

while.) What I've separately thought is that the situation requires the publication of a further separate collection, including 'Free Running Bitch' (previously published in *Conductors of Chaos*), before anything else.

I've made these points to other publishers more tersely than I do here, hence my responses have, reasonably enough, as well as correctly, been taken as refusals. I don't think, however, that this response is either appropriate or sufficient when the expression of interest comes from you and Carcanet. Hence my perplexity about how to respond; you will appreciate, I do hope, that the perplexity is with reference to my situation.

Since your invitation is couched in terms of 'writings' perhaps I should say something about critical writings, not the least because some pieces of critical writing are foremost in my mind at present. I have in hand essays on John James (for a collection on him) and on Basil King's *Mirage*. Looming over both these, and most of all else, is a long essay on Harry Roskolenko, a minor but symptomatic poet of the 1930s and 1940s. (He began as one of Zukofsky's 'Objectivists', and by the end of the 1930s was the American arm of the New Apocalypse. Add to this that he was part of the Left Opposition – i.e. Trotskyish – working undercover in the CPUSA and, from my point of view, he has everything going for him.) I give this detail in order to point out that my critical writing is miscellaneous, as it stands, but also, notionally at least, some of it preliminary to separately developed monographs on the 'Objectivists' and the New Apocalypse.

A few days later I received a letter from Andrew which again discussed the possibility of his work being put back into the public eye:

11th May

Your point that my work is unobtainable is not lost on me, indeed it is one I can't avoid as an emphatic consideration whenever (unfrequently) I contemplate my position qua poet. It doesn't outweigh, in the balance of wishes and intentions, my hesitations about republication tout court. I don't want to appear, not the least to myself, as resting on my laurels. Were I to abjure poetry, or were I dead, the work could be left to make its own way as helped by others. The second of these circumstances is not an otiose form of words: publication can seem like a symbolic death, a book like a monument, with damaging as well as painful effects.