

TRACE

A CHRONICLE OF LIVING LITERATURE

featuring
Towards Print
(a call for action)
Audience & Verse Drama
by James Schevill

No. 25

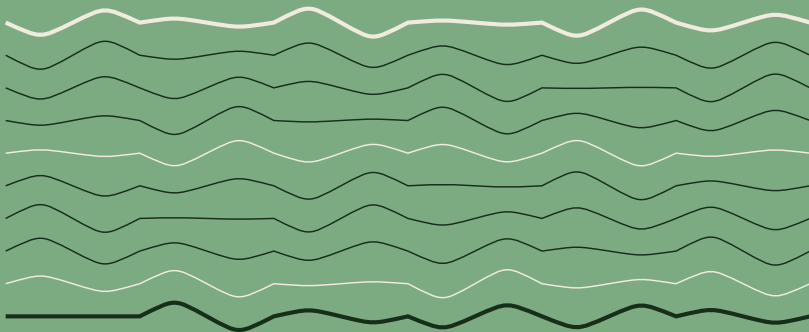
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JAMES BOYER MAY / EDITOR



TRACE

No. 25

Living Literature

Essays & Articles · Poetry · Reviews

February 1958

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

Risky lost friendships of some magazine publishers, the Editor appeals to all writing readers of TRACE, on the concededly bizarre theory that a piece of creative writing, prose or poetry, may be worth at least the equivalent of the cost of paper, ink, and labour of setting it in type and running it through a press. If these readers agree, and also harbour a 'square' notion that everyone should be recompensed in some manner for work which an editor considers of sufficient value to be published, a revolutionary change can be effected in a very short time. It can be effected, if those concerned will simply and forthwith commence demanding payment; for, with this issue, TRACE coverage of the field finally has become quite extensive.

The no-pay sin is most flagrant in the U.S.A., where the greatest economic discrepancies exist in the largest English-speaking population. And the most culpable offenders are the many universities and colleges which make budgetary provisions for fine printing jobs, but none for the writers who bring significance to their quarterlies. Particularly from these, decent money payments should be forthcoming.

Not all meritorious little magazines, of course, can afford to pay much for material. These may be produced by the hand-labour of the publishers, themselves, or financed at personal sacrifices. However, token payments at least should be asked, or perhaps payments in copies of magazines to be mailed to people designated by contributors.

Now, anyone who has mailed out mss. in numbers soon learns that certain editors (mainly those with magazines issuing from campuses and underwritten by schools) will

advance the idea that their contributors ought to feel compensated just by achieving the prestige of appearances in their pages alongside writers of international reputation, or next faculty members with academic status. But such magazines trade upon this argument to get free material, ignoring the possibility that the service to literature they no doubt feel they are rendering in publishing works for which too few outlets concededly exist, may in the long run prove secondary to the service they could perform in helping to support (to preserve, maybe) talented writers.

Many of these magazines rely heavily on the fact that thousands of candidates for degrees and teachers of English can use records of publication to aid them in achieving degrees and/or promotions in their profession. In this area, the actual services to modern literature often are extremely dubious on any grounds; and in the opinion of the writer, the personal services would be greatly enhanced in school-blessed periodicals which also paid.

And the time has come to make public the fact that not a few magazines which tell lessknown writers they do not pay, do pay professionals of eminence for appearing in their pages. This is exceedingly unjust. Surely, it might be more just to pay the unknowns and to allow the otherwise well-paid professionals to prove their idealism by donating their works in the cause of aiding new writers?

Meanwhile, if all of the talented writers in the beginning-ascendant, will co-operate, the very continuations of scores of magazines would — and crucially almost overnight — depend on their complying with the demand for compensation. They would not be able to find enough passable material from which to select! No ‘union’ is indicated — as heard suggested — to bring this about. For many reasons, which cannot be elaborated here, the formal organisation inescapably entailing formulations of group policies and limiting individual freedoms is undesirable.

And one more point — that the Editor has, through years of voluminous correspondence both with writers and editors, learned to what a rueful extent the lamentable status quo is maintained because this simply is the generally accepted arrangement. Dozens of editors really feel in their hearts that all writers should be paid, while persisting in not paying them, because the other editors (amongst them, those who feel the same) do not pay, and because of the continuing feasibility of not paying. This is only human nature. Just as soon as it's known (for this change is going to be effected!) that one of the factors to be given account in launching a publishing enterprise is fair compensation to those supplying the very materials to be published, each newly-launched magazine will make provisions commensurate with its other estimated costs. And, in the examination of the expenses of most periodicals will be found possibilities of adjustments through savings in operations and formats, to make at least some minimal pay available. The avowed prime purpose of every conscientious editor being to publish deserving writings — with beautiful printing surely secondary — the issue should scarcely need enforcement. And yet, as conditions have been, dozens of editors have made no really strenuous efforts to learn the wide variations in physical costs of magazines at every level, including that of the finest typographical productions.

Will all of you join in this 'campaign,' as it may be designated? So far as the Editor of TRACE is concerned, if you do, the entire existence of this periodical will have been justified.

EDITORS WRITE

Vic Flack (being a preview of an editorial for No. 4 1958):

i. IN/SERT has run its first four issues without redundant descriptive statement of policy: its intent is its content. But there has been honest interest of specific inquiry to an extent exceeding ability for adequate individual reply, and so here in fine print is the only time it'll ever talk about itself.

ii. IN/SERT is not a Re-view: a 'Review' can never be a 'BLAST!'

Probably there can never again be a BLAST, a BROOM, an EGOIST, a TYRO, a SECESSION, a TRANSITION, a DIAL, a CONTACT. By now the polite pedantic caution of a re-view, a look-again, an over-thorough eyeing, a sort of academic doubletake is tried and tedious to say the least: it is English and english — tradition and classroom.

Here it is halfpast the Century and all anybody does is re-view what those special few did who blasted it clean from the 19th, sweeping out the pretentious trivia with selfassurance, and firmly asserting themselves by physical and evaluative removal to where they gradually articulated the new directions of the 20th by what they MADE.

Cultural phasing consists in flipping the page, providing the words, reviewing the words, writing the book: history does it, a century does it, a generation can do it, and a rare few individuals do it all in a lifetime. The Century must surely by now have finished reviewing the words and should be ready to write a fine book, and if it's to be written by the new generation (the sons of the Makers) at an age young enough for individual page-flipping and word-providing after all the just-past inbetween reviewing, then it ought to be a pretty interesting book: the privately pretentious hope of course, would be that IN/SERT contain some of its pages.

iii. The programmatic bias might be slanged as nutshelling, with all or a lot of time (and life) wrapped up: meaning an ideographic packing, a meaningfully concentrated timebinding, a getting-at significant cores or origins thru maximally appropriate media-use.

The attempt is to get at a core forms complete at one shot — which present a complete (or comprehensive) plurality of pertinent conditions (or views) all at the same time or in a single image: to graph the Idea.

The hope is to juggle the symbols of our senses with a simple wholeness, vitality, and fidelity similar to ‘that which children and primitive men always have in common: who are spurred and driven by the vigor and play of experience, not the authority and ritual of style (they emulate but never imitate). The truly Prototypal or Archetypal are naturally Ideographic in this sense.

In other words, Idea-by-image (space packed in time), rather than Description-by-narration (space dragged thru time): Images to tickle an Idea, rather than Pictures to tell a Story. The imaged maxim is the Western ideogram: aphorism, epigram.

iv. With this directional bias as compass, one can’t help but pick around thru other people’s stuff as he happens on it, and hang onto that individual work available to him which comes closest to this trending, and eventually insert it with his own in the mutually beneficial environment of kindred bias, yet with an actual and implied format of neutral anthologizing-by-insertion, which frees each work from obligation of responsibility to any and all adjacent and accompanying work. This last proudly accounts for the built-in ‘uneven feel’—not inconsistent in principle: less homogeneous than most gatherings, and very appropriate to the intent and ideograph of the thing as an anthologizing tool — ups and down always accompany independence and assertion.

Vhf. June 1955–June 1957, Portland.

Ron Offen (mainstream, Ill.)

‘There’s plenty around us in everyday life to draw upon. This idea is one of those responsible for MAINSTREAM’s beginning. We were concerned over the apparent lack of connection between the poetry being published in most of the little magazines and life itself. Too many coteries fighting it out over dead issues, too many poems entitled “Oedipus at Colonnus” and too little of poetry that had any relevance to the world we saw around us . . . MAINSTREAM, now in its second year, continues in its search for young energetic poets. There are no restrictions as to form, length, or subject matter. It reviews a large number of books (only poetry), and has two or three articles each issue on a variety of subjects (mostly concerning the arts, but also that bugaboo, politics).’

Christian E. Lefebure:

‘I believe that the CAROLINA QUARTERLY should be a magazine of broad and serious interest with a more-than-local scope which will serve both as an outlet for and a stimulus to creative activity on this campus. I would extend the coverage of the Quarterly to include, not only pieces of original fiction and poetry and essays in literary criticism, but also articles of general interest dealing with any of the humanities. That is not to say, make it into a scholarly journal, but simply give it a sound appeal to a larger audience of broad interest. Regarding serious interest, I think that a magazine published as a part of a liberal arts university program to promote serious creative thinking must be kept serious and not ‘watered-down’ to a ‘popular’ level, lest it defeat its very purpose for being. From the outset, it must be understood that such a magazine will have a minority appeal. This, however, is no argument against it. Such efforts have to be supported for their own sake.’

Felix Stefanile (THE SPARROW): 'I wish formally to protest, as a little magazine editor, the practice of some poets, who shall be nameless, of failing to give little magazine credit when their poems are reprinted in national, slick publications, such as NEW WORLD WRITING and various anthologies. Personally, I am blacklisting the ones I know of through SPARROW incident. When you consider that well known and, in the first case in my humble opinion, excellent poets, such as W. S. Merwin and Richard Wilbur, not only continue to submit to little magazines, despite their national and international repute, but give credit, . . . the snide forgetfulness of lesser lights to make mention in their correspondences with the wealthy trade publishers, of original poetry journal reprintings of their work, is basically dishonorable.'

THROUGH THE GRIPEVINE

by Felix Anselm

I believe the stimulating column EDITORS WRITE ought to be supplemented from time to time with pieces under the heading, AUTHORS WRITE. Not only because that's what makes them authors, but because it would give them the opportunity of shoptalking back to the editors; and this, too, could prove stimulating and useful. I've therefore asked TRACE's editor to give me a small transient guest room in which to air two pet gripes of mine which, I suppose, must be shared by many little magazine writers; and having aired these gripes, I should like to propose remedial treatments.

The first gripe concerns the excessively long time some editors take in deliberating (or failing to deliberate) manuscripts submitted to them; the second grievance concerns the all-too-frequent occurrence of printing errors in little magazines. Neither complaint requires a long explication.

When I started out writing for little magazines, I mentioned to a friend that the prime requisite for becoming an author seemed to be longevity; I thought at the time this was a funny remark. Today I'm convinced that it is no joke, but a simple statement of fact. Just think: at the rate of two, three, or more months waiting time for an editor's report—and such periods unfortunately are habitual with some editors, including several of very desirable publications—a year passes easily before a poem may be placed. For it is only a tyro's optimistic illusion that there is a direct ratio between the time of waiting for a decision and the chances of acceptance; the purple-hearted (and often purple-faced) veterans know that rejection slips arrive just as unblushingly after five months as after three weeks. Most of

the little magazines are quarterlies (approximately), some are semi-annuals, and a few appear once a year or irregularly. That means that even after your ms. has been accepted, you may have to wait another year or so for publication (provided the mag in question doesn't fold up in the meantime): you'll have to agree that biblical ages are what authors must attain before they can hope to attain a measure of recognition; and that their preoccupation with death and posterity is an occupationally-conditioned state of mind. Here, incidentally, lies the answer also to the question commonly asked by the tongue-clucking pollsters and investigators of the little magazine field : why do they find that most of the writers of these magazines are middle-aged? Because, friends, the authors have aged so in the interval between putting their manuscripts into the mailbox (a time when they were young and crisp) and the day when the investigators see their offerings in print. That's why.

But to wait for the appearance of accepted manuscripts is not half so trying as to wait for the makings up of editorial minds. For while the ms. is in the hands of the editor, the author's hands are bound. No matter what editors can afford to do to authors—including the repudiation of acceptances made by their predecessors in office—authors must be strictly ethical, polite, considerate, and true to editors at all times. Woe to him who strays from the narrow path, submits the same ms. to two or more places simultaneously, and is found out! Not only is he faced with blacklists, blockades, and embargoes, but he's punished in his soul already before anything happens and even if nothing happens. For he turns into a multisplit personality who prays simultaneously for acceptance and for rejection and is a greenish sight each afternoon when he approaches his mailbox. Yes, I confess, I admit, I cry *mea culpa*, I beat my hairy chest : yes, I tried the black deed a couple of times in desperation—but no more, thank you, I have repented, I am reformed, the narrow path

hath me back. I just watch my long white beard grow longer and whiter while waiting for the sentences editors will in their good time speak to, and impose upon, little me. That is to say—I did wait that way for a while. Until I hit upon the solution to the problem which I herewith want to submit to you all.

I now wait for approximately eight weeks. After this, I deliver a polite but firm ultimatum to the editors in question : if I don't hear from them within, say, two additional weeks, I shall consider myself free to submit the mss. they are holding to other magazines. There is no harm in making an inquiry first, but in many cases I've found this to be ineffective. The ultimatum, on the other hand, either brings a response or cuts the Gordian knot. There is, to be sure, the risk of receiving one's mss. back by return mail with a dirty editorial look enclosed in the package. But (a) one has to learn to live dangerously in that *métier*, and (b) my experience has been that editors seem rather impressed with so much gumption, crust, nerve and cheek among the wretched class of mere contributors whom they've learned to know as habitually meek and humble; and that the majority of editors—possibly after checking their baser impulses to take immediate and drastic revenge—will finally look at the mss. in question and give them a fair trial after all. And if my procedural suggestion should be adopted, not just by a few brave souls but by a majority of my long-suffering colleagues, a radical change of editorial practices and a basically different view of editorial responsibility may be the result. For even though editors wouldn't be caught dead admitting it—they do need the authors! They may make you feel sometimes that you're nothing but an intruder into their privacy, and that all they want on earth is peace and quiet—not manuscripts, for crying out loud! But don't be intimidated. When the chips on their shoulders are down, they depend on you, the writers, for being able to be editors.

Remains grievance No. 2—the matter of printing errors. Some authors apparently don't care how they are printed, as long as they are printed; and that attitude may be quite appropriate for the hyphenated ladies of both sexes, I mean genders, who infest the categories of magazines that are big printing errors in themselves. Fine. Let those 'proving grounds' which prove only their lack of grounds for existence, since Moronia Wobblebottom-Klex publishes the same tripe in them year-in and year-out—let them inflate also the rest of Wobblebottom's ego. The problem arises for those who find it both aggravating and absurd to see something printed under their names which they would have blushed to submit to an editor, and which the same editor may well have rejected as sloppy and inadequate. I'm of course not referring to obvious typographical errors which are readily recognised as such, but to the strange fabrications of the printer's devil (often in collaboration with his assistants in the editorial office) that make another — nonsensical — kind of sense. Maybe I'm jinxed, but things like 'greet' for 'meet,' 'word' for 'world,' 'orthodox' for 'unorthodox,' or — hold everything — 'too' for 'two' are common occurrences with me — and not in crummy magazines either! In the case of 'too' for 'two' (not to be confused with tea for two) which occurred in a poem (!) of mine and must have given the impression that I had submitted it by telephone (and please don't try to comfort me by telling me that nobody would notice the difference anyway, for this, if true, is more depressing than anything!) — in the case of too for two a note of correction appeared two months later; but since an unknown donor had contributed a comma in front of the 'too' and the corrector, obviously at a loss to see what all the fuss was about, failed to remove it, the note of correction was wrong comma too. And to ask for too corrections seemed like asking, two much! (Note to the printer: Please, sir, leave the last sentence as it is, even if it

looks wrong to you. You're right, it's wrong, that's why it's right — oh well, just leave it, please, and don't worry about it, you know that authors are nuts, don't you? O.K. Thanks.)

Now all this may sound very personal, and indeed it is; but there must be others, similarly plagued and equally aggravated. They may be interested to hear about the responses I received when I did the obvious thing—ask editors for galley proofs, and they may be interested in a couple of proposals I have to make to remedy the situation.

With one exception, my requests for galleys have so far brought negative replies. If it isn't an editor's policy to send proofs automatically, he's prone to tell you that it would be too expensive for a small magazine to do so, that the authors would probably not return the proofs on time and thus throw off his production schedule, or that he has enough troubles and work as it is. One or two magazines will archly tell you that 'it is not our custom to send proofs in the case of poetry'. (And what could better characterise their regard for poetry? A good poem will be ruined by a misplaced comma. Nothing at all can ruin a bad poem. In not having the custom of sending proofs for poetry, they're informing you about the kind of poem they want—the indestructible one. You'll supply them only if you produce what they like.) A few of the editors seemed indignant about the request as such, considering it apparently an impingement on their sovereignty; they are the same editors who are indignant if you point out to them the mistakes that have already occurred.

What can be done about it? I'd suggest this: (a) Let those authors who care about their texts send a stamped, self-addressed envelope to editors who have accepted their work; ask them for galleys and state that you won't expect the editor to pay any attention to your corrections if the proofs are not returned to him by you at the deadline he specifies; and—in case of changes that go beyond the correction of printing mistakes and may thus increase the

printer's bill—state that you are willing to pay the additional expense upon presentation of the invoice. (If you're not willing to bear the added expense, you must in fairness to the editor-publisher refrain from making extensive changes in proofs, that's all.)

(b) Let those editors who are in sympathy with the procedures outlined and able to see that they have nothing to lose and quality to gain, inform the authors upon acceptance of their mss. of the conditions under which galley proofs may be obtained; a printed slip, similar to the everywhere beloved rejection slip, could state the requirements. No author would be under any obligation to avail himself of the opportunity; those that aren't bothered, needn't bother. No editor, on the other hand, would be burdened financially by the plan, while his burden of proofreading would actually be lessened. Excepting some special set-ups (printing abroad, handprinting, mimeographing, etc.), I don't see why the system couldn't work to everybody's advantage and satisfaction. Even in the case of printing overseas, the author could at least be given the chance of seeing the typescript his editor is sending to the printers, since retyping the original ms. seems standard procedure, and errors may in the process creep in.

There probably will be those, both authors and editors, who'll nyet the idea because they consider the whole institution of galley proofs bourgeois, commercial and a generally sissified affair, and slovenliness the hallmark of genius. Proofs, they'll say, are fine for the 'slicks,' but unworthy of the little magazines. For them I have news: the average commercial magazine doesn't vie a damn about the artistic inviolability of the word. The 'slicks' send proofs as a matter of routine, show, prestige, public relations, 'good business' and because it is a time- and work-saving convenience; while the concern for creative integrity is eminently a concern of the little magazine—or at least ought

to be; and the care for and of the word is an integral part of the creative process. I would, in fact, call it the concern par excellence for those 'littles' that are concerned with excellence.... It should be interesting to hear from authors and editors on the above issues.

(P.S. If you decide to print this, Mr May, would you please let me have galley proofs or a look at the typescript? I'll pay the postage and other routine expenses, and I promise to return the proofs at the deadline you specify. Thanks.)

(P.P.S. by Editor: Since proofs are read in London, not here, we must take advantage of the exception you note, and send typescript only. No repayment of postage or etc. is required.)

MONUMENTAL, BUT NOT FORMIDABLE*

by Guy Daniels

The appearance of Volume III of this magnum opus by the Dean of the School of Letters at the Ecole Libre des Hautes Etudes (French University of New York) makes available the most complete guide to contemporary French literature known to this reviewer. Vols. I and II, which appeared earlier, were devoted to studies of individual writers, each with a chronology, a biographical sketch, a summary of principle writings, and a critical evaluation, with bibliographies in a separate appendix. In addition to such international household names as Proust, Gide, and the rest of the litany, Prof. Brodin gives ample space to those major figures not so well known outside France (e.g., Montherlant) and careful attention to such newcomers on the scene as the novelists Gascar and Nimier. The only noticeable omissions are certain poets treated in a separate volume in this same series from the BIBLIOTHEQUE DE L'ECOLE LIBRE : PRESENCES CONTEMPORAINES, LA POESIE, by Jean Rousselot. Vol. III is a recapitulation of the period covered 1914-1957) in terms of the 'Main Currents and Themes of Contemporary French Literature' (title of Vol. III).

M. Brodin is unique among French critics in that he is eminently bicultural, being on intimate terms with the language and literature of America (where he has made his home in recent years). The result (already evident in his earlier studies of both French and American literature and thought) is something new in critical writing. Prof. Brodin's erudition is vast (but unobtrusive): his 'attack' is strictly in the French tradition of rigorous logic; yet the whole is couched in an easy, almost informal style. In the case of the present work, this bicultural background (coupled with a

fine sense of historical perspective) makes for a much broader base of appreciation than is possible for a monocultural critic. In particular, the appreciation of American influences on French writers is much more trustworthy than that of many French critics, whose acquaintanceship with American literature—usually in translation—is at best spotty. (It also gives rise to note a few pleasant surprises; e.g., the grouping of James Hadley Chase along with Miller, Algren, and Mailer, as a strong influence in the immediate postwar period.) One other apparent result, in this work, is its generous catholicity. (‘There are important writers and works on the Right, on the Left, and even in the Centre . . .’)

**PRESENCES CONTEMPORAINES, LITTÉRATURE, by Pierre Brodin. 3 vols., NOUVELLES EDITIONS DEBRESSE, Paris, 870 fr. ea. From Bibliothèque de l'Ecole Libre . . . 52 East 78th St., New York 21, N.Y., U.S.A.*

It is an unfortunate truth that most of those writers whose scholarly equipment qualifies them to undertake the all-important task of building bridges between cultures, are stylistically musclebound. Not so M. Brodin. It is a pleasure to be able to recommend his work, not only for its completeness (which, alone, makes it indispensable to anyone desirous of a real familiarity with modern French writers and writing), but also for its style. (Potential purchasers please N.B.: the handsome volumes in this Debresse series are much sturdier than the usual French product.)

THE AUDIENCE AND VERSE DRAMA

by James Schevill

When the houselights go down in a large theatre, the audience stares with anticipation at the curtain. In an opera house, it is likely to be a luxurious gold curtain indicating a superior social status, in a small theatre it is often plain grey or brown and worn with long usage. Whatever the curtain, it is a symbol of the separation between the stage and the audience. This is true not only in America, but also in Europe. When Charles II ordered a fundamental change in the staging of plays in 1665 at Whitehall and a modern proscenium and drop curtain were put in, the change altered the relationship between the audience and the stage. There was a sense of looking into things instead of living with things. The difference is important. When you sit before a curtain you become curious about what you are going to see, and what you are going to hear becomes secondary. It is the difference between watching a magician, a man who can create dazzling and absorbing visual effects, and listening to and watching something that you can think about and enjoy. It is the difference between overwhelming the mind from without and permitting the imagination to function from within.

Several critics have noticed the peculiar significance of the curtain in relationship to the audience. The German stage of the 1920s was usually draped in a black, sombre curtain. Kenneth Macgowan and Robert Edmond Jones said of these black curtains in their book, *CONTINENTAL STAGE-CRAFT*: 'Perhaps they are only an accident of the attempt to get a background of emptiness; but they become a yawning gulf of spiritual blackness.' In the 'twenties and 'thirties, of course, the curtain became a movie screen, and

the hypnotic visual effect became stronger than ever before. Several years ago when I was in New York I saw a full-page advertisement called The Big Squeeze that the motion picture industry had taken in THE NEW YORK TIMES. The advertisement stated:

‘... The movies get you out of yourself, out of your house, away from all the many, the little, the pressing things that apply The Big Squeeze.

You sit in the dark. In the wide dark. In the wide cool dark. You look—and you relax. You’re in a different world. The world, as you once saw it, is reborn. All women are beautiful. All men handsome. Things turn out right. Good triumphs. Once again you begin to see the amusing side of life. You laugh.

And suddenly you realise you’ve escaped The Big Squeeze ... just by going around the corner to your neighborhood theatre. You’re living again. You’re in love with your wife—as you always were, but you forgot. You get home and the kids are asleep. The house is quiet. Something you saw in the movie queen, you realise, is what you once saw in your wife—and now see again. The day hasn’t been so bad after all!

‘THE BIG SQUEEZE IS GONE!’

All we need to do is to go into the wide cool dark of entertainment. But what happens after we leave the wide cool dark? The Big Squeeze again. The term entertainment can be frustrating unless we understand its original meaning. The word entertainment comes from the Latin *inter* (between) and *tenere* (to hold); meaning a contact between the actor and the audience and the holding of that contact. The original meaning has been forgotten, and the term entertainment has come to mean a soothing, momentary emotion—a play that runs for a while on Broadway and is then quickly forgotten, a film that flickers on screens for a few weeks and is then put away in a can.

I stress the significance of the curtain because it is with the installation of curtains and proscenium arches in theatres that the collapse of verse drama began. The curtain itself, of course, was only a symbol of the developing mercantile and industrial forces that tended to promote a visual hypnosis in our Western civilisation. As this visual hypnosis increased, the verse dramas that were written in the nineteenth and twentieth centuries became more and more static. They lost the sense of action and, without this sense of action, they lost audience. Poetry became a bad name to the theatre. When prose and visual hypnosis took over, the result was bound to be, as Robert Edmond Jones pointed out in *THE DRAMATIC IMAGINATION*, the climax of Maurice Watkins' hit play, *CHICAGO*, when 'the show girl heroine yells: "You goddamned louse!" and drops her man with a pearl-handled revolver.' The total failure of the ear, and as a result, the failure of true vision, is apparent when one compares this with the lines of *OTHELLO* just before he strangles Desdemona:

It is the cause, it is the cause, my soul:

Let me not name it to you, you chaste stars!

It is the cause. Yet I'll not shed her blood,

Not scar that whiter skin . . .'

What has vanished into crude visual melodrama in several hundred years is the ideal, the passion—in short, the poetry.

**WILLIAM POEL, THE GREAT ENGLISH
DIRECTOR WHO REDISCOVERED THE
SIGNIFICANCE OF THE ELIZABETHAN
STAGE FOR VERSE DRAMA, STATED
THE PROBLEM THIS WAY IN 1912:**

It can no longer be said that an interest in pictures lessens with the close of childhood. The taste continues and gathers new strength from habitual indulgence until it threatens the adult with paralysis of the imaginations . . . more and more do men and women distrust their own intuitions. They turn to pictures for the realisation of what they themselves hesitate to visualise . . . Poetry in fact makes her own pictures as she makes her own music . . . To what end does the present popularity of the pictured page lead? Is it man's destiny to regard life as if it were a vast kaleidoscope, existing for the sole purpose of being looked at, until his brain, wearied by watching the ever-revolving machine, becomes incapable of concentrated and continuous thought? Let it be remembered that it is only thinking that makes thinkers.'

In terms of the stage, Poel proved that the proscenium arch theatre with its symbolic curtain required a declamatory style of speech, if the actor was to be audible. This was deadly to verse drama with its intricate variety of tone and tempo which required close concentration from the audience. The first prerequisite, then, for a renewal of verse drama today is the creation of acting areas where the audience is in intimate contact with the stage. Then the audience will be able to listen and watch without having to strain and curse the actor's poor diction. The fact that listening is quite strange to many contemporary theatre-goers was demonstrated forcefully to me when my verse play, *THE BLOODY TENET*, was performed recently by The Actor's Workshop in San Francisco. After the first performance, the actor who was playing the leading role of Roger Williams said to me: 'Playing so close to the audience was a new experience. For a moment I was disconcerted. There was a fellow in the front row, leaning forward and

concentrating with his eyes shut!’ (I hasten to emphasise my belief that it will be fatal to the cause of verse drama if audiences have to learn to attend with their eyes shut.) In 1957 I think it is correct to say that there is new interest in the possibility of verse drama. I stress the word ‘possibility’ because the goal is still far away. Particularly in England, under the impetus of such directors as E. Martin Browne, poets have started to write again for the stage. The attempt to revive religious drama in England has also created several commissions for poets to write verse plays. The British Broadcasting Company has helped the cause of verse drama by performing and commissioning plays. In the United States interest in verse drama has developed more slowly. Although there was a small poetic drama unit in the New York Federal Theatre Project during the 1930s, it was not until after World War II that a new concern for verse drama seemed to develop. After the war, playwrights began to feel a need for a heightened sense of language in order to explore character more deeply and to eliminate the visual dominance of the technicians that was most apparent in the lavishness of second-rate musical comedies. Even such a playwright as Arthur Miller, who achieved fame with the clipped colloquial style of *DEATH OF A SALESMAN*, turned to a partial experiment with occasional verse patterns in his recent play, *A VIEW FROM THE BRIDGE*. Groups interested in verse drama, like *THE POET’S THEATRE* in Cambridge, Mass., came into being. An attempt to revive religious drama in the United States, fostered by the National Council of Churches of New York, is just beginning to produce work from American poets. There has even been a western written in verse for television.

Now that the possibility is here again, we must examine the probability of a renaissance of verse drama. I mentioned that the first requirement is a theatre where the audience is in intimate contact with the actors. Obviously there are economic difficulties in this connection. Few producers will

ever permit the building of theatres that seat less than 1,000 people and I think the intimate relationship between the audience and stage that is necessary for verse drama requires theatres that seat a maximum of 850 people. The solution would seem to be flexible staging, the building of at least a few theatres where both the auditorium and the stage can be contracted, enlarged, or altered in any way to fit a special production. In our scientific age, the technical means are available to create experimental, flexible theatres, but the financial problems are difficult, particularly because none of the large foundations has yet shown a desire to contribute any significant sums to the cause of theatre.

After the construction of new theatres, it follows naturally that the second requirement for verse drama is actors who can speak poetry. This is not such a problem in England where diction is so strongly stressed in the training of actors. But in the United States the most frequent complaint from an audience is that the actor cannot be heard. Part of the blame must be laid to obsolete theatres that are little more than barns where even a well-trained voice would sound muffled. However, the major reason for inadequate diction is that American actors rarely get a chance to play the great classical roles which require a knowledge of verse rhythms. To project properly an actor must spend a great deal of his training in learning how to speak verse. This is the only way he can learn correct articulation and musical phrasing. If he spends his time in long-run, contemporary hit plays, he can hardly expect to match the experience and perfection of such great English actors as Michael Redgrave, John Gielgud, Lawrence Olivier, and Edith Evans.

With theatres and actors available and demanding plays, I think there would be no problem in obtaining important verse dramas from contemporary poets. But there is one new problem for the verse dramatist. It is impossible to go back and write a verse play on the same principles of construction

that the Elizabethans used. I think that there is one essential that the verse dramatist must acquire if he is to understand truly the nature of dramatic action, and that is a sense of movement and rhythm. Every society has its own characteristic movements and rhythms, and no play will come alive unless the dramatist feels the relationship between the movements of the body and the rhythms of words. In England, where the heritage of Elizabethan drama is still a source of creativity in the theatre, the problem is not so acute. A verse dramatist can take some of the aspects of physical movement for granted. He can write longer speeches and expect the audience to attend. Still, the problem is general in Western civilisation in this age of nuclear energy. Great experimentation has taken place in science and it is equally necessary in the theatre. Audiences desire the impact of rhythms that reflect the energy of modern times. Particularly in the United States, it is essential for the verse dramatist to plot his scenes and plan the rhythms of his language so that his play will seem related, even if it is an historical drama, to the physical movements of our day. This must be done by a careful study of colloquial speech patterns that can be used in poetry and by a heightening of these speech patterns through appropriate, forceful dramatic action. Only in this way can verbal rhythms and physical movements again be unified.

The final requirement for verse drama is, of course, the audience. The theatre in the United States has forced its prices so high that it has only a small minority of the potential audience left. Motion pictures still appeal to 'you' to escape The Big Squeeze. But it is clear that a great change has taken place. Television now controls the mass audience that the films once possessed. Also, television has proved that it will not eliminate the theatre, as various prophets of doom have stated. Theatre will always be a superior medium for the audience that is interested in seeing the actual

movement and hearing the actual word. It is up to the poets to give the verse drama a new vitality and significance that will attract audiences. However, the real battle for the audience is being fought outside the theatre. The future of verse drama, like that of the other important arts, depends on whether the energy of the machine will triumph with its visual, materialistic emphasis, or whether this energy can be controlled and reflected in a creative way by man's spirit and intelligence.

SOME ITEMS RECEIVED BY THE EDITOR

Whatever their stylistic, philosophical, or psychological merits, short stories by many Continental writers carry a certain engaging charm missing in most American and English stories. Fairy-tale effects lend an absorbing entertainment value at adult levels, even when they may be unoriginal in presentation and thematically ‘unimportant.’ Why is this?

As Knuts Lesins (*THE WINE OF ETERNITY*, Short Stories from the Latvian, OXFORD UNIVERSITY PRESS and U. OF MINNESOTA PRESS, \$3.75) proves through one of his characters: ‘One need not know everything about a person, it is sufficient to know something of his motives and intentions’—maybe it can be proven that the motives and intentions of many Anglo-Saxon writers prevent their generating the intense human interest which warms readers of slighter tales out of central Europe. These often more sophisticated writers obviously are more moved to demonstrate facilities with language and structural skills than to transmit feelings about humanity or a beloved environment. And their intentions are guided by plot considerations (to mystify, startle, or impress readers with their own complexities of mind), or of clever character depictions, instead of close genuine identifications with their characters. Just as they worry to prevent ‘flaws’ such as coincidence and ‘unplanted’ evolvments, they seem to feel ‘above’ simple narrative observations—and thus, aloofly blocking also their own personality transmissions.

But besides rare, if superficial, amusement qualities, a few of Lesins’ stories carry profound thoughts upon the human dilemma and reveal the author as an unsuperficial student of society and philosophy. Much credit must be due

the translators, Ruth Spiers and Haralds Kundzins; for the English version shows they savoured and preserved this ‘wine of eternity.’

With a perhaps overly heavy introduction—keyed by dedication to Immanuel Kant—the young Robert N. Summers nevertheless leaves no doubt of serious knowledgeable intentions toward what he believes are needed reforms; and yet, his play,

**THE PARASITE (THE
PHILADELPHIA PLAYWRIGHTS CO.;
FROM THE AUTHOR AT 2124 PINE
ST., Z.3, THAT CITY, \$1.35)**

illustrates his theories in a way to make good entertaining theatre. The satire never, either in its allusions or by reason of the semi-parody on a ‘typical modern’ play, causes the vehicle to creak. It never descends to travesty; and the bankruptcies of ‘far out’ escape are conveyed through credible absorbing characters.

Technically and otherwise, Summers’ achievement is portrayal of a special (though by no means rare, today) mental condition. Although the crux of conflict remains subjective, he succeeds without amateurish subjectivity, through lively appositive dialogue and movement. This is, in a way, a condensed progression from the Greek Tradition; but with the choruses (of prototypical victims of our socio-cultural milieu) intoning realistic prophecies solely through unsung inferences out of reactions from welltimed collocations of actors who project strictly avant-garde drama. None of these is a clumsily disguised prologist, none a dissertator — nor ‘spot’ for one — and the dramatist himself isn’t standing in the wings either. Attention please, Tennessee Williams.

Not since the first TRACE have we commented on a novel from a big commercial publisher; but THE WINTER HOUSE (DOUBLE-DAY, \$3.75) is authored by an outstanding little-mag poet, whose articles and lectures make him a force in this field — George Abbe. While this book may express his counter side, it appears almost masked beyond serious notice in meeting requirements for pleasing a large indiscriminating audience. It can be categorised by noting reliance on character depiction rather than on plot. Little stylistic credit can be given a straight dissertative presentation with a profusion of clichés indicating Mr Abbe went out of his way to use them, not to discourage popular sales by any ‘lapses’ into the poetic originalities TRACE readers would feel worthy of him. The general feeling, if perhaps not the use of incidents, is autobiographical; and this preserves at least a minimum of validity. And larger social problems are not shunned. Which demonstrates how the energetic rebel this reviewer most admires in Mr Abbe refuses to be suppressed even when he’s smothering his own true genius. Sadly and obviously, he has done exactly this, in order to purvey impacts of quite real background to the many whose recognitions of this should be all but irrelevant to him.

Every man his own Nemesis, is the psychological (and socially-contradictory) theme of a novel about a future nightmare America, by Poet Thomas McGrath (THE GATES OF IVORY, THE GATES OF HORN, \$1 paperb., \$2.25 hardb., MAINSTREAM PUBLISHERS). This one has honesty, a terse clean style, and mastery of suspense; and yet, the best of what it says is in fragments of thoughts and conversations. The over-all thesis is tucked away unsolved, and the conclusion is partly and redundantly emphasised through triple endings (a doubletake climax and a superimposed epilogue).

Though no intelligence will disagree with his bitterly hilarious depictions of the American brand of

machine-madness, the conceded suppression of social conscience in this exaggerated milieu is inadequately counterpointed through more-than-vague references to alternatives to disaster. Maybe he deliberately chose to underscore social criticism only through nth-futility horrors. Still, the class principle doesn't stand up beside simultaneous acknowledgement of universal guilt. And 'solidarity' is revealed to be inescapably universal also! His protagonist victimiser (sinning capitalist?) is carried along willynilly by the honesty of a truly superb writer, and swept full circle to his own tortured 'death'—as inevitably as another type of writer, trying to justify free enterprise, might carry to hell the manipulator of a socially-planned state.

So, in the upshot, the problem remains individual. And, whether or not impossibly-complex for solution, remains shrouded in impenetrable future time. Yes, McGrath leaves us stymied by the 'mistaken' mystery called time. Nor has he answered George Orwell (as he seems to have set out to do); and he hasn't succeeded, like Orwell, in humanising his actors, despite 'story' success. McGrath is a better thinker than Orwell; where Orwell over-simplified philosophically, McGrath has rendered the ideological complications crystal clear—to where he barely stops at the brink of naysaying himself! He has in truth revealed the farther ultimate logic (cancelling out his own social philosophy) that if there ever is to be a solution, this must be achieved by sufficient numbers of individuals, not by a 'mass awakening.'

The only reservation concerning Vincent Ferrini's mature opus, *THE SQUARE ROOT OF IN* (HEURETIC PRESS, \$2), is not an adverse reservation at all—simply acknowledgment of deteriorating critical attitudes. These concise emanations from deep levels of a mind rich from living will prove confounding or seem shallow only to those who either are enslaved by rule-of-thumb prejudices about presentation or who suffer poverty in themselves. The condensation of real

poetic abstraction renders most of the book an aesthetic joy and an intellectual diversion, often quickening realisations of truths.

These hokkus bear repeated rereadings; and whether distilled out of direct sensual images or imprecisely couched in the cerebral ambiguities so annoying to pragmatists, they convey genuine relaxed states not conveyed by the preciosities compounded by most moderns. Whether or not a reader has studied Plotinus or is familiar with Eastern philosophy or Jungian psychology, he may perceive here the crux of the meaning of self-consciousness . . . in J. G. Bennett's words: 'We have . . . no measure of being that is independent of subjective experience.' And pleased and illuminated, without strained crude shock-effects or sentimental banalities. Much that's said has been said before (what hasn't been?)—but not here said imitatively. These poetic apothegms are 'justified' by their originalities, if for nothing else.

However one may be justified in declaring there's less than a representative array of NEW WORLD WRITING, the No. 12 (MENTOR BOOKS, 50c.) has enough scope to demonstrate the richness of this period. Tambimuttu's poetry samplings (and editorial change in this department from issue to issue is admirable too) include more littleknowns than names; and his is a valuable service both to new poets and to the general readers perhaps first confronted with the aliveness of this generation. The piece on Orwell by the clear-minded and lucid-spoken John Wain, is worth the price of the whole — plus a solid not over-specialised article on producing fiction, by Saul Bellow. More concessions to the need to net wider sales must have influenced the winnowing for creative prose.

Mentioning together a purely little-mag anthology and selected poems from a much-reprinted master of fine-wrought minor-toned work originally appearing in larger periodicals, may seem eccentric at first blush. Yet,

superficial similarities between the poetry of William Jay Smith (POEMS, 1947-1957, ATLANTIC, \$3.50) and the bulk of the poems in EPOS ANTHOLOGY, 1958 (NEW ATHENAEUM PRESS, \$1.25) provoke disturbing observations. One is keyed in the EPOS Foreword, that 'no school' has been followed. And the other then becomes manifest out of the similarities; in brief, tendencies to shun vital socio-cultural problems adumbrate these otherwise dissimilar spheres, stemming both from deliberate 'safer' courses by a poet such as Mr Smith, who in part at any rate has therefrom won wide circulation, and from a kind of aborted eclecticism (elsewhere undertaken to be justified by these editors in 'poetics-first' appeals), which gives primary weight to bright differences in superficial treatments, as against any too-disturbing assertions of feeling upon major themes. This, along with the however-Joseph's-coatlike imagery characterising the large- or small-audience poets involved, may be seen could presage a modern counterpart to pastoral degeneracy, with machine belts instead of brooks and television piccolos instead of birds.

ADDENDA

Not just space limitations, but late receipts of books, result in unhappy omissions from SOME ITEMS RECEIVED. Unhappiest omission is WHEN WE WERE HERE TOGETHER (NEW DIRECTIONS, \$3.50) by Kenneth Patchen, who has been breaking records in drawing listeners to his poetry readings with Allyn Ferguson's CHAMBER JAZZ SEXTET. Ferguson, who first studied classical composition, has done exceptional experiments in serious jazz, Patchen having worked closely with him in those arranged for poetry. First of two LP disks, KENNETH PATCHEN reading . . . under CADENCE label, became available in December.

Another is Ruth Forbes Sherry's IMPERISHABLE GENE, published jointly in England and U.S.A.—OUTPOSTS Pamphlet Series, editorially responsible for the section VALENCES, and HENNY PENNY PRESS, for HOURGLASS IN THE MOJAVE (\$1). And on the other hand, WITH NO SECRET MEANING, a most comprehensive and least 'special' of anthologies, arrived just days tardy for October issue; and the value from a review would now largely be lost. This was by DIFFERENT PRESS (\$3 hardb., and \$2 softb.). The same press released, in 1957, INDISPENSABLE, a compendium of truly indispensable information for writers, still available at \$2.

For reasons perhaps demanding investigation of the postal service, the huge, long-awaited OLIVANT, comprising what are declared to be representations of all the more significant modern trends in English, had not been received at this writing. Along with Polia Pillin's reproductions, this was announced to contain varied commentaries on creative endeavours (OLIVANT HOUSE, Route 4, Box 186, Fitzgerald, Ga., U.S.A., \$3).

One late-arriving reprint which should have been reviewed long since is Simone Weil's THE ILIAD (PENDLE HILL,

35c.). We recommend this, and several others from this press, including BLAKE'S FOURFOLD VISION, by Harold C. Goddard. Also available there is an older pamphlet originally under ISLAND PRESS imprint, a penetrative catechism in

**SOCIO-RELIGIOUS IMMEDIACIES BY
PETER DOCILI, HERE ONE STANDS
(50c.)**

From Eire, the DOLMEN PRESS BALLAD SHEETS, an illustrated series in uniform widths, both new and traditional popular poetry (9d. or 15c. ea.—hand-coloured, 1/6 or 25c.). This rather oddly brings to mind the recent somewhat mixed achievements of WEST COAST POETRY AND JAZZ FESTIVAL dedicated to Dylan Thomas, featuring Kenneth Patchen, Kenneth Rexroth, and 'name' musicians—and whereat (indicatively) the younger voice most successful with the medium (leaving poetry-as-poetry aside) was that of Saul White, who wrote in effect as 'accompanist' or librettist. Lawrence Lipton, producer and director, stated his purpose to encourage what he terms return to early linkings of verse with music, but in styles collatable with jazz.

Many signs blaze abroad—and diversely as they healthily should—of an earnest intention to remedy a long-apathetic public attitude. Radio programmes multiply. Not only continuing actively on the London scene through this avenue and many others, Roy MacGregor-Hastie has been traveling Europe and eastward in the interests of cultural relations. One U.S. programme series centred on revival of 'lost' elements in poetry is that of the BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL. A special Winter Issue, in part devoted to the British New Movement and in part to the so-called American Underground, recently was featured. Similar evidence of romantic revival also has been strong in the University of Southern California POETRY AND TALK series, where the

broadcast was repeated. On this one have appeared guests from distant points, including Patchen, Witter Bynner, Anaïs Nin, Alexander Trocchi, and many other poets. Definitely-scheduled spring opening of the new listener-sponsored Southern California FM station of the PACIFICA FOUNDATION (their second such, the first having been KPFA, San Francisco) will put on the air objective presentations, not only of public affairs and music, but all phases of the humanities, including live readings of poetry.

Other signs include the spate of articles for topical and semi-popular periodicals, a typical example having been a series by Guy Daniels in *FRONTIER* (Los Angeles), last autumn. In some purely-literary magazines, this has been manifested by liberalised editorial policies, as by *THE CAROLINA QUARTERLY* (see *EDITORS WRITE*), with a feature from the ubiquitous Mr MacGregor-Hastie. And contents of certain poetry magazines have demonstrated change in action, so to speak—as in last summer’s *FIDDLEHEAD* (Canada), which has advanced from a small society-sponsored publication to perhaps leading position internationally. A new issue of *EAST AND WEST* (India) deserves like focus. And Cornell University’s *EPOCH* (Autumn) contained an exceptional review section illustrative of these directions.

In the field of the little mags proper (announcement of a No. 2 *SEMINA* (not yet issued as of this writing) indicated yet another area of tie-in here, and also served as a reminder that Los Angeles police are continuing censorship activities such as resulted in a heavy fine for Wallace Berman, editor of this magazine. (Lack of money prevented filing the appeal which certainly should have been taken.) The most recent development is action against theatres showing experimental and foreign films, with seizure of prints. One programme declared obscene by the police included *PLAGUE SUMMER*, a pacifist film based on Kenneth Patchen’s *JOURNAL OF ALBION*

MOONLIGHT, which has been exhibited widely at colleges and museums, and had five showings for personnel of the U.N., where officials praised it highly. New attention of popular audiences was drawn to Patchen's poetry, incidental to publicity on this.

Live readings for audiences both large and small, in urban centres throughout the world, have conveyed other aspects both of revival and revolt. Since survey of these is impossible, the Editor can only refer to one large, publicised series and one small, but regularly scheduled, series in the immediate area. POETRY LOS ANGELES not only has introduced poets of well-established reputation to hundreds who had not known them, despite their fame, but has brought at least to local hearers a number of those just coming to be known on the international scene — notably Gil Orlovitz, whose first major collection of creative work, STATEMENT OF ERIKA KEITH, met with soon-defeated censorship in San Francisco last year. And the informal hilltop readings at the home of the painter, Bob Chuey — now well into their second year — have been distinguished both by their range in kinds of poetry and diversities of hand-picked (by Josephine Ain) audiences.

One new project which would be boldfaced in a Directory, if TRACE had a directory for such rarities, is the 'Labour Literature' agency begun late in the fall by Grace Bogart, Manny Harriman, and William Norton. They requested short fiction of 'generally humanistic slant,' suitable for syndicated print in union newspapers and similar outlets. Plus a flat \$50 payment, writers were to receive continuing royalties as earned. Address: Box 356, Pacific Palisades, Calif.

Of fundamentally-related, yet quite different operational significance, is the INDIA BOOKS project of Fred H. Blum (Wallingford, Pa.), who has undertaken to make available in English many unfamiliar Indian works, notably less-known writings of Mahatma Gandhi.

Returning to poetry — outpourings of pamphlets and broadsides from small presses are too many for detailed treatments. Besides those mentioned above, has been the NEW WORLD POETS of the Yorkshire editor, John Hoffman. This project and others are elaborated upon in the PRESSES SUPPLEMENT.

No doubt unknown to hundreds who might make use of it, is the unique semi-annual POETRY CONTEST CHART, available from Stella Weston Tuttle, P.O. Box 392, Miami 3, Fla., U.S.A. (\$2 annually).

Now in its third year is an international anthology by INTERPOLYGUE (24 Frinis St., Athens 5, Greece) which prints in English, in little broadsheets, items culled from many lands.

Other books and pamphlets not already mentioned and not detailed in SOME ITEMS (a few not yet even available at this writing) are herewith listed without classification : THE MAKING OF THE AUDEN CANON, by Joseph Warren Beach (OXFORD U. PRESS and U. OF MINNESOTA PRESS, \$4.75); THE THREE TALENTS, by Sydney Blackston (GREENWICH, \$2.50); THE SCAFFOLDING OF ECSTASY, by Bernard Bockes (HEURETIC PRESS, \$1.50); MURMURING DUST, by Louis H. Clark (13/6, privately: JACARANDA, 19 Vincent St., Oak Park, W.6, Victoria, Austral.); THE DRESS, by Robert Creeley (WINDHOVER PRESS, \$2); IF YOU, by Robert Creeley (THE PEREGRINE PRESS, \$3); THE WHIP, by Robert Creeley (MIGRANT BOOKS, 3/- . . . also distrib. by CONTACT and JONATHAN WILLIAMS); ROBERT DUNCAN'S LETTERS (JONATHAN WILLIAMS, \$4 by subscr.); VAGROM CHAPBOOK No. 5 (Frederick Eckman essays — announced available soon at \$1); DUST-COVERED DREAMS, by R. Kenneth Ellis (GREENWICH, \$2.75); UNDERTOW, by Richard George (GOLDEN QUILL, \$2.50); GUIDE TO THE CITY, by Michael Grieg (THE BLACK HAND PRESS, 75c.); THE POETICAL WORKS OF MONRAD HOYER, Edited by John Rackham (Publ. by J.R., 63 Lodge Rd., Croydon, Surrey, 1/6); FOUR NEW POETS (INFERNO

PRESS, \$1, Brautigan, Hoberman, Larsen, and Singer); THE JOURNAL OF AN EXISTENTIALIST VILLAIN, by Carl Larsen (HENNY PENNY, \$1); HIGH MOMENT, by Lucile V. McCurtain (\$2.25, orders to 9611 21st Ave., N.W., Seattle 7, Wash., U.S.A.); MY WEE SQUIRE, by Floy Heard Miller (GREENWICH, \$2.50); AZLE AND THE ATTIC ROOM, by Jenny Lind Porter (WARD RITCHIE PRESS, \$3); THE RAGNA-ROK ROCKET-BOMB, by Eric Ratcliffe (THE GUILD PRESS, 6d.) ; TRANSITIONS, by Eric Ratcliffe (LINDEN PRESS, 6d.); BEER AND ANGELS, by Richard Rubenstein (CYPRESS PRESS, 75c.); THE MEDITATIONS OF A FORESTER, by Elmer Shaw (SHAW-CRAFT CREATIONS, \$1 softb., \$2 hardb.); BEST POEMS OF 1956 (STANFORD U. PRESS, \$3.50); THE LITTLE WHITE FOXES AND OTHERS, by Lirrel Starling (ROYAL PUBL., \$2.50);