IT IS SPRING IN OUR country now. The godwits have returned. Each Spring they migrate from Siberia to the estuaries of New Zealand; from their breeding-grounds to their feeding grounds. Slender birds to a slender country but strong in their native instincts, shooting all weathers, mounting all storms to reach these southernmost beaches as the Maoris did when they came; man and bird equally unaware of their genius for navigation.

When the Maoris first saw this place in the exhausted distance it looked like a long white cloud to them and that is what they named it: Ao-tea-roa. The Land of the Long White Cloud; which must be how the godwits see it at the close of long migration, and what our exiles see in mind during their migration, for the tale of New Zealand could be told in terms of long migrations; of our expatriates alone.
LOS ALAMOS The road from Santa Fe to Los Alamos dips down hundreds of feet to the Rio Grande Valley. You cross the Rio Grande on an old-fashioned bridge of spiderweb ironwork. Then you go through the Bandelier National Monument where stand ruined cliff dwellings abandoned by the Pueblo Indians during the terrible 16th Century, when the rains failed, and the Conquistador from the south and the Apache from the north pinched the peace-loving Pueblos between them.

You climb through a rock-walled gorge. The walls are pitted with strange bowl-shaped depressions—mortars to the invisible pestle of grit-filled springtime winds. The road is steep; the top of the climb is 300 feet higher even than lofty Santa Fe.

The road bursts out onto the grassy Pajarito Plateau—the Tableland of the Little Bird.

A freshening breeze rustles the cottonwoods and aspens, the pines and spruces that shade the plushy lawns of Los Alamos. Where the sun shines, the skin prickles pleasantly with the warmth; where the trees shade, the skin cools again gratefully under the touch of a breeze that hints of unmelted snow on the mountains to the west. The Jemez peaks lift the horizon there another 4,000 feet and you are already so high that the sky over the ridgeline is taking on a first hint of the grape purple that marks the limits of outer space.
Remember those quaint old days when colleges were enclaves of study rather than revolution? There were two main types on campus in that period: the Liberal Arts Major and the Engineer. The former could generally be found outside the library, draped over a slim volume of verse—poetry so morbid that a single unrhymed couplet had the depressant effect of 25 Nembutals and a slug of gin. Alone and palely loitering, this fellow got his kicks by proclaiming life to be—alternately—a fountain or a dung heap. The Engineer, by contrast, marched briskly past the library toward the lab, his slide rule slapping his hip like a Dodge City sheriff's six-gun. When and if the Engineer stopped to speak to the Liberal Arts Major, it was in curt, quick accents: "You don't like the way things are? Well, we can fix it. Let's see—Pi equals the square root of Smog plus DDT divided by War and Highways to the nth power. There, it's fixed." Quoth the Liberal Arts Major: "Bushwa!"

Which is by way of prologue. When and if you ever enter Roger Penske's garage in Gasoline Alley at the Indianapolis Motor Speedway—and be forewarned that his security is so tight that you probably never will—the first thing you may notice is a neat sign tacked above the telephone. It reads: "Those of you who think you know it all are particularly annoying to those of us who do."
Novel style is ‘early dropout’ --and awful

SANGLORIANS RUN, by Peter Vincent (Dellcorte, 164 pages, $5.95).

Minneapolis Tribune

Reviewed by 4-11-71
Robert Armstrong

Do yourself a favor and go out and buy Peter Vincent’s novel. It will give you, forever after, something to measure a bad book by.

I finished Vincent’s novel on page 145 before it finished me. It is such a senseless waste of time and paper and ink that to go any further would have been absurd.

“Sanglorians Run” is like a dirty, little secret scribbled on a bathroom wall. It is an assault on the senses, a nasty piece of filth. That Vincent found a publisher only proves Barnum right.

The style is contrived and artificial — early dropout it might be called. A quote from the novel would serve as a good example but there is nothing that is not in bad taste or outright obscene.

On second thought, don’t buy the book. Vincent would only be encouraged. That’s the last thing on earth I’d want to see happen.

Robert Armstrong is a copy editor for the Minneapolis Tribune.
Justice Convention

The War of the Irish
Is Anything but Over

by Nick Browne

A great fine green banner with the sign of the plough and the stars and a legend in cloister script—"Every long watch ends, every traveler comes home: Padraic Pearse"—hung over the First Annual Convention of the National Association for Irish Justice.

Brian Heron, grandson of James Connolly, the Irish socialist thinker and leader of the Easter rising of '16, had put the whole thing together, uniting the various Irish civil rights groups here and abroad, ranging from moderate to militant. The unifying theme of Irish justice—sometimes uttered, sometimes unspoken—could be read "The border must go."

Throughout the day the delegates at City Center listened to Dr. Frank Gogarty, chairman of the Northern Ireland Civil Rights Association, and other speakers from Ulster recite the old list of wrongs. Because everyone who is interested is by now so familiar with the injustices in Ulster—the gerrymandered election districts, the Special Powers Acts, the B Specials, the carefully nurtured religious antagonisms—the American audience received them with the uncomplaining philosophic detachment of people listening to the troubles of other people thousands of miles away.

Then very late in the afternoon the shadow of a gunman fell across the plough and the stars. Cathal Goulding is short and solid with very steady blue eyes. His public voice has the harsh measured rhythms of Irish political oratory but in private conversation he speaks softly and thoughtfully. He is chief of staff of the Irish Republican Army.
A Hot Land Nearing
The Kindling Point

by Hanna Zim

LOS ALTOS HILLS, California—We live in a valley between two steep mountains. The sun comes and goes between the mountain peaks suddenly, like the wrenching open and slamming shut of a furnace door. There is never dawn or twilight, only starry darkness or blazing noon. Days are hot, 90 at least, but the nights are so cold we have to turn on the gas heater. There has been no rain since last April, six months. There is never any dew. What looks like a cloud is usually smog. Almost every day a new fire breaks out, either in this valley or in ones to the

north and south along the bay. We hear the sirens, listen to the radio reports, and watch the yellow smoke drift downwind across the sky.

When I go walking up the road or across the fields it’s easy to see why fires start so easily. The bark on fallen trees curls away from the wood like shavings. The grass is bright yellow and shiny, hollow and dead. It collapses under my feet without even a crackle, like cloth. Leaves hanging from branches crumble to powder when I touch them. The air is so parched that my throat gets sore. I carry a damp handkerchief to breathe through.

This fear of fire is all that was needed to simulate the uncertainty of life in a country at war. There have always been doubt, anger, a feeling of living on borrowed time, hatreds diverted by admiration for the beauty of the landscape. It has always been hard to get jobs or money, to know who is your friend and who is your enemy. Now there is immediate danger. Now the hills and the houses are burning.
I am with Ellison and Baldwin all the way, but the author of a book with the stark, unrelenting title *Soul on Ice* would expect that of me, a reasonably unharassed white middle-class professional man who, really, in many ways had it made from birth. I don’t at all like the nasty, spiteful way Mr. Cleaver writes off *Invisible Man* or *Another Country*. I don’t like the arrogant and cruel way he talks about Baldwin’s life and his personality. I don’t like the way he lumps white men, all of them, indiscriminately together, and I’m sick and tired of a rhetoric that takes three hundred years of complicated, tortured American history and throws it in the face of every single white man alive today. Mr. Cleaver rightly wants to be seen for the particular man he is, and I don’t see why he should by the same token confuse the twentieth-century traveling salesman with the seventeenth-century slave trader. If he wants us to understand American history, and in fact see its economic and political continuities, all well and good; but it is really stupid to tell today’s white people that they caused what in fact gradually and terribly happened. What can anyone do with that kind of historical burden, “do” with it in the sense of coming to any personal or psychological resolution?
They came to Hokkaido for the XI Winter Olympiad, to an alien island the size of South Carolina where the dancing crane migrates in from Siberia for the winter and smiling people decorate their snowy streets with bouquets of fresh flowers frozen into blocks of clear ice. There were 1,128 athletes from 35 countries assembled for the first Winter Games ever to be held in Asia, and they came wearing rich sealskin uniforms from East Germany and swirling red gaucho capes from Argentina and leather hats from Sears Roebuck.

They had no idea what to expect of Hokkaido and Hokkaido was not certain what to expect of them. But soon after the Games began in Sapporo, the chill, snowbanked capital of the island, it was clear that the liaison between northern Japan and the Winter Olympics was a thing born of charm and good fortune, a union made at “the horizon of the rainbow,” as the lyrics of one official Olympic hymn said. Perhaps that song, a sweet and moving melody titled The Ballad of Rainbow and Snow, best symbolized the mood. It was sung by massed choirs and played by cabaret pianists and danced to by go-go girls. It was rendered in every style from Mozart to Motown to the Muzak piped down into subway platforms and through department store aisles. The song hung like sunlight over the city all week.

Not everything came up rainbows, of course. Sapporo, with a population of 1.03 million, was the largest metropolis ever to host the Winter Games, and though every lamppost, taxicab

It did not take more than a few fidgets. Another racer almost as unheralded as Susie Corrock swept across the line in 1:36.68. She was Marie-Therese Nadig, 17, a powerful dumpling of a Swiss girl. Susie was now in second place and fidgeting some more, but again not for long. Down came the favorite, the big Austrian farm girl Annemarie Proell, 18, rocketing the course like a runaway Viennese pastry. She slipped into the finish area and the crowd gasped in disbelief. She had lost to Miss Nadig by an all but invisible atom of time—32 hundredths of a second.
No one even thinks about the B52s, where they come from, where they go to, what they are doing. B52s fly in packs of three. Each pack carries a load of 270 bombs. From a distance of half a mile I have watched these bombs fall onto supposed Vietcong positions in open countryside just north of Quang Tri. You do not hear the planes, 30,000ft overhead. You do not hear the bombs as they fall because they fall faster than sound. You do not, at first, hear the explosions. You simply see one fountain of earth after another gush rapidly into the sky like a row of bullets chasing along a wall in a bad war movie – which, after all, is what this is too. The noise of the explosions hits you, one after the other, as the individual fountains mass into one great 300ft high blanket of brown earth and smoke and dust and, the Americans hope, human pieces. In a city, the craters are less even, less deep and the air is filled not with earth and stones but with chunks of concrete, shards of glass, slivers of steel, hunks of brick and again, the Americans hope, many, many, many pieces of men, of women and of Vietnamese children.
Geoffrey Philip Eliot is a paradigm of the successful, active Lloyd's underwriter. A Gloucestershire parson's son, educated at Radley and Wadham, Oxford, he was elected an underwriting member of Lloyd's in 1947. As the chairman of his own syndicate, G. P. Eliot and Company, Ltd, he has chosen to specialise in aviation insurance, which is concerned with an increasingly important share of Lloyd's total business. Lloyd's underwriters ordinarily do not go out of their way to write freakish policies, but there is a proud tradition that they are never intimidated by unprecedented risks of any size.

At the age of 56, he is a formidable figure, six feet five and lean. When he is on duty, he is as formally elegant as an ambassador, with the grey hair and lined face of thoughtful experience and oxyacetylene-blue eyes that can pierce strangers' skulls. He is also an amiable countryman who laughs like a schoolboy.

*Patrick Skene Catling*, "*Risks that Bring Reward*", *Daily Telegraph Magazine* Dec. 1, '72 p. 39
Just inside the door of the downstairs loo, a large black marble bust stares in blind astonishment at the elaborate collage with which the entire room — walls, ceiling, even pipes — is covered. Washing my hands, I felt as though I were participating in one of those house party games in which contestants are required to look at a number of objects for a limited period of time, and then try to recall as many as possible. Aware that lunch was almost on the table, I scored only two — Sophia Loren and Nancy Cunard.

We talked about London with that absurd over-enthusiasm with which all Londoners discuss their city when they meet elsewhere ('I'm told Ebury Street is very convenient these days for taxis').

Christopher Matthew
"A Simply Fascinating Time at Anthony Powell's"
The Observer, Dec. 17, '72 pp.23-26
"Originally, there were 74 options. Then in October the number was given as 54. Then in November as 48. But did the last figure include the balance of the original BOAC-Air France options, some seven in all? 'They are not included, said the Minister. 'Have they lapsed?' asked Mr. Bruce-Gardyne. 'They are in relation to planes which can be considered way down the production line,' returned the Minister with appropriate mystery. 'I take it they have lapsed,' countered Mr. Bruce-Gardyne. The Minister fell silent."

Andrew Alexander's Parliamentary Sketchbook, Daily Mail, Feb. 16, '73

"He explained yesterday with an air of decisiveness that Britain definitely meant to go back as soon as possible to fixed rates -- or, as he put it in current parlance, 'fixed but adjustable' rates. Mr. Barber, himself a tall but short man, with a loud but quiet voice, was making a statement to a crowded but empty House of Commons."

Andrew Alexander's Parliamentary Sketchbook, Daily Mail, Feb. 14, '73

(Full column in British Press file)
Practical exegesis of police matters through contact, dear to mystery club writers, is not for him. A person in some authority in the metropolitan police once invited him to dine, and watch the wheels turn. He declined civilly, but not so much through lack of interest as a positive sense that he did not want to go. It underlies his view, then, that the genre should feed on itself? Yes, absolutely. People with a high degree of addiction preferred that attitude, like Professor H. W. Garrod who read one every two days, bisecting the volume neatly down the middle with a thread before he began.

Alex Hamilton, "Double Indemnity"—
interview with Sir J. J. M. Stewart of Oxford
(Michael Innes is prizeld for detective novels),
"Guardian", Feb. 2, '73

**Man of style**

A MAN followed Norman St John Stevas into the Carlton Club last week and imagining, as the famous must do, that this was one of the thousands upon thousands of people he'd once met, St John Stevas offered his hand. The man was sensible enough to identify himself and St John Stevas replied with: "Well, I didn't imagine that you would have changed your name," which was a generous and courtly ego-saving device to indicate that the man hadn't been forgotten. The only thing is, the man knew St John Stevas had never set eyes on him in his life.

As a social trick it was new to us. We know that one where you say: "Sorry, I've forgotten your name," and when the other fellow says "Smith" you say "Yes I know it's Smith, but I meant your first name." And if at first he says "Richard," you say "Yes I know it's Richard but I meant your last name."

We wouldn't mind offering £5 for the reader who can come up with a social ploy to rival the inventive St John Stevas's politesse.

_Sunday Times_
Feb. 11, '73
They look at each other and each waits for the other to speak and they don’t seem to know. Margaretta says, ‘Well, the next thing I’m doing, which is a film, I’m doing on my own.’ John remembers an architect friend being given a cheque for some superior council houses, and the afterthought platform mention of ‘help from his wife on the domestic aspects of the design’, his wife being a fully qualified architect and responsible for at least half of the work. Well, I say, what about Margaretta being more politically activist than John? ‘Oh well,’ she says, ‘he was an imperialist when I first knew him, he’s voted conservative you know.’ Rage rises up on my right and they start to have a row about Suez because she says he was for it, and he says that was in the August and that by the October, when the action started, he had indeed been very influenced by visitors from Ireland with more objective views on England’s imperialistic notions. He turns to me and says ‘It is what I came from and you can’t altogether reject it all at once. My people did go abroad, in the colonies. I grew up out of that’.

"The Island of the Arlenes:
Pam Dawson talks to John Arlen"
Plays and Players, Jan '73, p.19
A big shoot for Knitmaster, involving 16 Tiny Tots, is to take place this afternoon. Assembly point is Ken Bieber’s Mayfair studio, a vast room that seems to yearn for Hemingway’s Paris. The

*Observer, Nov. 26, ’72*

that anybody had the exclusive answer, but that everybody was entitled to think that he had, though he was not entitled to impose it on others. This is why he got on so well with so many different kinds of believers – Catholics, Anglicans, Muslims, Hindus, Jews, agnostics, and atheists. Often I’ve heard him quote Nietzsche’s aphorism, ‘This is my truth, now tell me yours.’

*Observer, Dec. 10, ’72*

‘If I were to choose a country which had politics that I like,’ he said, ‘I would not live anywhere.’

*Gabriel Garcia Marquez, interviewed by William Kennedy, “Garcia at Noon and Beyond,” Observer, Dec. 10, ’72 p. 7*
There is a notion about that we have got rid of all that. According to the new orthodoxy, we despise Hemingway for male chauvinist dishonesty, recognise that courage is really a disguised form of aggression, and are moving towards a haven of Unisex gentleness. I doubt that too. Of course sex has nothing to do with it. A friend of mine was getting into his car with his wife when five young men started jeering at her. She rebuked him for letting her be dishonoured, so he went after them and got beaten up. I think he was foolish, but she was next door to criminal. There is nothing masculine in physical courage, and nothing admirable in physical brutality, so put down that copy of Kate Millett at once. On the other hand, courage is a virtue - if not, as C. S. Lewis said, the precondition of all other virtues, and by 'if not' I mean that it isn't, not that I can't make up my mind. And physical courage, though no guarantee that one has any other sort, is easily demonstrated and often called on. A lot of people entertain the belief that they would rise to great heights when confronted with a great challenge. In the heroic half-hour before getting up, I frequently resign my cabinet seat on a point of principle, lose my job by speaking out for truth, or tell a blackmail to go to the police and get stuffed. I less often endure a sore throat without moaning about it, or pick a hot coal off the carpet with my bare hands, or insist on staying at work after the men with machine-guns have waved the camera-crew on their way, because I have often been faced with these real situations, and responded with real weakness. No progress of morals and manners, no technical change or social condition, makes that weakness any less of a fault.

Francis Hope, "You're Hunting Me"
New Statesman, Jan. 26, '73 p. 124
Memoirs: the original unpublished text of the Autobiography and the Journal by W. B. Yeats edited by Denis Donoghue
Macmillan £4.00

For half a century, more or less, Yeats’s reputation as a great poet has been virtually unquestioned. Some critics may have been slow to come round, but eventually even Eliot’s recognition was compelled by the evident dimensions of the achievement, the palpable existence of the oeuvre, the clear authenticity of the life. And once this valuation was generally accepted the critics were too busy to bother much about revising it. Apart from the poetry – all of it worked and reworked over the years – there was a large body of prose, wonderfully difficult manuscripts, a biography of which all that could be discovered added to the sense that here, as in the work, there was great diversity and yet substantial unity.

At the centre a unique love affair; inseparably related to it the politics of the Irish liberation, the foundation of a new drama and a national theatre, even a vast ‘philosophy’. It seemed a career worth a hundred books, and it got them.
To the Welsh Language Society a Welshman is one who speaks Welsh, so that an English-speaker who devotes his life to the welfare and prosperity of Wales is less of a Welshman than a third-generation emigrant who organises a Cymanfa Ganu on a sheep station in Patagonia. To Plaid Cymru a Welshman is one who blames all the ills of Wales on domination by England. What of the majority of the population? If Wales were to vote for its own parliament tomorrow, it would undoubtedly return a solid Labour majority. So a Welshman is a socialist? Well, no, unfortunately. What it does mean is that a majority of the population of Wales rejects the arrogant monopoly of Welsh characteristics and Welsh patriotism appropriated to themselves by the Welsh Language Society and the Plaid, who could well combine under the joint banner: ‘Come back, Owain Glyndwr.’ But the alternative is no better. All too often Welsh Labour supporters exhibit a masochistic humility in the face of the historic exploitation of the people of Wales, a humility that reminds one irresistibly of the attitude attributed by one critic to William Saroyan: ‘Go on, kick me, I’m only a poor bloody Armenian.’

Cyril Hughes
"What is a Welshman?"
New Statesman, Jan 12, 1973 p. 49
Edna O'Brien, A Pagan Place

p. 30 -- Your mother did her best to keep your father in at night, kept up a roaring fire, praised the programmes on the wireless, rubbed his head. The smell of his scalp got under her nails, that and the scurf.

p. 69 -- You began to recite I wandered lonely as a cloud, as an entertainment.
In those sepia corners where the genteel are fading at the edges on fixed incomes, you hear again and again the words of that saddest love of all—"In the old days it was different". I kept settling down hoping to hear romances of distant Edwardian splendour, but the good old days nearly always turned out to be Lady Docker's Nineteen-Fifties.

Loving that period as they do, the present must seem horrible. No domestics. No parties—just a wages spiral to which they have not been invited. Their incomes are fixed because they are living on miscalculated pensions, or on inheritances that have been tied up in trusts or annuities or in any other way cut off from the shares index.

For them, next year can only get worse. They dread their next economics and look back with wonder at the things they could afford last year—a few bottles of gin and as much fertiliser as the lawn needed.

Degrees of hardship vary. Poverty to me means no roof and no food. To others it can mean only four bedrooms and two cars no longer new. If you've reached the back room in a boarding house it can mean going half-board, which means no more lunches for you in this world.

He spent 30 years altogether moving round various bits of Africa and the Far East, managing things like coffee plantations and rice farms. He came back in 1958, a bachelor still, his trunks full of witch doctors' masks, various people's teeth, somebody's eye. "But nothing that was very much use."
must feel indebted to him. I think some people in prison read books for the first time in their lives. I also had magazines sent in—Country Life, that’s awfully calming. Or the Antique Collector. I would even read Vogue. Somebody gave me copies of the Tatler, and I could spend hours going through them. Some of the others there read Country Life just to see what silver there was about, you know, or which houses might be interesting later on. If you had Country Life you had to hold on to it like grim death because people always wanted it.

“*The Model Prisoner*” — Francis Wyndham interviews John Vassall, British civil servant sentenced in 1962 to 18 years for selling Admiralty secrets to the Russian.
I OFTEN look at the Knave in a pack of cards and wonder if he presents himself sideways to the world because he is too shifty to look me in the face, or because he is vain about his profile.

I hope it's the former, because hard as I try I am turned off by vanity in men. I couldn't really love someone who did press-ups in the morning, or who wore a cloak, or was always whipping off his shirt at the first pallid shaft of sunlight to display a magnificent torso. Whenever I see a man surreptitiously shaking sweeteners out of a phial I have a sadistic urge to nudge his elbow so the whole lot cascades into his coffee.

I suppose I dislike vanity in men because I'm so vain myself. But having been brought up not to be conceited about my looks, I make fervent attempts to conceal it. If a delectable man turns up at home unexpectedly, I always charge upstairs pretending I can hear one of the children crying but, in fact, to comb my hair and smother myself in scent. In times past I have been known to change the Barbara Cartland novel by the bed for a copy of Bertrand Russell.

Then there are those embarrassing occasions when a man gives me a lift, and I turn his driving mirror round to have a surreptitious glance, then forget to put it back in place, so that he pulls out slap into a passing car. The worst experience happened to a chum of mine who went bra-less to a party and was caught by her host raiding the fridge for ice to make her nipples stand out.

Gilly Cooper, Sunday Times

Jan 21, 73, p 33
And now the war on another level. If Miss Mollie Panter-Downes's *London War Notes* smack of the conflict as seen from Knightsbridge ("It's a tough outlook for the debs of 1940") and shelters from air-raids 'prefer Harrods, where chairs are provided', it was because these enormously readable letters were written for a very limited, sophisticated and influential section of America, the readers of the *New Yorker*.

The letters, an elegantly understated record full of wit, did, as we know, immense good in important American circles and reading them now one is reminded more of the oddities than of the horrors. Take, for instance, a list of exempt occupations:

*Tea tasters, underhand puddlers, twisters, strippers, dog whippers, tidal-water bargees, funeral directors and pulpit men (manufacturers of steel and not the also-exempt evangelists).*

*Back* they all come, the humorous bus conductors ('Next stop, Benghasi!'), the dear WVS ('emerging from their herbaraceous borders to answer the call of duty'), the starch-stoged public nobly munching raw carrots to reduce blackout blindness, and Edith Summerskill who gamely suggested the formation of a corps of housewife snipers on the Russian model. The manufacture of corsets and fly-swatters was prohibited, the truly patriotic buried their dear ones without brass name plates, and a request for 20 Players was apt to be answered with 'I've nothing but 10 loose Churchmen.'
From the ashes

Alex Hamilton on Kurt Vonnegut, author of 'Slaughterhouse-Five'

Squeamish, I said I'd laughed aloud at "Slaughterhouse," but it wasn't painless.

"To be an American humorist," he said, "is to work with a very limited palette. Because we live in a society without nuances. It doesn't tell me anything if a man talks with some sort of accent. Not as accents have meanings in this country. And as your humorists can work with the intelligence of a man from a lower class."

It wasn't a reply exactly, but I thought it worth while to shift to this ground. I told him a joke Mailer had made with me, in distinguishing between granfallooners in this country and his own. "In Britain," Mailer had said, "if I walk through a room full of establishment people and annoy them, sure as hell I'll get drunk and crack my skull on the kerb. Our people have no such power."

Vonnegut said that was very sensitive of Mailer to make that joke, because he couldn't make it back home. "If I make a joke it's going to have to be in terms. It's not possible to be an Oscar Wilde in America. There are Bostonian jokes but only for the fine homes of Boston. Our training school for comedians around New York is a Jewish joke training school—so people have learnt Jewish jokes... If I made jokes about middle class Germans they'd be incomprehensible."

Science is the name...
Observer, Nov. 5, '72, p. 15 -- Article on attempt by Trafalgar House conglomerate to take over Savoy Hotel.

Sir Hugh Wontner, managing director of the Savoy for 31 years and chairman for 24, has long fought to make the company bid-proof. The hotel is, he says, 'a part of the annals of civilization,' and should be cherished as such.

...there are still three members of staff to every guest and a soothing air of oppulence that appeals to nostalgic Britons and rich Americans.

Sunday Times, Nov. 5, '72, interview with "pennies for the Guy" kids on Guy Fawkes Day. One said: "Americans give more than people who speak English."

Observer, Nov. 5, '72, p. 4 -- Article on "MauMau warfare on Irish border" by Colin Smith:

They are far too thin on the ground to provide round-the-clock protection for the farms, although their deployment can look good in what the staff officers call "goose-egg warfare" -- you draw big circles to mark your position when pinpricks would be more accurate.

Same article: when gunman opened fire on car: "Richard shouted, "Get down and sink the boot." (Accelerate)"

Evening News, Dec. 13, '72, Lord Arran's column: "In the old days when any buttons were undone, the formula between men, when women were present, was: 'Mercury is in the East.'"
Using small detail relentlessly for cumulative effect; Terry Coleman, Guardian, Nov. 11, '72, p. 12, on Swedish 17th c. ship:

But I think Vasa is moving because she never had anything to do with anything as pleasant as glorious death, but only with the lives and deaths of the ordinary men and women who were on her when she foundered. When she was raised, the bones of 18 men, women, and children were found. The skeleton of a man was pinned under a gun carriage. He was about 30-35 years old and 5ft 8in tall. His hair was dark and he wore it long. His clothes were quite well preserved: a linen shirt and wide, plain-woven, woollen trousers, buckle shoes, and linen stockings. Over this he wore a homespun jacket. At his waist he carried a sheath knife with a bone handle and a leather money pouch. Loose in his trouser pocket was two and a half marks in coppers.

Hollywood dies once every 10 years. Its closest rival in the survival business is the phoenix.

--Michael Pyle, Sunday Times, Dec. 24, '72, p. 14
The Duke had no illusions about the reformed Parliament. Gazing down on its array of bourgeois head-gear – hats were something of a status symbol in those days – he gave a characteristic snort: “I have never seen so many bad hats in my life.”

- Elizabeth Longford, "Wellington After Waterloo"

*Sunday Times Magazine, Oct. 29, '72*  
(based on her Wellington: Pillar of State)

Gould’s first engagement on this day was his weekly university lecture at ten a.m. in the St Cross building. This complex of lecture halls and library for law students looks like a rejected design for a small civic centre. Inside it is all brick and wood, the whole functional bit. Gould’s lecture was a triumph of intellectual interest over terrific seat-creaking and dry acoustics. Who were the best students: the ones who religiously scribbled notes in small neat handwriting in a tremendous apparatus of files and notebooks, or the disdainful fair-haired boy who stared at the ceiling for most of the time but made the occasional jotting? The audience numbered at least 200.

- Paul Jennings, “Hard Thought in Easy Chair”  
*Daily Telegraph Magazine, Dec. 8, 72, p. 51*
be compounded. And if there was one thing he was sure of more than anything, it was that Myth was important, the key mover in a chain association that went something like: ability (preferably natural and, um, while we’re at it, let’s call it talent), rock solid confidence and its corollary, push, charisma, the real stuff of Myth, then fame and – ahh! Money! Hard Cash. About as simple as that.

It was just his hard luck that he happened to be playing John Spencer for the title, not Joe Davis, World Snooker Champion from 1927 non-stop through to 1947, the game’s first and – some insist – only authentic genius. Still, even without the Old Man, who, it was rumoured, had so far never even heard of Higgins, let alone seen him, it didn’t take much to convince most people who came to watch that they were sitting through a live-action, six-day re-run of Greatest Scenes From The Hustler, sweat an’ all. The fact that it was all happening in the concert room of a British Legion hall in Birmingham only helped suspend disbelief.

Like almost every other Working Men’s Club and Social Club in the country, Selly Park British Legion looks like it was designed with one hand and a pin from a club-fittings supply catalogue and built in two weeks, outwards from the bar pumps. Plastic, lace, vinyl and – everywhere – Formica, shining out red and sour white over every horizontal surface, with a bit of teak finish here and there.

Gordon Burn, "The Legion Hall Hustler"

Sunday Times Magazine, Dec. 3, '72 p. 58
BODY IN BATH SEARCH

DETECTIVES hunting the killer of an attractive divorcée, whose naked body was found in the bath at her Torquay home, said last night they wished to trace a young man speaking with an American or German accent.

He told people he met of serving in the British and American forces and as a security officer for various organisations.

They named him as Thomas Alan Chipping, 27. But they said he sometimes used the name of Melvin or Mel Turner, among others.

Friends of the dead woman, Miss Shirley Ann James, 39, of Bethel Terrace, Ellacombe, said that for the last six weeks she had been meeting a man who would visit the harbourside florist’s where she worked.

Miss James is believed to have died on Sunday night. Police have refused to say how she died.
Andrew Haggard's hobby has been collecting the dialect and local usages of the county, before they are finally eroded by the standardizing processes of the twentieth century. Grower Books are publishing the fruits of his 50 years' linguistic labour of love.

It is a collection of rural delights such as "knurdy"; a litter of pigs looking unfit and neglected is a "knurdy looking" lot. A privy is called a "Parliament", with four syllables pronounced. "Rokk" means what the yokels of London would describe as "randy". "Rough but kind" means not yet well, but getting better.

One of the most interesting peculiarities recorded is the way that some standard English words are used in Herefordshire in their original though now archaic meanings: impudent means indecent; ignorant means rude; and cousin means just good friends. We shall live till we die, like Tantrum Bobus, and it will all be the same BBC English in a hundred years time. But it is good to know that in darkest Herefordshire, Tantrum lives.

Ironic footnote to the escape of the three Palestinian terrorists in Munich came in yesterday's post to Neil Allen, our chief Olympic correspondent. Like 4,000 other Olympic reporters, he received a colourful diploma thanking him for "contributing to the success of the Games". It was signed by Avery Brundage who, as Allen remarks, always did have a unique sense of timing.

Country cousin

The meal-times of a Herefordshire farm worker in remote parts, still uncontaminated by too much television, are described as "dawn-bit...jevenses...fooses...moon-bit". If he wants to say that something does not matter much, he says, "We shall live till we die, like Tantrum Bobus."

No local can identify Tantrum Bobus, but he is thought to be "one of them in the Book", i.e., the Bible.

Tunier, Oct. 31, '72 p.14
...Snow swarms like moths in the headlamps.
The black unlit highway ribbed with slippery grey curd.
... On both horizons, blocks of flats like
giant luggage dropped from the sky.

--Alan Brien, Sunday Times, Nov. 12, '72
p. 32

Personally, I would give the prize to
Marjorie Proops for simple-minded sycophancy
beyond the call of booty...

--Alan Brien, Sunday Times, Nov. 12, '72
P. 32

Terry Coleman interviewing EEC Comsnr
George Thomson, Guardian, Nov. 18, '72,
p. 9:
I said these were famous things. He said.

Having handed out a lot of stick to the
Stock Exchange of late, it is only right
that I should show my appreciation when
this august body takes up my complaints...
--John Davis, Observer, Nov. 19, '72

Observer headline about Covent Garden:

Ballethoo

from Guardian story: volcanic pools in
folk memory

Corsica, electorally speaking, has an
eventful history. There have been years when
the dead have voted in their thousands....

--Nesta Roberts, Guardian, Jan. 6, '73
p. 3
Stanley Matthews have pumped enduring words.

Mrs Arthur Hicks from Bath, who wrote admiring the onomatopoeic quality of the verb to Spitz, says that she also enjoyed my colleague Louis Here's use of "trepidly" the other day. This delicious word is not, as it happens, a coinage, but the revival of a rare old word "trepid" (trembling, agitated, fearful) first used in 1650, almost exactly the same date as the first use of its more successful antonym, intrepid. Mrs Hicks also enjoyed the quotation of Perlman asserting that the British have "couth". This back formation from uncouth is no new coinage, but middle-aged and on the verge of becoming irritating. Its first recorded use was by Max Beerbohm, who wrote in 1896, in a coruscation of new-minted brilliance: "The couth solemnity of his (Peter's) mind."

Tuck shop

Indignation can be inadvertent father to confession. The sight of Dick Tuck, a noted Democratic "prankster", at New York airport posed a Republican official on the cliffedge of admission that there may be something to the charges of White House political sabotage.

Tuck had been held responsible for putting a girl on board Barry Goldwater's campaign train in 1964 to issue counter press releases. Vic Gold, then with Goldwater, now Spiro Agnew's press secretary, snorted sarcastically to reporters in the vice presidential party: "When they planted a spy in our train in 1964 it was very funny..."

Pregnant pause. A reporter, gently: "But when you..."

Roars of delight all round.

Two signs from a motoring trip in Co. Kerry, Eire: "Beware—Extreme Danger—Church Entrance Ahead", and "Jeremiah O'Shea—Self-Drive Undertaker."
New Zealand

There will be a few sprained wrists in bookshops up and down the land if Maurice Shadbolt's new novel catches on. At 636 pages, and dressed in one of those greasily shiny covers, it is as heavy and slippery as a stone from the bottom of a river.

Unless it is simply unreadable, a novel cannot attain this prodigious size without either a remarkable verbal energy, the manic splurge of a Dickens, or a soberly painstaking grand design. Which is what Shadbolt has. His organizing ability takes him smoothly from the New Zealand of 1919 to Paris in the late fifties and back to present-day New Zealand, via London and the Cook Island township of Rarotonga. Interweaving destinies pursue one another from generation to generation around the globe but the tense spiritual interdependence that keeps one character worrying at the others never quite lets you forget that this is a novel, trying, with Herman Wouk-style laboriousness, to imitate the accidental pattern and global bigness of life.

Things are more relaxed at sh
Did Mr Rippon think, as Mr John Davies does, that there is some distinctive European character, as opposed to an Asian or an African or an American character? He did not. Northern Europeans might share a climate and a temperament, but equally there were links of language and culture between, say, the French and Francophone Asians, and between the British and English-speaking Asians.

And the American character?— "Well, the American character is really united Europe. You couldn’t find anything more like united Europe ought to be than the United States of America." This sounds marvellously apt, but when I pressed Mr Rippon to say just what American characteristics he would most like to see in a united Europe, he thought and then couldn’t precisely say. I suppose America is a mixture of European people, but there are so many differences: America was new and Europe isn’t, America was empty and Europe isn’t, and people emigrated to America in need and in hope. But still, it does sound the sort of sentence that gets in quotation dictionaries:

*Pitt the Elder* (1708-1778) Prime Minister of England: “If I were an American, as I am an Englishman, I never would lay down my arms.”

*Winston Churchill* (1874-1964), Prime Minister of England, himself quoting Clough: “But westward, look, the land is bright.”

A. G. G. Rippon (1924-2024), first President of Europe: “You couldn’t find anything more like united Europe ought to be . . .”
Despite bold new front we're supposed to sport as we change into Europe, palsy of nostalgia is lying like land over media.

-- Helen Dawson, Observer, Nov. 13, '72, p. 34

plot, as they used to say, thickens, in this case to consistency of mud.

-- George Melly, Observer, 13 Nov. '72 p. 35

Kansas City Bomber... a fictional expose both of game's corruption & of large areas of statuesque Raquel Welch.

-- George Melly, Observer, Nov. 13, '72 p. 35

The Rhine is a 600-mile-long sewer, a poisonous snake curling its way across Switzerland, Germany and Holland, fed by equally poisonous tributaries which pass through France and Luxembourg....

-- Sue Masterman, The Times, Oct. 30, '72, p. 4

...every Dutchman is born with a special brace in his mouth which enables him to emit sounds you cannot hope to imitate in just a few days.

-- Pauline Clark, The Times, Nov. 1, '72, p. IV
STATE OF THE UNIONS/3

PAUL FERRIS concludes his special inquiry with a report on the industrial influence of the Communists and ‘the less patient revolutionaries’—and sums up our future ‘scenario for trouble.’

What Ramelson denies is that Communist agitators are manipulated from party headquarters in Covent Garden, behind those bullet-proof windows of greenish glass bricks in King Street. He sits in a tiny office with worn linoleum, frayed carpet and a small white bust of Lenin, explaining that situations attract activists. The scene is as a novelist with an indifferent imagination who had never been inside Communist Party headquarters might picture it.

Ramelson is in his early sixties, a former barrister, a Canadian, born in the Ukraine; he says ‘arction’ and ‘farctory.’ He describes his job as firstly to advise the party, secondly to help frame policy for different industries. But this is not manipulation.
August 7 & 14, 1976

by Henry Fairlie

Whether or not the voters entrust the country to the Republican party for another four years, one can still say, without fear of much contradiction, that no other great political party in any of the Western democracies has had so inglorious a record as have the Republicans in the past half-century. It is worse than that. The record has been inglorious for most of the century.

Imagine a Republican party toast to those who have carried its banner since Theodore Roosevelt: “I give you, ladies and gentlemen, the party of Warren Harding . . . (applause) . . . of Calvin Coolidge . . . (the applause gathers) . . . of Herbert Hoover . . . (feet drum the floor) . . . of Alf Landon . . . (the audience rises) . . . of Wendell Willkie . . . (huzzas break across the room) . . . of Thomas Dewey . . . (the eyes of strong men moisten) . . . of Thomas Dewey again . . . (tears flow down reddened cheeks) . . . of Dwight Eisenhower . . . (cheers lift the rafters) . . . of Dwight Eisenhower again . . . (a roar shakes the room) . . . of Richard Nixon . . . (guests stand on their chairs) . . . of Barry Goldwater . . . (there is a stampede) . . . of Richard Nixon again . . . (hosanna! hosanna!) . . . of Richard Nixon yet again . . . (shouts of ‘Four More Years’) . . . And in their line, ladies and gentlemen, I give you our new leader, who will lead us to a future as illustrious as our past.”
Q. Is it true that you once compared writing your novels to making a jam roll? You open the pastry out, spread the jam and then roll it up.

A. Well, if I did, I'm already beginning to regret it, but I think as rough principle I always begin with one character and then perhaps two, and they seem to be in conflict with each other. "The cat sat on the mat" is not a story. "The cat sat on the dog's mat" is a story. And I have a sense of atmosphere, the environment in which I want to set them, and a sense of how the ending will be. From there the story takes over by itself. But the layer cake you refer to—yes, I like to lead the story forward, and therefore the reader forward, on a whole variety of levels, and try to make all these levels then converge and pay off at the end.
ticeship in poetry. I certainly am not a poet, and I don't consider myself one and never have. But in my college years I was mainly writing poetry and I wrote a great deal. I consider this in retrospect an important exercise. Any art has got to have a strong element of cryptography. I don't mean in the sense of deliberate code, a cipher or the incomprehensible, heaven knows! But in the sense of something that holds further meanings on further scrutiny. And poetry is an essential teacher in this. Although one may not end up being a poet, the apprenticeship, practice, is extraordinarily important.
Revived after 2,272 years in the sea

It might well have been on a late October day some 2,272 years ago that a Greek cargo ship was battling her way through the strong slop of an autumn gale. The captain and crew of three strained their eyes as they stared through the stinging spray. Their vessel, laden with amphorae, hugged the shores as her helmsman searched for the entrance to Kyrenia harbour on the north coast of the island. Then, a short distance from the welcoming shelter of the port disaster struck.

We can only guess why she sank; weighed down with 400 slender amphorae, it is possible that she broached to in the stormy seas and a wave swamped over her low freeboard as the helmsman struggled with the steering oar. But, unable to keep her bows into the waves, she rolled on her beam ends and foundered in 15 fathoms. There she remained under a gathering mound of sand and mud until the late 1960s when a fisherman, Andreas Carolou, discovered what he thought to be traces of the wreck.

spikes driven through from the outside. Finally, a thin sheath of lead was laid over the underwater surfaces as ballasting.

Carbon-14 tests have shown that the trees used in the construction were cut down about 389 BC, and from further analysis of almonds in her cargo it has been deduced that the vessel was about 80 years old when she sank, perhaps trying to withstand the strong broaching to in a sudden Mediterranean squall.

Every piece of timber to be immersed in a glycol solution for many months. The glycol kept at a carefully controlled temperature so that it can gradually seep into the cellular core of the wood, thus forcing out the moisture.

If this was not done, the timber would dry out, leaving it prone to crumble, and piles of dry timber would be unmanageable. The difference proves to retain the timber and its hardening together.

The ship was eventually raised by a Greek-Hellenic team and is now displayed in the Cyprus Archaeological Museum in Nicosia.
KKK rally draws only 200 persons

By PAUL RECER

BETWEEN WARREN AND FRED, Tex. (AP) —
"The guns are for security from black militant groups," said Dan Smithers.

Apparently it worked. Not one single black showed up at the National Knights of the Ku Klux Klan rally in an open field Saturday.

Not many Klansmen showed up, either.

Only about 200 persons, many of them children, attended the day-long meeting that had been advertised as a gathering of 3,000.

Smithers, a Vidor, Tex., man who is the grand dragon of the National KKK, said rain kept a lot of members away. But the small turnout, he added, merely proves the strength of the white supremacist group.

"Where we get our strength is in our invisibility," he said.

Strangers were welcomed. Children ran around happily playing, many of them wearing shirts stamped with the slogan, "White Power Ku Klux Klan" and "I'm Proud to Be the Son of a Klansman."

There was a concession stand and the Confederate Stars and Bars flew beside and at equal rank with the U.S. flag.

At one end of the broad and nearly vacant field was a truck bed filled with musical instruments and microphones and decorated with a red and white banner reading, "For God and Country."

Later the men gathered in an adjacent field and erected three crosses. One towered 45 feet, like the mast of a ship. The others, on either side, were much smaller. All were wrapped and doused with a flammable liquid, awaiting the torch.

Men drifted away to a nearby trailer and reappeared, walking purposefully, grimly, wearing red, green, black or white robes, pointed hats and, for some, masks. Soon, women, too, donned robes.
sion. Reading these stories, I am reminded of what R. P. Blackmur once wrote about the poetry of Wallace Stevens: "Good poets gain their excellence by writing an existing language as if it were their own invention; and as a rule success in the effect of originality is best secured by fidelity, in an extreme sense, to the individual words as they appear in the dictionary." Davenport writes with
IN THE FIRST HOT MONTH of the fall after the summer she left Carter (the summer Carter left her, the summer Carter stopped living in the house in Beverly Hills), Maria drove the freeway. She dressed every morning with a greater sense of purpose than she had felt in some time, a cotton skirt, a jersey, sandals she could kick off when she wanted the touch of the accelerator, and she dressed very fast, running a brush through her hair once or twice and tying it back with a ribbon, for it was essential (to pause was to throw herself into unspeakable peril) that she be on the freeway by ten o'clock. Not somewhere on Hollywood Boulevard, not on her way to the freeway, but actually on the freeway. If she was not she lost the day's rhythm, its precariously imposed momentum. Once she was on the freeway and had maneuvered her way to a fast lane she turned on the radio at high volume and she drove. She drove the San Diego to the Harbor, the Harbor up to the Hollywood,
the Hollywood to the Golden State, the Santa Monica, the Santa Ana, the Pasadena, the Ventura. She drove it as a riverman runs a river, every day more attuned to its currents, its deceptions, and just as a riverman feels the pull of the rapids in the lull between sleeping and waking, so Maria lay at night in the still of Beverly Hills and saw the great signs soar overhead at seventy miles an hour, Normandie ¼ Vermont ¾ Harbor Fwy 1. Again and again she returned to an intricate stretch just south of the interchange where successful passage from the Hollywood onto the Harbor required a diagonal move across four lanes of traffic. On the afternoon she finally did it without once braking or once losing the beat on the radio she was exhilarated, and that night slept dreamlessly. By then she was sleeping not in the house but out by the pool, on a faded rattan chaise left by a former tenant. There was a jack for a telephone there, and she used beach towels for blankets. The beach towels had a special point. Because she had an uneasy sense that sleeping outside on a rattan chaise could be construed as the first step toward something unnameable (she did not know what it was she feared, but it had to do with empty sardine cans in the sink, vermouth bottles in the wastebaskets, slovenliness past the point of return) she told herself that she was sleeping outside just until it was too cold to sleep beneath beach
Play It As It Lays

towels, just until the heat broke, just until the fires stopped burning in the mountains, sleeping outside only because the bedrooms in the house were hot, airless, only because the palms scraped against the screens and there was no one to wake her in the mornings. The beach towels signified how temporary the arrangement was. Outside she did not have to be afraid that she would not wake up, outside she could sleep. Sleep was essential if she was to be on the freeway by ten o’clock. Sometimes the freeway ran out, in a scrap metal yard in San Pedro or on the main street of Palmdale or out somewhere no place at all where the flawless burning concrete just stopped, turned into common road, abandoned construction sheds rusting beside it. When that happened she would keep in careful control, portage skillfully back, feel for the first time the heavy weight of the becalmed car beneath her and try to keep her eyes on the mainstream, the great pilings, the Cyclone fencing, the deadly oleander, the luminous signs, the organism which absorbed all her reflexes, all her attention.

So that she would not have to stop for food she kept a hard-boiled egg on the passenger seat of the Corvette. She could shell and eat a hard-boiled egg at seventy miles an hour (crack it on the steering wheel, never mind salt, salt bloats, no matter what happened she remembered her body) and she drank Coca-Cola
in Union 76 stations, Standard stations, Flying A's. She would stand on the hot pavement and drink the Coke from the bottle and put the bottle back in the rack (she tried always to let the attendant notice her putting the bottle in the rack, a show of thoughtful responsibility, no sardine cans in her sink) and then she would walk to the edge of the concrete and stand, letting the sun dry her damp back. To hear her own voice she would sometimes talk to the attendant, ask advice on oil filters, how much air the tires should carry, the most efficient route to Foothill Boulevard in West Covina. Then she would retie the ribbon in her hair and rinse her dark glasses in the drinking fountain and be ready to drive again. In the first hot month of the fall after the summer she left Carter, the summer Carter left her, the summer Carter stopped living in the house in Beverly Hills, a bad season in the city, Maria put seven thousand miles on the Corvette. Sometimes at night the dread would overtake her, bathe her in sweat, flood her mind with sharp flash images of Les Goodwin in New York and Carter out there on the desert with BZ and Helene and the irreversibility of what seemed already to have happened, but she never thought about that on the freeway.
Then, there was Barlow at Large (BBC 1), where for once the plot was interesting. It went something like this: first of all the villain got out of a car and got into a cab. Then he got out of the cab and got on a bus. Then Barlow sat in a car and the villain got out of a cab. This was the signal for Barlow to get into a car. Then everyone got into their cars and then got out of them again. After this a man who got out of his car was run over by another man who hadn't got out of his. Then Barlow got into his car and got out again. Then the villain and Barlow got into a small truck, after which Barlow got out of the truck and the villain got on to a boat. In so internally combustible a context that boat very nearly qualified as a surprise ending.
Any moment you’re going to discover this is an article about that low-income housing project the city is building among the disappearing middle class in Forest Hills. When you do, don’t stop reading. The final results are in. Stick around and you’ll see how seven years of struggle, anguish, stupidity, and betrayal all turned out.

But first, our story thus far. As you may remember, in November 1971, after five years of futile opposition, middle-class residents of Forest Hills made the front page with some mild violence and picketing to protest the plan to build three 24-story low-income towers on an underground swamp for which the city had paid $300,000 an acre. The blueprints showed 840 apartments, split 60-40 between low-income families and senior citizens. The Forest Hills
PEOPLE DO not give it credence that a fourteen-year-old girl could leave home and go off in the wintertime to avenge her father's blood but it did not seem so strange then, although I will say it did not happen every day. I was just fourteen years of age when a coward going by the name of Tom Chaney shot my father down in Fort Smith, Arkansas, and robbed him of his life and his horse and $150 in cash money plus two California gold pieces that he carried in his trouser band.

Here is what happened. We had clear title to 480 acres of good bottom land on the south bank of the Arkansas River not far from Dardanelle in Yell County, Arkansas. Tom Chaney was a tenant but working for hire and not on shares. He turned up one day hungry and riding a gray horse that had a filthy blanket on his back and a rope halter instead of a bridle. Papa took pity on the fellow and gave him a job and a place to live. It was a cotton house made over into a little cabin. It had a good roof.

Tom Chaney said he was from Louisiana. He was a short man with cruel features. I will tell more about
from TRUE GRIT, by Charles Portis

LAWSYER DAGGETT had gone to Helena to try one of his steamboat suits and so Yarnell and I rode the train to Fort Smith to see about Papa's body. I took around one hundred dollars expense money and wrote myself out a letter of identification and signed Lawyer Daggett's name to it and had Mama sign it as well. She was in bed.

There were no seats to be had on the coaches. The reason for this was that there was to be a triple hanging at the Federal Courthouse in Fort Smith and people from as far away as east Texas and north Louisiana were going up to see it. It was like an excursion trip. We rode in a colored coach and Yarnell got us a trunk to sit on.

When the conductor came through he said, "Get that trunk out of the aisle, nigger!"

I replied to him in this way: "We will move the trunk but there is no reason for you to be so hateful about it."

He did not say anything to that but went on taking tickets. He saw that I had brought to all the darkies' attention how little he was. We stood up all the way
THAT GREAT principle of writing which Mark Twain enunciated so simply: Don't say the old lady screamed—bring her on and let her scream.

I REMEMBER that D. H. Lawrence warned Amy Lowell against comparing big things with small. That is, in her imagery: as (I'm improvising) saying the sun is like a sunflower. He was right. Imagery must open up, not diminish. Write contrary to his advice, and you write pretty, petty, special—or, to roll it all up in one word, sentimental. This is one of the things I put down because it has stayed in my mind.

JEFFERS is the only living poet I can think of who has evolved a style expansive enough to manipulate all occasions, from personal to universal. He can say "Moscow" or "Munich" or "Roosevelt" directly—just to cite one revealing characteristic. He does not make a poetry which depends upon symbol, innuendo, or any kind of double-talk. Of its kind there has been nothing successfully like it since Whitman. It is direct. It is a man speaking. Granted there are other graces and enviable ways for poetry, this way can be uniquely powerful in the hands of great talent. (Perhaps this is the reason behind my notion that Jeffers is the greatest poet now living. It isn't a notion much shared.)

TO START a poem—the necessary tone. Usually a phrase, a line, which will, apparently, set the style—suggest the syntax, the movement. An "idea" for a poem will not, I find, move until this happens. Sometimes the phrase comes first—that is easiest, then. When the "idea" comes first—and this is the more frequent experience as I get older—one often waits a long time for the language; and sometimes in vain.
There are two kinds of poetry. One, the kind represented by Crane's line: "The seal's wide spindrift gaze toward paradise." The other represented by Robinson's: "And he was all alone there when he died." One is a magic gesture of language, the other a commentary on human life so concentrated as to give off considerable pressure. The greatest poets combine the two: Shakespeare frequently; Robinson himself now and then. If I have to choose, I choose the second: I go, in other words, for Wordsworth, for Hardy, in preference to Poe, to Rimbaud. . . . This is all an over-simplification, I know; but I think the flat assertion of the two kinds indicates two very great touchstones.

"The assisted gold of her hair." (I think the phrase is Dorothy Parker's.) One likes it not only for the wit of the fact but also for the unexpected juxtaposition of the noun with that adjective. Such surprises are always delightful. And don't they often occur in just this way?—a word ("gold") romanticized with its many associations given a new strength by a comparatively prosaic ("assisted") adjective.

The one sane wish a writer can make: to write something better than he has ever written before.