, in fact, where he once felt he possessed universal omnipotence; and it is no problem to him how Ulysses dealt with Circe, how Jason salvaged the Golden Fleece. He experiences triumph, and utters it with words—which are not, in the poem, 'words', but reality, with the rhythm of life, and the primitive force of nature in them. This is creation, and he has become a creator.

If you were to say to me, 'There is no God,' I would reply, 'But you must know there is, because you have just used the word; otherwise you don't know what you're talking about, and your statement is nonsense.' And the poet handles words similarly: they are not words, simply, but calling reality by name.

That is, they are meaningful. It is the poet who gives words their meaning, and enlarges it—'extends the realm of

consciousness', if you like. The scientist is at the opposite extreme, and starts with the known realm of consciousness and ultimately narrows it, by systematisation and analysis, into finer and finer units, which halt at the frontier of conceptual reality and the self.

The origin of the poet's function in society can be traced in the primitive belief that naming things was some sort of guarantee against their evil menace. This has still a strong basis in psychotherapeutic technique, if it is remembered that the naming process occurred to the accompaniment of much incitement of affect and much incantatory device. The witch-doctor combined the offices of poet, priest, and psychotherapist, from which all three are evolved.

To assist our understanding in these matters, we will consider the question of the poet's sexuality.

The poet is a man; but he firmly maintains he writes by invocation of his Muse. Who — what — is this Muse, which is commonly accepted as a female nature? Is the poet an omnipotent infant who knows, if he calls out, his mother will come? Is his mother his Muse?

Certainly, the love poetry of any worth has mostly been consecrated by poets to their mistresses. They never married them. There is Dante and Beatrice. This would accord with some incestuous identification of mistresses and mothers: beatification of the loving mother, while they themselves undergo personal martyrdom in marriage to the unkind mother, or some safe but unloved object of their necessity. It needs only substitution of mother-earth, reality, to widen this hypothesis into a formula for understanding all the facets of the poet.

Only, I don't believe it's as simple as that. In Freud, is recounted the ancient fable of Plato and the Upanishads, concerning the first division of man into two parts, by simple fission, and man's yearning after his other half, which results. What is this other half? Is it in fact a sexual object?

Or is it that first biological need for conjugation and self-renewal, without reproduction, which Freud also describes?

The places where poetry goes are far beyond the first year of the poet's life, to my mind. Round Shakespeare's 'dark lady' of the sonnets, once centred the controversy — was it a woman? was it a man? To which we may now add: if it was neither, what was it?

The thing which strikes new fire in the poet, is only by convention, woman. The communion which goes on in his mind goes much farther than his earthly mother, to an even more sacred being, the very fount of life and existence. This is his inspiration . . . and it comes first from the air, not from milk.

In this connection, there are two references come to mind, from contemporary poetry. One is from a poem by Rainer Maria Rilke, in which he describes the birth of Venus. Venus arises out of the sea, and is carried to land by her breasts being inflated with wind. In the sonnet-sequence from *TWENTY-FIVE POEMS*, by Dylan Thomas, there is reference made to 'bagpipe-breasted ladies'.

By his Muse, the poet is in contact with the origin of power itself. Genetically, and mythologically, this cannot be female. If the male sex-chromosome contains X and Y components, whereas the female has no Y component, as is commonly deduced, then the archeus was never feminine. The union which occurs may involve genders unknown to us. It seems certainly nothing so simple as a relationship based on sexual attraction as contemporary man knows it.

Here, again, the psychotherapist, kinsman of the poet, might find new ground to explore the complexities of the transference situation. The relationship between patient and therapist takes place in the middle ground between them. Something is erected there, from which both draw strength; yet which the patient, at least, fears. As he loses his fear, he

can draw on it, more and more, until he attains a significant reality there.

The Muse stands between them: like a screen on which the patterns of emotion can be projected, and finally seen in another dimension: as with gestalt-figures. The screen is held taut by love, and the picture is blurred if it slackens. The Muse, of course, is the therapist; but the screen is erected on the idea the patient has formed of him.

We should notice it is an emotional crisis for the poet which precipitates the poetic act. It is not a conflict—he is not in conflict with himself, in the act of creation—for he has no rigid character to blind himself against. He may be, and very often is, in a state of revolt: but this is not against himself, is not against anything ultimately, but for what he knows. So, for the psychotherapist to be in a state of conflict is a hindrance to his work.

As Carlyle points out, the poet is one of the heroes. By his intensity and immediacy he breaks through the apparent, time-serving world, to a realm of timeless and universal reality, and which, if we speak of it as the ‘collective unconscious’, becomes then universally valid for all of us. Jung says, of poets: ‘Whenever the collective unconscious becomes a living experience and is brought to bear upon the conscious outlook of an age, this event is a creative act which is of importance to everyone living in that age’.

It is on the emotional intensity of the poetic act that poetic truth exists, and is borne forward. Emotion is the statistics of the poet; as it is for the ordinary man. Thereby he knows what is true. If he feels strongly a presentiment of danger in the dark, it is because there is danger in the dark; and he neither requires, nor has, need to wait, while some statistician verifies the generality of his conclusion, or scientists measure the quantity of cause to produce such an effect, and calculate if it is theoretically valid.

In so being what he is, the poet risks not only his mind, but his life. Madness is always just around the corner if he ineffectively deals with his material. Early death, from guilt, anxiety, despair, or the persecutions of society, which denies him wages for his work, and makes things tough for him in many ways — this is frequently his fate. The Muse extracts retribution for all favours, and the poet's attitude mingles, along with love, the necessity for placation. It is not only for insight, not only to erase conflict, that the therapist has to be in analysis himself. It his act of contrition.

What the poet and the ordinary man experience is common sense. It is the immediate truth; which science can only attempt to verify in terms of probabilities. It is no accident that many of the greatest scientific discoveries were 'accidental'. Science is bent on measuring what is, and has no business with what is scientifically unpredictable. 'Systems tend to enslave the human mind,' wrote Claude Bernard, in his treatise on experimental medicine. At the end of whatever systematic train of analysis, the scientist inevitably comes up against the Sphinx. It is just there that the poet begins to operate; and his motive is love of reality, love of the Word of God, and transcends human aspiration. (The remainder of this essay will be in TRACE No. 24)

TOWARDS PRINT BY THE EDITOR OF TRACE

The first half of Dr Grant's essay begs no supporting comment upon his remarkable penetration of the intrinsics of poetry-making; and still, because (likely unknown to a Londoner) numbers of doubtless-talented poets in the U.S. are lavishly published today with raw work undisciplinedly spewn from subconscious depths, this half, alone, may be misinterpreted. For this reason, and because the Editor was so impressed how Dr Grant's analysis coincides with personal poetic experience, a brief supplement is offered.

Just as sincerity of purpose — if still primary — bears no necessary relevance to genuineness of inspiration, inspiration by itself does not ensure a masterpiece. And although its absence does mean non-poetry, all effective capital-P poetry emanates from those who, besides valid inspirations, have adequate backgrounds of one sort or another and have learned to criticise and edit their outputs.

Too — much that Dr Grant says applies equally to creative prose. And this underlines that the psychological validities he stresses are not to be taken as anti-traditional. That is, not in the imprecise meaning common amongst today's critics using 'traditional' as though any writings betraying marked influences deserve to be dismissed almost as summarily as pedestrian imitations, or intellectualisations on the inspirations of predecessors, or labored compliances with form. Depending upon backgrounds, essential spontaneity nevertheless may be a component of formal poetry and highly-stylised prose.

The spontaneity meant is achieved by relaxing to allow organisations of words during states very like those which aid recall by not trying too hard to remember. Through experimental practice, writers develop techniques for this,

and are able gradually to accomplish it more frequently and for longer periods. Most writers seem to find that research and conscious deliberation over notes is better done other than at times when their writing 'streams' are loosened. Usually, the more the two methods can be held apart, the easier composition grows and the less selfconscious revision is required. Finished works then will only seem to have been wrought with diligent selfconscious intent, although long prior apprenticeship in the craft usually can be verified. For comparisons, think of the mastery of sports, or driving an automobile.

Particularly in true poetry, relaxed verbalisation is paired with underlying tensions which render creative moments sometimes even painful. Which types of expression combine in which types of vehicles to discharge this, therefore, has nothing to do with genuineness, except that banalities and hackneyed superficialities may provide experienced readers with clues that a given writer may be a pseudo-poet or deficient in originality. Judgements on contemporaries seldom are even partly-reliable, unless (in a way reversing the poetical process) they come from readers able to enter what must be unsatisfactorily described as a state of intuitionial receptivity. This resembles ability to recognise prophecy. Just as one almost needs to be another prophet, one needs to be another poet; and then consequently, perhaps disqualified by inability to appreciate work that doesn't resemble one's own!

Having strayed this far, to remark finally that — like false prophets who may be prophets just the same, there are false and spurious poets who just the same are unassailably poets. Or one might speak of dark and white angels. But this is a complex turning, with religious undertones. Sufficient to suggest that deformed intentions may rise out of underlying frustration, resulting in poems really neither spurious nor false within their own tortured frames of reference . . . and

yet justifiably to be

dubbed false by so-called saner world views. They're even also spurious (by effects) for readers whose reactions make inimical distortions. Extremes such as these are simply illustrative of the fact that no poet, no matter his dedication, can address everyone. In fact, some poets of undeniable 'sublimity' address but a few.

EDITORS WRITE

William J. Margolis (THE MISCELLANEOUS MAN) :

'The censors are still at it. Today, police arrested the clerk at CITY LIGHTS POCKET BOOK SHOP in San Francisco (and have a warrant out for the arrest of the owner, Lawrence Ferlinghetti, who is out of town) for violation — alleged — of a section of the S.F. Penal Code which makes it a crime to sell or have for sale obscene literature. HOWL and THE STATEMENT OF ERIKA KEITH were for sale in this store. HOWL is the book of poems by Allen Ginsberg which was banned by Chester R. MacPhee, Collector of Customs in San Francisco — whose decision was reversed, in effect, when the U.S. Attorney refused to prosecute the case. THE STATEMENT OF ERIKA KEITH, by Gil Orlovitz, is a special double issue (Nos. 11-12) of THE MM, published in Berkeley. The previous issue of this magazine was also banned by MacPhee, and the ban also effectively reversed by the U.S. Attorney's refusal to prosecute.

'The book shop clerk was released on \$500 bail, supplied by Lawrence Speiser, staff counsel for the American Civil Liberties Union of Northern California, handling the case. Mr Speiser called this police action an infringement of freedom of the press, and stated that the books are not obscene. One of the police inspectors claims that the books are obscene because of certain lewd and obscene words they contain. Mr Speiser cited the ULYSSES case as the appropriate precedent (and, by the way, this is the precedent upon which the U.S. Attorney based his refusal to prosecute in the Customs cases).'

Kirby Doyle (TRANSFER) : 'Our contributor policy will probably remain as it is for at least the next two or three issues. TRANSFER is still in a state of growth . . . Our primary concern at this point is to represent the poets, painters, and

writers, in short, the creative process and manifestations at S.F. State. If TRANSFER keeps growing (and it will), it won't be too long before our full responsibility . . . on this campus will be met and we will be in a position to accept submissions from' outside. What we want is a mag that has poetry (no preconceptions as to content and form) ; fiction ; plays ; criticism ; essays of all kinds (musical, political, philosophical, etc.) ; and of course the entire graphic scene (photo-engraving, woodblock, silkscreen, litho, etc.).

FOR THE ARTIST, NINE SUGGESTIONS*

by Felix Singer (U.S.A.)

(1) Don't be afraid to take your work quite seriously. If you don't think it's important, why do you do it? If it is important, say so. There being so much conceit and preciousness in the arts, you're understandably afraid that you'll be misjudged. But that's a risk you take every time you open your mouth.

(2) Practise. You're never too great for exercises.

(3) Unless you're lucky, you'll find it hard — at least in the beginning, possible forever — to make a living at your art. Learn a trade that will support you.

(4) You should to some extent be aware of what's been done and is being done in your field. Education won't hurt you, if you're careful not to let it clutter up your head.

(5) Seek the ignorant layman's opinion. Few of the critics have anything to tell you. The layman's 'I like it' or 'I don't like it' can tell you a lot, if — and this can be very hard — you can somehow draw out of the guy what he likes or dislikes and why.

(6) Get used to loneliness. All the arts require a goodly portion of it. If you can't take it, you can't do the work.

(7) Don't let them tell you either that the ivory tower is gone and good riddance or that it's the only place for you. You must occasionally get away from the world-that-is in order to see what your own world is. Clearly, you can't stay too long; there are many obvious reasons.

**Part of a chapter from NOTES TOWARDS A LIFE OF CREATIVE
DEVIANCY, a book as yet unpublished.*

(8) Teach an apprentice. Though you may think this presumptuous and completely out of your line, it does usually happen that to explain what you mean and try to do,

is to review it, re-investigate it, re-cast it. Through teaching you learn.

(9) Listen to everybody and reserve judgement. Don't worry about influences. Don't strain for originality; like an orgasm, it seldom comes when too consciously strained for. What this teacher or that one calls principles or techniques or forms has to pass through you, as it has passed through millions of others. If it zips through you, you're an empty shell. If it snaps you jerkily into somebody else's idea of action, you're a puppet. If it courses leisurely through you, it'll filter out as your own.

SCATTERED HOPES

by M. B. Srigley

The decline of Rome is said to have begun with the passing of a law allowing Roman ladies to eat and use the vomitorium at the same time of day as their husbands, and in the same room Virginia Woolf who said that the modern world moved into decadence on 29th January, 1908, but gave no reason for this exactitude of date, committed suicide at the depth of the Second World War during which, among other demolitions, ten Wren churches lurched into rubble. Propriety passed with them; 'propertie was thus appalled'. But we must keep our heads, keep them above water, remain calm and collect, piece by piece-meal among the rubble of ten churches and in the experience of a suicide, peace of mind. And are we in danger of not keeping our heads? said Boris Pasternak in a moment's daring. We are, he said in a moment's surrender.

The theme is decadence. By what rules of rhetoric shall we develop this theme? With the decline of rhetoric Rome found her outmost frontiers unstable; and as the Christians were speaking with such disarming simplicity in the catacombs of Light, the Ciceronian convolutions tangled, and the language of the patrician tribe lost purity and precision, threatened also by the florid fancies of the man upon the ass, Apuleis, by sand and excessive sun. Dylan Thomas, the mad Gael, the verbal gale, is looked upon with some perturbation and with heavy head-shaking by those concerned with exactitude of expression along with magnitude of emotion, with, in a word, the articulation of 'sedate elation', for as the son of the formless sea and lover of the archetypal brine, he foams, sprays, booms, whereas according to the strict tradition of English verse and English

inclinations he should act with a certain Horatian decorum, not blunt but add edge to the instrument he wields, not rape the ear but blandish it, advert to the mechanical regularity of the tidal moon as well as to the vagaries of the wave; be reasonable. The Irish are too poetical to be poets, said Wilde.

The theme is decadence. By what rules of decadence shall we proceed? Shall we say with the too poetical Irish that the situation is hopeless but not serious? Shall we read the advertisements by the escalator and not check our responses, recalling that precise language is a beneficent government? Shall we too eat a peach, stroll down the Strand with the bottoms of our trousers rolled, oblivious? Shall we sit in our bedsitters, in our maisonettes, in our flats, not yet sound-proof, and disturb the past with our reading, a lucky dip in Revelations, a guess at the origins of the Etruscans, some lines from Persian love poems, some pages on the Hittite civilisation buried and resurrected, and thus dispel the silence, the nag of not knowing where all the days and ways, the bones and moans, the fags and the drink, the Penguin books and the library books tend? These are rhetorical questions.

All things change yet remain the same. We decline to decline; we aspire to ascend; we do both and neither. Heraclitus wept with anguish that all things change; his words and his anguish remain. Darius wept when he beheld his host of stalwart warriors ten thousand strong that they would be no more in a hundred years; his thought and his anguish remain. Despair may be fruitful; fear may be salutary; sin happy. We may cling to the notion of *felix culpa* as day creeps on day grey in the welfare state in time's kingdom. The fear, despair and sin are great. In an American cinema one month ago an advertisement for ice-cream was flashed on the screen during the running of an ordinary film at such speed that there was no conscious perception. Ice-cream sales were increased by 60 per cent. And if it had

flashed, 'dig thy neighbour in the ribs'? This is not a rhetorical question. It is a joke. To go through life without humour is like going on a long journey on a cart without springs, say the too-poetical Irish.

SOME ITEMS RECEIVED BY THE EDITOR

When superlatives are so exploited that they no longer convince, but make their users suspect as advertising blurbers, to frame adequate recommendations for books which do excel, becomes difficult. If similar preambles have been set down here, this has been because their repetition has seemed the only accent for praise. Hereupon, obviating need to do this yet again — and especially in view of space limitations — only ‘musts’ will be reviewed, beginning with this issue.

**ZERO HOUR, BY LESLIE WOOLF
HEDLEY, LED TO THE FOREGOING
(INFERNO PRESS, \$2). HE PRESENTS
SOME POETRY OF HIGHEST ORDER,
AND NEARLY 100 PER CENT OF IT
INDICATES SINCERITY AND SKILL
EXERCISED UNDER EMOTIONAL
STRESS. OF COURSE, ALL WHO READ
HEDLEY LEARN THAT HE INVARIABLY
WRITES FROM SOCIAL INDIGNATIONS.
IT'S UNFORTUNATE HOW — BECAUSE,
AS EDITOR, CRITIC, AND
CONTROVERSIALIST, HE HAS AROUSED
SOME ANTAGONISMS BY CONDEMNING
WORKS FROM WHAT MANY HAVE
REGARDED AS HIS OVERLY-DEDICATED
GROUND — CERTAIN INIMICAL
CRITICS AND EDITORS HAVE DENIED
THIS MAJOR POET HIS DESERVED
DUE. LESS-PRINCIPLED THAN HE,
THEY HAVE REFUSED HIS POETRY
DECENT APPRAISALS, AS SUCH.
CONCEDING HEDLEY OCCASIONALLY
HAS OFFERED AS POEMS WHAT
BETTER MIGHT HAVE BEEN EXPANDED
INTO PROSE PAMPHLETS FOR A**

**CAUSE OF PEACE OR PERSONAL
LIBERTY OR EQUAL RIGHTS, ZERO
HOUR COMPRISES LITTLE THAT'S
OPEN TO SUCH STRICTURES. HE
DEMONSTRATES LYRICAL POWER AND
UNUSUAL ABILITY TO CONVEY THE
TRAGIC IMPACTS REAL POETRY
ALWAYS CONVEYS. HIS DRAMATIC
GRASP IS UNDENIABLE, AND VITAL
OPPOSITIONS ACHIEVE POIGNANCY,
WITH IMPRESSIONS OF LARGE ANGRY
POWER, WHICH YET IS DISCIPLINED
TO THE INDIRECTION AND
CONCENTRATION ALSO
CHARACTERISING GENUINE POETRY.
NEITHER IS THIS BOOK DEVOID OF
HUMOUR: EXTREMELY CLEVER IRONY
IMBUES THE LONG CONVERSATION
BETWEEN CRITIC & PUBLISHER
WATCHING THE WORLD BURN.**

Peter Carr (MESSAGES: privately, 10319 Viretta Lane, Los Angeles 24, Calif., U.S.A., \$1.25) has demonstrated in this first book that he may deserve rank with such younger men as Henry Birnbaum, Seymour Gresser, and Harold Witt. Startled at work of this calibre under an unheard name, the Editor discovered that Carr has been writing for years, but remaining in 'relative isolation', not attempting to publish. The book has remarkable woodcuts by his wife, Lin Carr—in

no sense illustrations. Though not unrelated to certain poems in moods, they present an independent artist.

Beautifully though most of Carr's lines flow, and well though he employs imageful techniques, there is nothing 'arrangedly' pseudo in these—no posturings, no artificial clevernesses, no raw humour just-for-the-laugh. And if he isn't invariably fresh, no echoes (surprisingly few present) are hopeful imitative halloos. His own idiom is shaping, and in nearly every line he hasn't spoken in his own tones, the reason has been obvious. Lapses into overstatement and near-sentiment are rare enough that they should not even be mentioned—especially, in view of the saving purposes with which he has seriously spotlighted problems of our time. Carr already is mature, insofar as he holds a comprehensive world-view; and because he may be taken to task for betraying wishes to stand aside from (if not perhaps altogether to escape) the conflicts he writes about, this nevertheless does not subtract from his seeing what he sees clearly indeed. To transmit this is a poet's primary function, and Carr fulfils it.

Whether Joanne de Longchamps and Seymour Gresser know each other's work well, they've decided kinships; and writing about them together is appropriate. Along with similarities, they have meaningful differences beyond those resulting because they are woman and man. Important also, that they are productive in other fields Mrs de Longchamps in painting, and Gresser in sculpture.

One shouldn't jump to biased conclusions because EDEN UNDER GLASS, by the former, is a BOOK CLUB FOR POETRY selection (GOLDEN QUILL, \$2.50), promoted for an audience easily alarmed by innovation and approving poetry which, at least superficially, seems familiar, while THE COMING OF THE ATOM is from the experimental henny penny press (Chapbook No. 2, \$1). This just partly reflects one facet of less-acute difference—and mainly from Gresser's

masculinity, as against her 'Eden' conjunctions of better-obeyed disciplines of feminine conservatism.

To remark that mere lovely lines, carrying (however effectively) sounds, symbolic meanings, and interrelated re-evocations, do not, alone, make great poetry, is to repeat a truism. But description of these poets can be condensed by stating both are rich in these secondary, if necessary, qualities, with deft controls of exciting idioms. Although neither may consistently exert a desirable maximum of restraint or refrain from occasional overcomplexities or -statement (sensationalism's contemporary influence), their writings are likely to endure because of their social and cultural awareesses. More than private conflicts make both their expressions, posing stimulating questions, with well-formulated ideas, if not often undertaking answers (philosophical or other). Reading either, rouses sensuous pleasure and stimulates reflection.

Structural analyses cannot be undertaken in this space. But Gresser's shapes from a freer flow, with more sustained ability to organise at less-consciously controlled levels, while Mrs de Longchamps' composition seems intellectually balanced, although seldom with an impression of having been long sought (never clumsily, surely). This suggested difference is illuminated by pointing how poems providing nearer resemblances are those more tightly formulated, and that these make up less than half of Gresser's, but over 90 per cent of Mrs de Longchamps'. Also, how these here provide the only close parallels. The Editor drew on memories of looser work by Mrs de Longchamps in ms. (he happened to have seen many mss. of both poets, years ago), in speculating on parallels of 'out-of-the-well' pieces.

An almost-unprecedented review of No. XIX BOTTEGHE OSCURE (entering its tenth year) in NEW YORK TIMES BOOK REVIEW of 2nd June, would make notice redundant, except that most TRACE's fewer readers are believed never to glance

at the NYT. Not to belittle publicity which will benefit a deserving project, but to emphasise the comments in TOWARDS PRINT. Whatever brought this publicity to pass, the truth of the NYT suggestions that more varied representational Americans have appeared in BO than in any bigtime U.S. paperback alleging concern for lessknown writers, cannot be underscored enough. The same holds with regard to British writers; and while the Editor is not sufficiently conversant with new work in other countries to make like assertions about writers of Germany, France, or Italy, those familiar with the languages have done so. (Order from HAMISH HAMILTON, 15/-.)

ADDENDA

Unmerrily comic, San Francisco police had just arrested a clerk and the proprietor of CITY LIGHTS POCKET BOOKSHOP, when this TRACE was preparing. See EDITORS WRITE for details. Perversely amusing, that one newspaper quoted a morals-probing officer proclaiming no literary work should contain matter unfit for newspapers. Lest the point be lost on U.K. subscribers — any U.S. big-city newspaper holds more that's conceivably 'demoralising' to impressionable children than the most ribald of classics, and slaughtering the English! Beyond which, the earnest integrity of Gil Orlovitz is manifest in every story and poem (and the play), besides in a fine essay on method. Not only is there no obscenity in this significant young American, he has not offered this for children — nor would it entertain an average child.

Comfort, however, should be drawn from indications that little magazines at least are sufficiently noticed to become victims of attempted suppression of the Press. Other and positive indications of better heed to this field have been frequent notes in columns of prominent journalists and mentions in articles by famous contemporaries. For instance, MANAS just quoted Dwight MacDonald in

ENCOUNTER: 'A "little magazine" is often more intensively read (and circulated) than the big commercial magazines, being a more individual expression and so appealing with special force to other individuals of like minds'.

A not-unrelated incident was the discharge of Lawrence P. Spingarn from his instructorship in the Extension Division of the University of California in L.A., apparently because one of his stories appeared in the magazine JEM, other contents of which (unknown to Mr Spingarn, whose agent sold the story) included photographs of nudes. This same magazine, moreover, has published (reprints of) Somerset Maugham and Jean Paul Sartre. Mr Spingarn, himself, has an established reputation, and his fiction is used in school texts; that he should be meted 'punishment' for guilt-by-association (if 'guilt' there be) would be simply preposterous, were this not possibly another sign of the trend toward using force in the indirect censorship of culture. Whether this particular placement was in good taste (maybe Mr Spingarn wouldn't have approved, had he known) is quite beside the point that a state institution has 'disciplined' the writer, not for irregularities in teaching, but obviously to try to dictate his professional conduct. This could establish a tactical precedent for other institutions.

In contrast, the academic climate seems not altogether unhealthy, reading announcement of the new GRADUATE STUDENT OF ENGLISH (University Stat., Box 4050, Minneapolis 14, Minn.—special 25c. (regularly 50c.) introductory copy to TRACE readers): '... no commitment to any of the current critical schools ... emphasis throughout on experiment, query, suggestion, appraisal'. And: '... attempting to explore the complex relationships between literature and living. Frank discussions of graduate student life : e.g. publication ... Brief annotated bibliographies of the basic and most stimulating works in areas especially relevant'.

Kenneth Patchen plans public readings, and is preparing an autumn U.S.A. itinerary. Interested colleges and poetry centres may write: Miss Gail Eaton, 2340 Sierra Ct., Palo Alto, Calif.

Typographically outstanding, with unusual offerings from people recognised in fields not ordinarily associated with poetry and drawing, is KARUBA (Egyptian for quality), a pamphlet series, from Theodor Jung, 1101 Chautauque Ave., Norman, Okla. He asks short poems for future issues. KARUBA—I remains available in limited quantity, at \$1.50.

Crisp observations on the New Critics, in James Land Jones' A SOUND OF HUNTING in No. 3 NIMROD (Spring), take off from revised attitudes of T. S. Eliot, whose disapproval of his followers has pointed up many recent articles—such as the fine VIEW OF CONTEMPORARY POETRY, by John Hall Wheelock in the Summer AMERICAN SCHOLAR. At NIMROD—though a new editor takes over—policies friendly to individualists will continue.

JUST PEANUTS, by John Beecher, occupies a broadsheet, with art by Barbara Beecher. Issued gratis from MORNING STAR, all donations go to Koinonia (community) whose members remain in dire circumstances after uncivilised persecutions for supporting racial desegregation.

Phivos Delphis, Athens poet, known for activities in intercultural relations, announces Hellenic anthologies of poets of other nations. Aid in assembling representative selections is solicited. Largest collection of his poetry will issue soon from the Australian Harry Hooton. Title: IT IS GREAT TO BE ALIVE. He has been printed widely in other countries; and his international 21st CENTURY (second issue just appearing) attracts added attention for this book.

For years, curious — but forgivably impeccunious — persons have been inquiring of TRACE where the name GRUNDTVIG (review) originated. Well, Editor Glen Coffield has issued (50c., Box 2386, E. Portland Stat., Portland 14, Oreg.)

a booklet telling about Bishop N. S. F. Grundtvig and his own years-long experiment that philosopher inspired.

THE BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL, arriving at this writing, also is Chapbook No. 5, POEMS FOR ROBERT FROST (separately 75c., or \$2.50, clothbound). Another special issue is announced for winter — half devoted to the British New Movement, half to the so-called American Underground, its overseas counterpart.

Interest in better practical cooperation amongst little magazines continues — particularly in joint promotional campaigns of groups geographically neighbors or with related objectives — and William E. Harris of REWRITE, conceding that a central bureau for mailing list may not yet be feasible, suggests discussions in TRACE, to encourage editors to join in more ambitious undertakings.

The Prize Novel Contest of HARPER & BROTHERS, the eighteenth in a quarter-century, opened in June and closes 1st June, 1958. Recent works-in-progress in little mags indicate no dearth of candidates.

George Abbe's new novel, THE WINTER HOUSE, is announced by DOUBLEDAY & CO. for 5th December. Advance orders will bring autographed copies for Christmas gifts. . . . Reflecting ascending costs — when Eli Siegel's HOT AFTERNOONS HAVE BEEN IN MONTANA actually arrived (DEFINITION PRESS — see TRACE No. 22), price was \$3.25 instead of \$3 for hardbound and \$1.65, not \$1.45, for paperback. . . . Another older work missed listing; second edition of SONNETS OF LOVE AND LIBERTY, by Walter Lowenfels (WHITTIER PRESS, 5406 Kinsessing Stat., Philadelphia 43, Pa., U.S.A.—75c. and \$2.50).

**BORESTONE MOUNTAIN POETRY
AWARDS, 1956 (\$3.50, STANFORD
U. PRESS) WAS NOT RECEIVED. THIS
EDITOR'S REVIEW OF THE 1955
EDITION WAS NOT ENTIRELY
FAVOURABLE, AND EXCEPTION WAS
TAKEN TO THE AWARDS. TRACE
SUBSEQUENTLY WAS NOTIFIED THAT
THE PRESS WISHED NOT TO BE
LISTED IN THE DIRECTORIES;
HOWEVER, ANNOUNCEMENTS WERE
RECEIVED FOR: STANFORD SHORT
STORIES, 1957, WALLACE STEGNER
AND RICHARD SCOWCROFT, EDITORS
(\$3.50); WILLIAM FAULKNER, AN
INTERPRETATION, IRVING MALIN (\$3).
. . . OF PROSE RECEIVED, ONE OF
INTEREST WAS UNCOMMON SENSE,
BY ASCANIO DI PAOLA (GREENWICH,
\$3.50), INTRANSIGENT 'NAY'
LETTERS-TO-THE-EDITOR FROM A
PUGNACIOUS INDIVIDUALIST. . . AND
ANNE BRONTE, ESTELLE TRUST
(LITERARY CALENDAR ADDRESS).**

POETRY INCLUDES:

THE VOLUNTARY TONGUE, Martin Bucco (Privately: Taos, New Mexico, U.S.A., \$1); WORM FEED GENTLY, Frona Lane (GREEN LEAF PRESS, \$2.50); THE OLDEST APRIL, Sarah Litsey (GOLDEN QUILL, \$2.50); THE PASSIONATE PENDULUM, Ralph Lowe (GREENWICH, \$2.50); NETTLE AND LAUGHTER, Roy Murdoch (FINE EDITIONS PRESS, \$1.50); AND BE LOST FOREVER, Dante Pasquinucci (POETRY LIBRARY, \$2); LIGHTFALL, J. Phoenix (THE GUILD PRESS, 3/8); EMU, REMEMBER! Alfred W. Purdy (FIDDLEHEAD Chap-Book, 50c.); WE ARE THE ONES WHO WORK, Henry Spikes (Privately: P.O. Box 44, Old Chelsea Stat., New York 11, N.Y., £2 or \$5.60); LISTENING VOICE, A Continuity. Warner Tabb (Privately: Mount Holly, Va., \$2); HOLD FAST THESE PLEASANT MEMORIES, by Townsman of Chester (Privately: 16 N. 2nd St., Richmond 19, Va., 50c. or 75c. illustr.); TID-BITS from the Muse's Table, Loretta P. Wilson (Privately: 108 Hutton St., Gaithersburg, Md., \$2).