

THE BELOIT POETRY JOURNAL

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**MORNING: THE SUN NUDGING YOU INTO
A YAWN . . .**

Morning: the sun nudging you into a yawn
Then staying to nuzzle your shoulder, liking it—
They call it woman waking,
They call it dawn,

Hardly a name to describe it
With the shrubbery starting to stir
And the curtains catching the air,
The pillow partially sunlit—

Much less you.
You breathe steadily, slowly.
Slowly your hand explores your forehead's landscape,
Brushing aside a hair or two,

And I speak your name. Names!
Outside the sky flexes red,
Teasing the foliage to green,
And your calling, softly, remains the same.

Now I name you again. Waker-
At-ease and warmth I call you
And grass and tree
And leaf-turned-over.

Richard Swanson

TWO POEMS**Wind, Birds, People**

When the wind rushes,
it makes

a sound, and you
hear it

with your ears, while all
the rest of you

feels it.
But you don't see it.

You may hear it
rattle leaves

or whistle nothing
but itself. You may

feel it in a quick
blast or a steady

touch, but you don't
see it.

That's the way with wind.
And what of birds?

You may hear
birds almost everywhere;

they even deign
to grace the city with soft

songs or shrill
calls. You may see

them too, blended
with trees or sharp
against them. (I saw
a cardinal this morning
in our sycamore.) You hear
them and you see
them, but you rarely
touch them.

(Only once have I
touched a bird, and that was
a lame one that had to be
brought down.)

That's the way with birds.
And what of people?

You can hear
people
tell jokes, cuss
nails, sing bawdy
songs or Christmas
carols, haggle
over prices, quarrel
politics, brag or complain
about their children, or tell
you what they do
with themselves. You
can see them—
babies with live
eyes, children

with freckles and clear
blue or maybe crossed
eyes, teen-agers
with proud bodies, old
people with smiles (or
frowns) creased permanently
on thin faces or
fat ones. You can touch
people too. You can tickle
them. People even
make love
together. The wind
blows on them, and birds
sing to them.

It is True . . .

It is true
God shows
unexpectedly
in many
places. Today
the check-out
girl at Kroger's,
clicking away
on the cash

register, suddenly
stopped because
she didn't know

how much bird
seed

cost. She held
everything

up, trying
to find
out. The

manager looked
stern, along
with everybody

in line, but
the girl just
giggled. It was

funny
to her, and
she couldn't
help it,

so she laughed.
And God

was there,
laughing

in her
laughter.

TWO POEMS**A Wish**

To be pure as

Gregorian chants sung
by ten-year-old boys
in a garden of flowering
plum trees ;

to be as purely intricate as

Gabrielli's masses
with their double brass,
their double choirs :

Renaissance angels
in the far corners of St. Mark's
making all that marble echo ;

or Isaac's contrapuntal
ecstasies ; his long
excruciating resolutions
led by the counter-tenor ;

to be beautifully doing

only one thing
yet many
like music ;

to be like music.

A Different Body

We do not dare the merry-go-round
now our balance is precarious
with age. No longer self but
a figment of imagination
mounts the pink, blue, gilt bridled swan,
unicorn, and ordinary horse—
whirls,—rising, falling,—the grand
oompa waltzes spilling on the street.

Your ice wagon came down Ditto Street;
Frenchy Dominic clanged his huge tongs;
the dust rose in Ditto Street.
Suck on the chips; lie in the elm's shade;
go down to the park; bat out flies straight
to left. The secret clubs signed in blood;
now you remember these things:
Batman, the Shadow, and Green Hornet.

Morning is habit, is rubbed away.
We do not rush early to the curb
with sugar for the great horse
the milkman drove; the warm manure
no longer steams in the chilly air.
At the zoo, the children are disturbed
by the elephants' fragrant house.

We think of a different time, and body.

P. Carlson Lauber

THE MILK HOUSE STUDY**I**

stone stone: raspberry clatters through
 the panedropped window

somebody tried to turn the old milk house into a study

body

part of the main house's body

once deserted it

its north too dark for any system to heat

Milton and Livy and the Punic Wars

suchmousethe nests

Frost and yellow leaves

rattle the floordrain

nobody

the door yawns

II

or suppose you started

a clot

a finger pointing open a window

Wild

Storing of Seed and Sheet and Breath and Hair
 and Blood

blood

suppose your mouse bones ripped from their nest in
 the yellow floordrain

found a mouth and began to suck

once a tongue and began to bleat
 found blood mingled with sweet milk on her
 nipple
 heat from the dark of her armpits
 and breath on the sheet
 and your fingers wound into her hair
 a knot of love her body could not untie

 and the mother is young as a goat
 as the blue veins that tense her breasts
 into rocks of love for you
 and her young thighs
 milky with crossing and uncrossing

 she rocks in a chair nursing you
 a copy of Milton open in her lap
 her shoulders all art all power all love
 all light that seeps from her to you

III

and a wild grapple of angels one windy night
 decided to fall on you
 with black wings intellectualize you
 ichor drops from their binding
 feathers
 not blood

 they gave you electric light
 books on the walls
 a window that shut
 a typewriter and an oriental rug over the floordrain
 and tried to use you like a living body stone into bone
 the words itched into your insides

 and the Grand Black Fallen Angels Dug Holes in the
 Ground and Died

 and their ichor-fingers

turning on their own gravestones
 pulsed through the window they shut
 on you:
 clotted:
 dropped their seed:
 on you:

IV

and blood
 suppose blood sprang
 from that union of blackangel and ivory
 pelt

from you to you such miracle of bone and raspberry
 through the milk house walls
 from north dark rattling stone
 milk house walls rocking milk house
 door

crying:
 No Milk no Stone but Bone
 no Brain but Body

crying:
 Old Nests Bodies

crying:
 New Blood

crying:
 Suppose

Seeds

Drop

Like

Stone

Virginia Saunders

EVERY STREET HAS AN ALIAS A MILE LONG

Go outside and play, Mother told me.
With Peter Pan peanut butter and a red and black
cap pistol

I terrorized the neighborhood with my buddies:
there were six of us; we called ourselves the neigh-
borhood terrorizers.

Two bangs at less than twenty yards was a kill,
less than forty and more than twenty a wound.
Apple pie for the wounded, apple pie
and a good night's rest for the dead:
miracles everyday while God was in the kitchen.
That was years ago. That house is gone now,
shoved in a U-Haul and drowned off the edge of the
world,
piled on the rear of the *Santa Maria*.

But I left something back there along the tall grass
of my kidhood,
along the tall grass near the winding alley like a
cinder horizon.

I planted seeds in that ground, things I said and did
that only I know about. How can you move me from
that?

A grasscutter's old scythe at the earth's neck
could make anybody talk, especially a lonely field,
so blow, my dust, heavy over glass sins.
Dreams of great victories climbing down chimneys
behind a gun!

I would go home to Mother now if I knew where she
was.

Donna still lives there with my first secrets,
soft fingertips of our childish sensations, multicolored
and warm,
locked forever in her darkened pocket, keyed to my
whistle,
secrets of sights and smells behind the barn where
the tall grass
covers little pyramidal mounds of burnt Lucky
Strikes.
On a wind blown full of moments, a spring rain, cot-
ton candy
and Donna stuck to me like a kid on a merry-go-
round with real horses.
We both worried about the pimples on our cheeks
that year.

Where do you go when you move older,
when yesterday's grass is green only at arm's length,
when you look back a lot instead of forward, on your
tongue
a taste of salty distances along a young sea,
floating above the green water, but still of the water?
On the shore hour glasses cut in two by toy scissors
and children dancing hopscotch on the broken glass
to the music of whirling sand spun wild like tossed
timothy.
You shout at them from inside a surf as from inside
a poem
broken by end rhymes and archaic meters, but they
play on.
Where do you go, outside the mirage where you have
no image?
And why? Down and up thruways, freeways and
tollways, always
ignoring America's cities, those forever cities with
dates and old graves,

with buildings and people that leave footprints with
concrete feet.
You progress by toll stations, each exit a bigger
number,
a higher price. No more little roads that lead to Aunt
Lilly's farm.
You go to new streets with aliases a mile long,
you read Mr. Occupant's mail and you remember,
something.

Daniel Ort

AN AFFAIR OF STATE

Madame Lupinsky the tight-rope lady
boasted a balance that was incantation,
conjured from the sawdust stricken eyes.
No one breathed. No one said, oh look.
When Madame danced her thousand days
upon the line, continents caught flame.
Heaven gaped to see that tiny body
dancing light from incandescent wire,
raining stars upon the disbelieving dust
because she knew she could. She did.
She died one starless night, plunged
breathless from the wire to staring earth.
Some say it was a vision of the end.
Some say it never happened. Few believe.
Nonetheless, she died her way: balance
was a revelation, falling an act of grace.

John L'Heureux

SPRING

On the street I found
an old spring

detached
perhaps from a car seat
coiled,
taut as if new.

I squeezed it, felt
its muscular give and take, its
flexibility.

I liked the life of it
in my hand.

But when I paused in front of
a bookstore window
to look at the display

(POEZIE)

the spring leaped from my fingers
onto the pavement.

I looked for it . but it had
grown independent,
as it had of the machine

of which
it was once a part.

It had become
singular, only itself

a thing
without function.

GULLS

When people go the hooded gulls come back
along these beaches where fall tides lick smooth
all pocks and scars of summer.

East wind erases too. Then winter
works some drama in the sand's shape:
drifts, dunes, scoops, hollows, shelves,
breaks, and washouts. But always smooth.

For gulls leave only prints.

And in November gulls reclaim the shoreland.

At sunrise their black and white decor
patterns a patch of beach into a chessboard
of bobbing squares. Swish!

a prestidigitator whisks

a checked cloth off a table . . .

gulls go flapping up the sky and shaking out.

With glasses I zero on one bird:
banking; pumping wings to brake;
hanging motionless, head dipped,
as if on wires slung from a vaulted roof;
plummeting to sudden purpose hid within the sea
in which he spears. A beating of white wings,
green water thrashed, a lifting spurt,
and there he climbs the air and skews
away . . . aimless, it seems.

That morning swaddled in mist the plane
on instruments over Boston Bay
projectiled in a thunderhead of birds,
sodality at wingtips. I own
those gulls' dumb terror, scarce felt
before birds whole sucked up the turbines
to annihilation, hones my imagining

TWO POEMS**Grandfather's Print Shop**

In that clattering place,
Everyone busy, aproned and black,
How I marveled smelling the pure, wet ink—
Amid shouting,
Linotypes, clinking, dropped pieces of lead,
Presses rumbled and flamed and hissed;
Oh, the forceps and hammers to pound, to pick and
to force!
Spools of twine, scissors and binders,
Their jaws creaking.

I ventured the alleys
Where printers shuffled trays
With their leathery hands and quick glances,
The sky window narrowing that dark afternoon,
The small tools pinching and snapping,
The oil cans perched there with broad smiles.

I welcomed the late sun and the street with familiar
noises,
A bus roaring off at the sooty curb,
The forlorn hawking of a newsboy
As I breathed deeply
And shuddered twice in the heat.

Now, at night again
Through slow moon-silences, diminishing dream
When shadows dance over the wall into sleep,
The old men still tiptoe over my blankets, hushed in
their low shades,
And the presses tumble and jolt.

Shampoo

In winter, there on the stove,
The strict bars of castile, shaved in a pan,
Would melt, simmer wildly and boil,
Steaming the kitchen, the dry air of a Sunday
 morning:
Vapors sharp in the nose, on the soft membranes,
The liquid seething so hot, crackling and rumbling—
Why, *that* should have devoured his finger!

Naked and still, I sat in the hard tub.
My father, his sleeves rolled up to the elbow and
 kneeling,
Hands deep in the rich piles of lather,
Scrubbed on the raw bone, poking my ears,
Raging lightly under his breath.

On the sides, I could feel my thin scalp, loosening.
In its tight skin, my face bristled.
Oh, I shivered each dip of the teeming brew,
And in places the dripping soap burned.

As he edged from his might,
The muscles and heat would abate,
The flesh gather itself once more,
And the little furies subside in the clear rinse—
Those final torrents washing and waking me clean—
As I opened my red eyes, alive in the cold spring.

James Cole

THE PROPHECY**1.**

The prophets robed in red and white
Forsake their platform on a whim
And rush with lovers out of sight.
The birds are nesting in the trees.

A Nubian on the river bank
Reflects upon reflecting him.
Auspicious mirrors underneath
Could cast no aspect less than dim.

The girl before the cella stone
Hears Dionysian harmonies.
Areopagites must number tone,
And St. Denis's choir forbodes.

The fortuneteller near the church
Now heralds to them from her knees.
Her horoscope is horrible.
The birds are falling from the trees.

2.

Once Ibsen writing told a friend
The reason that he would not fight—
The soldier and the poet are
As different as the day from night,
Or more, beginning from the end.

A frightened boy is glancing round.
He lays his hand upon a log.
He chops his index finger off
And squeals just like a butchered hog.
Now let them hound him, let them hound.

The Captain and the Mayor spoke,
But words were meaningless to him.
His freedom was a reaping hook,
Yet reaping hooks meant something grim,
And yellow grain was now a joke.

Once Brand stood on a mountainside
And watched a hawk turn to a dove.
Peer Gynt in China sold icons
Along with crates of guns, while Love
Sat spinning songs a lonely bride.

3.

Crane picked up William Carlos after five
And talked him into slumming for a while.
But joints uplifting couples in love's fire
To those two hung mere rivets in a row.

All links of marrow crowbarred marriage lace,
And myths were chains of beds in a motel.
Once Hercules had levered Amazons
To realms from where the bolts of lightning swelled.

Now cranes heave sighs that stitch the night with
threads

Like beams of a new Mississippi Bridge,
And all the unions mystic to a heart
Are mettled hinds along the river's edge.

Why picket at the groundwork's seamy side
Or strap the hubbub over showy fronts?
Life is the music that we face, a sound
To track some undercurrent theme, a vein

To trace the mainspring to its vaulted source.
The molded backbone buoys us in drift.

Bread's in the bone, a pleasure's in the flesh,
A soldered commerce is the bridge's gift.

The cords of logic bind us to the gods.
Emotions tell us toil can mix cement.
So like those two unbuttoning their shirts,
Unbuckle by the river's edge and swim.

4.

If once she smelled of powder, she smelled twice
And berthed the soldier's scent with her at home.
And there he felt when given reins to roam
Guerilla in her unassaulted dreams.

At night he took the field and stood his rights
Which were the wings that doves had shed in storms.
There blood was virgin bridled under fire
And active service was all under arms.

Engaged she'd play the muzzle to his games
And lift his weight of iron with a cross.
Her private wage would holster any gun,
Though guards for bruises could not be insured.

She knew him as a senior back at school
Who came and taught her touch football and love.
The swing he pushed her in swung high and low,
But now is just an ancient piece of rope.

5.

But I thank life,
Said the crooked crone
As she walked through the forest—
Life has done for me
What I would have done for myself.

Love was my husband
Having to marry me.
Pity was our child dying,
Compassion a quick divorce.
Pride was my full breasts
Plump from the pregnancy,
Firm to the hands that handled them thereafter,
And honor was a drink in Brennan's Bar.
The sacrifice was waiting on Baronne
And courage long hot hours through the night.

The thunder of spring over the distant skyline
Is the spirit
Groaning, sweating—
Almost human in its agony,
Of fear.

I remember Faulkner
Sitting by a rock,
His puny inexhaustible voice
Still talking
In the red and dying evening.

Helmeted hordes rode through his visions
Toward a lone acacia tree.

Kenneth L. Anderson

AFTER A FIFTEENTH CENTURY
MINIATURE SHOWING KING MARK STABBING
TRISTAN IN THE PRESENCE OF YSOLT

King Mark is in the doorway,
his eyes
and Ysolt's
on Tristan
bleeding.

It is a small room
where the triangle plays.
The floor is checkered.
Everything tilts
at wrong angles

in just the right way.
Ysolt raises
one meek hand.
Her fingers
fit the room perfectly.

Such a charming stabbing!
The violence here
opens no mouths
except
the mouth

in Tristan's back.
The sweetness of this violence
will never cloy.
It is an air
a wound sings.

Philip Dacey

HALLUCINOGENS AND GENDERS

Here's an ecstatic spider. Consider the asymmetric pattern of its web, the disarticulation of a spider's dance on gossamer, on psychedelic silk.

Helena has fed the spiders
fleas
dipped in a subtle drug
and to her mouse some morning glory seeds.

Witness the mouse, how the mouse spins like a toy mouse on a wire, a string, a filament spun in a spider's dream. Delirium is what Helena gathers in her eyes.

Adam has gone to the mushroom garden
to taste hallucination.

Suspension is a state of mind, lust is a state of mind, Adam is a statement of her mind or his. Consciousness expands and shivers in Helena's cellar.

How beautiful Helena is.

Adam
is her kingdom
and the antic mice
and blissful spiders mating in her hair.

Barbara Greenberg

of modern science. . I
 dream of meeting her again
 and again and
 of four brats raising cain on our third
 anniversary, eight on our sixth and so
 on in an arithmetical pro-
 gression I
 wonder what went wrong it
 must have been those scientifically-roasted
 peanuts
 that retain their freshness all night long I
 had
 for a midnight snack.

Ron Miles

WATTS, INTERNATIONAL

Shadows wait at waxed counters,
 swirl frustrations,
 retaste the bitter-sweet of violence;
 Watch for the colored man
 willing to march, to die,
 hoping to resurrect, to redeem;
 For a white man strong enough of heart
 to share Calvary with a negro
 and a jew:
 Christ cried, "I thirst!" . . . is crying.
 Sister Marian Frances Brand, SNJM

DANANG

Time hung like memorial drape
 the year I was seven.

We marked the Mickey Mouse on Tim's wrist
 he was eight.

We helped our mother wait
 betrayed by shifting feet on lines
 for sugar

beef

eggs

but never once blood!

Meatless meals ate themselves
 while we forked our way across 2 maps
 tacked on the kitchen wall.

Outside Tim and I played vengeance
 foxholes out of boredom

Guadalcanal

Normandy Beach

Iwo Jima

names, names, and never once blood!

Newspapers at the end of the hall stacked
 atrocity on atrocity

but we slept clean
 through unbroken nights.

Tim and I saved scrap
 tin cans pounded flat

newspapers

fat

and never once—

Now starkly adult, able to cope,
 I gargle the name, the place that has claimed you.

The telegram trembles its news,
Has swept you away like that slow year of time.
Oh Tim! my pet, my brother once
And what of the blood!

Susan Schell Lindell

THE MILL

Fresh-water mermaids would have loved its wheel,
Their tails tucked under, sliding down on water.
The slow, the powerful, the generous issue!—
Someone far below pulls gold from a giant reel,
Unwrapping the wriggling figures from shimmering
tissue,
Letting them slide down without bruise or clatter.
Just this, and nothing more, this spill
Into the quiet and the reasonable
Is the *raison d'être* of the mill.

The revenant of the miller still stands inside
Watching the flour come out like sperm.
It is mossy and damp as the depth of the heart,
But two things keep happening to reward his pride:
The pristine flour thrills the women of the farm,
The wheel turns smoothly without fit or start—
In the long run, the bread of life remembers mold,
But those who eat it with the lust of mermaids
as they slide
Will feel their blood move downward, wrapped in
gold.

Charles Edward Eaton

TWO POEMS**A Clod In A Sown Field**

With God on one side
And a cow on the other,
I lie on my seed bed
And think as I color:
A mountain of earth
Formed my archetype.
Superciliously great
I rot, and ripen.

From titans to pygmies:
Yet instinct with fibres
The cow is not me—
I gestate tigers.
If you see something
Less than God or cow,
Look in your mirror:
Like God, I pass now.

Old Trousers

However they were packed away unseen
I'll never know. Patched where the buckle had torn
Away some cloth, under increasing strain
From an increasing belly, they came back
Like the end of youth. It was just right
That I should wear them now to garden in,
Gray in the autumn colours. Chrysanthemums
Blond at the petal root, as if they had
Been dyed, smelling of earth and death, and grass
Brown at the tips, curling at the fire's

Flames. Then, raking in the leaves, like a
Miraculous draught of fishes, kicking, plunging,
Bending to gather them in between two boards,
A spot of blood, a trick of light almost,
Splashed my hand—not so much as a mouse's
Menses, first. I reached into the pocket;
Dabbed my nose. There was the imprint of lips
On grubby linen, dumb these many years;
Lips blotted at my chivalric expense.
The red, the white (now gray), the pink, the face
Upon the lips. "I'll never wash it now,"
Smiling. "You'd better not!" she'd said. Although
The lipstick was so cheap, only later
Was the face. But even then she was
A bay for men to ride. I never learnt
The art of faces—and there it was, formed
Of blood and fading lips, of books and autumn:
And I hated the pity of it. While the blood
Soaked the lips the fire leapt up, now all
The tent of leaves and grasses, damp and dry,
Of twigs and bloated roses, was burnt through.

Brian Swann

TRAIL #4, KALALOCH, WASHINGTON

The growths end suddenly:
thrusting firs, wild
berries, ferns, blends
of scrub grasses, in a dense
green and brown collage
that chokes itself at the edge,
dropping straight down
to the fluid grey frame
of driftwood and dingy sand.
No color was wasted on the frame;
it rests instead in the greens
of liquid salt and crowded
canvas, splitting the two
with careless, broken constancy.
In the gallery of dark sea-fall
this pallid, rising land.

The trail collapses in sand,
bayed by a ring of rocks
the geologists tap and crack.
But these angular hounds
have brackish brown water
dripping among them like lifeblood;
and, scattered around the pack,
in sandstone, gape holes
where drops have splattered farther
from the raw buckshot wounds.
How long these hounds have harked
and circled the bleeding creature
the geologists must determine;
just who the hunter is
and when he's riding in
to finish off the hart
is a problem for us all.

In gill shapes, from below,
the black and white gulls
gleam wanly now ;
and, sickly bright as sharks'
bellies, the sky itself
trails slender silver
pilot fish for clouds.
There, on the spine of the cliff,
green lingcod vertebrae
rise as twisted pines,
assume the swollen bodies
of cornered blowfish. Air
glistens with salt and spray
this Pacific world exudes.

The ocean menaces quietly.
Rounder rocks claw from it
to a height of thirty feet
and hold the air in shrill
last cries solidified
from drowned swimmers' mouths.
Waves breathe in and out ;
but, high over it all,
the great resuscitator sky
pumps and pumps away
the spindrift life we die.

Ed Leimbacher

LIVE OR DIE. *Anne Sexton. Houghton Mifflin. \$4.*

Sexton spits out experience in her poems, still raw. She deals with what she knows and she makes hard-hitting poems of it. Many of the pieces deal with the essential business of being a woman. Through clearly feminine eyes, she contemplates suicide, madness, the children she might have had. But with all of this, it is a book filled with affirmation, a celebration of life that is extraordinarily moving.

SELECTED WRITING. *Charles Olson. New Directions. \$7.95.*

Robert Creeley has prepared and introduced this fine cross-sectioning of the writing of a figure often listed as one of the most influential writers in America — but one who is seldom read, mostly because he is so difficult to find. Olson's essay on "Projective Verse" is here which explains his *field theory*. "Mayan Letters" are complete. There are parts of "The Maximus Poems." Together they offer a ready new chance to study a remarkable mind in operation.

TELL ME, TELL ME. *Marianne Moore. Viking. \$3.95.*

This is Miss Moore's first book in 8 years and there are only 18 poems and 4 prose pieces in it. But it is surely one of the finest collections she has ever produced, wise and witty, gentle and probing, ranging over an amazing variety of subjects. She is interested in everything—Brooklyn Bridge, baseball and ballet—and makes poems of them all. She uses the phrase: "Talent is a joyous thing." How right she is!

BERRYMAN'S SONNETS. *John Berryman. Farrar, Straus and Giroux. \$4.95.*

This collection of 115 sonnets is early Berryman. They were written in the 1940's and must predate his "Homage to Mistress Bradstreet." Petrarchan sonnets tell a summer love story, simple, elegant and passionate. Each details some act or response of the romance. In the end, of course, is resignation. This is Berryman. But along the way, we have a wide

range of experience. Here is Berryman mastering the craft that now gives rise to his "Dream Songs" about Henry.

THE BOOK OF THE GREEN MAN. *Ronald Johnson. Norton. \$4.50.*

This intriguing book is an account of a walking trip through the Lake Country of England and along the River Wye. It is a young man's pertinent, sensitive observations about the sights, sounds and smells of a year in the open. It is tightly written and beautifully planned—a tribute to Johnson's imagination and scholarship.

ANTS WILL NOT EAT YOUR FINGERS. *Edited by Leonard Doob. Walker. \$3.95.*

These are songs from the everyday life of African tribes—for work, worship, love, rain-making and hunting. They are not poetry in the sense we know it and all are meant to be chanted. Though they come from the deep jungle, there is nothing exotic about them. Their appeal is along the direct line all men share when they seek food, freedom and satisfaction.

COLLECTED POEMS. *Keith Douglas. Chilmark. \$4.95.*

At a time when so much passionate but bad war poetry is being published, it is a sad pleasure to read this collection. Douglas was killed in Normandy in June, 1944—during what we might now call a "just" war. He was only 24. His talent was not mature, but these lonely poems about man at war strike responses today with frightening accuracy and similarity. They almost make us ask: What did his death accomplish?

SELECTED POEMS. *Rafael Alberti. University of California. \$1.75 (paper).*

This is the first major collection of Alberti's work to appear in English. The book has been long overdue, for Alberti ranks as one of the major Spanish poets of our time. He is subtle, intense, and has a highly individual view of even the most Spanish attitudes and events. Yet this work stems clearly from Hispanic traditions, always treated to his own diction and complex rhythms. Ben Belitt's translations are exemplary.