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"If we now compare a prince who is controlled by laws and a people that is untrammelled by them, we shall find more virtue in the people than in the prince; and if we compare them when both are freed from control, we shall see that the people are guilty of fewer excesses than the prince, and that the errors of the people are of less importance, and therefore more easily remedied. For a licentious and mutinous people may easily be brought back to good conduct by the influence and persuasion of a good man, but an evil-minded prince is not amenable to such influences, and therefore there is no other remedy against him but cold steel."

NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI

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November 1944

It is now common to compare a prince who is controlled by  
a people that is uncontrolled by him  
and a prince who is controlled by a people that is  
controlled by him. And if we compare them when both are  
in control, we shall see that the prince  
is far more exacting than the people  
and the people are far more exacting than the prince.  
And if we compare them when both are  
in control, we shall see that the prince  
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and the people are far more exacting than the prince.

WILLIAM SHAKESPEARE

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AGENBITE OF INWIT

MODEST PROPOSALS FOR AMERICAN "FASCISM"

..."The uncritical response to the incantations of advertising is a serious symptom of widespread evaluational disorder. And it does not seem beyond the bounds of possibility that today's suckers for national advertising will be tomorrow's suckers for the master political propagandist who will, by playing up the 'Jewish Menace' in the same way as national advertisers play up the 'pink tooth-brush menace', and by promising us national glory and prosperity in the same way as national advertisers promise us personal glory and prosperity, sell fascism in America."

-- HIYAKAWA, Language in Action

..."When fascism comes to America, it will come in the guise of anti-fascism; you can bet on that."

-- HUEY LONG

Given realization of the economic necessity for the earliest possible installation of a "fascist" economy; given further the necessity for disguising the change, it is not difficult to see what should be done if the "fascist" planners of America are to go about it in the most logical and sensible way. I refer, not to the economic strategy -- that is already in hand -- but to the matter of slight alterations in the social framework.

The camouflage should be impressive. Outstanding elements of Fascism, as the American people comprehend it, should be conspicuously absent. Thus, Anti-Semitism, which is usually the first tangible expression of Fascism which comes to mind, would not only not be used here, but would be forbidden by law, and those laws prosecuted vigorously. Thus, when any of the more discerning (and opposing) few accused the government of Fascism, hands could be flung up in mock dismay, while the anti-racist laws were pointed to amidst a flood of oratorical bewilderment at the accusation.

The abolition of Jim Crow would not only serve the same purpose, but fulfill an economic necessity as well. The Negro-American represents a large supply of labor potential which as yet has not begun adequately to be exploited, due to "race" feelings. Jim Crow, in the present century at least, has been more of a nuisance economically than it was worth politically as a divisive force among the non-elite. Enforced segregation and marked discrimination, therefore in "fascist" America would be a thing of the past; the public would be trained to accept a man on his merits and that the color of his skin had nothing to do with the matter.

Just how far this new "emancipation" would go, would depend entirely upon factors yet to be determined: the socio-economic usefulness of the individuals and/or groups in question.

The same would apply to other national and/or racial minorities within our borders.



Who, then, one may well ask, will be the scapegoat in "fascist" America? Even granting that we do not have here the overwhelming need that obtained in Germany from 1918-1933 and onward, a national scapegoat is always a handy thing to have around. And how, if sections of the non-elite are not going to function as mutually detesting national, economic, racial, or religious groups will the non-elite as a whole be retained in that necessary state of division for their continued subjugation?

To answer the first question: absurdly simple. Not the Jews, the "Niggers", "Papists", "Wops", "Micks", "Chinks", "Reds", or even the "Japs" are the serpents in the garden. How could it be so when we shall be the enlightened people, proof against the "blood" calumnies of hitlerism. No -- the alien shall be our evil and the cause of our troubles. Whether he be the nameless, furtive alien, or the sinister, plotting agent of the remnants of the Third Reich, Falange, Sinarqua, Fascismo -- is of little import academically. The alien is so perfectly amorphous a conception as to be irresistible. (And in cases of necessity, hangers-on of the recently defeated Axis can be produced.)

So far as the destruction of culture, also generally associated with "fascism" goes, such as we have need not be broken, but just bent a little more. Only let the liberals and totalitarian democrats (vide FM) have their way. Where the need for federal assistance in squelching dangerous thoughts comes up, the FBI can rout out such Fascists.

As to dividing the people, here is the most amusing aspect of all. Heretofore the various elites of the world have considered it necessary to keep a people fighting among themselves to insure either lack of revolt against the elite, or the projected destruction of that people. American history has shown how obsolete all this is. The American public has proved itself to be the prize sucker of the modern world (vide national advertising and election campaigns) and, if approached scientifically can be expected to unite for its rape. Let merely the airwaves, newspapers, magazines, movies, and pulpits resound with the semantically correct brand of phrases about the Century of the Common Man (the while pointing to the increased standards of living that American "fascism" will produce) and the nation can be united to Win the Peace. (A splendid slogan for the New America would be H. G. Wells' masterly: "Common Sense for the Common Man".) Dissenters would not gain public favor, and the no-doubt necessary disciplining or outright sacrifices of such hard-shell industrial owners who decided to slug it out, would all serve to maintain the Brite Illusion.

As for the Leader -- while present American leadership is doing well enough for the moment, one "Messiah" looms like a colossus upon the horizon: Henry Agar Wallace.

Under such a setup, Americans could be expected to go marching along, singing a song, hand in hand with their Four Delicious Freedoms right up to the outbreak of the next war, and our participation therein. (In self defense, and strictly in accord with the United Nations Charter, of course.)

There remains a possibility of the Dillings-G.L.K. Smith type



of Fascism coming into being; that would be chaotic, stupid, unstable and bloody. But this is unlikely. For all the noise they make, such movements need more support than any American variety has ever received -- particularly if the end be to obtain control of the nation. Industry has underwritten them for specific purposes, which they helped achieve, but handing the country over to them is another matter. The modest proposals outlined above, are we think, much more simple for the execution -- as well as being virtually guaranteed to pay off.

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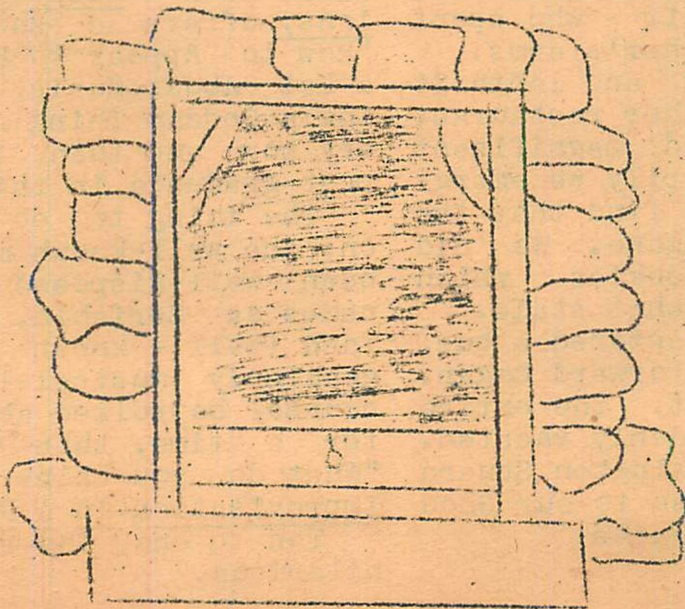
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DEPARTMENT OF LIQUORARY QUIDDICS M.

Robert Bloch presents: "A Window on Michel"





C E R I F S     T h e   p r o p o s i t i o n :

That the Love of Ghod which hovers over Villagers does not extend north of 14th St.

(1) We had planned to partake of paella at the Sevilla, but en route to Abingdon Square she enquired as to my interest in French cooking. After hearing descriptions of the bistro she had in mind, Bonats up on 31st Street, between 8th and 9th, I agreed with alacrity. We found a taxi in no time at all, and arrived at the establishment to find that, this being Friday, not one of the dishes with which I had been tempted, was to be had. Further, some patrons arriving later, and ordering the same as we did, received a much larger selection of hors d'ouvres.

(2) We got a Riverside 5th Avenue Bus, the intent being to ride on the second story extreme front, right up against the window. A full seat we found in the rear, moving up twos and ones and an occasional three as people got off. But the two prize seats were occupied by (a) a child and his mother, (b) two young maidens -- one crowned with exquisite copper hair - who spent the trip in each other's arms.

(3) At Broadway and 145th St she remembered another restaurant where they served magnificent French pastry. Happily we emerged and entered, to find that the day's supply was gone. We did have some French cookies which were good, but somewhat stale.

(4) Again we entered a bus, and the long trek forward began. But at 14th Street, the entire front row was suddenly vacated. We rode on to Washington Square park in style, praise to our Ghod resounding in our hearts.

G. E. D.

We'd heard that Hannes Bok had written an interesting reply to John Michel's "A Window on Bok" which appeared in the 1st Mailing's issue of Banshee; so we wrote Hannes, saying we'd like to see it for possible publication in Agenbite. A moon or so later, Bok declined politely, saying: "Johnny is not a critic, recognized or unrecognized ... therefore it's unnecessary for me to reply to his article."

Now what we want to know, Mr. Anthony is: How do you become an Unrecognized Critic? How can the true variety be discerned from the crass pretenders? Who knows there might be a bit of enjoyable relaxation in this sort of thing. If Hannes will only suggest some manner of procedure, I'd like to try for a position of Unrecognized Criticism in, shall we say, the Aesthetics of Diddling -- or should I be more conventional and make it Creative Paleontology?

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The "Music Appreciation" rack-et, highlighted by such tomes as David Ewen's Music For the Millions, offers a short course in "How to Appear to Know a Hell of a Lot About Music, Without Knowing a Goddam Thing About It." Every now and then, I run across a post-graduate in this field.

The thing to do is to lead it on; the well-known masters having been well-disposed of, let such names as Scriabin, Roussell, and Toch (well - known enough to the genuinely musical-literate, of course) be rolled about the mouth for a time, then blandly ask: "What do you think of Haarmon's Improvisation in A Flat?"

Ten to one, the answer will be hilarious.



N I G H T M A R E    N U M B E R    F O U R

By Robert Bloch (With apologies to Stephen Vincent Benet)

We thought it was a joke  
When we read it in the papers that afternoon  
About some nut inventor down in Georgia  
With a device for printing matter on the air,  
No -- it wasn't radio again,  
Or television. It printed matter on the air for you to read.  
And it wasn't exactly skywriting either, because this was permanent  
And wouldn't blow away.

But there it was. Just an item in the paper.  
It didn't mean much. Something to laugh about, or tell your wife  
"What will these guys think of doing next?"  
And most people didn't even see it, I suppose. That's why it came  
As such a shock  
When the advertisers took it up ...

I remember the morning  
When I looked out of the window and saw the sign hanging there  
(Just hanging there, you understand, in bold black letters)  
Reading:  
HAVE YOU TAKEN A GOOD LAXATIVE LATELY, OLD TIMER?  
I know I blinked, and wondered if an airplane had written it.  
But no, the letters were only two feet high, and they were black.  
Black as ink.  
I know, because I went outside and touched them  
And they didn't go away, or even break;  
They were solid letters, and they hung  
Right outside my window, and they didn't vanish the next morning.

This was the time it started -- and on the streets, going to work,  
There were signs to read.  
EAT REEKIES -- THEY'RE GOOD FOR YOU  
HAVE YOU HAD YOUR WINTER FUR RELINED? and GET YOUR CRANKCASE DRAINED  
The passengers pointed them out on the bus. They puzzled; we all did  
But I don't think we were sore, then.  
You see, it was just starting,  
And there weren't many signs; they were small, and nobody cared.  
Black and white, two feet high --  
POOPSI-COLA MAKES YOUR BLADDER GLADDER.

After while we noticed how the men came with their spray guns,  
Like insect exterminators, and sprayed the letters out.  
Little crowds used to watch them do it. And the radio comedians  
Made gags, and the columnists filled their columns,  
But nobody wrote indignant letters to the newspapers,  
Yet.



Then they began spraying signs on the lawns.  
 And on driveways.  
 And above houses.  
 And the streets were crowded with signs, signs, signs.  
 Black specks of printed matter, wherever your eyes turned.  
 And advertising agencies were sued by indignant property owners.  
 But the air was free. Wasn't it?  
 The courts thought so.  
 Motorists complained that signs blocked visibility.  
 There were accidents. Men were killed, but the ads went on.  
 To sell more bread.  
 To sell more tonics to help digest the bread.  
 To sell more laxatives to help you get rid of the bread  
 Once you digested it.  
 And then, of course, they advertised more bread again.

That's how it went, and we might have become used to it, in time,  
 If only the signs hadn't started getting bigger.  
 And thicker.  
 Two feet tall in the air. Then five feet tall. Then ten feet.  
 And the letters a foot thick. The air became black.  
 Foul.

There was some secret ink in the signs, and you breathed it  
 And it made you retch. But that was all right.  
 One of the signs said USE SIMPSON'S PILLS AND STOP RETCHING.  
 There was a cure.  
 But not for blindness, not for insanity, not for the perpetual sight  
 Of those signs, floating over Broadway and Park Avenue,  
 Twisting between clothes-lines in the slums,  
 Waving between lawn and sky on palatial estates,  
 Blocking the streets  
 Shadowing the sun in a black blot over the city.  
 The signs reading TENDER SKIN LIKES VELVYDOWN TISSUE,  
 EAT MORE COLARABI WEEK,  
 GET RID OF YOUR UGLY PIMPLES, and THROW AWAY YOUR TRUSS.

And then,  
 They made the signs in color.  
 And they made them in Neon to light up the night.  
 And blindness and insanity really began to pile up vital statistics.  
 But everybody stopped advertising in magazines and over the air  
 Because visual, direct advertising was cheaper and more profitable  
 And what if the signs did tangle up in streaming criss-crosses?  
 What if you looked out of your window and saw nothing but  
 Illegible printed matter, high in the air? reams of it

They got the insects to work, then.  
 Innoculated them, I suppose. Trained them, perhaps  
 To void out the signs.  
 No more sprayers. Insect thoraxes  
 Spewed out the signs in patterns.  
 Of course they tried to pass some laws.  
 They always do when it's too late.  
 And it was too late now.



There were insects everywhere. Insects in clouds.  
Insects in black swarms, spurting from distended bellies  
Each forming his little letter; his dot, his dash, his period.  
And that, of course, was the beginning of the end.

Too many insects.  
Too many to train, too many to control. So they bred.  
Bred, and flew, and devoured.  
They made nests in crates of VELVYDOWN. They nibbled at the trusses.  
They bored through boxes of SIMPSON'S BILLS.  
It didn't do any good to reline your winter furs.  
They ate them too  
And bred again.  
The skies were really black now. Black with flying forms.  
It was too late. The plague came, and then the famine.  
They called out the Marines.  
But how are you going to bayonet an insect?  
And pretty soon,  
What with plague and famine and all, there weren't any Marines  
Any more.

There weren't any consumer goods left to consume,  
Nor any consumers.  
And -- belated blessing -- there weren't any advertisers either.  
Just the insects  
Flying aimlessly through print-spattered air.  
Droning by the signs  
Made meaningless through lack of eyes to read them. And insect  
retinas.  
Flickered down on an empty world where there was nothing left  
But words.

Lucky for me.  
I saved a few to write this down.

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# EN RE : The Nimble Aeronauts

By Henry E. Sostman

I blush at the necessity for saying it, but I cannot feel seriously concerned at the charges Mr. Wollheim writes against my name in K'Taogm-m. The phrase "cult of unintelligibility", invented by precisely that handsome Max Eastman whom Mr. Wollheim deplores in the current issue of his little booklet, has perhaps as much significance here as the words "inferiority complex" have in our contemporary psychology; words which the guileless have thoroughly spoiled for use by firing them indiscriminately at the heads of those of us who have read a book.

I am rather more moved by Mrs Emden's comment that she found my last poem difficult, and in sincere desire to make myself understood I should like to place before her, for what trifle they are worth, my views on poetry and an explanation of why my verse takes the form and shape that it does.



I have some convictions about my aims, and about the direction of modern poetry. The writer of any age must speak in terms of his age. The poet of this century knows a world larger, deeper, wider than any of his predecessors. It is a world which has for a short time been experiencing the ripe and rotten fruits of the Industrial Revolution, the effects upon the individual of mechanization, the megapolis, a church no longer immune to question; the incredible timidity and the incredible surplus which characterize our era. I have said somewhere else that I believe the function of the artist is to orient himself in the cosmos, to integrate it in terms of himself; this is at once material and matrix of his art. The complexity of integration is astronomic, in a world suddenly expanded like the weak side of a full balloon.

The expression of states of feeling which are personal, in so enormously involved a world, makes it necessary for the poet often to disregard the direct logic we associate with, for example, the natural sciences. He must employ an oblique system of emotional dynamics where terms of expression are chosen for associational meaning rather than the continuity of the  $A / B \text{ equals } C$  order -- 2 and 2, through the passage of inference, may well sum to 5 or 3 or infinity. This, really, is the genetic basis of speech.

English poetry of the agrarian school seems to have been largely concerned with finding new ways to state that "My love is like a red, red rose" and "Tears, idle tears, I know not what they mean". I feel that these are excellent poems, and that there is no need for me to rewrite them. My interest stems from the world of this year, and includes also precision instruments and automatic machinery, international development and city planning, neurology and matrix algebra, and the moral problems they pose. I find sunsets impressive and I once said so in print; yet the healthless boredom that follows when nerves are too tightly stretched, and the sick disappointment with which I watch this nation's promises and policies slump toward crass totalitarianism, seems to me more immediate, more demanding of attention -- and harder to state simply. I am in verse interested, then, not in anecdotes or landscapes, but within the plenum of my own experience, in the emotional impact of facts, ideas, values, and events upon myself. It seems to me axiomatic to write so that people may read, and so I aim at the utmost clarity and simplicity compatible with material that is often not simple. This much is background, and has been said many times before, by abler critics. Mr. Wollheim may take it for his own First Reader.

I am rather glad that the poem under discussion is The Nimble Aeronauts, for it is an example of my approach in extremis, and contains few distracting elements. Perhaps a dissection of that poem will help throw some light upon the whole problem.

One day I shall write, in prose, the story of how the benevolent, omniscient, and avuncular Government of the United States for reasons of bureaucratic security plucked me in its might from my home island and deposited me in an impossible area of our deep southern mountains. I shall tell you in this story how I lived for a long time with people primitive as only Americans, Mr. Wollheim, can be primitive; River Bretheren, backwoods Mennonites, Running Water Baptists. I shall surely mention how from my con-



centration camp I watched them scabble in the ground for bitter sustenance, all day long; every day of the week, and how because there was for them in their lives upon this earth no faintest hope of security, no remotest possibility of enjoyment or even of relaxation, they invented for themselves an arid and airless supernaturalism that promised future reward for exaggerated sacrifice.

That traditional supernaturalism is not the theme of The Nimble Aeronauts. The theme consists in the impact upon my own differently attuned background and intelligence of their artful, painful, constricting navigation toward incarnation Above; the repugnance I felt at their manufactured illusions, and pity at the incredible perversions their inhuman religions forced.

The understanding of the image-concentration should not, in this frame of reference, be difficult. The title indicates the impression of slick-logicality, of web-spinning-in-vacuo, that I carried away with me when by the grace of General Hershey I returned to a compromise with civilization. The poem attempts to illuminate my emotion at their success in eradicating actuality in favor of incongruous nursery-tale metaphysics, in reducing their relation to the cosmos, and half the nature of man, to a ghost-ridden and pale structure of denial and negation. The last lines of the poem attempt to represent, as forcefully as I can state it, the tumbling of the monstrous machinery in the moment of the eventually, inevitably real.

If, Mr. Wollheim, my desire were to obscure, I could pass for wise and still be understood simply by use of an incomprehensible title with full translation condescendingly appended. The fact that I do not leads us to the heart of Mrs Emden's implied question. The query I must meet is: "If you will write subjectively, how do you mean us to understand your work? There is little need to repeat MacLeish's and Monet's hackneyed illustrations that a poem and a picture can be an entity, independent. But what of communication?"

I am interested in communication, as I have said, outside the (emotional) silly bonds of A plus B rationality. Unfortunately, there is no convenient code-book or rule of thumb that can be applied to poetry. My frame of reference is inviolately my own; until I put it into prose it is my cabbage patch and not yours. But certainly Mrs Emden has a frame of reference of her own; Mr. Wollheim has, although he must admit it seems to the casual observer a mirror image of Mr. Blish's full frame, with the plus sign changed to minus signs. The thing for Mr. Wollheim to do is to reject my intrusion (I shall never know) and continue to write interestingly and refreshingly about the emotional impact upon his personality of his friends. But to Mrs Emden, and others, I can say that somewhere, on some points, their plena must coincide with mine, if for no other reason than that we live above ground. In a serious reader, I expect a careful comparison of my own emotional experience with his own frame of reference. I believe it is my right to ask that reading, as well as writing, involve participation in a creative act. I am convinced that it must be so, if poetry is to say words of more than one syllable.



E N P A S S A N T or The Nimble Calumnies

First Movement: the political part (largo)

K'Taogm-m serves as a reminder that between uncritical Stalinophilia from one side of the Mailings, and uncritical Stalinophobia from another, there can be little but revulsion.

One's first impression is to dismiss the matter muttering "a plague on both your houses", but the very existence of two such extremes insures that one will be found less objectionable than the other. And thus, though both state their pieces with an air of being the authority on such matters; both indulge in dogmatic statements without giving references (although neither do this exclusively, it should be noted), if it comes to the point where a reluctant nod in one of the two directions must be given, then that nod must go to the left.

The question of the desirability of Marxian Socialism and/or "is or is not the USSR a Socialist state?" can be argued up to exhaustion of all participants, but a tangible issue before us all at the present time is that of the presence or absence of a Soviet-American war. Granted that, as individuals, we may have little weight, "little" does not equal "no". And since there are forces in both countries operating toward the insurance of such a war, it is incumbent on those of us here who prefer not to have any, to avoid throwing what weight we have on the scales of the war-forces.

There can be no argument against the proposition that the "party line" Russophiles do not aid greatly in furthering the desirable goal of Soviet-American understanding; but at least they add little grist to the war-forces' mill in comparison to the Russophobes, who by presenting only information slanted to build up emotional detestation of all things Soviet, add considerable. The desirable aim operates via the promulgation of information so slanted as to promote mutual tolerance of what both the Soviet and the American man-in-the-street considers social-economic-moral defects in the other nation. While such promotion is the desire of many Stalinists the "official" CP manner of practising this promotion is so inept as to defeat it ends. The sensible manner of such promotion is to present uncomplimentary (from the viewpoint of the audience) material in an unemotional fashion, balancing it with material which the audience will approve; suppression of neither pros nor cons is needful, and emphasis upon the fact that much of what Americans find undesirable in the USSR is entirely desirable to the citizens of that nation (and vice versa) is also requisite.

The entire purpose of presenting three different streams of thought in "But What, Asked Pilate, is Truth?" was to suggest the folly of accepting any statements on the USSR, which have strong emotional connotations, uncritically. These three streams all have one thing in common: a party-line approach -- the use of "official" words or phrases; signal reactions to given stimulæ in reference to the subject of Russia; categorical division of disagreement. They are not the only streams of thought, and I admit to oversimplification on these three. For example: in the "Socialist anti-Stalinist" camp I failed to mention the existence of large numbers of imposters -- persons who pretend to be in favor of Socialism for the purpose of thus better perpetrating anti-Russian propaganda. Such



persons are akin to the "Hearstians", the difference being that the "Hearstians" are against Socialism and outrightly say so. While the genuine members of the "Socialist anti-Stalinist" camp would be for the USSR could they accept its pretensions to being a Socialist state. But there is at least one other stream of "truth": that of the Non-Socialist, Non-antiStalinist. This camp has no "party line" as defined above.

In seeking the Truth the Wise Man, when confronted with information which would sway him toward a definitive attitude or action, tries to investigate farther -- particularly when such information is emotionally slanted, or has strong emotional connotations. Admitting that our temperate reader cannot make first-hand observations on the subject of the USSR, there is a way in which a reasonable facsimile of checking up can be made, and that is looking up the sources. Such phrases as the "polluted anti-Soviet press" make a thoughtful reader wince, but investigation will readily show that there have been and there are both newspapers and writers whose record on the USSR has been consistently one of emotional presentation of material slanted to give an unfavorable impression of all things Russian. Further investigation of many of these will show that much material presented as proven "fact" later proved to be outright fabrication.

Thus, when John Doe, whose record upon investigation shows a high percentage of emotionally slanted, anti-Soviet material, much of which later events disproved, comes forth with new material, also emotional and such as to give one an unfavorable opinion of the USSR (either as a whole, or in relation to some item in particular) -- the "Man who seeks the Truth" will withhold making those judgements the information apparently calls for, and look farther. If John Roe, whose past record has been one of reasonable fair-mindedness toward the USSR (not uncritical adulation, but a mixture of praise and blame -- such as normally is found in relation to almost any foreign nation) coupled with a reasonable percentage of accuracy as developments have proven, comes forth with the same information, then there is some measure of justification in temporarily accepting Roe upon the subject.

This position is by no means simple or easy for the maintaining. It is much easier to go about either in a haze of adulation or of self-righteous rage on the subject of Russia.

And if my accusation against individual members of either extreme is considered by them to be unfair, or incorrect, let me say that I am going on the published record in the Vanguard mailings -- rather on what they may have said privately about their attitude. A sensible way to deny or refute these charges is for those who have heretofore sung naught but chants of unqualified praise for the USSR to admit to some flaws in their idol, and for those who have presented naught but solid black, to take note of things there which are to be admired and respected.

(Andante) Parnassus is painfully naive, even though much of the material presented is worth consideration; however, the liberal use of phrases not only stock-in-trade with "party line" popaganda, but which further won't stand up under careful scrutiny, weakens it. The CP has often had worthwhile ideas, and instigated worthwhile projects in various local communities, but it has never learned how



to conduct itself, so that it has incessantly (a) presented its ideas in a style that shrieked "red propaganda" from page one (b) alienated and engendered the opposition of large numbers of persons who, otherwise, would not have considered it a categorical enemy. Any propaganda, regardless of the correctness of the information it promulgates, which can immediately be recognized as propaganda, loses 90% of its effectiveness thereby. (The other 10% serves, of course, to strengthen the convictions of those already convinced.)

The lads (Kepner-Rogers-Saha) should not be so sanguine about the recent British elections; or don't they know by now that any change of government in any nation, without a simultaneous alteration in the socio-political structure, is only a change of faces, and perhaps the official phraseology?

(Allegro) In High Points, Wollheim brings forth, at last, a sensible reason for persecuting Ezra Pound (whether or not one can accept it): injustice a is not injustice b. That injustice which helps to bring about a higher level of justice than heretofore existed may be forgiven; it is the injustice which serves no other purpose than its own perpetration which is intolerable. The rub, of course, is whether you consider Socialism as conducive to a higher level of justice than that obtainable in our present order.

(Presto) Despite the chaotic organization of her material Judy does admirably in Temper in that she outlines the necessity for a change in the socio-economic order without swooning at last into the arms of any already-existing, self-proclaimed political saviors of humanity.

(Recapitulation and Coda) It's somewhat ironic that Blish chose Mussolini Italy (strictly as a rhetorical example) as the "closest approach to a book-fascist state", when not only was it actually the farthest from such than any other nation in the modern world, but a reasonable facsimile of such state existed and exists in the USSR. (Book-fascism, we repeat, has no essential in common with the socio-economic setup that existed in Fascist Italy, and to save the necessity for further and repeated explanations, we shall not use the term "book-fascism" any more. There is a better word for it, and one not cluttered up with false connotations: Managerialism.) Here in the USSR, we see a society in which the engineers, technicians, artists, propagandists, "governmental experts" (the Communist Party of the USSR falls into the last category which accounts for the otherwise puzzling, relatively small number of "Communists" in the so-called "Communist State") and so forth are the favored class, and live as well (relatively) as the "princes of industry" in the United States. The great mass of people, in the USSR, live as well, and are cared for as well, as the national economy permits -- and this economy is an expanding one. Economic democracy exists to a far greater degree than in the USA, but political democracy does not exist to anywhere near the degree that the economic setup should normally guarantee. It is, however, the "closest so far to a Managerial state". In our opinion, the USA will come much closer.



Second Movement: The Poetical Part (Furiant)

Crying Snowflakes, on the whole, is much better reproduced than the material warrants. Comment upon the contents is best summed up by quoting one of Nuttall's own lines: "Artist ... writer ... poet ... I am not ...". (From "Dispair", and why doesn't she?)

Tumbrils' selection on page 3 raises a point I have often discussed with no little acrimony: that of the use of relatively large sections cast in a language alien to that of the body of the poem. When it is a matter of a single word or phrases -- that is one thing; there are many familiar phrases or words in other tongues which are either untranslatable, or which would require a full paragraph of English in order to arrive at a reasonable approximation of meaning. This sort of usage could only be objected to by those readers who lack either interest or ability (or both) to comprehend poetry on any higher level than Edgar Guest. I'll return to this theme later, when we come to Renaissance. At the moment, I'd like to question what the Greek-letter title of this poem has to offer that would not have been achieved not only as well, but better, than simply using the Roman alphabet.

In Agenbite, I see I've committed the same sort of crime of which I accused Blish (privately) in regard to one of my own items in Tumbrils -- that of typographical carelessness. The absence of the comma after the word "often," in the sentence:

"Helen, thy beauty is to me

"something I escape not often, and with difficulty."

may not have distorted the poem, but 'tis unjust to Sostman nathless, and I apologize.

An advance look at the new Tumbrils warns me that the Frierherr considers "Mirage" one of my worst offerings. While the intent of the criticism is one of reproof, it is in actuality highly flattering, and I wish the statement were literally true. However, even though a scribe is not, as a rule, much of a judge of his work, both Blish and I know from the things I've junked without permitting publication, and the stuff that has been published, professionally and otherwise, that "Mirage" is something of a gem in comparison. This piece was published because of conviction on the writer's part that it had fulfilled its own particular purpose -- that of stating a mood, building upon it and summarizing briefly. (Emden's interpretation of the poem, incidentally, I found fascinating -- and far from correct.)

I do not pretend to be in a class with Sostman, who bids fair to be a significant poet of our time. Having neither the background nor intellectual insight requisite for such tasks as HS essays, I shall and do rest content with the highest possible degree of excellence within my own frame of reference and ability.

Phantasphere gives fair examples of my earlier attitude toward poetics -- which was embarrassingly close to the Ebey-Watson impertinence.



Joe's Jottings' offering: "On Literary Conceits" is a reasonable approach to adequate burlesque of the Poe-taster who thinks he is oh, so cleverly modern. Required reading for Sapphic contributors.

Since Kepner acknowledges that his offering in Parnassus is notoriously ungood, we'll say no more about it here. ... The less said about the offerings in K'Taogm-m, the better, except to note that "The Nimble Snorts" is highly illuminating, although not in regard to "The Nimble Aeronauts". ... Surprise of the mailing is Judy's "Sum of the Parts"; this would have received praise in any event, but is the more to be welcomed after Zissman's former attempts. My own attitude on offerings of persons, like Judy, who make no pretense of being "significant" in the field of poetry, is that their best work should be welcomed, and no mercy shown to stuff obviously dating from the year 7. Unfortunately, even though the treasury is in good standing, Vanguard can't supply umbrellas with each mailing containing gushes from the inexhaustible Nuttall-type fountain. ... Commendations to "Consecration of Certain Clouds" in Discrete, which moved me far more than the Tumbrils' selection.

"The Everlasting Exiles" in Renaissance brings me back to the point raised before. Sostman has a fine, sensitive style in English. Not knowing German, I can't know if this same style is also carried over into the two passages in the poem. I have seen and heard translations of those two passages, but hardly in the style of the body of the work. To ears attuned only to English, these two stanzas read aloud (by someone who can declaim German well) aren't very musical -- and I fail to see, from the English meaning that an interjection of sonic discords (which German represents in relation to the sound of the English) is necessary. Were these paragraphs largely composed of words or idioms or phrases which English could not have expressed adequately? Was the motivation for their inclusion that of producing a psychological effect of shock, terror, or the like?

Having much to learn on these matters, I neither praise nor censure at this point, but only ask irritating (no doubt) questions.

Third Movement: the whimsical part (quasi una fantasia)

Curfew, we weep to say, is no longer with us, having expelled nine lives in rapid succession after a short illness. The feline population of 325 West 11th Street underwent a rapid diminishing thereafter. Maggie, a girl of the streets, hissed at, batted about by both Blackout and Curfew, was taken to the Humane Society, and V. J. Fleafactory (to whom Blackout made up at once!) was last observed being pursued by a dog. Blackout himself, now resides at ye Castle Haxa, better known as 787 Washington Street, and shuttles around between Blish's and Emden's dwelling-machines.

"Deviation All the Hell Over" reminds me that the great Shaw-Emden feud may have petered out by the time this appears, but we remember fondly when it was in full glory. There was Emden, her fluffy hair straight up, hissing a la Blackout at the cloud of Revulsion fumes behind which sat Shaw



grinning nautically. Betimes they would grow weary of intense hatred and just loathe each other abstractly.

The model of the infinite universe is a lovely thought for the wonderful wonderful postwar world. I want a small one for the ceiling of my bedroom so that when the night's work is done we can lie quietly and gaze out into the far reaches. Or perhaps we should set it into the floor beneath the throne; that's the trouble with these clever little gadgets -- always posing problems to add to the worries of harassed people.

If enough students will write in, perhaps good old FU will repeat last year's conservatory course conducted by Prof. Cohen and Dr Zissman. True, most undergraduates will prefer to choose between Cohen's No-Tone Scale and Judy's Any-Tone Scale, but I see no reason for such circumscription. Is this or is this not a Liberal Education FU offers? (Incidentally, in case anyone wonders about it, the Little Lowndes Book - Keeping course, featuring the Double Entry- Triple Withdrawal system will not be repeated this semester,

Program Notes: (Stuff not covered elsewhere)

Praise to: "Beautiful, Beautiful Baedeker - III"; the neatness of Joe's Jottings and the well thought-out reviews; Shaw for a publication which looks and reads like anything but "eleventh-hour" material; Judy's setting up of "Eudgeteers", and the excellent "And the Pursuit of Happiness"; the Futurian University ad, "Fantomas", "Four Variations", & "Fairy Tale" in Discrete; Stefantasy's appearance and the ads, as well as "The Hollywood Menace"; "Hot", "The Conversation Lags", and "Shaft" in Renaissance.

Question to Danner: If, as you say, DM-17, DM-42, DM-317, etc, sound awful on a high fidelity machine, why then, pray do the first few of the new Columbia recordings (the Beethoven 7th, Tschaiikovsky 6th, and Brahms 4th) sound poorish on the low-range sort of player which makes these older sets sound good? I note a degree of clarity in these Columbia releases which is appreciable, but there is also a dismaying shrillness in the strings and an undervaluing of woodwinds. Incidentally, it is more just for a record reviewer to appraise releases on the way they sound on these small sets, because relatively few listeners have ultra high-fidelity players. It seems that records have been made, for the most part, to sound well on smallprange machines with a fairish amount of distortion, or on combos, which, of course, are not made for good record reproduction in the first place.

Best in the Mailing: Temper #3. Special mention to Discrete #2 and Fling.

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 "You must make frequent use of the eraser if you want to write something that deserves a second reading. You must not be concerned for the admiration of the multitude, but must be satisfied with readers who are discriminating but few. Certainly you are not so stupid as to want your poetry to be used as textbooks in cheap schools! Not I! It is sufficient for me that the better citizens applaud." ... HORACE  
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## FEELING

By Judy Zissman

Framework: as delicate as tissue of a human  
nerve; woven and interlaced with stuff as fine  
as can be spun from the attenuate  
ideals of mankind.

This we called friendship.

Fabric: elastic as the meeting and receding  
rigidity of our two minds demanded;  
narrowing divergent space between two  
highly separate existences.

This we called friendship.

Structure: as strong as conscience and regard  
for self can be; a thing impenetrable; you only  
with destructive hand of fear-of-hurt  
collapsed the complex pattern of this thing

That we called friendship.

## THE WITCH WITH THE EYES OF AMBER

By Clark Ashton Smith

I met a witch with amber eyes,  
Who slowly sang a scarlet rune  
Shifting to icy laughter  
Like the laughter of the moon.

Red as a wanton's was her mouth,  
And fair the breast she bade me take  
With a word that clove and clung  
Burning like a furnace-flake.

But from her bright and lifted bosom,  
When I touched it with my hand,  
Came a coldness like the breath  
Of a glacier-conquered land.

And, lo! the witch with eyes of amber  
Dwindled to a wispy flame,  
And I found that I was standing  
By a tomb that bore no name.







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"The reformer has enemies in all those who profit by the old order, and only lukewarm defenders in all those who would profit by the new order, this lukewarmness arising partly from fear of their adversaries, who have the laws in their favour, and partly from the incredulity of mankind, who do not truly believe in anything new until they have had actual experience of it. Thus it arises that on every opportunity for attacking the reformer, his opponents do so with the zeal of partizans, the others only defend him halfheartedly, so that between them he runs great danger."

-- NICCOLO MACHIAVELLI