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WHERE ARE THEY NOW

where are they now,
 who swore that they loved us?
 where is the want and the care?
 (O where?)

roses will say that they love us, dear.
 roses will say that they care.
 but when the cold and the winter comes
 are they still there, still there?

gone as the ones
 who swore that they loved us
 gone with the want and the care
 (O where?)
 their's is but single-season loving
 gone since the winter's come
 (O where?)

flown with the geese
 through skies blue-fair
 finding some fields new-green
 now that the winter's here, my dear.

where are they, now?
 the want and the care?
 where are they, now?
 (O where?)

Hunter Normand, Jr.

2

SMALL SPEECH TO A LORIS

So you are the monkey's miniature,
All innocence and eyes,
Carved by a squinting God
With a sense of size.

Eyes button-big with innocence,
Skin veined with lace,
You survive our outsize stares
Simply with a loris-face.

Your **cogito** and **ergo sum**
Persists, arouses curiosity
That such a hardly-here-at-all
Has a physiognomy.

Tailless monkeys both, loris,
You and monstrous I
Spin a web of essences
Before the tiger's eye.

Microcos and Macrocos,
A teardrop or the sea,
The poet and the loris mark
The tiger's inefficiency.

DUCE

DUCE! DUCE! DUCE!

Spit on it.

On the bloody carcass in the sun,
rotting

in the southern sun.

Revile it.

Drag it to the square.

(the balcony is there)

Laugh . . . laugh . . . **laugh!**

DUCE! DUCE! DUCE!

Curse it.

Hanging by its heels.

Swinging like a crushed plum
from the feet that marched on Rome.

Burn it.

For Matteoti . . . (do you hear Matteoti?)

(is it late Matteoti?)

"But signor, one must eat."

Curse . . . curse . . . **curse!**

DUCE! DUCE! DUCE!

Jeer it.

Viva liberty . . . **viva** democracy!

Mutilate it,

as you did the black men

when it told you of your glory.

"What could a man do signor?"

Mutilate it . . . **now!**

4

DUCE! DUCE! DUCE!

You shrink . . . you cower . . .
that is only the wind
blowing it gently like a weeping willow.

Dance,
dance in this sunny square
as long you danced at its call.

DUCE! DUCE! DUCE!

Sing.

You are free . . . free
to rule
to obey.

Sing . . . sing in the streets . . . but wait!

STOP!

There . . . there on the balcony,
the Partisan leader is speaking.

viva

Hanging by his heels

"Comrades, the butcher is dead."

Viva . . . viva

(what a fine leader he is)

"tyranny and . . . failure"

(how strong he looks)

Viva . . . viva Partisan . . .viva leader

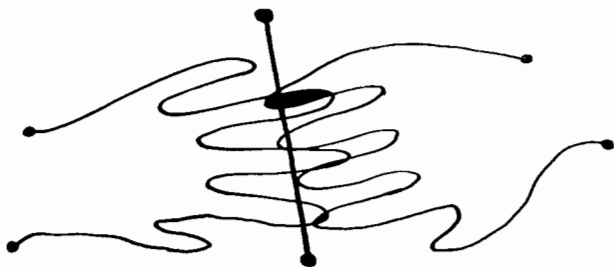
VIVA

VIVA

VIVA

DUCE! DUCE! DUCE!

Dennis J. Lynds



PARTING AND LOVE

Parting and love are two of a kind:
 Their blue limbs played on typewriter key
 Ring banally as barrel organ melody
 Or as tinkling enigmas that dare not sound
 The heart's tolling accuracy.

Though custom fills the parted flesh's gap—
 Friend, child, task, or creative brain,
 These the recipients: the homesick props,
 Time then becomes passive as grain
 Seen from a window of a skimming train:

And our angel's blaring in us weakens to a drone
 And his soaring in us slackens to a limp
 And his bright burning vision dulls to stone
 Till he languishes to a peevish argument;
 And we rummage for his pain to find ourselves alone.

Though we may cling we merely graze each other;
 We're not entwined preconsciously
 Like vines . . . O darling, Love itself implies
 A rip at birth. So always it must be
 The avenging wedge between our eyes.

Elise Asher

6

POEM FOR A WINTRY NIGHT

Bitterly tonight the white wolf bites
The stone walls of my home my mahogany flower
Whithin which I so beautifully can curl
Myself the while the walled-out cold recalls
White miracles of childhood: on my father's desk
Mute falling snow in crystal ball, and somewhere
Brahms tinkling on a saw-toothed cylinder,
And through those windowed morns a cotton world
That filled me with an ease of bandaged acts.

O cruelsweet whiteness, hallooing flecks of light
Down our widening darkening tunnels,
Breathing into lovers your purest affirmation,
Indulgent legend of mittened elation!
Are not the homeless half such lullaby?
Married to the elements, nameless straying dolls
Whose long-legged spirits skyward strain
And flesh wolfhowls, eyeballs chilled to hailstones
Which we, lulled in our warm corollas,
Hang on memory's tree for Christmas baubles . . .
Twine round our loins for yeabells?

Elise Asher

BALLET

White whirl of girl from behind
fake trees, terror on toes she twirls
soon flung by the muscleman
No breeze blows (her red checks wheel)

over the lilac lake. She flees
in a flash of flutes. He follows,
seems to fly, slim buttocked,
fleet, on slippered satyr's feet.

Harold V. Witt

THE RAMP

It is a night for drowning, clear and cold;
The mud is firm around the marshy bank
And grass is brittle with a touch of frost.
The wind upon the water—no angel here—
Disturbs the surface and the silver shifts
Where moonlight floats a ramp that tilts to heaven.
And at the water's edge the sleeper stands,
Her night-clothes swollen like a ringing bell
Swinging toward her lover where he calls,
The whispers of her wounds that do not heal
Which multiply his voice into a choir.
Then suddenly she leaps, and leaping, wakes
On the dark lake bottom; her bright hands tossed above
Dance on the water briefly, circle, and sink.

Philip Murray

OTHER TIMES, OTHER COUNTRIES

There was always someone there to see
And someone who saw meant someone left to tell—
Although he is untaught, a man can make a mark—
So they chopped off hands and amputated tongues;
Since kings got stabbed in beds, clowns lost their
heads

And plain folk died from drinking out of poisoned
wells

But always inside the telephone was ringing
On the wrong number that sought the nerve exposed;
The prince of schlemiels, envious of the welcome
His uncle received in my lady mother's chamber,
Talked to the nightingale that sang in the garden,
Maddening the maiden hanging out the clothes.
For throughout the palace they shared in suspicion
The bomb of a name ticked out its spell,
And, like an air squadron, their common tradition
Hammered from the sky at king and nephew.
Only that ghost was a real paterfamilias
Who walked through the graveyards of dreams of
rebellion,

When, instead of blasting dad's damned castle to
stones,

The boy settled in fixation on martyr's remains,
Leaving papa's brother—who killed, people say . . .
—As a dog has his bone, so the bone to his day!

Stanley Gottheimer

WE HAVE ALL READ PROUST

(For Robert, Quinton, and Charles)

We have all read Proust.
 The hawthorn and the cup of tea
 have brought us to the thought of youth.
 We have spoken of Truth
 and other words with capitals;
 you have hated me,
 and I you, because we all believed in miracles:
 Godhead was all our quarrel and all our boast.

Our love has been appalling—
 of God, ourselves, and sometimes others.
 We have loved each other by possession
 of common faith and odd confession.

The collected light of reason,
 sharp as a collect, forced us together.
 And now the summer season
 is ending, and the young green leaves are falling.

The Goth of our maturity
 is hammering at our classic youth,
 and the golden age of our most sacred State
 republick'd by virtue is due for Roman fate.
 The footmen and the arms
 of these uncouth
 will soon be here in swarms,
 with Call of Duty and such trumpetry.

Our age of peace
 was well conducted: excellence
 and knowledge were set up on a throne,
 Hellas reborn and Luther overthrown.

10

Never in such majesty
went such a gracious youth, nor with deeper sense
of the sovereign rule of Charity.
It was a nation which should never cease.

We had a plan
to plan the future, fashion years
into orderly array,
with time to die and time to pray.

We meant to grow
slowly, with the sun, our carved careers
adjusting to the shape of what we came to know . . .
Time's barbaric cry is louder; we are undone.

But yet before
our noble State is shattered utterly,
before our avenues and ways are packed
with the enemy and every glittering shrine is sacked,
let us pledge
the death and birth of this our liberty:
the great Commonwealth of reason in the edge
of each man's soul waits for a sovereign to restore.

We have all read Proust.
And Hooker. What valediction
is proper to the burning of a city?
What more could one say than, it's a pity?

We were not meant for fighting men.
Therefore, in graceful surrender, with something of
benediction,

We give unto our stalwart God again
our Augustan age, better ruled than most.

Albert Paris Leary

COOLLY I FELT A CURVE

Coolly I felt a curve:
silent fins slid
their arcs glistening amid
the silver-brimming nerve.

Stairway slipped me down
from sun's soft misted smile
to water's laver, downer,
gilled by water's wiles

o the looseness
of this
liquid sense

Wondering in the sifting
dream, how preserve
this untensioned verve,
through later tenser lifting,
coolly as I feel this curve.

William Hull

12

COSTUME PLAY

Not all of what you doffed
hangs over the chair,
waiting to be jerked to life again.

Shirt and trousers loll
above the empty shoes,
while I with love, uncover
skin, bone, coiled nerve,
peel off your bright will
like foil,
toss anger to the floor.

Afterwards
when innocence is old,
and time beats in the wrist again,
you rise, put on
your skeleton,
your skin,
your cold clothes; reach for your
will,
and button to the chin
your frayed hostility.

Josephine Roberts

THE OLD MAN WITH TARNISHED EYES

On a shabby street, in a silent house,
Sits an old man with tarnished eyes,
Waiting for rain, watching for a note
Nobody, nowhere, ever ever wrote.

Memories rummage his wrinkled head
Like a dry wind ruffles the city dump.
He sees a nude girl standing on a rug,
A sulky race and a lumberjack jug.

He watches the curb; the postmen pass,
Cats prowl out and soot comes down.
Rats run under the dusty floor
But nobody knocks on the crooked door.

The only visitor that ever will come
Waits at a crossroads not very far.
He'll come at midnight, quiet as a mouse,
Down the shabby street to the silent house.

Joseph Payne Brennan

14

WHAT FLESH IS THE WORD

my past bound in the apple
hangs by a spidertrack from a star

minutes & years
weave more
tracks
& bury the apple

forgotten by this day
tomorrow

as months
spring tracks around star
& sky

& apple

in abandoned spaces of galaxies
centuries

will eat
spider webs & stars & apple
& spit
from its teeth

my past

in a seedling

Vincent Ferrini

DOOM IN THAT ROOM THAT IS NOT

& the geese
 days
 gone & still the same
 in that cavern
 Space
 black as the blindman's room
 which
 is the
 UNIVERSE

Vincent Ferrini

RED APRIL

Now is the sour, sullen, savage empathy
 Of staling embers sickening with the dawn
 See how sorrow, all our sleeping enemy
 Steals away death, the straw we lie upon!
 Stealthy our enemy, silent, importunate,
 Strikes once and endlessly, spring on her leash
 Seeking us eagerly, soft in iniquity,
 Seedling and down nesting still in the breast.
 Sleep then, dream then, sorrow is lulling,
 Salvage the embers while death is alone.
 One dram; a sweet drink; Imperator lachrimae;
 Spring, though it drown us, escorts the heart home.

James Blish

ON WATCHING HIGH FLIGHT

I watched the birds instinctively take off
(In traffic nice as pilots or police),
And gabble how the higher-ups would mark
Some resting place: a target fit for geese.

I bore no malice. Unlike fighting men,
Geese but embarrass targets with their trace,
But still, to try my thought, I fired at them,
Wryly and late, when they had gained high place.

My aimless popping scared their patterned pride
(So little reasoned, hardly classical),
And for a lightning second, schismed geese,
Anarchic flock, looked not like geese at all.

They wheeled away, reformed and beautiful,
Secure in ordered dreams of future plunder,
No worse for freedom's having threatened them,
And in high flight, beyond short breaths of thunder.

Don Geiger

WILLOW ROSE

What will summer be to you, rose or willow?
Spring was lilac purple-fading from the start;
Its scent was valediction to suffering in the heart,
And, with April past, that night you lay at rest upon your
pillow.

But before you slept you knew the spring
Had brought you on that late last purple dusk,
When the first green deepened in the dark and air was
musk,
To eve and entrance of another blossoming.

Now you sense the summer when you wake at dawn,
And, appetent of what may yet befall, watch through the
window

The pliant, wind-patient branches of the willow,
The rose that sparks its red renewal on the lawn.

Though willow, like the lilacs' incarnation, green above
their sleep,

Prolongs the comfort of a cherished grief,
The furred seduction of the rose's petal-sheath
Questions whatever past attachment you would keep.

But since it is not you, alone, but time and you that will
impose

The green or red, whatever strength you choose to
borrow,

Be spirited in joy, spontaneous even in sorrow,
The rose or willow soul of power, whatever time disclose.

Charles Edward Eaton

FEBRUARY—MUSIC ON WIND

O wind, whose death-march, distant, muted,
sounds from these dry leaves, undisputed?

And daffodil, what warning note
blows from your fluted golden throat?

Like wind and flower, the dying pass,
like sun and shade upon the grass.

O wind, release no winged leaf
to bear its weight upon this grief.

O daffodil, lift up your head
and wake to life the living dead.

Sweet lips, take back the withering word:

O warm and sentient and moving,
on risen wind have you not heard
the daffodils blow end to loving?

Elizabeth Chesley

AGONY

She opened the screen-door and clacked it softly shut behind her.

The warm breeze met her and her hair swam in it.

She sauntered down the steps, but the thin branches moving across the moon were unbearable.

She turned into the shadow of the house and the tons of warm fluff packed around her neck and in her mouth.

Precious little brother, she said, my soul gropes for you as the thin stare of a telescope probes for a dark star.

She broke from the shadows, stumbling into the wakeful garden.

The steel moon gripped her, twisting her head back to gaze into its pupilless eye.

She locked her fingers behind her and wrung them

Or the moon wrung them, or the night behind her, twisting her by the arms to her knees.

Too black, sky—too white, tiny moon—too tender, new-sprouted plants,

For the hands that would clutch and squeeze you draw back, shuddering, from your velvet skin.

Stretched across the lawn, she parted the grass and laid her face in it.

The smell of the old hay was rank and exquisite.

Then the pulses came that shook her whole body.

She rolled over on her side to see the stars dilate and contract as if exuding tears.

Not little brother, but Creator whom I adored in him, she said.

The pulses were surges now as her wide eyes explored the sky.

It was immeasurably deep.
She pulled herself forward, she must find
That certain place in the grass, and then there would
be peace—ah, now.
She had flung herself upon the axis of the world.
The globe turned slowly and her body revolved, but her
head lay at the pole, her eyes fixed on the sky.
Creator, now she shouted, joyous, as she felt
The patient turning of the earth, and now and then
A faltering as of Him Who pushed, and paused, and
spun the earth again,
And all in silence.

Carol Vonckx



NIGHT PIECE

Once, when the Greeks were silent under stars,
Men diagramed the night with living action.
There was a point at which light bounded back,
And one could walk along the edge of time.
When from the Greek equivalent of bars
Athenians wobbled homeward full of sack,
They stepped sedately shaky and sublime
Through an Attic anthropomorphic black
Where stars were gods in intimate refraction.

When through our robot midnights now we take
A taxi to the suburbs, the meter only
Wheezes the length in minutes of the cost.
The dim dial ticks. Above the city signs
Of bright, immediate purpose and of fake
Mythologies of action hang the lost,
Forgotten nebulae like abandoned mines.
We have forgot exactly when we crossed
The threshold of the present and the lonely.

Richard Lyons

SONNET FOR A SOUTHERNER

If you can bring yourself to meet his eyes,
 You'll face a pair could look the devil down,
 Ready to smile, but not afraid to frown,
Sharp as his thought, undimmed by compromise.
Still in his Tennessee gaze, you might surprise
 The last untarnished glance from Priam's crown;
 And when he speaks—by infidels ringed round—
The horn of Roland sounds its last apprise.

You still can see them as you turn aside
 Into the old Confederate burial-ground:
 Six white Ionic pillars rearing tall.
Gone is the house of which they were the pride;
 But there they stand, on bedrock based profound,
 With nothing mortal to uphold at all.

Eugene Haun

POET IN A GARAGE

Above the neon-stabbed and nasty-worded street,
the silent overhang, waiting the reaching word.
He has made a score of poems from that tried material,
the moon's sure habitation, and the places in the night
the named stars occupy.

He works an eight-hour night-shift, dispatching
trucks from three importunate phones—
(Leavenworth and Hyde, 51 Chevrolet sedan,
Dorothy Jordan, membership number, expiration date,
please hurry, got to make the airport in fifteen minutes)
and the instinct at the back of his skull
has told him there is poetry here too,
(if he can find its elusive essence)
in the smell of gasoline, the roaring exits,
the cheerful careless profanity, in the mechanical
dexterity of hands swiftly solving
the underhood mystery. Even in the Lucky Horseshoe
Saloon
next door, the inevitable before-closing Saturday night
fight and the pitched-out drunk, the punctual whore
strolling this street at midnight, her regular beat.

And he tries and tries again, always unhappily.

In the traffic lull you will find him at the open door,
the Mermaid Tavern closer than his sordid neighbor,
thinking if hell is lighted it must be by neon,
until he is called in by members of the automobile clubs,
their voices in distress being further from his mind
than Orion striding this December night
his cold and winter span above the world.

Eric Wilson Barker

24

STEVEDORE IN HOSPITAL

His calloused hands lie idle
on the frost-ironed sheet,
self-conscious Sunday hammers;
he is defenseless,
a prey to every flowing eye
that cruises the open door,
victim of pity which ploughs as deep
as the swinging lift of steel plate
that whistled his legs farewell.

We came to glow our new-born strength
(let's go and comfort Tony)
but he is naked;
we avert tuxedo eyes.

Ray Ballard

COLOR IS THE BREATH OF SPRING

(from a major Hopwood Award manuscript, 1948)

the leaf is shy and green
but bold the forsythia
drinks yellow from the fragile sky
o fair child, watch feathers
creep into wings, watch
blushells become broken things
o color is the breath of Spring,
and madness makes the violets grow

Everett Bovard, Jr.

PLACE

Table of wood at a window would wear
light like land lined in the slash of the streams'
flashing. And it would be, this wood, it seems,
place of a coming, arrival, to bare
at last, heavily, hands. And sun to them
as lifter and as opener, also
to bear baring of arms, your arms, below
light large on the wood; and a hush: to stem
a sound a surf quakes, past a window by
a table of dark wood lit like a deep
smoulder. Laying of hands I now would come
to wholly, setting of depth; hands that lie
soft to the hard of wood hold deep their keep
of us (as wood, as rock would). And they sum.

Herbert Morris

OPINION

Collected Earlier Poems. By William Carlos Williams. New York: New Directions. 482 pp. \$5.00

Collected Later Poems. By William Carlos Williams. New York: New Directions. 240 pp. \$3.00

Paterson: Book Four. By William Carlos Williams. New York: New Directions. \$3.00

Make Light Of It, Collected Stories. By William Carlos Williams. New York: Random House. 342 pp. \$3.50

Autobiography of William Carlos Williams. New York: Random House. 401 pp. \$3.75

The first two volumes contain nearly every poem written by Williams since 1906, with the exception of **Paterson**. **Paterson: Book Four** concludes that major work. **Make Light of It** contains the short stories of two earlier volumes and twenty-one previously uncollected. The **Autobiography** spans the life. This group is not the total creative activity, but enough for a grasp of the achievement.

Williams' important poems begin under Pre-Raphaelite influence, a liberating aesthetic at that time. The gentle abandon soon becomes virile and direct as he moves closer to home. Yet from the very start are portents of that famed impatience and drive; there is little rhyme and less conventional measure. Instincts are so basic that explanation is not justifiable; and even the Whitman afflatus, though evident, is handled characteristically in quick, physical thrusts. He takes over the intuited minimum essentials: a feeling for expansiveness in measure with the land, and the ruthless love to which the surrounding love compels him. Replacing the nature work

of the Pre-Raphaelites there emerges the start of a style whose quality will mould the scope and meaning of his work.

We can only note here the rapid shuttling over the years between two modes: the lengthy line, turbulently perceptive; and its component, the brilliant, imagistic phase in which perception is kept tensely in check so that the fact may register the more effectively. Though masterly, these are not what will shape Williams' mature style, but rather that quality of underdrive directly related to his Whitmanesque outlook. And this shows signs of violent breakup as early as 1923. He uncovers layer after layer of disintegration—in his own thoughts, in persons, in situations—a falling away from, a perversion, of that force in which he has involved himself. To him it has been identical with the country; he finds it has turned with typical ruthlessness upon itself. The turbulent, indiscriminating love now feeds upon self-pity. Whatever the causes, they are not to be found in formulae.

Briefly, a middle period displays a grasp of that central agony most powerfully through the tortured virility of the lines. To study the change, to enter into the complex of this decline, is enlightening for us as Americans. From Williams' work, itself passionate and directed, we know that we have flung ourselves away in just that indiscriminating mood which was our strength at the start, spending ourselves to all ends and arriving nowhere. Our love, powerful love, of the future, of our surroundings, of ourselves in destiny, was but a blind man's stick. And what we are left with, again, is nature, seen now as it is — it will be our lesson—unsentimental, unselfpitying, constantly at birth, making of itself something apart. Thus the Whitman ideal swings full circle through its Gehenna to belief once more, shed now of its self-pitying ego, supported instead by a grasp of these laws.

Here the major poem of Williams' career, the **Paterson**, enters to give us this redeemed vision in its most complete form. Its last installment, Book Four, beginning in comprehensive tragedy, ends on the image

of the swimmer out of the sea of waste. He heads for land.

To Williams, then, we must accord an achievement that has been at the center of our crisis in creativity, the very crux of our sore problem. The merest cursory reading of the short poems makes this evident. And, paradoxically, what has long obscured this insight for us was just this physical quality of the line, the presence of which was intended as the argument; for Williams himself was literally involved in every phase of the crisis he projected—so involved that he seemed to stand still, holding excitedly to any one point. What at first had appeared as a limitation turns out to be the saving power, the very ability to maintain liaison with the creative in us. Williams, seen from this aspect, has not been the simple follower of Whitman. He stands, in fact, as the obverse, using what is buoyant, generous and expansive in Whitman to support tragedy, and pointing towards those qualities as laws to serve us. The result is not Whitman at all, but the contemporary sensibility at its most exalted.

The materials of the poems, the short stories, even the **Autobiography** can now be seen in focus. The pervasive environment of the foreign born and their offspring, who to us were the least formed or self-knowing, becomes meaningful. For they are the ones closest to the outward laws. Yet it is not as an ideal that Williams approaches them. As often as not he sees them at their worst, rotten and perverted like anything else, by reason of their animality, for it can be misled, misdirected. The leaps and the torture, the seeming self-contradictions within the poetry, reflect this tension; but with this difference from the earliest work, that the destinies of those least formed have only begun to evolve. It is they who impregnate the environment. This new presence becomes equated with his insight in the very tonality and pressure of Williams' lines. Witness in the second book of **Paterson** the elderly Italian woman dancing in triumph among her menfolk. Williams is bound to his material by its vitality. The principle is classic.

To read the short stories in **Make Light of It** is to discover this identity anew. The Doc Rivers story is no idle symbol of decline and twist; it is the living man in this country fighting, forced, by ugly, terrifying means, the death of his faith. He lives for us, nevertheless, in his insouciant spirit; he is nourished by the humblest folk. And he survives even in body on their love. Like the poetry, the stories form a sweeping arc of experience and insight, starting from that first early defiant story, "Knife of the Times." "Beer and Cold Cuts" ends nearly cold and withdrawn but for the sensuous attachment to detail. Through sheer love, he is drawn from simple statement of fact into its tragic pulse and through that to strength again. The **Autobiography** does not let us down. It is cogent background. Individuals play a poignant counterpoint against a theme, that for all its personal setting, is, as in all Williams' work, the destiny of his country.

This is the remarkable unity of his career. Through lyric, through the achievement of **Paterson**, through short story, plays, novels and finally **Autobiography**, each of the very tissue of the man, the hero is his country, its destiny, rising from sanguine youth to meet division, and to re-form itself into a man.

David Ignatow

Selected Poems. By Richard Eberhart. New York: Oxford University Press. 86 pp. \$2.50

For a poet in mid-career to bring out his "collected poems" is perilous. Many verses that once shone brightly will bear a stale, morning-after look. But a book of

"selected poems" is another matter, particularly when the winnowing is accomplished as skilfully as in Richard Eberhart's volume.

On reading (and rereading) this book I began to understand why the anthology-compilers have done comparatively little with Mr. Eberhart's poetry. He refuses to fit into a category. His diction and imagery are too startling for the traditional-minded, too much influenced by past poets to be acceptable to the clean-slate school of critics. In his choice of subjects to write about, he stubbornly insists on dealing with whatever is close to his mind and heart, regardless of the competing claims of naturalists, existentialists and theists of all sorts.

The two poles of his poetry are love (in all its senses) and death. But the two are not separate. The awareness of each intensifies the awareness of the other. John Donne inevitably comes to mind, and certain poems, such as "Suite in Prison," do show startling resemblances of sensibility. Take these lines, for example:

The skeletons of lovers, let them then
Rejoice since no hot hurried consummation
Vagues their joy or surfeits fond desire;
The earth is long at marrying the bone.

One senses beneath and behind many of Mr. Eberhart's lines a passionate nature and stormy mysticism, both of which are organized and compressed into sober form by a powerful will and intellect. He specializes in short poems that could be expanded into many pages—but fortunately have been kept brief and at top strength.

This book recently won the Shelley Memorial Award. More importantly, perhaps it will serve to widen the public of a poet who has kept faith with his own talent and with his particular awareness of the human condition. There is a firmness here, and an exactness of thought, feeling, and language. Many of these poems are well armed for long life.

The Shadow of the Swimmer. By Charles Edward Eaton. New York: Fine Editions Press. 88 pp. \$3.00

Mr. Eaton is a rarity among contemporary poets. He can use conventional rhyme, conventional meter, and express rather obvious thoughts and feelings about nature and love—and yet produce poems that are alive with freshness, individuality, and considerable power. Indeed, his lyrics often produce an effect of greater originality than the mechanically "modern" efforts of Eliot's epigoni.

To say this is not to say that the author of **The Shadow of the Swimmer** is a major poet. The future can be allowed to settle that; the poet is still in his thirties. But he is a skilled and interesting lyricist. If I had to compare him with anyone it would be with Robert Frost, but Mr. Frost is a Vermonter (at least by adoption) and Mr. Eaton is a North Carolinian. The work of the younger poet is less given to understatement and gnomic wisdom; more passionate and akin to the painfully sensuous beauty of southern landscapes.