

FOX, Hugh - "Snippings from Unpublished Novels", Center II,
Edited by Carol Berge, PO Box 7494, Albuquerque, NM 87194,
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You never know what are you going to find in Hugh Fox's writings. His novels are like a magician's hat. When you expect a rabbit to jump out of the hat, out flies a white dove; and then, when you expect a white dove to fly out, what comes out unexpectedly is a snake.

In "Snippings from Unpublished Novels" he shows himself a kind of monster with two faces. In one of them you see the author in a brilliant moment of sanity, writing about things and facts one can understand: realistic (with touches of pornography), intelligent, comfortably clear out, and deeply sane. But then, suddenly you come across the other face: incomprehensible, violent, surrealistic.

The first created the splendid ending of "The Taffy Hills", "Old Country" (excellent), "Sketches towards Definition of Fatalism". The second opened the doors of the undergrounds, and you see all those beasts coming straight out of the author's subconscious-world. That's the anti-world of "Gnosis Knows best". The anti world where "heaven is hell and hell is heaven". Well, it's the world upside down. The first face talks to the reader. The second talks to itself - talks while the superego sleeps. That's it. A nightmare full of wild women and wild men. Chaskanawi (an indian woman), for instance, kills Thais (her husband's white girlfriend), cruelly "cutting off the top of her breasts like somebody cutting peaches in halves". And then the husband "has to kill somebody non-white to preserve racial equality of the anti-world. Here you have the most violent and morbid scenes you can imagine. The man shoots someone, and with a knife starts cutting the victim to pieces. Three figures discover him and "the same law of racial equality under which he'd been operating now operative against him.

And there follows one of the most gory, terrifyingly real,

murder descriptions, this side of the Inquisition. Read it yourself! It's a crazy bad dream. It's so different from what you find in Fox's Honey-moon/Mom and Old Country.

I wonder which is author Fox's real face, which is best, which of them is going to survive. I really wish the fine artist of "The Road to Daniela" to prevail. There you find what seems to be the real face of sly, droopy headed Fox-critical and conscious. The author at his best.

LEONIDA C. KRETZER



i become
the AMAZONAS soap,
bright green wrapper
(the soap's black)
with this blooming giant
Tarzan lilypad,
frog - cricket - air
one lung,
breathing single
intense
breaths.

Connie Toy

