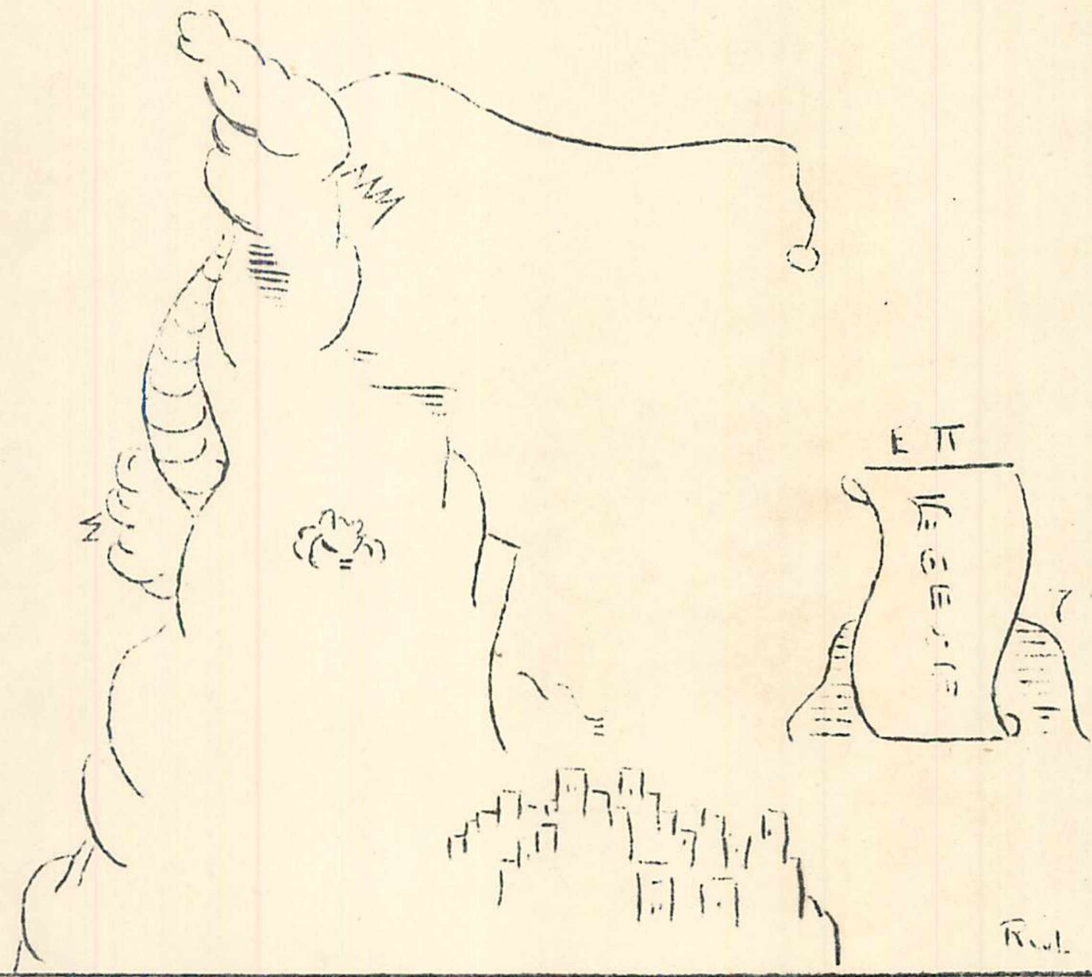


3

ZUMBRILS



I. Straus

While it is true that at present I am conducting an examination of the sources of my politics, for which Mr. Wollheim is almost entirely responsible, and from which I expect to emerge with some change of views, I wish him to understand that whatever the result I shall not abandon my championship of Ezra Pound, whose case is one of the preservation of civil liberties, upon political grounds; and I consider Mr. Wollheim's assumption that I would do so to be insulting. I use this adjective carefully. I am aware that his withdrawal of a rebuttal he considered "scorching" was conceived as an act of kindness, even of friendship; but if the article was based upon the notion that EPode was a defense of Fascism, then he read that essay with a carelessness which for one of his sci-disant intellectual integrity verges upon the insolent.

The remainder of the replies to EPode are guilty of exactly the same carelessness, though hardly the same condescension (except for Robert Lowndes' A Pound of Judgement.) The initial, and mistaken, notion that "Blish is a Fascist" seems to have made it impossible for anyone to read what actually was written down in the first TUMBRILS. A growing suspicion that this was the case occasioned my insertion of EMBRASURE into the second VAPA mailing; but because of the (originally extraneous) political aspect of the discussion, I have decided to put off my "I shall not answer...." decision until next mailing, by which time I hope the exact nature of my stand will be clear enough to everyone to make it possible for me to differentiate between the emotionally misled and the merely stupid.

In the interim, before turning the whole business over to the alphabetically impartial Dr. Merlyn, a few

II. Ripostes

This case is concerned with the preservation of the civil rights of the individual - a fact only two readers of EPode (only one a Vanguardist) had the acumen to understand without further ex-

planation. It is of particular importance because the man considered is and has always been on the wrong side of the wartime tracks. Unilateral defense of civil rights makes no man a liberal; nothing is easier than to repeat the safe condemnation of Nazi treatment of Einstein; it is another matter to attain to justice when our side does the victimizing.

Two news items:

1. Original Army order requiring that Richard Strauss be left undisturbed has been rescinded; "He must share the guilt with all other Germans." No further word of the 86-year-old dean of living composers.

2. Knut Hamsen, 84-year-old author of "Growth of the Soil," is being held in house arrest in Oslo for "collaboration."

At this writing there has been no further official statement on the progress of the Pound indictment, which possibly has become somewhat confused by the retirement of that arch-liberal, ex-Attorney General Biddle, its prime mover. The newspaper PM has conducted a sort of canvas of American poets, asking them (a) If you were the Government, what would you do with Pound? and, (b) Do you think poets should be above political responsibility? I shall not bother to correlate the answers to (b), since no one in his senses would answer anything but "no" to this vicious irrelevance; the answers to (a) were neatly divided 4 to 4. William Rose Benet, who figured early in the National Academy's refusal to drop EP, refused to answer, "but in view of this record I have counted the refusal as favoring EP; I have not counted at all the one reply which began, "Give him stern justice," and ended, "Well, then again, maybe we shouldn't." E. E. Cummings was most to the point: simply, "Cf. John VIII: 7."

III. Personae

Capt. Emdon: your comments represent a familiar segment of the popular culture - that segment which thinks that it holds opinions of value upon every possible subject, whether it actually knows anything about them or not, and which uses a controversy of this nature as an excuse for flinging about the names of

books it has never owned, or, at least, regarded blankly. The association of Nietzsche and Machiavelli with armed Fascism is careless, irresponsible and inaccurate; and to speak of being forced to live by a philosophy whose entire basis is in the free choice of the individual is as ridiculous as making a moral judgement of an action you have forced upon the man you are judging.

R. W. Lowndes: It has been contended that "book-fascism" came into existence after Mussolini's government was formed; but I have evidence to support your general point - that there does exist a "book-fascism" distinct from and better than Fascism as it was actually practised.

I am not prepared to grant that EP is guilty of supporting anything but book-fascism. No records are available of any statements made by him which can be interpreted as supporting the anti-book-fascist components of real Fascism which you list; on the contrary, the very volume I quoted in EPode makes these distinctions very clearly, as I tried to show (p. 4, 1st column, and elsewhere,) distinctions which he made often on the radio. His presence in Italy was in part due to a cultural bias ("the seat of culture in the Occident") to which he is entirely entitled. Politically, his attitude is comparable at all points to that of the good Stalinist - to wit,

Italy/Russia may not be a proper book-fascist/Socialist country, as Lloyd and Lowndes/the Trotskyites declare, but it is the closest approach to that desideratum; therefore the realist will support it.

However violently you may abhor this conclusion, it is not a crime to have made it, unless John Strachey is a criminal.

Section Two of your essay: observe, please, that your notion (that a man who supports a state with a policy of systematic murder is himself an accessory to those murders) is as inimical to justice as the example I cited. Once a criminal is convicted of murder, no civilized society indicts his defense attorney as an accomplice. Juridical defense - the equality of individuals before the law - did not exist in Italy or Nazi Germany; it does not exist in Soviet Russia; but

it is not the (perhaps significant? uncharged) freedoms still accorded an American citizen, to which class EP belongs...I shall cite also two other pertinent freedoms which I conceive to be basic to civilized society:

2. Freedom of thought.

3. Freedom from the dictates of someone else's conscience.

John Michel: While I discuss what is self-evidently a question of juridical defense of civil rights, Vanguard's own Boy-Who-Cried-Werewolf continues to kick the dead horse of the Great Crusade. Despairing of reasoning him away from this automatic babble, I can only suggest that he have it set to music; the composer of "The Hums of Pooh" might take the commission.

Boo!

EM3/C Zissman: Certainly it is unjust to excuse a criminal because of past good works; as unjust as shooting a man for crimes he has not committed.

.....

B e n e d i c t i o n

Doe-eyed,
You fly me, transformation-seeking.

These things I know: the forest-depths,
The clasp of secret pools,
Night-flight and dawn-dread,
Windcry and raincry,
The cauterizing kiss of satyrs --
Go, wildheart,
Seek them and return.

This I understand: the lure of clouds,
The fect of fire, desire for wings,
And leaping thoughts that clutch the stars --

Soar, wildheart,
Hold them if you can.

This I hope:
Time-wise,
You will remember and believe in love.

- Robert W. Lowndes

.....
Oswald Spengler: -

"The deer is always conscienceless; no one has a conscience except the spectator."

GRANDMOTHER

always more

532135

A critical selection, with a comment
by Marcus Lyons, from the recent writings of C. DALE HART

-*-

I. POEM

I, who have lain with the sun
And embraced the shadow of her knees
Drawn up in spent aspects of love
Across afternoons,
Look for superimpositions of you
On sun-sprayed leaves.

If there is in
A beam of light slanting between a tree
(The fact) and a leaf (the conception)
One thought of you,
Who are a sister to the sun,
I would have it fall upon my eye,
Which is the conception as you are the fact.

-*-

II. CHINESE LAMENT

Aiee! Aiee!
Comfort me, O River!

By your yellow waters I walk,
And my heart is sore within me.

Beyond the green rice-fields
And the place where we dug ginseng,
Far away and over the Smoking Mountain,
My love lies dead.

By your yellow waters I walk,
O River, and my heart is sick
within me.

Aiee! Aiee!
Comfort me, O River-to-the-Sea!

III. SUSPENSION

From the nose of the svatic outside
Depends
One drop of water.
Immobilized in marble, Pan cannot take
Even one finger from his flute.

The offending drop hangs and hangs.
Minutes pass.
Is the globule to be suspended forever?
Is it frozen by some chemistry apart
from season and reason?

Glistening in the sun,
The suspension mocks my sense of fitness.
Fall; Water!
Assert yourself, Gravity!

And still the one drop hangs motionless,
Flaunting defiance.

I can bear the sight no longer!
Handkerchief ready,
I am going outside to save the face of Pan.

-i-

IV. THE VOW

(This is the poem Mr. Lyons decided to leave out. Record III.)

-i-

V. PROOF THAT PARADOXES NEED NO PROOF

In the hollow of one hand
Can be contained
Immensities.

Bend over your hand, Integer of the Huge.
Stoop and look into your large paw.
What do you see?

"I see. . ."

Now for you, Cipher of the Small.
Peer closely.
What do you see?

"I see. . ."

Of course you do!
Both of you see the identical nothings,
the same somethings.
Do not be surprised.

And now the author will stare
Into his own cupped palm.
Ah! Two signs he sees -
The cross, X, of Nothing
And the Circle, O, of Everything -
Each equal to the other.

-*-

VI. FOR THOSE WHOM THIS WILL DISPLEASE
(The Critics of the Grim Post)

Say it! Say his voice had all
the felicity of death, that he
grew fat from the marrow in his
own bony words.

Evince distaste. Say he spent
coin crossed with blood, that
he knew only the exchange value
of unmined iron.

Say it! Say he marshalled the
uneasy corpse, that he would
haunt the living mind with the
dead body.

Then say he held the Door open
too long, that you got cold.

-*-

Lyons: GRANDMOTHER ALWAYS WORE STILTS

Say it, and gladly, if we could, for the heat has been on unseasonably long, and
the occasional breezes are teasers,
One may greet the rare phrase perhaps as if one were sliding into the relief of
an icy tub
But there is the usual danger of mistaking the responsive "Yeeee" for aesthetic
appreciation:
It is pleasant, too, to find another talent moving along that same road, it makes
liars of so many of our good friends,
"Doris" to "Oathay" to the epigrams, through "My Contemporaries" to "Mauberly" -
but doubtless the Navy
Will not allow Mr. Hart to leave for Italy, as in all poetic justice he should do
at this point,
No, do not mistake the sour corners bounding the ensorcelled Critic's mouth; it is
not his fault,
His face has been inverted during a recent battle with a treadmill, or was it a
revolving door?
In any case, he means to smile, he is friendly, the worshipped ancestors recall to
him promises,
Prag continue; is there, after all, any point in allowing affairs to continue be-
yond nineteen-thirty?
No. Let us go back, let us begin dos Imagistes all over again; what after all are
forty lost years;
new constructions made between earthquakes are wasted.

2nd Mailings:

TEMPER has made a good point about K-

TAUGM-M - that its arguments, while interesting, were specifically aimed at a FAPA audience - and the second issue provides a further instance. I am reminded of H. C. Koenig, who, after a reasonable demonstration (in the PHANTAGRAPH) that his hissoire had reached the point where its basic assumption needed re-examination, went right on anti-hissing anyhow. Is Mr. Wollheim to react in like fashion to the criticism in TEMPER? Time will tell.

Enthusiastic thanks to Larry Shaw for his fruitful labors on behalf of "Cry in the Night."

Portrait of a Stalinist brandishing a rubber stiletto: In the infantile sarcasm of "Take Them Away - Screaming," there was one ironicism that was genuinely funny; the reference to the political sagacity of Arthur Koestler. Of course he needed none; he only reported what had gone on right under his nose. Admittedly in Mr. Michel's company this makes him look acute. Best ironicism of all has been provided by an historical accident; the appearance of Koestler's new book and of the movies of the Kharkov trials in the same week.

Horst in a different Vessel;

El Hanyf.

Bid for a Decoration: TUMBRILS also declares itself a candidate for the Michel International Truth Medal. This

decoration, we understand, is to be awarded to that person who tells the most truth about the Soviet Union in the next year.

TUMBRILS' truths:

The Soviet Union is the country where

1. The Commissar lives as well and is more powerful than the capitalist entrepreneur.
2. Divorce is the sole privilege of the rich.
3. Forced-labor camps hold at least 200,000 people in virtual slavery.
4. A citizen may not leave his house for a single day without notifying the police.
5. Going abroad without permission, or going on strike (sic!) is punishable by death, but one's first murder is not.
6. Furnishing war materials to the Wehrmacht comes under the head of anti-Nazi activities.

Just pin the ribbon up next to our SPCA Star.

The pages of TUMBRILS are always open to contributions of a serious nature. Critical submissions of especial merit, such as the Emden translation of "James Joyce et Pecuchet," will, however, ordinarily be passed on to RENASCENCE. Thanks are extended to C. Dale Hart, Robert W. Lowndes, and Henry E. Sostmann for the use of their poems in the present issue.

FRILLER

Campbell has done it. The atom is smashed. Below is Astounding's editorial account of the great event, as ghost-written by James (Finnegans Wake) Joyce, who was an eye, ear, nose and throat witness.

The abnihilisation of the otym by the grising of the grosning of the grinder of the grunder of the first lord of Hurtreford expolodotonates through Parsuralia with an ivanmorinthorrormumble fragoromboassity amidwiches general uttermosts confussion are perceivable moletons skaping with mulicules while coventry plumpkins fairlygo-smotherthemselves in the Landaunclogents of Pinkadindy. Similar scenatas are projectilised from Hullulullu, Bawlawayo, empyreal Raum and mordern Atems. They were precisely the twelves of clocks, noon minutes, none seconds. At someseat of Oldan-clang's Konguerrig, by dawnbreak in Aira.

HIRD IN A ROWD

By HENRY A. SCSTLANN

While he stood on the porch and watched them, staring,
the stars coughed and gasped out, and sudden rain
exploded the sullen Carolina night.
Torrent drowned the sky, the pounding rush
staggered the holly, winnowed and crisped the pine.
Hot air charred and water became sheer weight;
this was a prologue;

hated the house behind him,
so stepped from the circle of lamps. Clouds snatched the cue,
thudded like muddy rams in furious fields.
Ambiguous lightnings dazzled and spilled from clouds,
and split great gongs, the world spattered in sound,
this was a prologue;

felt the lightning sear
as he wrapped the bundle of his eyes about it.
Dimly he wondered if the light were his,
but dark was newer, muscles twitched in his head.
The radium minutes fluttered and flicked out;
this was a prologue;

and rejected him:
the smudged mask, tossed him down; built a new island
not of the circle of lamps. Stunned, wavered back
and while he stood and stared and saw and heard,
the thunder, the amazed thunder made a word!
ran on its toes to islands and made a word,
that walked alone with delight for the wind to snuff!
This was a prologue;

and as instantly,
thunder coughed, the rain gasped and went out.
The stars wheeled in. At the edge of the circle of lamps
eight adagio drops ticked from the chickweed.
The pines have audible patterns in the yard.
The circle of lamps breathed in and sucked him back,
claimed him, and that was all. He closed his eyes,
this was a prologue;

blinked the crawling lids
open. Bolted the door, slid shut the windows,
(the drama asked it) drew the curtains hard
against the shrivelling stage. He crouched the sentry
lamps, four at his head, three at his feet,
shivered between the sheets, and went to sleep.