



"Why not be happy?" That is, why not abandon the plane of exasperation and restlessness, and be content with the approximations and self-deceptions of the majority?

As for poetry :: how the devil can anyone like it . . . given, I mean, the sort of thing usually purveyed under that label?

Poetry has never been "the instrument" of my "radicalism"

in the poetic tradition
conventional beauty

**What is
your
writing
for?**

*(What is it
against?)*

it has never greatly interested me to be taken for a poet... And yet I too have been taken for a poet. Who did not know what a poet was? I was thinking little enough of poetry at the time

But this is not the point either. If there are various ideas of what "poetry" means I'm not intellectual enough to enjoy it

in the poetic tradition
"near always disagreeable"