

TRACE

A CHRONICLE OF LIVING LITERATURE

featuring
CHALLENGES:
Cardinals & Saints

and
ANNUAL INDEX
to 1960 Chronicles

coming for Trace's 10th year
FRESH PERCEPTS
of what's to be, in 1961

39

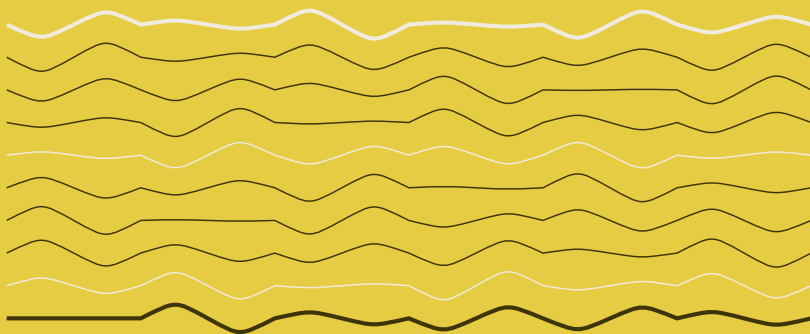
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TRACE

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Essays & Articles · Poetry · Reviews

SEPT-OCT 1960

Edited by JAMES BOYER MAY

A READING EDITION

ABOUT THIS EDITION

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

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

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WHY? AND CARDINALS & SAINTS

Arlene Zekowski, Stanley Berne

from the book of the second title — growing in significance since 1958 publication (METIER Editions, Croton-on-Hudson, New York, \$4.75)

WHEN GALILEO spoke on the law of falling bodies, discovering his discovery to be true because applicable, he established Science as an Art in itself and not a by-product of catholic metaphysics.

Newton, likewise remarked on this same problem, stating that gravitation, because of its various manifestations through experience, was the fact that we needed to know — not why.

Both Galileo and Newton were, in this way, the first true artists in Science to emerge from the Aristotelian confusion adopted by the catholic hierarchy and monarchy of the Middle Ages.

If we think we have progressed far from a period where Philosophy was considered only part of religion and not a study and an Art in itself — we have not too far to turn.

In the history of civilization, knowledge and the forms of knowledge always finds itself in flux, in change, in shifting from category to category. Today Psychiatry, for example, is barely emerging from its matriarchal sheath — Philosophy. We cannot in any way confuse one with the other. In its early beginnings, however, Psychiatry was to Philosophy what the Neanderthal was to the ape.

Galileo and Newton released Science from its moral dependence upon Religion and Metaphysics, so that Science as an Art could develop and work creatively, and assert its own purposes as valid because true and functional and empirical, opening the cerebral vision and extending it to the

infinity it was no longer afraid of, because its future limits would not be mythical, superstitious, arbitrary and prohibitive, but would depend on the courage and vigour and energy and creative power of the artist scientists among them.

In the novel we have not emerged yet from the dark ages. Here and there we have had certain glimpses into other arts, have shuddered and drawn ourselves inward again into our caves, have rehashed old recipes of plot and form, moral and symbol — a dash of passion here, of murder and incest and love, of allegory — to tie things into a common salad of Latin pleonasms, exercises in roots and suffixes and Shakesperian twists and Elizabethan conceits and eighteenth century dryness . . . a witticism here, a deliberation into reflection there — tossing and fuming over and over this witches' brew and abracadabra of just so much conscious awareness of what we are about; carefully carving our limits from here to there so that infinity was never beyond something known, never approached the 'obscurity' of new worlds as Science was always doing, or the 'confusion' of new forms that Art was always attempting, or the 'cacophony' of sound that characterised modern music . . .

Literature must always be above all this awkwardness at the elbows, rough edges, squeaks, squawks. It must be in control, never lose its touch, its savoir-faire, its way of turning an old frayed thought through the cosmetology, the make-up, the fards of words — adjective, adverb, verb — always forming and performing the entrechats of the Latin sentence into constant performance, so that language and thought are nothing but the mild clapping of audible and visible cognisant forms going through the motions of being all that you know, and never anything that shocks you into waking up from the dull performance of the successful, the always sure, as the disturbing under-categories behind the fard, behind the blush, the worlds of darkness, of knowledge

and sensation and evolution . . . that can only take place first, in the accident of the open, out of the hothouse, off the stage, unaware of everything but the mutations of forms as they are, into combinations that must not flatter the old ones but be themselves, fully and completely — must as readily deny the old ones in order to bring more space and scope into the language of their say-so.

It is not enough to recognise over and over again, a story familiar to us all, told and re-told, backwards and forwards, until the juice of the experience that story has contributed a million and one times, becomes arid and meaningless.

When a machine no longer serves its function, it must be modified or finally discarded for one that will take over the purpose to which it has been assigned. If this were not so, we should not today be flying airplanes, travelling by jet, or in the near future reaching the moon. Reaching the moon will be equivalent in its form of additive knowledge for our civilisation, to Columbus' discovery that the world was round.

Reaching the moon will extend our knowledge to the degree that we will say of Columbus' discovery, not the world is round, but the earth is . . . for we will then need other Columbus discoverers to tell us of outer space.

While Art and Sculpture and Architecture are adapting themselves through comparable creative discoveries in their fields to complement those of Science, only Literature refuses to extend itself, by enshrouding itself in forms that have long since become exhausted, by flattering each and every literate human being into thinking that the business of writing is only a business like any other business pure and simply, that it no longer involves *métier*, calling, and devotion, faith, patience and creative thinking and doing in its highest form — but a conscious and deliberate cold and calculative manual training!

Literature was never a business. Publishing is. What is being published today, is a product of so many people with pen in hand, stuffing the market of material goods with packages of words in different colours, sizes, all resembling each and every one, what the public knows and is used to, a piece of furniture as common as any other material or food we consume, as easily recognisable in any of its parts as a labelled package of frozen food, a Revlon \$64,000 question television programme, a Ford or a Chrysler or a washing machine.

Nevertheless, with all this material nutrition about us, this push-button progress, this education for all, this convenience of doing it for yourself and everyone doing it and everyone thinking it, and only It, this general extension of literature has brought upon us, in the midst of the heaviest book business we've ever experienced . . . an underground of searching, a nostalgic and harried wavering and wondering as we backward glance at the time when entertainment was a searching to fulfill a hunger, and not a push of the television button to fill in time.

Today it is time that we fill. And Literature, so-called reading, is a business which also fills in time. The purpose of Literature is not a purpose that bridges discussion.

Discussion does not take place. Instead we read, and think that we are reading, as we skip over page after page, yawn, become mesmerised through boredom, not attention, rub our eyes not with surprise or amazement but by reading so many words words words . . . that we all know or can guess at and which convey frankly all that we can imagine or have ever imagined.

So here we are, sophisticated, yes, each and every literate one of us, levelled into progress by industry (which got it from science), ready to read, and reading nothing, not knowing that all we consume is combustible, and forgetting that Literature is an Art or once was, like Science, and that

its discoveries are never combustible, expendable — but necessary.

Hypocrite Lecteur, mon semblable, mon frère! You are being slowly starved by the 'literature' of today that has lost, in its process of manufacture, of mass-production, one especial ingredient it can obtain from only one source — 'creativity.'

Modern literature must become revitalised. Otherwise it will die by killing off its readers; for once you have taken away spiritual hunger and extension, there will be no generation, and without generation there can be no life, and without life there can be no Art. It is time for Literature to be Literature, to be Art.

There are some subjects so large that we can never choose them, but hit or miss, by accident and preparation, by craft even, we pursue them, and then caught, they pursue us, like demons, devils, drying our blood, paling the skin, leaving us weak, sick and old . . .

Such a subject is that of CARDINALS & SAINTS. It is unwelcome even to speak of it because it lacks humour; it is as serious as suicide; and there are no thanks for the discussion of such a topic since only one hundred thousand may understand the intimate feelings of a Cardinal; but only a very few, perhaps ten, will know the trials of a Saint. Even this theory (if theory it is — better, conjecture) in polite circles is left undiscussed, for who shall be the first to pass an eternal verdict on his own generation; whose eyes have suffered the most, to know life the best? Who shall be the wiser for want of humour? Who shall be richer by want of a few years more to live, by money after death, or by friends to pass this most crucial judgement?

For don't we admire Cardinals? They are above us and have pomp. They are men who by dint of excessive study and quite a lot of craft reach a position elevated amongst men, pass on a little knowledge after having eaten; suffer no

doubt, above others, but they are conscious of themselves and they are men who are supremely aware of their having a mission. Above all, they will sacrifice friendship and love to reach eminence. They will dress carefully to look the part, and piety is their most important accessory. They will wear badges and ribbons of piety, and in their hearts worship God, but when they bend the knee, they will carefully adjust the cushion.

The Cardinal knows all there is to know about his chosen profession, and he knows he is meant for greatness and he must continually be reminded by those about him that they appreciate that they have an eminence amongst them, and if they should forget—he won't; and he will either remind them in a real Christian spirit of piety, or he will replace his friends and servants with those more devoted to the importance of his calling.

Above all, satisfaction for the Cardinal comes from two sources: from love of the work he is doing;—but pre-eminently from the reflexion of his own glory in men's eyes. There must be this latter, or the former will wither. The glory must be whispered from lip to lip and the Cardinal must overhear. He must genuinely be humble and remain devout, but he knows with all the ecclesiastical conviction possible within him, that even God is not greater than he.

Nature only jealously reveals to men her deeply guarded secrets and lets out one or two hints to the crafty-type spirit. The Cardinal has thus glimpsed Nature in her negligee, and he has breathed her love's perfume, but he has not taken her to bed. He is a man continually primping for the assignation to come. Is my hair combed? Am I perfumed? Do I meet the usual prerequisites of love and love-making? And being a Cardinal, am I not pure in only dreaming of taking her, yet never taking her actually— and isn't this living proof of the highest virtue of all? — Dreaming of her, prepared, but never consummating. And yet to go on loving her is, to the

Cardinal, the greatest proof of his simplicity and consistency. Vulgar men have to have her in the flesh. He alone can love her and yet remain chaste. And other men must concur with the Cardinal in this (about himself) and continually remind him that they know he has remained pure, undefiled, yet loving.

*

The Saint is not so easy to define. Isn't the Saint that delicate part of each of us which at some moment in our lives bursts into flower, as it were; the one part that can dream of creation and enable us to be forever inspired, by a brush with a kind of selfless greatness?

The Saint cannot dream of position or station because the work that he is doing is all-engrossing. The work of Nature, and Nature herself, are one, and Her laws come to be finally known if there is no willfulness for profit; the laws of Nature are the keys of the kingdom and humourless they are, grim on the outside, but rich with veins of gold beneath, and no amount of curtsying or cajolery or flirtation will reveal the vista of Nature as a broad landscape, each part clear and placed in a supremely exact position.

The Saint remains devout in a landscape of constantly changing custom. He is therefore often taken for an enemy or non-believer. The Saint has no energy for either vanity or primping; his energy is limited. He has a one-track mind. The kindness of the Saint is not easily perceived or measured; he will eagerly give away a continent, but he may not lend his toothbrush. The contained love of a Saint is maddening to himself and one-sided; he loves, and expects no like return. He may love the body of the loved-one, but despise its soul; all souls are mirrors, and looking, he sees his own madness, his own selfishness, his own terror, and the clarity of Nature is the bosom of God, the whore of expiation, the prick of sodomy, the prick delivering and delivered of an energy that cannot count what each action

will bring, what each manoeuvre is worth on the marketplace, or think even of career. The work draws blood, and the blood grows paler with each entrance, and all the sex of the Saint is involved and choleric and the choler abates a little each time and each time the venting and the storming are personal and painful, and also so joyous that his energy is abated, his brain is tired. There can be no thought of position, of fame.

Each has different duties, each has different satisfactions: the Cardinal has satisfaction from position, from the glory of admiration in men's eyes; and when he returns alone at night to the moments of solitude portioned to each man, then Fright and Despair and Doubt are like lances slitting sores, earthly pus and bile bleed out, the whole soul writhes in moral agony until the dawn. The Cardinal adjusts his robes and his face and he is eager again to face his audience, to seek the balm of their herd admiration, his supreme reward.

The Saint wears public looks like the rags on his back; scorn, not flowers, is his path because Nature has shown him the future, and working by these new precepts, the Saint's behaviour appears awkward and original, when in truth this same behaviour will be adopted shortly.

The Saint, receiving his satisfaction in private, can absorb scorn, and yet he must speak his thesis: blind, he must sing; crippled, he must write; hanged or murdered, his teachings bring life to others.

An unwelcome thesis is this of Cardinals & Saints because it is not humorous; also, because if continued, it can become fantastic. Also, like any thesis, it remains the most truthfully expressed in the places between the lines, in the many parts left unexpressed, so that they may grow by themselves in the minds of a few readers.

ISSUE P. 7 · SCAN P. 9

IN/ SERT

edited by Vic Flack

A Continuing Active Anthology for Creative Nutshelling A
Biased Broadranging of Independent Unpublished Work 4
Visual Folio-presentations, 30 Contributors of Writings
Columbia River Petroglyphs, New Calligraphy of Japan, etc
Cummings, Frost, R. B. Fuller, J. Wilkinson, etc 4th issue —
144 pages, 4 years gathering — \$2.00 Volume 1 complete,
Numbers 1 thru 4 — \$4.00 (prices when order refers to this
ad)

In/ SERT : G. R. Speeden No. 5, 115 W. 85th Street New
York City 24, N.Y. (N.B. Manuscript requirements already
filled thru 6th issue)

ISSUE P. 7 · SCAN P. 9

FIRST PERSON

*A Journal of Travel, Memoirs & Humor Thornton Wilder –
Allan Seager – Ford Madox Ford – Diana Athill – Curtis Zahn
Drumlin Road / Rockport, Massachusetts \$1 single copy
\$2.50 three issues*

ISSUE P. 8 · SCAN P. 10

THIS GASH IN TIME MAY REALISE CONSISTENCIES

(evidenced by one incision made by J.B.M.)

MULCH

A periodical with contents gleaned by
neurasthenaphone.

k e r e

Wandle-goosey brings the butter-bubbles up.

k

While getting shears gifted, my dye caught the easel too
late to avoid co-imminent lesion.

k

We splattered and tore — off the line of old bias.

k

White kneed in tidy diapers, is best unwrapped alone.

k

But.

k

Where — oh, where! — find some mintless ejections?

k

The scented signs each klink to esse, double-barred.

k

Vivid-lipped, all punned-on belles keep finger-slipping
keys' un-meaning numbers.

k

Tintabulating rash of registers from rabid drawers'
receipts, is ever kitsching questioners.

k

Nor made, then smiles; but freezes in what heated
greenest leap.

k

Moreover, no instrumental use can re-debilitate the
dollar.

k

Reason and season are more involved than
capper-dunces can epitomise.

k

When the breeze blows soft, the lie is quite unpregnant.

k

The belly that conceives the ash has not just held a
hotrod.

k

A loan of nothingness may know the end of — Things.

k e r e

TOWARDS PRINT

by Gil Orlovitz

(‘THE CULTURE PROTECTORS’)

THE TENDER anxiety expressed recently by some of our more prognathous culture protectors about the hog calling distance between artist and scientist, across which quite often, it is wept, the one cannot hear the hog call of the other, much less understand it — is, we fear, ill-advisedly ill-informed.

The culture protector may be divided into three categories. There is the pretentious artist with the unimpugnable scientific training; there is the inept scientist with the unimpeachable aesthetic background; and there is the Member of the Foundation paid to deliver back-and-forth fluttering cries of regret that Art and Science do not more intimately nuzzle each other in total and loving comprehension.

The tragic tune of the culture protector is usually keyed in this wise. Once upon a time, he keens, the artist and scientist were embodied in a single, Renaissance-type figure who, while his left hand plied challenging canvas with deft line and volant colour, his right hand blueprinted engineering specifications and observed the bases for conchology and in passing laid the foundations of astrophysics. Those cited to prove the case are Leonardo, Franklin, Jefferson, and Aeschylus,—the last-named, as we recall, who Spartalised military campaigns. Bacon, another fond choice, did indeed write powerful philosophic essays, and did indeed perform advisorily to Queen Elizabeth.

Well, now, well and good.

But what, actually, was the story?

As far as this writer is concerned, he has never heard a breath of scandal to the effect that Descartes composed any poetry the quality of which equalled ODE TO A NIGHTINGALE. Hear, hear. But there's always Santayana, isn't there? We do not often counsel the use of antidotes, but we recommend that anyone concealing the notion that a philosopher is capable of transcendent poetry immediately turn to Santayana's sonnets. At our descriptive kindest, we can only remark that they gush.

When did Hegel write a symphony? Hear, hear. Our protagonists, rapidly regressing to the infantile condition, haul up a banner naming Borodin, chemist and composer; Rimsky-Korsakoff, sailor and composer; Pascal, mathematician and essayist. Surely Pascal was first-rate in both provinces. But we need not remind our culture protectors that the giants of art — the Rembrandts, the Beethovens, the Shakespeares, the Titians — made no contributions to science, were barely aware, if at all, of the radical scientific inquiry of their day. They felt no need for, and usually had no interest in science; while the exceptional scientists for the most part enjoyed the art of their day, and that of their past, to the full.

Artists can, do, have, and will dismiss scientific thought for the simple reason that it is entirely unnecessary for the production of great art; while scientists can, do, have, and will experience art whether they value it or not. Valuation, of course, being no measure of importance.

We hear an ugly protest summed up in the name of Goethe. Aside from a single magnificent conception executed in the worst possible verse, FAUST, Goethe was a bad poet, an indifferent playwright, and a gauche novelist whom nobody reads. His contributions to anatomy and optics are duly entered. But, if our culture protectors intend to rest their case on Goethe, they had better explore his anatomy with considerably deeper realism. His contribution to Art was not

in his practice thereof, but from his incidence as prominent exemplar of a fresh and vital open-minded attitude.

May we equate the writing of Franklin with that of Tolstoi? — the painting of Leonardo with that of Velasquez? — the writing of Jefferson with that of Melville? — the plays of Aeschylus with those of Euripides? In what ways? That the first pair both used the alphabet? — the second pair, the brush? — the third and fourth, paragraphs? We look in vain for an ART OF THE FUGUE by Copernicus; we look in vain for a BROTHERS KARAMAZOFF by Newton; in vain for a MISSA SOLEMNIS by Linnaeus; in vain for a SONG OF SONGS by Einstein. When the culture protectors discover such phenomena, they will be the first to advise us.

For any single individual, who — if he transcends accretive rationality in the initial instance — perforce must labour to realise his own peculiar genius, the limitation defined by these phenomena is quite insurmountable. Creativity is not however solely restricted to its formed expression as an art. But, alternatively. To recall another: Gustav Fechner's physics led him to reveal aesthetic ideas perhaps even more fresh than those of his contemporary, Robert Browning. Yet, his attempts at their literary formulation proved bathetic. And does any culture protector seriously rate Browning a philosopher? — or conceive he might have advanced a galaxy-exploding theory of the cosmos?

The odd part of this whole matter is that anyone who has been reasonably educated is familiar with the material herein presented. The culture protectors, then, must have something rather curious in mind when they complain of the widening gulf between Art and Science. It would seem to us that they are intent on arbitrarily setting up a prototypically desirable figure on the hypothesis that such a figure would constitute a good for the world of culture; that, by yoking Art and Science together in one being, culture must certainly

benefit and, by extension, the ethics of the human world itself immeasurably improve the implication is that many of the world's ills must derive from the growing breach between Art and Science. But, since there never existed a link of any importance between the two, the implication is specious, and points to a serious evasion on the part of the culture protectors.

The evasion is a simple one. It consists of cowardice in the culture protectors who, unable to face the fact that politics is the sole province wherein social inequities must be coped with, turn to accuse a manufactured schism between Art and Science.

The prototypical (perhaps, protypologic!), encyclopedic incarnate of Art and Science represents, consequently, in psychoanalytic terms, recourse to an authoritative divinity figure who, conveniently castrated of all real power, can function as a screen and a disguise for the surrender of power by the culture protectors to their actual masters, those effective politicians of the day who have been cannily alert all along to the uses to which the culture protectors might be put.

It is clear that Art and Science need not 'understand' each other at all. Does one feel an experimental quickening at the perception of light when one comprehends the nature of the nuclear reactor providing the energy source? Does one become more sentient to the essences of Beethoven's later quartets when one is privy to the evolution of the sonata form? To argue affirmatively would be to distort the nature of function itself, in that all that phenomenally matters is that a WAR AND PEACE deeply move its audience; knowledge of the technical aspects of Tolstoi's storytelling will quite fail to aid a reader in being deeply moved. Likewise, familiarity with polymers could not possibly enhance one's appreciation of plastics.

What the culture protectors want to do, then, is to attack culture and destroy it. Themselves castrated by their political captors, they wish to impose the gelding on the exceptional artist and the outstanding scientist. We had not imagined that the politician could have been so ingenious as to discover yet one more use for the homosexual phase.

Artist — Scientist — you need not sleep with each other.

A VOICE FROM DOWN UNDER

English literature . . . American literature . . . and can we talk about Australian literature as a third subdivision?

Actually a national Australian literature is identifiable as far back as 1890. Like American literature, it is a literature of the New World. Like American literature, it has produced its own classics and its own tradition.

ISSUE P. 12 · SCAN P. 14

OVERLAND

Temper democratic, bias Australian

Is the most widely-circulation Australian literary magazine, and through it speaks the authentic voice of the Australian continent in stories, poems, articles, news notes, reviews.

Subscription \$1.50 (U.S.A. & Canada)

Ten Shillings (U.K. for four issues)

Editor, Overland, GPO Box 98a, Melbourne, Australia

WHY DO ALIVE READERS BUY UNIVERSE INSIDE ME ?

Because it loves the world and hates life-destroyers, saying so with a fury and an artistry that make WALDO FRANK write, 'Excellent . . . true Whitman tradition;' NORMAN MAILER say, 'Glad you printed it . . . passages of beauty and unembarrassed eloquence;' JOHN CIARDI say; 'I like your joys, your indignations . . . the little boy's day is a wonderful and terrible scene.'

Others who feel that Universe Inside Me is something special in this puny time: August Derleth ('provocative and fresh'), David Ray, Lawrence Lipton, Alfred Dorn, James Singer, Kenneth L. Beaudoin ('enjoyed it entirely'), Paul Ritter, A. S. Neill, Millen Brand ('fresh and exciting work'), Robert Bly, James Boyer May, Roy Miller, William Bittner, John Barkley Hart, Alden Nowlan, Tiffany Thayer, James Hiner.

THE CHRONICLE

Since the 1960 Index concluding this issue comprises an alphabetical list of all yet-active magazines and presses mentioned in THE CHRONICLE during the year, the new and/or changed addresses are not in the text below, as in preceding numbers. Besides to THE INTERNATIONAL GUIDE itself, please refer to the Index list and to the last Presses Directory (TRACE No. 34). Note that THE GUIDE, 1961 (due in December) incorporates both press and magazine projects.

REPORTEDLY TAKING a breather, was the AMAGOGIC Etc. REVIEW; a new address promised late in the year . . . AMERICAN LETTERS PRESS (not on periodical basis) soon will issue some new items. . . . Samuel Milton Elam of THE AMERICAN SATIRICON announces this sharp little mag (chiefly editorial content) now is available only on 3-yr. basis (\$2.50). . . . Details are awaited on the Puerto Rican ASOMANTE. . . . And data on BAKER STREET JOURNAL (a Conan Doyle mag) is sketchy. . . . A large special issue of BALANCED LIVING (June) was devoted to 'sex and censorship.' . . . On latest report, BEATITUDE is edited by Alan Dienstag and Jory Sherman. This continues as a monthly for moderns, anywhere (30c), and a Beatitude Anthology was due in August (CITY LIGHTS).

Bim, not long since in danger of suspension, again appeals for subscr. support. Such uncertainties should not be the lot of this old West Indies project; current No. 31 contains an extract from George Lamming's coming novel, first half of L. E. Braithwaite's study of Indies novelists, and much else (\$1s are needed). . . . CAMBRA, edited by M. B. Campbell, reports planned graduation from UAPAA, status (mainly verse; yet unpriced) . . . CANADIAN POETRY MAGAZINE seeks mss. from new address (see). . . . CANTO says 'reformed' policies, new addr. . . . CAPRICORN PRESS (restricted to N.Z. writers) has moved; and presumably, also the magazine

NUMBERS. . . . A new CARIBE REVIEW is to appear in Jan. 1961. W. W. Pemble states this will be devoted to South American poetry and prose, including translations — also graphic art.

A recent announcement by THE CHARIOTEER PRESS was misunderstood; not a no-pay house, — to the contrary, this one pays royalties in advance on total planned editions, in addition to the awards noted in TRACE No. 37. . . . Having, at least temporarily, suspended COERCION REVIEW, Clarence Major has returned mss. taken for future issues.... David Preiss of COLLAGE writes of unexpected shortage of good poetry for this new one (now bi-monthly)—also wishes more graphic art. The magazine is re-priced 50c with rates to college students and faculty members.

**CONTACT EDITIONS (PAPERB.) FROM
ANGEL ISLAND PUBL. INC.
(CONTACT MAG), WILL REINCARNATE
THE HOUSE BY THAT NAME WHICH
ISSUED AVANT-GARDE BOOKS FROM
PARIS IN THE TWENTIES AND FROM
NEW YORK IN THE THIRTIES,
DECLARES EDITOR W. H. RYAN....
DETAILS CONCERNING ANOTHER
CRITIC (CHICAGO) ARE LACKING....
POSITIVE DISCONTINUANCE OF CRUX
HAS BEEN ANNOUNCED.**

**DANCE PERSPECTIVES (AND SEE
ITEMS) IS IN ITS SECOND YEAR: AN
ATTRACTIVE AUTHORITATIVE
QUARTERLY OF PHOTOGRAPHS, ARE,
AND TEXTUAL MATTER. EARLIER
ISSUES (AVAILABLE BOUND) INCLUDED
LIVELY SOURCE MATERIAL ON THE
DANCES OF ANATOLIAN TURKEY,
YURY SLONIMSKY'S WRITING ON
LEV IVANOV, A PRODUCTION-HISTORY
OF THE LONDON ALHAMBRA (IVOR
GUEST), ETC.... CONTINUATION OF
DECEMBER JUST HAS BEEN
DISCOVERED; BUT THE NEW ISSUE
NOT YET SEEN.... CREATIVE INTEREST
IS REPORTED FROM DILIMAN
REVIEW OF UNIV. OF THE
PHILIPPINES (UNEXAMINED).... AFTER A
LAPSE, THE FIRST ISSUE OF
ENQUIRY SINCE FEB. '59 (2/6) HAS
APPEARED.... DUE TO UNEXPLAINED
LACK OF COOPERATION, ENVOI MUST
BE DELETED FROM TRACE LISTINGS.**

SET FOR FALL APPEARANCE, IS A
LARGE LITERARY REVIEW, THE FAT
ABBOT. EDITOR JAY KEYSER
WELCOMES ALL TYPES OF WORK,
‘WITHOUT PRECONCEPTION
CONCERNING STYLE, GENRE OR POINT
OF VIEW.’ BESIDES YOUNGER
WRITERS, NO. 1 FEATURES HEINRICH
VON KLEIST’S UBER DAS
MARIONETTENTHEATER IN TRANSL.
AND A REVIEW OF ROBERT GRAVES’
ANGER OF ACHILLES (\$1)... FIRST
PERSON TURNS OUT TO BE THE
NAME OF THE NEW MAG ANNOUNCED
AS MOTIF WITH CAROL L. KAGEFF
JOINING EDITOR ELOVITCH,... J. L.
MAZZARO, FRESCO, ASSERTS
INTEREST IN ALL ARTS, ‘SHYING
AWAY FROM THE SCHOLARLY’ (\$1.50
PER YR.—3)... GADFLY (UNSEEN) IS
SAID TO PRINT ONLY THE
PREVIOUSLY UNPUBLISHED OR
UNKNOWN (RAISING A QUESTION
CONCERNING THE INTENTION OF THE
SO-STATED ALTERNATIVE?)... CHANGE
OF EDITORS AGAIN AT GEMINI—BUT

**GENERAL POLICIES CONTINUED.... SEE
ADDENDA FOR DETAILS OF A LARGE
SPECIAL HOMOPHILE QUARTERLY....
THE IRISH MAGAZINE ICARUS HAS
NOT ARRIVED FOR REVIEW.... THOMAS
COLE HAS ANNOUNCED SUSPENSION
OF 14-YEAR-OLD IMAGI.... THAT
PROMISED ENLARGED IN/SERT WAS
READY TO GO TO PRESS AS THIS
TRACE WAS PREPARED.... A
'WAY-BEYOND' QUARTERLY IS
KULCHUR, EDITED BY MARC D.
SCHLEIFER (75C).... LITUANAS IS
RELISTED, BY REQUEST.**

**LOST ART PRESS — FOR THE
CONTRADICTION UNLOSTNESS OF
WHICH, IAN LOVELOCK SEEMS AT
LEAST PARTLY TO BLAME — WILL
BE DEVOTED TO POETRY AND OTHER
ARTS.... ANOTHER NEW PRESS IS
LOUJON — ANNOUNCING THE GYPSY
LOU SERIES OF POETRY
CHAP-BOOKS.... WITH A CORRECTION
OF ADDRESS, EDITOR R. N. STATES
MATE NOW PAYS, IN VARYING
AMOUNTS.... THE MODERN DRAMA
FROM U. OF KANSAS, HITHERTO
UNLISTED, SEEMS NOT ENTIRELY
RESTRICTED.... SUSPENDED IN 1958,
MONTANA POETRY QUARTERLY
REVIVES IN DUPL. FORMAT —
EDITOR, JESSIE L. PERRO....
MORNING STAR REPORTS
PRESENTLY OVERSTOCKED....
DEFINITELY REMAINING INACTIVE IS
THE NAKED EAR.... EDITOR GIL
SORRENTINO HAS PERMANENTLY
SUSPENDED NEON.**

Wm. L. Moore reports a new NEW HORIZONS, succeeding the more-specialised SEARCH ('Everyman's Mental Health Digest, catering to former Mental Patients'). Priced \$2 for six issues,

this will feature personal bits and creative work bearing on mental problems generally, from any whose work is of relevant value.... ODYSSEY says 'overstocked.'.... No replies on unreported mss. have been received from OHIO POETRY REVIEW.... Notes to contributors indicate suspension of OLIVANT (annual).

A new bi-monthly edited by P. Yves Nolet, THE OLD PALACE, has been queried.... OPUS is described as the organ of a West Indies group (unseen).... ORANGE STREET JOURNAL is published from Pond Street (see EDITORS WRITE).... THE OUTSIDER will be edited by Jon Edgar Webb — wishes 'new' prose, poetry, reviews, reports 'outside' Grub St. area.... Not limited, OXFORD OPINION (6d) accepts work by those in 'student status,' from anywhere.... With PEGASUS suspension, Editor Kate Beltrone, 10 Monroe St., New York City 2, offers back issues (50c).... A recent PENDLE HILL Bulletin held a collection of poetry of chiefly unpublished writers and a reprint of Nicolas Berdyaev's ETHICS OF CREATIVENESS.... Outside work is sought by PENNSYLVANIA LITERARY REVIEW.... PINCHPENNY PRESS mail is marked 'Gone' etc.

PINNACLE, edited by Elise Pinkerton Stewart, will appear three times annually — poetry, fiction, essays (price and pay unmentioned).... Queried is POETRY DIAL (shows pay in copies only).... Present status of POETRY IN NOTTINGHAM is unknown.... POETRY TAOS, definitely inactive.... Mss. for PROGRESSIVE WORLD should go direct to Editor Hugh Robert Orr (see INDEX).... RONGwRONG is new, but names of Editors Carl Larsen and James Singer are familiar — and publisher is SEVEN POETS PRESS. See EDITORS WRITE.

Coming No. 6 SAN FRANCISCO REVIEW opens with eight

EDITORS (AND OTHERS) WRITE

Patrick Gleeson (bellevue, Wash., U.s.a.)

I agree with Gil Orlovitz that the foundations have in large measure subsidised mediocrity. This though I am now receiving money from the one which Guy Daniels (FINNEGAN, TRACE No. 37) designates with little urbanity and no wit as 'The Chevrolet Foundation.'

'Ignoring the screams of the wounded who may qualify as apotheoses of the shoddy, the dull, and the unimaginative — and are undoubtedly busy accusing Orlovitz of deluging them with vinegar from sour grapes — there are still cogent reasons for applying for and accepting grants, as well as for nominating and evaluating others . . . if one has faith that he does not qualify as shoddy, dull, and unimaginative.

In the first place, the creative experience and its result are either valueless or priceless. Even if this were not true, there has never been an individual capable of stating that a poet will turn out X dollars worth of poetry in one year. But no one who accepts or gives a grant, no one who accepts or gives payment for publication supposes that in doing so he has placed a value upon the creative act. He has stated that, in his opinion, the work is more successful as art than the rejected works. He has stated that at the time of the grant, one poet is a better poet than another. Anyone who disputes the desirability and necessity of such a judgement confuses John Donne with Ed Guest.

'Secondly, it is reassuring that a publishing house or foundation is willing to do as much for the poet as for the typesetter, despite that a payment does not imply that the artist's time and work are worth no more than the payment.

'Thirdly, I assume Orlovitz believes there are writers not aptly termed shoddy, dull, and unimaginative. Otherwise,

why should he serve on the staff of a literary magazine? At this point, I could say that, since both Pound and Roethke have received money from foundations, any statement damning all foundation grants is fallacious. But since in these two cases and all others, one could object that factors are involved having nothing to do with art, but everything to do with the artist or the effect of “circusums” upon his already-decaying moral fibre, I’ll assume that Orlovitz is unimpressed with the work of these poets, and with the work of all others who have received moneys from foundations.

For the moment, I will suppose Orlovitz judgement infallible. The argument now becomes a challenge. If Orlovitz thinks foundation poets are lousy poets, and if he has faith in his own judgement, let him sit on a board evaluating the nominees. This is far better than “to mask . . . uninvolvement . . . by composing heavyhammered satires . . .” (Orlovitz, TRACE No. 37, p.7). “Light needs to be cast on the murky work of the foundations, not ignis fatuis.”

WILLIAM E. TAYLOR (IMPETUS):

The really horrifying thing about editing a poetry magazine is that you suddenly find yourself in business. This is what is wrong with Mr. D. V. Smith. He's in business, and he doesn't want to be. I don't know how he can get out of it. Certainly not by insulting ill-tempered poets (though somebody ought to), nor by advertising that his is the only little magazine worth the money. See? It's probably a disease with him. But then, money is a disease that's hard to get immune to. Try Thoreau. Somebody told me just recently that Thoreau was all right, except that he wasn't a practical person, which is, I should say, the reaction of at least ninety per cent of the tolerant, "educated" citizens of this great republic. Can we ask for any better proof of the nature of the disease — like for instance the war that seems to be coming up in the next few years (months?)? But this is unfair to Mr. Smith; for certainly, he is an idealist.

Which brings me to the reason for my writing: Felix Anselm's

question, "WHAT NEXT?" — as he put it in TRACE No. 37.

Indeed: What next? A phrase one sees frequently bandied about

by members of the fraternity is "the advancement of the cause."

What I want to know is, what cause? Poetry? Freedom? Peace?

Sex? Personally, I'm in favour of all of these, especially the last.

But, why quibble? I say, friends — to paraphrase a poem of Reed

Whittemore's — WHAT CAUSE? What cause! WHAT CAUSE!!'

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HANS JUERGENSEN (ORANGE STREET JOURNAL):

James Singer (ex-emergent):

Barbara Fry (harlequin):

'Started by five poets, this has been an interesting project. The New Haven Poetry Society held public readings and began publishing work by members in the spring of '59. In June, the writer was asked by the New Haven Arts Festival to serve as chairman of the poetry section. With him were Richard Banks and William Byler, and Joseph P. Brennan, publishers of TRIAD and ESSENCE, respectively. Poems were solicited for display; and of 156 submitted, 56 were accepted and mounted for display in the book tent. Two public readings were scheduled on the green during the festival; ten poets read, each for five minutes, to audiences of 200.

In this issue of the JOURNAL, we have for the first time invited non-members to contribute. You may be interested in our financial setup, since the preceding three issues were paid for on the day of publication. We asked for "contributions" of 75c from audiences — and got them! Secondly, we managed to sell our first issue (printing cost, \$56 for 200) for 50c apiece; and further contributions at meetings helped defray later costs. Poets (Connecticut residents) must submit at least ten poems, to be accepted for society membership, for which the initiation fee is \$5. The trick of success is that each member turns salesman upon publication of a new issue.

'We are then of a mind with Clarence Major, who urges every poet to publish a little magazine (TRACE No. 36). None of us could afford it by himself; but, together, we print.'

While arguments back & forth in TRACE concern the roles of editor and poet — like, who/s going to subsidise the

magazines subsidising the poets (printing them, say) & why don't poets subscribe & why don't editors jump & all like that — we (RONGwRONG) take a slightly different view. RONGwRONG is for laffs. Maybe wilfully hysterical, but laffs. We don't care if the poets don't subscribe (probably won't print them); we don't care if our subscribers don't write poetry (probably won't print them either). We don't care a whole lot for a lot of other Important Questions — like those quasi-political whshotjohn questions of what/s beat & what ain't — just poems, that's all &, of course (doesn't everyone?), the madder the better.

Tutored in true Freudian fashion, we stand, tears in our eyes, waving bye-bye, as the faces of many established-modern-world famous-poets disappear with their works — before they appear in our shabby, grubby litpags. . . . One last thing. Litmags come & go, like political conventions; RONGwRONG isn't any different. But, like a political convention, while it lasts, it lasts just for the hell of it.'

I was shocked to see this "unburden with cathartic abandon" as Mr. Anselm called it (in TRACE No. 33, and so described in No. 37); and I chose not to answer it because what my ex-husband disliked about me was personal rather than literary, and I'm sure that was obvious to all readers of TRACE, to all readers of the poetry of Charles Bukowski, and to all people who knew us when we were together.

'All that I choose to say about my ex-husband (but I feel after Mr. Anselm's remarks, something should be said) is that I believed, believe, and will continue to believe him a good poet. As for Mr. Hedley, who grew terribly angry with me — I apologise, Mr. Hedley, for the sin against you, and from which Poet Charles Bukowski has been so deftly absolved with purgative renouncement!

'And to Mr. Anselm, I wish to make one statement: You are wrong when you say "Where editors unburden

themselves with such cathartic abandon . . . including their marital feuds with ex-co-editing ex-mates.” Dear Mr. Anselm, I assure you that there was no marital feud concerning this sin committed against Mr. Hedley. Bukowski was my husband; he said, send the poems back. I sent them.

I earnestly hope now that the whole indecorous muddle is ended. It ill becomes one human being to speak ill of another human being he has known intimately; it ill becomes supposedly-intelligent human beings to turn a difficult and fragile undertaking such as a literary publication into an unblessed ciborium to which they may commit their contempt, their complaints, their conceits, and their petty injustices.

“ . . . for the just man does not permit the several elements within him to interfere with one another, or any of them to do the work of others . . . thinking and calling that which preserves and cooperates with this harmonious condition, just and good action, and the knowledge which presides over it, wisdom, and that which at any time impairs this condition, he will call unjust action, and the opinion which presides over it ignorance.”

THE REPUBLIC

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Stephen Murray-Smith

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A CLOSE PROBLEM IN A FAR SCENE

THERE ARE FIVE established literary magazines of a quarterly nature on the Australian literary scene: SOUTHERLY, edited by the distinguished poet Kenneth Slessor, was founded in 1939 and is centred in Sydney, our largest city; MEANJIN, founded in 1940 and edited by C. B. Christesen, is published in Melbourne, as is OVERLAND, founded in 1954 and edited by this writer; and the other two, of comparatively recent date, are QUADRANT (Sydney), edited by the poet James McAuley, and AUSTRALIAN LETTERS (Adelaide), edited mainly by the poet Max Harris.

These five magazines give wide coverage to the Australian background. SOUTHERLY is supported by the English Association and tends to a somewhat academic approach. Credit for its survival and growth mainly belongs to its founder and editor for many years, R. G. Howarth, now a professor at the University of Cape Town. MEANJIN is what would be called in the U.S.A. a 'liberal' journal, the most wide-ranging, comprehensive and respected of the quarterlies. In a Princeton survey, it was once rated among the best seven little magazines produced anywhere.

OVERLAND has specialised in the Australian scene, being interested in the post-war upsurge of interest in Australian cultural and social origins, and seeking to find a via media between literature and the masses. It has consistently encouraged non-professional writing and reportage and, although this has occasionally led it into trouble over literary standards and definitions, it at least has been compensated with a circulation of nearly 4,000,—which stands well ahead of all but a handful of little magazines anywhere in the English-speaking world.

QUADRANT is supported by the Congress of Cultural Freedom and is the most right-wing of the Australian

quarterlies, as OVERLAND is the most left-wing. AUSTRALIAN LETTERS has some affinities with OVERLAND in seeking to be 'popular.' In the opinion of this writer, at least (and he may not be objective!) it has not yet found a satisfactory formula, although notable for many bright, new ideas injected into the field.

It is significant that none of these magazines can afford a full-time editor, although C. B. Christesen devotes most of his time to MEANJIN. Slessor is a journalist, McAuley, a lecturer in anthropology, the writer, an educational journalist and research worker, and Harris, a bookseller.

The two oldest magazines have annual grants from the Commonwealth Literary Fund (refers to the Commonwealth of Australia, not the British Commonwealth). This fund, which now stands at £20,000 a year, grants MEANJIN and SOUTHERLY £1,000 a year each. In the case of MEANJIN at any rate, this does not even meet the cost of one issue.

Meanwhile, the other three quarterlies are resentful that their applications for assistance are regularly refused by the Fund. QUADRANT, however, is supported by the Congress of Cultural Freedom.

The existence of this Commonwealth Fund highlights the plight of Australian writers. Probably not more than ten Australian writers can live full-time from their work, and the three fellowships awarded each year by the Fund are a big help. The Fund also subsidises publication of certain books, promotes literary lecture tours, and pays pensions to writers and dependents. Needless to say, it is pitifully inadequate and there is strong agitation to see that Australian culture should receive a fair measure of the subsidies and protection afforded to industry and agriculture.

As a small, English-speaking country, we are unusually sensitive to the inroads of mass culture from other English-speaking countries. We have no national language to act as a barrier and protection. This is one of the reasons

why not more than a few dozen new works of creative writing are published yearly in Australia, and why, for instance, there is no Australian film industry.

Australian writers don't want to ban books from other countries (our censorship regulations, though recently liberalised, have made us a world laughingstock), nor do we want import duties on them. But we do want Australian writers, publishers, film-makers helped by the Government, and we see no particular danger in this. Australia is historically a country where a great deal of Government intervention (which has been economically necessary) is taken for granted.

It would be only correct to finish this brief survey by saying that Australian cultural workers are proud of their own traditions, which are distinct from those of any other country. We see Australian literature as distinct from both English and American literature, and are fighting for its recognition as a subject of study in the universities. Our Declaration of Independence dates back to the 1890s when figures such as Henry Lawson and Joseph Furphy created a distinctive national idiom, and one which has coloured and influenced all our writing since.

(Readers may check recent issues of TRACE and the INTERNATIONAL GUIDE for data on some all-poetry and less-regular Australian periodicals not entered above. Subscription data also may be found—and OVERLAND's editor offers aid in handling subscriptions other than to his own magazine.)

THE EDITOR (A FABLE)

by Sam Bluefarb

BORN TOO LATE to know at firsthand to know the fermentations of the Twenties, too young to have manned the literary barricades of the proletarian Thirties, Duane Selliman often looked back to those decades with the nostalgia of those who, not having experienced them, have a hopeless yearning to go through the motions of reliving them. For, when he had founded FREEWAYS, a quarterly of the literary arts, it had been Duane's intention to resuscitate those dormant trends that had made the Twenties and the Thirties — each in its own memorable way — the decades they have since become. This placed Duane at a midway point of a polarity of gravitational fields which subsequently created a dominant conflict in his relatively sensitive and intelligent mind. For, Duane knew full well that the Bohemian advance guard of the Twenties had become petrified into the gnarled and stony oaks of the Old Guard, and that, certainly, the Proletarian Age had ended when the hammer of World War II had descended on the literary anvil of that age. Duane, of course, knew that it was impossible to return to those ardent days; yet, he hoped that FREEWAYS, in a modest measure, would fill the vacuum left by the departure of those years and their enthusiastic rebellions.

Though too late either to inspire Revolutions of the Word or Revolutions of the masses, FREEWAYS was to pride itself on being an inheritor of those glorious traditions without being too blunt about its posture. For, Duane believed himself to be a son of the professed present as well as heir-apparent of the imminent future. Like his spiritual forebears of the rebellious Twenties and revolutionary Thirties, Duane felt that he too might act the Cassandra to a world far more

threatened than either of their worlds had ever been.

Yet, if FREEWAYS hit out at the troglodyte culture which had spawned it, it did so, not so much out of a perverse or chronic sense of negation as out of an inordinate scorn of everything that was false about that culture. If Romain Rolland in an earlier generation had once been called the conscience of mankind, so Duane Selliman for a later generation believed himself the living conscience of his dying culture. If FREEWAYS was going to be free, it would quite freely — and, one must admit, quite courageously — have to attack every false value on which the freeway culture was based, including the freeways themselves. Thus, even the name of the magazine could be thought of as the nomenclative product of an ironic punster who, with thorough impartiality, could wield the battering-ram as the rapier, swing the hammer as well as flourish the goose quill. It wasn't so much a case of the freeways themselves being obsolete (although that point had become something more than an academic concern), or even the men who had built them; it was just that the entire culture stank to heaven. It was not only an 'unweeded garden' — but a compost heap from which only the seed of an awakened and aggressive critical consciousness would come to flower. Not for nothing did the caption under the masthead proclaim: 'The New Flourishes Upon the Decay of the Old.'

Perhaps then, it was no accident that Duane Selliman, with an almost instinctive facility, was able in his own mind to separate the new and the healthy from the old and the moribund. In a sense, the caption under the masthead was ambivalent, for it gave the perceptive reader, adroit at verbal riddles, the chance to mull over the paradox, which only produced in him further confusion. Did the editorial policy of FREEWAYS favour decay, or was the New to be admired in spite of the decay? After all, the adroit readership scratched its collective head, asking: Does not decay, in the biologic

process at least, engender new life?

However, if ambivalence and uncertainty were present in the minds of the overthoughtful, there was little doubt or uncertainty in the categorical mind of the intrepid Duane. For him, that which was dead produced decay; and that which was alive produced (or better, reproduced, life). And since there was no question which of the two processes was the more desirable, Duane naturally was on the side of Life! Once, on being asked who it was had dreamed upon the caption, he disclaimed any responsibility, and put its appearance under the masthead as a piece of mindless whimsey perpetrated by a subordinate associate editor who (a brief glitter of a mirthless smile behind rimless glasses) had been dropped from the magazine's editorial board. The associate editor in question had later made himself worthy of this foresight on Duane's part by hitting the downward trail to heroin bliss-hood. But the caption had stayed on under the masthead simply because, for the moment at least, it would have been financially inexpedient to have had a new plate designed. Sometime in the near future, when FREEWAYS grew more widely known and was even in a position to pay its contributors—in cash, not in copies—it would drop the troublesome equivocal caption and replace it with one more forthrightly positive and 'healthy!' (Healthy and unhealthy were adjectives which Duane was particularly fond of applying as value-judgements to stories, essays, poems, and any other literary freight which went calling at the doors of the quarterly. Generally, the negative designation was enough to send a crisp, printed rejection back to the hapless author, along with the mss.) Until that time came, the caption would stay under the masthead.

On one occasion, FREEWAYS took the opportunity to involve itself in a cause célèbre (manna from heaven in an age of causeless aridity!) The issue was the firing of a teacher-writer from a local institution of higher learning for

taking up—or rather, for getting enmeshed in—the cause of a Stalinoid campus group. It was then that the tone of *FREEWAYS* became indistinguishable from the temper of those journalistic anachronisms which had barely survived the yeasty years of the Thirties. Selliman decided that the teacher writer's defense would best be espoused in the pages of *FREEWAYS* by throwing those pages open to the teacher-writer. A number of his stories were published, over a number of issues, and even a series of lengthy editorials devoted to his defense. Of course, there was no point in being too blatant about such an espousal. For Duane, at heart, was a sensible and prudent person. He would be more subtle than his predecessors in the Thirties had been. The rebel journals of those years, while having noble intentions, had ruined themselves by being too brazen about those intentions. Duane would play it smart; he would utilise the oblique method—far more effective in these days of hysteria than the quixotic frontal assault of those earlier years. *FREEWAYS* never quite committed itself outright to the causes of the Movement, but only to the defense of those, who—by default or naivete—had been caught napping within the domiciliary precincts of those causes.

The teacher-writer had many admirers—especially among some of the more zealous young freshmen and sophomores — on campus. There were even a few superannuated graduate students who looked upon the teacher-writer as some sort of glorious martyr to the cause of causes. But among *FREEWAYS*' subscribers were those who could not see much that was either noble or admirable in a professor foolish or naive enough to be taken in by a shrill band of cynical comrades who had long ago been discredited. Such blandishments might have been quite all right for the dewy-eyed freshmen and sophomores enjoying their first flirtation with synthetic radicalism, but not for those who were older and wiser. Once, in the not-so-distant past, these

critics themselves had supported those self-same masters of the tortured ideology, and if FREEWAYS' pontifical platitudes meant anything to these veterans of the disillusioned wars, it was not only to produce a yawn of boredom, but the stirrings of exasperation. They had been suckers once. They certainly weren't going to be again. FREEWAYS might be a literary magazine first, but they would be damned if they were going to be forced to chew upon the pabulum of a predigested cause of protest, hiding behind the name, or between the lines, of its literary professions. Consequently, after publicly accusing FREEWAYS of all sorts of dire connections (accusations which technically, it must be admitted, were without foundation) they cancelled their subscriptions and went their ireful ways.

This development created a rift among the editors of FREEWAYS, for there were among them those who wanted no part of such a cause — concealed or patent, literary or political. However, the rebel fires were not to be extinguished in FREEWAYS' intrepid editor. With half his staff defected to the enemy camp, there to found its own magazine — with the remaining half hanging onto the already-tattered banner of the literary wars — Duane tried a new tack. He opened his pages to the rebels of the Beat rebellion. If the attempt to recapture the mood of the Thirties had failed, then Duane would reach back to the earlier decade, where the tradition was more akin to the politically-irresponsible Fifties and Sixties than to the politically-conscious and fervid Thirties.

But this move eventually had its devastating repercussions too. For, Duane began to receive floods of letters (none of which he ever published) protesting the grotesque horrors which filled his pages, and which were usually entitled POEM. One reader wrote: 'If what you are trying to produce is a bastard hybrid from the copulating ghosts of HOUND AND HORN and TIGER'S EYE, you have not succeeded. For, we are tired of those who assume the mantle

of the avant garde while actually fighting a rear-guard action. Dear Selliman, occasionally you have published something worthwhile, legitimately approaching art. Please stick to the art and let go of the nonsense — including the apocalyptic editorials!

But Duane Selliman, having retreated on one front, was in no mood to retreat to another. He stuck to his guns, playing out the courageous rebel of the editorial chair to the last — when the second and final catastrophe struck: the mass desertion of FREEWAYS' remaining subscribers.

Not long after, the surviving members of Selliman's staff (with the exception of a couple of thick-skinned opportunists who hoped to sit out the storm in order to take over FREEWAYS at some indeterminate future date) deserted the storm-wrecked vessel. And while Selliman, like a noble, but bullheaded skipper, clung to his half-submerged vessel, the literary rivals of FREEWAYS were now gaining on all fronts. In the north, the COPIOUS REVIEW opened its pages to those very writers diagnosed as hopelessly unhealthy by Selliman. In the south, the NEUROTIC QUARTERLY welcomed writers who could not be identified with any school, region, or coterie. Some of these were lone wolves who went their solitary, gaunt-eyed ways, trimming their literary sails for no one, least of all soi-disant oracles of the editorial chair. While some were simply the dregs of the literary underworld who, for the first time in years, were about to get a hearing. The difference between the approach of FREEWAYS and that of the NEUROTIC QUARTERLY was that while FREEWAYS, in the course of its lifetime, had allowed now one group and now another to dominate its pages, the QUARTERLY steered a perilous, if less categorical, course between the Scylla of political soul-saving and the Charybdis of disaffiliationist onanism; on its side, the COPIOUS REVIEW assiduously avoided the dubious practice of literary favouritism which FREEWAYS had come to have a weakness for. (It was an open secret, and

perhaps the very reason for its ultimate demise, that FREEWAYS' roster of family contributors, with a few exceptions varied little from one issue to the next; on skimming the table of contents of any given issue, one could invariably depend on running across the same hard core of repetitious by-lines.)

This state of affairs — the gaining on all fronts of these rivals — was a paradox which Duane's fortitude could face even less than the fact of his dwindling readership. FREEWAYS, no longer able to continue its posture of courageous critic of the freeway culture, now began to devote all of its space to attacking its attackers. To make matters worse, terror invaded the dreams of its editor. In one of these nightmares, he saw himself as a rope (apt metaphor!) in the literary tug-of-war between opposing coteries — one of the wild Left, the other of the outraged Right. And in this tug-of-war, the rope, originally tied around his waist, somehow slipped and got tangled around his neck.... About 3 a.m. one morning, Duane Selliman woke up screaming; and he didn't stop screaming until his two remaining thick-skinned associate editors drove him out to the edges of the city — far from the smog and the freeways — and deposited the erstwhile editor, yowling and struggling, on the grounds of a large building which nestled in a sunny valley. Above the Grecian portico were engraved the Roman letters: DEDICATED TO THE PURSUIT OF HEALTH.

Duane Selliman had finally found a home for his warring impulses.

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A WORN PEG FOR FRESH-OLD GUNSTONISMS:

DESERT ISLAND BOOKS

David Gunston

THE CHOICE OF BOOKS to take with one if marooned, Crusoe-fashion, on a desert island, is a topic that has often occupied the minds of authors and readers. What books would be the best companions on such a sojourn? which ones would be indispensable? such speculation, even if light-hearted, affords an interesting light on individual tastes in reading, and on varying opinions on what are the great, unique, 'backbone' of books in the world's literature.

The Bible and Shakespeare, between them, have of course innumerable voters, but according to Samuel Butler, Schopenhauer said that if he were restricted to a single author he would choose Helvetius. Robert Southey drew up a list of twelve English authors who would provide the reader with 'an inexhaustible reservoir, a Bank of England.' They were Chaucer, Spenser, Shakespeare, Milton, Lord Clarendon, Jackson, Jeremy Taylor, Robert South, Izaak Walton, Sidney (for his *ARCADIA*), Fuller (for his *CHURCH HISTORY*, and Sir Thomas Browne (for his *HYDRIOTAPHIA*). Walter Jerrold claimed he 'would unhesitatingly decide upon Southey's *SELECT WORKS OF THE BRITISH POETS* — a library in a single volume.'

Arnold Bennett once wrote that he would not include more than one novel in a list of twenty books for reading on a desert island, and he would choose it from *THE WOODLANDERS*, *the CHARTERHOUSE OF PARMA*, and *THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV*. Yet, Andre Gide, who was said to make such a list every three months, revising it in the light of his changing taste, included no novels at all. On the other hand, Somerset Maugham has drawn up a list of what he considers the ten greatest novels ever written, and from

which anyone's desert fiction ought to be drawn: TOM JONES, DAVID COPPERFIELD, Balzac's OLD MAN GORIOT, THE BROTHERS KARAMAZOV again, MADAME BOVARY, MOBY DICK, PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, Stendhal's THE RED AND THE BLACK, and WUTHERING HEIGHTS. Lord Oxford once said that if he were cast away on a desert island, and could have only one work, he would plump — a little greedily, perhaps — for the forty volumes of Balzac. 'Were I to sell my library,' wrote Denis Diderot, the French philosopher, 'I would keep back Homer, Moses and Samuel Richardson.' Mr. Justice Mackinnon found it difficult to decide between PICKWICK PAPERS and PRIDE AND PREJUDICE, for castaway reading. Benjamin Jowett was of the opinion that all sensible persons read PICKWICK habitually at least twice every year.

In general, however, fiction does not come off too well in the desert island libraries of the famous. John Ruskin claimed that his day was remarkable for its 'book deluge': whoever wanted to keep well out of 'the salt swamps of literature' occasioned by this deluge should try to live on 'a little rocky island of his own, with a spring and lake in it, pure and good,' containing Homer, Plato, Aeschylus, Herodotus, Shakespeare and Dante, all assuredly authors whom his desert island choice would include. Henry Jackson and Henry Sidgwick, famed in their day as great Cambridge scholars, if they could choose only three volumes, would settle for Shakespeare, Plato, and Aristotle. Malherbe, the industrious French poet, had one sole choice in all literature, Horace, whom he called his 'breviary,' always accompanying him on walks and lying on his pillow at nights.

If Hilaire Belloc had been asked to choose his island library, he would doubtless have plumped solely for Gibbon; for, has he not written of him 'I can pick him up at any moment, read him for ten minutes or half an hour a day, and lay him down delighted: not a dull line in the enormous work, certainly not a dull page; one can take it up any period

of one's life and so delight in it; you can go back to him as often as you like, read the same passage over and over again, each time within a few days of the last . . . ?

On this score, the *DECLINE AND FALL* fulfills all the requirements of solitary castaway reading; for, such a book must necessarily be familiar, full of fresh interest, and readable times without number.

Shelley held that a good library must contain the Greek Plays, Plato, Bacon's *WORKS*, Shakespeare, the Old Dramatists, Milton, Goethe, Schiller, Dante, Petrarch, Boccaccio, Machiavelli; but which of these he would select as his sole companions, it is difficult to imagine. Richard Jefferies once said that 'all the books in the world — really books — can be bought for £10. Man's whole thought is purchasable at that small price, for the value of a watch, of a good dog . . . For the rest, it is repetition and paraphrase.' Unfortunately, he left no record of the actual volumes he had in mind. Both Grotius and Bonaparte claimed to carry their company, but unrevealed, libraries in their pockets.

Archdeacon Farrar, the famous Victorian divine, considered the only books worth preserving, if literature were in a blaze of fire, were the Bible, Thomas à Kempis' *THE IMITATION OF CHRIST*, Homer, Aeschylus, Thucydides, Virgil, Marcus Aurelius, Dante, Shakespeare, Milton, Wordsworth, Tennyson, Browning, and Ruskin — surely a most catholic and satisfying selection. Leigh Hunt found it hard to decide whether to choose Shakespeare or Spenser, while Keats favoured the former. In his *REMINISCENCES*, Thomas Dibdin tells of a man who declared that the only two books in the world were the Bible and Euclid, which is an original, if, odd, selection. Stanley Baldwin, when prime minister of Britain, said that he would choose for desert island reading, Professor Craigie's great *OXFORD DICTIONARY*. 'I could live with your *DICTIONARY*,' he told Craigie.

What other books could be taken for an island sojourn that would not grow tedious, flat or trying? Voltaire perhaps, Pepys, Rousseau's *CONFESSIONS*, Mill *ON LIBERTY*, *THE ARABIAN NIGHTS ENTERTAINMENT*, Thoreau's *WALDEN* certainly, Boswell undoubtedly, the autobiographies of Benjamin Franklin and Benvenuto Cellini maybe, Hakluyt's *VOYAGES*, More's *UTOPIA*, *THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS*? No short, really satisfying list is easily made. When asked what he would like to have with him under such circumstances, G. K. Chesterton once typically replied: 'I would choose Thomas's *GUIDE TO PRACTICAL SHIPBUILDING*.' which is another way of looking at it.

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MARION MONTGOMERY'S

PARABLE FOR CREATIVE WRITERS

*CONCERNING WHATNESS, dedicated to Beatniks, Cornbelt
Metaphysicals, and Others*

I

Once upon a time, there was an emperor who decided that he must, no matter at what cost, procure the perfect artistic representation of SPIDER. Therefore he called before him the two most successful artists of his kingdom, each representing the two opposing aesthetic factions. Having summoned the two, he presented his requirement, explaining that each had twenty years within which to prepare and execute the perfect SPIDER. Expense was to be no limiting factor, any more than time; since he was emperor and commanded both. But, unless the end-product, the representation of SPIDER, really and truly represented SPIDER, either might expect to have his head cut off.

The first artist, somewhat timid but diligent, immediately withdrew to his house, fired his servants — all but an old one whom he kept to provide food and fuel — and put out his wife and five children to stay with his brother-in-law at the emperor's expense. He then arranged to have collections of every species of spider from every part of the world shipped to him, along with all the printed material on SPIDER and all the artistic representations of SPIDER he could come by through the help of a staff of scholars especially selected for that purpose, and the invaluable aid of Inter-library Loan. Then, having laid in a supply of all the necessary materials — pigments, brushes, canvas, oils — he set about examining spiders under his microscope and reading about them in the books and magazines and, occasionally, the newspapers. Finally, he studied all the paintings that attempted, directly or obliquely, to comment on SPIDER.

In the nineteenth year of his withdrawal, he began to concentrate on his presentation all through the nineteenth and twentieth years, he worked at his canvas. And when the final day of grace arrived, he came before the emperor, confident that — though his sacrifice had been tremendous — he had accomplished what was required and would be rewarded. Having carefully placed his canvas on a stand, he unveiled it, even more careful in the unwrapping, lest he blur a jot or tittle of the masterpiece.

The emperor looked attentively at the canvas for what might be called a long moment, rubbed his chin reflectively, and gave a signal to the new aide he had hired just that morning.

The artist was taken out a side door and his head cut off instantly.

II

Meanwhile, the second artist, leader of the second faction, had ignored what he considered the more cowardly and lifeless method of the first, and forthwith had launched himself upon a career of dissipated travel, indulging in all available human experiences amongst all peoples and in all climates. For twenty years, lacking a day, he travelled city and plain, desert and jungle, ocean and pond. On the last day but one, he returned to his native country and to the emperor's palace, where a room had been made available to him. There he requested canvas and paints and brushes, leaving to the discretion of the servant what should be chosen, and the quantity and quality. And that night he ate three steaks (rare), drank quantities of spirituous liquors, and invited the services of several prostitutes of the neighbourhood.

Then, just as the sun was coming up next morning, he betook him to his easel and in a few strokes created his SPIDER, never hesitating an instant in the execution.

With great self-confidence, he presented the canvas to his emperor, bringing it before him without the aid of servants and leaning it carelessly against a pillar near the royal throne for the emperor to behold.

The emperor looked at it closely for a long moment. Then he gave a signal to his new aide, who took the unfortunate artist, unshaven and crumpled, and led him out the small side door to have his head struck off.

III

Now by this time, the new aide, who was quite clever, though he had been in the emperor's service only this one day, understood something of what had happened before his eyes. Having heard about the stipulations imposed by the emperor, he made so bold as to suggest that he, the aide, could execute the required portrait, provided that the reward should be commensurate. The emperor agreeing, the aide took the canvas of the first artist and that of the second (he had been careful to preserve both), and had a starving artisan of the town combine the two in a single portrait of SPIDER. The result naturally was sensational; and the aide had no doubt but that he should be handsomely rewarded. So, with enthusiasm far exceeding that of either of the two artists, or of both combined, he presented his portrait next morning at the appointed hour. The emperor looked at the sensational SPIDER for two full, long minutes, and then for a third, obviously much pleased.

Then he rose from his throne and himself led the aide out the small side door to be executed.

IV

After which, he returned; and having had the first artist's work and the second artist's work discovered and brought to him, had all three SPIDERS placed on the wall in front of his throne.

Upon which, on canvas and with brushes and paints of his own choosing (which cost several additional heads), he expressed SPIDER.

MORAL: Can't nobody do it right but the emperor.

SOME ITEMS RECEIVED

by the Editor

FOUR OF THE POETS appearing this summer use disparate approaches and distinctive idioms; but all exhibit integrity. Unlike though they are, each has found an honest path. As could be anticipated, the two with the most in common are less-noticeably different: Edwin Brock, in *A FAMILY AFFAIR* (SCORPION, 6/- or autogr., 1 guinea) and William Packard in *GENIUS IS DESIRE* (privately: 325 Bryant Ct., Palo Alto, Calif., unpriced). Leslie Woolf Hedley, in *ABRAXAS & Other Poems* (INFERNO, \$1) and Gil Orlovitz, in *SELECTED POEMS* (same, \$1.75), though longer known, actually have met with rejection by the usual trade outlets! They truly have matured disturbingly—not 'unevenly,' as some put it—in the directions their socio-literary convictions have prompted.

The last-named has propinquantly employed—often with disconcerting simultaneity!—the telescope and the microscope. The vital charges of his loving fiery innovations should be appraised at length; and they would be, except for the Editor's close associations with him. Too, these selections have been noted in earlier print. Both taste and circumstances limit this notice to an emphatic recommendation of the most happily-balanced and representative collection to date of the extraordinary pyrotechnical poetics of the one and only Orlovitz.

And praises of Brock's deceptively-simple and pervasively-moving lines had been detailed recently—of *AN ATTEMPT AT EXORCISM*, which brought him recognition as a leading young British poet. While the yet more personal sonnets in this pamphlet confirm his originality in really quite nonrevolutionary individualistic expression, they also

may hint the limitations of his talent. Holding to obviously preferred narrower familial and private boundaries, Brock may prove a minor, if important, poet.

Analysis of him, and of Packard too, may be shortened by referring to a sentence in Heracleitus. This happens to have been marked (in Kathleen Freeman's new *Ancilla*) to show fallacious uses of ancient thought in some half-baked modern writings there's no space to review: 'They do not understand how that which differs with itself is in agreement: harmony consists of opposing tension, like that of the bow and lyre.' While both poets are closely and sensitively identified with spontaneous phrases, delicately perceiving under-and overtones of words, the amperages of their lines remain low. There's more verbal unexpectedness in Brock, within his bounds; and his word-acrobatics, at the same time, seem more natural to him. Packard even proceeds to prove his shortcomings, by aborted tries for the 'far-fetch.' Calling upon hackneyed abstractions and references, in *THE TEMPLE RENT — NOT ONE STONE ON A STONE*, he resorts to a flat close: 'I speak of suffocation of the mind'—a statement and self-explication, to supply what's not conveyed by the preceding Biblical lines. Brock never lets himself in for such criticism; and in fairness it should be conceded (particularly in view of his better-disciplined achievement) that one really should not say he'd fall, not yet having watched him essay the grander leaps.

Leslie Woolf Hedley has long been reproached for his insistence upon lashing his lyrical self across the rocky courses of his social indignations. But, newer pieces here indicate the poetically-inspired Hedley may be gaining control of the polemicist. He's not exactly mellowing, but he's relaxed and less-bitterly belligerent. At any event, it's high time the critics stopped writing about Hedley's stubbornness about his, after all, not-irrelevant intentions. They may bring some attention to the poetry he does nevertheless produce.

For that matter, the trend toward disparagement of poets who reveal definite ideologies, is a sign of the increase in indiscriminating criticism. & \$1.45). If less true of the other two, all four above poets show effects of exposure to Thomas, the word-burbler, despite that none can be said to have derived from him, in the sense usually implied. And their fundamental attitudes plainly have been modified by their having written after Pound had published these and other essays. Though Hedley is a violent anti-Poundian (one of his several enmities) and nurses healthy hatred of so-called Fascistic aspects of Poundian views, this older contemporary really has aided him. Not only because Pound and he attack several identical social evils and because Pound and his influences cropping up in other quarters have supplied him with stimulating opposition, but from Pound's not-infrequent examples of preaching while poetising.

The foregoing comments on Brock and Packard justify brief notice of two paperback editions of older works. One is a new assemblage of Dylan Thomas's shorter prose, QUITE EARLY ONE MORNING (NEW DIRECTIONS, \$1.45 & \$1.55); the other, a new printing of Ezra Pound's ABC OF READING (same, \$1.35

• Besides from sophomoric and usually-unaware invocations of pre-Socratic Greeks (via intervenient borrowers from those seminal, if self-contradictory, ponderers), along with even less-aware and confused versions of systematised Eastern religions and Western mysticisms, much may be discerned about certain raucously-publicised and allegedly-experimental contemporaries, by reviewing thinkers they've not invoked at all. One is Thomas Aquinas, currently brought to attention by a translation of TREATISE ON SEPARATE SUBSTANCES from a newly-established Latin text, by Francis J. Lescoe (ST. JOSEPH COLLEGE, West Hartford, Conn. — \$2).

This may sound remote; for generations, Aquinas has been misused by those he'd have analysed, in his pre-Jungian, pre-Freudian era, as possessed by demons.

Recall the death-dark ideas of the shortlived Giacomo Leopardi, who found support for arguments apparently subverted from Kant, but which Kant had adapted from Aquinas. Since then, scores of unoriginal philosophers have ‘explained away’ abstractions in terms of little logomachies strait-jacketed into ‘accidental’ existentialisms and semantical hocus-pocus; and these, in turn, plainly are related to the pessimistic, neurotic bathos of Beatism. With a few substitutions in nomenclature, parts of the writings of the early Nineteenth Century Italian read (out of context, of course) like parts of Aquinas! There’s no difficulty in tracing Leopardian influences on creative literary pessimists of this century; And pursuing just one line of further descent, no one familiar with the field could question the direct relationships of misdirected contemporaries to Louis-Ferdinand Celine (a paperback of whose *JOURNEY TO THE END OF THE NIGHT* just issued from *NEW DIRECTIONS* — \$1.65 & \$1.75).

Space won’t permit many quotations; but Jack Kerouac’s *THE SCRIPTURE OF THE GOLDEN ETERNITY* (TOTEM &

CORINTH, 95c) startlingly turns Aquinas’ refutation of Avicibron to cynical account: ‘Everything’s alright, form is emptiness and emptiness is form, and we’re here forever, in one form or another, which is empty. Everything’s alright, we’re not here, there, or anywhere. Everything’s alright, cats sleep.’ Kerouac may or may not have read Aquinas — there are many circuits through which this could have reached him. As said, worse-conceived works than this one owe their specious persuasiveness to what may be traced back and back, to very ancient origins.

But, besides that Kerouac exercises a better mind and betrays more talent than the others, this little book of his affords fruitful browsing for any who care to probe these matters. However, they must not expect too much from the book itself; nearly all that Kerouac offers is coincidentally

found in two clauses from a story by Curtis Zahn, a dedicated nonbeat, in EXODUS No. 3 (\$1): “. . . if all is everything, then the absolute could be total!” — so, in Kerouac’s ‘case,’ the limited inchoate effects really must have risen from very simple causative thoughts, their complexities solely attributable to juxtapositions of speculations of profounder minds of the past. And not to forget that Aquinas said: ‘An effect cannot be simpler than its cause.’

An unintended description of off-on-rodgers, as of the instant, is the title of a new Inner Sanctum Mystery by Robert Block: THE DEAD BEAT. Perhaps the low-calibre works bringing what seems the desired ‘death,’ inversely may be declared to have been logically precategoryed when St. Thomas remarked: ‘That which is best has most especially the nature of the intended end.’

- To get on — the Fifties and Sixties deniers-of-life have significantly deteriorated in comparison with immediate predecessors Rereading Céline in the above edition, this warped Candide at least is revealed as a genuine pessimist suffering from mixed involuntal melancholia. His sporadic doubts about the validity of his low opinion of his own nature and that of humanity at large (he confesses ‘shame’ over ‘having after all judged humanity lower than it is’) are as genuine as his horror of war and disease. And when his character Baryton describes maniacs of fixed ideas, Céline causes him to pronounce a criticism highly applicable to some moderns: ‘Those who prattle about justice have always struck me as definitely the most deranged.’

Céline was guilty of no sick smiling pretense of accepting death; and his despairing surface-acceptance of it showed no more understanding than the Beats have shown concerning the embracing faiths they’ve misapplied. Céline also really did mean: ‘To philosophise is only another way of being afraid and leads hardly anywhere but to cowardly make-belief.’ His final clause provides another apt statement

for recent pseudo-philosophisings of not a few poets. Though Céline's road was shockingly depressing, he actually was 'on' it, not scheming up tales to shock his readers; nor did he, as Kerouac does, attempt to 'sell' readers on getting lost; he realised that predetermination and choice stood side by side in his individual hell. Regretting that the circumstances of his damning choices left him no time 'to choose between one road and another!' — he wrote: 'I'd started out in a restless direction; gradually you take your rôle and your destiny seriously, without properly realizing it, and then when you spin around, it's too late . . . it's fixed that way for always.'

- Having read the good Elias Wilentz editorial and appreciated the bad Fred McDarragh photos in *THE BEAT SCENE* (CORINTH, \$1.95 & \$2.25) the Editor failed to be 'sent' by most of the extended literary content. So, he turned a bit boredly to tilling the dictionary. Not without malice of purpose toward a near harvest; and he found that, though 'beatee' defines one who has been beaten, the 'beatae' are both canonised and beatified: male, 'beatus;' female 'beata.' Long before this little investigation (while worried from time to time over those nightly summonses to brothels of selfconscious print, that promiscuous review-life which can ruin prospects of sitting out a decent evening with a book of good repute — even the dictionary!) subconscious suggestions had nudged the Editor. It seemed there must be some semantical concordance in the many unions of masochistic and consecrated strains, that some identification must lie within that Word — something beyond chance homonymity between word syllable, coupled with historic accounts of self-abusing religious anchorites (see meat'). Of course, many will belittle this observation on the ground that everyone hears dozens of these writers pleading their progress toward divinity while wailing against all manner of persecutors — including their own ids. But, more lies behind it; an ancient Teutonic homonymity is evoked:

‘sewing’ with ‘clubs’ (transl.). A separate probe of the hidden linguistic reasons for sewing-clubs well might be next? . . . And beyond this, with arrival of the Latins, came another like-sounding word alleging happiness. See? Again, a look at verbal ancestries has affirmed initial significance and the fateful determinative power of the Word.

- Current when this TRACE was prepared, was No. 6 DANCE PERSPECTIVES, a complete chronology of the American Ballet Theatre, 1940-1960, by Selma Jeanne Cohen and A. J. Pischl, together with twenty-six pages of photographs. Each season’s performances are summarised, then detailed by use of programmes and contemporary reviews, and finally appraised in the words of authorities. The Conclusion also looks into the future; and the text is followed by alphabetical indexes of dancers, ballets by titles, choreographers, and designers. (Separately, \$1.75 — other data in the Index and CHRONICLE).

- Of interest to graduate students in all fields, and to any seeking scholarly print (most of the usually-academic periodicals listed pay little or nothing) is the carefully-edited DIRECTORY by Donna Gerstenberger and George Hendrick, noted too late for review in last TRACE (SWALLOW, \$1.75). Included are folklore and linguistic periodicals, as well as those devoted to historical and American studies; aesthetics, comparative and contemporary literature, pedagogy, medieval studies, drama, special studies of literary figures; and to some extent, foreign periodicals of like content. Few little magazines are included — and those upon chosen categories of ‘quality’ contributions or bearing on these areas of study. The former choices are not entirely distinguishable as having been based upon academically-authoritative and/or with current historical relevance.

- And indistinct criteria appear to have governed the since-released INDEX to Little Magazines — 1958-1959, compiled by Eugene P. Sheehy and Kenneth A. Lohfer

(SWALLOW, \$5.), despite that this massive task, from its start several years ago, has been directed toward providing references, by authors, to creative works not indexed in the older guides. Over the years, many so-called little mags have been adopted by these guides, and consequently dropped from this one. For the sake of the record and in the interests of future literary historians — not to mention the unreliability of any contemporary judgements — it's regrettable that the decisions as to which magazines to include seem arbitrary. A majority of the writers indexed here also are published in other pages, whose contents are nowhere noted for the record. Besides that many selections by editors of favoured magazines will be discredited in time and that many authors' self-judgements will in time be sustained (especially those published both in favoured and unfavoured media) a fair minority of the now-partly-indexed authors will achieve sufficient recognition so that all of their writings eventually will be searched out.

- Approaching the restricted ultimate in specialised scholarship, is ANNA LIVIA PLURABELLE, *The Making of a Chapter*, by Fred H. Higginson (MINNESOTA PRESS, \$3.75). Commencing with the red-notebook entries, including numerous drafts (with changes), many printers' galley's (with countless insertions and emendations), few besides Joyce-worshippers and semantics specialists will pore over every word. The book is a phenomenon mainly demonstrating the author's patient assiduity over tiny details; for, as the years have passed, the literary interest in FINNEGAN'S WAKE has waned, and even ULYSSES (taken as a whole, and excepting the brilliance of several of its parts and the effects from the work through other writers) has become a largely-unread curiosity, referred to as a wondrous sort of hodgepodge labouriously produced by one whose ambitious posturings finally led his talents astray. Such judgements recently have been underlined in comments on the new Irish

edition (BODLEY HEAD, 25/-). None of the complex structural devices was new with James Joyce; psychologic and linguistic interests in his work presently exceed the literary, despite that he did develop an unique stylistic flavour, through revisions upon revisions—as exhaustingly described by Higginson. Many persist in crediting Joyce for pioneering use of the so-called stream-of-consciousness; but others (if no doubt led to exploit this technique from first reading Joyce) have translated it with more positive, spontaneously-original, and communicative effects,—while the French Symbolist, Edouard Dujardin must be credited with having introduced the method in 1887.

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IMPETUS

A Semi-annual of Modern Poetry — \$1 a year — jointly edited by : Guy Owen, whose novel A SEASON OF FEAR has just been published by Random House William E. Taylor, whose MAN IN THE WIND is Impetus Chapbook No. 1, \$1, paperbound. Order through magazine at: Stetson Univ., Deland, Florida

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SPECIAL REVIEW-ARTICLE

by Associate Curtis Zahn

AN INCH OF CULTURE

The 'New' 'Poets' — 1945-1960 As Defined by Evergreen

I

In an inch-thick paperback seasoned with 4-letter words and dedicated to his Mother, Don Allen has brought out an anthology which calls itself — quite flatly — *THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY, 1945-1960*.

Of course, to the reader who is Ever Green, the trees aren't yet lost in the forest. Others — not yet educated by *LIFE*, *LOOK*, and tabloid feature-stories — may never get beyond the title which, conservatively speaking, is the overstatement of the decade. Certainly the volume doesn't contain 'the' poets of those years; almost none of them have been encountered by the public, and in fact, most of them have written little and published considerably less. Aside from television-tired Squares on a field-trip into the wonders of smut, the American public will recognise only Ginsberg and Kerouac, who, if you will recall, liberated them from Longfellow, Joyce Kilmer, *GOOD HOUSEKEEPING*, and the Cadillac Coupe de Ville. But the 44 poets (poets?) who are With It — and the 444 who didn't make Mr. Allen's team — have this in common: they are going to have to go right on being hungry for a long time. Even Larry Lipton didn't make it.

To get on . . . When I object to calling it 'the' poetry, I'm just getting warmed up after having been left cold. Is it 'new'? Is it Poetry? Except for the whims of the typesetter, a lot of it looks like soap-opera scripts that never found an agent. The Editor, as a kind of wet-nurse, huckster, and incestuous father-figure, has propped them up with a pseudo-serious preface that would cause even Luce to fire his writers for literary incompetency. What follows is an almost-embarrassing disclosure of self-love, laced with the

proper cringings of modesty. To which I could utter, 'okey — so what?' were it not for that omniscient declaration by the title. Better it should be called THE NEW AMERICAN JOURNALISM; but that might upset the poets who naively think of themselves as un-American. Perhaps MALICE IN WONDERLAND would suffice; kind of tie in the Junkie bit with the Social Scene. And some catchy subtitles would help. Say, like: They Dared to Tell All. Or: Words Never Written Before. That would hook all those teenagers who are wasting their money on dirty movies like HIGH SCHOOL CONFIDENTIAL. And there could be a Beatnik girl on the cover, half-shorn of her sandals, writhing in the clutch of some old dialectic materialist. Of course, some of it really is Pornography with social significance which—although a pretty filthy trick—nevertheless might be worth \$1.95 to American Legionnaires and others who are said to go for this kind of thing when they're not busy hunting down subversives.

At this point, you're probably begging Mr. Allen to tell you how he went about deciding who is 'new' and who isn't. Shucks, it was easy—like when Fulton Lewis, Jr. sums up the American Dilemma for the pregnant subscribers to WOMAN'S HOME COMPANION. Mr. Allen just divided them into Groups. Like, Group One was 'closely identified with two important magazines of the period.' What happened to the other twenty or forty other important magazines of the period, I have no idea. But that takes care of Group One. Clear?

Now we come to the 'San Francisco Renaissance'—another mythic achievement by Mr. Allen, who also invented The Ballad, a kind of spoken doggerel-and-jazz which goes good with beer if you're chicken to try anything less proletarian. This, I guess, is Group Two, where somebody named Helen Adam 'helped establish the ballad made new as an important trend in the poetry of the Bay Area.'

Rexroth, evidently, was too young to make the Varsity. But it does include five other people of whom I had neither heard nor read—though, admittedly, I’m not a Renaissance type. The Beat Generation which, until now, I had assumed includes absolutely everybody, is called the ‘Third’ Group. Anyway, it seems they got published in three ‘significant publications’: BLACK MOUNTAIN REVIEW, THE ARK-MOBY, and—of all coincidences—THE EVERGREEN REVIEW!

Of course, certain impossible types of readers—scholars and literary professors—may object to the book’s preoccupation with Groups. Old Henry Luce is more gifted with this sort of compartmentalisation, the ability to generalise convincingly or pigeonhole types and kinds. But I guess this is the age of the capsule-dismissal; guilt-by-association never had it so good. And just because some poet hitch-hiked across the continent and got himself into Group Four instead of Three, is just one of those things. If any of you got left out, don’t be disheartened—maybe your motor-scooter broke down while John Wieners was calling on Ferlinghetti. The real rub, of course, is: how or why did some of these people permit themselves to be pigeonholed for posterity in the first place. They aren’t all alike (I hope), even if the Editor says so; even if it was (as it says here) a ‘singularly rich period.’ But despite Allen’s almost Liptonian ability to tie loose ends into a package and sell it, he does admit that ‘the Fifth Group has no geographical definition.’ They are ‘younger poets’—younger than Sandberg, anyway—though possibly without as much youth, zest, freshness, originality, or invention. Yes, and although they’ve been ‘associated with and in some cases influenced by the leading writers of the preceding groups,’ they have ‘evolved their own original styles and new conceptions!’ Original styles and new conceptions, eh? Where’s Allen been all these years—watching GUNSMOKE?

Looking beyond the publisher's inspired press-agentry, however, one is bound to admit that the old Team spirit does come through. What the contributors may do in private, I don't know, but their public performances are sufficient to fertilise the imagination; the 'Group' evidently is a cosy little club founded upon the impregnable mathematics of mutual admiration. For awhile, I felt I'd opened the wrong door and got into the Restroom of the American Penwomen's Association—the same coy exchanges, the frank intimacies, the glowing, crowing allusions to literary success. But then I came to the dirty words and began to feel better. There was even some soul-searching, albeit involved with the lower parts that come under the heading of personal hygiene. And some of the 'secret sensations' encountered would never be permitted in such magazines as *PLAYBOY* or *POLICE GAZETTE*, unless the publishers changed the type and set it up in verse. Still, I must warn the reader that Françoise Sagan does it better.

II

If I seem to be hypercritical of this paperback and its content, it is unintentional; my purpose is to be antagonistic. I feel that the editors have rendered a disservice in publishing this anthology—not only to the reader, but to the authors themselves. The year of the lotus will not go on forever; the same Squares who have turned off their TV sets to try ‘reading’ will turn their sets back on again. And the ‘new writers’—as invented by the hacksters of TIME, EVERGREEN, ESQUIRE, and LOOK—will pull the gimmick out from under them to make way for some other lucrative fadistic feature. Then what? These authors will have to learn to get along without Dad’s weekly allowance. They’ll be left without an audience, an ego-prop of any kind. This will be rough—for, once wine and dine and glamourised, one tends to believe in one’s self (as these writers glowingly do now). They are in the position of the naïve, sexy country-girl who got a movie contract and hit the fan before she got around to learning to act. And then? Well—some of the ‘new’ poets have learned to act. But writing is another art. Because of exploitation, they have started at the top, and the only place they can go is down....

As to my remarks concerning The Reader’s Last Stand,— I am reminded of a record album titled SONGS THAT KILLED VAUDEVILLE, because these works could be subtitled POEMS THAT KILLED LITERATURE. While it is true that a jaded, restless American public is trying everything these days—even reading—I am convinced that a serious blow has been struck. Laymen hear the noise, listen to the jokes, relish the attacks and then buy and try. And like the drug-store fiction, there’s very little beneath the jackets that’s ‘new,’ ‘startling,’ ‘daring,’ ‘great,’ or ‘provocative’ writing of social insignificance—since it neither documents nor reports honestly. Nor is it selective, compelling, expressionist, avant garde, or even controversial; and it’s hard nowadays not to

be at least controversial. What passes for simplicity and sincerity, I find artful, selfconscious and contrived. I like fantasy. But not when it is passed off as Fact. Regrettably, I feel that the reading public is being raped again; and whatever the motives GROVE PRESS may have—sincerity and/or commercialism—the fact is, once hooked on Beatnikism, they are now in the rôle of Pusher.

III

Perhaps a clearer indictment is rendered by the authors themselves, in a 40-page section called 'statements on poetics.' Here, as in THE WRITER'S DIGEST and other inspirational guidebooks, the author Tells All, generously sharing with the hushed aspirant the secrets of creating epic literature. In long, giddy open letters to themselves (or each other), they air their views on Everything—a subject they seem to know very little about. There are even How-To-Do-It articles, however, for the tyro who'd like to try his hand at emulating the great. We find Kerouac advising, 'add alluvials to the end of your line when all is exhausted . . .' and confiding, 'I myself have difficulty in covering up my bullshit with lies.' Just being modest, I suppose. And Jack Spicer cheers up another famous poet, Lorca, with the information—in a 'letter'—that 'we have both tried to be independent of images.' The letter goes unanswered because, presumably, Lorca is dead. But so is Spicer, according to Spicer. Robert Duncan advises the reader that 'Faust is right when he sez everything is the truth.' A really profound observation; and it's nice to know that Faust made the team. As to the future of literature, Robert Creeley admits, 'where writing will go to, what comes next, or the answers to any of those profoundly speculative questions bred of Saturday afternoons in comfy surroundings, etc., God alone knows.' Pretty cerebral stuff, considering he was born as recently as 1926. Ginsberg—still unconvinced that Squareness is on the

way out—warns, ‘poetry has been attacked by an ignorant and frightened bunch of bores who don’t understand how it’s made and the trouble with these creeps is they wouldn’t know poetry if it came up and bugged them in broad daylight.’ That ought to fix those bastards! But if it doesn’t, I suggest substituting the word ‘written’ for ‘attacked.’ In any event, Ginsberg ends on a note that transcends the whole icky business of writing: ‘. . . meanwhile have a ball. The universe is a new flower, America will be discovered! Who wants a war against roses will have it! Fate tells big lies and the gay creator dances on his own body in eternity . . .’ Had enough? There’s more—but I’m too, too embarrassed to go on . . .

And anyway, it’s all summed up by LeRoi Jones who says: . . . there are so any young wizards around now doing great things that everybody calling himself poet can learn from . . . Whalen, Snyder, McClure, O’Hara, Loewinsohn, Wieners, Creeley, Ginsberg, etc., etc. . . . ‘Me? I think I’ll just join the Chaparral Society and play peek-a-boo with the seals.

TWO GUEST REVIEWS

SURVEYORS OF OUR NEWEST NIGHT

Marvin H. Bell

*Show me a man who's tall as I am
and I'll look him straight in the eye.*

Loo Carson

(NOMAD 5/6 is a double issue, in which, where possible, prose or poetry is included to illustrate/affirm a contributor's discussion. The issue is neither a compilation of proclamations of 'truth,' nor of pleadings for approval. The see-r may read it straight in the I. \$1, from Box 626, Culver City, Calif.)

THE WINTER-SPRING '60 issue of NOMAD is a 'manifesto' issue, not in the tradition of unified proclamations by closely-knit publishing-creators, but insofar as, claim the editors, it is a manifestation of present creativity flung in the faces of such clans as The Cult of the Dead Hand of the Past and the Veterans of Fetid Wombs.

Editors Donald Factor and Anthony Linick have brought together more diverse individuals than representatives of rebellious schools; but it becomes no unpleasant necessity to admit the replacement of such superficial subscriptions by a widespread serious concern for poetry as a medium (it is poetry, rather than prose or the essay, which is chiefly considered). For, the welcome assumption which generally precludes calls for specifically-biased conceptions, in favour of discussions of the medium, seems to be that Art, as an effective term, is that decadent state wherein a medium becomes subject to arbitrary limitations of craft, if not of conception.

Thus, Robert Creeley and Joel Oppenheimer repeat an old is-fact, undigested as yet by Mr. Summerfield and certain initialed groups: that the morality of a poem is determined solely by its structure. The former hints at what he takes to be the fact of language perversion, and Oppenheimer, in a world of unhealthy responses causing unhealthy poets, states a priceless possibility: ‘... a poet is a man who don/t know how to draw.’ James Boyer May makes a generally-ignored differentiation between poetry-a-medium and its tools, most of which stem from language; and Gael Turnbull confronts a possibility of form, though with a disregard for grammatical arbitration.

The second most frequent assertion seems to be that of intuitive conception, expression and recognition. Paul Raboff calls for a comprehensive profundity; and Carl Larsen defines a kind of compulsive creation, with taste and talent assumed, and introspection irrelevant. May affirms intuitive elements of creation, and the consequent partial comprehension or apprehension, by the responder. Paul Blackburn affirms his own intuition directly, while Alden A. Nowlan and Louis Zukofsky assert the implication of the Apparently Irrelevant (here found in *THE DIARY*), and Russell Edson manifests *The Environment of Irrelevancy*, known before the white man as ‘the way,’ and thought by many to be the key to monads — thus poetic, if nomadic.

Many of Edson’s notes focus on linear qualities of conception and execution, though not illogically when we realise that his statements are prose, aspiring to the poem. Two others approach slightly from an angle: Curtis Zahn calls, quite powerfully, for impressionistic prose (again, a medium is defined rather than a

product demanded). Zahn, like Creeley, in his considered sincerity, noticeably refrains from hearkening to that acute analysis of effectiveness known as vaudeville. (Incidentally, Creeley, Zahn, Edson, Corso, and May are most illustrative

through the inclusion of works, because of their particularly-personal biases.) And Charles Bukowski makes a necessary call for critics with a contemporary awareness (and one can sympathise also with the need for comprehensive compassion, if you will, where the tools of analysis grow acute). Amen.

Paul L. Rider shows Science-fiction (science of fiction) possibilities; Brion Gysin, Bill Burroughs, Gregory Corso, and Sinclair Beiles are full of LIFE (up to 'here'); and the last-named can be found under a stone (sic-sic-sic).

The subtle dangers, primarily of semantic confusion and what appear, through ready comparison, to be synthetic pretensions (there is some name-dropping), of anthologising pretty much unrelated concerns, lend a little confusion; but, by and large, Editors Factor and Linick have assembled a fairly healthy plea for a general recognition that some-things are happening. Catch this NOMAD; he's a lot to say, and as necessary as Bukowski's call for critics, in an unfortunate world ignorant of living individuals' media.

ME 'N 'PATAPHYSICS

A retired little-mag editor's reaction to the latest evasion of honest examination of the confusions of contemporary thinking: this attempt to inflate a new fadistic balloon with laughing-gas piped from a 1948 resuscitation of late-1890's buffoonery that rose from a play by that long-deceased French exhibitionist, Alfred Jarry. Humour should be tonic for a tired nervous world (this all is quite funny until it waxes semantically abstruse); but in these ill-boding days, such hilarious dementia sounds too ghoulishly real. Rather than tonic, the laughs are more painfully disturbing than the howls of the off-the-readers who are gibbering along the temporal unstrait paths of Sartrean existential non-enlightenment. Zen-or-not, many wearied spectators have felt that nihilism was about to signal dead-end—until

now, 'the end' (to alter the usage of a phrase from the self-suffocated Beats whose brand of defeatism is blinkering out in the popular press) is boisterously revealed as the terminal haven of eternal living madness!

— *trace Editor.*

AT THE SAME TIME, approximately, that I learned to play chess, I learned the fascinating game of Philosophies. This was as a freshman in college, under the tutelage of one of the few Republicans in Democratic Florida, a youth who earned his living besting pinball machines with capital borrowed from me at usurious rates, at his insistence — since he maintained that I must learn to accept opportunities as they are afforded. But, as to the philosophies, I learned rationalism, behaviourism, Comte-ism, humanism, Couéism, Kantism, hedonism, masochism, existentialism, dualism, Marxism, etc., etc. I learned the tenets and histories of these various philosophies at approximately third hand : that is, from dictionaries (see lexicons, [see word-books, (see logos, see papyrus, see see)]), and from encyclopaedias. Later, I tried my luck at selling the latter, but spent my earnings learning the spherical probabilities of billiards, becoming so engrossed in my subject that I ceased having earnings with which to support my studies — a development not untypical of the economic system. At any rate, my knowledge of philosophy at that time, while not particularly deep, was nevertheless quite broad. But, primary to this knowledge was the approach : it was a game. It was a game to be played well and it was a game to be played to win, though the game itself was held to be more important than the winning. Or, to put it another way, playing and winning were all of a part. With this in mind, I subsequently approached a number of subjects : socialism (the family tree of factions, schisms, deviations makes a fascinating study), pacifism (its various roots and applications, its branches : non-violent active resistance, passive resistance, civil disobedience, exemplary

behaviour, quietism, etc., and their study and practice can fill a life), dianetics (its conglomeration of Freud, electronics, and Madame Blavatsky make an enticing tangle), and art and Zen and lovemaking and the rituals of wine and of certain vision-inducing drugs. . . . None of this playing, I must admit, with the utter sophistication of Hesse's 'Bead Game;' but then, sophistication has always been a game that interested me no more than bridge. However, over the years, a feeling has grown upon me that these various pastimes, these diverse perambulations and divagations were more absurd than I had previously thought — indeed, absurdly absurd. But now, at last, enlightenment; now comes order and a systematised interrelationship of knowledge, ignorance, experience, naïvety; now has come the impact of 'pataphysics and the mysteries of Father Ubu and the illustrious Doctor Faustroll, presented to me and to the English-speaking world

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WALTER LOWENFELS

PARAGRAPHS

The only immorality is to act as if the real nature of experience has to correspond with grammar. That makes us fools of rhetoric. We need a language of differential equations. * John Brown doesn't live by speeches but by hanging. * So much fuss about the truth! Who doesn't know it's a mussy desk full of pencils, erasers, pasts, scissors, and the eternal drink always needing one more freshener. * Liberty is statistical. If enough people go free, the world changes. * One God is not made for all. Salvation, being an individual problem, leaves most of us damned. In the heyday of Athens, only the citizens had souls. Most of the population—some 400,000—had no souls, or at best, half-souls. They could not participate in the mysteries. The error in contemporary public religions lies in people who think the Kingdom of Heaven is open to all. We require on earth, not one, but three billion heavens, one for each of us. That would be heaven. * Relations between people and poets require poems in order to say anything. Anything else is mayhem.

ADDENDA . . .

THE FEDERAL TRADE COMMISSION'S recent ruling that the term 'royalty' must not be used to describe repayments to authors of money they have advanced for publications, confirms the policies of those presses which have frankly made known that their services are limited to physical production (and sometimes handling some sales as agents) for the authors, who have full title to all materials and function as their own publishers. Certain houses also contribute 'bonus' prestige from imprints applied to work selected with discrimination, and not produced merely because the author finances publication.

- With this TRACE, WILHELM REICH: Selected Writings . . . (FARRAR, STRAUS and CUDAHY) will have appeared, introducing this seminal thinker to an American public largely unaware of the irony in this 'early' recognition of an important psychologist who died in a federal penitentiary in late 1957, his U.S.A. books ordered banned or burned because they publicised an experimental treatment-apparatus prohibited from interstate sale on an action allowed to go by default. Absorbed in research, Dr. Reich simply had failed to give heed to the turning governmental wheels. Whether or not he was then suffering from mental derangement (and if so, this should have been added reason for his better handling), he had gained recognition of leading international figures for his major contributions to social thinking and his personal dedication to human welfare. Some of the books, the valuable contents of which had nothing to do with the controversial 'orgone box,' were destroyed from purely legalistic grounds and will doubtless also soon be republished and praised.

- Since seven weeks intervene between this writing and TRACE's advent, details of a crisis involving Kenneth Patchen

have been dispatched in a letter to editors and literary figures. Like action was taken by Jonathan Williams (JARGON, his recent publisher), underlining Patchen's neglected plight.

Needless to remark, Patchen's voice (he again must undergo surgery) is not heard this season . . . In London, the 18th consecutive season of the Contemporary Poetry and Music Circle was preparing. Recent readers were Edwin Brock, Peter Russell, Maureen Duffy, Peter Redgrove, Alec Craig, John Heath-Stubbs. . . . San Francisco's older and new-Beat programmes continue: two first-series being San Francisco State Coll. readings under TRANSFER auspices and new MILLARD Books readings arranged by Jory Sherman. . . . In New York, more 'variations'—for one, renditions by 22-year-old John Brent, well-described by his Musitron-recording title: BEAT GENERATIONS. . . . Expanded radio TV renderings are planned everywhere, notably, '3-cities'-FMs: New York's WBAI; San Francisco's KPFA; Los Angeles' KPFK.

- Death, after years of invalidism which never interrupted her aid to poetry projects—though her own work had to be restricted—came to Lillian Everts, just after the prior TRACE was prepared. Not only a major poet, in the Editor's esteem, she was a wise and moral person whose writings will continue as forces in the achievement of sane and noble humanitarian purposes.

- Coming books of TRACE interest: OBSESSIVE IMAGES, Joseph Warren Beach (U. Minn. Press); THE DIALOGUES, Stanley Berne, illustr. by Matta; WISCONSIN IN THEIR BONES (DUELL, SLOAN etc.) and

WEST OF MORNING, August Derleth (the latter a Book Club for Poetry GOLDEN QUILL choice); HER, Lawrence Ferlinghetti (a novel, NEW DIRECTIONS); SELECTED POEMS, Francis Golfing (MACMILLAN); ANTHOLOGY OF NEW NEGRO POETS, Langston Hughes; TO THE END OF THOUGHT, Jack Jones (HORIZON); SOME

DEATHS (incl. MAGAZINE fr. TRACE 37—JARGON) and WALT WHITMAN'S CIVIL WAR (comp., edit. only — KNOPF), Walter Lowenfels; two poetry booklets by Clarence Major; DRY LIGHTNING, Marion Montgomery (U. of Nebr. Press); A SEASON OF FEAR, Guy Owen (RANDOM); LUCID INTERVALS, John Richardson (BREAD & WINE Pr.); SO MANY ROOMS, Jory Sherman (GALLEY SAIL); T. S. ELIOT, Leonard H. Unger (U. MINN.); a new novel, Jon Edgar Webb (DIAL); ORIGIN OF DESIGN, Neil Weiss (CHARIOITEER 'poetry book of year'); CONCRETIONS, Arlene Zekowski.

- Now out, but not for review: POEMS, Leonie Adams (NOONDAY — just merged with FARRAR, STRAUS & CUDAHY, \$1.25); THE EXTERMINATOR, Wm. Burroughs (AUERHAHN, \$1.50); OUR VISIT TO NIAGARA, Paul Goodman (HORIZON, \$3.95); THE LIME TWIG, John Hawkes (NEW DIRECTIONS, \$1.35); IT WAS SOMEONE, Mary Insley (stories, HANDCRAFT, N.Z., 7/6); MASKS AND THE MAN, H. F. Peters (on Rilke, U. of Wash. Pr., \$5.75); THE FORMS OF THINGS UNKNOWN, Herbert Read (HORIZON, \$6); STANFORD SHORT STORIES, Wallace Stegner and R. Scowcroft, eds. (STANFORD U. Pr., \$2.95); D. H. LAWRENCE, Eliseo Vivas (Northwestern U. Pr., \$4.75).

Special notes: Christopher Logue's SONGS (HUTCHINSON) is U.S.A. distr. by IVAN OBELENSKY (was McDowell, O.) \$3.; THE JAZZ SCENE, Francis Newton (MONTHLY REV. Press, \$4.) is said slanted 'for British readers;' new poetry recordings due are PSYCHE, Aug. Derleth (CUCA, K-1001, \$5.98) and John Masefield's STORY OF OSSIAN, done by him for 25th anniversary of the Academy of American Poets.

- Just received: SHAPE OF THE TANGO, Vincent Benedetto ('play themes'—OLIVANT No. 7, \$3.); LOST DIMENSION, Fred Cogswell (OUTPOSTS, 3/-); THE RIGHT OF ASSOCIATION, a large book-size issue of HOMOPHILE STUDIES (ONE, Inc., \$4.) with complete transcripts of six alleged 'indecent' cases, plus citations of authorities. The Kenneth McRobbie (GALLERY Ed.) book noted in last issue is \$2., not \$1.50, softbound (\$5.,

signed hardb.).

Received, unreviewed: SUDDEN DOOR, Madeline Benedict (GOLDEN Q., \$2.75); MIRACLE OF FLESH, Walter Blackstock (same, \$2.75); STAY WITH GOD, Francis Brabazon (GARUDA, Box 6, Woombye, Queensl., Austral., unpr.); WHAT I SEE IN THE MAXIMUS POEMS, Alfred Dorn (MIGRANT, 1/6 or 25c); TWO IN ONE, Louis Gibbons (BOOK CRAFT, Dallas, Tex., \$5. autogr. from Mr. Gibbons: 2913 Hood St., Dallas 19); HEADLANDS, Rachel Graham (GOLDEN Q., \$2.75); OLD TESTAMENT STORY, Robert Y. Gromet (GREENWICH, \$2.50); FIRST POEMS, Albert W. Haley (BIG MOUNTAIN Press, \$1.); PICTURES FROM AN EXHIBITION, David Holliday, drawings by Patrick Snelling (DEUCE, 1/-); POEM in 9 PARTS, Matthew Mead (MIGRANT, 1/6, 25c); BUT NOT FOR LOVE, May Natalie Tabak (HORIZON, \$3.75); FIRST POEMS, Louis Turco (GOLDEN Q., \$2.75). . . . SONGS OF PHOENIX (author not well identified without maiden name, Gunhild Tiberg Bodle) is priced \$2.50 (DORRANCE); and Enid Jones' DAUGHTERS OF ZEUS is priced \$2.25, in U.S.A. fr.: Henry Picola, 966 E. 25th St., Paterson, N.J. or author, 322 Daisy Ave., Apt 6, Long Beach, Calif. . . . recommended for study of poetic forms.