

THE BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL

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TO MY FATHER

From adolescent years
 To three-score
Your days were dreary hours,
 A bleak store
Of labor, heavy-hot,
 A time-clock,
At night the weary sleep,
 The dark lock
Upon the questing eyes
 And restless
Encumbered spirit lost
 And listless.
Responsibility
 Your shackle,
Yet uncomplainingly
 You tackled
The tribal tedium
 When lastly
Adventure came across
 The vastly
Unquiet darkened depths
 And beckoned,
And this you knew was death,
 And wakened.

Bertha Emond

2

THE ALCHEMY OF THRIFT

Raking leaves,
You gather turquoise, opal, onyx, pearl
From brass and bronze, the feathers sifted down.
You gather hickory and walnut gems,
The blond young elegance of new cocoons;
The hay of lawn-top and the crumpled clover,
The squirrels' boodle and the crickets' need
Ransacked to fairest feather, sweetest seed.

Removing screens,
You lastly hoard these fragile ghosts who cling,
Transparent form and each antenna whole
Wherefrom long since departed the most frail,
Most vibrant green existences, the two
Who, fast upon the wires one afternoon,
Eluded their own skeletons, thereby
Recovering each essential dragonfly.

Leaving home,
Take flares in railroad yards, chopped silhouette
Of faces in the trainshed, skate of light
On nearest tracks, the cheek's anemic swatch
In glare of alley corners, factory stands,
The names as names on tombstones, and collect
The soot on nailheads cooler than the walls.
In sleep the penciled mouth to child-shape falls.

Sleeping now,
You grope for jewels studded on cocoons.
Walnut sconces sputter feathers candle-coned.
Squirrels hunt up smokestacks, nailheads leap
To cricket scrambles, all the sheds blow down
To fur and grass-top, train-spiced alleys choke

To landscape's total tumulus of leaves.
 In sleep, the purse slips loose from arm-locked sleeves.

Waking now,
 Beyond the grid and screen of yesterday,
 Disheveled, robbed, bewildered at the fort
 Of leaf piled high on leaf, a brass congealed
 And bronze impacted to a weathering
 Metallic desolation, still you climb
 Transmuted autumn, bearing your last prize
 Where, finger light to finger, still you cling
 Upon the skeletons of dragonflies.

Jeremy Ingalls

EMIGRATION

for Esper and Niina Kodra

We do not know what it is
 To be an Estonian:
 Of snow, of birch trees, of an island made,
 By sea and language always overwhelmed;
 And still eruptive, humorous and sad,
 Conserving in the sound plain face a sun
 Birch-glinting over sea-dipped fields; and hid
 In bundles for long travel, here a pride
 And there an icon for the name of God.

We do not know what it is
 To be an American:
 Of granite and sequoia gathering
 In rib and ring all language and all seas;
 And still to alter, hearing in the laughter
 The shape of faces from old muscle made
 To new-old orders by the whispering
 Of images in all the names for God.

4

We do not know what it is
When from the islands all are gathered in
By snow and tree, by field and sun,
Doused by seas to speak a common tongue,
But still eruptive, humorous and sad,
Conserving in the sound plain face a sign,
The shape of earth with all its quanta hid
In bundles for long travel, here a pride
And still an icon for the name of God.

Jeremy Ingalls

SEASONAL SONG

Apple bud O apple bough
Stone is kiss and once is now;
Pleasures of the rowdy sun
Pour where lovers lie undone.

Apple bud O apple leaf
Earth is cloud and long is brief;
Sentenced words serve out the page
And feed the jailor in his cage.

Apple bud O apple tree
Mind is reef and blood is sea;
Beyond the self-inflicted shore
The elemental petrels soar.

Rolf Fjelde

THE ADVENTURE

Adam, woozy as a one-winged bat, chooses to prove his manhood's not a passive passion and gets up, through an upstairs window, on the peak of the sloping roof and starts out.

We darent yell for fear we will scare him or wake the modest others fast asleep, but those of us nearest the sill reach long for his playful ankles but, afraid too to trip him and cause his being upset, are fragile in our attempts and just pray in waiting whispers and keep a flashlight on his flailing along the tilting roof.

About half way across his mind grows eyes and he sees down intersections of gables, waved at by the nightpitched pines, a goodbye he almost recognizes, and he stops.

Where am I going? he asks. **What's the rush?** **What am I doing here?** And in a haze the moon imposes on: silver, he hears voices more familiar than his own, asking him to come back, **come back**. And he thinks dreams are like this; but unkind. More at ease, gladdening in heroics, he tiptoes tall to the gagged faces and laughs like a god.

Cid Corman

6

THIS GUY'S GOD'S GIFT

This guy lived bound by kinds of principle,
This kid, this grace of God;
Belief preached his conscious quirk never to trod
On an ant, and always to read the Gospel.

Well, well, laughed his neighbors, well,
Well, the kid's got principle,
The pharisees laughed: we'll
Break that colt. Chuckles, jeers, rants.
All of them rushed out and crushed ants.

Therefor skies rained and rained for days and days
On the lugubrious city,
And thousands of people died in thousands of ways:
It was, you might say, a great pity.

So the killers in a sucking swirl
Foundered into the slightest whirl-
Pool of an anthill and died
Reaching out hands to him they cried
Against and laughed at, riding the back of an ant
Ark into a refuge of a scant
Mountain from whence he watched the doubters die, the
floods subside.

John Fandel

HERE'S TO THE HERO

Consider the un-hero man,
 Heckled by desires, checked by morals;
 Brain, not brawn, his beauty, wan
 His heart, ideal-eyed; murals

Will not celebrate his deeds
 Nor stiffest tapestry proclaim him God
 In richest pageantry of myth that breeds
 Reverence, ancestral-prayer, the odd

Magnificence of Tales woven in
 Word or aureate thread: either art
 Creates the reputation he would win
 But will not. Odysseus has fulfilled a part

Noble enough, accounting his belief
 In custom not a burdened one;

Aeneas also profits: **bas-relief**
 Of time, as light as lilies, gold as sun,

Adorns both histories with lineage
 Of laurels for their brows
 Imaginary, crownable, the rage
 Of hero-worshippers, the scholars' rows.

Un-hero wanders caught in a similar blood
 To less advantage; all his peacocks cry
 In Sunday zoos, "Help," in the iron wood,
 Causing the wonder of a city guy

Who sees blood's shadow better than his own
 Portrayed in myths of self, one of a crowd.
 His epic is a vague deed vaguely done.
 His heraldy smolders in his rented shroud.

John Fandel

8

LOVE POEM

I am in the moon's backyard
mining jewels of light
from death's estate

each jewel is a year

a stained glass
window

in the cathedral of my love

Vincent Ferrini

RIDER

In khaki and in boots, he cannot name
the company of those elect and strange
who were both horse and rider; in their brain

sorrow like gods' grief for not being men,
and in their hoofs the wisdom of green things
and love of boys and women in their loins.

Yet he is heir to echoes channeled down
heartbeats, or memory rivers in the air:
he sits his horse as if they both were born

of one travail, and never a word between
their twosomeness, since they are one horse-soldier,
galloping gently west where their day leans.

Ingeborg Kayko

THE DRUNKARD

(This poem, recently recovered, was sent by me to my mother in the fall of 1923 accompanied by a letter in part as follows:

Dearest Mother: Here is a poem which I hope you will like better than some of my incomprehensible latter work. I think you will like this one. It seems the sort of thing that I am going to do. Art is a curious command. We must do what we are bidden to do and can go only so far as the light permits. I am always earnest, as you, if anyone, must know, but no doubt I puzzle even you—as I do myself. Plenty of love, from your son. Willie.)

You drunken
tottering
bum

by Christ
in spite of all
your filth

and sordidness
I envy
you

It is the very face
of love
itself

abandoned
in that powerless
committal

to despair

William Carlos Williams

10

A CHROMATIC SIMPLIFICATION

Her reclining nude body drooped in languor
the white shoulders slightly hunched
the golden head lost in shadow
the brilliant buttocks lost in shadow

And a full moon bursting like a bubble
from her farther breast
bathing her navel in silver
flowing silver toward pubic flame

And would I have had her
but the bird perched on her peaked knees
the beaked bird with the drooped wings
the feathers sheathing her velvety thighs but
the beaked drake possessed of
possessing her thighs
the flame bedded in the violent shade.

Judson Crews

THE CONSECRATION

Forget hunger for an hour.
 Aided by cloth of gold
 A bishop is being made.
 The oil burns him hot and cold.
 He is sandaled like the poor.

Oil seeps from brow and palms
 Into the aisles; goes over
 The street, the curious crowd.
 As ovals, shines on the river.
 Reaches the seacoast as alms.

He brings wine and bread
 No one could sip or bite:
 (A cask in gold, a loaf.)
 Under a ruined roof
 The oil would be used in bread.

He prays: "Feed the world's hunger—
 If milk and meat will do it."
 Tell the new bishop they fail
 In a famine of the spirit
 After a hurricane of anger.

Destroyed boys and 'rabbled' stones
 Are monks in his procession.
 They expect no miracle.
 Not even a sung **Contrition**
 For the famine making them bones.

12

BALLAD OF SUNDAY DINNER

The town is paved with fear
And roofed with aimless hate.
(Here all my cousins live
And dine with me on Sunday.)

The river is for birds,
The floor of the river
For dance of the shadows
Of water-loving willows.

But the town steams with false news
And wears a gold-toothed grin.
(Around the Sunday meat
My cousins curse the poor.)

When my sleek cousins drowse
In a crude and hasty grave,
Every day will be Sunday
For the red-winged whistling blackbirds.

Eve Triem

GREEN BOOTH OR GOLDEN . . .

Green booth or golden, where we sing . . .
 It is a silent snow-house now,
 No longer home to the fluteplayer
 Whose flute is charmed by icy sleep.

Let words for elms, their yellow and green,
 Stripes of a kindergarten tiger,
 Be bonfires in the house of snow
 To warm our blood and wake the flute.

And where we sing the song-held leaves,
 Dead underfoot and under snow,
 Will shed their death to be the belled
 Green booth, or golden, the fluteplayer's home.

It is a silent snow-house . . .
 Bewitched by love to smell like spring.

DUBUQUE, IOWA—II

This town, once married to the river,
 Long after love and life
 With the river is over,
 Stares blindly from look-out and widow-walk.

Elm-fingered shade, streets that tilt,
 Tyrol-roofs in tangent,
 This port on the river remembers
 Spring flood in the bricked alleys,
 Sails, where the plow goes,
 A marriage of people with water.

The shot-tower leans, a lighthouse over the marshes. . .
 Like that city in hundred-year sleep under water,
 The town remembers a savage love,
 A fury building hill-mansions
 For new dynasties.

Somnambulist people: left like archaic sea-flowers
 By a time-tide mad for grand events
 To sway in the cracked, weedy streets.
 They look at the unchained river,
 Uneasily remembering joy, the violent marriage
 Of their fathers with those waters.
 And drowned, and fearing they are drowned,
 They return to their celibate swoon.

LIKE THE HASTENING WATERS

Like the hastening waters
 From the reservoirs of mountains whence they issue;
 With the root strength of this tree outbranching in a
 search awareness;
 In the timid emerald sigh of springtime and the rose
 halloa of summer;
 Like the hueful autumn, bawd of seasons, thief of passions;
 Like the poppy drugged and aster asterisked in heaven;
 As wrapped prediction, warm in winter;
 Through the dawning, morning, nooning, evening,
 And night, the master thaumaturgist (God's a boy with
 face befreckled):
 By a calendar of seasoned magic, love me
 Not as yourself, not as myself,
 We both grown strangely foreign to the haunt of ele-
 mentals—
 Not in touch and not in keeping—
 For illy do we love ourselves, so evilly and illy.
 But love me as you worship what I am not, what you will
 us,
 Beyond the deicides we are; like nothing common love
 me.
 Haste, sea-summoned, hasten!
 Like the hurrying water,
 Which, past moment streaming as if it never could reach
 haven,
 Pools in re-pooling Moment.

16

Before, oh soon before

We droop past season's daring, past **carpe diem** of
re-creation,

Lest God too change, by seeing change, and eternalize
in fashion;

Lest heat burn out and worlds weep winter (blood cold-
stilled and the hearth unflammable),

Wear dread, drink drought, eat apples ashen-centered—

Lest you autumnally die; I winterly wither;

With the You of you, the Me of me, but love

Oh confluently full!

William W. Chance

A PRAYER TO THE HOLY SPIRIT

Grant to man's eyes the sacrament of holding
in tranquil gaze wind-riding cloud and leaf;
pale Indian-pipes, and moss, new ferns unfolding;
and spray hurled whitely up a granite reef.

Grant to his ears sounds hidden in the grasses;
first voiceless singing through the trees of rain;
brown needles' fall; and where a light breeze passes,
wild flower stems that whisper and blow still again.

Portia Martin

NOCTURNE AND PRELUDE

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 under the serene terribly noiseless heavens
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souless SHADOWY streets

////// //
shadowy STREETS

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word

(Sleep).

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with Nobility

WINE OF LILAC

This is spring-waning now: lilac, oh, lilac. Full
 Of the skeletal whiteness is every bloom.
 Let the brusks hand, flesh over bone, scattering doom,
 Shake the bush as though to disclose behind each flower-
 head a tiny skull.

Or wait for rain and reach the corner of the garden with
 surprise
 That faint purple of memory has not deepened to wine.
 You can be brusks, strike rage over mind, or come calmly,
 resign
 All that you are to the rain-swept bush and the white
 corpse eyes.

Then lean your face into the other faces of your death
 And taste the fading lilac on the solitary tongue.
 That's flesh, too. That's flower of flesh. There, too, among
 The blossoms the empathy of taste and scent instruct your
 avid breath.

Then step back in the purple light, remembering softness,
 seeing flowers dead,
 Remember it was you who sought the skull in every petal-
 cup,
 The flesh not free of bone that drank the lilac up,
 And hold in your hands, like chalice to the dark, the
 rain-drenched, wind-encircled head.

Charles Edward Eaton

SOLACE FOR THE LIVING
(Eternity for Claire)

Claire

would have been eighty-nine in April,
 the sexton's wife observes,
 reading the memorial leaflet in a whisper
 behind the Book of Common Prayer.

Death was a blessing,
 we hasten to agree;
 and the organist slides to Schubert
 in a lower key.

The men from Crippen's,
 (affiliated with Forest Lawn)
 their handkerchiefs like picket fences in a line,
 recognize the Rector's sign,
 and push the casket down the aisle
 behind the pall-bearers, two by two.
 One Crippen man forgets to genuflect.
 After all,
 yesterday it was a Baptist in Malibu.

The eulogy is in good taste,
 and brief;
 with emphasis upon "returning home",
 and Claire (the beautiful and wise!)
 likened to an autumn leaf.

So with Mozart's Allelujah,
 and the fourteenth chapter of John;
 with wreaths (in season) tied with satin bows,
 we wind our separate crosses with garlands of green,
 and hide the hideous angel's face
 with gossamer and rose.

Jean Burden

EUTERPE'S VISIT

A tear fell; uprose the woman
 In its place, who struck a gong
 With clenched fist and the rhythm
 So bent the room it sang
 In myself. We heard her sing,
 Not sweet but hollow and coarse,
 And thought: voice is nothing
 To that look of shimmering gauze!

And approached. The room and I
 Saw red hair and faded face
 Turn and waltz in dress so white
 And pure it left a trace
 On the air. She played for us
 On the gong, music and verse,
 And suddenly pulled up her dress.
 We died; that belly was so creased!

Neil Weiss

24

TO MY DAUGHTER

Seventy-seven betrayers will stand by the road,
And those who love you will be few but stronger.

Seventy-seven betrayers, skilful and various,
But do not fear them: they are unimportant.

You must learn soon, soon, that despite Judas
The great betrayals are impersonal

(Though many would be Judas, having the will
And the capacity, but few the courage).

You must learn soon, soon, that even love
Can be no shield against the abstract demons:

Time, cold and fire, and the law of pain,
The law of things falling, and the law of forgetting.

The messengers, of faces and names known
Or of forms familiar, are innocent.

Hyam Plutzik

ELEGY FOR FRIDAY

Here on the hill
the deed was done
to the world's ransom,
Mary's son;
The sky shuttled
the dark cloud
through the dim day
for His black shroud.
The crowd gaped
and the folk stirred
and strained as He cried
the last word.

The wounds writhed;
the red blood fell;
and Satan fled
to his red Hell.

There on the cross
the Savior died:
man-shaped, cruciform,
crucified.

We nailed Our Lord
to the bitter tree
and death became
nativity!

But art thou sure,
O wisdom's child,
That if He should return,
The Meek, the Mild,
Thou shouldst not make Him Sisera
to thy Jael . . .
And lift the hammer . . .
And drive the nail?

Wallace A. Bacon

BOOK REVIEWS

Imagism, A Chapter for the History of Modern Poetry.

By Stanley T. Coffman, Jr. Norman, Oklahoma: The University of Oklahoma Press. 235 pp. \$3.00

The imagists, as we can see again from Coffman's study of them, produced more theory and manifesto than memorable poetry. Those who hold that the poet should write poetry and leave theorizing to the critic can point to the imagists as examples of talents misapplied. Others need only observe that their theories were too narrow to make for poetry of stature. What is surprising now is that the theory and practice of imagism should ever have made so big a splash.

The ripples from this pebble have so long since merged with larger waves that the proper, charitable, approach to imagism is historical, and Coffman has produced a definitive history. His initial tracing of the movement is lively and thorough, and adds many details from unpublished correspondence.

But the bulk of the work treats the various things which imagism meant to major and minor figures involved, and relates imagism to Symbolism, Vorticism, and the *vers libre* movement. We see imagism as at times the result of a metaphysic, at times a rhetoric, at times mostly a support for free verse. We see the whole movement, though not as sharply as might be, because of the detail, as a reaction to a world turning its back on all poetry and to a poetry whose main effects were lush. To see imagism as one manifestation of a widespread reaction allows one to understand its extreme limitations, and its central core of attention to hard, precise statement.

Coffman reaches the inevitable conclusions in his study: imagism was too limited to produce great results directly, but in its emphases, particularly upon concretion of detail, it has been an influence upon the major streams of modern poetry.

David M. Stocking

Xaipe. Seventy-one poems by E. E. Cummings. New York: Oxford University Press. 71 pp. \$2.50

Cummings is well established in poetry: he is influential, witty, a careful craftsman, and essentially a lyricist. In the past, his work with visual patterns to supplement sense and sound placed him with the most important of the experimental writers. Unfortunately, this new collection reveals that he is still writing from the past. The tone and temper of these poems have an all too familiar ring. There is all the old suaveness, the same expert word juggling. The themes are Cummings' standbys. One wishes that he would move on to something new. Long ago we acknowledged his skill with his chosen tools. If he is a true artist we must now say that he fails in part if he does not move on to new problems. He is increasingly less valid if he keeps on presenting variations of the old ones—no matter how well done.

R. H. G.

The Dream of Alcestis. By Theodore Morrison. Viking Press. 119 pp. \$3.00

Mr. Morrison's third long narrative poem puts his constant theme in its most entertaining form yet. He has reworked the Alcestis myth so that we have several very amusing scenes and one or two touching ones. Hercules becomes the modern, brutally strong, good natured vulgarian, with Admetus the fiery intellectual his foil, mostly ridiculous when most deeply inspired; and Alcestis truly inspiring for her simple feminine intuitiveness. The

locale still is Ancient Greece. With so much to welcome in this narrative, one can only wish that there had been more lift in the verse itself, the iambic pentameter disregarded when necessary. A heaviness hangs over the whole from the necessities of filling out the line.

D. I.

Bow Down In Jericho. By Byron Herbert Reece. E: P. Dutton and Company, Inc. 160 pp. \$2.75

This second volume by Mr. Reece reveals no change in subject or style. Like the first, **The Ballad of the Bones**, there is about an equal division in space between the ballad and the lyric, with about that proportion between the biblical and the personal or local theme. A native of Georgia, from those hinterlands where the English ballad and lyric flourish, Mr. Reece has found his forms ready made for him, a happy situation. This second volume, however, does not contain any one piece that can equal the intensely beautiful "Ballad of the Bones" itself. They are too much studded with literary clichés, as are the lyrics—the result of a tradition removed from the present.

D. I.

The Collected Poems of Isaac Rosenberg. Edited by Gordon Bottomley and Denys Harding. New York: Schocken Books. 240 pp. \$3.50

On April 1, 1917, at 27, Isaac Rosenberg died an obscure death in a World War I trench. During his life he had published only two short pamphlets of verse and the play "Moses," but they were enough to establish his reputation. In 1922 the Bottomley edition of his work made public for the first time, among other things, the fine Trench Poems. The edition was incomplete. Now Harding, consulting with Bottomley, has prepared a definitive collection. This is an important poetic service.

Up to now, Rosenberg has been an anthology poet. One found snippets but that was all. They were impressive but inconclusive. Gathered together the poems now reveal an immense and tragic talent. The impact of the Trench Poems is horrific. The characterizations in "Moses" are compelling and original, the lyrics gentle and alive. There is one piece written when Rosenberg was only 15. From it one can trace, year by year, his fine development. From "The Unicorn," probably his last completed work, one can speculate about his potentialities. They were immense. But his accomplishments, as the collection shows, were in themselves substantial and stand as overwhelming evidence of the senseless tragedy of his death.

R. H. G.

Paris Poems. By Harry Roskolenko. Paris: Editions Euros. 18 pp. Limited Edition, \$10.00

Roskolenko lived in Paris for about a year, and after reading this collection of poems, we can only speculate about what his year brought him other than the title for a book. The poems certainly give no answer. Not that poems written in Paris and called **Paris Poems** must be about Paris, but it is reasonable to presume that they be about something.

Roskolenko presents eighteen poems (and also six lithographs by Zao Wou-ki) based mostly on an experience of thighs, anger, and dim mornings. Whether they are always the same thighs, anger, and equivalent mornings we are not told. It would seem, however, that a year in Paris or anywhere should result in a little more. One has the distinct feeling that Roskolenko has a long way to go before he is able to project his experiences, poetic or otherwise, into comprehensible or satisfying poetry.

James R. Thompson

Complete Poems. By Carl Sandburg. New York: Harcourt, Brace and Company. 676 pp. \$6.00

These are the poems of a man who flexed his muscles too hard and in general overdid the business of being a shirt-sleeved he-man poet. There is something self-conscious about Sandburg's literary athleticism: he must prove to you and to himself that he is one of the people, yes.

The irony is that the people, thus celebrated, have refused to acclaim their poet laureate. The common man is incurably bourgeois. He likes tonal music, representational art, and pretty poetry with rhyme and easy rhythms. Tin Pan Alley provides the poets laureate of the shirt-sleeved common man.

But what of the intellectuals? Few of them have followed Mr. Sandburg's lead. His sprawling word-photography of the every-day Midwestern scene has left little mark on the contemporary poetic scene. Not Whitman and Sandburg, but Eliot and Pound are the narrow channels through which the stream of modern poetry flows.

Mr. Sandburg is at his flattest and worst when he attempts to reproduce ugliness with ugliness, confusion with confusion, banality with banality. He records too faithfully; rarely does he take the elements of observed reality and re-create them into patterns of meaning.

But the Sandburg I mourn is the one who was never really given a chance: the lyricist, the poet of subtle and delicate moods:

The monotone of the rain is beautiful,
And the sudden rise and slow relapse
Of the long multitudinous rain.

That Sandburg, shy and wistful, is hidden within the burly muscle-flexer. He could still win an enduring place in the quiet land of music and magic, if the other Sandburgs would give him a chance to speak more often.

C. W.

Auroras of Autumn. By Wallace Stevens. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. 139 pp. \$3.50

The title **Auroras of Autumn** is a fitting choice for Stevens' latest book of poems since they bring us the fullness and mellowness of a poet who has been publishing poetry for well over thirty years. Stevens' maturity and poetic wisdom flower in the pages giving us the benefit of a long and observant life. Here are the impressions and gentle homiletics of a man absorbed in his own life and feelings. In his dispassionate manner the world is observed and intellectually recorded giving the poems the cool austerity of a man looking on at things.

The largest work, "An Ordinary Evening in New Haven," begins with a Proustian examination of a city, but too quickly degenerates into rather lame philosophy and superficial metaphysics. What might have been a deeply penetrating poetic study of a city becomes instead a vehicle and eventually tedious.

Over all, the poems show the excellent craftsmanship and clarity of Stevens' earlier work, and his followers will surely not be disappointed.

James R. Thompson

Celebration At Dark. By William Jay Smith. Farrar Straus. 48 pp. \$2.50

At least five poems from Mr. Smith's first volume are here republished in the present collection. To it he has added at least another five that are equally good: London, On Parting, The Park In Milan, Italian Song, and On the Islands Which Are Solomon's. All show a high degree of seriousness and wit. Influences from a certain generally accepted manner are in evidence throughout, however; and in those poems that do not lift themselves above it by their strength the manner offers hindrance to the enjoyment. But it is not too much to say on the score of his best that Mr. Smith should soon work his way through to an even deeper originality.

D. I.