

TRACE

A CHRONICLE OF LIVING LITERATURE

**PERIODICAL GUIDE
TO
MODERN WRITING**

featuring
MARY GRAHAM LUND
The Key to the Eternal

also
THE UN-FICTION BIT
(reaction in mixed parody)

and
Fraser Drew
David Gunston

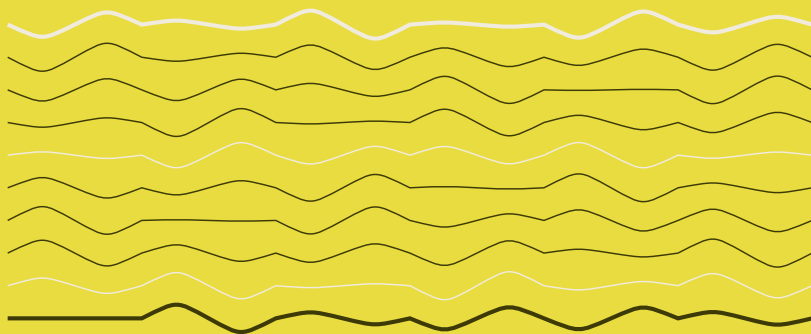
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A READING EDITION

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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THE KEY TO THE ETERNAL

**CALLING FOR A RE-EVALUATION OF JAMES
FRANKLIN LEWIS**

by Mary Graham Lund

No poet of our time has seen as clearly as did James Franklin Lewis. He did what Francis Henry Taylor suggested in an article in the SATURDAY EVENING POST for May 17, 1958: that after seventy years of modern art, the question is no longer one of technique, nor of taste, but of reality, the transition made possible by the invention of photography, which demonstrated the difference between optical seeing and mental perception. Science has done for the poet what photography did for the artist: it defined his unique gift of seeing beyond the narrow reality of the moment into the vastness of eternity.

In a novel which Lewis wrote while still in college, he makes his hero see the untrodden path he must take in his search for cosmic values: 'He would have to invent symbols, to establish a wider synesthesia, a universal bridge.' He realises that 'it's a rough-and-tumble life along the frontiers of knowledge. . . . It takes a strong personality to endure uncertainty, . . . yet an enjoyment of uncertainty is the ultimate happiness.'

True poets are like detectives who have numerous keys that may open a secret panel, and are working against time to reveal a mystery. It is seldom that even the greatest poets have succeeded in bringing back from beyond the doors an impression which is eternal. Great poetry bears this hallmark, that you cannot understand it, yet you feel it. We honour Coleridge's KUBLA KHAN as a supreme example. We find the mark on some of Blake's poetry, on rare passages in Shakespeare, in Dante, in Milton, brief passages in the work of other poets.

Near the end of the last century, Stephen Mallarmé leaned against a mantelpiece and told his amazed disciples,

among whom was Paul Valéry, that poetry is by its very essence a failure, that 'true poetry' had been produced only by accident while the poet was engaged in versifying or some pursuit which he thought was poetry. In fact, he said, the writing of poetry is practically impossible. Rimbaud, after discovering the secret, retreated from it at the age of nineteen. Valéry, who listened to Mallarmé, went farther into the mystery, and withdrew.

Without knowing Mallarmé, Lewis knew the failure inherent in poetry, knew that it must be distorted by the exigence of thought, by the poet's yearning, and his passion for knowing. Lewis realised very early that the poet's main problem is that of association of self with the community and the world. He saw (in a critical article in *INTERIM*, 1945) the problem as one of tension between employing symbols which deepen and enrich the meaning, and keeping a readable surface. He believed that the age-old struggle of the poet is the problem of community, of remaining as strongly individualised as a poet must, and yet speaking for all men, as a poet should. He came more and more to use the microcosm to illustrate the macrocosm in his search for a 'world hypothesis.' He carried the practice of clothing an idea with a dramatic situation so far that Alan Swallow (*CRESCENDO*, 1942) considered him a 'poet of occasion.'

Symbolism died before its forerunners did, but its ghost remained to haunt all poets and many prose writers in their searches for reality. Words became merely the symbols of sensations, and sensations the symbols of inaccessible realities. A symbol understood is no longer a symbol. T. S. Eliot brought the truth home to poets in his early poems, then retreated into criticism and philosophy, as Valéry had done.

In America, Hart Crane followed the gleam unto death, and many young poets had a brief glimpse of the Shekinah glory and returned to the practice of literature, which is a

second-rate achievement, or to some more practical way of life. Poetry must come from that spiritual world which is made up of things and beings that we cannot understand. It is not concerned with ideas, which are the logic of that false world in which we live. Poets must bypass ideas and use words to create a feeling that may, perhaps, penetrate beyond reality to eternal truth. For this reason, poetry is obscure. For this reason, poetasters pretend an obscurity they do not feel. The world which we know through our senses is a distortion of the real world, which is eternal. A world distorted by the logic of the mind is all we know. The poet occasionally succeeds in finding a crack between the stones of reality, but it is brief as the lightning flash that splits the darkness of the night.

Denis Seurat in his published lectures on MODERN FRENCH LITERATURE (New York, 1946) points out that Mallarmé's central idea has a negative as well as a positive side. The negative side, that of rejection, has been practised by many. Rimbaud is an extreme example; he gave up the past; he gave up form and even clarity; he gave up the world; at last, he gave up literature. Poets in England and America gave up meaning, and even syntax. There were more wreckers than builders. There were many who compromised with some creed—Marxism, Proletarianism, Communism. But the true poet, like the true artist, was still seeking the eternal, the 'real self,' as Virginia Woolf termed it, the pure reality of the mind rather than the distorted reality of the senses.

Yet Lewis's portraits are always distorted toward the abstract, marked by a sense of paradox, of irony, of mystery. Distortion was used by Lewis in his earliest poems in which he preferred classical or biblical themes, but always drew the old story sharply out of focus with the lens aimed at the contemporary scene. In *CAIN'S FATHER*, he portrays Cain as the brilliant elder son, who made 'poetic virtue of a squirrel's waving tail, and looked upon the sunset with something new

upon the world, called wonder.’ Adam, in his old age, transplanting sprouts of the Tree of Knowledge, thinks of Cain ‘somewhere convincing men that beauty is a breed whose permanence is worth the risk of crime.’ Here is the anarchy in thinking that Lewis acknowledged in his novel and in his early poems, the anarchy that was necessary to a new organisation of thought.

Lewis knew, with Keats, that it is only the truths told in our pulses that are important. An entry in his notebook reads:

‘The only criterion of truth is feeling.’ The interweaving of the culture and the personality is especially difficult for the poet. The tendency among modern poets has been to veer toward the subjective, to seek a substitute community to fit the poetic individuality. But Lewis said, in his notebook: ‘It is perhaps not a strange paradox that only the highly subjective man is capable of attaining the highest objectivity. Only he who can look fearlessly and candidly within himself can look without himself and see anything but multiplicity.’

This is one phase of the poet’s work, the seeing; the other is even more difficult, the reporting. Lewis describes the difficulty in one of his poems, PRIMITIVISM: there is nothing with which to build a new world but pieces, and time has carted away the best of them before the poet can escape from his prison of space; therefore, he must find in the anarchy of the sand itself the material for the next creation.

Lewis, writing before the atomic age, was no more lyrical in his prophecy than is Edgar Ansel Mowrer, writing in the SATURDAY EVENING POST of April 19, 1958, in an article, THE OPEN UNIVERSE. Mowrer said: ‘So long as nobody knows what life is or whither it is tending, there are no limits on that to which a man may legitimately aspire.’ Lewis, the poet-scientist, saw the heavens open, and struggled to

communicate his vision. He used images drawn from folklore, the theatre, politics, chess, literature, rocks, and bombs; he admitted the use of puns and double meanings, wry humour, and images as distorted as a cartoon. He described his attempt to 'achieve density of packed associative description' as the ability to talk on several levels at once, 'by punning interconnections of sound to summon allusive and elusive meanings into the same focus.' He would be the first to admit that poetry, in its function of conveying scientific or philosophic theory analogically is soon outmoded. But the best of Lewis's poetry has an aura of durability, since it opens windows on the eternal verities.

TOWARDS PRINT

by the - Editor

HERE is an attempted condensed statement of this periodical's fundamental *raison d'être*, with apologies for the Editor's own distorted shadow, hoped rendered less prejudicial by intentions to stimulate the reader to cast an eye at the sky and to glance about the present horizon.

An observer says: 'Obviously, when this shadow moves, whatever casts the shadow also moves. By the manner of this shadow's shape and movement, a living man is casting it.'

This demonstrates what was long called perverse in ancient philosophies, though now accepted by science: that causes are produced by results, the reverse of the 'objective' formula of causes-to-effects. The observer may demur that he is certain the shadow does not move the man. But, remember, he does not see any man; his observation-of-a-shadow creates the man of whom he speaks. And for all that, in the immediate context, also the very source of light! — which the observer's wholly-subjective intelligence has been self-trained to deduce, within limits of his perceptions, beams upon and past the shadow-caster.

So, in him (the observer) the shadow is the perceptible life, producing both the conceptions of the man and the light, which possess only the 'reality' of his peculiar awareness. Unquestionably, the living shadow, called 'result,' is the maker of the causes existing in the observer . . . and solely by the observer's reasoned use of the phenomena subjectively and exclusively perceived through the instrumentalities of his frame of reference.

Now, for the relevance of this to the stance of TRACE. Ordinarily, the observer's process of induction would not be

declared in the least arbitrary; yet, once the reversal of the causes-to-effects principle is revealed, the arbitrary basis is identified. The extent to which this arbitrary process may be expanded is circumscribed only by the specific observer's so-called curiosity and capabilities for the resulting mental exercise called imagination.

There are very many writings; but very few people reading even fair samplings of them. It's customarily accepted that literary criticism is the result of the lights of enumerative, speculative, and creative minds upon and through and past their writings. Reviews and evaluations are taken for granted to have been indirectly formed by them. However, since readers generally see but little of new original writings, the bulk of today's works are in fact entirely 'produced' and subjectively created from their critical shadows—and the thinking intentions of the authors behind them as well! Both the writings (the shadow-casters) and the personalities (light-sources) are caused by shapes and movements of criticisms, for the overwhelming majority.

If the situation were simply this, a philosophical simile and no more, we perhaps could airily conclude with some clever allusion to the truth of the hackneyed expression, 'transitory as a shadow!' and then drop apropos observations about confusions of values and need for time's passage to clarify judgments. But these particular shadows are only relatively transitory; and besides their varying stabilities, they evidence secondary generative powers, producing still other 'reverse-creations' in readers.

Back to the first simile. In the older physics, the stopping-place was reached upon carefully-recorded notes of what seemed relationships between angles of heights and directions of postulated 'causes' from lengths, sizes, and directions of shadows. Since people—on the whole, have not yet accepted reversal of the idea—and still, have also fallen into lazy neglect of arithmetical ratios, accepting (soundly

enough, of course) validities of subjective appearances without calculating perspectives (an equally-sound and essential other element of 'new' thinking)—it's not surprising that the writers distinguished by critical shadows are larger the lower their positions and the less-centred their directions.

The arbitrariness—here questioned by implication—may be moved directly into revealing comparison, by reference to another old saying, the one of contempt for a person who is 'afraid of a shadow.' This makes clear how writers and writings today are what they 'are' in the average mind, partly from common neglect of knowledge and partly from lack of courage to defy big critics.

EDITORS WRITE

GEOFF MERSEREAU: 'A group of four of us here in Montreal intend to publish a literary magazine under a name that has not been decided upon as of now. The three others are James Rother and Bruce Henderson, as co-editors, and Douglas Barbour, as circulation manager. I am to be business manager. Rother and Barbour are students at McGill University, and Henderson and I both work and attend lectures at the university at night. We are experiencing considerable difficulty in obtaining material. Locally, it would appear that most of those who had been active up to about two years ago, have left the city. Therefore, we would certainly be appreciative if you would mention us (address: 4459 Oxford Ave., Montreal, P.Q., Can.), and also that we are open to suggestions for a name.

'The magazine will appear monthly, it is hoped; and we intend to draw on the universities throughout Canada and the U.S. for our market. We already have distribution arranged through ten schools, and expect to arrange with many more.'

Paul Campbell

'FREEDOM PRESS, 27 Red Lion St., W.C.1, offers to get any U.S. books at 7/- a dollar, no postage extra.... When you start in modern poetical activities, before you can get contacted, you're helpless. If I hadn't by chance discovered this regular thing, I wouldn't now be "right up in 1958" as I now am.'

Jack Green (newspaper)

'The comments of David Lyle in No. 30 TRACE are not "on behalf of NEWSPAPER" and are completely unrelated to Jack Jones' TO THE END OF THOUGHT.'

E. V. Griffith

I am busy on yet another magazine, to be called COFFIN (which seems a logical title, in view of HEARSE and my brother's GALLOWS). This will probably issue only once a year, in portfolio format, at \$1.50 per issue: art reproductions, folders of eye poems, individual poems printed in a variety of type-faces and coloured papers, stories done individually in small booklets or folders, etc. Some of the material already has been printed, and No. 1 should issue by June 1. Advance orders now being taken : edition limited to 150 copies.

'Besides a series of folders, three chap-books are about ready : nine poems by each of three authors—Robert Beum, Maxine Cassin, Felix Stefanile ; THE PAPERS OF PROFESSOR BOLD by Gil Orlovitz ; A LEGIONERE by Mason Jordan Mason. And two others by June 1 : ELKS, MOOSE, LIONS and other Escapes by David Cornel DeJong ; THE BULLS OF SUMMER by Farley Gay. Definitely scheduled for fall : FLOWER, FIST AND BESTIAL WAIL by Charles Bukowski ; a still-untitled collection by Judson Crews ; and three other authors, to be announced later.'

D. Vincent Smith (OLIVANT) : 'Somehow the young beginning writers have been struck, and stuck, by the notion that to push their own works out to the public is taboo. What started not so long ago with the terrible unsoundness : that the wise one will be sought out. But neglecting to state whyfor "wise one." If this were the truth, we should imagine a public tirelessly searching for the new, and turning over stones and digging out from under darkness the new poems and poets. The number doing this is limited, almost to the poets—indeed, to the very best poets. The great public, which is the poem's potential audience (once it is written) is like a poem under the stone that has to be turned over. Truly, since the first, poets have had to push forward their works, whether here or there, going to kings or queens and rich

uncles or aunts and rich publishers, or pooling together and publishing, or electing someone to represent them, as a group, and each bearing the burden in part. They have, since the first, had to bear costs of obtaining sure recognition.

Which brings us to the best available means today of getting published the worthwhile best poems : the little mags. The question is : Who is going to turn over the stone, get the new poem and its public together? The little-mag editors and publishers do their best with limited funds, in a climate where not-buying-poetry is hypothetically as contagious as buying poetry. Just where is the cash to do all this to come from? Out of the little editor's pocket? Is it so depth-less as all that?

I am dealing with subscriptions to magazines, the backing of poems, the creating of interest in poetry, the circulation of poetry-money. And especially with the backing of one's own poems. The editor's pockets are not that depthless. But most of the littleknown and beginning poets entertain the absurd notion that to have written the poem is the living end of the whole thing. The fact that the poet spends money for postage to mail it out is usually dismissed from the argument. But he cannot be "forward"—he must not push his own believed-in work to the fore. He cannot hand his publisher a fin or a twenty to see its appearance in more attractive format. He would not hear of his publisher handing a fifty to a bookseller to put across his book, despite the excellence guaranteed by the fact that he believes in it. In his beginning-mind, let's say, these things of wonder are handled and conducted by "angels."

'But, if the poet does not deeply believe in the poem, surely none will believe in it. We count the success of a Churchill, a Rockefeller, a Hitler, a Marx, a LaSalle, a Billy Graham, by their apparent beliefs in themselves and what they were doing. The only thing we know of a poem is its apparent success; how it got to be a poem still contains some

secrets!

The recent \$\$-success, here equated to audience-success of the “beat generation” writers is measurable by nothing more nor less than their apparent belief in their poetry and their sales-force behind it . . . their apparent “uninhibitedness” . . . their comparatively low resistance to success of their poetry. With their “success,” however limited, however gained in “dives” or reading in the nude in Paris bistros, as reported . . . just imagine how great, if it also contained great value as poetry! And think of the limited success of Eliot, who secured a mighty sales-force for his inferiority complex! Yet, there is a finer point to seriousness—and seriousness in one’s work—than ever viewed by the New Critics-Poets!’

THE LOVING SHEPHERDESS OF JEFFERS AND SCOTT

by Fraser Drew

LONG a sentimental about literary anniversaries, I helped ring the New Year in by thinking about the books of 1909 and of the decade years since that date. Three favorites of 1929 occupied my mind for some time: LOOK HOMEWARD ANGEL; A FAREWELL TO ARMS; and a book by Robinson Jeffers, titled DEAR JUDAS AND OTHER POEMS. I had reread all three within the past year, the first after seeing its Broadway play adaptation, the second after seeing its cinema version, and the third after Merle Armitage had designed and RANDOM HOUSE had published a beautiful new edition of its most interesting poem, THE LOVING SHEPHERDESS.

All three books stood up well under the rereading, although I found myself skipping lines of Wolfe's long novel now and then. The Jeffers poem struck me as one of his very best, the equal of TAMAR, ROAN STALLION, and CAWDOR. At the time of this rereading, Jeffers had not received the award of the Academy of American Poets, and I wondered at his long neglect by the fashionable critics; for years I have thought that he has few equals among twentieth century poets.

As I picked up the Armitage edition of THE LOVING SHEPHERDESS again and looked at the strong and sensitive etchings of another Carmel artist, Jean Kellogg, the poem grew more and more remarkable in my mind. Here was Jeffers, the poet of violence and terror, telling one of the tenderest stories in modern literature without sentimentality and achieving as fine a tragedy as he had ever re-created from Greek or Celtic

or Californian legend.¹ Clare Walker is as memorable as his earlier heroines — Tamar Cauldwell, Fera Martial, and those tormented women at Point Sur — and as memorable as his reincarnations of Medea, Phaedra, and Clytemnestra. I wondered where he had found Clare and how he had changed the girl who suggested the tale of the gentle shepherdess.

The clue came from a footnote reference, in Lawrence Clark Powell's study of Jeffers,² to Scott's novel, *THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN*. In Sir Walter's notes for an old edition of the Waverley novel, I found my answers. The novelist tells us that his first conception of the character of Madge Wildfire was taken from 'a person calling herself, and called by others, Feckless Fannie (weak or feeble Fannie), who always travelled with a small flock of sheep.'³

Between 1767 and 1775, the story goes, Feckless Fannie wandered through England and Scotland, 'attended by twelve or thirteen sheep, who seemed all endowed with faculties so much superior to the ordinary race of animals of the same species, as to excite universal astonishment.' For each of her flock, Fannie had a different name, to which it answered when she called. The sheep followed her closely, obeying her slightest command, and lay down around her in the fields at night, even disputing as to which should lie beside her to keep her warm; if she left them for an instant, they bleated piteously until she returned. Feckless Fannie always carried a shepherd's crook and wore an old plaid and a shepherd's hat, relics of the dead shepherd lover whom her father, a wealthy squire, had slain because of his attentions to Fannie. The girl had comforted the dying shepherd and had accompanied his sheep 'to be my sole companions through life.'

In the old tale, the wanderer came to an unhappy end. As 'the hour of poor Fannie's dissolution was now at hand, she seemed anxious to arrive at the spot where she was to

terminate her mortal career.' Tormented by boys in Glasgow, she pelted them with bricks and stones and, in turn, was virtually stoned to death. Scott relates some of the superstitious appendages which attached themselves to Fannie's story, particularly the account of a young farmer named William Forsyth who so plagued her that she wished he might never see the morn, whereupon 'he went home and hanged himself in his father's barn.' Scott does not believe the story of Fannie's violent death, since there is no account of any trial of her tormentors. He prefers another ending, having 'understood that it was on the Border she was last seen, about the skirts of Cheviot Hills, but without her little flock.'

Jeffers makes some interesting changes in his heroine, although his Clare Walker is much closer to Feckless Fannie than is Scott's Madge Wildfire. Her name is intriguing, first of all. Could Clare be an echo of Saint Clare, the disciple of the Poverello of Assisi, in her poverty, her kindness to all, and her suffering? Walker may derive from Helen Walker, the prototype of another character in *THE HEART OF MIDLOTHIAN*, Jeanie Deans. Clare is gentler than Fannie and has an even sadder story. Her father is killed by her lover, who has betrayed her and who deserts her after she lies to clear him of murder charges. Alone and mad with grief and guilt, she wanders the California coast with her dwindling flock of sheep, wearing a threadbare cloak and carrying a shepherd's crook of madrone wood. Like Fannie's flock, these sheep have names and identities and follow their mistress lovingly. Clare is utterly selfless and in her pity for all creatures, not only cares for her flock, but gives herself freely to two men, though she knows that she cannot bear a child and that pregnancy will inevitably mean death. There is an echo of William Forsyth in the boy, Will Brighton, and of the Glasgow boys who torment Fannie, in the jeering children of the opening scene of Jeffers' poem. But Clare is too gentle to

defend herself and too compassionate to deny any kindness, and she approaches her certain death in April with resignation. Her essence is revealed in these words to a friendly visionary of the coast, Onorio Vasquez: 'I'm doing like most other people; take care of those that need me and go on till I die.'

Like Fannie in Scott's account of her less violent ending, Clare too is last seen without her sheep. One by one they have

died, though until her last hour, Clare continues to call to them as if they were with her. At the end, the poet equates her dying with her realisation that the sheep have gone.

... she clung to the fence

And saw the poplars planted along the road

Reach dreadfully away northward. When the pain
ended

She went on northward; but after the second pain

She crept down to the river and hid her body

In a willow thicket. In the evening, between the rapid

Summits of agony before exhaustion, she called

The sheep about her and perceived that none came.

7 Clare is an anomaly among Jeffers' heroines, but she has a place in his scheme of things. Early in his work, the poet had given this advice to his own sons in one of his most frequently quoted poems:

And boys, be in nothing so moderate as in love of man,
a clever servant, insufferable master.

There is the trap that catches noble spirits, that caught

—

they say — God, when he walked the earth.

8 There is the trap in which Clare too was caught. She loved immoderately and so was lost. But in her selflessness and her compassion, she achieves tragic dimension and, like the 'beaten man' and the 'defeated thing' of John Masefield, she too becomes 'a story for ever.'

9

1 See Fraser Drew, THE GENTLENESS OF ROBINSON JEFFERS, *Western Humanities Review*, XII, 4 (Autumn, 1958).

2 ROBINSON JEFFERS, THE MAN AND HIS WORK, Los Angeles, Primavera Press, 1934, p. 58.

3 Boston, DeWolfe, Fiske, and Co., 1829, p. 536.

4 *Ibid.*, p. 537.

5 *Ibid.*, p. 538.

6 SELECTED POETRY OF ROBINSON JEFFERS, N.Y., Random House, 1938, p. 218.

7 *Ibid.*, p. 257.

8 SHINE PERISHING REPUBLIC, *ibid.*, p. 168.

9 THE TRAGEDY OF POMPEY THE GREAT, *Poems: Complete Ed.*, N.Y. Macmillan, 1953, p. 72.

BY JAMES BOYER MAY

T was a nice clean well-founded mountain — supra- and altranavel — but the marsupials were frustrated personae, without special carriage problems. So, one came to them. The Road led back, right where the cheated librarians always ambled, in their endeavours to oversnipe the thieves who had rolled up their precious shelf-dust in those nasty old shag rugs. And this annoyed the big squirrels not a little : such nuts are hard to crack without baboon-sized hammers . . . and the foundries have not smoked for at least 1/10,000 of a court decade. You can just kind of imagine where this embarrassment isn't starting to get. The man with the smaller of the two longgeared automobiles (take your choice of the coinage) had strained himself in trying to lift off the overblown chromium flukebox which was the ' other car ' (the woman is left out of this, if your mental conditioning can hold it). And this was where the marsupial squirrels came in : they were yearning to expand their pouches (to tie it all in effectively). Yet — not really that much. Meantime, the mountain was just satchural neenery — as any trained worm-viewer knew. As to the Road — there always must be one. . . . Only the other day, a young sculptor, who feels clutchlessly misunderstood as a writer, explained this extremely well (orally, and without a second penis). He simply remarked that when one runs one's finger down any protrusion above the order of an excrescence, one always finds the PATH — which was actually there all the time, but inchoate or inhibited or downright unover (as the case histories will have it). This was most amazingly knowledgeable of a mere sculptor.

But let's get back to that mountain and those Samaritan kangaroos who got into such a nasty jam, trying to collect rug-pedlars. The point, of course, being that these were not rug-pedlars in the first place. but disguised Ph.D.s looking for spontaneity. Wouldn't you know? Yes, it was the little old

fountain which they'd been missing the entire while! And I don't wish anyone to assume that subtle lewdnesses are purveyed. When I want to call on an Organ, I plunge on and name it. The connection here is trippingly sybaritic and — though unsyllabled — quite unpregnant with impoverished retentions. (The falls do that.) This is the key to the mind of the Ph.D.—and also, in fact, the reason why the mountain gives a dwarfed impression, even from the dim aura, so far. Nevertheless, one does get a feeling of action; if with an undeniable guess that the foliage is of no density whatever, and that the most criminal of pretensions won't fool even the defective.

All this is a kind of knell, before the ring has been flipped. But mountains are timeless, unless one chances to be a solar physicist.

Well, these particular sneakers after owl-edge were by no means of this insinuation. They always had loathed facts and bade no moans about it (superficial, but loaded, as they post-cleverly say about flashing critics — or their critiques, if you insist). And this gets back to those motor-vehicles. They were not loaded, because all the stuff had spilled out when their noses had locked. And an aside may be forgiven here? :: Locked noses may seem a far smell from the un-ivied nook of a bad librarian's dream; however, the answer is — by this very symbol — thus proven plotless and comparatively hep-pure. Note that the insertion of the modifying disjunctive is damned-well-near the only ritualistic act in this entire narrative . . . because everyone hides at least some small superstition or private insight about mixing-things-up. In this drama, we have the mountain, fountain, plus oversized squirrel-formula; and it consequently makes just plain horse- (forget the kangaroos for a twist?) -dense to play around with a couple of bumpers.

So — back to the hempenshrunk . . . The ulterior motives held no heed for confession : these were all

adults-in-men/ses. Even the more improvident witnesses were asking, before they had looked: 'But why should they come here in the first place? And seeking What? All rugs-in-themselves . . .' But, to go on would be to wax epistemological. It may have been that the travelers were simply tired and wanted to be un-. This would connote the entire antecedent and necessary journey and give it a kind of meaning-drift . . . causes-from-effects sort of thing. The mountain was there ; so people had to journey, to get to it. It's the same with dreams too, of course ; and while sleeping, no one gives this a second nod ; first, the consequence ; and following that, the cause . . . kind of creeping over the brow into the moonlight (sort of stuff).

However, to be utterly abecedarian about this, none but readers would come to a library anyhow — unless — yes, unless they were trueborn creeps.

See? Now? Bugs. . . . See? Snugs bugged in rugs. . . . So? — and the outdoor wangle was a natural (always fairly inescapable). Take this, along with 'modern' demands for auto-before-pot, let alone garage ! — and — ?

Finally, hopping is what the nerves get for letting the pouches go empty. And SOMEONE becomes precariously, though pettily angry about the w/whole business. Presto! Denouement! Got it? Why :

The story behind the reason. Yet, this is precisely the non-moral (not because there isn't a 'right' and a 'wrong' — not in the vaguest — but because, in the long long narrative, the vision goes dim, and the reader breaks down from the profound weight of realising that it basically doesn't matter a truss-bust). It can't be that important. Not even if all the guts the thing stays just sluice out over the dusty old shag. Because the load wasn't there. Remember?

Now — do you detect the O-period-H? This also can be put in seven-leveled no-nursery rhymes, such as : there's no jack in jill. . . . Lowercase, you note. That's purity. That

unsniffs the censors, most of whom (in their egg-mouldy/ed clay) have lost even tensions of torches. You can ease them that foosily.

And so — to work. Let's shoulder the Word (uppercase) and prove that there really is a mountain. One where goats dwell (the Grecian-satyr genus) . . . and nothing can ever get lost. Like this little un-tale. The kangaroos had them all, on behind. They inevitably do have: a primary existentialistic fact — the great wanting-to-do.

Only — they HAVE it.

And this could go on, even without more understanding. But, let's narrate: And last, upon a hip of inner time, they unlocked bumpers . . . and the good brother went up and the bad brother went down . . . ?

THE UN FICTION BIT

(OR : WHY I'M NOT A BUM)

(The author doesn't even think the dharmas are coming: which would make less logic than freezers for igloos)

The timeliness of the above commentary, exploiting the same writing methods as those of the magazine and paperback contributors under attack, led to sudden decision by the editors of TRACE to publish it here. Not only that this appeared the only way to bring it to timely print, but that only TRACE itself reaches the same readership as do most of the periodicals and books involved. The piece was done on New Year's Day, instead of the traditional Good Resolution, which was carried forward in action, the following day, by submitting the ms. to THE EVERGREEN REVIEW, the editors of which politely and no doubt wisely rejected it just as the TRACE deadline was reached.

BOOKS— TO KEEP THE DOCTOR AWAY

by David Gunston

WHILE it is a little difficult to agree with the man who claimed that he 'had never known a pain or distress that he could not soothe by half an hour of a good book,' there is no doubt that books can help in sickness of mind or body. As Pliny said: 'There is no pain that literature cannot alleviate.' And he was supported in this by Oliver Wendell Holmes, who looked upon a library 'as a mental chemist shop filled with the crystals of all forms and hues.'

Books read haphazard are more likely to do harm than good. Bulwer-Lytton warns: 'Books, taken indiscriminately are no cure to the diseases and afflictions of the mind' — careful application being necessary. He suggested the formation of a library in which the volumes would be arranged according to their curative properties: 'according to the diseases for which they are severally good, bodily and mental: up from a dire calamity, or the pangs of gout, down to a fit of spleen or a slight catarrh.' He advises light reading for a cold, biographies of good men 'when some one sorrow, that is yet reparable, gets hold of your mind like a monomania,' and prescribes the Bible as 'the cardinal medicine of all.'

Richard le Gallienne, who was a great believer in the therapeutic powers of literature, went even further. He declared: 'The library will ultimately take the place of the dispensary, and, instead of giving us prescriptions of nauseous drugs, the physician will write down the titles of delightful books — books tonic or narcotic, stimulating or sedative, as our need may be.'

Those who doubt that there is any truth whatever in all this are probably unaware of the many recorded cases wherein books have aided cures. Bulwer-Lytton found much relief from an attack of influenza by reading the AUTOBIOGRAPHY of Mrs Piozzi, which had been sent him by a friend. Hazlitt recommends TOM JONES as an 'excellent good physic' for indigestion. Miss Berry found Montaigne good for convalescence, while Robert Louis Stevenson believed that the ADVENTURES OF SHERLOCK HOLMES afforded him relief from toothache, and relieved him of a pleurisy. So delighted was he over the second case that he wrote to Conan Doyle: 'It will interest you as a medical man that the cure was for the moment effectual.' Richard le Gallienne tells of a long-standing case of asthma ended by Tolstoy's WAR AND PEACE, and anything by Victor Hugo is also good for this affliction. He prescribes 'a course of Shakespeare for gout,' having much faith in the curative powers of 'the crystalline air that blows about the peaks of the masterpieces.' In all doubtful cases, he suggests Dumas. Malcolm Macmillan finds benefit from Ben Jonson or Robert Burton, when confined to bed with a cold. DON QUIXOTE is another much-supported book for general ills.

When Mark Rutherford lay dangerously ill with pneumonia, he managed to recover by lying quite still while his nurse read Jane Austen to him. 'In cases of lingering convalescence books are invaluable,' he said. Mark Twain, advises another, should only be prescribed with great care in cases of bronchitis and other pulmonary complaints, since the ensuing laughter is apt to provoke dangerous fits of coughing. Edgar Allan Poe is another author best left out of the sick-room: his tales of horror, his 'chill nightmares,' 'harsh repulsives,' 'cruel irritants,' seize upon the imagination and may aggravate a fever. Des Esseintes found Dickens' novels produced the reverse of the cooling soothing effect he hoped for, finding their exaggerated virtue repelling.

turning him instead to salacity.

Pliny the Younger read aloud Latin and Greek orations to strengthen his digestion, thereby warding off many other ills. Horace Walpole longed to find the right collection of what he called 'lounging' books, 'to take up in the gout, low spirits, ennui'; they might include gay poets, odd whimsical authors, even Rabelais, while even a catalogue of such volumes might in itself be a good 'lounging' book. Laurence Sterne commended his own *TRISTAM SHANDY* as a book with medicinal powers, provoking health-giving laughter, driving away spleen; 'True Shandyism opens the heart and lungs . . . and makes the wheel of life run long and cheerfully round.' Even today, publishers often describe a book as a 'tonic,' and reviewers sometimes agree.

Care must be taken to study the tastes of the patient in this matter of books as medicine, warns Le Gallienne; prescribing the wrong author may prove as dangerous as taking a wrong physic; half-hourly doses of Keats or Shelley in an attack of gout might so 'accelerate the action of the heart as to induce apoplexy.' Consumptives, he declares, yearn for Maeterlinck, but should be given Fielding, Dickens, and Balzac. Meredith, Pater, and Henry James should be omitted, and Marie Corelli given in their place. Edward Fitzgerald found Carlyle's *FRENCH REVOLUTION* so affecting as to impede his recovery from influenza, while Buckle's *HISTORY OF CIVILISATION* actually made Bulwer-Lytton ill. When Coleridge lay ill, the novels of Sir Walter Scott were the only books he could take, even the Bible making him worse when read: 'My mind reflects on it,' he said, 'but I can't bear the open page.'

Arnold Bennett, in his *DIARY*, reported that some of the plays of Labiche, which he had bought cheaply: 'certainly did something' to cure an attack of neuralgia from which he was suffering. Aubrey Beardsley found Stendhal's *THE RED AND THE BLACK* and Nietzsche's *WORKS* relieved him and made him

feel 'quite gay' when he was seriously ill. Alexandre Dumas seems to be the safest bet for any cure. He 'comes nearest of all writers to being a literary cure-all,' exclaimed one admirer, 'he is incomparably the most useful of all writers in nervous disease, but there is no form of sickness to which he may not be applied; a set of Dumas is as indispensable in a sick-room as a nurse or pure air.'

'To cast mine eye upon good Authors kindles and refreshes the mind,' says John Donne; and if they do more, so much the better.

SOME ITEMS RECEIVED

by the Editor

RECOMMENDED new readings for this spring include three anthological publications, each of which is in some way out of the ordinary for this category: THE NEW ORLANDO POETRY ANTHOLOGY (39 Bedford St., New York 14, N.Y., U.S.A., \$3.50 hardb., \$2.50 paperback); PRISMATIC VOICES (FALCON'S WING PRESS, \$2.95 in de luxe hardb., 95c. paperb.); OLIVANT, Issue 3 (OLIVANT HOUSE, \$3).

THE NEW ORLANDO, compiled and edited by Anca Vrbovska, rises from a Greenwich Village 'revival' of international scope, drawing not just from Village poets, but from a hundred writers, including '... known poets whose work anthologists of the past two decades found fashionable to omit ... new poets whose work merited attention, but had found no outlet in the so-called "quality" magazines.' Attacking the San Francisco 'movement,' Miss Vrbovska declares these are not poets of the social scene, as the national Press has been trumpeting — but 'asocial.' She speaks of 'howlers of nihilism ... made into literary heroes' and declares that 'the era of staticism, fragmentation, excessive introspection and over-ornamentation is over,' in defining the essence of poetry as 'meaning, communication, emotion and music.' The percentage of excellent shorter pieces with these high qualifications, is astonishingly large, considering the number of writers.

Of PRISMATIC VOICES, with each of nineteen contributors given thirty and more pages (six languages, seven continents) a not-unfair objection may be that a fat book is over half wasted. This writer is not linguist enough to render opinions on the works in other languages, and translations seldom supply fair views of originals; but, of the two-thirds

composed in English, only the sections by Patrick Galvin, Ruth Forbes Sherry, and William Pillin display significant originalities. There are, of course, individual poems — for example, *MEDALLION* by Bernice Ames. However, both Dr C. A. Muses' idea of presenting enough from each poet, to provide comprehensive flavour, and his declaration of an aim to include writings broadly concerned with humanity and exhibiting honest personal feelings, are admirable. The Introduction is packed with philosophical observations of noble force, if couched in somewhat clichéd phrases and revealing that Dr Muses has made his inclusive determinations almost exclusively upon the positive humanitarian ideas and ideals which seem to have motivated this poetry, and with slight reference to the integral achievements of honesty of realisation of the individual identification making for possible literary significance, as such.

OLIVANT, an annual magazine, consistently has been making available more pioneering efforts than most periodicals, and definitely more than any deliberately-designed anthology, by that precise definition. Partly, to be sure, by virtue of its very size. This latest issue is smaller, but scores well—with provocative items, both prose and poetry, which would have been exceedingly difficult to place with a less-catholic editor than D. Vincent Smith. There are both off-trail pieces by the well-known, and unusual works by the little-published.

Although the comments in parody elsewhere in this *TRACE* do not apply to such a large part of the last *EVERGREEN REVIEW* (No. 6), they still do apply; and beyond this, there's regrettable further evidence of endeavours to supply readings suited to 'snobbery-of-the-moment,' rather than independent editorial determination to seek out new writings on their merits (the translations, Lorca—again—the Zen bit, an excuse for a pedestrian undocumented article of

suppositions on Japanese ‘national?’ psychology . . . an agonised nihilistic extension of the now-quite-confused existentialist no-path, etc.). Alexander Trocchi has a sound piece on George Orwell, both basic and stimulating; and there are other less-vulnerable contributions. But the point is that the over-all selection is dedicated merely to supplying spice for what the editors believe to be a special avant-garde appetite, a kind of limited popular-intellectual slant. Without going into separate details, while much has fair timbre and certainly is above average, much is bad enough to corroborate the giveaway of the whole spread of this table’s dubious ornamentation.

Unqualifiedly recommending Lawrence Ferlinghetti’s translations of SELECTIONS FROM PAROLES by Jacques Prévert (CITY LIGHTS, \$1), the best representation of this poet available in English, and into a second edition before the first could be reviewed—to put in a word (with a few reservations on the choices of poems) for another fine work of translation, WHY I LIVE ON THE MOUNTAIN, thirty Chinese poems of the great dynasties, rendered into English by C. H. Kwôck and Vincent McHugh (GOLDEN MOUNTAIN PRESS, released through CITY LIGHTS, 25c.).

TALES OF ANGELS SPIRITS & DEMONS, Martin Buber, translated by David Antin and Jerome Rothenberg (HAWK’S WELL PRESS, 95c.) arrived after its first mention here—an engrossing little item, with hitherto-unavailable early stories by the Jewish philosopher, who just celebrated his 80th birthday.

For contrasting reasons, noting two new poetry books: THE LOVELY QUARRY, Seymour Faust (also HAWK’S WELL, 65c.), for an unique individuality of method by a to-now unpublished young man; WHAT IS IT THE MOUNTAINS SAY? Manfred Wise (BROOKSIDE Edition, from author: Box 252, Berkeley, Calif., \$2), for thoughts rising often in distinctly unusual connections with otherwise not-unusual

contemplations of nature.

Returning to prose: Francis Merchant's new book, *THE GOLDEN HOARD* (TEXAS SOUTHERN UNIVERSITY, Houston 4, Texas, \$4). Not a grain of humour this time (see *A POCKET FULL OF WRY*, in No. 30), but an elementary compendious rendering of what are commonly classified as neo-Platonic idealistic philosophies stemming from Plotinus. This is an extremely generalised survey following the outline of the many volumes of Alice A. Bailey, and introduced by simplified summaries of ancient religio-cosmic speculations of practically all the known civilisations. Besides for clarity of coverage (one surprising omission being that of P. D. Ouspensky), the book has valuable relevance to current poetry trends, and may prove inspirational, both in itself and by informative guidance to metaphysical writings seldom treated seriously with anything like non-proselytising detachment. Mythology and symbolism also are touched; and, with negative bias, the bearings of psychology and modern science. Sources often are not well identified, and it's regrettable there is no index; yet, the scope testifies vast research, and appeals for faith in human destiny give inferential account to the more advanced subtleties of thought, if here only sketchily and unprofoundly translated in an obvious shorthand.

Belatedly, old MACMILLAN'S offer a paperbound poets' series—finally now, after the young *CITY LIGHTS* of San Francisco demonstrated that even poetry can be sold, if imaginatively promoted. But . . . questions: what poets-or-not are to be honoured by this venerable house?—will these paperbacks enclose living works? , , , And the opening series pre-sages that MACMILLAN'S \$\$-visioning editors may be wrapping up many dry, wired skeletons only having the outward appearances of Lawrence Ferlinghetti bodies; soon, their business managers may be shaking puzzled heads over failures of sales animation.

E. V. GRIFFITH'S UNINHIBITED

ADDENDA . . .

WHEN any well-edited courageous little magazine has to suspend publication, it is a time for mourning; but when a magazine so distinctive as the historic BIM (Chelsea Rd., St Michael, Barbados, B.W.I.) announces suspension, it's time—not just for mourning—but for an alarm, to speed to the bedside the most renowned specialists, in an effort to prolong life. Since 1942, this semi-annual has been discovering and preserving the fine new Negro and white writers of the Indies with early and first print for many who have later become internationally famous, and who could have been lost to literature, had not this excellent medium been available. More about BIM will be in TRACE No. 32; but, in this critical interval, it's hoped that someone reading this appeal (made on his own initiative by the Editor of TRACE—and not by the modest praiseworthy BIM editor, Mr Frank Collymore) has the means to perform a fine act for contemporary letters, and will send an immediate substantial sum to the above address, to underwrite another issue or two, until support may be obtained through some continuing fund.

In California, another and quite different sort of worthwhile project—one only recently initiated—has prospects of surviving, following a serious setback from a policy disagreement amongst its leaders. This is for a non-commercial FM radio station for literature and the musical and other arts. The ground had been prepared under auspices of the PACIFICA Foundation of Berkeley, the present heads of which subsequently declared for a programme of 'long-distance' supervision from the North. Mr William Webb, a Southern Californian who had done most of the campaigning, together with other active participants and donors, held out for the democratic principle of local

autonomy. Mr Webb resigned. A new SUBSCRIPTION BROADCASTING Foundation has been formed, and funds are accumulating rapidly to acquire an air-channel and to realise the independent conception.

The recent SPARROW MAGAZINE Ancillary No. 10 contains an extended article by Editor Felix Stefanile, asserting error in little-magazine aspiration to imitate the 'static Quality of the day,' and re-asserting that the function of such periodicals is to combat 'system,' not to 'ape the quality reviews, whose function is to uphold system.' He refers to 'respectable journals' blessed by the 'critical Power Elite': 'Generally speaking, the kind of prose and verse literature featured has achieved that stasis of cultural fashionableness which in civilised societies is always associated with Advanced Learning. Taste, in all its competitions, has always tended toward critical dynasticism, and if we have no Doctor Johnson, we do have Allen Tate, John Crowe Ransom, Philip Rahv, Randall Jarrell, to mention only a few. The alliance between such oracles of literary might, and the English Departments of many universities is complete . . . The result is literary determinism . . . the "quality" poet looking for a home, the "quality" review as that home, and the "quality" critic functioning . . . as real-estate agent. . . . What the young poet is supposed to do is to try to write the kind of poem these people will like.' Mr Stefanile is to be congratulated for a forthright courage he'll discover will return to him the highest rewards of that primary virtue.

The FORD FOUNDATION'S February 16 grants to novelists and poets proved about 60 per cent disappointing. Over half the eleven recipients of substantial aid either are not in urgent financial need (announced as a major factor) or are well ahead of what should be their fair turns in the waiting-line of talented candidates. Even the qualifications of a couple of these seem dubious, one because of a regrettable unfortunate handicap which will in all probability defeat the

fulfilment of the Foundation's purposes. Admitting disappointment that his own suggestions for poetry awards were unconfirmed, the Editor of TRACE nevertheless had an entirely impersonal interest, and is happy that least some of the recipients may justify their opportunities. And, though the selections do not indicate any massive breakthrough to rescues of a 100 per cent slate of possibly-major struggling writers, at least a few potential 'greats' will be sustained for a couple of years by the mighty Ford Dollars. And we all no doubt should offer thanks.

Much is written about contrasts between the 'present' we call modern, because it comprises the immediate purview, and other purviews, past; still, in considerations of writings, near or far in time, contrasts rarely are aligned relatively with time-placements, except insofar as contents are involved directly, if not topically. This is more true of poetry than of other writings; and particularly of poetry centred upon the sensual and/or sexual. Something interesting might be done, for instance, with the work of a young modern such as Charles Doyle, a New Zealander — by exploring the nuances of love poems he has been producing while traveling what is for him a far strange milieu, the U.S.A., on a UNESCO Fellowship, and while reacting to the actors on the American literary scene. There should be some very special differences created, in contrast—say—to Shelley's writings in the Italy of his day . . . many others, Mr Doyle recognises in his tradition. This, by way of reporting this visitor's activities — chiefly informal, as stated, but including a few talks and a few readings, one over KUSC, Los Angeles.

Another traveling poet, at this writing, again is Kenneth Patchen, on a tour of British Columbia, with various readings, one at the University of British Columbia. He was also to be interviewed for the Canadian Broadcasting Corp., on the television network. Ensuing appearances were scheduled in Seattle, Wash. . . . then later, in New York,

reading with the Charley Mingus Trio at the VILLAGE THEATRE.

Among new contests, details of which are not customarily featured in TRACE, is an odd one called 'Dance Poem Contest,' sponsored by Alfred Dorn (to be reached via NEW ORLANDO — closing date, October 25). Poems 'on the subject of the dance' are requested; and this writer must protest that only verse is either occasional or composed upon 'subjects,' is here proposed. And this is still true, in spite of the declaration that the poet is 'free to develop the subject in any way, realistically or symbolically, and to choose any form . . . ' while 'qualities looked for . . . are originality, lyricism, fire (sic), vividness of imagery, intensity, imaginative range, and emotional impact.' This scrambled potpourri of objective and subjective qualifications is set over against promised rejection of 'prosiness, contrived obscurity, wordiness, sermonising, trite rhymes and phrases, jingling, and mere surface cleverness.' Many pertinent observations might be made on these specifications; but, instead, simply to express wonder as to what Mr Dorn really expects to receive in these (limited to thirty lines) efforts, and why he should have begun the search in first place. What genuine poetry he may receive will have happened (poems are not written—they occur) quite irrelevantly to his admonitions and perhaps pre-dating those contestants' reading of them . . . and of course, by pure chance fitting into his Procrustean lineage-bed.

In Paris, France, under editorship of Piero Heliczer (dixhuit Rue Descartes) is a new English press with major interest in modern poetry, new formats, limited editions—and non-commercial. Sales are on periodical-subscription basis.

Also pending (June 1, deadline) is the first ROUND TABLE PRESS ANTHOLOGY (Box 1021, Alpine, Texas); and for which an even shorter bed measures but fourteen lines. Having declared it essential to 'avoid poems that portray prayer as

an escape from action, and miracle poems that call on God to establish the millennium without any sacrifice or cooperation on our (*italics*, this editor's) part,' and that they must qualify to 'be read from any pulpit,' the brochure reassuringly states: 'If you have an "almost" poem which, with a few minor revisions, would be acceptable, our poetry critic, Jirel Travis, a widely published poet, will suggest changes that will warrant further consideration.' This puts the final seal of utter incongruity with the major accomplishments of the editor of *FLAME*, the magazine where announcements of special prizes are to appear!

Back to San Francisco again—the POETRY CENTER carries forward ('school'-or-not) with mixed programmes of readings by poets and those with names-for-being-poets. Stephen Spender was scheduled in March. Next month, one reader will be Margaret Albanese, and in June, John Wieners, whose revival of *MEASURE* long has been waited.

New pamphlet and brochure publications include a No. 3 *ARTIST'S MISCELLANY*, with three drawings by Ruth Lawrence—issued by *GALLINAS PRESS*, whose Peter Carr was recently scheduled to read his own poetry for *POETRY LOS ANGELES*. A winter reader there was Ruth Forbes Sherry; and besides readings by Don Factor, *NOMAD* editor, work of Don Gordon was read by Peter Yates, and William Pillin again was scheduled to read recent works.... A brochure late in arriving here is *JARGON 31*, with graphic art and holographs reproductions of works of fourteen poets.

Among other publications has been a very particular (kind of) *FUZZ*, by Charles Glasgow (released through *CITY LIGHTS* for *GOLDEN MOUNTAIN PRESS*, 25c.); and, utterly diverse, a paper titled *POETRY AND JOURNALISM*, by Archibald MacLeish (*U. of MINNESOTA PRESS*, unpriced). . . . The world of disc-listening to poetry finally is shaken by the effective renditions of his own work by Gil Orlovitz (the already-announced large LP record: *THE SPOKEN WORD*, 10 E.

39th St., New York City 16, \$5.95). . . . Coming, are new chap-books from VAGROM: another by Barriss Mills and one by Elizabeth Barrett.... By special request, it is noted that George Stillman's POETRY IN MOTION (BROOKSIDE) is available at the PAPER BOOK Inc. Gallery in Washington Square, Greenwich Village.... New, from ODYSSEY, will be THE ORANGE TREE, by Gene Frumkin, an editor of COASTLINES.... Bob Brown's 1450-1950 is now available, but unseen (ROVING EYE PRESS, \$2).

One other request for mention comes from NOTCH PUBLISHING HOUSE, 21 North Park Rd., Great Notch, N.J., U.S.A., asking for twenty-eight-line verse submissions and 275-word prose pieces 'in praise of the Virgin Mary' for a second volume of WE SING OUR PRAISE TO MARY (deadline, May 1). This house published a 'Marian' collection, by Louise Parnell, whose writings have appeared widely.

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EARLY ISSUES OF TRACE FEATURE SPECIAL INTEREST

Limited quantities of the following back issues of TRACE are still available. In complete sets issues 2 through 29 inclusive, there still remain 24 which can be had for \$11.00. Send remittance with order to: Villiers Publications, P.O. Box 1068, Hollywood 28, Calif.

No. 2 (1952)—35c.

Cid Corman, THE LITTLE MAGAZINE; then-current details of some magazines; comments on criticism, by the Editor; and POETRY AND OLD AGE, by Ridgely Cummings, etc.

No. 3 (1953)—20c.

Literary experimentation and the Little Magazines, by the Editor; 1953 magazine directory.

No. 4 (1953)—50c.

Lawrence Barth's LITTLE MAGAZINES AND TYRANNY; ON DANGERS OF SANITY, by the Editor; OPINION, an anonymous piece concerning 'what makes poetry', by the now-retired editor of one of the more famous magazines.

No. 5 (1953)—75c.

John Sankey's often-quoted SURVEY OF LITTLE MAGAZINE PUBLISHING; a survey of the trends in magazine contents, by the Editor.

No. 6 (1954)—40c.

ADVENTURES IN POETRY MAGAZINES, by Alex Jackson; a nutshell of history and comment, by the Editor; the 1954 Directory.

No. 7 (1954)—25c.

Frank statements of personal intentions, by selected editors; PROGNOSIS FOR LITTLE MAGAZINES, by Ellen Edelman.

No. 8 (1954)—25c.

A detailed survey of then-new magazines, by the Editor; more frank statements by editors.

No. 9 (1954)—25c.

REPLIES TO PROGNOSIS (the 'kickback' from Miss Edelman's No. 7 piece); an extended castigation of editors, their vagaries, questionable policies, and sins, by the Editor.

No. 10 (1955)—60c.

WHO NEEDS THE LITTLE MAGAZINES? by Ellen Edelman; more on editors in general, by the Editor; some spirited reactions from a number of editors; the 1955 Directory.