

quietly factual bit of advice that, without any outward evidence of manipulation, suggests more than its literal meaning—suggests man's attempt to survive physically and emotionally the unpredictable chaos of life.

Wagoner chooses his words and images like a safecracker listening to tumblers; often his most powerful effects come from the most delicate, precise tunings. In "The Poets Agree to Be Quiet by the Swamp" he says, "the poets may keep quiet,"

But the corners of their mouths grin
past their hands.
They stick their elbows out into the
evening,
Stoop, and begin the ancient croaking.

The last line generates mirth, sadness, a sense of pathos. Because of those elbows stuck out into the evening the poets are silhouetted against the swamp like frogs.

Wagoner makes the most difficult

games seem easy. Rarely does he fail to move from a careful specification to a wider sense of the unsayable world. He proves that the American language can be musical in a relevant way.

The Wrong Angel, by Stanley Moss (Macmillan, \$4.95), offers forty-four poems, often difficult, always suggestive. These are poems meant to be read aloud, poems full of echoing shadows, intertwined lives, doubts that must be dealt with. Stanley Moss is now a marked man; he has already made a number of poems that challenge the very best. These include: "Return from Selling," "The Peddler," "Two Fishermen," "Negro Slaves, Jews in Concentration Camps, and Unhappy Lovers." A stubborn courage, flexible but as solid as the ark, informs these poems, as in "Scarecrow":

I should be grateful if my poems
Keep some shape, out in the open
field,

Year after year, a thing like this
canvas
Splashed with mock blood, scaring off
nothing.
The harvest is in.
Now the field snail lodges in my cuff:
I wink at the sky, all weathers, all
creatures,
Telling them to come on.

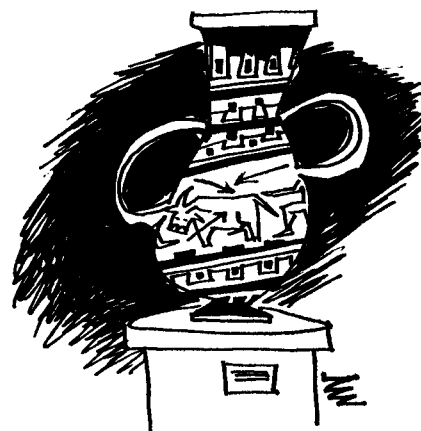
The Diving Bell, by Dabney Stuart (Knopf, \$4), is the twenty-nine-year-old Virginian's first book. Some reviewers will call Stuart a promising young poet. He is not promising; he is accomplished. Although years may help make reputation, many of our best poets wrote their best poems when they were young. The first two sections of *The Diving Bell*, "Paternal" and "Maternal," deal with looking backward, trying to balance the family books, tricking "the answer caging us apart." These poems are full of feeling for others despite threats to self. Stuart has the toughness required to love in the face of madness. Later, when he tries to deal more directly with his own dilemmas, he reveals less of self. "Two for My Daughter" reminds me of W. D. Snodgrass's "Heart's Needle" both in subject matter and treatment. There is always the danger of creeping middle-age adolescence. Stuart writes:

I try, and I bleed here
Calling to myself, "Hold on. Hold on."

Don't talk about it, man, do it.

The quality of Philip Booth's newest book, *Weathers and Edges* (Viking, \$4.50), comes as no surprise. Booth's poems are almost understated and conversational, at rare times a bit too breezy, but generally leading the reader to an unstated but carefully prepared-for realization. As the title indicates, this is a book full of sea and cloudscape. But what really matters is the tough-minded reticence of the looker:

Gulls root on the ledge,
taught by every wind



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

WHOSE CHILD AM I?

"It's a wise father who knows his own child." And literature dotes on sons and daughters who don't know their own parents. Lois Corkery of Long Beach, Calif., asks how many of these literary mixups you can straighten out. See page 41 for birth certificates.

Who was the young woman who sailed to America with her husband, then discovered he was her half-brother? ()

What man gained immortality by killing his father and marrying his mother? ()

Identify the warrior who in mortal combat killed the son he assumed to have been a daughter. ()

A respected lady runs away from her husband and dies near her lover's grave just as this young woman discovers they were her parents. ()

This little girl toddled into a miser's house one snowy night and had to wait sixteen years to find out who her father was. ()

A large black handbag was the nearest thing to a parent that this character could recollect. ()

Although neither he nor the other members of the family knew it, the preacher at his mother's funeral was his father. ()

A bright red letter "A" advertised that this woman wasn't revealing the name of her daughter's father. ()

The son of the Director of the Hatchery, he simply couldn't adjust to the bottle-born citizenry, and hanged himself. ()

The squire was surprised to find this baby in his bed, and just as surprised, years later, to discover their relationship. ()

1. John the Savage

2. Jewel Bundren

3. Jack Worthing

4. Hester Prynne

5. Tom Jones

6. Rustum

7. Moll Flanders

8. Oedipus

9. Eppie

10. Esther Summerson



"I'm absolutely exhausted. Bruce suddenly has this thing about living each day as though it were our last one on earth."

how spruces tug; snails

hug the tideline, hulls
on their own horizon: bound
as I am to the very edge.

Dave Etter's first book, *Go Read the River* (Univ. of Nebraska Press, \$3.50), contains only one fairly long poem. For the most part it is composed of snippets, some of which, unfortunately, remind one of the imagistic pieces of well-schooled undergraduates. But more than fifteen of these short pieces take off. The best are sparse, colloquial, sharply etched prisms of an Americana often disdained by Eastern urbanites who know it only by hearsay and who equate it with mindlessness and poverty of spirit. Etter unsentimentally investigates small-town lives, and we learn to doubt the ordinariness of the ordinary. His hometown hero comments:

It's too humid: no one will meet me.
And there are no brass bands
in Dubuque.

His boys splat an old codger's Chevy
with ripe tomatoes:

and laugh to beat hell
all the way back home,
where under the elms
they roll around like dogs
gone mad with fleas.

Although *Go Read the River* is full of place names like Chillicothe, Keokuk, Morning Sun, Pecatonica, it is not a provincial book. Regional it may be, but the best poems here have a vividness that

may pull even jaded urban sophisticates into the picture.

Don Drummond is a friend, and it is with some difficulty that I review his recent book, *The Grey Tower* (Alan Swallow, \$3). Drummond is a frankly didactic poet who may offend some readers in the way of an overinsistent preacher. But often his didacticism turns into drama; one is in the poet's presence and it is a presence not to be taken lightly. The theme Drummond returns to repeatedly is the necessity of courageously trying to make rational sense out of a world that defies the rational. Drummond's rhythms have loosened up; he is far less ritualistically academic now. But *The Grey Tower* contains too many potentially fine poems marred by clever rhymes or easy phrases. Unfortunately one can open to a few sentimental embarrassments, like "Universitas Missouriensis," which is really not worthy of publication even in a class reunion pamphlet. Don Drummond is a tough, persistent cuss. He swings for the fences. Sometimes he strikes out on straight pitches, but he also sprays the field with line drives too hot to handle.

Ann Stanford in *The Weathercock* (Viking, \$4.50) writes:

I never hold a thought
But what the opposite
Comes straightway into mind. . . .

It is a book that dares the illusive, ambiguous, indefinable. She tries to find the center of the world of fictions in which we live. In poem after poem she makes

the abstract felt, makes the wind visible. She knows the difference between direction and destination. Miss Stanford's poems have been called metaphysical; her concerns, her control, her way of focusing on multiplicity, all suggest the aptness of the label. But I do not find the violent yoking of opposites which some think of as metaphysical. Each poem is harmonic in the sense that opposites fuse into a melodic and appropriate orchestration. There are poems in this book that still baffle me, but their force is clear and I know their sense will become clear, too.

It would be criminal not to mention three books by poets who are not Americans. With the publication of A. D. Hope's *Collected Poems, 1930-1965* (Viking, \$5.75) any future anthology of poetry written in English will not be complete without a selection from his work. Hope, an Australian, is, I think, one of the major poets of the century. He works in all the traditional forms and gives the lie to those who think they are dead. He can write twenty pages in ottava rima without seeming dated. He can allude to classical literature without posturing. He can heat up the sheets and poison the air. Read him.

In Russia Andrei Voznesensky's poems have generated what Americans would consider an incredible response. He has read to 14,000 people at one time and had 300,000 advance subscribers for a book. Even in translation by poets whose own idiom is unmistakable, his voice comes through strongly. His poems are not political polemics; they are personal investigations of violence, love, and self. In *Antiworlds* (Basic Books, \$4.95) he asks, as well might most Americans, "Who are we?" and replies, "Genius is in the planet's blood." Out of his drive to preserve that genius he makes authentic, bold, sensitive, and graphic poems. The translations by W. H. Auden, Jean Garrigue, Max Hayward, Stanley Kunitz, Stanley Moss, William Jay Smith, and Richard Wilbur convey this sense; I did not feel that they were merely vague suggestions of what might be brilliant poems in the original language. Voznesensky at thirty-three has already become a poet of stature.

NORMAN MACCAIG is practically unknown in the United States. I have no notion of his earlier work, but his new book, *Measures* (Chatto & Windus and Hogarth Press, London, \$2.95) reveals a poet whose English sounds natural and colloquial even to an American. His metaphors enliven; he satirizes with compassion; his wit doesn't flinch. Norman MacCaig can write the simple line that startles more each time one reads it. Something that matters happens in every poem in this book. That makes a book matter.

Past Economies and Present Policies

The Age of Keynes, by Robert Lekachman (Random House, 324 pp. \$6), assesses the influence of the great economist on present-day policy-makers. Arthur E. Burns is professor of economics at George Washington University, Washington, D.C.

By ARTHUR E. BURNS

IN HIS *General Theory of Employment, Interest, and Money*, John Maynard Keynes said: "... the ideas of economists and political philosophers, both when they are right and when they are wrong, are more powerful than is commonly understood. Indeed, the world is ruled by little else. Practical men ... are usually the slaves of some defunct economist." This was said with misgivings in 1936, for he thought the wrong ideas ruled in public policy.

Now, thirty years later, a devoted disciple, Robert Lekachman, in *The Age of Keynes* casts his mentor in the role of the slavemaster of this generation of policy-makers. Keynes, the gifted pragmatist, would probably dissent, as does this reviewer. The 1960s and the 1930s are worlds apart, as Keynes foresaw before his death in 1946. His eminence in the history of economic theory and policy is secure enough without burdening it unduly.

The first four chapters of this lively, well-written book deal with the early life of Keynes, the gradual development of his theoretical views and policy positions, his extensive artistic interests, his successful financial operations on his own account and for King's College, the controversies over war debts and the resumption of the gold standard by England, Depression policies, and the *General Theory*. This is good reading with a minimum of technical jargon. While the discussion of the *General Theory* claims too much for Keynes's originality, it brings out the salient features of this great work.

In particular Lekachman deftly draws the analytical contrast between the *General Theory* and what Keynes offhandedly terms the "classical theory." Here is Keynes's great analytical achievement: his emphasis on aggregate demand, its determination, and its deficiency in the stagnating economy of Great Britain. The basic ideas are not Keynesian. The Stockholm School, following the early lead of

Wicksell, had worked them out, giving substance to what Gunnar Myrdal previously called Keynes's "unnecessary originality." In less sophisticated form the aggregate demand analysis was fully understood more than a century earlier by Lauderdale and Malthus, and much earlier by another genius, Sir William Petty. Others could be mentioned.

Keynes's achievement was not analytical originality so much as an application of analysis to the Great Depression and what to do about it. Provocative, heretical proposals and slashing attacks on the vested complacencies of the British Treasury and the Bank of England enhanced the already great reputation of the author of the *Economic Consequences of the Peace*. But to no avail: officialdom was enslaved by the ideas of a distant and irrelevant past. Keynes's real influence on British policy had to wait until World War II, when the central problem was no longer unemployment. This book gives a good summary account of Keynes's policy frustrations of the 1930s.

Roosevelt was unimpressed by Keynes's views in 1934; the feeling was mutual. The New Deal spending policies were strictly indigenous responses to crisis conditions. Indeed, well before Keynes wrote the *Means to Prosperity* in 1933, the Hearst papers proposed a big public works program, and Hoover initiated emergency public works in 1932, adding to the deficit that Roosevelt criticized. Once in office Roosevelt called



John Maynard Keynes and Mrs. Keynes—"a superb salesmanship."

—Wide World.

for reduced spending, which was the antithesis of Keynesian doctrine. The subsequent spending programs bore no mark of Keynes. The ideas moved from short-run pump-priming, to cyclical compensatory spending, to stagnation fiscal policy. By the end of the decade Alvin H. Hansen had emerged as the principal theorist of deficit spending. Yet in 1937 he said of the *General Theory*, "The book under review is not a landmark in the sense that it lays a foundation for a 'new economics' ... The book is more a symptom of economic trends than a foundation stone upon which a science can be built." The age of Keynes had not yet arrived, as Lekachman notes. By 1940, however, the indigenous New Deal fiscal ideas and national income accounting converged with Keynes. He supplied a missing analytical apparatus, built upon the consumption, liquidity preference, and capital efficiency functions, and a Keynesian school took form under the leadership of Hansen.

BOTH in Great Britain and in the United States the war vindicated the central Keynesian idea: massive government spending and deficits could achieve full employment. But the Germans had shown this much earlier. The anti-Keynesians and those simply innocent of Keynes understood the point. Wars had always been stimulative; if this is Keynesian, then John Stuart Mill, Ricardo, Lauderdale, Malthus, to mention no more, deserve the sobriquet. The wartime problem was not, of course, the bolstering of aggregate demand but restraining it to minimize price controls and rationing and to assure the optimum diversion of resources to the war effort. Keynes's great contribution to British policy was the application of his national income and employment framework to war financing. War financing in the United States was non-Keynesian in spirit; Congress appropriated what was necessary and taxed what it thought politically expedient.

After a brief discussion of Keynes and wartime economic policy, Lekachman considers postwar problems and policies, from Bretton Woods, the Employment Act of 1946, to the Great Society and Harold Wilson's Labour government. Perhaps more than any single person Keynes was instrumental in getting the postwar international financial organizations established. However, his proposed International Clearing Union lost out to the International Monetary Fund proposed by the U.S., and perhaps he was more right than Harry Dexter White. Keynes's ideas were undoubtedly influential in the debate leading to the Employment Act of 1946, but the specter of the 1930s, the fear of postwar stagnation, and the sophisticated national