

REVEAL DIGITAL

Outsider

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P R O S P E C T U S

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for

insert in
Outside # 2

Number Two

SPRING 1962 ISSUE



.... another one hundred or more pages of the newest in new poetry & prose from today's top-quality writers, and from talented unknowns too. The printing is limited to 3100

copies, with global distribution. No. 1 was a sell-out in its quality-bookstore debut, and won us many subscribers; a hundred from universities alone. OUTSIDER 2, as validly alive, perhaps more so, will be ready in March, with:

Jean Genet

Henry Miller

Larry Eigner

Edward Dorn

Gregory Corso

kaja

Wm. Burroughs

Richard Mayes

W. Lowenfels

Ray Bremser

Anselm Hollo

G. C. Oden

Ian H. Finlay

J. Oppenheimer

Ferlinghetti

Russell Edson

Edwin Morgan

Geoffrey Hazard

Carolyn Stoloff

Jonath'n Williams

Charles Bukowski



Nemerov

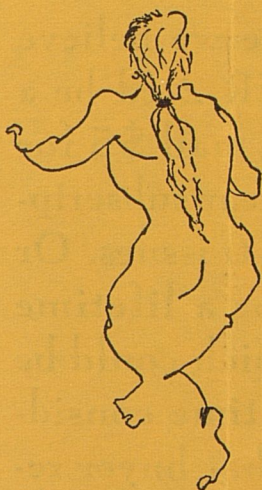
Ann Giudici

Al Purdy

Marvin Bell

Ben Tibbs

Lamantia



Salantrie

Kay Johnson

Gene Frumkin

Barbara Moraff

Frank Musial

Clarence Major

M. Jordan Mason

Thos. McGrath

Wm. Corrington

David Jacobson

Edward Field

Fielding Dawson

Alain Jouffroy

R. E. L. Masters

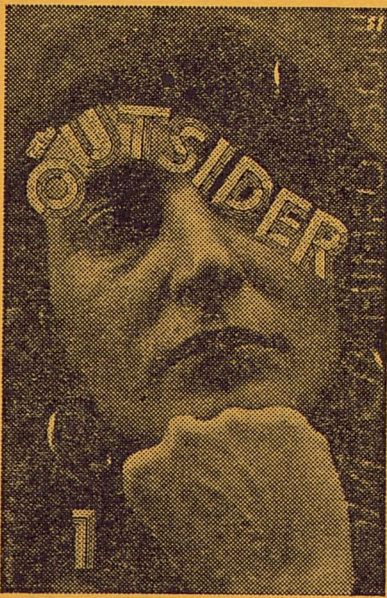
And others of comparable importance.

The Issue's feature is a 14-page Album of definitive anti-poems on Love, or its coeval facsimile.

And con. from No. 1 are the henry-miller-to-lowenfels letters circa his destitute yrs in the 30s penning Tropic of Cancer; letters never before published.

No. 1 was both qualitative and quantitative in its provocatively divergent assemblage of fifty-some voices representing schools of creative rebellion today, in both poetry and prose. No. 2 carries this motif a bit further in another 100-plus pages, but with accent on: rather more from less than little from a lot.

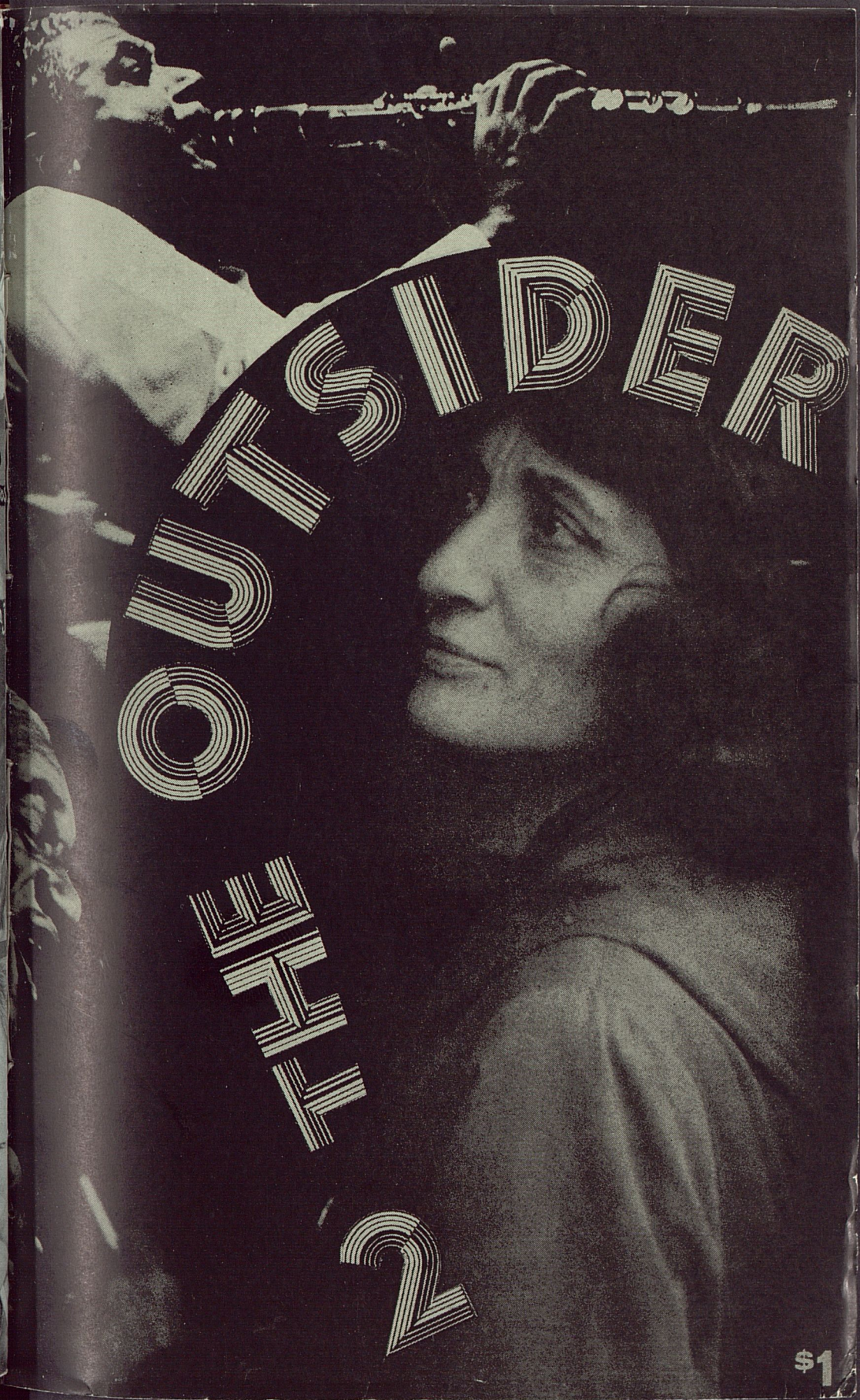
At less than a penny a page we believe the \$1 asked for *OUTSIDER 2* cd be a lot sadder spent. Less if you mail \$5 for



Only 197 copies left in stock of no. 1, above. A sure collector's item.

a two-year subscription of 6 issues. Or \$25 for a lifetime sub, which could be a long time considering that buyer response to No. 1 enabled us to acquire the motorized press we needed to make *OUTSIDER* a reality with insurance for lasting survival.

Send orders with remittance to: Loujon Press
618 rue Ursulines, New Orleans 16, La.



\$1

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To those who'd like to help: a Life Subscription is \$25, or more if you'd care to help more. We need new type, and we're hoping to be a Quarterly before the end of this year.

The Outsider

Vol. 1, No. 2 Summer, 1962

JON EDGAR WEBB

Editor

LOUISE "Gypsy Lou" WEBB

Associate Editor

Cover: at top, Willie Humphrey; bottom left, Dee Dee Pierce; the girl is Gypsy Lou. Drawings on p. 4, 25, 41, 54 by Ben Tibbs; on p. 31, 33, 47, 81 by Frank Salantrie; p. 1 frontispiece by Malcolm Paul Newman.

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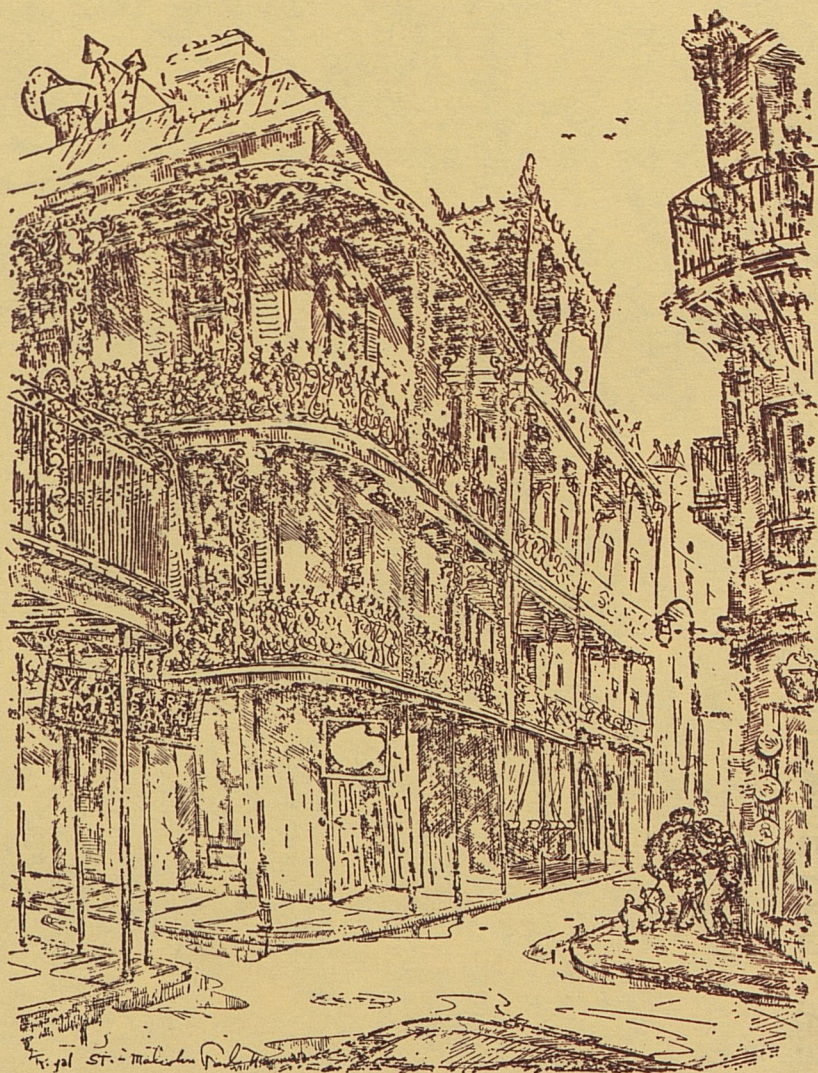
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PRINTED BY HAND
In New Orleans USA

THE OUTSIDER

Out of New Orleans USA

Number Two

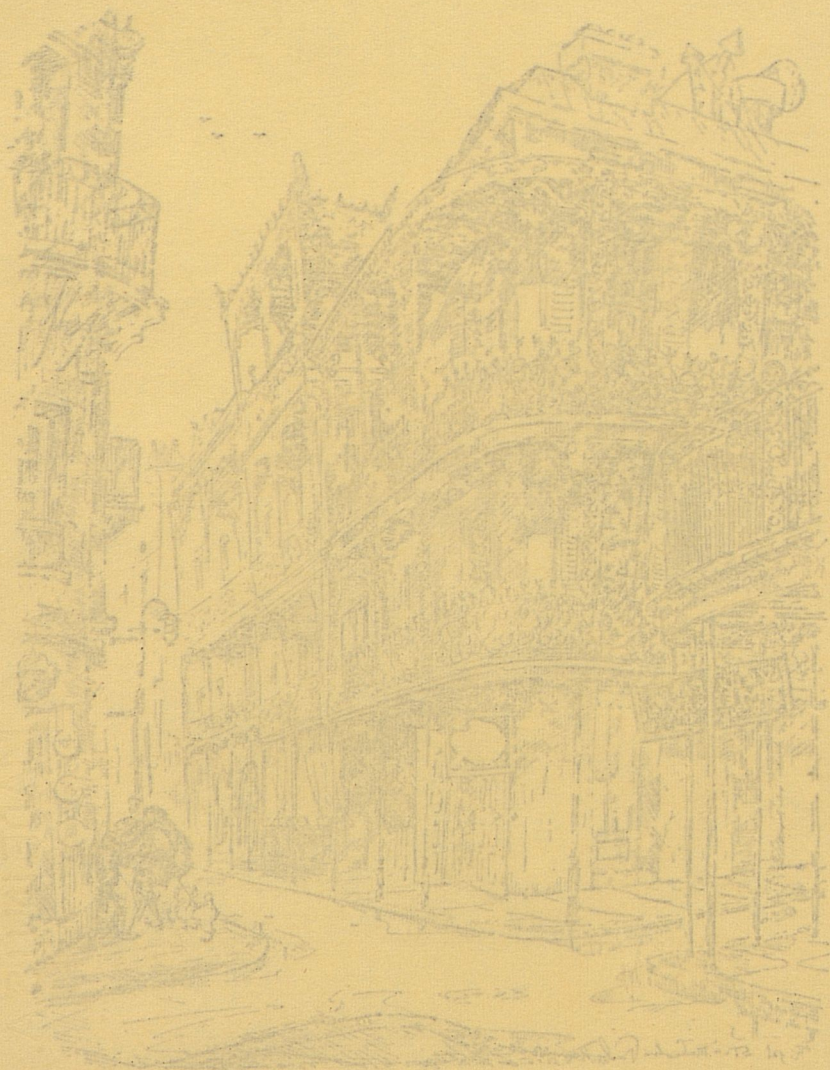


In building on left above the renowned *DOUBLE DEALER*, which helped introduce Hemingway, Faulkner & Sherwood Anderson to a world unlike today's, was first published in 1921. In building on r., in a room Whitman wrote in, *THE OUTSIDER* was born in 1961.

THE OUTSIDER

Out of New Orleans USA

Number Two



In building on left above the renowned DOUBLE DEALER, which helped introduce Hemingway, Faulkner & Sherwood Anderson to a world unlike today's, was first published in 1921. In building on right a room Whitman wrote in, THE OUTSIDER was born in 1921.

wilt caught in time

The great sky is open . impetuous
with virginal children who have no
mother wound . naked dreaming cold
in spice lips of black angels . where
sleep begins . where colorless pain
riding streets of flesh film burning
in child eyes . and heroes are flamed .
sliding between frozen sound & oz .
sun holding the stale overcoat . wilt
caught in zero time to the dreaming .
washed in a well of shrinking space
& phlegm . migrant of ape in gasoline
crack of history . and heroes are loki .
wind hand caught in the door . biopsy
exploding advance inner to outer to
nepenthe . gory burst in wake of dead
powder of earth . copper spasms . boy
chrysalis lit by fissure flash in purpled
orbita fadeout . slotless dawn of fuzz
& unfamiliar score . a raw welcome .
where fresh living begs dying prevails .



The OUTSIDER respectfully dedicates
its No. 2 editorial by R. E. L. Masters
to the dramatic birth, 30 years too late,
of a sibling labeled the Beat Generation:

Before going to bed
she said:
I will poem.

Pa saw her:
squatting,
and straining.

Man, she
ain't got to
bed yet.

The Editor's Bit

In *OUTSIDER 1* we offered 100 life subscriptions for \$12.90 each to raise money to replace our hand-operated printing press with a motorized one.

Only a few were taken, but lucky for us enough \$5 subs poured in, 112 from universities alone, plus the sell-out of No. 1 in quality bookstores across the U. S. & Abroad, to give us enough \$\$ on hand to purchase from Tulane University a used 8x12 Chandler & Price new series press with a 3-phase motor and a rheostat to adjust speed—for less than \$500. To cart it across the city to 618 Rue Ursulines and get it installed cost us what cash we had left—\$300.

So we were broke, but Lou has an art shop in the Quarter where she is known by several million tourists as "Gypsy Lou"—all earnings from there went into promotion for this issue (neglect it you perish on the vine).

The handpress we sold to buy 8 cartons of paper cut 6-by-9, and got going on No. 2 full-speed—meaning 16 hours a day, seven days a week.

Quite a few times the cash ran out, but a subscription would always come in in time and we'd go over to the paper companies to scavenge thru the 10¢-a-lb. scrap heaps until we found the paper we needed, or its next best facsimile.

Tulane University had thrown in enough ink with the press to last us up to page 80, by which time a lot of permanent subscriptions were coming in in response to a mail campaign we'd directed toward city, college & university libraries.

Biggest headache throughout was resetting the handset pages. We'd get the page

(Continued on page 89)

sick leave

and there I am flat on my belly, Hem is dead, Shake is dead,
the fish I have caught and eaten and shitted are dead
and the doc is ramming a glass tube up my ass,
a glass tube with a little light on the end of it
and I have a hangover and I am hoping for a medical certificate
to give the time office for 2 more days of unexplained absence
and the doc plays right along: "Ya got some beauts there,
you oughta be cut . . ." Well, the White Russians used to
cut a hole in a man and get hold of the end of the intestine
and nail it to a tree and then force the man to
run around and around the tree, winding, unwinding
his guts like xmas tree decorative . . .

he pulls the glass tube out of my ass
and part of me along with it
he has a face like a walnut and when his nurse
bends over (which is often)
her butt is like a big soft pillow or
powdered doughnut, no blood, just clouds,
and I say, "Doc, add a day to the certificate,
I can feel the pain all the way down to my nuts . . ."
"Sure," he says, "sure, I know a lot of boys
from the Post Office, all nice boys . . ."

at home I screw the cap off the bottle
and have the first good one; it rained while he rammed me:
the rain sits in little holes in the screen
fat with stront 90
like sugarflies eating at dreams,
and I split the Racing Form with my thumb,
then call Whitechappel,

" . . . give me 2 across on Indian Blood,
5 win on Lady Fanfare, 5 place on The Rage . . . "

I hang up and think softly of Kafka
shaking under the paws of gophers
as the lady across the hall sings to her canary.

love has clicked off and on
like a cigarette lighter or a latrine light
and now her love is a
bird.

and it gets like that when not much happens
and you play on a smaller stage,
and I pin the medical certificate across
the front of one of my old paintings
rub some salve up my ass
and pour another drink.

Kay Johnson

from: the fourth hour

What little vegetable is the favorite of the Christ Child?
Oh the Onion! Because it shows by sound how flesh was born
and concentric are the rings of the stars that move
around the sun.

Oh the Onion, because it says how the human dies to his
old skins one by one each one more new!

What little vegetable is the favorite of the Christ Child?
Oh the Apple! Because its skin is bloodred and its flesh
snowwhite, oh the motherhood of flesh rolling in her
bold red man, oh the apple because it shows the soul and
spirit one—oh the apple, its seeds are star kingdoms!
Oh the Apple, because its humps are like a valentine's and
a camel's.

What little vegetable is the favorite of the Christ Child?
Oh the Orange! Because in fire's orange kingdom no juicebody
is alone but curled like a nest of unburnable
puppydogs within the sun's secret, it is the identical many
making one merry wheel, and oh the Orange its
butterthick shineskin! You could never guess how many
are inside without being one!

Which little vegetable is the favorite of the Christ Child?
Oh the Onion is Morning and the Apple Noon, and Orange
He burns all night in the Centre of the Earth.
I'm glad there are just three hours in the day.

White is the flesh of Christ and red His blood and orange
is His gold heart.
Oh I love the egg in the yolk, I love its white flesh
and I love its fragile shell.

Which little egg is the favorite of the Christ Child?
I love them all, I love all the hours in the day,
especially when they happen instantly, all at once!
Oh substances within substances, oh vegetable eggs that give birth
to three gold oranges:
Snowwhite, Rosered, rolling down the mountain
went three golden apples.
Up the glass mountain on horseback goes the prince.
This is the only time by the pomegranate. This is
the one hour,
this is the whole clock.
It strikes in a twinkling!
And all the witches croak!

Which little witch is the favorite of the Christ Child?
Oh boogies on broomsticks, who has time
to sweeten our lies for you! All the angels are busy
truthing.
Oh skyward princess in disguise, you know
how lonely it would be with nobody
to play scare with me!

Which little kingdom is the favorite of the Christ Child?
Oh the *Children!*
Imagining play!

Joel Oppenheimer

a long way

in new england
the winter is cold
the spring too abrupt
the summer hot
the fall keeps creeping up on you

what the women do is beyond me

the men, two, three years
on the boats, carving, that much
we've seen, whalebone, ivory,
driftwood, anything attackable
by knife, scrimshaw strewn in
the windows of the bank,
someone collected it.

someone else, a warped
mind, no doubt of it, working away,
collecting the others, dildoes,
whittled, carved away, love
messages running down the
main vein, the head intricately
doodled, even a double handle
at the base on some, they had
those too, invented the better
to hold on with. at each leaving,
left as a gift, a blueprinted
penis measured somewhere south

appears to have been manually
removed above the elbow.

my bully boys. my bully boys.
done him in. the dawn dawned
bright and early, a trifle grey,
there wasn't even an emperor or
king, just the flint knife tied
to a wood shaft, not even a
spearthrower invented, not even
the goddamned sword, just the
spear shoved in, or another
knife, sharpened a bit differently,
ground more to a broad flatness,
tied to a short glub, blade
laterally, to be brought down
sharp in the hacking swing,
a good clean blow with the
ax, they managed to haul him away.

and when homo sapiens came?
he could do it better.
good enough to do you in, lout,
chinless, flatfaced little bastards.
if you think you might not know
how to do it, better be careful.
or, get the honor, set yourself
up for it, they'll be here soon
enough.

the women, also, of
course, were small and muscular.

the people spread at least all over
europe and the near east, maybe
further. they disappeared almost
in a day, done in, and have never
been heard from since.

dawn,
dawn, dawn, if it gets any
lighter we won't see a thing.

the iron characters

The iron characters, keepers of the public confidence,
The sponsors, fund raisers, and members of the board,
Who naturally assume their seats among the governors,
Who place their names behind the issue of bonds
And are consulted in the formation of cabinets,
The catastrophes of war, depression, and natural disaster:
They represent us in responsibilities many and great.
It is no wonder, then, if in a moment of crisis,
Before the microphones, under the lights, on a great occasion,
One of them will break down in hysterical weeping
Or fall in an epileptic seizure, or if one day
We read in the papers of one's having been found
Naked and drunk in a basement with three high school boys,
Of one who jumped from the window of his hospital room.
For are they not as ourselves in these things also?
Let the orphan, the pauper, the thief, the derelict drunk
And all those of no fixed address, shed tears of rejoicing
For the broken minds of the strong, the torn flesh of the just.



there was

a man who said lobster when a basket was in a house where a child eats an orange to please a ceiling, or dreams and dies.

There was an orange that had a dream in a fruitbowl, the orange dreamed that at the age of puberty life is very good when it is.

The man said lobster when a basket was in a house, but secretly removed by agents of the statue which stood quietly in the square.

The ceiling pleased grew displeased and then grew pleased again.

To have said lobster when a basket is not in a house is to have said lobster when a basket is not in a house. He did not like to say lobster when a basket is not in a house.

The ceiling was quite displeased and so it grew pleased again.

In a house there was once a child who was eaten by an orange, or did it dream and die.

The agents of the statue secretly removed the ceiling as it slumbered in the afternoon.

Once upon a time there was a room where an orange and a basket and a ceiling lived. This room took up residence in a house as it is better than to be living in a forest where you cannot be cheerful any more.

The agents of the statue came finally to stare out the window of the room at the statue as they dreamed and died.

There was an eaten who was orange by a child to ceiling a please, and a lobster that said basket when a house was in a man.

five poems

1 the sky cross the desert the dry
lake

miles
for that color your feet
dangle a tenuous height
back to the mind

wood
pieces

paint
applies

canopies
touch motion
to what's left

in seconds

the valley of events
music the clouding air

noise cows
and peace a long brown rain

affirm your grasp
with a close forehead

neck and neck
some enemy

hoofing

(the spent years

the complications mount
every day
from the ground

2 visiting yesterday
today burying

half an hour
out

death part of life
because it's strange it makes

the sun yield

stars swamped by the day

the night open
wind

and cars roll
blankets outside
lawns
the past wanders

how many people
along brief buildings

lights
in all waters

that you should see
the mist warm

on metal the snow
wets moss

of the sweated wall

that the ground, spooks,
and uneven

the buildings cast shadows

even as the bakery
its smell

and the tree next door
is close

It grows dissolve

the wind

turn around
in the air

3 An easy death
on all of you
but you will too

I wonder how it will be
cold next winter

there was a dog under the table

under the sink is where
the cat (up from the cellar
gave birth

these wanderings
go on
dispensing with thoughts

the talk
has come out
the door

clatter

a rustic wharf, stream
on the wall

the staves
will keep in the quiet

the men
pray
for a week
of thunderstorms

across my sight

without a mind

the tree

let down
the window

angle of glass
years

they all talk to themselves
in one way or another

4 all these cripples the
ballet
music
is what to do
energy passes
light
lightly
the shaking swan
gives way

something physical

it's a nightmare
like everything else
or the hole in the ground

bombed out
the glassed city
outskirts a gate
and oppressive dripping stars

a witch sabbath
lets up
another night
much in the country
growth
one place
Queen of the maidens
Ah peasants

an unshiftable garden
bush grave
while you've seen otherwise

the way things are done

pushing away room
colors and acting
the fancy village square
the hunting party
ah yes
ah yes
how it's familiar
essentially soundless
dawn the incredible end
abandon, to keep dancing

5 that's odd

a child walks
here I am
to sit
she thinks
her mind on
partly
come
holing herself up
at the window the cellar
the earth is crippled
that's funny the rock of the boat
an object
the dog doesn't see it could roll
glass resolves the sky

the argument is

That old clothes look
as nice
as the children down the road
playing and running at noon
that these clothes
are used, these cast-offs
these cast-offs
we are cast-off from
the means

But the dress one little
girl blithely wore
unaware
an argument as to the implements
of Society
was going on around her
a long yellow dress
flowers
pulled in at the waist, nearly
sweeping the ground

Oh, they are pagan in that respect
old cast-offs
but as rationale one sees
the grime
one sees the face possibly
with dark broken lines
a consumption in
the face

of wearing secretly a burden
when it is clothes
fitting as naturally as though they
were stolen,
the cast-off is proven in the face.

poems from berlin

. . . first week's impression

There is a quiet in East Berlin everyone calls dead
Quiet not so much of ear but of sight
As though one were made deaf by light
I look to the West and the same could be said
Only there it is as though one were made blind by sound.
Well I know, city-bred, a lover of cities,
What makes a city dead—
This is not a city
Citylessness throughout!
Walk and walk and walk all day
And see a string of small towns
Like so many beads on a broken necklace
Worn by a man dressed like a woman.
A lie.
Walk and walk and walk all night
And hear a dead music dried and splattered about
Like the white dung of a hawk in a cage.
Surely it was not the history of bombs
Or the threat of bombs to come—
Berlin was a dream made into nightmare
And the nightmare died in 1945;
What remains is sleep, dreamless sleep.
No difference between East and West
They both sleep.
And if one sleeps on a bed of satin
And the other on a bed of straw

It is still a sleep.
If there be a crow in the sky
Hear it caw.

. . . if I were a young Berliner

In all this building
Were I a young Berliner
Poking in the ruins for my home
And my grandfather piecing together his rockingchair
Father and mother dead
With the Bishop of Berlin
Sitting in his bombed cathedral
The bombed head of Christ dusting on him
And I a young Berliner
Dreaming of banners and black leather
Kicking aside twisted sewing machines and dead cats
Hearing in my heart the wailing prophet
His shaking fists, his creaked voice breaking my heart
In all this building
I'd understand the unbuilding.

. . . suburban night in Berlin

This is like America
Recollections of a visit
White Plains
A boy I met at Harvard
Thanksgiving dinner with his family
Communion with peace—
I am visiting no one
I move without knowing my real pace—
To the spirit!
A time in America
I hold this night in Berlin.

A policeman with a police dog
I am sitting on the curb
He says something in German
I reply in English

He walks away assured
I am in the American sector
and a funny thought comes to mind
—Though I've stopped stealing
People still do.

. . . ?

What is the smell of Berlin?
Every city has its smell.
N. Y. C. smells like new shoes
Paris smells like a movie house
London smells like a bad boys home
Stockholm like washed linen
Athens like a race track
Barcelona like red
Amsterdam like apple dumpling
Venice like humanness
And Berlin
I do not know the smell of Berlin.

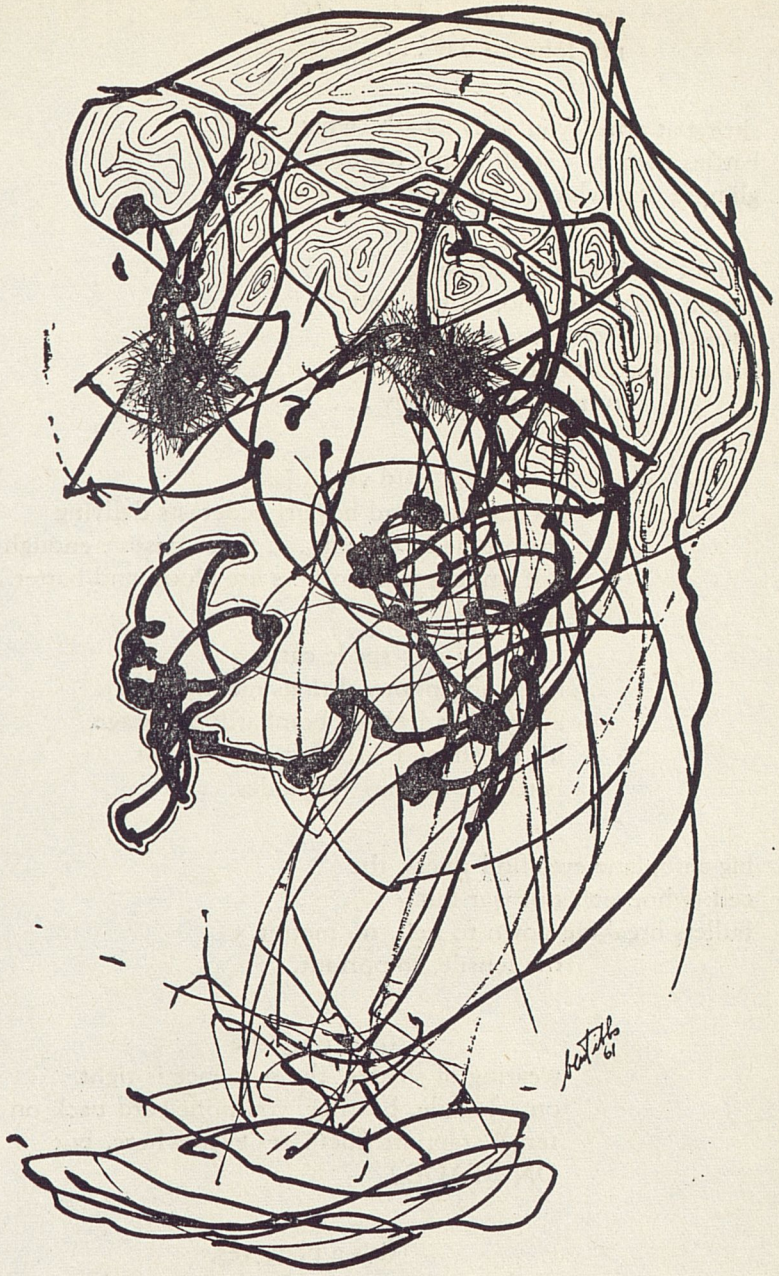
. . . city night in Berlin

I am many and know myself all
Though one not of my breath
Has joined me—
Jewish-night with the rowing of palms
I knew to labor the ghost;
His aid seemed a charity
Yet a hundred times onwards
Disguised companionless
I led everything that was me
Into sleep, and in my dream he kissed me.
It was Hitler.
I do not deem this strange trek
Or habit the alien in familiarity—
All right to follow if he will
But I'd damned well better be careful
—Heaven might err
And chose the stranger.

on the nature

right off understand it is calibre
important and foremost in war,
the cannon the power, artillery,
logic of lords and the sabre-jet,
sense of a law, nothing else but
which renders a counter illogical . . . and or . . .
demonstrates the insatiable evidences of reason most
reasonably.

that missile w-nuclear warhead is,
NEVERTHELESS, our pretty now solid reality . . . so start
there, at odds with only everything else conceivable



but death—
but violent killer
murder, and but
fractured (otherwise
always pitiable anyway)

finitude . . . our sad
not longago day . . .

sitting at arms (you see?) length (what
battles there.), i straff iron with eyes,
glimpse that which i put there isnt you.

cannot do anything indecent.
would LOVE to, tho, to the wall.
projectiles ricochet sometimes,
often come back and
ruin me temporarily . . .

(6 yrs in jail,
several boys and boygirl pederasts dallying
loathsome in the jon . . . those passive enough
not smiling while others are blood and batter.)

(spade cat,
noisy and phony, brings me my wife.
everything actually bombards the stage.
it's an air-raid—100 tons of ancient
berthas—bonnie—explodes.

big aeroplane eyes find rivets, the
cell (whoever), not war but
bullets breaking down to hell, no matter,
the tensile, important.

(i take up the
wearing of shades. the sequence is right
on schedule, brother, you bone-yard back on
target, rapport fluctuates everywhere, but
ON STAGE.)

(it's a play, yes,
Shakespeare—pretty hip character, sd:
(also) we turn our miracles nowadays into
(to the effects of) explainable phenomena,
thus rendering everything terrible only
a mute disappointment, but rather shd
tremble due to inestimable fear of
what happens to be—BE—horror . . .

fire . . . burgeon . . . whiplash . . . cloyed and captured.
obscenity is, say

expecting the sensual
get sensible instead.
the imponderable big-feet

walking of (BOOM) do-good, do-right (POW) do-tell
(SLAM) and do everything simply murderous but not
touch . . . fire . . . dont TOUCH . . . whiplash . . .
DONT TOUCH . . . burgeon . . . weigh down senses with sense,
(ratatat-tat—old cartoon-strip logic of BB gun
value-no) DONT YOU DARE TOUCH.

the cell rounds me out.
gives me the proof of proportionate,
always . . . deaf ears to intelligence,
specifically underlining it (not i)
for the rendering up of pure demonstration
of YES SIR, brother—emphatical
actual lock-up logic of bullshit
blowing its nose.

and all i survive,
reassemble, is this

out of that:

i am these one thousand unspeakable works
of an impious possible X-factor. awaiting some
catalyst's flac
to react to ex-
plosion, forelorn
for the stock-pile,
my natural time . . .

the bore and the grind and
the gauge and the barrel important,
the shock of the weapon the cross
bow spit and the shaft of primary
meaning, the shell and the fizzle, the
scream of blockbuster clustering flash of
fire and straightforward logical ends
to unnatural means in which we have done,
who all do, for what foremost
we are in its doing . . .
the will & the want & the way . . .

lament

I am a young Roman Catholic girl, and I have married
a transvestite.

After sixteen months of marriage, and a sexless
honeymoon,

He told me he likes to "dress-up"; and his wardrobe
is larger than mine.

Not with desperate little boy's cries, as I might
have expected,

But with a solid insanity, fixed and cold, he asks me
to touch him

While he wears his lingerie and suits; and then runs
and masturbates

In the bathroom.

Oh, I know all the psychology,

and so on,

From one to four his mother used to dress him
as a girl,

And his brother is a homosexual, and it all
has causes;

I had troubles too, and went to a fine eastern
girls' college

For two years, and I drink a trifle bit
too much now—

Yet that handsomeness of the high-school
football-player—

Which was all his when I wildly fell in love
with him—

Still makes me weep when I look at his tan
masculine hands

Engloved and polished beautifully, that have smitten
us with misery.

poems from paris

... experience of 7 consecutive hours

Paris! My feet are cold and I feel better,
An hour in Paris with Verlaine,
In Greece another hour with Gregory Corso
On the Rue de Seine—
And it's home with a book of Zen—and two gold apples.
Paris, I love you again!
(My motion picture tape has happy pictures)

What if your flowers freeze in their stalls?
Your bargain apples closed behind 2:00 P.M. wire?
And the woman Soutine painted can never keep warm,
Wears Russian hat, boots, in Galerie des Jeunes
(I went in to paint, last week, but my feet got cold)

Affirmed or not affirmed, I'm the same one.
Spoken to, ignored, I am the same.
Loved or not loved, I am the same person.
And how's the battle going? Say, are you winning?
(I wanted poet-friends to confirm my being. . .)

Enough noumenal distress!—old river in me,
Rusty as the Seine, as old, as long;
Wrinkled with your old unjoyous burden,
River in me, what are you carrying?

What about this? Don't some people make me smaller?
But Corso says Greece is the color of tennis shoes.
Immediately my soul is greater than Greece.
(Poor old country, color of Corso's shoes!)
Immediately the world becomes my size.
My existence is profound: confirmed.

A bad picture of myself—i cringed two days
Got so small that i could hardly speak:
Dwindled, shrunken old head of myself, so dim.
How could i face the World? No Self Respect.
Didn't i lose my battle for existence?
(How does it go today, Young Lover? Think you'll win?)
The psychic existence, is it really this precarious?
(One's feet in God—at least a place to stand,
A level for the mind to rest upon.)

Verlaine listening only to the bells.
He's one of the sounds of the city no one hears.
I can't hear any bells.
I take the metro; words come through the wheels:

"I am not fixed nor finished in perfection!
Delighted, I—These Universal Flaws!
So not unique, alone nor miserable;
Mankind as I falls in my ravines. . . ."
And travel—doesn't it erase yourself?
Or your mistakes?
(Identity lost in God is Grand indeed!)

(now in French Class)
Suddenly what freedom—am I flying?
What release! What freedom from constriction!
From that small self—
But how ridiculous it is.
When I'm like that Everything frightens me!
(eating supper)
Just a small paranoia, not bigger than a cold;
(But whence the germs for the psychic chills?)

Oh Lord, to think how all activity
Inflated or had punctured me!
Imagine comedy of some New Mouse
(did i come to Paris just to see myself?)
Small as a Pebble growing High as a house!
But how ridiculous it is.
Larger and Smaller:
(a lifetime of this?)
Like long-necked Alice and her EAT ME pills!

Now shoulder to shoulder, tall as they,
(in the street)
I'm on the level with lovers, happy
I'm not ashamed looking into their faces.



... in Heaven at 9 Git-Le-Coeur

In Heaven they have rooms
very much like yours
—perhaps a little shabbier—
this one has 3 chairs and an ancient tile floor.

all the angels are complaining
because they don't get enough sun.
No one really minds, though.

Cats are not allowed.
There is only one fat cat, Miteau.
We have to take turns using it.
All the cats in Heaven are very fat.

People speak all languages,
though mostly French.
Doorknobs are in the middle of the doors.
People are all colors.

Everyone has a dream.
They talk from their souls.
Each goes around wrapped up in it.
They listen to yours.

No society.
Whom you like comes, whom you dislike goes away.
Not like or dislike.
Affinity.

Anything you want, talk.
Someone has one or is one.
Too much freedom makes you tired.
You have to sleep a lot.

One plays a flute all day and night.
Some rooms are classical, others bop.
The Housemother bawls everybody out
and makes them separate.

Angels congregate in clumps.
Sometimes these rooms are 20 angels thick.
Nobody objects to having no space.
They all like to touch.

The lights go on and off.
You use too much, a light flashes.
It rains on the roof.
The holes are covered by glass.

Voices in the walls
sound like little radios.
Alarm clocks every hour: from 6 A. M.
you can map this building.

In the Water Closets you have to stand up
on corrugated islands.

A Niagara rushes about your feet.

Funny, the feet never get wet.

Shoes never sit still.

Love is walking the floors day and night.

American voice crying, "Upstairs!"

Descending feet, a floor in flight.



It's cold in this room high up.

I can hear an angel cough.

They all have La Grippe now.

Writers give out rejection slips.

You can do whatever you want.

Nobody thinks you.

Nobody keeps appointments.

Nobody minds!

I can type here any hour.

I can paint without comment.

Everyone eats bread.

Reminds me: I have to have a tooth pulled.

But everyone in this Hotel lives.

Nobody ever dies.

**the poet on
his lunch hour**

Day to dayness. Berries rotting while churchbells
shrink to peanuts. Walking at noon through newspapers,
through summer conspiracies of bosoms,
seeing myself arriving at store windows
looking like hay. My plan: to keep moving
through the tarpaulin air that smells
of yesterday's cremation. 90 degrees
says Federal Savings & Loan. Flick. At 12:17.

Parlor game: can I avoid recognition?
For an hour I would like to be no one.
There is the lady with the windmill spinning
in her hat, there the old foot-soldier with the billboard
in his throat: 'Repent!' 'Read the Bible!'
These two are almost no one.
But I, whose eyes button down my collar,
who am walking too near my salary,
my head in a telephone, am almost someone.

The sky above Martindale's Books
is a sunflower. They must be sick of me here
but open the dog-eared pages of their smiles as usual.
I come here, a horse to its bag of oats
and for a while hide my head in language.

Always buildings, slowly, slyly surrounding my hour,
entombing me. Coffee among Mongolians.
Yet one businesslike 'Hello' and no book
may help me any more. Better throw pies
at policemen or go chagalling in The Back Room.
It may happen, too: someone in my *personal* hour
pronouncing that last chaotic 'Hello'.
Someday in chalklight, the birds too crisp to fly.
And lo, I'll be nothing but a black dot
in a perfectly white square, completely myself,
open and visible to all.

**jean genet:
“a legend,
to be
legible”**



There is a portrait of Jean Genet by Léonor Fini. The head seems to combine the boxer and the saint: an attractively broken nose, finely set lips, strong jaw; large searching eyes, and an expression that suggests a man looking out of some trough of despair into another, purified dimension of thought and feeling. It is an unforgettable portrait, a ‘damned’ painter’s psychological tribute to a ‘damned’ writer. In speaking of Genet, it is natural to think of the man behind the work, since the relation between the two is unusually close, subtle, striking and significant. In his novels, plays, poems, and autobiography, and in his excursions into critical comment, he deliberately and successfully raises his life to legendary status, making the real but hitherto dumb world of his own experience and knowledge—the underworld of the beggar, the tramp, the thief, the pimp, the convict, the male prostitute—into one of the great ‘worlds’ of fiction, recreated, glowing, terrible, permanent. As he proudly says at the

end of *Miracle de la Rose* (1944), looking back at the dead criminals who were the heroes of his novel:

Harcamone is dead, Bulkaen is dead. . . . These papers are their tomb. But it is very far into time that I will transmit their names.

Few would deny that there is value, even if only of a documentary kind, when some alien or reprobated tracts of human experience are suddenly given articulate voice; but if this new voice speaks of the 'beauty' or 'poetry' of what modern society has in general agreed to regard as unspeakable or vicious, then the censor steps in, and for that reason the majority of Genet's books are forbidden in Britain and America. This does not stop him from being read, but it makes it harder to view him with a clear and unfurtive eye, and as Genet is an important writer, this is to be deplored.

The basic material he employs, whether it is recorded or visionarily transformed, is his life as an outcast from ordinary society. He was an illegitimate child deserted by its parents, and in his upbringing in an orphanage and in a peasant family he found little to counteract his belief that society did not want him. He began petty thieving, and at the age of ten was sent to a reformatory. His criminal life soon unfolded.

Even then it struck me as quite natural, abandoned as I was by my family, to aggravate this by the love of boys, and that love by stealing, and stealing by crime or acquiescence in crime. In this way I unmistakably rejected a world which had rejected me.

(*Journal du Voleur*, 1949)

His life was spent in and out of prison; he deserted from the French Foreign Legion; he wandered during the 1930s over most of Europe from Spain and Italy to Poland and Czechoslovakia, living by begging, theft, smuggling, and prostitution, and making himself a part of that seething international sub-society of young hoodlums, toughs, and delinquents which his works were written to celebrate. He was truly a part of this sub-society, but it was a thinking part, involved and yet (at need) detached; he knew he was an artist, and the strength of his drive towards artistic utterance can be seen in the story (related by Sartre in his massive study *Saint Genet*, 1952) of how the manuscript of his first and perhaps greatest novel *Notre-Dame des Fleurs* (1943), painfully written in pencil on bits of paper purloined from the paper-bag-making he had to work at in prison at Fresnes, was seized by a jailer and burnt, and he then began all over again, with scant hope of saving the manuscript, far less of seeing it published. There would be moods when his links with the world of criminals and

the life of external danger and excitement gave him an impatience with 'literature' and with the act of writing, as he suggests in *Marche Funébre*, an elegy dedicated to Maurice Pilorge, the thief and murderer who was executed on 17 March 1939:

If you could see me bent over my table
My face made haggard by my literature
You'd know I'm sickened too by this adventure
Of daring in terror to free the golden fable
That hides in such fell sordor.

But always, and in spite of the fact that with every act of 'literature' he took a step farther away from his familiar secret underworld and farther into the enemy world of responsibility and communication, there was something that forced him towards art, to the search for 'a beauty never seen before, beautiful because of the danger that fashions it, overturns it, undermines it'.

Negroes give me something to eat at the docks in Bordeaux; a famous poet lifts my hands to his forehead; a German soldier is killed in the snow, in Russia, and his brother writes me about it; a boy from Toulouse joins me in ransacking the rooms of the officers and NCOs of my regiment at Brest; he dies in prison; I am speaking of someone—and in this the time to breathe the smell of roses, to listen in prison at dusk to the song of a work-party bound for the penal colony, to lose my heart to a white-gloved acrobat—dead since beyond time, that is to say, fixed, for I cannot live by any other aim than the very one I found to contain my first unhappiness: that my life must become legend—a legend, to be legible, and as literature, it must awaken some new emotion. I call this emotion poetry. I am no longer anything; I am a pretext.

(*Journal du Voleur*)

What is Genet's 'poesie', which he also calls his 'chant', his 'lyrisme'? His soul sings in an almost ultimate humiliation, of poverty, of physical degradation, of moral solitude; in an inversion of bourgeois ethics expressed through the ubiquitous imagery of sexual inversion; in the indignation of the real criminal against a society which draws aesthetic satisfaction from *Macbeth* or *Hamlet* (or, on another level, from *The Big Sleep* and *Dr No*) while professing to detest the criminal reality that has given life to the art; in the relentless logic of one who says that Vincent de Paul would have been a more persuasive saint if he had committed the crime of the man whose place he took in the galleys. What Genet takes to its farthest point is hinted at in Burns's *Jolly Beggars*, in Gorky's

Lower Depths, in Traven's *Death Ship*. The reader is forced to enter a world where he can hardly believe values will be found; indeed, his alienation from the subject-matter is an essential step in the process the author desires him to follow; gradually the safe and ordinary world drops away, as the forbidding forbidden world springs up more and more energetically into a life where mere vitality (and 'mere' vitality can reach far into pathos and the heroic as well as into brutality and the disgusting) is shown in its most naked form, and the reader recognizes a part of man's face that his upbringing or his own timidity or sophistication or moral rectitude has hidden from him: and it is—in the last moment of admission—a part of his own face.

O let me be nothing but beauty alone! Quickly or slowly I will go, but I will dare what must be dared. I will destroy appearances, the casings will be burnt off and will fall from me, and I will appear there some evening, on the palm of your hand, calm and pure like a statuette of glass. You will glance at me there—all around me there will be nothing any more. . . . By the gravity of the means that I require to drive you from me, you must measure the tenderness I bring you. You must judge the extent to which I love you by these barriers I set up in my life and in my work.

(*Journal du Voleur*)

To law-abiding, property-owning heterosexuals, Genet's writing may seem dangerous when powerful, and absurd when not. But it cannot be too strongly stressed that *we* are the society out of which he has come, of which he is writing, and to which he addresses himself. Is there anything edifying in the crosstalk of three young hooligans in a prison cell (*Haute Surveillance*); in the last days of a male prostitute dying of tuberculosis in a garret (*Notre-Dame des Fleurs*); in a picture of wartime France where idealistic Resistance fighters and brutal Nazi soldiers are indistinguishably accepted for the 'song' they may happen to evoke as bearers of strength, beauty, or daring (*Pompes Funébres*)? Let any reader try to deny it! Juvenile delinquency, prostitution, and treason are three 'problems' of our time that neither laws nor pious horror can solve; until we have seen them from inside we have not even begun to deal with them. Normal society cannot see them from inside until someone by a sacrificial, grave, lyrical, and convincing defence of them—grave and lyrical, but to the inner ear speaking of despairs too dreadful to be mocked with pity or insulted with schemes of rehabilitation—has shown, quite simply, what it is like, why people do it, and what rewards they win. In 1949 Genet published the text of a radio talk entitled *L'Enfant Criminel* which had been commissioned, but was eventually rejected, presumably because it put the criminal's

point of view too openly. In his introduction he told how he had proposed to begin the programme by interviewing a magistrate, the governor of a reformatory, and an official psychiatrist. 'All refused to take part.' In that short phase there is a comment on our society which is as damning as any judgement the non-participants thought they were passing on M. Genet.

The influence of such a remarkable writer can be checked, but it is bound to spread, and it will spread all the more concentratedly by those underground channels it is forced to employ. As Beat writers know, Genet's legend joins those of Blake and Whitman, Hart Crane and Mayakovsky; he is a hero of the eternal opposition, another link in the chain of creative solitaries. He shines like a naughty deed in a good world. His pornography is exact: lyrical for pleasure, liturgical for lonely despair, casual and masterly for the transitory accidents of life. Homosexuality, in his hands, produces for the first time the direct, overall, overt inspiration of a series of inescapable works of art. Who could resist *Querelle* the handsome sailor, strong, supple, curly-headed, amoral, 'cool', strangling a little Armenian fairy at Beirut, loafing by the foggy seawalls of Brest, leaving the tears and cries of Madame Lysiane, who has failed to rouse him, with 'My wife is the sea, my mistress is my captain'? I am going to quote the last paragraph of *Querelle de Brest* (1947), partly because it is a fine passage in itself, showing the curiously humane pathos that constantly surprises us (at times overwhelms us) in the works of all 'far out' writers who are truly concerned to make an act of communication, and partly because in its sharp self-revelation of an 'Orpheus Descending' type of character, one of the 'fugitive kind', it delineates a feature of contemporary civilization more tellingly perhaps than many works (such as those of Tennessee Williams) which for reasons of censorship or reticence disguise their themes under a transvestized or fabulous veil.

Madame Lysiane understood now, cruelly, passionately, that it was thanks to *Querelle* that she, like Mario and Norbert, had emerged from the loneliness which his departure was forcing them to re-enter. He had sprung into their midst with the unannounced promptness and elegance of the joker. He mixed the cards but he gave them a meaning. As for *Quarelle*, when he left the room of the *patronne* he felt a new emotion: he found it hard to leave her. While he dressed, slowly, with a touch of sadness, his glance came to rest on the photo of her husband hanging on the wall. One by one the faces of his friends swam up to him again: Nono, Robert, Mario, Gil. He experienced, as if it was a brush of melancholy, a half-conscious fear of their growing old without him, and vaguely, swung already into an anguish of the heart by the sighs and (in the wardrobe mirror)

the too conspicuous movements of Madame Lysiane, who was dressing behind him, he wanted to draw them all into crime so that he could freeze them there, so that they might never love elsewhere or otherwise than through Querelle himself. When he came near her, Madame Lysiane had sobbed herself out. Her hair, which the hairpins made a poor job of holding together, stuck to her face wet with tears, and the rouge on her lips had begun to run. Querelle pressed her to his body severe already in the armour of its blue seaman's cloth, and he kissed her on the cheeks.

(The following works of Genet have been translated into English by Bernard Frechtman: *Our Lady of the Flowers*, 1949; *The Thief's Journal*, 1954; *The Maids*, and *Deathwatch*, 1954; *The Balcony*, 1957; *The Blacks*, 1960.)

Anselm Hollo

they fattened the calf

They fattened the calf in California

For all the prodigal sons, all the living-with-mother
Brooklyn Beach bums, who, strewn with golden
leaves, now stand, slightly embarrassed by their beards,

Awaiting orders from Mystical Nowhere, which sometimes
is Life Magazine, beating the Drum of Time—

Pudd'nhead Pudd'nhead Pudd'nhead—I love the word,
and am liberated to use it, by these sailorboy saints,
to Hell with context, or texture—

The text, freely spewed, is the thing that matters,
and there I agree, to a point where trillions of angels
dance,

And more important than that—to become, to Become
a Fixture
On the Scene!

With Love . . .



**An album of definitive
anti-poems on love not
written with expectation
of being detoured into
such unresolved a label
via editorial whimsy . . .**

Carolyn Stoloff

something diseased

Something diseased hungers for blue.
Stretched, it is not enough (lying
against earth, and you lying), to breathe
to watch the figures in the camouflage
of clouds; feeling this, this
is the hour we must feel.

This is the ant hour, frantic
on a blade, this is the last fish
limp and milky in the creel.
Something is more, something
is death without grief, something absorbed
in watching how he dies; someone with forceps
who peels the skin aside. Know it was the clock
your lines and leaning sealed like tree galls
sleeping under which we roll
into life's unbelief. Leaves, darts
from the thistle's heart, breed luscious
in aberration; a disease which fills
the blue and kills.

When two cold women sitting on a porch,
backed to a wall of windows greenly
gleaming, rock and judge across the lawn,
wooden-fingered and with rooted toes; catch
talk and then repeat it, needle in the groove;

I hate

His Master's Voice and something diseased
hungers for blue, for you
stretched against earth.

David B. Jacobson

lecture

I, thwarting my lips to smiles
among old throats, poised
like summer corn, cracked with age

like an idiot

looking back over his round shoulders

wondering if I still exist.

I have a radio that burns my curtains with music.

I have nights that come down without my seeing and
at once it is dark, but I have mornings too,
and sunlights good enough for birds, spiders

or

any new hero

old shoe

and my dog

my dog

our shapes fill the sidewalks with shadows
and the giggling of our feet

up and down

walking to the end of your solid moon
our failing sun

idiot dog

greater than

the armies of Alaric

or the arms

the arms that once held ruins.

Kay Johnson

quick, someone's coming

faced with a nothingness, isn't it nothingness! Look—
nothing at all—our loves illusions all:
nothings with clothes on; look, walkings like chickens
in a yard; nothingness, toes, feathers, claws:
and out of all nothingness comes a nothingness:
i don't know what to think: hardly i write
for nothing's motionless but to a will:
wants something of it; now when all's given up,
what does remain to be more given up?
up-giving?—yes, here's a void, void with clothes on.
and all our little dreams have sung themselves to sleep:
poor little dreams, they never knew what to think:

quick, i must put some thought back on, cover
this nakedness!—despair's the same whether they say
praise or blame: triumph, disaster: one;
still, they live in a place where things can happen
yet for him, for me: we are beyond the realm
of possibility: all past chance:
i thought it was love, love's lack, love's light, and yet
i don't know what love is: what's lack, love or light.
out of this void, ever, has anyone come?
this concept of void: it's nothing but a concept.
Quick, someone's coming! i must put
a thought back on!

and now my good angel, come,
construct me: concepts are madness, another kind
of madness, that they see facets, not the whole.

Jon Edgar Webb

suddenly over

Who is this stranger
who comes into
my wife's bedroom,
mine too,
looking about as if
she owns both me
and the mare in
the meadow?

Clarence Major

dream in ruins

we put the milk bottles out
on the porch in the first wake up of the
thundering el trains that take men
with hard muscles to work
we argue at night in bed because

Mason Jordan Mason

**mysterious
as any
woman be**

In the valley of her breast
Cleo carry an adder

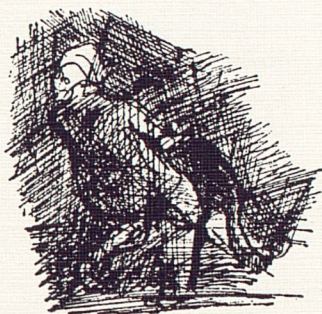
This in mystery of faraway time

And it sting away
her sorrow
plumb to death

But a fast high yellow
keep a pretty sharp blade

And the sorrow she feel
is purchased away
when she cut off his pleasure

But somehow
she seem just a little bit
sad all the same



Geoffrey Hazard

the dubliner

Nightly sang the nightingale,
manacled but unlike him who
was a deaf mute and the very

broth of a boy, but drank too
much, that was why his wife
was sad and every night the
kids cried so him being a
poet and myself hurried out
into the smell of the wind
and the sane stars got drunk
ourselves but after awhile
felt like free men
coming home to our prison
to sleep and die.

Barbara Moraff

dear solomon

death long root while im writing
—somewhere— Carl I know you
your anti-gravity your
anti-simian
pace wellmarks the
sunstruck
page of yr existence
next fish you catch ille cook
they
say the river is flooded w/spring
tides
a healthy season A
welltimed
room
youve chosen
love
yr Odette

Frank Musial

room

To enclose the space that encloses,
Goes by the name of room,
This is the first consciousness,

A poet's at any rate—
There a self is spawned
With the whiteness of Onan
Or a page (just so, a sudden,
Self-inflicted, involuntary spasm),
Followed by the commitment
To? Four walls—this extension,
This witness. This is willed.

Ann Giudici

remember?

Look, you said,
We've steamed the windows
And I leaned away just far enough
To write

HELLO

in our heat.

And

HELLO looks back

At me now

Reminding my body

unaware of its self

How it feels to be empty.

G. C. Oden

low calvary

Damn it all to hell, fagoting age
comes on bending, binding the thin years of
my life as at its end straw is sheaved.
I care. Electric with life, green humors
in social ferment, I wive each day as
some prim partner of tidy intercourse,
starved at the roots of creation for earth
richly involved.

Who, too, lives without love;
body breastitg its suck-hole of desire,
head spitting its license at high demons?

Who else, on this low Calvary, rides the
Khamsin burning out of Egypt, wishing
for cold comfort from the north?

Damn! Damn! Damn!

Do we misjudge? Who misjudges us? What
error of philosophy is weevil
of the "don'ts" we don't, reaping our iron
ages of diminishing return. Some
one has lied. Someone has falsified and
been believed. So bottled in an acid
fairytale, wimpling with dust, we give our
selves to the waste of desperate corners.

Marvin Bell

pipecleaner

. . . for *Thin Dorothy*

What eye-twists, & mercenary feelers it takes
to turn into alphabets
your lip-like & round opacity,
or to seek to shape a pulpy verb
for he who longs to love you, Old Wiry Fuzz.

kaja

from: the emerald city

. . . for *Gregory Corso*

Oh ye dead who waken in the underground tombs
of Death's most unhappy birthday, oh ye dead who
waken to see
your legs become gods
for there is no double-body near,
oh yet unborn, chicks with blue lids, blue necks, the
ragged feet,
who waken in the gloom of a 5:00 A.M. unhappy birthday
in advance of the guests all holding
empty presents

the wedding night a fraud, the mystic sex a lie,
only a branch,
only a broken orange, the juice crying.

Telephone or telegraph collect
that chartreuse lady of the Tree to rescue the Child whose
basket's bathing in the mad park.
Polka-dots have a hard time being born, especially when the
mothers are off at some card party pretending to be spots;
like aunts and uncles instant and single as half a spider.
Look, only four knobby legs each, poor things.
No wonder they keep sticking themselves together!

Oh ye dead who waken to see your green legs gods, the thorn
your rod, with bells.
I know these stems
seem as long as Pullmans, opaque curtains
slapping onward night too close to night
the ice cube day,
every tunnel night the ritual . . . the curtains sway,
you tip-toe through,
hear somebody brushing funny teeth . . . I know
these stems are long.

Christ went down the green hole, was it three days, three
years?
His olive hot as a rose in that place until He had to rise.
Does bread name the oven hell?
Jonah, too, he had a nice ride.

I saw a man who by stealth and at night, with a knife
mind you,
which means a very large sword,
went to open in my garden a rose, at night you understand.
He slit its throat!
Yea, the world fell apart from him, sliced clean on either side,
a fine clean wound it was, without blood—
the schism in the bud.
And how he roared, certainly he had been cheated! In each
hand he held half a world, opaque as croquet balls.
His heart fell open—stuttering—to find no rose inside.

Surely the Kingdom of Love is made for children!
The corridors are sick from being stuffed with refrigerated
grown-ups.

**from: le pecheur
du suquet**

All about him—air, weather, countryside
grew vague. As he lay
on the sand, there was a trembling
in what I could see between the tilted branches
of his naked legs. The sand kept
track of his feet, kept track of his sex too,
moved by the sultry disturbance of evening.

Every drop glistened.

—What is your name?

—And yours?

In love from that night,
with a boy who was cool who was tricky who was
fantastic who was
alive

and where he came you could feel
the shudder his body flung
over waters skies houses
rocks boys girls
and the page my pen's on.

My patience!—
a medal on your lapel.

Golden float of dust surrounds him,
draws him away from me.

His eyes!—in the midst of thistles and blackthorns
and the misty-robed season, the autumn.

His hands
set light to things, then darken them
bring life to things, destroy them again.

The big toe of his left foot
with its ingrown nail
sometimes digs at my nostril, or at my mouth.

Well, it's huge, but

what about the foot
and then
what about the leg—

—Translated by Edwin Morgan

A. W. Purdy

love poem

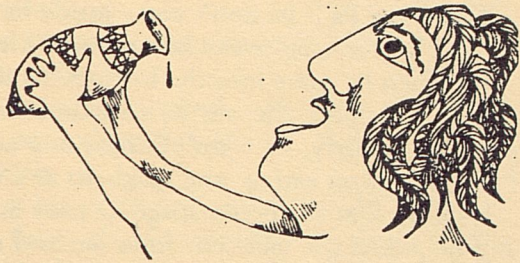
She's hurt.

Many times before
I was the torturer
no matter how
I was able to swing
her world
terribly awry
So that the grey cement
and the portrait of herself
she carried with her with
the smile it was necessary for her to smile
and the uninhabited minutes
of silence in which she was terrified
by excess of nothing
were obliquely twisted to
an acute angle by
the great roar I made
in her body and
my falcon digging its dirty nails
into the bearable incomplete hurt and
reasonably moderate agony
So that I am de Sade and Gilles de Rais
become light
between her fingers
become the red darkness where flesh touches
flesh and rescinds
nothing—

Now that I cannot hurt
entry denied
(a doctor digs with steel
in the warm uterus instead)
the shapely assignations of flesh
cancelled

mud like veritable mud touching
Her
I would crawl in beside the knife
give the pain myself
since it's necessary
rescind nothing
brute agony nor
surrogate glove
till the pelvic arch contracts
dampness on lips
breath shallow—and pulse—and pulse?
Till steel rusts & I am the steel
pain shrieks & I am the pain
death comes & I with him
O woman
even this much of my intent is
inextricable—





the wine is red

. . . from *BLACK OLIVES*, a work in progress
drawing by russell edson

Ma looked out the kitchen window and turned back to us kids sitting in the kitchen. She put her finger up on the window and pointed to Pa in the backyard. "The dirty pig," Ma said in Italian. Ma was mad all right. Maria, the oldest of us kids, got up and went to the window. She took one look at Pa and made a face, and came back to the table and started filling up her plate with meatballs and spaghetti.

Little Brother went to the window. He listened a minute to Pa yelling and swearing at the stone pots he'd made the winter before. "Pa's drunk," he said.

I went to the window and I saw Pa shaking his fist at the fishpond he'd made with the stone pots around it. I heard, "Somma-beetch—"

"Ma, Pa's swearing!" Maria said.

Ma crossed herself. "Rosa, you tell your Pa to come in and eat before the spaghetti gets cold."

I went on the back porch and called, "Hey, Pa, Ma says for you to come in and eat the spaghetti before it gets cold."

Pa pretended he didn't hear.

"Don't say I says," said Ma from inside. "Just say come on—don't say who says."

"Pa, come on in and eat," I said.

Pa turned his back to me. "Let it get cold!" he yelled.

We all started to eat then, Little Brother, Maria, Ma and me.

"Bring my spaghetti out here!" we heard Pa yell.

I went to the porch again. "But, Pa, everybody will see you."

"Who cares?"

"But not outside, Pa."

"No? How about picnics the Americans go? Outside, no?"

I went back inside. "Pa says—"

"Tell your Pa if he don't come inside he don't get nothing."

"Tell him to stop swearing too," said Maria.

Just then Pa came into the kitchen his thick black eyebrows twitching around, the way he sometimes laughed. Little Brother got up in a hurry, he wasn't hungry any more; Maria got up too, but Ma kept on eating, one spaghetti at a time.

"Ah, look at the pretty spaghatt your mama is eating," Pa said, and he jerked the table out from her and turned it over.

Ma had the fork to her mouth and didn't look up. I could see her lips moving though, and I knew Ma was praying. On her fork was a strand of spaghetti, it went into her mouth and she chewed on it.

Ma kept chewing even when Pa grabbed up a handful of spaghetti off the floor and threw it into her face.

He picked up another handful, but he slammed it onto a plate and went out to the backyard. I looked out the window and Pa was eating the spaghetti with his fingers.

Ma came beside me and I put my arms around her. "Ma, please stop praying for Pa to die. Please, Ma."

But Ma kept praying. I saw Pa hitting his plate with his pocket-knife and I went out on the porch.

Pa yelled at me, "Rosa, bring me the wine!"

"Ma, don't let her!" I heard Maria say.

"I don't know where it is, Pa."

"Dammit—" And he smashed his plate on the edge of the fishpond.

I went back in and we heard him yelling, "What's the matter in there—you *making* the wine, you bootleggers?"

"Ma, couldn't we give him just a little?" I asked.

"My God, you crazy!"

Next, Pa was shouting at the birds he'd made a birdbath for. "You little American birds, eh? You watch, I'm going to be American too—only you don't got to get the papers, you buzzards."

"Jesus, Mary and Joseph," Ma said, and crossed herself.

I peeked out the window and Pa was running around the backyard like he was trying to catch the sparrows.

A minute later he came in running and yanked open the door to the basement. He grabbed up the ax we kept there for chopping firewood and waved it at all of us.

"Put that ax down!" Ma screamed.

Pa did, in the middle of the kitchen table.

"God have mercy!" Ma cried.

"Find the wine!"

We all started pretending to look for the wine, but Pa could see we were just going in circles and he chopped a hole in the wooden sideboard. "Find the wine!"

Ma ran to the front room and I knew she was telling Maria to go and telephone the police.

"This kitchen I can't stand," Pa yelled, and splintered a chair. "I can't stand this sink with the yellow stains!" A faucet snapped and water started spouting.

Little Brother took off his shoes and stockings and started wading on the kitchen floor, till Ma grabbed him up and ran back to the front room. Pa laughed and brought the ax down on a shelf full of dishes.

I too wanted to laugh. Pa's pants were dripping wet and they stuck to him. He'd ripped off his blue workshirt and sweat and water rolled down his hairy chest, and I guess his shoes were soaked for he let out a swearword and kicked them off. He was heading for the icebox when a loud knock came on the door.

Very quietly Pa put the ax down, and I went to the door. "Well, open it," said Pa. I did, and standing there was Guiseppe the neighborhood Italian cop.

"Ah, Guiseppe, you American citizen," Pa greeted him. He'd known Guiseppe since they were kids in Naples—they'd played cops and drunkards there. "I am glad to see you."

"Yeah? What's the trouble here, Gino?"

"Trouble? I don't see no trouble," Pa said.

Guiseppe looked around. "No? What you doing with all this kindling on the floor?"

"I just got sick and tired of this kitchen."

"Oh yeah?" said Guiseppe, in Italian.

"Yeah," Pa said, in American.

Ma called from the front room, "Hurry up and get him out of here."

"Just a minute," Guiseppe called back. "I've got to first find out the trouble here, Theresa."

"Plenty trouble—get him out!"

"Damn bums—they flop me again," Pa said, and he sat down on the wet floor.

"He don't go to nightschool!" Ma yelled.

"I go to nightschool!"

"To first bar first!"

Guiseppe tapped Pa's chest with his billy club. "Gino, what's the matter—you don't want to be an American citizen?"

"Si, but you can't stand on no fifth degree—I got to answer the

questions. Too much questions, if you ask me."

"Too much the wine!"

"*Mama mia*, let's go!" Pa was trying to get his right foot into his left shoe, but it wouldn't go in. Guiseppe, the cop, stooped down and made the change.

"Thank you kindly," Pa said.

"You're welcome." Then Guiseppe looked at me. "Better get this water off, Rosa, before we're drowned in here."

I ran down and turned off the water and hurried back up, and Pa and Guiseppe were holding onto each other in the back doorway. Pa was trying to pull Guiseppe outside to the porch and Guiseppe was holding Pa back while trying to find out more from Ma what had started all the trouble.

"You got to charge him," he told Ma.

"I charge myself!" Pa said and broke loose. He yelled "Goodby, Ma," and ran around the side of the house, Guiseppe behind him.

We all rushed to the front window and we saw Pa climbing into the paddy-wagon at the curb, with Guiseppe trying to pull Pa back by the seat of his pants.

Ma saw the neighbors looking and she shut her eyes and spat at Pa through the windowpane.

Guiseppe saw us all in the window, and his eyes rolled upward as if to say, "Why in hell don't they make Gino a citizen so he'll feel like behaving?" And he let go of Pa's pants and slammed the door and got in alongside the cop driver in front.

All down the street we could hear Pa singing at the top of his voice—his favorite song: *O Sole Mio*.

It took us until bedtime to straighten up the kitchen, and Ma kept saying, "He's a dirty pig." She said it in the morning when she got up. I went down to fix the coffee, and I was feeling sorry for Pa. But when Ma came down she was dressed up to go out. I said nothing and neither did she. She just drank her coffee and put her hat on. Maria and Little Brother came down and Ma said, "Take care of things, Maria."

"You going to charge Pa?" Maria asked.

"Who knows? Maybe I press no charge, if he promise me."

"Promise what, Ma?"

"Me do the teaching."

From the window I watched Ma going down the porch steps in in her blue satin dress Pa liked, and when she got to the sidewalk and headed toward the car stop, walking fast, I saw how young-looking Ma could be—and how strict she'd be teaching Pa.

**from: letter to an
imaginary friend**

The moon fattens and fails. In the roaring wood fires
The winter burnt out. One day we stood in the blizzard
Blind as bats in the white rasp of the snow—
In the pure rage of the season one instant—the next,
(With never a slackening of wind or break in the storm)
White turned black and the perfect fury of dust
Slammed down a lid on the day.

Montana . . .

Saskatchewan

Blowing over our heads/
Buried alive standing up . . .

Still walking around.

Holy Mother of Christ what a pisscutter Spring!
Oxymoronic winter! Anagoge of the snow,
A perfect Red peril and Jukes of a season
With a muzzle velocity six times the speed of light—
In those days you could be fishing around in a pot-hole
Where a horse or a tractor had sprung a leak and submerged,
Up to your ass in the water, and the rain falling:
And the dust blowing down your throat like a fistful of glass—
And *that* not so bad, but pushing down on your hat
Were the vagrant farms of the north: Montana, Saskatchewan,
With the farmers still on them, merrily plowing away,
Six inches over your head . . .

And *that* not so bad, except for them singing

So, Spring didn't come. Didn't come for ten years . . .
A simple failure of light in the ice-bound, rusty
Ports of the sun.

But I would be sailing out.
Called by what bird? Toward what high pass, in the night,

William
Corrington

surreal
for
lorca

they were exhuming torquemada
putting
teeth in the
nicene creed

they were proving with
stuka fists and
thin red lines
that

the rights of man
are wrong

mobs of children with firingpin
eyes
had to be howling
the internationale

sexless women had to be knitting
and counting
under a crooked cross

commissars had to be toasting
gauleiters in the
broil of a
twofaced sun
while

the city walls
ricochetted
tommygun laughter
while

the spanish
tongue bled for a
luminous instant

then
died between armored jaws
while
god

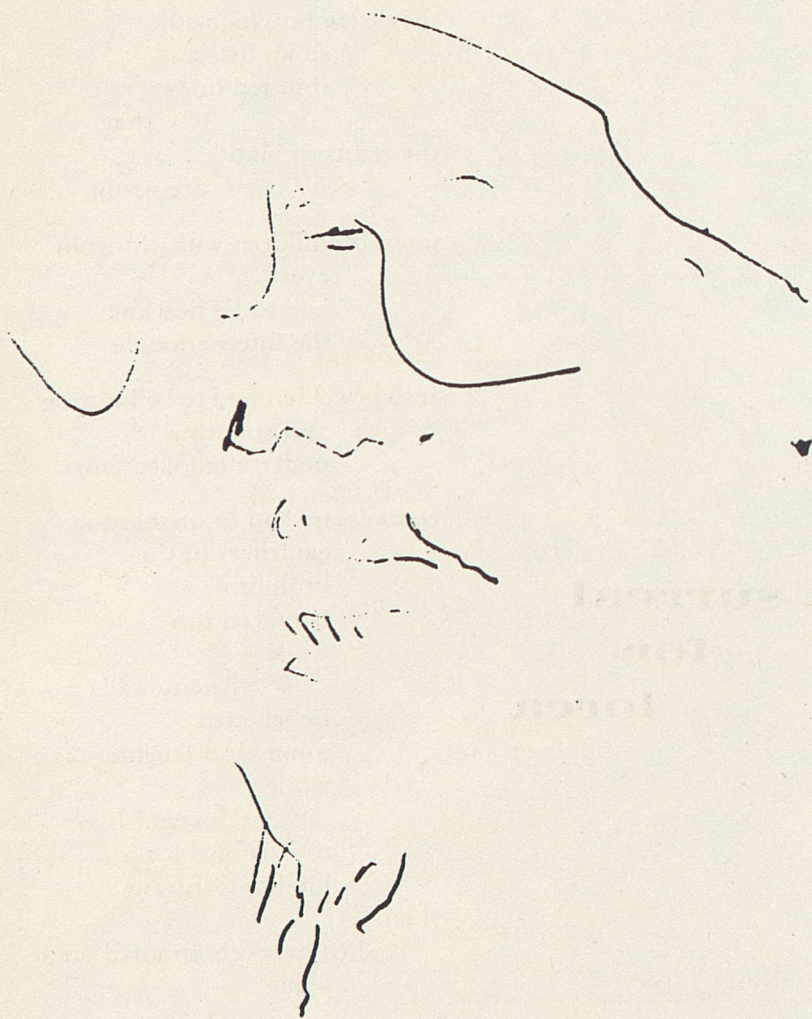
no taller than a scream
no wider than inquisition
dumb as a murdered poem

stood by
with a mouthful of
cartridges

trying to stammer the truth

Jonathan Williams

Drawing by Fielding Dawson



the anchorite

opts to eye the oak
leaf, clutch
a red to hold the mountains' blues

under the winter sun

song accumulates heat—a humus. I have it, like Issa:

*Few people;
a leaf falls here;
falls there*

—outside, where

the world's a storm
in the oaks

and the outcry of certain
beautiful captures

•
he wrote

'brought to love,' brought to any
intimacy,
writing letters
among red oak leaves . . .

to be left alone?—that's a laugh! that is, who's
without the images of
love,
shining out of his head?

and they
who move the heart, daringly,
as the sun fires the oak
thru the wanton afternoon

•
light airs of music—

we are left with
just the facts, the endless
articulation

A Letter-to-the-Editor

EDITORIAL

Since a new kind of audience was precisely what we had in mind during the lazy courtship years in which verbally we were occupied with laying the groundwork that made pregnant finally the working-compulsion that resulted in the birth, late in 1961, of *THE OUTSIDER*, it was with quick interest we noted recently a sentence in an article written by Lowenfels for a literary magazine. The sentence brought upon him a request from us for a page of elaboration. He promptly and articulately complied, as follows:

from:

**walter
lowenfels**

You quote me as saying: "What is really revolutionary in contemporary art is a new relationship with a new kind of audience," and ask whether I can expand this.

This sentence echoes something I learned from Siqueiros—"Mural art is a relation between a painting on the wall and a moving audience." This is just a statement of fact. When you walk around the Rivera murals in the Palace of Justice in Mexico, or the Siqueiros murals in the school at Chillan (Chile), you are continually establishing a different angle of vision. The dynamism of Siqueiros' best work arises from the way he faced this act of vision—there is no one angle where you really see completely the gargoyle figures he has started to paint on the cupola of the Customs House. You have to keep angling around.

History also changes this way — it is always being written afresh, always a new history for each new half-

century of contemporaries—and not always a better one. (“That history book,” Napoleon said, “was all right 20 years ago and may be all right 20 years from now, but it cannot be used today.”)

Historically, the audience also changes—and not only because, as Heraclitus said, “We never step into the same waters twice.” The audience moves not only in time—horizontally—it also moves to different levels of society—vertically. The feudal lords and ladies are no longer with us; the kind of epics medieval society produced are not being produced today (Ezra Pound helps to prove this).

Most of us get bogged down in yesterday’s problems—we just don’t know what today’s audience is getting to be. The artist has to be a revolutionary in our time because otherwise he won’t be able to tell which way the world is moving; and the moving audience that he still takes for granted will be the audience that is rapidly going down the rat hole.

I think the epitaph for much of the most advanced work we are writing today is: “What’s so sad as yesterday’s beer?” We are torturing ourselves and the audience with problems that are no longer revolutionary. That doesn’t mean that our nostalgia isn’t sincere, or that we aren’t moved by the best of our stuff: I can also weep at an elephant.

Our best things are history—a record—and thus it’s the anti-artist in us that does the best work. I respect it at the same time as I reject it as a dying art for a dying audience. Thus the answer—“The New Audience”—the one that Whitman too is still trying to reach. Not audience in a practical sense of immediate cash, but the audience you, too, help to create as you write for it. And not because you are a great theoretician—but because there is no other way out for you personally.

The perfect contemporary artist is the one who continually kills yesterday’s self. Of course he doesn’t exist. But we can try. It’s today’s secret of how to stay alive.

Lamantia

last days of san francisco

No understanding! that's how it—/!
streets of water, masonic columns vaporize
chinabowls scream in steel bridges

an old subaqueous tune, rambling
Goldengate spangles, Ferry Boat—Yerba Buena, isla del sol—a
hundred moons vibrate to MONEY, dissolved in yet/pot odors

Yadawack! speaks out of the Dream—how many hongos you eat?—
“the people” fornicate under Narcotic gods
moving

Paris Panama New York India Rabat Macchu Pichu—moving
—I.E., I'm moving

noted:

General re/making of earth and ocean

flag One:

“God has
a monopoly on poets” wrote Paolo Lionni, nineteen sixtyone

I say: see the mountain of signs inside me!
Subscribe to this poem CHA WAHLA YAAGH!
Great MontgomeryStreet flairup! the charge of the Wap Handles
Direction Two: race, movie, suction cup of dreams—their heads
honked flattened out

In the Riots—General Disorder—I keep touching yr cocktail
deposit boxes & elegant toilet seats—

I stood on a Great Plain of California,
actually Gobi Desert—on top of white steps/plateaus of many heads
looked up to the silent giants breathing OUT STERN

KNOWLEDGE!

The peace pipe.

I hold it high. Gitchi Manito, his spirit liveth! his open gesture
folded in the Law, lotusvoiced brother on the mountains of the
Five Finger Lakes

this radioactive HI YI HA/HA LAH!

Sounds of bleeding earth! water! the ten thousand gulls / Water /
slabs of enormous sky full of eminent beggars drug addicts
lonestar detectives

John Hoffman's Albatross. I draw a Sacred Sign. You can be off
to yr bird's beginnings—I sight land—Saint Andres' FAULT
LINE TO BEAR WITNESS TO
A FINAL GONG!
GONG OF THE WORLD OF SENSE / GONG OF EQUILIBRAL
STARS . their pyramids by—
Oh! Blank/space!

oh chabaroti!spansule/hound!
to be stoned by arabs—"to fall into place" at San Francisco
Chalk Wave
according to the behaviors of Weather, first tonload up
from 1927
So many luteplayers dead by heroinrayguns in ¿is it Caryl
Chessman's heart?

Flag three: there are no accidents! There's CLARIDAD!

in a mirrordarkvision you can go under fast—in moan of
Cracked Glass—
Bring the alchemic! float the transmutation!
Back from the mountains, Harry Smith saying over again: Dizzy &
Bird stopt atomic apocalypse

This much known: the Peace Pipe Sound! the rasp of THAT
harmony! sunrays on the Ocean! picking seashells in Yosemite
Forest—nightmen chanting above Lake Tahoe

the seer's voice, arms making the Cross
the seer's voice
rambling over siberian steppes
the seer's voice/ Harry Smith
in New York: your brain is a map of aurora borealis pin/
points

internexing the String Game—Polynesia, Alaska—my thoughts
in CHRYSTOS, light of all poems, I.E., maker of new
territories

EARTH/STAR

I see the Cosmic Intervention! I see water over San Francisco!
I see God putting you down, moneylovers!
PLAGUESVILLE!

The astrologer: BREAKUP BY SCHIZOBOMB I see oceans over
Berkeley!

I see

the Angel's

FIRST WEDGE COME DOWN!

Jack Kerouac: Sept. 16, 1961, Poem

How awfully sad I felt thinking of my sleeping mother in her bed
that she'll die someday
tho she herself says "death is nothing to worry about,
from this life we start to another"
How awfully sad I felt anyway—
That have no wine to make me forget my rotting teeth is bad enough
but that my whole body is rotting and my mother's body is rotting
towards death, it's all so insanelly sad.
I went outside in the pure dawn: but why should I be glad about
a dawn
that dawns on another rumor of war,
and why should I be sad: isnt the air at least pure and fresh?
I looked at the flowers on the bush: one of them had fallen:
another was just bloomed open: neither of them were sad or glad.
I suddenly realized all things just come and go
including any feeling of sadness: that too will go:
sad today glad tomorrow: sober today drunk tomorrow: why fret
so much?

Everybody in the world has flaws just like me.

Why should I put myself down? Which is a feeling just coming to go.

Everything comes and goes. How good it is!

Evil wars wont stay forever!

Pleasant forms also go.

Since everything just comes and goes O why be sad? or glad?

Sick today healthy tomorrow. But O I'm so sad just the same!

Just coming and going all over the place,

the place itself coming and going.

We'll all end up in heaven anyway, together in

that golden eternal bliss I saw.

O how damned sad I cant write about it well.

This is an attempt at the easy lightness of wellbred
poetry.

I should really use my own way.

But that too will go, worries about style. About
sadness.

My little happy purring cat hates doors!

And sometimes he's sad and silent, hot nose,
sighs,

and a little heartbroken mew.

There go the birds, flying west a moment.

Who's going to ever know the world
before it goes?



© 1962, THE OUTSIDER

**“So what if Kerouac is on
board? You can’t believe
everything Ciardi says.”**

YES, ANOTHER NATIONAL LITERARY MAGAZINE OUT OF NEW ORLEANS . . . *but with none of yesterday's muzzling taboos.* AND WE'RE NOT GOING TO TRY THIS TIME TO SELL IT TO YOU WITH A LIST OF THE "NAMES" THAT WILL APPEAR IN IT. *That approach has never sold us on a quality magazine, so why should it you—if you're our kind of audience?*

Regarding Outsider 3, we'll put it thus: "From the looks of it so far it seems to be shaping up into an issue that could outdo No.'s 1 and 2 combined, if that means anything to you. If it does not, you are reading the wrong magazine." If this approach seems cocky, let us elaborate: "This is not and never will be a political magazine, nor are we out to shove down throats poetry or prose likely to turn the average esthetic stomach. We're not out to sell an audience but to find one, uncaring in our search whether another issue sells out or not, as our No. 1 did. Selling out an issue of a pioneering magazine means little if it sells in the doing to a lot of readers it was not intended for. The audience for us is one that's aware of the cliches in today's 'quality' stuff, & is very very bored."

If you belong to that Outsider Audience we can't promise to please you in every way you could hope for—a lot more tho, let's say, than you've been accustomed to. We do promise some unusual surprises—plus more Miller Letters, and a lot more of the "Oldest of the Living Old" in our documentary Series of Deep South Obits—in Outsider No. 3. To be sure of getting a copy send \$1, or \$5 for a 6-issue sub, to:

THE OUTSIDER, 618 URSULINES, NEW ORLEANS, LA.

denise

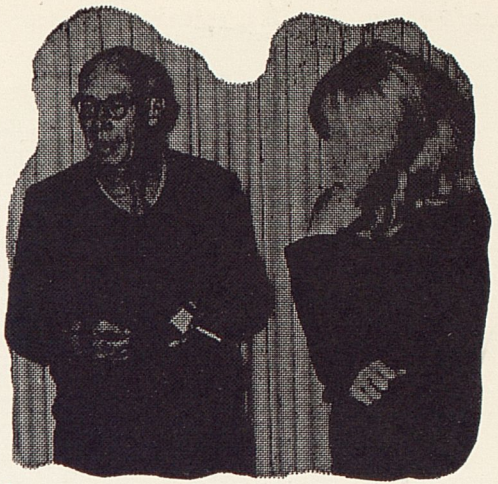
levertov

Look how she stands—
 she is teetering on a pedestal
 her voice soaring above our very heads;
 she is standing high so to reach us better
 and yet she casts down her eyes in kindness.
Her glance is itself the poem,
 her tongue the sweet flesh pen—
 each breast is a smiling comma
 her naval a curious question mark
 her heart is the soul of punctuation conforming
 to the meter of her eyes;
 each breath is related to a pause of the heart.
And yet she casts down her eyes in kindness
 while her voice soars above our very heads—
 how she glows as she reads
 how she must wondrous love:
 she is slim, and pretty when she loves,
 dressed in a grey red smock
 that serves as the cover of her pages—
and yet I cannot help but know
 that beneath the paisley print of her title page
 her little ass is encased only in
 ridiculous white pants
 that all women wear as a badge of
 the tragedy of our age;
god how she is human
 god, god, my god
 she is wondrous human.

William J. Margolis

From *The Mendicant
Notebook, VI* (for Maxine):

Another cold day.
These plaster walls
keep out the sun
absolutely.
New ink for my pen
wondrously black;
but cold words, black words—
always a blank space
for more words . . .
but I don't always have words . . .
just always have blank space:
white for the black:
warm fear of the cold:
old yearnings, young
burning hopes for new words,
clean words,
words that will get
from here to there
where you are,
get from my fingers
to your eyes,
get from my touching
to your touching,
words to weave us
together, words
to mend our tatter,
clatter of hope
reeling & dizzy,
emptied, spent,
cluttered
with spinning letters
of alphabets never learned;
yet it comes down to
my anxious battering
of this black and white
wall between us,
these plaster words
that keeps the sun out,
cold words
absolutely.



THE
henry miller
to
lowenfels
LETTERS



Continued from OUTSIDER Number 1 ♦



Editor, THE OUTSIDER:

In the 60's, when certain writers are likely to be classified as "beat" or "non-beat," it might be healthy to recall a time when, despite the label "Lost Generation," some writers were finding themselves, and people as different as Henry Miller and myself could have a respect for each other's writing--no matter how much we disagreed on other things.

One thing we agreed about was Henry's ability to write. This was an experience for me, because it came after we first met in Paris, in 1928, and Henry had showed us a novel or two in mss that Lillian and I didn't like. Those early novels of his have disappeared. A year or two later Henry started on an entirely new tack and we began receiving carbons of chapters that eventually turned into TROPIC OF CANCER and BLACK SPRING. With the chapters came letters--and sometimes letters without chapters.

The reader should bear in mind that the author of these letters is not the Henry Miller of today but a sometimes desperate and very poor man, already around 40, unknown and intent on fulfilling himself as a writer. The basis of our relationship was our belief in his ability to write.

We used to say at that time: it's not only that creative books can't be written any more; if they are written they can't be read. Even one reader was an achievement. Henry first relied on the readers he could get via the carbons he made of everything he wrote.

Another thing Henry and I shared was belief in the need to preserve our human feelings about people. In those Paris days when we were both desperate in our separate ways (and later found our separate ways out) these letters of his show how Henry and I shared some human things.

Watt Lowenfels

The missive above appeared in OUTSIDER No. 1 as a Foreward to the first instalment of the Miller-to-Lowenfels Letters. This previously unpublished collection will continue into and possibly beyond OUTSIDER No. 3. The photo at top of artist Edith Fink & Henry Miller was snapped at the Fink home in California by Bob Fink on Miller's return from his recent European revisitiation. Photo at top on preceding page of Miller & friend was taken also by Dr. Fink; at bottom: W. Lowenfels on recent sojourn in Roumania.

Dear Walter: Sending you these pages because I don't know just when I'll get around to see you. Feel like working and fear any long discussions. Don't know whether I'll leave the "Cronstadt" pages in or not. They came spontaneously today & I let them stay. But I'm not sure if they're any good--except perhaps what I stole from the letter I wrote you about your poetry.

I reread all your letters today and found some fine things in them. And when I return the copy of "Finale of Seem" I'll try to tell you some things about that too. That very last bit--about the weather--that's swell. Always was. And I like "lysol time" "the stars bound for Barcelona". Oh, many, many lines.

I have something to show you from Jung's book of Essays--on God & monomania--enantiodromia. Another thing--in that China letter you wrote me--about the l and the one--a fine piece of thinking. Beautifully straight. I mean everything I said about your poems--does it mean anything to you?

Do you mean for me to keep the clippings from N. L.?--on your poems? If not, tell me--so that I can make a copy for myself.

I presume Fraenkel got away as scheduled. I couldn't see much sense in seeing him off. We were wasting time talking the way we were towards the last. And I was a big ass, too. But I got something out of the first night's discussion. I made discoveries about Goethe. But that's another big subject. Listen--there's a lot more to that destiny business than you may imagine. Something's brewing in me--I wasn't dopey for nothing.

(And--if I missed fire in this scene with you (Cronstadt --the me and the not-me--never mind! There's a swell idea behind it. I may strike it right another time. Tell me frankly if you think it's awfully bad).

Henry

That cunt D----, do you know what she said to me? "America is improving--everybody's reading Voltaire now--in the 19-cent edition!"



Walter: Some more, per schedule. Not concluded yet. Blowing a new tune on the City where it's all death and no can-teen, as Kipling says. Eventually I'll get to Tante Melia & the angels. Hello, angels, I'm coming.

Maybe you won't like this, but ride with me a ways. Three a. m. Hurriedly,

Henry



Dear Walter & Lillian: Do let me know by pneumatique, if you can, whether it would be possible for you to come to Clichy Saturday for dinner--come any time you like after six. ---A will come with a fowl and I will prepare the rest. Don't bring anything. I want to give you a final treat before I leave this joint, which will be around New Year's. Want you to see the walls, etc.

Furthermore, don't get the idea, from yesterday 's note,

that I want to swap gifts for Christmas with you all. Not at all. I just want you to know how much I appreciate all the good things you've done for me, the royal hospitality you've always accorded me, etc. That I'm not a total ingrate. Not a total loss. A minus sign.

About the water-colors--I've thought since that it might be a still better idea if I made you one especially--one perhaps that would hook up with the "Suicide." (Not to anticipate Hiler, or rival him, for I couldn't.) But since I lean to skulls myself (as you will see), why not make it more authentic, Lowenfels (or Cronstadt) skulls, poems at the bottom of the ocean? If I had the power I'd make you the loveliest skull in the world, with real bones, real sockets. I'm not doing much painting latterly because I'm finishing up the Black Spring---hope to be actually through with it before I leave here. But soon I shall have a set of oils, a pane of glass and a roller. Then I shall knock out for you in addition to a gouche or water-color, a fine monotype. That Chirico on your wall has always been a goad to me. I want to put something beside it, with my initials on it.

I think, by Jesus, that all your friends should do something in the way of tribute--the least they can do to acknowledge your genius. Cummings, Hiler, Z--- --why the hell dont they come through with some wall tableaux? Give them one of the cats in exchange, if they must have some token for their work.

Listen folks, we've done a lot of arguing. But beneath the surface dissension there ought (subjunctivity, Walter) be more solidarity. Supposing there is no audience for us. Aren't there enough of us to constitute our own unique audience?

Anyway, shit. I'm not sentimental, believe me. But you & Lillian have been damned good to me. I hate to leave this place without seeing you here. Let me know then, soon as you can, whether you can come Saturday. Then I'll let you know just how to get here, or arrange to meet you somewhere and escort you here. Cordially,

Herny



Dear Walter: Am coming for dinner tomorrow, Thursday, as scheduled and hope everything goes forward as slated. Do lay out "Aaron's Rod" for me, which I forgot to take along. This and "The Escaped Cock" are about the only two important works of Lawrence I haven't read.

I finished Point Counterpoint last night. Remind me to make a few comparisons between Duhamel and Lawrence, and Huxley and Gide. Towards the end, the book becomes positively a bad detective thriller, a dime novel sensationalism. It's so ostensibly clever, so nine-year oldish, his arrangements--opens with the pure and immortal Bach of world is young, of climax to the Faustian cycle, etc. etc. Closes with the A Minor Quartet of Beethoven, wherein the pure Lydian melody is contrasted with the sudden romantic, modern eruptions. Point counterpoint. With Huxley and Lawrence in the dead pivotal center, like to balance wheels in a watch. The Bach hovers over a vivisection party, actual and figurative, if you recall. Beethoven is left hanging over a murder, actual & figurative also. Rempion advocates murder and denies God. Spandrell commits murder, à la Stavrogin, and dies seeking God. In his Notebook, Richard Quarles, alias Huxley, whitewashes himself of all the sins against the Holy Ghost which he has committed. He does not seem to remember in the least that he

is imitating André Gide's "Counterfeiters." (In more ways than one.) All the scientific fatalism which underlies the scheme of the book is logically fulfilled. The characters move according to a determinism which Huxley has borrowed from his grandfather. And he even rubs it into us that the in-between, his father with the burlesque Oxonian accent, is a nobody, as the sons of genius usually are, leaving us thereby to credit him tacitly with inherited characteristics. And all this sly but feeble disguise, to whet our appetites, about a novel within a novel, a character within a character, which he is incapable of giving us, but which he inserts as the grand idea in his Notebook, hoping that we will discover for ourselves how nearly he has done it in this book, "Point Counterpoint". And what stinks more than anything is his modesty. He tells such candid truths about himself, but without the slightest hope of reforming. More logical, scientific determinism. Fatality of acquired character, etc.

I had heard lots, in advance, about the celebrated murder, and about the musical disquisitions. So I kept on, and on & on with head down and teeth gritted. Only to find that the murder was à la Van Dine, with such blatant emphasis on the scientific aspects of death, even down to the corpse kicking the murderer in the stomach! And then Beethoven--death, the angels, beauty, Olympian serenity, modernism, etc. Bah! Wretched stuff. Wretched because so cheaply skilful. And also he talks about the compositions of John Bidlake. He knows so much, young Huxley, without ever getting at the core of anything. Look at p. 594 and 595, description of the Quartet. I tell you, it reads precisely like an advertisement for a radio in a highbrow magazine. Precisely. It is striking. "More than a hundred years before, Beethoven, stone deaf, had heard the imaginary music of stringed instruments expressing his inmost thoughts and feelings..." Is this a burlesque, or was he serious? I am afraid he was serious..."Thirty bars had built up heaven..." As a little earlier, when trying to impress us with the murderer's uneasiness, he wrote "In two hours the muscles of the heart contract and relax--eight thousand times. The earth travels less than an eighth of a million miles along its orbit. And the prickly pear has had time to invade only another hundred acres of Australian territory. Two hours are as nothing. The time to listen to the Ninth Symphony and a couple of posthumous quartets (why only the posthumous quartets?) to transfer a luncheon from the stomach to the small intestine . . ."

I tell you, this is all advertising copywriting. Sheer copywriting. I know a half dozen fellows who can do this every bit as well as Huxley and consider it as part of the day's work. And this bastard, after stealing the best of Lawrence's philosophy, after modelling himself on Dos Passos and Gide, after scouring the dictionary and the encyclopaedia, after imitating Proust and completing Dostoevski's unfinished portrait of Stavrogin, this bastard sets the world rocking with his genius! "For in the ordinary world of human contacts he (Philip Quarles-Huxley) was curiously like a foreigner, uneasily not at home among his fellows, finding it difficult or impossible to enter into communication with any but those who could speak his native intellectual language of ideas. Emotionally, he was a foreigner."

"You're like a monkey on the superman side of humanity," said Elinor. "Almost human, like those poor chimpanzees. The only difference is that they're trying to think up with their feelings and instincts, and you're trying to feel down with your intellect. Almost human. Trembling on the verge, my poor Phil."

"Not only for her own sake, but for the sake of the novelist he might be, she wished he could break his habit of

impersonality, and learn to live with the intuitions and feelings and instincts as well as with the intellect."

You see what a lofty, disinterested, thoroughly fair and critical ass he is. He writes all that without a twitter. André Gide allows such things to genuinely disturb him. Paul Valéry does not write for twenty years, in order to wrestle with his mathematical demon. But Aldous Huxley blandly writes "another novel" which he cannot write, in order to expose his inner defect to mankind and his fellow novelists. Charming. So English. So secure, so undisturbed, so fatuously tranquil. Mr. Huxley can have his Stavrogin squash the eyeball of murdered Everard without a tremor--which, alas, Dostoievski could not do. He, Huxley, can do that, because he is a scientist, a vivisectionist, a naturalist, a botanist--not a psychologist, not an observer of human life. For even the "spectateur pure" (such as Duhamel gives us in "Club des Lyonnais") has his qualms, his inner emotions, his trepidations. And, in committing his detached violences, Mr. Huxley makes sure, to begin with, that we first excuse him by lifting a long speech from David H. Lawrence on the mechanical death of man...Well, I'll save a little for Thursday night. Hurriedly, HVM.



Walter: Please give me the date of that article in the "Nouvelles Littéraires," as I want to buy a few copies of that issue--one at least for my notebook. The criticism was excellent. It ought to be sent to the Post, New Republic, Contempo, Mercury, etc.--as an example of intelligent criticism. I've thought a lot about it since.

I'll also try to remember when I next come, to show you certain passages in Jung's "Two Analytical Essays" on "enantiodromia"--or the theory of opposites, apropos our conversation.

I look over my Huxley letter but didn't find it so hot. However, if you really think it should be sent somewhere--in England more particularly--I'd sit down and do it better and a little more elaborately--maybe more savagely too.

I'm afraid to look at the Trotsky book until I get certain things off my chest. But I promise you, when I get thru with Lawrence & with "The Universe of Death," I'll tackle anything you propose. First I must clean up. Do you know "Aaron's Rod" has one of the strangest openings I have ever seen--very promising--Listen,--you who manage all sorts of things--I'm looking for an intelligent French person, of either sex, to either exchange English-French or pay a small sum for French lessons alone. I intend to know French well!

Henry

P.S. You said Lucy Tantamount was modelled on N-----. I'd like to see her! She must be a hot bitch. Somehow I've always imagined N----- was a mulatto. How come?



Dear Walter: One result of your interest in my education is that I have here before my eyes that essay of "Fencollosa's" --which Pound so warmly recommended. "On the Chinese Ideograph." China. Always China.

My thought is--if I mean as much to you as you do to me, and if we are truly going to influence each other, for good

or for ill, then we ought more sedulously to exchange our notes after reading a book. Especially when the subject is one that the other fellow is hostile to.

I was very much impressed by the addition to your Suicide Poem which I saw last night. I wish to Christ it were in my power to do something to aid you, so that you could write & not play this role of tragic buffoon--selling and renting apartments.

The evening was so thrilling to me that I have made copious notes with intention of adding to my portrait of Cronstadt. I feel I have your permission to be as utterly fantastic as I choose. I have a strange and, I think, delightful impression to convey. Bear with me. And believe me, I see you well and I am with you and you make my heart ache sometimes.

The "Cronstadt" theme is one of several major themes for the book. You will see later, I hope, that it is an important one and that the implication behind all the buffoonery--both yours and mine--is one of a terrible indictment against the world as it is. Don't look for realism, verisimilitude, simulacrum, honesty, justice. Look for the passion that animates me when I behold you in the mirror of actuality.

Write, write . . . we are only a few and even if we disagree we must stick together. Be wilder, as in your last mood of "Suicide"--as in your drunken talk. Put that into your poems. It means a lot--it is devastating. Shrink to a flake and explode the universe with it! Cordially,

Henry

P.S. Have written Hiler--all is well.

P.P.S. Does Michal read books yet? And what, please? I am playing with the idea of writing a very strange, a very wierd fairy tale for her. I feel I could write a Sonata, if necessary.



Mon cher maitre!

Voici encore cinquante francs. Il reste maintenant a savoir combien je vous dois pour les repas chauds, nourrissants, appétisants, etc. Le compte sur les menus! Que je suis heureux d'accomplir cet acte gratuit! Entre nous, pas de reconnaissance, vous savez!

Aujourd'hui je suis fou et je suis reconnaissant (à qui?) d'être fou. Je respire, je vis, je marche, etc.--Que suis-je--homme ou monstre? C'est M. Frankenstein qui pose la question à tout le monde. Alors, puisque je ne peux jamais me pardonner pour avoir détruit un dernier moment sacré, je vous haïs amicalement pour toute ma vie. C'est à dire que je serai toujours votre bon ennemi, votre diable, votre dodil. Quand vous avez besoin d'un ami, vous pouvez compter sur moi, votre bon ennemi. Aujourd'hui il faut, plus que jamais, qu'on peut compter sur quelqu'un--et pas sur un quelconque.

Aujourd'hui--le 5 Aout--je trouve la vie belle. Je n'ai aucune raison. C'est belle--c'est tout. Et vous, mon cher ami que je déteste, je vous cède cette belle journée volontairement.

A Lillian et à Eleanor--deux bons coeurs--toutes mes sentiments distingués, même avec les fautes d'orthographe.

Closerie des Lilas--"comme un oeuf dansant sur un jet d'eau." Above all--No Discouragement! Despair and anguish --you don't know what a good time I'm having (Said Philippe Datz.)
Avec plaisir

Henry V. Miller



Walter: Hold up my hands brother! Moses is getting weak. The Trocadéro stuff all in one breath today. I'm just pissing the time away? Drinking champagne. Yeah!

Glad you went to 9 Germain-Pilon. Did you see what you expected to see?

And listen--you're not sore any more, are you? Tell me, because I'm a naïf bastard.

Leaving the tailor shop I got stuck at the Sèvres bridge, but I'm going back--never fear. I'm only transcribing my notes. Part 2 is in a state of eruption--eczema or something.

..So long and blow the suds down.

Still under the "hereditary patrimony of the middle brain."

Letter from crazy Osborn says that I wrote the "European Caravan" expressly to caricature him in the person of Lord Patchogue. Mervellous. HM...



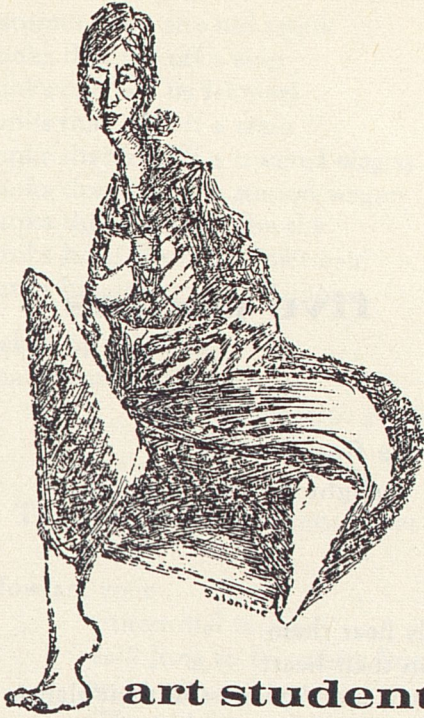
Walter: Forgot to ask you to please mail the carbon copy of that article---"Glittering Pie"--to Fred for me.

Anais has a date tonight with the judge who is negotiating things for me as regards Tropic of Cancer--private edition. He is very enthusiastic--but know nothing definite yet. I was told by another individual that Simon & Shuster also put out private, de luxe editions of forbidden books. If the judge fails me, perhaps we can tackle them, eh? Isn't Fadiman with them?

If you haven't made any plans I may bring Schnellock over to your house Saturday night. "Ne faut pas désesperer."

Henry

P.S. Soon as I have a good pow-wow with Lil, I'll bang out a couple chapters on your book. I want to get the line-up straight--the cast. . . . And another thing, me lad, if S. & Shuster do that sort of thing, why couldn't we show them the "Dream" section of Black Spring for separate, private & authentic publication? I would call it "Into the Night Life." The latter part is in my very best vein--white hot. I want to go back and fuse the whole thing into that style. I's my high-water mark. Imagine a hundred or 125 pages at white heat, rich in imagery, symbolic, psycho-analytic and all that--in a handsome binding and well illustrated (for instance, by my friend Hans Reichel, who lives in Brassai's hotel. He is a medieval water-colorist--and starving to death. A German mystic and paints like a stained-glass technician.) Alors, quoi? In a way, the dream section is the counterpart in literature to Dali's paintings. P.P.S.You're doing moveus--and I feel active, fiery, energetic. HM.



art student

So neat, so compact in your trousers
It almost staggers me you are alive
A little miracle as the poets say springs are
Made complete, where do they come from, your eyes

And your hair (in a pony-tail) and all intensely
You, little student, walking whole
Into our lives as flowers from underground
Sudden as April primroses, so

Beauty it seems is simply factual
You have no need of us though you hugged in tears
A little grief, or in sweet pajamas
Wept for a frost that had to be

For we could never distress you *really*
Nor bend the straight street where you go
Carrying your neat dreams tied in ribbons
Like all the drawings in your portfolio.

five poems

- Now and then in the fluorescence
a slight jerking motion

Why do they
though they don't exactly hear them
sigh with so much dust in their heart
look with so much vacancy and vagueness in their glance
eat with so little courtesy
not celebrating the earth
why do they walk when they can
for a moment
by the millions of moving cars
in the sick air
of the cement streets

- "I got important contacts" Willy Loman says

In the metal clothes
going fast through space by a white line
a victim of posters and lies stops at a gasoline station
and eats a hot dog
smothered with mustard
returns to the glare of the highway
the space feeding on his face and eyes
like a large invisible ever present raven;
"I'm tired to death" Willy Loman says.

● Side shows / U. S. A.

kids on the prairie
costumes from any old trunk
trunks that fell off a ship
trunks cast out by Ishmael
trunks that fell off a train
trunks that fell off a covered wagon
trunks that fell off a station wagon
trunks that fell from the sky
trunks handed up by a mermaid
trunks handed up by a demon;

shaken up children,
what costumes will you use
in your amateur production?

● Those mysterious events that stir us

"How are your
primordial images?"
said Jung to the mosquitoes or galaxies;
"stirring" was the reply.
The maiden with the mandala or mandolin sighed;
she knew something was up.
"Is it the collective unconscious?" asked her
nice uncle.
She kissed it; it became a dragon; then it became
a tablet; then it became a fable;
then it became Prince Charming,
the reader; he, the archetypal
printer, sat her on his knee
and recited a mystic alphabet
from one to three.

● Tall blonde girl and ballet dancer

You champagne bottle
you sparkling sender
you giraffe on a pirouette
you girl on a tight rope with a yellow parasol
suddenly taking off f l y i n g toward poetry.

29 January 62
Mr Jon Edgar Webb
The Outsider
New Orleans

Dear Webb - certainly appreciate your patience and persistence and interest in getting things of mine for your magazine. Past months I've been in & out of hospital, more dead (at times) than alive. 5 photos of paintings & 5 drawings enclosed. Please return when done with them - only copies I have. I might use in book later on ^{at Pat} ~~All the best!~~ Kenneth Williams

JONATHAN WILLIAMS, PUBLISHER
HIGHLANDS, NORTH CAROLINA

March 15, 1962

Dear Jon: Yes, Patchen is facing more operations which are going to cost him plenty. But you'd never know it from this letter. I suggest you give it to your readers along with something like the following:

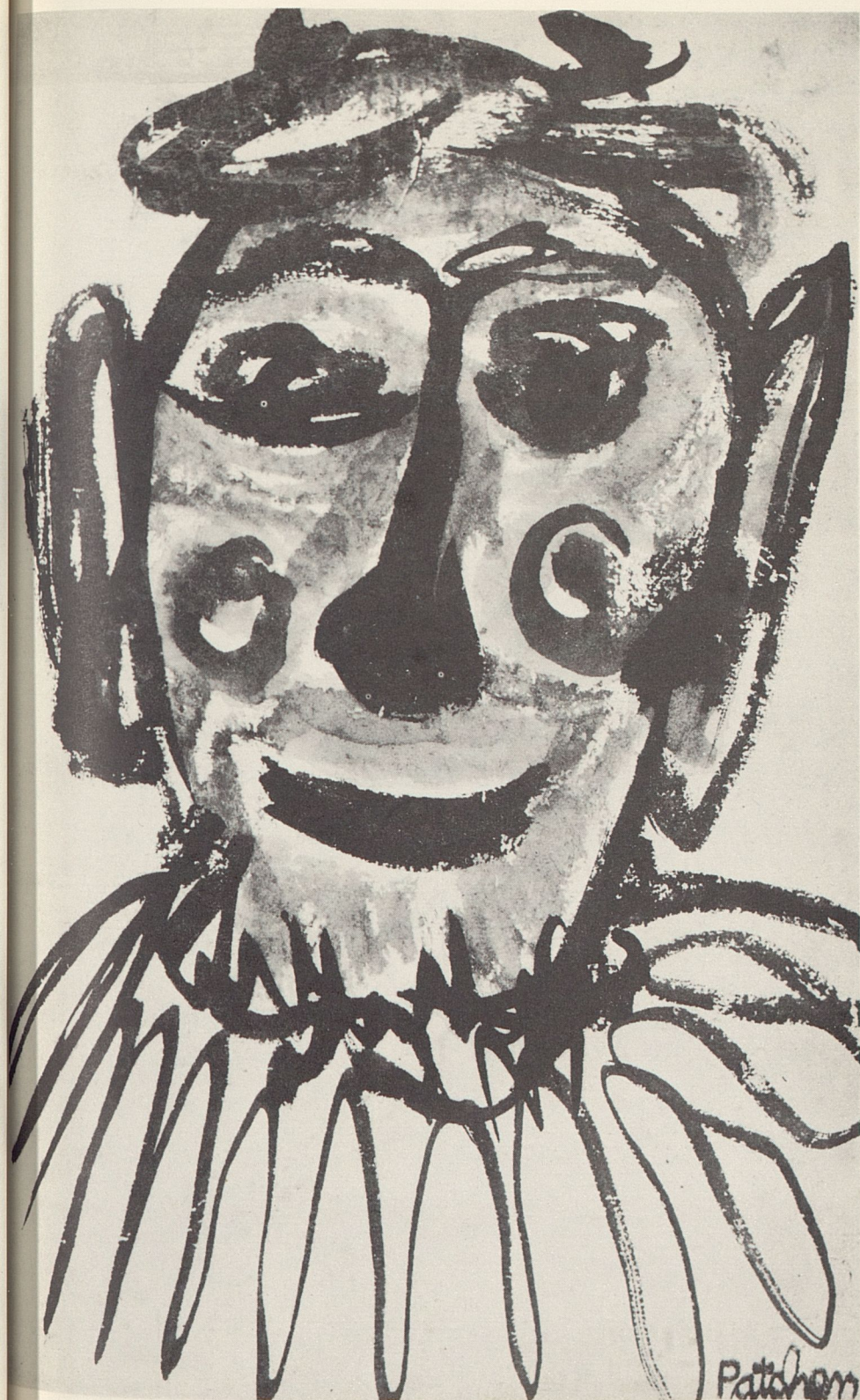
Kenneth Patchen's laconic letterwriting style is not based on the Western Union formula. Think first of what it must mean to have suffered spinal disorders for twenty years; and then think of the horror of having to tell that to people. People bore easily--why the hell doesn't he get better after all those operations, why doesn't some foundation take care of him and stop all those appeals to us in public? This is people. And I know it is most of us, who tend to think of ourselves as not quite so boxed in by callousness or riches. The only reaction to Patchen's obviously desperate situation is to try to do something about it. It's that simple, and money is one of the things we can give him whether the bloody foundations ever get off their ass or not. . . . Reassure yourself, if you must, that he 'deserves' it because he is a great imaginative poet, that any page of his may contain the line you have been waiting to hear all your life, as Denis Saurat says of Blake. After all the data and feed-back are computed, do something!-- or stop reading magazines like this one and rejoin the hydra-headed sons of bitches who always oh love poetry so.

Jargon Control Over

Jonathan

Editor's Note: Contributions may be sent directly to the Patchen Surgery Fund at Patchen's home address: 2340 Sierra Court, Palo Alto, Calif.

Page 84









Patchen

locked up and on the press for proofing--and find dozens of letters, especially the e's, s's, s's and g's, just too flattened from use to take ink without filling in, and we'd have to start searching for replacements in the typeset that could only be proved okay by inspection in the form back on the stone, and repeating proofs until all the letters needing replacement were replaced and replaced until the entire page was unmarred by a single letter that couldn't go long without getting ink crazy. That's why this last printing job to be done, this & the next page, is being typed to be made into a cut--our typesets are just too worn for further OUTSIDER use. So if this issue sells as well as No. 1, that's where a part of the money goes--into type.

Then, too, we can still print only 1 page at a time, as we did on the handpress. So our next hope is getting a bigger press, which will put us into a time-element position to print more copies of an issue. This issue's edition is 3,100 copies--we're hoping to make No. 3 5,000, and hit 10,000 by about No. 5 or 6. By then our shifting focus in policy shd be more in line--the shifting, we hasten to add, quite deliberate and in accordance with plans made over the years prior to OUTSIDER'S launching. No. 1, as planned, was both qualitative and quantitative in its provocatively divergent assemblage of fifty-some "voices" representing interrelated schools of creative rebellion today, chiefly in poetry. No. 2 carries this motif a bit further but with accent on: rather more from less than a little from a lot--almost but not quite as much a hodge-podge. No belittling there at all.

So far we have received little prose to our liking--a lot of good prose has come in by quality standards, but not prose to our standards; which, of course, doesn't mean it's bad. Just that it isn't good, to us. We're not especially in search of experimental writing, which usually degenerates into automatic no-direction prose, but writing free of derivative clichés, both in content & style, out of the past--the present, too. Sometimes the story is great, but the writing enslaved to the academy, or vice versa; but whether which the script is returned, often reluctantly but never with misgiving--with: "Sorry, not for us." Further comment could be of no help to the writer. He's either "got it" or he hasn't--like, say, John Rechy, Douglas Woolf or Selby Jr. has it (they've promised us prose for issues coming). As for poetic prose, and we get a lot of it--it's as insipid to us as poetic poetry.

We read everything tho that comes in, and much does; and we have no printed slips--because so far we've been lucky: almost nothing to date coming in from female poetry clubs.

ERRATA: Edwin Morgen tells us some of the foreign accents are wrong on some of the words in his Genet piece; we explained we had only the wrong accents in stock....In G. C. Oden's poem on p. 49 the word, 2nd line from bottom of page, was not "breastitg" in her ms.--it was "breasting"....In the Miller letters, in 10th line from bottom of last one in this issue's batch, the word is "It's"--not "I's".... After printing his poem STREETCALL NEW ORLEANS we noted Jack Micheline's name was misspelled. He was here at the time for a poetry-reading at Larry Borenstein's place to raise money for bus fare to N. Y. (which he did) and told us to forget it, that he likes it that way.... Another name was wrong too--that of trombonist Jim Robinson, under his pix on page 105. The rush to get done on schedule was wild at this point; so any errors in the Preservation Hall section we don't feel too guilty about. The entire documentary was decided upon after the rest of the issue was wrapped up, as both

an important extension to Number 2, and as a lagniappe--which in the South means: a bit of something extra free to go with a purchase. That's all we planned: a bit extra--but it got away from us and from the 4 pages we thought would be all we could afford it avalanching into something in no way related to lagniappe, & there's more of it to come in No. 3. One more error we know of as this is written: 3rd line from bottom, p. 58--delete first word in line.

No. 3 will start rolling the day No. 2 is out of the way. This page and the one behind it completes the printing schedule, but then comes the Gathering of the Pages & Binding. A few test runs tell us it takes a good seven minutes to gather together 1 copy and glue it to the cover. That adds up to a minimum of 361 more hours of stand-up labor before we sit down to better fun: addressing envelopes for mailing copies to subscribers, and packing off shipments to bookstores & distributor. So far, 2,000 copies of No. 2 have been ordered; this includes subscribers.

We stashed away 100 copies of No. 1, already a collector's item, for ourselves, to save. But since we need \$ for new type, anyone wanting a copy may have it out of our trunk for \$2.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS: First, apologies to the authors who sent us their photo, on our request. We had the lay-out all ready for the engraver, then the Preservation Hall documentary came into the picture, and we had to cut out several things--including work by some of the writers listed in our No. 2 prospectus. They'll appear in No. 3. Now, in the order of those appearing in No. 2:

WILLIAM S. BURROUGHS, of "Naked Lunch" fame & prose pieces in numerous literary magazines, is back in Paris working on another book.

R. E. L. MASTERS writes: "Age 34. Degree. Graduate work in Philosophy (U. S. & Germany). Published considerable fiction, poetry, in the little magazines, and others; will have a couple of books out this year through Julian."

CHARLES BUKOWSKI, who is pub. repeatedly in scores of literary magazines, when told that a certain university was forming a Bukowski fan club retorted: "That type of thing can eat your guts out. I write the poem & it ends there in my mind. If I get a picture of people cutting across a campus lawn and thumbing thru a mag and reading Bukowski with any particular type of interest, or worse, reverence, I get a little ill. Stuff like that takes the typewriter away from you. I'm more interested in enemies; if I have strong enemies, say certain groups rising in bitter protest, then I know I'm getting somewhere, and when they take arms against me I know I am getting to them, putting goldfish in their drinking water, laying the wives of their minds, sticking sharp springs thru the mattress tossing them in their sleep: bukowski, bukowski, bukow--"

KAY JOHNSON & Kaja are two different persons, in one body. She is now in Paris writing, & painting; is having a one-man show there & here too, in New Orleans where she lives, as we go to press. Her first book of poetry will be out this year in a City Lights Pocket Book Series titled "Human Songs"--Loujon Press will be bringing out her next one in 1963 titled "The Emerald City", pieces from which were published in this issue, and in No. 1.

JOEL OPPENHEIMER is a well-known N. Y. poet. ● A one-time editor of the splendidly-flabbergasting *Furioso*, HOWARD NEMEROV, who is widely published, now teaches at Bennington College. ● RUSSELL EDSON, who wrote our editorial in No. 1, will have a book of fables, his 3rd, pub. by Jonathan Williams (Jargon Books) late this year; "there was" is from it. His drawing on p. 55 was purloined from his recent

book A STONE IS NOBODY'S, handsomely printed by himself in Stamford, Conn. ● LARRY EIGNER writes that some of his poems here may be in Don Allen's next anthology, now in preparation. Latest word from J. Williams states only 14 copies of Eigner's ON MY EYES (\$3.75) are left in stock at Jargon Books, Highlands, N. C. ● EDWARD DORN says his poem "the argument is" has gone into a book (Totem Press) titled THE NEWLY FALLEN; he lives in Idaho, teaches at I.S.C. ● GREGORY CORSO has escaped us; his last missive came from Tangier at a get-together with Ginsberg, Bill Burroughs, Orlovsky & Paul Bowles. We know BB is back in Paris, Orlovsky recently passed thru N. O., & Allen wrote us last week from the Himalayas, where he's riding donkey with Gary Snyder. Kaja, who's living in Corso's ex-room in the same hotel with Burroughs, wd like his address too. ● RAY BREMSER recently left Mexico after a long spell of writing for parts unknown. His poem ON PREVALENCE in No. 1 was liked by a lot. RICHARD MAYES poem in this issue first appeared in Liberation. He has been pub. in The Nation, The Literary Review, Evergreen Review, Encounter & many others. Expects soon to have a book of 100 to 150 poems published. He is an instructor at NYU, and is 31.

GENE FRUMKIN is the editor of Coastlines; his poetry is widely-published. ● Edwin Morgan is in the English Department at the University, Glasgow. Reviews, articles and essays by him have appeared in many U. S. publications, also translations. ● ANSELM HOLLO is better known in England, Sweden, Germany & Scotland than in the U. S.; publishes in New Departures, Two Cities, Satis, Combustion, Moment; also appears in Evergreen Review; is European editor of Anthony Linick's and Donald Factor's commendable NOMAD. ● CAROLYN STOLOFF has been in Accent, Antioch Review, Audience, Mutiny, Cleesea and many others. She is presently chairman of the Art Dept. at a college in N. Y. Says she was introduced to THE OUTSIDER by Kay Boyle during a stay at MacDowell. ● DAVID B. JACOBSON earned his A.B. in English at Queens College in 1949, & got a Master's at Stanford in 1957. In 1959 he was in the English Dept. at the U. of Puget Sound, is now book editor for SUNSET in Menlo Park, & teaches English nights at Foothill College. ● CLARENCE MAJOR, who edited the now-defunct Coercion Review, has recent appearances in The Yale Series, Black Orphus, The Fiddlehead, Nomad, Literary Review, and in an anthology of poetry by American Negroes prepared by Langston Hughes. ● EDWARD FIELD has been in Evergreen Review & others, and was represented in THE NEW AMERICAN POETRY 1945-1960 anthology edited by Don Allen.

MABON JORDAN MASON is quite well known to all who read the little literary magazines, also has several books of poetry to his credit. He is an inseparable friend of Judson Crews, where he lives. ● GEOFFREY HAZARD is known as a poetry reader, he lives in London; this, we believe, is his first publication, at least in the U.S. BARBARA MORAFF, one of our favorites, first appeared in Yugen, a discovery of Leloi Jones'. More of her poems will appear in OUTSIDER 3. She's been in Evergreen, and is slated for book publication through Totem Press. ● FRANK MUSIAL is Baltimore-educated, lives in N. Y. He has traveled considerably in the Far East; in Rangoon, Burma, he taught English to Theravada Buddhist Burmese monks training to become missionaries, at Sangha College. ● ANN GIUDICI is with WBAI in N. Y. Her poetry appeared also in No. 1. ● G. C. ODEN, whose poem in No. 1 was well received, has had creative writing awards from the John Hay Whitney Foundation & Yaddo; she was THE OUTSIDER's representative at the conference of The Assn. of Literary Magazines of America held in N.Y.C. in March, this year. She is currently at work on a novel. ● MARVIN BELL is the editor of statements, and is a considerably pub. young poet & writer; he is also a creative photographer. ● A. W. PURDY lives in Ontario, Canada. During the last war he spent

6 years in the R.C.A.F. He has written plays for CBC, has 3 pub. books of poetry, with two more coming out this year: BLUR IN BETWEEN (Emblem Books), and POEMS FOR ALL THE ANNETTES (Contact Press); and recipient of the Canadian Council Award 1960-61. ● LOUISE MADAOI (Madaoi is her maiden name) is Gypsy Lou Webb, the associate editor of THE OUTSIDER. ● THOMAS MCGRATH is living in N. Dakota; he is widely-published. His poem in this issue is from a long poem of the same title scheduled for publication by Alan Swallow later this year, 18 pages long, he writes. ● WILLIAM CORRINGTON, after many poetry appearances in the "little" has just had another book published, WE ARE (Charioteer Press, \$1.75 & \$2.75)—see announcement in ad section. We've seen the book and like it, and we also commend Paul Lawson, Charioteer editor, on a job well done. JONATHAN WILLIAMS is pretty well known as the publisher of JARGON BOOKS, the designer too. He's pub. between 40 & 50 titles, and is self-published himself, mostly with poetry. The drawing by Fielding Dawson, whose work combines well with Jargon Books, that accompanies Williams' poem on p. 62, is one of his studies of Thelonious Monk. ● WALTER LOWENFELS will have another book added to his many publications when Jargon brings out (now at the printers) his SOME DEATHS (Selected Poems & Communications, 1929-1962). ● LAMANTIA, first name Philip which he wants dropped in the future, has been published in most of the good "littles", in Evergreen Review & was in New American Poetry 1945-1960. Auerhahn Press has a number of his books, the most recent being DESTROYED WORKS, with a signed, bound edition of 50 copies at \$10; there'll be the paperback edition out late spring, 1962. He is now living and writing in Mexico. ● JACK KEROUAC is the well-known author of ON THE ROAD, and numerous other writings. ● DAVE MARGOSHES is a student at the State University of Iowa; he has his first prose publication in Nomad #9.

WILLIAM J. MARGOLIS who went to Mexico not long ago to enjoy open-country after a long sleep in the hosp. in Calif., is back in I. A. in bed with a broken leg. He was the editor & publisher of THE MISCELLANEOUS MAN through 15 issues in 1961. In 1961 he brought out the 1st issue of MIMICRY. In 1957, Inferno Press pub. a volume of his poetry titled THE ANTEROOM OF HELL; and THE LITTLE LOVE OF OUR YEARNING was a Meridian Editions issue in 1960. ● Latest news of HENRY MILLER is that he is soon taking off for Europe; he is now back in Calif. with friends resting up from his overseas trip in 1961—like in the pix top of p. 73. Yes, there'll be more of the Miller Letters in THE IAN HAMILTON FINLAY lives in Scotland, and much-published there. His recent collection of short stories THE SEA-BED AND OTHER STORIES yet to get a bad review anywhere. We hope to have more of his work in coming issues. ● TAGLIABUE'S list of publications, poetry & otherwise, is several pages in length. Meanwhile he teaches English at Bates College in Maine. ● KENNETH PATCHEN needs no mention in these parts, except for us to say we hope you have read page 84. ● JACK MICHELINE on his way from Mexico to N. Y. dropped over in New Orleans to read his poetry & to listen to some of the Preservation Hall jazzmen. His poem STRANGE NEW ORLEANS first appeared in The Beats and Gold Medal last year. ● FLORENCE MARS, an artist turned photographer, was born in Philadelphia, Miss., where her interest in photography began; it's her chief interest after the "Oldest of the Living Old" chore done, we are hoping she will take her camera into rural Mississippi and do another for us in our Series of Deep South Obits begun in issue. If we can get her away from Preservation Hall. Her photos start on page 97. ● TIBBS, whose graphics are scattered thru this issue, seems uncanonically able to send us just drawings we're looking for at the right moment. For his recent book LOWER CASE DRAWINGS see Ben Tibbs, 318 Fairview, Kalamazoo, Mich.

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PAGE 91

Some last-minute Stuff:

MIRIAM PATCHEN writes that Kenneth is going back in the hospital. See page 84. ● Gypsy Lou & Ernest "Punch" Miller (the great N.O. trumpeteer and blues man) are collaborating on a "long distance" blues number which Miller will premiere at Preservation Hall May 13 p.m. ● In the "au revoir" to Steve Angram, p. 110, it's stated his place on the Cleveland date was taken by George Williams. Wrong; his place was taken by Capt. John Handy. ● WHO'S WHO on inside back cover as follows: Top left--Jim Robinson, trom; Ernle Cagnolatti, trump.; "Creole George" Guesnon, banjo. Top right--Sweet Emma Barrett, "The Bell Gal" who after 50 years of singing & playing the blues recorded recently for Riverside's Living Legend Series. Middle 1.--Dee Dee Pierce, George Lewis and Billie Pierce. Center--Kid Howard. Middle right--Emanuel Sayles. Bottom left--Homer Eugene, trom.; Peter Bocage, trump., & Louis Cottrell, clarinet, president of New Orleans Musicians' Local 496. More on these greats in *OUTSIDER* #3. ● As we print this last job on the press (this particular page) in the *OUTSIDER* #2 schedule, word arrives that Preservation Hall in cooperation with the New Orleans Jazz Club is running a Benefit Parade & Concert on May 6 to raise funds to send the Eureka Brass Band (bot. r. on inside back cover) to The First International Jazz Festival at Washington, D.C., May 31--June 3. ● Re the Jazz Club we'll have words their way in No. 3. A visit to the New Orleans Jazz Room at 1017 Dumaine St. is a must for visiting jazz fans. ● Credit for Mezz Mezzrow's message on p. 112 goes to Random House who first pub. the book *REALLY THE BLUES*. Speaking of Mezz reminds us we too are going to get lowdown-to-earth in our continuation of "OLDEST OF THE LIVING OLD" in *OUTSIDER* #3. ● To Editors: The outside cover was made with 110-screen plates, took 12 hours to do on a fast Miehle vertical. I went to Bill Grammer who operates one & told him the special effect I wanted on my Impact coated cover paper, and Bill, with incredible patience, stopped & started the press 3,200 times, double-rolling for each impression, and between each wet, very wet, piece coming off I tossed in 2 sheets of telephone-book paper (slipsheeting). Try to find the screen. ● Matthew Mead writes that Satis will suspend after next (fifth) number which will include a note on Bukowski by R. R. Cuscaden, also some B. poems. ● PERMANENT SUBSCRIPTIONS are in from the following: Al West, Langston Hughes, Josephine Saunders, Mme. Liane Carrera, Hans W. Mattick, Thos. L. Johnson, & these colleges and universities: Delaware, California, Roosevelt, Mississippi, Stanford, Virginia Union, Kansas State, Duke, Ohio State, Macalester, Cornell, Colgate, Van Wickle Library, Purdue, Hawaii, Buffalo, Colorado, Radcliffe, Pennsylvania, Southern State, Tulsa, Texas, Rochester, Kansas, Iowa, Northwestern State (La.), Marshall, Illinois Wesleyan, Northwestern, British Museum, N. Y. Public Library, Wisconsin, Notre Dame, Loyola U. of New Orleans, Arkansas, Waynesburg, Tulene, Wabash, Conn., Brown, Princeton, Dartmouth, Swarthmore, U. of Chicago, Hartford, Harvard, Columbia U., Toledo, John Hopkins, Carnegie Institute of Tech., Earlham, Calif. State, N. Y. State Library, Yale, Indiana, Missouri, Arizona, Oxford--and some who said not to mention it. Our deepest thanks to each one of you. Helped us get that press!

Jon Edgson Wall

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Trolley car

end of line

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horse player

buggy ride

way down

shack town

wagon wheel

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Black face

Nigger baby

buggy ride

Prager St.

blue

New Orleans

french bread

nickle loaf

gasoline

benzedrine

wild night

crazy lover

blue

New Orleans

fat girl

skinny girl

ugly face

low down
southern drawl
Nigger laugh
blue
Black eyes
gold teeth
Shoe shine
New Orleans
skin joints
jazz room
Newcomb college
baby face
blue
Shack town
low down
french quarter
Decatur St.
hustling night
blue
Mail man
Christmas time
glass of water
Tulane
no train
blue
Woolworth
Canal Street
St Charles
Dauphine
Pirates alley
Rabbi Blue
Cool night
tall tree
love ya baby
white school
black school
no school
blue
Creole
Mickey finn
hot baby
all night
shack town
low down
way down
blue

sittin down
 sweet face
 lover gal
 old lady
 corner kids
 laughin
 Blue
 Black eyes
 Gold teeth
 Shoe shine
 Preacher fat
 poor folk
 drinking beer
 preacher say
 wait for heaven
 poor folk
 singing blue
 Black eyes
 Gold teeth
 Shoe shine
 Way down
 Shack town
 Low down
 Nigger baby
 Blue
 Black eyes
 Gold teeth
 Shoe Shine
 Shoe Shine—

A Photo Documentary on the Last of the Living "Firsts" ♦
No. 1 in a Series of Deep South Obits

Photo 1: A street band marching through the old French Quarter in New Orleans on a Sunday afternoon—a sometime feature of Preservation Hall, where the photos on pages following were taken. Parades generally start at 726 St. Peter Street and go on a winding route to The Royal Garden at Ursulines and Royal Streets, whereat the musicians blast into a three-hour jazz concert. In this picture the grand marshall is fabulous Fats Houston, the trombonist Albert Warner.

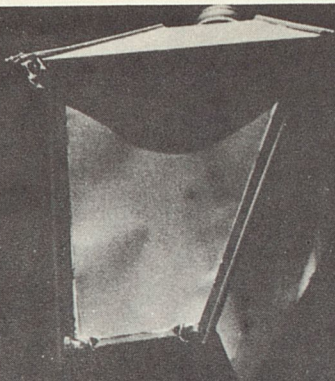


“Oldest of the
living Old...”

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Dick Allen
The Consultant



Larry Borenstein

The Landlord



Percy Humphrey

... a documentary in pictures of the last of the old-time musicians playing traditional New Orleans jazz live.



Florence Mars - The Photographer



The Jaffes

At

Preservation Hall

preservation hall, n'orleans

from: Richard B. Allen, the Consultant

Beginning the 60's a jazz fan visiting the Deep South had trouble locating early New Orleans jazz as a commodity in the city of its birth, except on records—and these scarce. With luck he might've got the nod to a private party or jam session in the suburbs, or hear of a function attended by a brass band.

Today, thanks to art dealer Larry Borenstein, and a young dedicated couple, Allan and Sandra Jaffe (among others), jazz here at an easy-to-get-to-location has been taken back half a century—to where it began. An inspired enthusiast of authentic New Orleans music, Borenstein in May, 1961, converted his French Quarter gallery at 726 St. Peter Street into a concert hall, after a year or so of listening to the best of the native jazzmen at the rear of his shop. He'd decided it was time, before time ran out for them, to give them back to the world — live.

Almost at once these "forgotten" musicians were en route back to a fame they'd once known. Word of traditional New Orleans jazz available six nights a week at Preservation Hall was spreading nationwide and beyond by way of wire-services, screen and television documentaries, magazine articles and ecstatic patrons.

The hall, hot in August, chilly in January, consists of a room bare except for a few hard wooden benches, some vintage theater seats, a battered upright piano, and plain walls colored with paintings of the legendary men playing there.

This not-unpleasantly-bleak atmosphere blends in appropriately, it seems, with that veiled informality the uninitiated expect when confronted with earth-level music—and most of the wide-eyed curious entering therein are for the first time listening to basic New Orleans jazz.

Audience fee is extracted via the kitty only—and it's a motley crowd there every night except Monday clapping hands: University professors and students,

housewives, writers and poets, artists, musicians, stage and screen folk, professional photographers, occasional beatniks, many foreigners (mostly British), a lot of good-time-charlie tourists, and (these keep mounting in number) dedicated record collectors and knowledgeable authentic-jazz addicts.

The kitty brings in the money but the players no longer need depend on it for a decently-rewarding split at the end of a night's session; the Jaffes, who operate the hall, now pay them union scale regardless of the kitty's take.

And by employing a different band every night, more than 150 highly-talented musicians are feeling the glow of being known again individually by name and style, and by a generation far removed in mood from the long-ago idiom they brought into being. Each group too has its own deep-roots approach to this specialized New Orleans style from which emerged Louis Armstrong, Baby Dodds, Sidney Bechet and many others.

Will this historic music be preserved for many more years? Certainly New Orleans jazz of the 60's is different from that of the 20's. The disappearance of the dancehall in the past decade has had its effect on bandstand delivery. Though there is no pressure from management here, stage hokum is bound to creep in (as in commercial Bourbon Street dixieland night-spots) when a drop-in audience watches and does not dance. Change, mostly invalid, is inevitable under this modern-day setup.

Our sober advice: better come listen before that "creep in" becomes audible—4, 5 or 8 years from now. By that time, though, no few of these "imperishable" jazzmen still creating the only bonified New-Orleans-born music in person today—because they are the last of the talented living who started it—will be playing (the later the better for us) their closer walks Up Yonder.

Richard B. Allen, jazz-history consultant at Preservation Hall, has written for radio, television and national magazines; he was part-owner of New Orleans Records and has done production work for other record companies. He has also served as vice-president of the Louisiana Folklore Society, and at present is engaged in research on the origins of jazz on a foundation grant.



↑ Above: "Kid Shiek (George Collar) + his Storyville Ramblers." He is the 2nd trumpet with the Eureka Marching Band. Here he is in a duet with Kid Howard (Howard Avery). To his left is "Slow Drag" Pavageau, bass, + Steve Angrum on Clarinet. Angrum is the first who played at Preservation Hall to pass away. The "kitty" sign was up last year. Musicians at the hall now are guaranteed full union scale.

↓ Below: "Kid Thomas + his Algiers Stompers." Personnel changes have been frequent over the years, but the front line, composed of Louis Nelson, trombone; Thomas, trumpet; and Paul, sax, has stood the test of changing side men. Clarinetist is the legendary Emile Barnes — banjo is Creole George Guesnon.





↑ Above: "Emanuel Sayles' All-Stars," with Jim Robinson, trombone; Joe Watkins, drums; Kid Howard, trumpet; Alcide "Slow Drag" Pavageau, bass; George Lewis, clarinet; Emanuel Sayles, banjo. The sign with "Saints" at 50¢ is there to discourage requests for this theatric jazz anthem.

↓ Below: Bill Matthews giving counterpoint to a trumpet solo by Percy Humphrey.



from: Larry Borenstein, the Landlord

The history of jazz concerts at 726 St. Peter Street goes back several years before Preservation Hall became a regular activity. For the most part the sessions were not prearranged, but many of the musicians learned that I would permit them to play in my gallery and that I would help them take up a collection. Since I kept the gallery open until midnight, it was easier for me to invite musicians in to play than for me to go out to hear music. The fact that an audience developed for the music made nightly concerts seem feasible; but no success could have been possible without the efforts of Sandy and Allan Jaffe in organizing and presenting them on a regular basis.

from: Allan & Sandra Jaffe, the Mgrs.

ALLAN (*speaking on the recent Brinkley's Journal N. O. Jazz probe*):

“Jazz here on Bourbon Street is what people seem to think is going to sell drinks. What we're trying to do here is just present the music the way the men want to play it. The people are sitting on wooden benches, sitting on the floor. There are no drinks; pretty hot in there too in the summer. People come to hear just the music. I think the men realize this. The men play it the way they want to play it, people hear it. We have a rather selective audience. People come in—all we ask is something in the kitty, and for that I think they're going to get some really fine entertainment. People in New Orleans accept this music on a different social basis than people do all over the world. All over it's accepted as a form of American culture. In New Orleans it's a form of music that grew out of a red-light district (Storyville). It's music that people still associate with the brothels here—tho they're all gone.”

SANDRA:

“This music is important both emotionally and culturally, but it lures the listener through his emotions. What is being done here is most important. Here are

the very men who created this kind of music and the style too, music that came from the grass roots of American music — even modern jazz and Irving Berlin found inspiration in this type of music. . . . Most of the men were here but not working. Now many are on tour, playing for benefits or club dates. Wherever they go, far or near, a lot of fans are surprised to find these men are still living: they were thought of as legends long-ago departed in the flesh. This revelation, as it spreads by word-of-mouth, is bringing more and more students here between semesters to study the music first-hand — some of them hitchhiking cross-country.”

from: “Bill” Russell, the Historian

A widely-known authority on New Orleans music, Russell is the writer of the distinguished beginning chapters of the book JAZZMEN, is Mr. Everything behind American Music labels, and for quite some time has been devoting fulltime to native jazz research at Tulane University on a Ford Foundation grant.

Although most of the great names of New Orleans music have moved on there are in the city today seemingly a multitude of musicians able to play in the old style. New Orleans musicians have never forgotten the lessons they learned in their youth. The better bands still have the unique New Orleans beat; they stick to the simple melody, play the tunes people like to hear, and take a more moderate tempo. New Orleans musicians know that their job in a band is to help one another produce music, not to grab the spotlight for themselves.

from: a few “Outsiders”

NAT HENTOFF, in Hi-Fi Stereo Review:

“Most places in New Orleans hire commercialized Dixieland Bands, that ironically could not have existed at all had it not been for these men. The ragged, but uninhibitedly incandescent ensemble passages prove by contrast how calcified and mechanized most dixieland imitations have become. These



↑ Above: Dee Dee and Billie Pierce. Dee Dee is blind. He and Billie, one of the last of the "classic" style blues singers, have been at Luthjen's many years - now, too, at Preservation Hall. Billie, when only 16, once replaced Bessie Smith's accompanist, who was sick.

↓ Below: Kid Thomas backing up a clarinet duet between Manuel Paul (usually on sax) and George Lewis, who frequently sits in with the Thomas Algiers Stompers. The rhythm section is the usual Thomas personnel (names on another page).

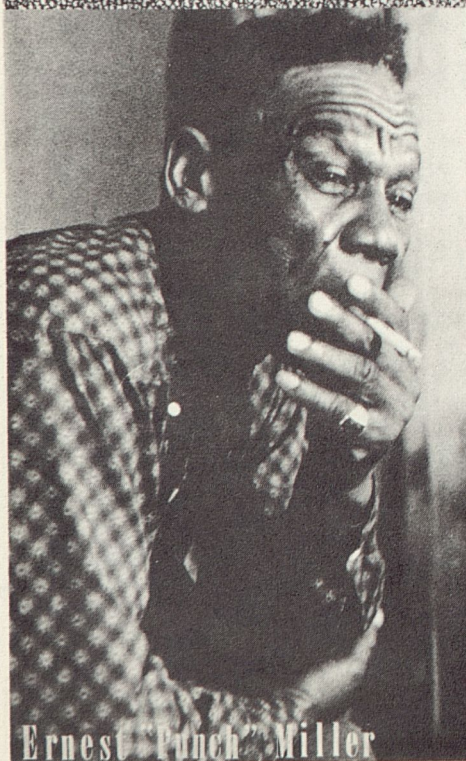




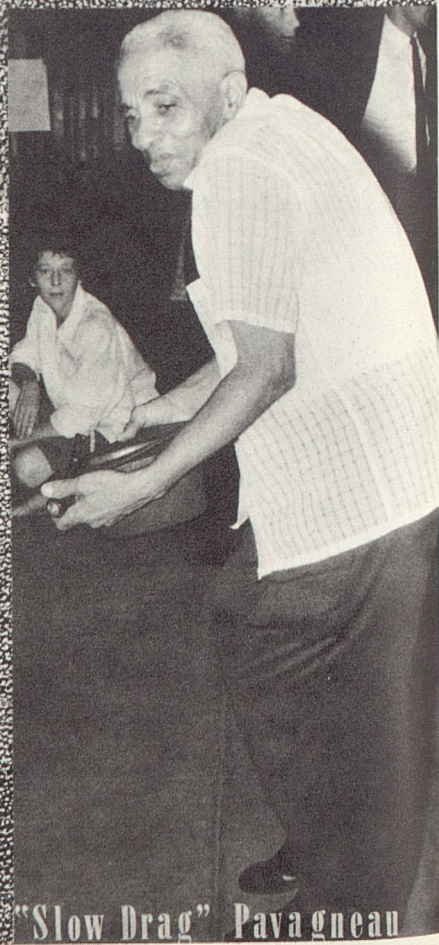
Lewis James



Sammy Penn



Ernest "Punch" Miller



"Slow Drag" Pavagneau

New Orleans musicians make sizzlingly clear they still have a great deal to say and say it exuberantly.”

JOHN S. WILSON, *New York Times*:

“All of these musicians are well along in life now, but most of them play with amazing fire and assurance. These seasoned inheritors of the oldest and most vital line in jazz soar into performances that show that this line still boasts exponents who can stand with the well-publicized and romanticized men of an earlier day in New Orleans.”

GODFREY SPERLING, JR., *Christian Science Monitor*:

“I was strolling down St. Peter Street in the old French Quarter when I came upon this group of veteran jazzmen playing. Had these old masters lost a little of their skill with their advancing years? We didn't notice it. This was the greatest, the very greatest.”

TIME, of Percy Humphrey's *Crescent City Joymakers*:

“Happy frenzies by a New Orleans band that sounds superbly at home in their numbers.”

NEWSWEEK, of Billie & Dee Dee Pierce:

“A straightforward quality that is rarely heard today and a simple honesty that touches the heart.”

WILDER HOBSON, *Saturday Review*:

“It offers numbers in a spirit full of heart and memory with a polyphonic sense which I find irresistible. These men are playing in their own time, and the New Orleans style genuinely exemplified as it is here will prove to have as much staying power as any music.”

HI-FIDELITY, of Kid Thomas & His Algiers Stompers:

“The music is basic and timeless. The band can rekindle even a faltering interest in jazz. It is charged with excitement.”

RIVERSIDE'S LIVING LEGEND SERIES:

"The New Orleans we had seen and heard (during the recording) can only last for a very little while longer. Before too long the ranks of those men who, in January of 1961, were able to play in the authentic style, will become thinner and still thinner. But we at least have the satisfaction of having done something — through what will almost certainly prove to be the last large-scale recording project of this nature possible in New Orleans — to preserve the sound of early jazz, the sounds of a living legend."

A TYPICAL TWO-WEEK (*different band*
each night) PRESERVATION HALL MENU:

Kid Howard's La Vida Band

John Casimir's Young Tuxedo Band with Bill Matthews

Peter Bocage and His Creole Serenaders

Jim Robinson's New Orleans Band with Louis Cottrell

Kid Thomas and His Algier's Stompers with George Lewis

Sweet Emma, The Bell Gal, and Her Jazz Band

Punch Miller's Bunch with George Lewis and Louis Nelson

Paul Barbarin's Band

The Burke-Crawford-Ferguson Band

Billie and DeDe Pierce with George Lewis

Percy Humphrey's Crescent City Joymakers with Sweet
Emma

Kid Thomas and His Algier's Stompers with George Lewis

Narvin Kimball's Dixielanders

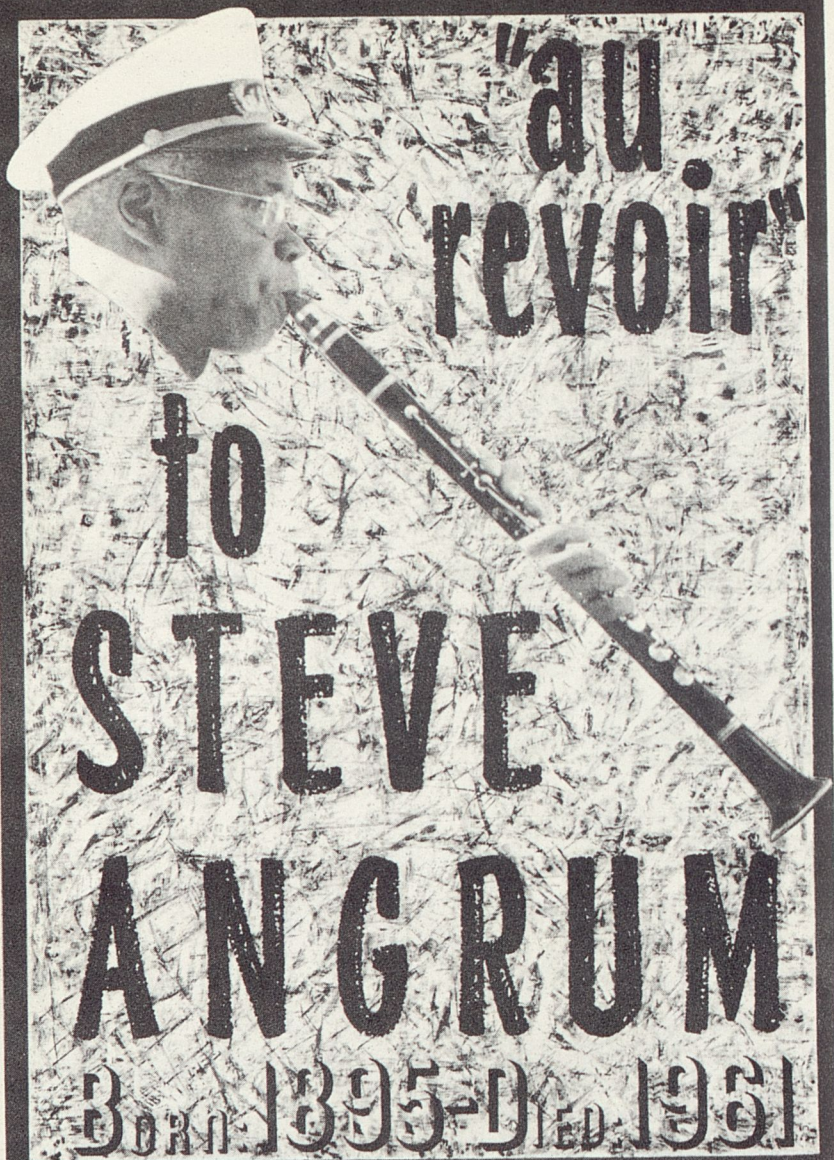
from: the Editors

We're not unaware that this first part of the "Oldest of the Living Old" leans a bit toward being more of a commentary than a documentary, but it's just an illusion—which, we assure you, will become apparent in OUTSIDER #3 when the pictorial treatment of the presentation as a whole will be perceived with more documental clarity as we go into the lives of the musicians themselves, past and present, as spoken by themselves. There'll be more photos, too. And, we hope, an up-to-date discographical listing of all available recordings.



Above: The Casimir Band, with John Casimir on Clarinet; Wilbert Tillman, tuba; Kim Robinson, trombone; Andy Anderson, trumpet, and Joseph Robichaux, piano—the only band at Preservation Hall using a tuba instead of string bass; because Casimir is also leader of the widely-known Tuxedo Marching Band—pictured below on a funeral date.





Steve Angrum arrived in New Orleans from country-town New Roads, La. in 1904 with an accordin and a flute, and was taken over by Professor Delmar who taught him to play the clarinet; in 1916 he was with the Kid Thomas band at Manuel's Camp. After Thomas, Angrum played with Kid Howard or Jimmy Clayton (no sure record here); in 1925 he joined Joe Gabriel's band. He went on to George Williams' brass band, worked (among other places) with Dee Dee and Billie Pierce at Luthjen's, and in the last weeks of his life at Preservation Hall. At his death he was scheduled to play Cleveland with Kid Howard. His place was taken by George Williams. Because Steve was buried at New Roads, & family reluctance, no band played at his funeral. As a final gesture In Memoriam we give him one in this special poem.

Ann Giudici

didn't he ramble!

. . . for Steve Angrum

Slap on the cap, run down paisley sidewalk
boys waitin at the corner
 fixin to tune up,
 cold beer's too good to bother middle C.
 Long way this time
 clear to *There*.
Life and death in proportion
the beat leads cold feet to the promised land.
 Swing in, truck in
 saw him jus no time ago at Carnival.
Find us a note an wipe that beer away
 it's a long way an the sun's hot.
Hard, hot concrete steps under uniform pants
testifying and singing inside
 the bar down a door or two.
 The Sisters come out first
 black and white and mourning.
Stand for the coffin and give the drum the honor
of callin Steve out—
 sing out cornet and into the street.
Five black cars for the proud bereaved
nodding with dignity to friends
 on the hard mud streets.
 Proper respect has been paid
 one of our good brothers is gone.
Break dirge step, run for a beer to carry
 look solemn and proud, for it's a good thing
 to be the one who's fine sounds are the last.
Turn off, black cars
 we've blowed our best
 so swing away and tend to life.
 Didn't he ramble!
Swing white dresses, them followin people
 old man bride, hangin up there.
Look at that white boy stomp!
 He shoulda been a colored boy.
 We're singin for the dead, for the livin
 heel-less shoes flappin.
And they move
 They will move along the River forever.

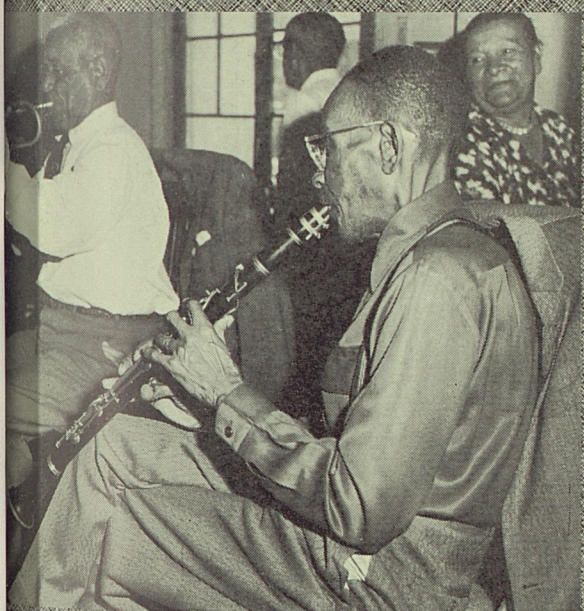
from: "Really the Blues" Mezz Mezzrow

Life gets neurotic and bestial when people can't be at peace with each other, say amen to each other, chime with each other's feeling and personality . . . that's how you have to be if you want to play New Orleans music. Let yourself get blown into a thousand fragments, like the world around you, and you can't pour harmonious music out of your soul—that serene exaltation is gone. If you let yourself get all split up and pulverized inside, maybe you can make "modern" music, the music of tics, the swing and jump and rip-bop. That's the musical mania of the blowtops, the running-amuck music of guys wrestling with themselves, rolling around on the ground and having fits while their broken-up souls carry on a war inside them. Modern swing and jump is frantic, savage, frenzied, berserk—it's the agony of the split, hacked-up personality. It's got nothing at all in common with New Orleans, which by contrast is dignified, balanced, deeply harmonious, high-spirited but pervaded all through with a mysterious calm and placidity—the music of a personality that hasn't exploded like a fragmentation bomb.

(The Editor: We don't completely agree with Mezz re "blowtops" being behind all modern music, just only about 91 percent of it.)

I never believed that you had to practice and study a hell of a lot to play real New Orleans. The secret is more mental than technical. If you want to play real jazz, go live close to the Negro, see through his eyes, laugh and cry with him, soak up his spirit. That's the best way to prepare for a recording; it's what I always do. If you're not prepared to do that, then okay, play your own music but don't pretend that it has anything to do with jazz. Make up a new name for what you're doing, just to keep the record straight. But if you're humble enough, and strip off all the prejudices that are a barrier between you and the source, you'll make it. It takes a lot of living and loving, among the right people. The rest comes easy.

I spent my life fighting to get back to the source . . . I never wanted to take up permanent lodging in the halfway-house that has gone down in history as the Chicago School.



The famed Eureka Brass Band parading past the home of *The Outsider* in New Orleans' French Quarter. Who's who in other photos on page 91



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AR AND COTTON PLANTATION

SLAVES!

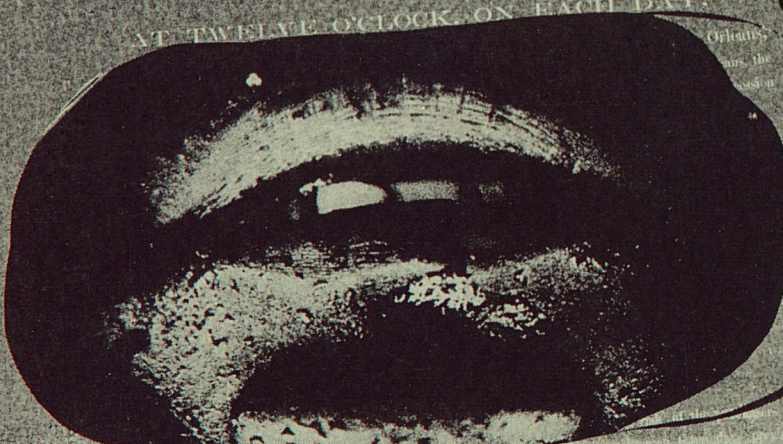
IN THE SUCCESSION OF WM. M. LAMBETH, AND FOR A DAY

By J. A. Beard & May---J. A. Beard

TUESDAY AND WEDNESDAY

13th and 14th MARCH, 1855,

AT TWELVE O'CLOCK ON EACH DAY.



New Orleans

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documentary in pictures of the last of the old-time
musicians playing traditional New Orleans jazz live.