

THE RENAISSANCE OF WELDON KEES

By James Reidel

The figure of the poet before a work of art is a less meddlesome interruption of the spectator's view than a welcome presence, for the poet, as one of its more adept interpreters, has had a longstanding relationship to visual art. Although a tradition reaches further back than "Ode On A Grecian Urn," those of us who felt that it was enough to follow Keats as he made his circumspection will understand the "figure of the poet" not as a teaching assistant running a slide projector, but rather as a companion of our imaginations.

Today poetry "suggested" by trips to galleries has become a genre, in spite of the academicism of the forties and fifties that made poems based on Renaissance paintings quaint anachronisms—useful as exercises for writing students. However, in 1974, John Ashbery's "Self-Portrait In A Convex Mirror" used Parmigianino's painting not as merely a focal point but as a range of foci that functioned as a mirror. To some degree, Ashbery's most important poem is didactic, for it instructs us to see the significance of a work of art by reducing all criteria to the "whole" of the spectator: "The hand [that] holds no chalk" and the work that "cannot know it knew, except/Here and there, in cold pockets/Of remembrance." This is what Carolyn Forché has called "the entropy of interpretation"—the revelation that all exegesis is reduced to the self at the moment it consumes a work of art.

Poets have also been, of course, critics of art; Ashbery, again, comes to mind, but a far

more romantic figure is the poet Weldon Kees, who represents an anomaly in the tradition, for he had a hand that "held chalk," and brushes, as well. A member of the avant-garde of the forties and fifties, Kees was one of the "Irascibles," though he does not appear in their 1951 *Life* group portrait. It is not as if he had been air-brushed out of art history; his neglect is the product of his own disengagement from what we normally expect of an artist's career.

Weldon Kees was born in the small, agricultural and industrial city of Beatrice, Nebraska, in 1914, a time of the birth of an important generation of American poets who would inherit the legacy of *The Waste Land*. During his brief but productive literary career, Kees wrote three books of verse and a number of short stories. He also wrote copy for Paramount's newsreel service and turned out cultural essays for *Time*, *The Nation*, *Partisan Review*, and other magazines. In 1951, he worked as a behavioral science researcher under Gregory Bateson and Jurgen Ruesch. With the latter he co-authored *Nonverbal Communication*, for which Kees contributed photographs and an essay on schizophrenic art.

It was on July 18, 1955, following a long, traumatic separation from his wife, that *The New Republic* printed a review by Kees entitled "How To Be Happy: Installment 1053," in which he described "our present atmosphere of mistrust, violence, and irrationality, with so many human beings murdering themselves—either literally or symbolically. . . ." That same day, Kees's car, with his Langley Porter Psychiatric Institute lab coat neatly folded on the front seat, was found

abandoned on an approach ramp to the Golden Gate Bridge. Every indication that he had jumped to his death was present except for his body. The rumor that he had disappeared to Mexico started with him, but everyone who heard it heard the other option of suicide, too.

Kees's sculpture, which his letters indicate was made up of "found" objects, has not survived. What is left of oeuvre—the paintings and the collages, dispersed by the poet's father, a retired hardware manufacturer who gave his son's pictures away as mementos—exists in a few institutions and private collections; nonetheless, Kees was the kind of artist whose life suggests an importance that needs neither a large body of work nor a sizable reputation to sustain it.

Kees arrived at painting out of a sense that delimiting himself as a writer was to fall into an existential trap he saw as an indication of a sick culture. His attitude may have been appropriated from T.S. Eliot's essay, "Notes Toward A Definition Of Culture," in which Eliot argued that the "artistic sensibility is impoverished by its separation from the religious sensibility, the religious by its separation from the artistic." Kees, like other poets who admired Eliot while disregarding his Anglo-Catholicism as a tergiversation from the Waste-Land-ethos, seems to have adapted this argument by replacing religion with other arts.

Another indication of Kees's motives for taking up painting can be found, coincidentally, in the same issue of *Partisan Review* where

enlisted Kees to devise his first piece of art criticism: the note for a printed announcement of a Byron Browne exhibition indicates a mature criterion, one that not only valued the image, but the act of painting, an act that translated, for Kees, into the pleasure of seeing the operation of an original imagination. And it seems that Kees could not resist knowing this pleasure in a manner few critics ever know it. One of his friends, the artist Romare Beardon, reported: "On one visit to Weldon's I noticed a painting above the sofa. I asked him who had done it. He knew so many painters, I assumed it was a gift; so I was surprised when he told me that he indeed was the artist."

By 1948, Kees had left Paramount so that he could devote more time to painting and writing. Some of his pictures were certainly done in Provincetown, where he summered with Hans Hofmann's entourage. Although Kees was not a student of Hofmann's, he must have benefited from his contact with the German-born artist who was such a crucial influence in the making of an American avant-garde. Kees, in fact, assisted Hofmann in the English-language versions of statements on his teaching and aesthetics.

Later in the same year, Kees had his first one-man exhibition at the Peridot Gallery, one of the important outlets, along with the Kootz Gallery and Betty Parsons, of Abstract Expressionist art. Subsequently, Kees's work would be represented in the Whitney annuals for 1949 and 1950. And his work appeared in the smaller, more provocative group exhibitions that often signaled a new trend. For example, Kees was included in the "Black Or White" show put on by the Kootz Gallery. His name on the exhibition's printed announcement makes it possible to associate him with de Kooning, Motherwell, Mondrian, and Dubuffet. Such documentation, like an apocryphal relic, makes it doubly perplexing that Kees's name has been omitted from this group since 1950. And what could be stranger than the appearance of his obscure American poet among figures from the international art elite except that during this period Kees assumed *The Nation's* art column that his friend, Clement Greenberg, had given up.

Although very few of Kees's works are extant (their repositories range from the University of Nebraska's small fine-arts museum to a four-room, post-war era, Cape Cod house in a suburb of New Haven), a few, careful appraisals can be made. While some of Kees's works may seem derivative, they derive from the same sources tapped by the Abstract Expressionists recognized today: Picasso, the European surrealists, emigres like Mondrian,

and transitional figures like Arshile Gorky. There is some debt or Miro, from whom Kees adapted delicate, rather sculptural forms; many of Kees's paintings from the New York period impress the viewer with this aspect of sculpture, for they seem like balancing acts whose curvilinear shapes suggest Calder's. Last, we find the presence of Klee in Kees's figurative images. Given his insightful appraisal of Robert Motherwell in *Magazine Of Art*, Kees may have thought the "image" of the materials was a higher criterion: "In Motherwell . . . a new kind of subject matter becomes manifest. It is paint itself. The paintings are quite simply 'about' paint." (It should not be lost that Kees is one of the few critics who understood the praxis of what he was writing about.)

Kees did not, however, sterilize the content of his pictures of human concerns or of social commentary. In contrast to the works of his friend, William Baziotes, the one "science" painting attributed to Kees is not a celebration of flora and fauna preserved at the Museum of Natural History. Instead, it is composed of a stick figure, a displaced "eye," and a cutout of a newspaper photo-illustration of what could be tree bark or sedimentary rock formations—a naturalistic image that implies a deliberate uncertainty. Juxtaposed to the figure is another piece of newsprint, a table of chemical elements. Dated "1946," the painting-collage could be a protest against a post-war, technocratic chauvinism that had hegemony over the public's imagination—the

Eliot's piece appears. In an omnibus review of little magazines, Kees betrays the feeling common among his generation's writers—that they did not measure up to their predecessors: "There is a good deal to be said against the intellectual product of the twenties; yet those writers who established themselves in that period, and who still exist, reminding us occasionally of creatures from another age—Cummings, Eliot, Stevens, Williams, etc.—remain our most gifted avant-garde contributors. The competition from those who followed is a sporadic affair only. If that was a Wasteland [sic] and they were the Lost Generation, then what is this moldy milieu in which we find ourselves; and what are we?" If Kees posed a problem for himself, then its solution seems to have lain outside of an exclusively literary career. And when he wrote this in 1944, there was a milieu beginning to form—artists and their advocates, the new gallery-owners, and critics who saw themselves as the new wave of an American art.

Whether Kees began to write about painting and then to paint, or just the opposite, is uncertain. In 1946, his modest efforts in both areas began to appear. From the time he arrived in New York in 1943, he was exposed to the new theories of painting. In fact, he lived in the same building as Harold Rosenberg. And the small parties and informal gatherings in bars, coffee shops, and cafeterias influenced Kees's gravitation toward the Abstract Expressionists. Samuel Kootz's gallery even

consummation of the well-advertized illusion that the wonders of science—not people—had won the war. Having seen and resented the dehumanizing effect of this, Kees took the chemical table, the kind that appeared in popular scientific articles and high school textbooks of the period, and pasted it upside down. This "repositioning" changes what the table is communicating. Now the table frees the viewer from science's public relations mission: to reassure by condescendingly oversimplifying a world that is vastly more inexplicable, more mysterious.

After 1950, this kind of satire seems to disappear, as it did from his later poems. Donald Justice, in his introduction to Kees's *Collected Poems*, writes that "Kees is one of the bitterest poets in history." Although Kees probably intended no link between his poetry and his painting, the dark, heavily textured canvases rendered in cinereous non-colors seem to parallel the voice of nihilism in Kees's last book, *Poems 1947-1954*.

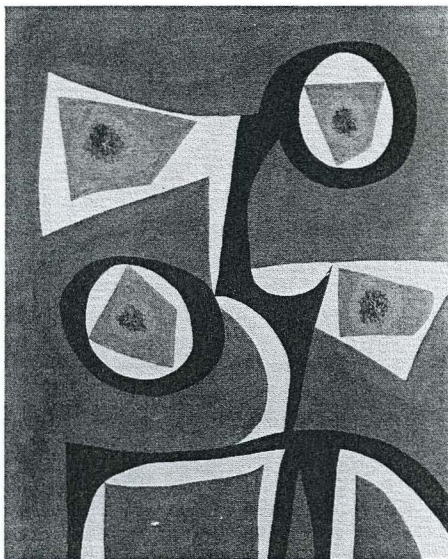
That voice differs astonishingly from the one a *Brooklyn Eagle* reporter quoted on the eve of Kees's first one-man show in November 1948, when Kees emphasized painting's life-affirming effects—as if painting had liberated him from the limitations of his literary work: "I believe that painting and writing complement one another. Shifting from one to the other I don't get into the periods of absolute sterility that are often experienced by writers who just write, or painters who just paint. No doubt the majority of painters and writers could turn to either medium if they liked. Most of them, I think, are forced by society to do one thing, and consequently, in some cases, they become narrower and narrower. They get over-specialized. They're in a trap and they can't get out."

Kees found "the change from writing to painting a joyous, spontaneous experience," for the experience of painting seemed to correct the balkanization of the arts, a "sickness" that he imagined like this: "'I never read anything,' says the painter. 'I don't see what the painters today are up to,' says the novelist." He believed that the cultural malaise of the period lay in the collapse of a dialogue between the arts and in works of art. That this belief reflected the influence of European existentialism, as well as Eliot's Angst, is apparent in Kees's poem, "The Hourglass":

*Being at the expense of Becoming.
Becoming at the expense of Being.*
The statue's head falls off, suggesting
That ideal forms may be non-temporal.
Tide covers the sand.

*What transcends Becoming
Can never be reached by Becoming.*
Regard the higher and higher forms
Continually perfecting themselves.
Under the door, dust, and the north wind.

It could be argued that Kees's antipathy to specialization—his desire for existential elbowroom—was rectified on the test-bed of





JUDITH ROTHSCHILD, FRITZ BULTMAN & WELDON KEES

his brief career: a dangerous and eventually catastrophic experiment in which Kees may have come to understand that "ideal forms may be non-temporal."

Ironically, Kees's virtuosity was neither thought nor acted out with expectations that his work would survive, for Kees was obsessed with how little of the art of his generation seemed capable of endurance. In 1950, the leading Abstract Expressionists challenged the Metropolitan Museum of Art's selection policy for an exhibition of recent American art. In a letter, printed in Kees's last art column for *The Nation*, a letter that Kees himself signed, Jackson Pollock, Hans Hofmann, Adolph Gottlieb, Mark Rothko, and ten other prominent artists refused to submit work to "the monster national exhibition" and claimed "only advanced art has made any consequential contribution to civilization": this letter eventually became known as the "Inascible

manifesto." "For the first time," wrote Weldon Kees at the end of the column, "avant-garde painters in this country have taken a united position against the Academy; this is their historical role; the Academy itself drew the lines." The letter resulted in a polemical victory over the Metropolitan, attracted the media, notably *Life*, established Abstract Expressionism as America's "modern" art, and fixed the reputations of its "masters."

Kees, however, did not stay in New York to be *documented* as one of the official Inascibles in *Life's* picture-taking session. In part responsible for this photograph, Kees resented the effects of fame in letters he no longer mailed out of New York, but from addresses scattered around San Francisco Bay. Although he did not stop painting and would have another one-man exhibition of his collages in New York in 1953, Kees strangely

disengaged himself from his milieu that ranged from the Algonquin Club to the Cape. At a time when he wrote about a "historical role" for himself, he chose to be a transient figure in the New York art scene—perhaps because he already had another vision of the artist's historical role, of the artist who had fallen from modernism's shining path; his disillusion may have had its source in his generation of deflated literati. In his January 1950 column, Kees had written "from under" his Inascible bad faith that "the atmosphere in art circles, here in New York at least, seems increasingly grayer, a good deal emptier than in years, and charged with stasis . . . The torpor and despondency that have pervaded literary circles for some time seem to have widened their area of saturation." In the same piece, Kees anticipated Tom Wolfe's caricature of the Abstract Expressionist in *The Painted* (Continued on page 120)



HANS HOFFMAN, KARL KNATHS, WELDON KEES, CECIL HEMLEY & FRITZ BULTMAN photo: Bill Witt

JAMES REIDEL

(Continued from page 71)

Word: "One is continually astounded that art persists at all in the face of so much indifference, failure, and isolation. Van Gogh could write, 'Now it is getting grimmer, colder, emptier, and duller around me,' while still insisting that 'surely there will come a change for the better.' Today we are not likely to insist too strongly on the chances of so interesting a modulation. And in these times, if we were dealing with Van Gogh, as a contemporary, we should handle things differently: he would be 'recognized,' would show annually on Fifty-Seventh Street, be stroked, complimented, sell a few canvases, go to cocktail parties, and be *tamed*. Not tamed too much, however. He might even find it possible to write that 'it is getting grimmer, colder, emptier, and duller . . . and things go along, worsening only a little.'"

That Kees saw, so many years ago, the trivialization of an ideal and yet still continued to paint is an accomplishment, an elaboration of the figure of the poet before a work of art.

James Reidel is a poet with recent work in Ironwood and Paris Review. He writes on art for Dialogue: An Art Journal. He is the editor of Weldon Kees: Reviews and Essays, 1936-1955 (University of Michigan Press, forthcoming, late 1987). His Kees essay originally appeared in Dialogue.

WELDON KEES:

ENEMY OF MEDIOCRITY



By Fritz Bultman

The qualities that I would like most to evoke about Weldon Kees are his sense of clarity, of affirmation, of moving on with the real situation and with the positive values at hand. It was not that he enjoyed being busy; he too could sit on the beach in those summers, but if he could see something clear and positive and creative, he would do everything in his power to hasten its success. This generosity of spirit had its roots in his energy and health and, coupled with his wit and imagination, made his end a real loss for all of us who counted him a valued friend.

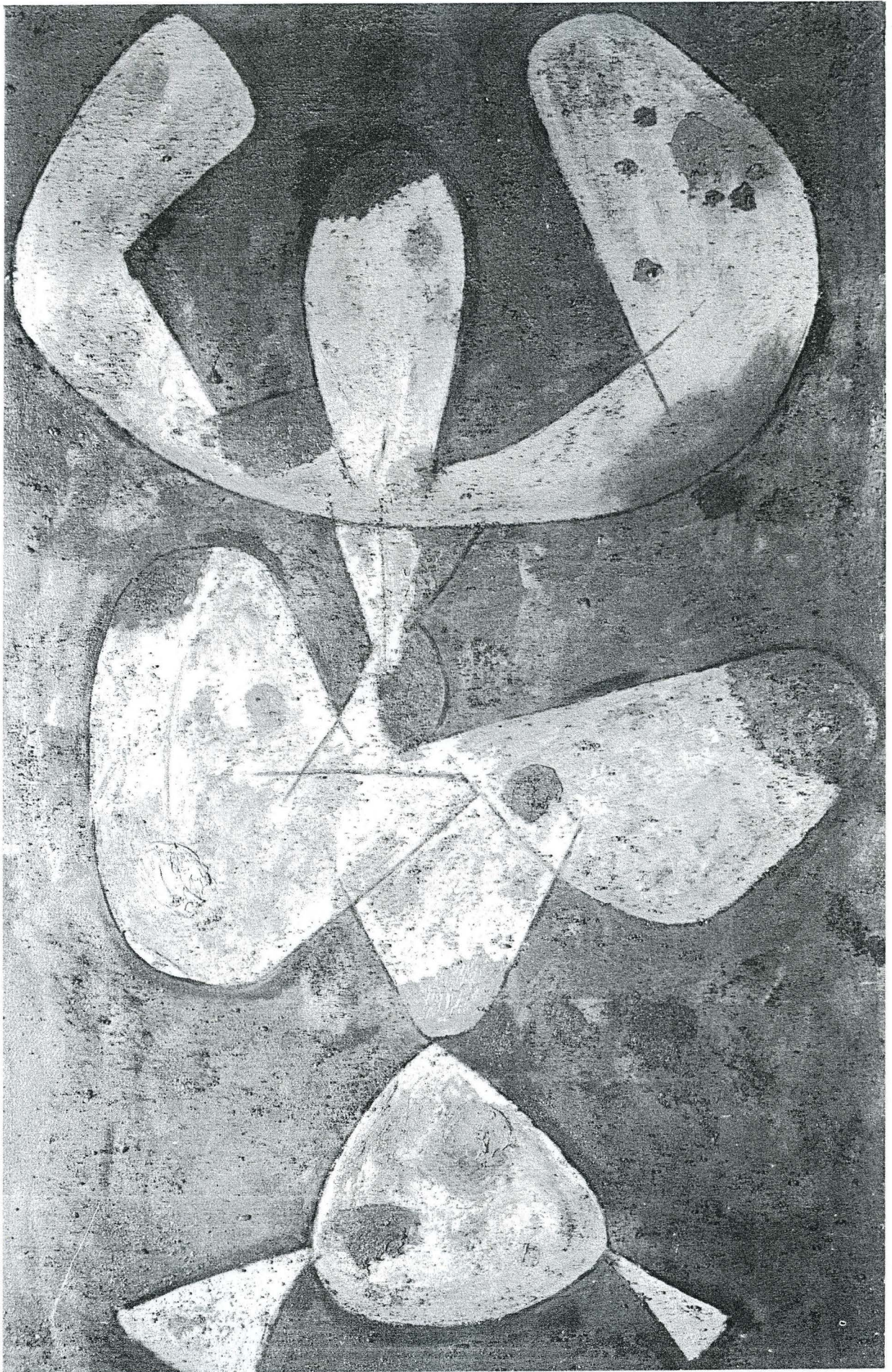
It was in such generosity of spirit that he wrote me about an American Abstract Arts show in 1949. It was a note on an announcement of another show that was being held at the Peridot Gallery, and it says that we are hung side by side (in this American Abstract Artists show) and that he thought I had the best painting in the show. Such acts of encouragement and self-abnegation are very few in the so-called "art world" and this was typical of Weldon in that important moment of art ferment.

Nineteen-forty-nine and 1950 are the years most clear to me in my memories of Weldon,

though I had met him the year before, first with Bill Baziotis and then again at the Hans Hofmanns' for dinner—there was an immediate spark of mutual interests. I was living and painting year round in Provincetown during those years, and the sense of the larger world that Weldon carried with him was very tonic and helpful in dispelling the perplexities of country living (with a family of small children). He had a way of clearing the atmosphere by calling everything not only by its right name, but by its clearest name. Put in simpler terms, Weldon made me aware of the trap that bucolic family life held for an artist—in my case, an artist for whom he had respect. This respect came from a few paintings of mine that he had seen in a Provincetown gallery, and the idea of being sought out because of my work was intensely flattering. But Weldon never flattered: it was an invitation to join in the good fight against mediocrity and to try to clear up some of the fuzzy-headed values that are always being passed off as profundities in this country, in this world.

This exhibition of Weldon's paintings coming now in 1979 is fitting, as it is the 30th an-

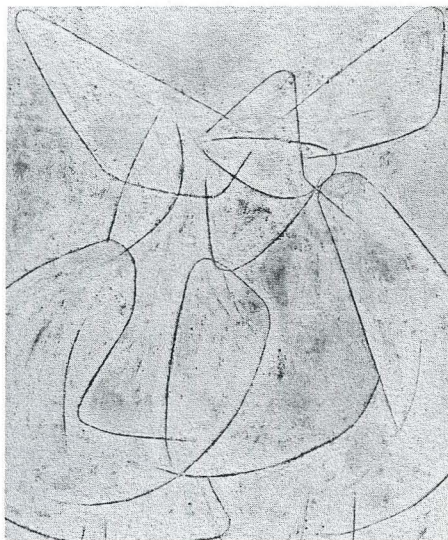
niversary of Weldon's and my first "culture venture," *Forum '49*, in Provincetown. Weldon saw it as an "entertainment" for summer, and it embraced many of our mutual interests. The exhibition of Post-Abstract painting that opened the series of evenings was an innovation that was followed in New York for many years with the Stable Annuals, the Young Artists shows, etc. The young committee that formed *Forum '49* was Weldon Kees, Cecil Hemley, the poet-editor, and Karl Knaths. This first exhibition was more improvised than planned. We asked a few New York dealers for pictures, Betty Parsons among others, we invited every local painter whose work was abstract to participate, and we gave a special extended show to modern Provincetown painters of an older generation, Blanche Lazelle, Agnes Weinrich, Oliver Chaffee, and Ambrose Webster. Lazelle was still alive; the others, deceased. We cast our net widely and succeed in waking up a town that had been content to swim and cocktail and paint quietly. Our announced program of "evenings" covered all the arts, including architecture, and in the end, though the dance
(Continued on page 118)



WELDON KEES, GREEK REVIVAL

FRITZ BULTMAN

(Continued from page 73)



WELDON KEES, "THE WALL"

panel dropped out, we were able to include politics, civil liberties, and psychoanalysis. Naturally there was infighting (this time between the Americanophiles and the Internationalists), and Hans Hofmann and I issued a manifesto against "Ostrich Politics in the Arts." Frederick Kiesler refused to appear on an architectural panel with Marcel Breuer and sat out the evening at the Hofmanns', having first sent a secretary to take notes on the forum. But we all ended up speaking, our mutual respect and friendship intact.

I want to mention the women who helped us with this cultural adventure: Esther Gottlieb, Judith Rothschild, Catherine Chapin Biddle, my wife Jeanne, and—particularly—Miz Hofmann. Miz was not only an arch diplomat and cook, but also the single person who bridged the end of *Forum '49* and helped move it, with a better prepared exhibition, to the Art Association in the summer of 1950. She also persuaded Weldon to agree to and to amend the foreword written by Hans, Miz, and myself for this Post-Abstract Painting 1950, France-America show.

That show, unfortunately, lacked a work by Dubuffet, a painter whom Weldon admired as much as any of the Americans he championed. He liked the black humor of Dubuffet's early painting, and his formal clarity. But the show did include all the so-called "Ir-rasibles" whose manifesto against the Metropolitan Museum had been signed in the spring of that year, and it also contained sculpture.

After our move, the forum part of our 1949 endeavor became institutionalized into the summer season of the Art Association, until such forums finally petered out in the 1960's. However, there is an interesting sidelight to its survival: A decade ago I was discussing a project with Hudson Walker who said, "The Fine Arts Work Center (in Provincetown) should be like that Forum you and Weldon started in 1949," and with that he went to a bookshelf and returned with a copy of Weldon's *Collected Poems* to illustrate his point.

But while Weldon participated in one of the forums at the Art Association with Gottlieb, Hofmann, and myself, in the summer of 1950, they were not under his direction and lacked the verve of *Forum '49*, the panche and range of humor.

One reason that Weldon liked painting is that he felt it to be open and less controlled by editors/reviewers. At that moment at the end of the 1940's, he felt that the visual arts were still controlled by the artists, that the artists were in control of their own fates. This was a rare and transient moment, not to endure.

We had so many jokes and laughs, those faraway summers, that some of them are still silly—e.g., Dwight McDonald had climbed to the end of so many political limbs that we figured his last refuge would be "Christian Atheism." As the night of his talk on Russian Bureaucracy for *Forum '49* was in the beginning of the Cold War, and many Communist Party followers still summered in Pro-

vincetown, when a particularly serious group entered, Weldon said, "Let's hope we have a few Christian Atheists here tonight." It was, verbally, a rough evening."

Weldon believed in a conspiracy of the mediocre and in the absolute of Dark and Light. He called himself a Manichean, seeing the world in terms of absolutes, good and evil, black and white. He did not particularly see any chance of redemption or basic change. He also believed very strongly that the "burden" of art is carried by an elite, an idea that distressed a member of our sponsoring group. And with characteristic wit he said, "Well, if Mr. R. feels himself a member of the Kultur lumpenproletariat that is a problem for his analyst, not for me." That wit masked a deep pessimism that his late poetry reveals, but at this point his painting, sculptural and clear, was seen in terms of contrasting light and dark, a shape against a contrasting neutral field. In the spring of 1950, he participated in the *Black or White* show at the Kootz Gallery. Robert Motherwell wrote the forward for that show, and it defines as well as anything Weldon's place in the art world of 1950. The other artists were Hofmann, Baziotes, Tobey, Braque, Dubuffet, Miro, Bultman, Tomlin, Mondrian, and Picasso.

I do not know why, but the cultural history of this country seems to divide itself into convenient decades. I do know that 1950 marked radical changes and adjustments in the lives and in the art of Weldon and myself. In the fall of 1950, after a full summer of work and fun, the Keeses left for the West Coast. I had been granted an Italian Government scholarship and went at the same time to Rome, then to Florence, to cast my first sculpture. We kept in touch, but from then on our relationship was via the U.S. mails. Only one of these letters has turned up so far. I did not save letters in those unsettled days, but stuck them into books, or passed them on

to other friends of Weldon in Provincetown. Finally, in the spring of 1952, I went to New York where I saw Weldon's show of collages at Lou Pollock's Peridot Gallery, which by then he had moved to Madison Ave.

In that single letter that I have found, there are pertinent paragraphs on many of the questions that troubled us and amused us both. About collage, Weldon wrote me: "After a long stretch on the collage pile, I now have 18 of them with Lou for a show in March—opens March 24th, I think I remembered correctly. I am glad about this work, and the protracted application opened up a lot of new vistas and taught me something. Collage, since Schwitters, has turned into an occasional occupation, when it actually needs to be given the same severe and drawn-out devotion one would give to oils, a novel, a long poem, or a symphonic work. I mean: it isn't like doing watercolors. Well, anyhow, I hope you have a chance to see the show and give me yr. frank reactions." My reaction to the show was very positive—there had been a change in Weldon's work. Less sculptural and more brilliant in color, the work was more related to the pictorial surface, i.e., horizontal-vertical use of space. It pointed to an integration in his visual metaphor to jazz and popular images than had his earlier, more menaced, sculptural forms, and the use of pieces of posters, among other things, gave it a sense of spontaneity that his earlier work had neglected. Also of interest is that at this moment, Anne Ryan was picking up that work of Schwitters, and she was equally conscious of the validity of collage as "the medium of the 20th century," its most expressive and pure and "painterly" invention. But whereas Anne Ryan kept to the format and scale of Schwitters, Weldon, also using some "found" pieces, enlarged the format and heightened the intensity of color. My memory of that show tells me that it was mainly its brilliant color that dominated and

gave it a real upward and expansive feeling.

There is a coda in the letter concerning this positive exhibition of Weldon's collages. He was experiencing the problems of a change of place. This is a big problem for the artists who work out of their personal and immediate environment. He writes, "With the collages out of the way, I am writing poems again, the first I've been able to finish since coming here. You're right about the blood change in a new spot: it takes a long time—and this one, for me, was the longest ever."

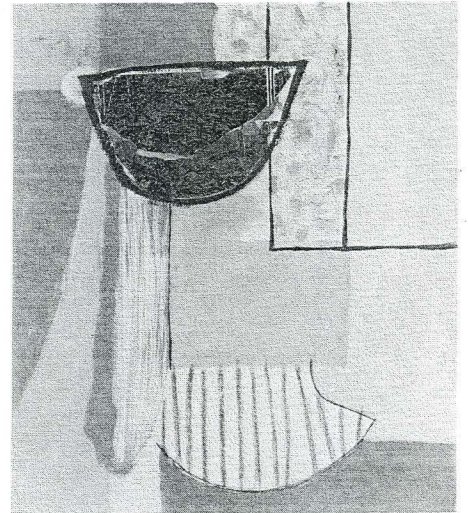
This seems to mean that from the time of his departure to the West Coast, in late 1950, until early 1952, Weldon's activities were centered in the visual arts and in music. His diversions were numerous; there were new friends and new activities. He viewed his departure from New York as fleeing a stricken city—a city that he characterizes as "a dark and dreadful place." He says, "By the winter of 1949-50 I would have settled for Atchison or Lone Pine, Ark., it had gotten that unappetizing." Weldon wanted the New World, the New Day that the mid and late 20th century cannot offer us. Totally American in his orientation, he could find no antidote, in his interior history or nature, to America the hustler, the wheeler-dealer. Yet his work needed these tensions and commitments. This duality between his own dedication and his disgust for a world "gone rotten" was both his goal and the seed of his end.

What this was, we will never know, but I remember a morning in the summer of 1955 at the H.C.E. Gallery when word came to Provincetown (was it via Adolph Gottlieb?) of the car on the bridge. I remember feeling a sinking sensation then as I did on another summer morning in 1948, when Weldon and I were in the garden of the Hofmann house in Provincetown and someone told us of Gorky's suicide. And I thought then, as I think now—another hole in the world.

I had missed Weldon's astringent personality since his departure in 1950 and often spoke of him to the Hofmanns, who were twice exiled and had left friends and surroundings behind. They were totally worldly, in the real sense of the word; and as Miz would say, "This is the way the world is."

Fritz Bultman, a painter and sculptor, was a founding member of Long Point Gallery.

Editor's Note: During the summer of 1979, Fritz Bultman and B.H. Friedman, among others, were invited to participate in a symposium on Weldon Kees, scheduled for the end of that year at the University of Nebraska (Kees's university, class of 1935, in his home state). The project was abandoned because of inadequate funding. These essays are, in a sense, rough drafts, because neither author had yet been told what would be hanging in the university's Sheldon Memorial Art Gallery, and because, since 1979, additional letters, stories, etc., of Kees's have been published. Nevertheless, these essays are valuable as they stand. Provincetown Arts intends to publish the Friedman essay next summer.



WELDON KEES, UNTITLED