

TRACE

A CHRONICLE OF LIVING LITERATURE

featuring

LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN
Censorship by Sensation

also

DRAGONBOOK
by Eric Cashen

and

HOWARD NEMEROV:
an interview
Felix Anselm
David Gunston
Gil Orlovitz

coming in next issue

MARCEL PROUST
Against Obscurity

35

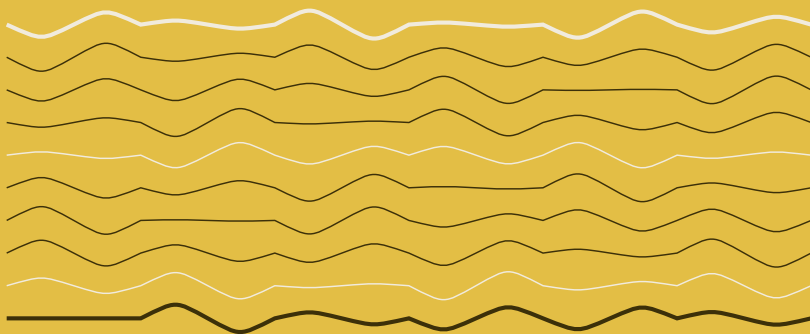
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A READING EDITION

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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CENSORSHIP BY SENSATION THE CASE AGAINST PUBLISHERS

by Lawrence P. Spingarn

WHATEVER harm censorship does on newstands and in municipal courts has not much affected the progress of short fiction. Despite the fresh market provided by PLAYBOY and its imitators, very few notable stories are being published in the United States. While lurid serial matter earns quick dividends or doubtful fame, censorship has broader ramifications deep within the book field. But here, publishers are little concerned with the prosecutions of offenders. Indeed, they regard magazine stories as ephemera, and rather woo the public in terms of the novel, which they manipulate for greater profit toward Hollywood production. The story is the pariah of publishing, just above the collection of poems as a losing proposition.

To understand in part this attitude, we must realise that short fiction has always been more vulnerable to outside control. The novel, at least in hard covers, enjoys safeguards and immunities from censorship that stories lack. The restriction of freedom may stem from the context in which stories operate; that is, suggestive illustrations first engage, then persuade the casual reader to buy the magazine. If frank enough, these illustrations prejudice censors and judges, whereas current novels sell without other surface inducement than expendable dustjackets.

We should investigate, nevertheless, those frequent comments on the decline of the American short story. If decline be granted, it could have originated from a definition coloured by basic aims; for, through pressure of habit and editorial dictates, the short story in English has come to be regarded as nothing but pure entertainment. Somerset

Maugham has defended this opinion. Moreover, his view can be traced to the originator of the modern form, who set forth its dominant principles.

Until the mid-Nineteenth Century, briefer fiction was tedious and moralistic. When Poe reviewed the long-winded *TWICE-TOLD TALES* of Hawthorne (1842), he insisted that stories achieve a single effect within a limited compass. Since American writers seem to favour Poe instead of Hawthorne, the single effect at or near the close of their stories tends to become paramount, so that the narrative line is impoverished. As a result, the big scene which thrives in novels is seldom given room. Where the entire piece undergoes such clever economising that readers must furnish missing elements, the sex factor, among others, is sacrificed to the neat conclusion, and censors have less cause to intervene.

This kind of technical brilliance has strangled short fiction in its adolescence. In 1913, the British writer Horace A. Vachell spoke of the danger in his Preface to *LOOT FROM THE TEMPLE OF FORTUNE*, a volume of stories.

Short stories, for the most part, are not a serious contribution to literature. Editors cater for a public that wants to be amused rather than instructed, pleased rather than pained. For example, what British (or American) magazine would have published De Maupassant's masterpiece *BOULE DE SUIF*?

Vachell's question continues to bedevil the devoted story-teller, who competes for the dwindling space allotted to periodical fiction, or hankers for the generous journals that flourished and died between two world wars. If he has not abandoned the art altogether, he must shape expression to the taboos of mass media. In these barracks of conservatism, articles steal the thunder from stories, because articles, while controversial, do not stir the sensuous imagination. With the 'average' household their yardstick, editors reveal

split personalities. Magazine fiction, which could be strong medicine if not watered down, treats the minor symptoms of adjustment to suburbia, whereas the article, tintured by scientific objectivity, gingerly explores the sexual plateau of love-in-marriage.

The novel, on the other hand, is supposed to flout convention, to be the open arena where anything goes. Since it has eluded precise definition, the novel seems to be endowed with protean fecundity and godlike privilege. But woe to the novelist who ignores the salesman, his publisher. While he may practice almost any technique short of Morse code, the writer soon learns what topics are profitable. He cannot afford much genuine experiment when a book takes perhaps two years to finish, and six months to manufacture.

Under the gradual democratisation of wealth and power in America, certain subjects and themes are no longer fashionable or provocative. Local colour studies, the lebensroman, and the quiet novel of domestic manners have saturated the market. Fiction about established groups in familiar settings cannot be palmed off on an audience drugged by sensation. Yet sex, in its various guises, still appeals to the sons and daughters of puritans, and loosens their purse-strings. With its bias for garish particulars and its inherited spaciousness, the novel pursues the sexual phantasm to the utmost. And the publisher has become the midwife at these literary abortions.

The publisher, we maintain, has created a warm, moist climate for sensationalism in the novel. He takes his cue from the environment, knows to a tee what will pass. The permissible temperature has climbed many degrees since the furtive nastiness of Richardson in *PAMELA*. In a conformist but amoral society like ours, sex is the one prestige item that escapes taxation. The double standard prevalent nowadays makes for an interchange of sexual gestures. Billboards, lavish page spreads, and modes of dress reiterate the

inordinate preoccupation with genital symbols. Denied the costlier gratifications of the rich, the man next door and the girl down the block are vicarious participants in imagined orgies. The novelist sucks inspiration from licentious Roman empresses, swash rogues who drop their buckles, mariners shipwrecked in South Sea harems, or their neurotic modern descendants of Park Avenue and San Francisco's North Beach. In such books, bedroom doors count thousands of readers glued to keyholes. And when normal encounters pall, perversion is just around the corner.

We can almost hear the publishers and scribes racking their brains for friskier characters and situations to exploit. It is said that novelists, like newspaper reporters, are being assigned heretofore neglected provinces: the aircraft plant, the purlieu of Madison Avenue, even the inner sanctums of Publishers' Row. Feather-fingered titillation and the perfumed bawd of scandal seek to array themselves in eternal verities, somewhat tarnished and faded; there is historical justification for the attempt. The novel, let us recall, has been dignified in a cloak of seriousness, where the short story, stripped to bare essentials, has to stand upon its skeletal merits.

Defoe was the shrewd pioneer of this approach; his *MOLL FLANDERS* and *ROXANA* were naked treatments of female outcasts, clothed as sermons for the innocent. The novelist still loads the old rift with whores, pimps, opportunists and beat-generation delinquents. All too often, jacket and blurb promise what the boudoir athletes within seldom enact. But the absence of zeal to reform is soon manifest. Having seduced each other ad nauseam, the characters suffer from marked ethical anemia. And the seducers are not only bosom-proud girls or muscular intellectuals; money whispers with coy charm, or the coveted job requires a night with the boss's wife. After a long exposure to such fare, the semi-literate believe that nothing worthier can be purchased

and read.

The sensational novel might still be tolerated, had it not brought on the exclusion of better fiction. When censorship strikes, we think of it as the weapon of meddlesome local authorities, deacon-like snoopers, and improper Bostonians. Today, however, the publishers may be blamed for the suppression of books. Publishers who once educated readers now hide behind the economics of the best-seller, which is akin to the Hollywood star system. The bit-players of the book world — those marginal or unpopular volumes skirted by reviewers — are snowed under by venal exposé items that expand on the headlines. With all their seasonal eggs in one or two large baskets, the merchants of literature concoct dubious omelettes for the home folks. The novelist is in no mood to be serious when the joke begins on Fourth Avenue.

To fathom what has happened, let us consider a typical case. Macmillan & Co. was an ancient, reputable firm when it received the manuscript of *FOREVER AMBER* from an unknown. The editor who contracted for this rehashed dissertation soon realised its potential, but with the United States at war and paper scarce, Macmillan had to choose between Miss Winsor and a dozen seemlier authors. The front office gave commands to hoard enough paper for a million copies of the bedroom Baedeker. As *FOREVER AMBER* started to break sales records, ends and means became indistinguishable. No one, we suppose, wept for the unpublished essays, poems or other highbrow stuff that Mammon and Mars consigned to oblivion.

Since this surrender of function took place, American publishers in general have been in full retreat. With postwar oil magnates and clothing tycoons the major stockholders, publishers have discharged 'oldfashioned' editors, auctioned off slow-moving prestige books, and dumped classics. While paper-bound volumes attract buyers, the firms that issue them are content with drugstore and bus station displays

served by uninformed clerks. The customer must hunt through Kleenex and Kotex for his book. Once again, nearsighted methods are destructive of laudable goals; paperbacks unable to compete with girlie magazines rot in warehouses by the millions, many being reprints of the durable past.

Even protest from the ranks, or beyond, is futile. The New York publisher who used to walk humble lines between risk and minor triumph has become arrogant; his sizeable ad in SATURDAY REVIEW or the TIMES guarantees critical acclaim. If the statistician cannot measure sales in advance, why not promote the writer chap on TV or call in 'public relations?' The publisher, like the public, has miracle pills and speedy restoratives against slump and buyer's fatigue. He no longer worries about his sick industry. Although top management and hired talent were never so prosperous, the file-clerks and stenographers on Fourth Avenue do not drive home in Cadillacs. While inflation raises the price, it also curtails the number and scope of books published; a few titles pushed to the hilt are preferable to a well-balanced list. The first novelist is not encouraged as he was a decade ago; dollar-wise, his advances lag behind other wages. In proportion to total amounts earned by books, the fellowships given authors by publishers are pitiful. When asked about surplus, the firm auditor nods at gluttonous maws labelled 'production' and 'distribution.'

Money, of course, was never the solution. In England, where money is tight,

an average of 17,000 titles are issued each year, to 11,000 in the United States.

Since the social fabric is slower and more unified, and the profit margin quite narrow,

we may look for additional surprises. For example, the borderline book returns its investment at leisure.

Law prevents the abuse of the remaindering process. In wartime and afterward, paper is rationed by title.

The booklover will come across old favourites in substantial new bindings.

Even contemporary novelists are honoured by uniform editions, reasonably priced.

Going further, the quiet note in English writing persists in the face of upheaval and crisis.

London agents will reject stories for magazine submission that portray dancing in church;

British readers frown upon the violence that adheres to some American fiction.

But to comprehend the variant mores of foreigners takes special knowledge.

Those on one side of the Atlantic have not yet examined themselves, as books mirror them on the other side.

In American fiction, the prospect of mankind seems dark. The inhabitants of novels may be lopsided and undeveloped, provided they react in the pattern of Krafft-Ebing with a dash of Freud and shots of Machiavelli.

We are presented as dwellers on a distorted planet where monsters, cretins and invalids reign supreme.

The spate of how-to-do-it manuals attests to human incompetence. At present, we do not need an Anthony Comstock to watch and ward us.

Sex, motiveless evil and the counsels of despair have driven the solid virtues from literature.

Books are offered to the multitude with a cynical bow — predictable as their wrappers, tricked out in masquerade,

written to specifications. And the vendors who profit from meretricious goods have employed their own not-so-subtle censorship against what they deem superfluous or unsaleable.

Censorship must be fought on all fronts, but no single

DRAGON BOOK

Eric Cashen

MR. HIERONYMUS MULE, who kept a bookshop in the lower Strand, also kept a dragon, as his shop assistant. The dragon's name was Snapford. He was Snap, because he snapped. Ford, after Mrs. Ford, in Shakespeare's play *THE MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR*. He was a literary dragon. He did not read books. He devoured them. Every night, before bed, Mr. Mule fed him two old periodicals, for which there was no call. He slept under the eaves, in a little box, that resembled a book carton.

One day, Mr. Mule received an order from a client in America, who wanted an art book. Not an ordinary art book. Not even a special one. But an extraordinary art book. It was an art book on dragons. Mr. Mule hunted high, and low, upstairs, and down, for the art book. It was nowhere to be found. It was very precious.

'Snapford,' Mr. Mule asked. 'Do you know where it is? It's an art book on dragons, the only one of its kind.'

Snapford nodded his head, snorted a bit, and ran upstairs to his room. There it was, in the book carton in which he slept. Every night, it seems, Snapford read this book, before going to sleep.

Snapford carried the book down the stairs, carefully, and helped Mr. Mule to wrap it. 'Your favorite, eh?' Mr. Mule said. 'I'm sorry, dragon.' That night, in his book carton, Snapford shed two tears.

Next morning, the sunlight pouring through the shop, Snapford awoke, without his art book, and ran downstairs. It was there, on the table, ready to be mailed. Snapford tied a pink ribbon around it, for luck. Mr. Mule, unlocking the door of the shop, said: 'Well, dragon, it's mailed today.'

The person to whom it was being mailed, a Mr. Briarcliff, was a very famous man. He was a socialite. He went to parties. Snapford had seen his picture in many of the newspapers. He was an American, and he lived at 10 Broadway. Because he was such a special man, Mr. Mule got out a special carton four times too big. On the outside, Snapford licked the stamps, and pressed them with his paws. Mr. Mule wrote the address: To: G. G. Briarcliff, Esq. 10 Broadway New York, N.Y., U.S.A.

Mr. Mule looked down at Snapford. Snapford wasn't there. 'Oh well,' he thought. 'He's probably upstairs tidying his room.' He closed the flaps, and sent it on its way.

But Snapford was not up in his room. He was not down in the basement. He was in the book carton with the book that was being sent to America. He had pulled some of the wrapping paper in with him, to eat. 'Now,' he said, 'I can look at the pictures of the dragons, as much as I like.'

The first picture was of an old, camel-humped dragon, pea-green and yellow, who was supposed to be the ancestor of all dragons.

The second picture was of Bartholomew Dragon, Knight of the Order.

The third picture was of a Whiffle dragon, one of Snapford's own ancestors.

The fourth picture was of Grump dragon, an old warrior.

Snapford noticed, as he was reading, that he was being jolted about. He was being mailed. He noticed, too, the sound of an engine, driving him to a ship. He noticed, three, that someone was stamping up and down on the parcel, with a rubber stamp. He was clearing British Customs.

He ate some paper, and rolled over for a nap. He awoke, with a stomach-ache. Where was he? On board ship. At sea.

Snapford read the book through, ninety-nine times, in six days, before the ship docked. He ate up the wrapping paper, on the second day. On the third, he began on the lining. The

fourth, he began on the carton.

When the ship docked, there was a hole, about the size of a dragon, in the box. He was at American Customs.

‘What’s this?’ the first man said.

‘It says, on the outside, it’s a book,’ the second man said.

‘What’s this hole, then?’ the third man said.

‘The book, I guess,’ Mr. G. G. Briarcliff said. He had come to meet it.

The first man picked up the carton, and dumped out the contents. The second man picked up the book. The third man screamed. Mr. G. G. Briarcliff picked up the dragon.

‘Why,’ he said, ‘it’s a dragon.’

‘It’s supposed to be a book on dragons,’ the first man said.

‘Sent first class,’ the second man said. ‘Oh,’ the third man moaned.

‘I don’t care about the book,’ Mr. Briarcliff said. ‘It’s the dragon I care about. How nice of Mr. Hieronymus Mule.’

Snapford, when no one was looking picked up the book on dragons. He would use the pink ribbon as a bookmark. When he got to 10 Broadway, he decided, he would start in on it, for the hundredth time.

THE INTERNATIONAL GUIDE

A new annual created to fill the needs of writers, librarians, students and little magazine readers.

Listing detailed data on approximately 400 literary and art magazines published around the globe — summarizing content, editorial policy, writer information, editor biography, cost per copy, etc.

Featuring the story behind the University of Wisconsin's purchase of the Sukov Collection of Little Magazines by Felix Pollak; James Boyer May's *The Non-Definitude of Art*; and David Gunston's *The Art of Reading Aloud*.

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TOWARDS PRINT

by Gil Orlovitz

(‘THE TRIUMPH OF NOT’)

Not one literary publication in the English-speaking world seeks fiction evolving out of the major lines put down by Dostoyevsky, James, Melville, Kafka, Proust, and Joyce.

Not one literary publication in the whole of the contemporary world seeks to discover either prose or poetry which has broken with the jingle verse of Eliot and the naturalism of Zola.

Not a single literary magazine, slick or rough-paged; not a single publishing house in the United States, or France, or Germany — has the tiniest part of its budget directed toward the publication of a literary artist who has chosen to carry forward the dynamic interrelationships of a James, the Elizabethan surrealised scenic structures of a Joyce, the fantastic dramatic absurdities of a Dostoyevsky, the comic narrative horrors of a Kafka, and the seething remorseless roulades of a Proust and a Celine.

Never in the history of a literary publication has there been such an enormity of illiteracy and vastness of cowardice on the part of the editorial mind. This illiteracy and this cowardice continue to refer to the ‘experimental prose’ of James Joyce. This illiteracy and this cowardice continue to refer to the later poetry of Lorca as ‘experimental.’ This illiteracy and this cowardice continue to look upon the works of Gertrude Stein as avant-garde, when in point of fact the work of Gertrude Stein was never anything more than one woman’s attempt to reduce the rhetorical adipose tissue of Victorian style, just as Eliot’s second-rate verse was precisely the attempt to do the same toward Victorian poetics. This illiteracy and this cowardice point toward the tedious travails

of the Beats as prime illustration of the Daring Evolution of Literary Creativity, when in point of fact the poets of the Beat are no more than shrill echoes of an hysterically jingoist Whitman, and the prose men of the Beat no more than feeble eclectics working the same side of the street Zola worked with a more accurate notebook. But this illiteracy and this cowardice are unable to refer their ignorance and terror to the past. This illiteracy and this cowardice hail the dramas of Ionescu and Beckett as bold fore-runners in the field of dramaturgy. This illiteracy and this cowardice— ice hail the novels of Golding and the other British middle-aged angry men as revolutionary prose. This illiteracy and this cowardice grovel before the novels of Mary McCarthy as examples of epigrammatic brilliance carrying Congrevian and Huxleyan modes to peaks of conductivity, when in point of fact nobody remembers anything momentarily *not juste*.

When last heard from, the Editorial Mind, whether it inhabits the luscious foams of *ESQUIRE*, begrimes itself along the North Beach bistros, or loftily has itself severe in the high-principled offices of *SCRIBNERS* — had been unable to read aloud from the diction of Donne; had found itself palsied before Peregrine Pickle; had wondered what happened to Mallarmé; had refused, point-blank (bravo-bravo), to go through the center of *FINNEGANS WAKE*; had given up the last three volumes of *REMEMBRANCE OF THINGS PAST*; had got sick halfway through Mann's *DR. FAUSTUS* and had shaken its dead young head at the same author's *JOSEPH AND HIS BROTHERS*. When last heard from, the Editorial Mind has provided no criteria which would enable anyone familiar with the history of literature to be reassured that that Editorial Mind was at the very least equal to the Educated Mind. For the very simple reason that the Editorial Mind has not found within its mental grasp the perception to see that there must certainly exist one or two living creators who have been working forward from Dostoyevsky, James,

Melville, Kafka, Proust, and Joyce. Obviously, the mental grasp does not exist, if the Editorial Mind persists in believing that these men must still be regarded as the Titans of Experimental Fiction, or that Cummings, Patchen, and Thomas are Revolutionary Poets.

The Editorial Mind, working in close subsidy with the enervations and emasculations of the history of literature and its traditions in the universities here and abroad, has been totally successful in shutting off from the pages of periodicals and of books any and all works of poetry and prose which do not derive from Chekhov, Sholem Asch, Zola, and Ezra Pound. The Editorial Mind, if not in university intimacy, prides itself on its Proletarian or Esthetic or Existentialist ignorance; this is the Mind which understands that the narrative novel begins with Sholokov; this is the Mind which understands the novel of symbolism to have originated in Beckett; this is the Mind which understands that surrealist dramaturgy derives from Giraudoux; in brief, the Modern Editorial Mind which began its reading in the early Twentieth Century and deliberately avoided works of literary art demanding sweat and imagination from the reader; the Mind which could not possibly comprehend that the pale output of a William Carlos Williams is no more 'strictly American' in its means than Hart Crane's agonies, that Mr. Williams' 'line' spins out from Japanese and Chinese rhetorical method, and that, finally, his poetry at its heart and at its out, comes down to nothing more, admirably enough, than to clean economical prose which the editors of THE NEW YORKER would do well to publish by the week.

The Slick Editorial Mind, on the one side, is terrified that revolutionary art will not make a penny at the box-office. The Arty Editorial Mind, on the other side, is terrified that revolutionary art will not gain popularity from a puny circulation — a circulation got either from Universities or the children with the little beards in Venice or the Left Bank or

the Lower East Side. The Proletarian Editorial Mind, on whatever side, is terrified that revolutionary art isn't the right sort of esthetic goods for the mass brain — all right, look, guys, will the joes on the picket line at U.S. Steel get this stuff? will the auto workers put up with this jazz? Encore : give them, of course, Gorki; give them, of course, Celine; give them, of course, Jean Giono. And if one must have Experimental Work, why, there's always William (How Oxford Is My Accent) Faulkner.

In its illiteracy and its cowardice, the Editorial Mind — American, British, French, Russian — the whole lot of them, in two-issue little mags and decade-long tomes and the arteriosclerotic Hardback Houses — has finished off, for my lifetime, at any rate, any and all attempts by valid literary creators to appear, in their lifetimes, in print.

Certainly, that the Editorial Mind had in all logic to develop to this point is inescapable: how could It do else if It did not renew Its perceptions of revolutionary art by the constant reading and rereading of Shakespeare, Donne, Melville, Mallarmé, Sterne, Rabelais, Browning, Gogol, Dostoyevsky, James, Kafka, Proust, and Joyce?

Of course, amidst watching television, dozing over James Gould Cozzens, keeping a gimlet eye for postal obscenities of Kerouac, purring over the deafening movie adaptation of Hemingway, briefly amused by the cackles of Thurber — there really isn't very much time left for ULYSSES, THE RING AND THE BOOK, and the METAMORPHOSIS in the Editorial Mind, is there?

THE CHRONICLE

Detailing what the mails of the past several weeks have brought: concerning policy changes, removals, altered prices . . . births, deaths, weddings, christenings, divorces . . . amongst periodicals and presses, new and old . . . for use in conjunction with THE INTERNATIONAL GUIDE for 1960 and with TRACE No. 34's final 1959 Presses Directory.

The Association of American Writers and Artists, Havana, Cuba, has been queried about AMERICA — but at this date, positive new information on this periodical has not been received . . . It is too early to report what success is being achieved by AMERICAN POETRY PUBLISHER, in lively endeavours to accelerate actual cash sales in the poetry revival; but a direction by no means 100 percent commercial is indicated by the brevities of the RECORD of books and pamphlets there, and by autumn publication of Fraser Drew's POETRY AT COLLEGE. Dr. Drew is preparing a new TRACE essay — on W. B. Yeats . . . ARLINGTON BOOKS (hopeful child of Thomas Bledsoe, former BEACON editor) folds, having accumulated depressing statistics on the trade situation. Their first five titles gained prominent reviews in most major media; yet, top sales barely touched 2,000. TIME WALKED, by Vera Panova won fine reviews, including a long one, with picture, in TIME; but sold only 500 copies. Mr. Bledsoe declares the distribution was adequate, but that, throughout the U.S.A., shops are crowded with 'a few best sellers, self-help books, cookbooks, and juveniles, and in general it is only the books of the big publishers that get space.' . . . ARTPRESS address is now Dept. of English, Eastern Washington College, Cheney; Editor Jess Ritter has retired to work toward a doctorate at Arkansas, while Vaughn Albertson takes over, announcing improved standards, both in the manner of handling mss. and in selections . . . Details are lacking in re: AUSTRALIAN

LETTERS, c/o Mary Martin Bookshop, Gawler Pl., Adelaide, S. Australia.

Going to press in late November, BIG TABLE No. 3 featured LITERATURE OF CRIME, a title which, at any event, promised veracious fulfilment of No. 2's trend . . . CANADIAN LITERATURE, U. of British Columbia, Vancouver 8: centres exclusively upon Canadian writings . . . THE COMPASS REVIEW (St. Louis) has suspended . . . Brian Cox announces (see KALEIDOSCOPE address) the new COSMOSYNTHESIS, first issue in 1960, official organ of Universal Poetry League . . . New releases are in prospect from THE DEAD LANGUAGE, 18 Rue Descartes, Paris, France; Editor Piero Heliczzer solicits library support for the several unique items now in print . . . Editorial address of DELPHIC PRESS is: 176 South Fuller, Los Angeles, Calif., U.S.A. . . . Ensuing the death of Tiffany Thayer, definite word in re future editorship of DOUBT has not been received . . . A magazine with 'the content of tomorrow' and 'material from writers whose work I like' (surely a sincere statement of personal responsibility) appears under Robert Vaughan's editorship, from 228 East Ada, Glendora, Calif. Titled ELEMENT, it was announced to comprise 16 to 20 pages, 5½ by 8½ inches, probably duplicated, but with printed cover. Pay: 'contributor copies only, to start.' Jointly with his associate, Carroll Johns, Mr. Vaughan has issued a statement explaining that, while the 'element' he seeks must be a genuine projection from the poets, he looks for 'detachment' in the sense of all true aesthetic expression—so that purpose may be served (or a variety of purposes through what may subsequently move independently in readers), but the poems will not explicitly have purpose nor intention to persuade . . . A fundamental matter few editors appear to grasp . . . Though EXTANTIS had been reported discontinuing, Jason Smith has written from Box 1502, Santa Barbara, Calif., with an inquiry about his magazine's late listing.

THE FIFTIES

now shedding its decadal skin to become THE SIXTIES, announces a press, under the same name: 'to publish what we consider the best poets in the new style from South America and Europe, in careful translations in bilingual books of 50-60 pages.' First, due soon: FORTY POEMS OF JIMENEZ, transl. by Carlos de Francisco Zea. Coming, are works by Georg Trakl, Pablo Neruda, and Cesar Vallejo, priced \$1 each—advance orders solicited. Queries on mss. to: 123 West 11th St., New York City, U.S.A. . . . Bearing 'No. 4,' a FOLIO not previously known here, appears from San Diego State College (Calif.). Containing all types of literary contributions, plus graphic art, it seems not entirely campus-limited. A laudable eclectic 'non-line' policy is connoted by Editor Dave Campbell's twelve anticipated 'charges,' by means of which he states critics may attempt to make him 'cringe' for his fearlessness . . . An attempted contact with FRESCO (University of Detroit) had not, at this writing, brought response.

THE GALLEY SAIL REVIEW

No. 4 contains work by John Barkley Hart. Carol Christopher Drake, Charles Bukowski, Pierre Henri Delattre, Alvaro Cardona-Hine, Zach Walsh, Charles Angoff, Diane Wakoski, Emilie Glen, and others, to a total of twenty-six. Editor Stanley McNail notes correct address for press, GALLEY SAIL PUBLICATIONS, same as that of the magazine: 523 Clay St., San Francisco 11. A 1960 poetry chap-book series is planned; and No. 5 of the Review will be a special Li Po issue (see Guest-editor Wang's communication in this TRACE)

...

THE GALLINAS PRESS, of Peter and Lin Carr, has removed to: Box 111, Laguna Beach, Calif. . . . Another new address is that of HRAF PRESS—Editor Thomas Fitzsimmons reports established at 264 Catalpa St., Birmingham, Mich., U.S.A. . . .

Mss. for THE HUMANIST should now be sent: 160 East 48th St., New York City . . . GRAPHIC is tentative name for new Artpress magazine (see) . . . Guy Owen of IMPETUS (now at Box 1302, Stetson University, Deland, Fla.) announces continued emphasis upon lucid lyrical poetry . . . Though late in reappearing, IN/SE RT for 1960 is enlarging: 115 W. 85th St. (Apt No. 5), New York City 24 . . . JONATHAN WILLIAMS books now appear under double imprint: JARGON/CORINTH, 32 W. 8th St., New York City 11.

A new Australian periodical centred on poetry, sounds will be as multi-coloured in content as its name promises: KALEIDOSCOPE, c/o Brian Cox, P.O. Box 2108s, Elizabeth St., Melbourne, C-1, Victoria. The initial number was scheduled for December—\$1.25 for four, 35c per copy . . . An alternative address for LETRAS DA PROVINCIA is: Rue da Liberdade, 291, Limeira, Sao Paul, Brazil. This chiefly-Portuguese literary is thirke than in the past . . . A project different from any now

listed in THE GUIDE or TRACE is announced by Hugh Paulk. The name explains it: LETTERS, 478 Third Ave., New York City 10—devoted exclusively to correspondence, both historical and controversially-contemporary. Editor Paulk asks letters likely to lead to serious lively discussion. Publication will be monthly—25c per copy . . . THE LIGHT YEAR address in last TRACE was incorrect (a typographical error). Expanding in socio-poetical ‘parliamentation,’ this unusual magazine now issues from: 1219 Essex St., San Diego 3, Calif. . . . New, is MERLIN’S MAGIC, 8007 3rd Ave., Brooklyn 9, New York, U.S.A.—a duplicated monthly, with poems, brevities, letters, edited by Merlin F. Teed and exclusively distributed through The United Amateur Press Ass’n of America (unpriced).

A campaign for new distribution is underway for METIER EDITIONS (Croton-on-Hudson, New York, U.S.A.), featuring a revival of the unique novels (in one volume) of Stanley Berne and Arlene Zekowski, A FIRST BOOK OF THE NEO-NARRATIVE, first published in 1954. The library edition is \$4.25, the signed limited edition, \$10 . . . A NEW FOLDER (57 E. 82nd St., New York 28, N.Y., U.S.A.), though an offspring of FOLDER, the periodical, is a book, first in a FOLDER EDITIONS series edited by Daisey and Paul Aldan. Mention — but the address missing — was in TRACE No. 33. Comprising poems and drawings from lively contemporaries, it sells for \$4.50 . . . The same NEW CHAPTER, edited by Robert Bruce, now appears from: 1 Greville Place, London, N.W.6. Offering cash or alternative subscriptions, Editor Bruce calls this ‘an eclectic platform for new creative or critical writing.’ His magazine also features travel articles . . . Though suspending indefinitely, NEW HELIOS (according to Editor Peter Jones, Flat 39, Quadrant Close, Hendon, London, N.W.4) writes: ‘This is in fact a suspension and not an absolute cessation of the enterprise . . . At this juncture, the problems of ensuring continuity of suitable material . . . weigh too heavily on available time.’

NEW ORLANDO PUBLICATIONS

announces through Anca Vrbovska, a new anthology for the end of January. And in conjunction with the Declaration of the Greenwich Village Poetry Society, Miss Vrbovska recently drew attention to earlier release of a POETRY ANNUAL. Other details are in current ADDENDA . . . After a long delay resulting from a death, PALINURUS Vol. I, No. 2 was set for December, and regularly on quarterly schedule thereafter. This situation seems to have been the cause of a number of delayed mss. reports, in recent months . . . THE PHOENIX BOOK SHOP, 18 Cornelia St., New York City 14, recently took over mail sales of books by Anais Nin, including a huge new paperback of five novels, \$3.75 (also in hard binding, \$6). The Nin series will be completed in 1960, with separate publication of her SEDUCTION OF THE MINOTAUR. This shop also handles U.S. orders for TWO CITIES, the Paris-New York quarterly; and both the magazine and the books are available to the trade via PAPER EDITIONS Corp . . . PORTFOLIO, The Art Foundation Press, 32 E. 57th St., New York City 22, is offered as 'replacement' and enlargement of ART NEWS ANNUAL. It will appear twice yearly, with material on literature, theatre, music, science, and visual arts (\$5 each at shops, \$8.75 on annual subscr.).

In Australia, the Congress for Cultural Freedom announces broadened interests served by its QUADRANT (Box 4714, G.P.O., Sydney) . . . ROVING EYE PRESS publications have been taken over by Jonathan Williams (subsequent to Bob Brown's recent death); and he, in turn, is using the co-operative JARGON/CORINTH imprint (see above) . . . SAN FRANCISCO REVIEW claims a record for having published prose by hitherto unknowns in each of three consecutive issues, in the second of which (No. 3) appeared three new poets, plus two new prose writers . . . Awaited data on SCORE

(announced from Mexico City) had not arrived at this deadline . . . SEVEN POETS PRESS moves across the American continent: c/o Carl Larsen, 620 E. 6th St. (Apt 3), New York City 9.

THE STEP LADDER suspends, after thirty years, 'by reason of economic conditions and dwindling circulation.' The Order of Bookfellows fund sustaining the magazine will be used to enlarge scholarships and finance Knox College lectures, and also for literary prizes under Bookfellow sponsorship . . . Issue of No. 1 STUDIES ON THE LEFT (P.O. Box 2121, Madison 5, Wis., U.S.A.) was due on 1st December. Saul Landau wrote that this periodical is 'attempting a fresh start in left scholarship . . . radical, scholarly — without being stodgy.' . . . What appears is a new press for smaller ventures is: THISTLE PRESS, c/o Clarke and Way, Inc., Publ., 35 W. 21st St., New York City 10 . . . After a long interval, No. 2 THUMB (54 2nd St., Athens, O., U.S.A.) arrived. This is a blockprinted item, distinctly different from anything past or present — and of eccentric, but stimulating and sometimes sensible content . . . Another, appearing after a lapse, is TRANSFER (No. 7 — a well-varied issue). Appearances each 'regular' school semester promised, with No. 8 due immediately — remains on-campus restricted except for individuals registered within semesters prior to the issues . . . Further data is awaited on TULANE DRAMA REVIEW (Tulane U., New Orleans 18, La., U.S.A.).

UTOPIAN PAPERS, originally announced not wishing contributions, states their ideas are 'means and not ends,' as a clue on policies to 'readers who wish to propose other means to reach democratic ends.' . . . VOYAGES is publishing writers who are or have been students under Louise Bogan (at N.Y.U., or Y.M.H.A.) in a POEMS BY SEVEN (\$2, and \$7.50 in special limited edition) — also, now acting as American distributor of LA CRISE DE L'HUMANISME, Micheline Tison-Braun (Vol. I: 1890-1914, now available at \$6.50) . . .

Latest word from VES-PERS (Ed. Henry Picola) fixes same address as SONNET SEQUENCES: 966 E. 25th St., Paterson 3, New Jersey, U.S.A. ... Listing of WESTERLY, University of West Australia, Perth, W.A. has been requested — but without specific details ... A mysterious, but impressive, announcement of a new and large review of literature and the arts — 'X' — from London, remains unamplified beyond a per-issue price of six shillings and joint editorship of David Wright and Patrick Swift ... Data likewise is missing as re ZOCALA PRESS (Carmel, Calif.), which has just brought out a new Kenneth Ford selection: POETRY FOR JAZZ (unpriced).

EDITORS (AND OTHERS) WRITE

COWARDLY Anonymous (see 2 prior issues of TRACE): ‘Rozana Webb ridicules my anomalous position and the grey topee I hide behind. Why do you snicker at me because I am a balding coward? Is that democratic, Miss Webb? Oh, Miss Webb — may I call you Rozana? — I am so afraid after twenty years of American art that I must still remain Cowardly Anonymous.

‘Yes, I have studied all the “requirements of commercial publishing,” just as you suggested, Rozana, and I came away even more of a coward. I have even tried to write like Eliot, Pound, Auden, Tate, Ciardi, Wilbur, Frost, Roethke, Patchen, Rexroth, Williams, and just all of the accepted people, but it did no good at all, Rozana, for I got sicker and sicker and more cowardly.

‘I am afraid of losing my job. I teach kindergarten. I have no personal integrity, no fight, no loud voice, as you suggest I should have. I am just a rotten stinking slug in a tomato. I am even afraid to have a book of mine published next spring, Rozana, as you command I do, for fear of stepping on the toes of some critic or anyone else — anyone at all. What made me that way, Rozana? Do you think, maybe, it happened to me because I read so much commercial publishing? You see, Rozana, I do not wish to remain Cowardly Anonymous forever, but I fear for my life, my wife, my seven children, my guppies, my parakeet, my cat and dog, and for every blessed little cockroach in our shack. American art has made me what I am today, Rozana, and I am not satisfied.’

JACK GREEN (of NEWSPAPER, answering letter to a writer, by D. Vincent Smith of OLIVANT, in No. 34):

‘Mr. Smith’s letter is infamous. He attacks a writer whose work he has accepted for publication, because said writer has refused to “voluntarily” buy a subscription. This wilful abstention, it seems, shows a lack of “recognition and gratitude.”

‘A writer owes no recognition or gratitude to a magazine that publishes his work. Publication, publicity, and money cannot pay for a work of art: the burden of gratitude remains always with the publisher, not the creator. Nor need a writer recognise any merit in a magazine because it accepts his work. It may be a lousy sheet all the same.

‘Mr. Smith snidely offers, if the writer is “too hard-pressed” to subscribe, to “rush him a few dollars.” This hoary old sales trick belongs in the repertory of a Bowery bum, not of an editor.

‘I consider it dishonest even to ask a writer to subscribe because you have published his work. But if it is our purpose as editors, not to pay writers as much as we can, but to chisel a few dollars out of them with cheap insults or flattery as the occasion demands, why not do it efficiently and profitably on a large scale? Instead of wailing over sacrifices of time and money — sacrifices no one asked us to make — why not close the little magazines and start vanity presses?’

ROBERT BLY (THE SIXTIES): ‘D. Vincent Smith, the editor of OLIVANT, wrote in to complain that the editors of THE FIFTIES had rejected a poem of his because it was ‘too prosy’ and had ‘virtually no images at all.’ He feels this is very unjust and ‘sickening hypocrisy.’ He forgets that we have the right to choose whatever kind of poem we wish. It is our opinion that American poetry for the last twenty years suffers from being written too much in newspaper and philosophic language, prose language, without images. We would give as an

example of an image, Char's:

The oriole entered into the capital of the sunrise. The
sword-point of his singing closed the saddened bed

or Trakl's:

My skeleton went clattering off over the blue snow.

or Crane's:

Dark waters onward shake the dark prow free.

If Mr. Smith doesn't wish to write this kind of poetry, very well; there are many magazines which will publish his work; but we have the right to choose what kind of poem we wish to encourage.'

Robert Vaughan (ELEMENT): 'Mine will be the hope of every little-mag publisher: to gather together a group of poems each issue, which reflect my likes in modern literature. No taboos, very strong personal opinions as to what is good, and what is non-significant. Nothing sentimental, nothing "beat," unless it is protest in poetry, and not poetry hiding protest; no messages, please. Just good, modern, straight-from-the-belly poetry, written, preferably, from the top of the head, and not too literal. ELEMENT will not preach, or moan, but may whimper occasionally for the undead yesterday.

'So much for one more man's attempt to climb on the bandwagon. We need more little mags, and I'm prepared to give it an educated "go,"—at least filled with the usual vigour and excitement.'

HAROLD CHUMBLY (WINGED MOUSE PRESS):

my progress report though small
much on the old ball
freckled music piped by Pan
wit forked out-
beauty in play-mates-
fatal remedy of
SNAKE-OIL
beyond this book-
lies 'REBEL-REVIEW'
sort of vest pocket
mind-reader
space-bunked
sandals for philosophy
human-interest
humour reporter
idle chatter
nature-bug
this is the new Winged-Mouse
for 1960
notes- blue n grey
roll out-TRACE
keeps us knowing-
lots of good plumbing-
centers in
field of little magazines.

DAVID RAFAEL WANG (GALLEY SAIL GUEST-EDITOR):

I believe that, by this time, it is generally known among literary circles that I am the “young Chinese poet” who visited Pound at St. Elizabeth’s Hospital in Washington, D.C.

It is also a fairly wellknown fact that I used to be an assistant to John Kasper at the Make-It-New Bookshop in New York City.

‘Because of my close association with Pound and, to a lesser extent, with John Kasper, I have been described as “the only Chinese poet of record who devotes himself to the cause of white supremacy . . .” and have been charged with calling the late “Secretary of State Dulles . . . a wishywashy Socialist.”’

‘As a Chinese dedicated to fighting against the evil of white supremacy (having been born and raised in the former French concession of Shanghai, where I often witnessed the hauteur and witless cruelty of the imperialists), I find it doubly humiliating to be so labelled. ‘Let it be clearly stated that I have never condoned white supremacy, anti-Semitism, or any form of race-hatred. But I have advocated segregation of the races in cultural matters. I strongly believe that all races are different, without implying in any way superiority or inferiority. I am against a cultural melting-pot in which all races not only merge, but actually dissolve into uniformity. What is there to match the poetry of T’ang and Sung, the African-based Jazz, the art of the early Greeks and the Renaissance, etc.? All races are superior in their own ways. No man who is proud of his race and his culture would accept standardisation.

‘No Negro or Chinese will accept the standard of the white race and bend backward to conform to it, if he has any human dignity. I cry out and even lash out against those

who use force to reduce me to an imitation white.

I take pride in admitting that I have worked for segregation in the noble company of Archbishop C. C. Addison of the African Universal Church in New York. But I have never accepted the dictate of any White Citizens Councils. As a Chinese, I refuse to resign from my race to please another.

Mr. Charles Herndon of the NY AMSTERDAM NEWS and Mr. James J. Larkin of the NY non-conformist group can supply certain facts about me, left out completely in the "record" of David Rattray in the Nov. 16, 1957 issue of THE NATION and later reprinted in A CASEBOOK OF EZRA POUND (Croswell). As for my views on Pound's politics, I refer my public accusers to the August 15th issue of BEATITUDE.

'Since I have been invited by Publisher-editor Stanley McNail to be the guest-editor of a special Li Po issue of the GALLEY SAIL REVIEW, I want to make clear for all the readers of that magazine that I am not turning it into a fascist organ or a vehicle to promote racial hatred, but rather to print those American and Oriental poets whom I consider to be strugglers against the dark, the heroic souls battling the gloom of uniformity. Among them, I have especially included Louis Zukofsky, Gary Snyder, Max Feinstein, Joel Oppenheimer, Clarence Major, Robert Creeley, Russell Atkins, John Richardson, and the late John Hoffman.'

AN INTERVIEW WITH HOWARD NEMEROV

by Donna Gerstenberger

The value of an interview lies in the opinions expressed by a man who takes the practice of letters as an important matter; therefore, without benefit of scene, I offer this recent interview with Mr. Nemerov.

Q. Is modern poetry obscure?

A. Some of it, no doubt, is difficult, more difficult than any but a few examples from the past; and some of these difficulties are rather arbitrary. But I have got tired of hearing this question brought up as a charge against poetry, because I have the distinct impression that the people who bring it up do not spend their leisure hours with Chaucer and Milton, but with the READER'S DIGEST and other comic books. It's very much a comic-book question, maybe.

I don't think, myself, that the excellence of poetry is measurable by the degree of its difficulty; on the other hand, I enjoy hard poetry a good deal, and am not sympathetic to the commandments of the Simple school, which have so pronounced a way of beginning with *Thou Shalt Not*. The poet must be allowed to choose any means he thinks he needs, if only because no one has any way of stopping him.

Q. Is it worthwhile, then, for a magazine that is not a little magazine devoted to poetry to continue to publish poetry?

A. I think it is, but it depends what sort of result would satisfy the editors' expectations of the stuff. If a poem now and again gives pleasure to one or two or a hundred readers, then the publication of it seems worthwhile. If you think about the intimate nature of your own response to poems, you will see that the question of a 'mass audience' is merely statistical, and thus merely irrelevant, and thus merely

absurd. People read poetry — if they do — one at a time.

Q. Where do you believe the audience for modern poetry is to be found?

A. I imagine that very few people read it, who don't try to write it. And I know from experience that people exist who try to write it but don't read any. That narrows things down pretty severely, I guess. But poetry, modern poetry, is fashionable right now in colleges and universities; students seem to care for it a great deal, as far as I'm able to tell.

Q. Do you really think, then, that the university helps create an audience for poetry?

A. It lets people know that poetry exists, doesn't it? On some campuses, in some English Departments, we seem to have established a kind of rabbinate for the sole purpose of interpreting *THE WASTE LAND*; and the students do read the poem. Some of them probably enjoy poetry and go on with it after they leave school.

Q. Does the university do anything toward creating a potential poet, or does education stifle the creative impulse?

A. This is another of those questions from the comic books. How can you tell? Life is complicated enough, at least, that there are no easy answers to the question why someone fails at something. No doubt a university can powerfully ruin a poet just as it can a neuro-surgeon; but surely it's not the only place in which one can get ruined.

But let's try a couple of general notions. First, that poetry is an art. It has a tradition, examples of it already exist; it is not something a young man or woman simply invents one morning. In order to practice this art, you have to know what specimens of it look like, and some of this is taught in universities, along with a good deal of other stuff which the young poet may or may not need (something he can't find out, very often, until later — until too late? who knows?). Second, that if you look at the past you find that poets are almost without exception very widely read. They may or may

not be educated men, but they furiously pursue whatever is in books, though their digestion of it does not resemble a scholar's. Poets who did not have much formal education tend to read their Shakespeare hardest — Keats, for instance. Probably the poet training in the university is conducting a kind of guerilla warfare — reading all the time, but not usually the stuff assigned to him to read. What is a university, anyhow, but a lot of people in a library?

Q.—The university has often been identified and condemned as the support of many modern poets. As a poet who is also a college teacher, would you care to comment on this?

A. I like teaching, partly because it is — if you like it; and if you don't you won't be able to stand it, so the question won't come up — a fairly agreeable way of making a dollar, partly because it makes possible a more or less quiet life (if you have sense enough to stop talking after hours), and partly because teaching has been for me an education (Lord knows what it has been for my students). I never went to graduate school (he confessed, shyly, rolling his eyeballs a trifle).

As to condemning the college or university for keeping tame poets—for I suppose that to be the accusation—we have heard a great deal about that during the past several years. There is a strong tendency among publishers, I have found, to think of poets as better off starving in garrets; it makes them (the publishers, that is) feel more real. But until some foundation subsidises an air-conditioned garret, I guess some of us will have to make do with universities and colleges. Probably many poets have been destroyed by teaching; certainly many more regard themselves as having been destroyed by teaching, but about that it is impossible to tell, since so many other factors—talent, for instance—enter in. And think how many poets must have been destroyed by, for example, the steel industry, advertising, social work,

drink, or religion. There seem to be no guarantees.

Q. Would you like to venture to name the best contemporary American poet?

A. For me to do so would be not only immodest, but very possibly inaccurate as well.

Q. Do you think there are problems peculiar to the American poet?

A. Never having been any other kind of poet, I cannot say, but I imagine it can never have been easy to be a poet, anywhere or ever. One problem, possibly, is trying to sort out the good from the bad in contemporary work. I know the cry is, as always, that it is hard for a poet to get published, but all the same there seems to be an awful lot of the stuff around, and the mere quantity may tend to obscure how very good some of it is.

Q. Then you think that the notion that there is insufficient outlet for the work of young poets is inaccurate?

A. Sufficient . . . insufficient? Take an arbitrary figure, multiply it by the number of typewriters in the nation, divide by the number of complaints . . . and so on. I don't think I am a young poet any more (except by one definition which says you are a young poet until you have either a full professorship or grandchildren, whichever comes first), so I may simply not be aware of the difficulties people are facing; but despite a good deal of popular mythology I don't believe the woods are full of first-rate manuscripts. Nor second-rate, for that matter.

Q. What is your opinion of the most assertive 'movement' we have, the 'San Francisco' poets?

A. 'San Francisco' poetry is not subversive enough. Good poetry always has a strong element of the subversive in it—forces that make for a poetry which is anarchic and archaic—forces that belong to childhood. There's not enough dialectic in the work of the San Francisco group, but I'm sure those poets have some talent.

Q. Do you think the popularity of jazz poetry helps or obscures the cause of contemporary poetry?

A. I haven't heard too much of it, but I would say, by and large, that jazz poetry is an amiable kind of foolishness. It is all right to do these things if people get pleasure from them, although I have no doubt that the music obscures much of the poetry and that much of it deserves to be.

Q. I take it you don't feel the American poet suffers from the absence of clearly defined 'movements' in poetry?

A. I don't have much interest in 'movements.' People may feel encouraged by belonging to something of the sort, but if they have anything at all they must finish by defining themselves against the movement. Maybe they have to develop an orthodoxy before they can find out what heresy attracts them most. Whatever other talents poets may need, a talent for sitting in a room alone is very frequently one they have.

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THE FIFTIES

believe that most of the The editors of THE FIFTIES poetry published in America today is too old-fashioned.

THIRD ISSUE

Poems by a young Czech and a young Rumanian poet. An Article on the work of Donald Hall. Award of the Blue Toad to Norman Cousins. Four City Poems. Parody of Diana Trilling's article on the beats, from Spring PARTISAN. A note on Neruda.

50c \$2.00 per year Briarwood Hill, Pine Island, Minn.

Editors: William Duffy, Robert Bly.

THE PROFESSOR'S UMBRELLA

Felix Anselm

The affairs of the world are run by practical men, and they look it. I don't know whether it would be good for the unpractical men to run the affairs of the world, but I have a suspicion this would be good for the affairs of the world. For the popular belief that a man capable of understanding the theory of relativity is thereby rendered incapable of running a grocery store, is a popular myth. It is a myth created by grocers for the purpose of inflating the egos of grocers. If the intellectuals aid and abet that myth, it is for egotistical reasons: it is convenient to pretend that one can't cope with matters which one disdains to bother with because they bore one; there is a certain charm inherent in the costume of cap and bells; and if one acts the unpractical fool long enough, one can acquire a genuine clumsiness in the chores of 'real life.' But the detrimental effect of such an attitude is that it encourages the intellectual-baiters in their favorite pastime of throwing rotten eggs at eggheads; that the Houyhnhnms themselves are boosting the already over-inflated stock of the Yahoos.

I am not sounding a call to arms. I am not at all certain that in a society where the Yahoo is the manipulator as well as the manipulated, the Houyhnhnm could join in the manipulation without becoming a Yahoo. There are cases where to join 'em is to be licked by 'em. Though it does seem a pity — and today could easily turn into a catastrophe — to leave the affairs of the world to the nit-wits alone: a problem which Socrates already had pondered with concern. For, have we not seen it happen in past elections for public office that the very qualities that would make a candidate a superior office-holder are the qualities that militated against

his getting elected? The office-holder is required to be in many respects unlike the average guy; but the candidate for office is required, by the average guys who elect him, to be the epitome of the average guy. A potentially great statesman is not likely to be by natural inclination an enthusiastic, grinning, and indefatigable handshaker, babykisser and small-talkie walkie; yet, no one who is not an enthusiastic, grinning, and indefatigable handshaker, babykisser and small-talkie walkie can become a great statesman, if it is up to the man in the street, the man on the road, the man on the dirt road, and the man in the blind alley—the electorate, in short. The taxpayer is suspicious of a concern for syntax; the candidate with intellectual bearing, intellectual leanings and intonations, is at a distinct—if distinguished—disadvantage; while the candidate who succeeds in demonstrating his aptitude for getting the office, frequently fails to demonstrate his aptitude for functioning in it after he has it.

I have more respect for the inhabitants of the Ivory (and Ivy) Tower of thought than for the tenants of the action-happy Tower of Babel. My sympathies are with the absent-minded professor who forever forgets his umbrella, not with those who never forget their umbrellas because their umbrellas are all they're ever thinking about. What never occurs to them is of course that the joke about the absent-minded professor is really on them: the absent-minded professor is usually quite satisfied to be absent-minded, where those who laugh at him are present-minded. And thus everything would be all right—were it not for the propensity of the ignorant to become aggressively arrogant and intolerant as soon as they think they're on top; the only trouble with the common man is that he is so darn common.

One of our interminable public opinion polls has recently disclosed that 'egghead' is by most high school students

considered the ‘abusivest’ of all abusive epithets; even ‘chicken’ and ‘communist’ were reported easier to bear. While this solves in a clear-cut fashion the question of priority of the chicken or the egghead, it leaves, alas, the more ancient problem unanswered. It also emphasises a new problem. Not the aggressive defensiveness of inferiority leaning on a compact majority position: this in itself is old hat and quite understandable. Militancy and toughness are, after all, the only recourse for the intellectually impecunious; he who cannot out-think and out-know the other fellow, must at least endeavour to out-shout, out-talk, or out-smart him; the inarticulate must at least be verbose, and if you’re not bright, you must be shrewd and sly, lest you be lost. All right. It is in the nature of the animal that the philistines whose heads are by their own confession ‘not in the clouds’ have always taken this as proof that their feet must be firmly on the ground; the Babbitts who cannot think abstractly are for that very reason persuaded that they are concrete (and of course positive) thinkers; and the Sancho Panzas who are devoid of ideas — and thus truly no ‘idealists’ — conclude from their predicament that what they are concerned with is reality. It would be futile to try to explain to the stupid that intelligence comprises stupidity, but stupidity never intelligence, that the thinker can understand the non-thinker, but the non-thinker never the thinker . . . and that the true intellectual can dance rings around the smart operators — being generally dissuaded from doing so only by his generic distaste for such wasteful and fatiguing exercise. The one thing, however, that is new and alarming in the picture is the apparent willingness of our intellectuals themselves to capitulate to the anti-intellectuals. In fact, some of the most violent (and of course intelligent) intellectual-baiting has come from intellectual quarters — a fascinating phenomenon.

It may be just one of the more visible symptoms of the creeping disease — the de-individualisation of our life and society. More and more entangled in the net of restrictive rules and regulations, we still pay gullible lip service to American individualism, but the truth is that collectively devised, transmitted, and ready-made articles of know-how are accepted as the equivalents of the solitary search for knowledge, that even the traditional non-conformists are conforming to stereotyped patterns of non-conformity, that the outsiders form in-groups and the disaffiliates affiliate with each other, and that whosoever refuses to be a rugged individualist is being ostracised as a bad mixer. Even our minorities are far gone in their tame and dogmatic assumption that the majority, because it can make law, can also make right.

I realise that the picture is not black and white. I know of the intellectuals who compromise their own position by the vulgarity of intellectual snobbery, and I am aware of the plight of science and scientists who in their abstract quest for knowledge are turning into the neutral servants of destruction, farther and farther removed from all human and humanitarian values. I know of the dubious and tenuous relationship between art and science — scientists forgetting that the artists of all ages were wont to anticipate in their imaginations and visions and dreams what the scientists, much later, were able only to confirm, measure, and develop; and, on the other hand, relatively new and essentially inexact 'sciences' like psychology and sociology frantically struggling to become respectable by becoming 'exact' sciences which can use statistics and IBM machines as 'objectively' and impressively as their big brothers, casting aside the creative intuition and artistic interpretation that are their birthright and very core. Still, vying and feuding with each other, the intellectuals have in common their propensity to forget, heads in the clouds of thought, their

umbrellas, to the derisive mirth of the mass men who are firmly holding onto theirs. And this alone should rectify their shamefaced self-derogation which we have witnessed, and induce them — the unpractical by choice rather than by deficiency, the eggheads whose understanding of principles makes any detailed knowledge of procedures, tricks, and gimmicks indispensable, the theoreticians who, armed with an understanding of motives and aims, can evolve processes and methods by themselves and demonstrate to the practitioners that the academic mind need not miss the point just because it can see beyond it — this alone should induce them, I say, to straighten up again and remember and occasionally demonstrate that the wise man is wise also to the wise guys who deride him and that his unpracticalness — the life of the mind — only begins where the practicality and the practices of the runners-of-the-mill stop short.

IMPETUS

by James Boyer May

A Semi-annual of Modern Poetry

Editors: Guy Owen and William E. Taylor

\$1.00 a year

Stetson Univ., Deland, Florida WHEN the belfry lings over the tooling-piece, it makes like a lemon-squeezer. This is flavourfully serious; in fact, this alligator-threat parallels the crocodile-in-Nile bit — ravenously, instead of tearfully, with it.

And to expunge, rather than to expound the record at this point, would be seven wonders below the lamp-lime; besides, exacerbating. The ridiculousness of cool tasteless pretension — with the tooled bonging of those pressure-strokes — seems utter denial of carnivorousness. And toothless to elucidate. Not that themes-incarnate have been over-masticated — mind you — but teeth would shine the champ bit.

Such sorts of un-childlike tables possess a certain spring in them . . . and they snap back, without need for noose at their s/endings. And all-ustrations are super-fluid with d . . ru . . les. Am-

(N B : title ensues opus)

pere findings are heedless, when the touch has so often been censored. Day-dream or wet, the jaws are un-pre-medicated.

You see, these offerings are realities lacking either realm or pumps of

prodding circumstance; prideful without depth, they co-exist in tententialistic minor agonies of commonspace, bleeding without purple . . . posing bitter tweets, de-foiled. Their ends are cover-lapped from certainties' beginnings; and yet, they come unscrolled at one tap on brittle seals. And

papyrus is no warrant-tie of elder lineage. No more than pulp stone's-throw last breakfast.

One parse declines them all. We tailienate: Tired lubber lobes VARIETY's unhidden gulch of timeless thighs and strokes another tautology necidal glade of evening's heart . . . the mat is spread for greedy gladiation, and the chancing choice and he come skin-to-grips and -locks they've pick-tured from recanting simian bears for/e satieties of maws (solidungulate or molared) . . . on, and on, and till the toll (quite muffled then) has bounded one, among uncounted lassied lads (or laded — or by lass-and-lass).

Alas, they've had it! But not at, or for, the last.

The latest book's sales near the million. Have you read it?

*Saves not only vocals, but the tongue without the
cheek-in. And softer Amenti than to con how
pending blast will make a light too hot for
exege-sis.*

BOOKS IN DEMAND

(OR : WHY IT MAKES MORE SENSE TO GO TO BED ONESELF)

David Gunston on AUTHORS AND THEIR DEDICATIONS

One key to an author's character and outlook that usually receives little attention lies in the dedications of his books. On that often-skipped preliminary page a few personal words, simple or obscure, intriguing or romantic, may sometimes tell the reader more about the writer than the very many words that follow.

Robert Louis Stevenson has some penetrating comment upon this business of a book's dedication. Writing in his own delightful dedication of *TRAVELS WITH A DONKEY* to Sidney Colvin, he says: 'Every book is, in an intimate sense, a circular letter to the friends of him who writes it. They alone take his meaning; they find private messages, assurances of love, and expressions of gratitude dropped for them in every corner. The public is but a generous patron who defrays the postage. Yet though the letter is directed to all, we have an old and kindly custom of addressing it on the outside to one. Of what shall a man be proud, if he is not proud of his friends?

Stevenson is one author whose dedications are always interesting and often charming, from the famous inscribing of *TREASURE ISLAND* to 'S.L.O., an American gentleman,' as he called his stepson Lloyd Osbourne, to the verses dedicating *A CHILD'S GARDEN OF VERSES* to his nurse Alison Cunningham—'From Her Boy.' He was right, too, in describing the custom as old. It seems to have its origin in the Seventeenth- and Eighteenth-century habit of prefacing a book with a formal, stylised and often slightly sycophantic dedicatory letter to some wealthy patron or even a hero of the

author's. Thus we find Izaak Walton inscribing *THE COMPLEAT ANGLER* most humbly to a Midlands landowner who had given him facilities for his sport, and Boswell delaying the avid reader of his *LIFE OF JOHNSON* by two pages of verbose 'Dedication' to Sir Joshua Reynolds. This custom was long a-dying. Southey dedicates his *LIFE OF NELSON* (1813) in similarly pompous vein: 'To John Wilson Croker, Esq., LL.D., F.R.S., Secretary of the Admiralty; who, by the Official Situation he so ably fills, is qualified to appreciate its Historical Accuracy, and who, as a Member of the Republic of Letters, is equally qualified to decide upon its Literary Merits, This Work is respectfully inscribed by his Friend, The Author.

Since then, however, dedications have become briefer, more intimate, frequently more mysterious and generally more entertaining for the general reader. If it is true that in one sense, at least, an author dedicates his book to the rest of the world, he can add to his readers' enjoyment by including a dedication that, as well as serving as a private message to the person named, also delights, amuses or intrigues other readers.

Some authors tend to eschew dedications, like H. G. Wells, while others are formal and to the point, like John Cowper Powys, with his *AUTOBIOGRAPHY*, 'Dedicated to Mary Cowper Powys.' But there is plenty to arouse interest and speculation among the rest. Perhaps the openly romantic attract most. 'To D——. In Memory of February 1, 1925,' wrote Beverley Nichols before the opening of *CRAZY PAVEMENTS*, and the same author inscribed *DOWN THE GARDEN PATH* 'To Marie Rose Antoinette Catherine de Robert d'Aqueria de Rochegude d'Erlanger, whose charms are as gay and numerous as her names.' Sometimes, too, the dedicatee's names alone make the inscription fascinating: 'To my grandchildren, Viola, Halcyon, Jason, Cressida and Charles,' wrote Sir Stephen Tallents in *GREEN THOUGHTS*

(1952). Intimate dedications take many forms, but the most interesting have some slight aura of mystery over them: 'To S.W.A.F., Who Will Always Be,' (CLAUDIA, by Rose Franken); 'To H.C., "So are you to my thoughts as food to life",' (A TUB OF GOLD FISHES), by Nina Cust; 'To the other sleepers in "Our Den"' (Arthur Stanley's THE BEDSIDE BOOK). At times, too, a note of tragedy or poignancy — not always personal — appears: Helen Thomas's story of her life with the poet Edward Thomas, AS IT WAS . . . WORLD WITHOUT END, is inscribed simply but significantly, 'To E.T.,' and the dedication to Gustav Eckstein's EVERYDAY MIRACLE states 'To Alexander Woolcott, With whom I discussed the plan of this book only a few days before he left us irrevocably.' Also in unusual vein is J. W. Robertson Scott's dedication to his ENGLAND'S GREEN AND PLEASANT LAND: 'To the memory of the Labouring Men and Women who died on Pisgah.' Many will perhaps prefer the kindly humanity of Joshua Slocum, dedicating his classic SAILING ALONE AROUND THE WORLD 'To the One who Said: "The Spray Will Come Back."' And apropos of books about the sea, how many know Melville's dedication of MOBY DICK: 'In token of my admiration for his genius, this book is inscribed to Nathaniel Hawthorne?'

One interesting feature of dedications generally is the way in which authors assume omniscience. They coolly inscribe their works to half the entire globe, and are seldom bound by time. H. E. Bates dedicated THROUGH THE WOODS 'To All Woodlanders'—and the books dedicated to all gardeners, parents, filmgoers and so forth must be legion. Lovat Dickson's life of RICHARD HILLARY is inscribed 'To Two Generations, Richard's and Jonathan's.' In 1946, Horace Annesley Vachell, then aged 85, dedicated his book NOW CAME STILL EVENING ON 'To my Grandmother!' Many other authors inscribe books to the memory of someone who never saw the work in question. An amusing variation of the omniscient type of dedication is the one in which the dutiful

author tries to squeeze in as many tributes and names as possible. Michael Burt in *THE HOUSE OF SLEEP*, did his best here: 'To all my friends and colleagues at Caversham Park and especially to A.R.A., R.S., D.S.' (and so on for 15 sets of initials)—'(Never Forgetting My Rhinemaiden and the Dumb Cow)!'

From the point of view of the reader seeking a better knowledge of the book and its author's outlook, the straightforward, informative dedication is hard to beat. It may be unashamedly adulatory: 'To Arthur Waugh, With Homage and Love,' (*A WELL FULL OF LEAVES*, by Elizabeth Myers), devoted: 'To Eric Linklater with Love,' (*PORTRAIT OF ELMBURY*), by John Moore; dutiful: 'To Edith Olivier, who encouraged me to write this book,' (*A. G. Street's FARMER'S GLORY*), or simply informative: 'For Sybil Morrison, whose book it specially is, because of Henry James, and the Friendship built up whilst the book was in the making,' (*PROUD HEAVEN*, by Ethel Mannin). In many ways, it is a pity authors generally do not incorporate more brief facts about themselves and their books in the dedications. J. B. Priestley, who can usually be relied upon for an entertaining inscription, tells the reader much that is interesting about the genesis of his play *THE LINDEN TREE* in its dedication to J. P. Mitchelhill, how during the heaviest snowfall the Isle of Wight had known for a hundred years, he was besieged indoors: 'I ate, toiled and slept in one small room, and there the Lindens were born; and for ten days or so, while I worked on the play, they were almost my only companions and the people I seemed to know best.' Priestley's dedication to *ANGEL PAVEMENT* is also revealing: 'To C. S. Evans, because he is not only a good friend and a fine publisher, but also because he is a London man and will know what I am getting at in this London novel.'

If dedications were an entirely private matter, then authors would not print them in their books. 'By a man's

friends ye shall know him.' And if he writes books, by his dedications, too.

SOME ITEMS RECEIVED

by the Editor

INSTEAD of the customary series of separate reviews, this feature opens with an enlarged criticism, turning into a kind of narrative philosophical essay involving several publications. Seemingly-coincidental arrivals of these, formed a thematic chain. However, the arrivals and their linkage were not really coincidental; at this particular time, a certain fundamental problem is under investigation via several approaches, by numerous thinkers conjuring similar antecedents and reaching varied levels of neo-rationales.

The first book to arrive was an unorthodox study of a generally ill-assessed major novelist of what critics have been pleased to call the Victorian-to-modern transition. The linkage here—and the catalytic theme of this book—is designated by the title: JOSEPH CONRAD, a study in non-conformity (Osborn Andreas, PHILOSOPHICAL LIBRARY, \$3.75). Andreas delves contemporary terrain of old dilemma, while busily refuting recent under-evaluations of a misinterpreted romanticist.

In outlining each story separately and in a closing comprehensive resumé, summarising Conrad's absorption in problems posed by the ideal poles of individual- vs. social-man, Andreas stimulates corollary thoughts on the author's deeper intentions. He indicates where the basic dualism again and again formed part of Conrad's own neurotic struggles. With convincing lucidity—not through perpetration of one of these latterday postmortem psychological 'visions.' His evidence is palpable—that Conrad worked fairly through a universal problem of our time, endeavouring to resolve his inner confusion . . . and that he was no mere prolific concoctor of tales. On the literary side,

these analyses indicate how, despite his not having achieved greatness as a word-man, Conrad's multi-dimensional characters produce, through action, deeper effects in readers than more self-aware and adept stylistic analyses might have done. Appropriately, the volume closes with an index of Conradian personae.

And though Andreas fails to give sufficient credit for Conrad's original reputation, to his devious modifications of inverse structural frames, he is able to suggest how his very failures to relax and make personal decisions, tightened the plot-springs of these fictions. Andreas overreached in *KARAIN*, where quite other symbolic meanings supplied narrational impetus. Also, in *YOUTH* and in *TYPHOON*. And he rather absurdly distorts the speculative background of *THE INN OF THE TWO WITCHES*, straining to demonstrate that the 'usual slow and hardening process of social ostracism' is depicted 'telescoped' into one hour; for, this is just an ordinary, not-too-successful horror-story. A couple of his best psychological brevities are chapters on *THE RETURN* and *LAGOON*.

Andreas' other-than-literary focus on the socio-psychologic dilemma was moved forward a couple of decades by arrival of *ERNEST HEMINGWAY* (Philip Young, UNIVERSITY OF MINNESOTA PRESS, \$1). This pamphlet suggests closer definitions of differences between the social and non-social individualist. And the same mail brought Vol II, No. 3 of *THE TEXAS QUARTERLY*, with a book supplement, *NO PLACE ON EARTH* (since hardbacked by UNIVERSITY OF TEXAS PRESS, \$2.50), an excellent study by Louis D. Rubin, Jr., of Ellen Glasgow and James Branch Cabell. Particularly of the latter neglected important American novelist.

Of course, Hemingway has not been neglected. To the contrary, overrated, while destined for a niche far below that surely reserved for Cabell. And Cabell was the sharp 'realist,' the very opposite of the escapist, obtuse critics called

him—as Rubin points out. While Young cannot help—along with his praises—documenting that Hemingway never actually penetrates reality, with all those slashing indecisions of crucial expanded life-moments.

Further grounds for the comparative judgements upon these two authors will be examined along with the special linkage here. The Editor forthwith reread JURGEN and THE SUN ALSO RISES . . . while the next mail supplied the ms. of DRAGON-BOOK, the Cabellian parable in this TRACE. And this led to rereading MERRY WIVES OF WINDSOR . . . which uncovered a tieback, not only to an angle turned by Rubin's notes on Ellen Glasgow's 'Elizabethan' failures to make her sublimations of frustration through her characters truly reflect the Southern political social economy, but to an angle of refreshed recollection of Shakespeare's debt to that early social-individualist, Socrates (with whom Ellen must not have done too well).

Modifications of the Socratic method may be traced in related line through Shakespeare and down the 300 ensuing years. Yet, when 'trends'—mainly subjective inventions of worthy literary surveyors—are outlined, the ways in which pre-Christian thinking, along with pagan myths, more than coloured the pat definitions of writing-periods, usually are glossed over. Most period categories deserve to be labeled 'mythical' interpretations! — as now, in essence, the old standby 'Dark Ages' distortion commences to be revealed (see an Archibald R. Lewis article in the same TEXAS QUARTERLY). A tidier case for a better-defined 'Shakespearean-eclectic era,' captioning all facets of Western culture might handily be briefed.

Though the problem, society-for-man or man-for-society did not wax unavoidably ubiquitous until the Industrial Revolution, the broader problem behind it even predates history. The broader problem concerns inner- vs. outer-worlds, with what is loosely called the intuitive faculty

repeatedly raising doubts about 'objective' systems supposedly 'there' outside the always-subjective and -individual experience of being/s. Cabell—not only the most learned novelist of recent years, but one who did extend expression, while saying what was of more than topical or sensational interest—frequently pointed this out. In *JURGEN*, among several books, his satirical analyses are unexcelled. He showed that the dilemma did not initially spring from higher exploitations of mere mechanical aptitudes. Hemingway, in *THE SUN ALSO RISES* (his better critics declare he has not surpassed), barely touches thematic parallels (to *JURGEN*). Not only superficially diverging and suggesting quite other 'morals' in re sex and much else, he remains quite unaware of his own confrontation by this problem. His lack of self-understanding would seem to make inevitable what many have described as his 'total' lack of insights to let his characters move his narratives, which invariably are 'cliché in motivation,' as Gil Orlovitz expresses this. It's interesting that the two books should have been written at approximately the same time.

Meanwhile, yet another surprisingly-relevant item had arrived: *FROM SWEDENBORG* (R. Newton Mahin, GREENWICH, \$2.75). To glance over this, while enjoying *JURGEN* on heaven and hell, was to note afresh the extent to which Cabell had drawn upon the strange 'revelations' of that Eighteenth Century communicant with the spiritual world. And heightening the contrast between the Hemingway failure to work through negative predicaments of the 'surface-man' (apologies to Associate Orlovitz), to the affirmative identification of the individual both creating and sharing experience, and Cabell's wise, if partial, comprehension of the positive face of what is not actually self-resignation, but awareness of the equation of being-creation. On this point, Philip Young refers to 'utter inadequacy' of the Hemingway world, though he relents by asserting it is not 'easy to prove'

that this is not our world.

Considering that Young, on the whole, lifts Hemingway to a pedestal, it's surprising that he devotes not a little space to debunking his almost-idol, supplying ammunition (by calling attention to our same Joseph Conrad — and Mark Twain, Stephen Crane, Sherwood Anderson, Turgenev . . . others) to suggest that he was not an 'original' bringing new influences. As to his (raved over) clean, direct, unencumbered and non-redundant clarity, he's simply not in it with Ulysses S. Grant, whose MEMOIRS had been circulated a generation before his birth! . . . Then, yet another coincidence, in the form of that week's Sunday supplement interview, with Hemingway candidly explaining that what is called his style is the admitted absence of it, from innumerable laboured revisions: 'In stating as fully as I could how things really were . . . All mistakes and awkwardness are easy to see, and they called it style.' Hemingway certainly is unassuming, though not intelligently honest enough to go on to confess that, besides having been inept, he has had nothing to say . . . that he has been a bad fabricator of pointless plots and unconvincing characters, speaking at best, well-ricocheted patter . . . that fame came quite accidentally, because he had written about bull-fighting and sex, at man's crucial turn toward disillusioned sensationalism. And one — only apparently minor — observation from rereading SUN: the ludicrous recurrent and minute accountings precisely how much had been paid for food, bed, drink, tips, whoring, transportation, etc. Not only does this jog a not-unfair reflection of what Hemingway has in mind in speaking of his struggle to write how things 'really were!' — but this is a psychological giveaway that he holds an adolescent notion of the value of myth (let alone, not qualifying as a myth-maker) and is a kind of pseudo-literary positivist (if such a term may be abused to describe such illogical confusion). So-called positivist philosophers at least have tried to establish title to

the modifier 'logical' . . . and a further link in the uncoincidental chain was an article, *THE MYTH-MAKER'S DILEMMA* (Patricia Spacks, *DISCOURSE*, Oct. 1959) centred upon what she calls the science-fiction novels of C. S. Lewis. A fullscale study of Lewis would be very instructive, along with these on Cabell, Conrad, and Hemingway; but as is, even her brief article puts the finger on Lewis's attitude toward the central problem. Miss Spacks says Lewis skilfully demonstrated how: 'The gospel of progress, of "Creative Evolution," the doctrine that the good of mankind is higher than the good of individual man, becomes connected with the Fall of Man.' . . . and quoting Lewis himself: 'The scientists . . . passed in belief "from Hegel into Hume, thence through Pragmatism, and thence through Logical Positivism, and out at last into the complete void."' Yet, with Lewis joining Toynbee in calling ours the post-Christian era, confusions are compounded. Post-what-Christian era? So-labeled from the unrealised morals of dogmatic preachments? Turning back to Cabell's satirical pronouncements that there need be no mourning over the debunking of such 'Christianity' (not in the light of what it has helped do to restore despotisms and not done to prevent wars), is to re-emphasise the absurdities of historical labels. And today, the negations, as such, are not the most damaging. The damage is from writers who are large in the public eye, throwing out Christ-child and all, along with the bath. Figuratively and allusively of course, employing here this Christian image to connote in that vocabulary how dunderheadedly lost are these seekers after truth.

• Among books of poetry, first emphasis is due *AN ATTEMPT AT EXORCISM*, Edwin Brock (*SCORPION*, 10/8). The publisher modestly suggested he had launched a writer with a 'firm future.' The selection at once sets Brock apart from the accomplished, but undistinguished, majority of young English contemporaries. And yet, his individuality is no

precious or artificial maverick contrivance, as with only too many well cultivated, yet immature, 'differentiators' of expression. Brock succeeds, not merely in unique views of being/thinking — he occasionally releases an integral bit of Poetry. Subjective sufficiencies of these bits establish their own 'rightness,' jarring though they may prove to rational expectations and to commoner as Benedetto Croce himself would state: whatever holds elements gradations of aesthetic sensibility also (by Crocean definition). But, of genuine self-discovery through art, produces disconcertion — otherwise, the 'art' can be, at best, only entertaining mimicry.

Not unexpectedly (poetry in the literary area being words), Brock's identifying powers are to be credited. What may be the spread of his knowledge in terms of vocabulary, is irrelevant — and unguessable. His words are neither large nor unusual, though they are not baby- or beat-talk (no pseudo-primitivism is perpetrated). His intimate use of words (a wrong verb — in re poetry — to shortcut the idea) usually is quite naturally comprehensive simultaneously realising their being-as-poetry and spontaneous reactive reflections moving his expression.

It was a jolt to find Mr. Brock respectfully referring to Hemingway (on the back cover); however, what he owes Hemingway — if he does owe him anything — is not from Hemingway's writings, but from his cogitations upon what others have rationalised about them. And, just as Brock corroborates the un-selfconsciousness of his philosophy (not thought through, as philosophy), by failing to comprehend that there is no fundamental contrast between 'seeing the world in a grain of sand' and seeing 'heaven in a wild flower,' he shows he does not understand what he's saying when he asserts that his communication of significance in experience may be the 'obverse side of the coin of mysticism.' For, he is a mystic, whether or not he knows it.

Brock has ancestors, to be sure. Who hasn't? He even has surviving relatives. Among others, James Purdy and Philip Larkin leap to mind. But his relatives are 'quality' people; and in a period when thousands of lines of extremely bad non-poetry are printed in the 'best' places — the *LTLs* competing with *POETRY* (Chicago) for (dis)honours in degrading the public impression — it is wonderful to encounter Brock. He lives independently of his relatives and doesn't undertake to reincarnate one ancestor. Though, yes, there are certain resemblances. As perhaps to compare outward aspects of seeming-effortless tonal charm, with some of Dylan Thomas.

Yet, not just wooing for admiration through sounds, metaphorical connotations, and precisions of denotative simile at many levels, he contains his words' essences. This quality of verbal attitude presides throughout the book. Which is not to declare that high Poetry fills it; to the contrary, there is little, and most of the work is beneath the level of the best. However, the important thing is that a great deal more than bare talent should be present at all, and that this poet's pervasive individuality shines on every page. Good, less good, and excellent—his pieces should be quoted, if quoted, in full. Since space does not permit this—here are stanzas from poems which are less successful in their entirety, *SELF-PORTRAIT PERHAPS* and *THINGS AS THEY ARE*:

FROM THE FORMER:

He was a dreamer of great dreams, but
always when they left his eyes, they
migrated to innate horizons where, as
fervently as he contrived, he never could arrive.

...

and the latter:

And then it takes a boyhood and a bit
To cool our minds and see things as they are
To make the eyeballs patient to admit
The green that grows us hair by reaching hair

These Brock remarks are extending into a second essay! But the long route is proving shorter; expanding on the 'words' element, what might be said about the other new poetry may be supplied by inference. The many poetries, however varied their proportions of constituents, all (the written kind) are words. An identity editors and those writing about poetry rarely seem to appreciate; the editors commonly seem to publish with some single favoured minor bias to the fore, and critics comment upon subject matters, techniques, definitions, connotations, imagery, and everything-other-than-verbal-essence. Authors are credited for having 'striven' for this or that near-perfection—when every true poet knows that words seldom are deliberately weighed in the creative hour. Poetry happens. The qualities already lie within the poets, along with whatever vocabularies serve them. Galleys of stuff are produced by those who lack the words, to start—those who do not even hold sufficient vocabulary to vehicle painstaking expository narration. The words of poetry hold unique definitudes within intuited frames; and this does not occur out of ignorance of the derivations and historical and other connotations, but ensues upon intense absorption in language and backgrounds (at whatever levels of complexity) subconsciously translated in the varied poets' invocations.

The foregoing is at the opposite pole from today's rife abuse of language and prankish play with bad definitions. Those who have not (consciously or subconsciously) evolved their own courses in their own special semantical worlds, are, however, incapable of aesthetic communications of the keenest sensibilities.

Of course, not a few have skilfully (and pleasingly, for popular readerships) learned their ways in the word-worlds of others. And here they are—winning accolades, because quickly understandable to the readers already initiated into the languages of their models. Much that's most admired by 'educated' readers turns out to be 'medleys' of pseudo-poetry. Top examples are furnished by T. S. Eliot and W. H. Auden. Such intelligent and widely-read authors do not cultivate the patterns of single predecessors or contemporaries—they 'succeed' through spurious originalities of exceedingly complex admixtures of scores of influences. Granting that no one can be (or should be) uninfluenced—but not a few highly-praised works are even deliberate and professed medleys of this sort. And where other records, over the years, indicate unconscious imitiveness (often, failures to take the 'right' turns for the timely and right critical nods, result from this), their final contributive total effects will be no more than some few persistent personal mannerisms. No vital personalities of the writers' own selves finally are registered.

And this is the key test of words in poetry: are they so (and magically) put forth that (and whether or not many readers are suddenly charmed by them) they are the words of that poet and no other? Not too difficult to determine, really. Few writers either naively, deliberately try, or are undeliberatively led by their subconscious/es, to adopt just one other personality—true enough. Yet, even those without the background perhaps to detect borrowed clothes, may note their deft-or-not changes of same; and they also may note the weak interventions of the writer's own non-inventive prosody.

Since originality is definable only in relation to things done before, and since familiarity with the past provides guidance to the 'new' (though used subconsciously), every writer may begin with trials close to the influences congenial

to his purposeful talent in search of his own manner and expression of world-view. This is not attacked. But, difficult though it may be to distinguish which younger poets are working toward their own idioms (for instance—here is Alfred Dorn, with his first book, *FLAMENCO DANCER*, NEW ORLANDO, \$1.80), motley dozens of competent imitators have been (as always) around for years; these, almost indisputably, are mere transmitters of nevertheless-essential traditions, at best. And the worst of them might well be disregarded. Whether a writer such as Dorn will continue as a transmitter, or achieve his own contribution, is hard to say; he unquestionably displays talent in a variety of techniques, beneath which what may be the voice of Dorn seems heard saying little more than beautiful, beautiful and/or perturbing, perturbing . .

Laying no claim to unerring perceptivity, the Editor nevertheless overcomes reluctance and risks being charged with egotistic respect for his own judgement, by declaring only a tiny percentage of the current 'onrush' may endure to earn that capital 'P.' Much of what is recommended here is marked chiefly for negatory (contrasting) 'endorsement;' but, despite having remarked in this vein on earlier books by Robert Creeley, his new *A FORM OF WOMEN* (*JARGON/CORINTH*, \$1.50) is, in part, recommended positively. While most of these contents continue to reflect a 'lostness' and Mr. Creeley's perverse desires to remain lost in nihilism and determined not to find his own expression, ten of the first eleven pieces here (including the title piece — and we trust later work?) are quite real and unaffected, almost unselfconsciously wrought extensions of what possibly may be a less-lost Creeley. They are wonderfully purged of his old faults of 'saying' and posturing. Connoting authority of personal search, Creeley's true voice may be here:

I have come far enough
from where I was not before
to have seen the things
looking in at me through the open door
and have walked tonight
by myself
to see the moonlight
and seen it as trees
and shapes more fearful
because more feared
what I did
not know
but have wanted
to know

Another poetry selection sadly proves nearly 100 percent negatively illustrative. Wishing to find something, and anticipating that he would, the Editor affirmed this mention in advance; but *CITIES AND DESERTS*, Olga Cabral (*ROVING EYE PRESS*, \$1.50) merits attention for the title and unifying abstraction — and little else. Having published a good deal in the Thirties, the author recently resumed after a long holiday . . . to produce conglomerations of takeoffs on Walt Whitman, Carl Sandberg, Thomas Wolfe, and sundry less-famous contemporaries of so-called realist, imagist, and protest persuasions. Her poetic mastery of words is on a low par with that of a mediocre newspaper columnist; and she shows even less discrimination, in her clashing juxtapositions. Betwixt and between, clichés of wouldbe humour intrude underscorings of quite unintentionally funny overblown Philippics. In response to what she is saying about social and other problems, one only may murmur: ‘Amen!’ — while regretting she did not verbalise even as well as she began to do in portions of the opening three stanzas of *ABSALOM*:
‘Night on a motorcycle roars / between the violated
brownstones / looming like bombed-out relics . . . and he, /

brownjacket boss / of all . . . taut shoulders thrown, /
boylingering, / not yet man. . . . past doorways gone / deaf,
blind, dumb / at his heelclick.'

• In contrast to wordstuff failures in such poetry, vibrant poetic effects are found in passages of *THESE SEVENTEEN*, Felix Singer (from the author: address to be available via TRACE— \$3.50). The direct relevance of this praise lies in Singer's unique — yet natural and un freakish — manner of letting words evoke his special Singerian moods of nostalgic pessimism. The moods are only semi-embittered; for there's a strain of humorous humanism, and there are entertainment values in the very saddest of these tales of frustration. Though sometimes the countervailing effects are limited to transmutation of the narrator's personal warmth (the first-person governs). Astonishing suspense is built during incidental narrations which would not seem to deal with unusual or exciting materials; and this of course demonstrates how well he uses words in his own unpretentious and perhaps by the 'standards,' often inept way. His own intense interest in the telling is a strong factor. Even some of the poorer 'dragged-on' stories nearly are saved.

Presences of many influences—Sherwood Anderson, William Saroyan, Frank Brookhouser come first to mind—do not nullify Singer's own valid identification. Having read a few pages of this book, most people would have no difficulty in distinguishing Singer's work thereafter; and beyond the language, he has a special manner of delineating characters, each of whom is fully as significant psychologically as through varied social implications — all of which are left to be inferred (there are no 'ismic' protest passages). The distinguishing individuality here is not tied to restricted backgrounds — which are as varied as the stories are uneven in quality. And though a couple of the stories are trivial and one becomes, despite lively portions, almost ludicrously

repetitive, versatility must be conceded is part of this possibly-important talent. The entire large book is made worthwhile by the five best fiction pieces and the single essay which concludes it. These stories are: SERGEANT PETELY GOES HOME FOR CHRISTMAS, THE PEOPLE UPSTAIRS, THE SMILE, THE STEPS, and AFTER SNOW.

Compensating for the fact that even the best of what the author himself has called his best, embody definite defects, there are excellent passages throughout — and throughout, an integral honesty that's rare in today's mainly selfconscious fiction. At least part of the explanation for this is revealed in the nonfiction study of the American bum; here, in the course of what most would consider a degrading personal recountal, Singer again and again shows us the beautiful and the deeply humourous. His relationship, by way of descent, to Lafcadio Hearn (in the AMERICAN MISCELLANY and OCCIDENTAL SKETCHES) comes through in this one.

- Since emphasis has remained on individuality through words, the recent periodicals intended for more detailed review than space now affords, may be characterised by focussing upon their common misapplications of one word. The word is love. Correctly enough — by dictionary 'meanings' — the many authors employ this word; however, their common misapplications (no matter their different and proper meanings) result from their limitations upon it. Most noticeable by reason of the similarities of assertions of countering violence, no matter which alternatives of denotation may be employed. And most of these writers fail to endow the word with any singular personal aura of their own possession of an accompanying ideal (or idea). Effects from the aggregated connotations in the several magazines constitute sensational warpings from intellectualised 'plays' upon love lost semantics.

Conceding the banality of rehashed arguments anent love's comprisal of sexual relations . . . that all sexual gratification is not relevant to love . . . that love comprises more than sex . . . etc. — something less unsophisticated may be said about the conceptual distortion, the fundamental confusions from 'smart' generalisations from so-called 'objective' considerations. For 'love' is a term imperfectly verbalising always-individual and -subjective life attitudes : a man's intimate regard for himself applied to his world. Logically, of course, love cannot 'be,' without hate. Hate does appear as its opposite face. But, with the objectifying craze penetrating here — where it literally has no meaning — we find reluctant acknowledgements of love as a kind of neutral state of necessary non-hate! Quite another road? Another distortion develops out of what is in a sense the ideal inevitability of conceding the enigmatic nature of love . . . but, to proceed on an assumption that all love 'passeth understanding!'

A distinctly unoriginal assertion is demanded at this point : that love is not the opposite of hate, but comprises hate and also sexuality and also all other mysteries of being. The eternally differentiating and differentiated enigma, if you will : love is belief. And belief is the mystery, without which no self can find significance. No dichotomy — between self and creation — is involved, as most of these editors and their writers make their basic error in assuming. The magazines intended for review in this focus were EVERGREEN REVIEW No. 9, CONTACT No. 3, SEMINA No. 5, and SAN FRANCISCO REVIEW No. 3. But a long essay would be required; and, with the foregoing in mind, each reader may discern how — by uses of this one word — a majority of the offerings indicate lack of personal involvements within the writers, who are not accomplishing genuine searches for meaning in existence.

Illustrative contrast to the foregoing is supplied by just one of several new recordings of poets reading from their

works. Only the one is mentioned here (others are listed in ADDENDA), because it seems to be the only one by a poet who has been and is seeking to find himself, and through himself, the world, while being himself, and not a posturing fraud and defrauder. To this listener, it seems that Kenneth Patchen has made better records; but this one is still better than most, because the artist is sincere and means what he says in the saying of it, and not for the unavoidable promotional 'packaging' for presentation to a public. This record (KENNETH PATCHEN READS WITH JAZZ IN CANADA with the Alan Neil Quartet, at Vancouver night club) is from a radio networks broadcast-tape. The poetry has been considered in prior reviews of books and recordings, as work which carries the 'most' for our time. The music is immaturely-derivative and experimental (in several meanings); without questioning the youthful integrities of Neil and the others, Bill Boyle, Lionel Chambers, and Dale Hillary, it must be declared that their spontaneities need more background and experience to become very significant. While their instrumentations are good in many aspects, they are not strong enough to support and counterpoint Patchen. By many comparisons, their integration is spotty; and integration has been Patchen's reiterated aim in such efforts. The actual readings, of course, suffer; because, more than from the after-effects of anaesthesia for an emergency dental operation (described in the album as having taken place just before he entered the studio), he was handicapped from having to divide his attention, trying to hold the polyphonic 'verge' — else to 'make it' himself, letting the music follow. This is FOLKWAYS, No. FL9718, \$5.95 — which, despite these reservations, offers one of the worthwhile readings of the decade.

AND A GUEST REVIEW

• ODYSSEY : AT MID-SEA

D. Vincent Smith

On a ship at sea, all sailors suffer the plight of the pickled seaman; or for his crime, if he be discovered, all suffer his lashed and pickled state. And, if he is not found out, all must suffer for the crime which wrongfully delivered the ship. The time of this writing is critical : it examines our literary past and poses the question what is to be done, now that the alleged criminal has been caught. Someone might come to his defense to justify his crime or to show that his action was no crime at all; but that is left to someone else, if someone else is so inclined. As critic, I can but present the facts and try to influence the jury, the jury which the critical attorney hopes is made up of intelligent seamen of some seafaring experience. I have no alternative but to represent the international maritime interests.

Never before has an American little magazine worthy of the name taken such an indefensible stand—not a stand, but the most flagrant demonstration of wrongdoing. At sea, it would amount to treasonous mutiny. Sound policy has been both to publish and defend the poetry believed in (even though posterity prove this wrong); or at least to publish that poetry and leave its defense, its review and criticism to others. But it has never been the policy of a little magazine to publish certain writers, and simultaneously to undertake the favourable criticism of some other writer or writers not there published and not there aboard—and inferentially shaming the writers who have been there printed. This amounts to treason : not openly defecting, yet going over to the ‘other side,’ by an act concealing the insidious purpose of

not-battling for the life of the magazine-ship's own crew and source of existence. The poets who have been published here in the past and who continue to be published here, are assumed believed in; for, if not believed in by the publishers — why publish them, except as they are represented to be the best or what the editors believed to be the best? Now that it has been discovered that these editors really believed in others and not in them at all (since the publication does not pay its writers), what possible compensation remains for the mistreated poets?

Here has been published a certain poetry, thereafter to neglect its promotion, to regard it as negligible—but to be criticised through favour to the poetry not published, possibly a poetry at odds with the published, the very liking of which negates the value of the published. (There is a contemporary analogy: a nation which ignored its own artists and deemed itself well off, taking its writers for granted and even complacent about them. This nation criticised the foreign and left its own virtues and evils undiscussed until, quite suddenly, it was found that all eyes were [\[and all eyes remaining\]](#) on what was by then considered the superior, the brilliant, abroad.) This magazine shames the published poets by announcing that, while they have been included in its pages, better poetry is published somewhere else, unlike their worthless stuff and much worthier of acclaim. So much has been announced by ODYSSEY, half-way at sea: that its own writers are ignoble, and the ones it does not publish are noble.

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Ultimately, such an editorial stand could be suicidal for all concerned in the family of little mags. By what precedent may this magazine call itself—in the public eye—a little magazine, when this editorial mars the reputation of all? Some of these little magazines are worthwhile and believe the material they publish to be the best. So, the answer may be

to ask another question: What other difference of singularity may there be, if not such a conviction? But in this case, there must be the supposition that to publish the minor (negligible) and to criticise for inimitable and worthwhile, the major (not published by the magazine) is to be reasonably expected.

It also is noteworthy that the publication on trial has been calling for renewed interest in editorial opinions—and so as to appear to be assuming that any editorials, however wet, reckless, and unsound, were the life of American poetry. It appears that these editors (who are the ones calling for the above ‘difference of singularity’) were extending the degenerate idea that what’s of true interest is more-criticism and -opinion and less-art . . . and that what’s to be preferred in the end is empty discussion.

All this, in reference to ODYSSEY’s stand on Allen Ginsberg, who may or may not be worth discussion. However, this stand suggests premature concern with his alleged ‘influence,’ and an immature three months’ judgement upon him—at least as immature as the same editor’s earlier adverse opinion. Question: Are our serious publications to repeat the joke played on Eliot and the hoax on the public and on all other writers, through neglecting ‘all-but’ and going overboard on Eliot (Ginsberg)? What goes on and what has been going on for the last thirty or forty years is something like an attempted intellectual-emotional tyranny. Gins-

D. VINCENT SMITH

berg has influenced no noticeable segment of American writers, and his so-called lone-beatness was not so lone after all, either in terms of craft or originality. He deserves no intelligent consideration as phenomenal.

So that I won’t be misunderstood: it would be perfectly all right to publicise Mr. Ginsberg’s poetry, but it is not all right to do so in the manner ODYSSEY has found — while not

publishing him. The objection is to the editorial stance, unjustly reflecting upon all writers previously published here. It is a flagrant action of questionable devotion to anything.

WALTER LOWENFELS

PARAGRAPHS

Li Po told us he really enjoyed two things: playing with children, or burning his poems at the water's edge and watching them float down the river. That was A.D. 700. In our century, certain Literary Circles enjoy playing with poems while somebody else takes care of the burning children.

*

Thirty years ago, I gave up using the word 'poetry.' I have lived more happily ever after.

*

All art aspires toward anonymity. There's one exception. If you can raise a laugh you will go down as a name — Aristophanes, for instance, generally known as Heine.

*

There is always a new poem insisting on being lived. There are also dandelions, and I once thought I saw a book entitled: THE TREES THAT ONCE WERE MEN. None of this is news. It is the law of Chu Yuan and Homer. This is why I insist that Aristophanes was right. He smiled.

*

It is enough that God was alive once.

*

When it comes to talk, you have to take poets seriously. They are the word artists of the best moments . . . and so history is much more full of poems than anyone's life is.

Each of us continually speaks the perfect language. Only the other person disturbs our perfection. That two people can communicate at all is due to a compromise in which one understands

*exactly what anyone else wants to say. Just so,
we continue talking.*

*

*The solution of the world lies in its creating. That
is the poem's ultimate symbolism.*

*

ADDENDA . . .

The prevalence of editorial bad taste, demonstrated by frivolous and exhibitionistic statements of exaggerated satire on front pages and covers of many magazines, relegates announcement of realisation of a transformed policy in TRACE No. 35 to this section. The magazine no longer, in any degree, is dishonestly prepared with intentions of pleasing readers, but is honestly published to try to instruct readers, for the glory of God and the benefit of the editors.

After eight years, this is not a 'conversion,' but the attainment of better perspective: no embracement of dogma—either metaphysical or literary—but a step toward enlarged understanding of fulfilment of editorial function. As with writing, composing music, painting, and other activities beyond those required for survival, the hope of meaningful contribution rises in proportion to self-respect.

- A tri-city cultural exchange of programmes from all parts of the world just has been activated with acquisition of an FM radio station in New York City by PACIFICA FOUNDATION, already operating KPFA and KPFK in San Francisco and Los Angeles. This is WBAI (99.5 meg.), 30 East 39th St., New York City 16 (Telephone: Oxford 7-2288). Of TRACE interest—that literary broadcasts, including poetry, originating in each of these cities will be re-broadcast in the others. Further extensions of audience are achieved by exchanges both within the U.S.A. and in other countries, notably the CANADIAN BROADCASTING SYSTEM. Loans of tape-recordings believed suitable are solicited, and may be submitted to any of these stations.

- Turn-away houses having been reported at the initial run of Kenneth Patchen's new play DON'T LOOK NOW, at the TROUPE THEATRE, Palo Alto., Calif., an extended run into later December was anticipated (the premiere had been the 30th

of October). Performances were to open

in Los Angeles in January. . . . In the same active Bay area, THE ACTOR'S WORKSHOP offered the first presentation of George Hitchcock's comedy, THE BUSY MARTYR, at the ENCORE THEATRE. San Francisco. . . . THE POETRY CENTER (S.F.) readings continued into the winter season, with a special appeal for financial support, the Rockefeller Grant, available since 1956, having expired.

- KEX-FM (Portland, Oregon) has been signing off nightly with readings of a Willis Eberman poem, a practice which might well be emulated by good-night readings of other poets on other stations. . . . Another request for review material arrives from Bob Nystedt, who is doing critical pieces on books from smaller presses, poetry pamphlets, etc. for newspapers (Address: Reno Newspapers, Inc., Reno, Nevada).

- From London, continuation of the reading series of CONTEMPORARY POETRY AND MUSIC CIRCLE, for 1960, had been announced in conjunction with a farewell offering by John Heath-Stubbs, who has taken up an appointment at the University of Michigan, this year. Both music and poetry will be presented on second Monday evenings (7 o'clock) of each month, through May. Poetry books and little magazines are offered for sale at all sessions (at Stanton Coit House).

New York City reports from Anca Vrbovska and Henry Picola overlap in re the AVALON Editor's Panel for Poets (Hotel Wellington) and the International Academy of Poets (Lambert's Castle, Paterson, New Jersey) in October. Book plans from these are in THE CHRONICLE . . . and the assemblies likewise approved a 'Declaration of the Economic Emancipation of the Poets and Artists of the World :' an appeal for government commissions to render financial aid, for specially-created employment for outstanding artists, and for appointments for poets, composers, dancers, and those in other arts, both in colleges and industry. Mr. Picola endorsed what he called a 'scolding' for poets, however—from Lilith

Lorraine (FLAME editor).

More recent New York data from George Stillman noted that James T. Farrell is completing a new novel, while his wife Dorothy (his No. 1 editor) works at her own poetry . . . and so that it's suggested her poetic influence later may be discovered in his prose. . . . Allister Reid was off to Mallorca, after several months in Greenwich Village. . . . The Public Library System and the YMCA are engaged in 'verse promotion'—leading to speculation bears relevance to a 'beat' revolt against 'tourist-philistinism' in audiences and against invasion of their spheres by metropolitan entertainers. Light on such complexities, as well as lively literary squibs, feature contents of THE VILLAGE VOICE (the weekly newspaper from: 22 Greenwich Ave., New York 11, \$3 per annum).

- In Chicago, return of the old days may be presaged by some recent lectures under Adult Education auspices—a series reviving the CHICAGO FORUM, with Jack Conroy, among others. . . . Meanwhile, another case of censorship possibly is involved in Roosevelt University's withdrawal of support from VIGIL, immediately after publication of the still-current issue. Details are lacking. . . . But, continuing westward, the 'scene' fulminates best on the Pacific Coast. Several of the above rebelling Villagers have passed up Chicago; and besides forays to San Francisco and Los Angeles, are reading in San Diego at The Settlement Coffee House—here mingling Blake, Shelley, and Dylan Thomas with Gregory Corso, Jack Kerouac and—Sappho!

Several publications regrettably arrived too late for what might have been more than listing: REUNION IN BIG SUR, Alfred Perlès' response to Henry Miller's REUNION IN BARCELONA (SCORPION, 10/6); SONATA FOR FROG AND MAN, Peter Miller (CONTACT PRESS, \$2); PARVENUS & ANCESTORS, Barriss Mills (VAGROM, \$1); NO OTHER TIME, David Lyttle (GOLDEN QUILL, \$2.75); and THE COLLECTED MOTOR VERSES of W. H. Charnock (VILLIERS, 10/6).

Some items not received or not yet available, also sound interesting. The ms. of one was read, and definitely found of interest: HENRY MILLER: *His World of Urania*, Sydney Omarr (reported scheduled by SCORPION). Booklets by those debated colour-contrast mates, Judson Crews and Mason Jordan Mason—*THE FEEL OF SUN AND AIR UPON HER BODY* and *MULES THAT ANGELS RIDE*, respectively—are promised by HEARSE. From Australia, is announced: *THE ROSEATE FLAME*, by Brian Cox.

The outstanding unusual item is the first reproduction (with material added just before the author's 1959 death) of the Twenties limited edition of 1450-1950, Bob Brown (*JARGON/CORINTH*, \$1.50). Others: almost negligible by contrast, include four pamphlets from BIRTH PRESS. *SELECTED FRUITS & NUTS* (67c) and *SNOW JOB* (50c) are by Editor Tuli Kupferberg; *MOZART IN HELL*, Steven Tropp (25c)—and *FAMOUS PEOPLE THOUGHTS AND POEMS*, William Godden (25c). The severe drop from some serious work, not without merit, in the forefront of *SNOW JOB*, to some ill-considered shallow verse, shockingly suggests some vital lack in the author's personality. The Tropp and Godden booklets are mainly bad imitations of others not worth imitating for their technical non-achievements, and surely not for their manifestly-sick mentalities.

Other books: *A CASE FOR POETRY*, Roy MacGregor-Hastie—in tended for beginners' instruction (HUTCHINSON & CO., 5/-); *OUT OF THIS WORLD*, Walter D. Corning (GREENWICH, \$2); *TO KATE*, verse by Margaret M. Lavin (GOLDEN QUILL, \$2.75); *PRIVATE TESTIMONY AND PUBLIC POLICY*, Phillips Ruopp (PENDLE HILL, 35c); *LYRICS AND BALLADS from the Russian*, George Scheftel (POETS OF AMERICA, \$1.25). . . . Other odds: an AUERHAHN PRESS publicity folder, a lively publishing bit (samples) in itself; *EVERLASTING FIRES*, 'Sketch Anthology' from Marie Trommer, 99 Bay 29th St. (Apt C-3), Brooklyn 14, N.Y.

And with no intention of slighting, by this tail-end mention—but the project is remote both in place and language—that Walter Lowenfels has had a hand (authoring the Introduction) in a Chinese anthology of contemporary U.S.A. poets. The Editor also just learned that the title poem of Mr. Lowenfels' *AMERICAN VOICES* was incorporated into a Berlin State Opera presentation, with music by Norman Curtis.

The other poetry recordings received are: *A MASK FOR JANUS* and others of W. S. Merwin (*THE SPOKEN WORD*, SW 122); *HOWL* and other poems; Allen Ginsberg (*FANTASY* 7006—and advertised with it, a new Ginsberg paperback by *CITY LIGHTS: KADDISH* etc., perhaps available by the time of this issue, \$1); *THE DECLENSIONS OF A REFRAIN* and others of Arthur Gregor (*THE SPOKEN WORD*, SW 111).

Also, a few items not received, but likely to interest TRACE readers: *THE ADOMATIC MAN*, George Abbe (*WHETSTONE*, \$1); *UNIT AND UNIVERSE*/poems by I. L. Salomon (*CLARKE & WAY*, Inc., \$3); *JOHN*