

(before 1912), Revelation (1912-13), and Resonances (post-1913). After Rilke left the peninsula the landscape of Spain remained forever with him. It was to become, as José Luis Cano claims, the poet's inner landscape, even during his final residence at Muzot in Switzerland. Ten months before his death, in March 1926, he confessed to Veronika Erdmann that there in his solitary life at Muzot he saw, reawakening in the light of the Valais landscape, the memories of Spain, with which he was ever more deeply identifying himself.

The mod, beat, and miniskirt generation of England may not know what to make of it, but BBC is spending over a quarter million pounds to film a twenty-six-episode serial based on *The Forsyte Saga* of John Galsworthy. The "man of Devon" was born just a century ago. Despite a Nobel Prize in 1932, Galsworthy has been slipping out of view even more quickly than his coevals Bennett, Wells, and Conrad. (Galsworthy's enduring friendship with Conrad began when he was a passenger under first-mate Conrad on a voyage from Adelaide to the Cape of Good Hope.)

It is hard to predict how understandable to younger Britons a man will be whose style progressed from that of Kipling to that of Turgenev. Still, in its day this *roman fleuve* on the dramas and feuds of an upper-middle-class family was supposedly a vehicle of protest against Victorian values. There was a humanitarianism in Galsworthy (his own generation even compared his novels to Shaw's plays). And his personal life was more unconventional than that of his fellow alumni of Harrow and New College. His long affairs with his cousin's wife (whom he later married) and with the young dancer Margaret Morris showed a fine unconcern for Victorian codes. It was only D. H. Lawrence who found him as hidebound as the yeomen and country squires from whom he was descended. Lawrence tried to undermine him: "When he comes to sex Mr. Galsworthy collapses finally. He becomes nastily sentimental. He wants to make sex important and he only makes it repulsive." BBC's costly attempt at rehabilitation is welcome. The Jolyons and Soames and Fleur and Philip and Irene will all be reliving their personal problems on the telly. England will have a chance to see whether, as Oonagh Morrison hopefully writes in *Books and Bookmen*, "the pendulum of taste is swinging back in his favor."

The premiere of Bertolt Brecht's 1919 comedy *Die Fischzug* (The Haul of Fish) took place not in his beloved "Spitzbart" Germany but in Heidelberg. Its farcical plot is evocative of a medieval novella, though it has also been com-

pared to the story of Vulcan, who was roundly punished and incidentally crippled by Jupiter for "hauling" the latter's querulous wife, Juno, back to Olympus, whence her spouse had expelled her. In Brecht's play an unhappy fisherman returning home without a catch has overconsolated himself with drink. Finding his adulterous wife and her lover, he captures them in his net and has them cast into the sea, presumably to drown. However, the latter-day Juno makes her way home again to resume henpecking her husband. This was apparently the last pure farce Brecht could write. His next two comedies, *Mann ist Mann* and the *Dreigroschenoper*, were much funnier but laden, too, with social significance. A decade later his espousal of a Marxist theater ruled out any such uncommitted burlesque as the *Fischzug*.

Jean Prasteau publishes in *Le Figaro littéraire* a slight but amusing essay on the headaches of scholars whose life work is the collecting, editing, and publishing of elusive letters by French authors. Georges Lubin, editing the correspondence of that vociferous, cigar-smoking novelist George Sand, has been too lucky for his own comfort: he expected to be coping with 6,000 letters, but now faces the preparation of 16,000 instead. Henri Mitterand, publishing Zola's works, admits that there are scores of letters he cannot trace, including sixty or more sold at auction in London

as recently as 1928. Thousands of autograph pages of Zola held by Fasquelle, Zola's literary executor, have disappeared into thin air. M. Del Litto, the Stendhal scholar, is stymied by a collector in Florence who keeps a tight grasp on Stendhal's library and manuscripts. Perhaps the unhappiest of this confraternity last month was Philippe Auserve, who had published in *Le Figaro littéraire* a few of the hundred unedited letters of Baudelaire from the edition he has now completed for Grasset. A rival Baudelairean in Switzerland, who holds only fifty *inedita*, attacked poor Auserve in a violent and confused tirade obviously grounded on professional jealousy. Maurice Chapelan slashed back in Auserve's defense. One recalls the noisy but futile clash of the two warriors in Baudelaire's sonnet "Duellum."

The Slovenians are sensitive about the fact that Serbo-Croatian is the official language of Yugoslavia—the same sensitivity the Cataláns feel about Castilian. Still, Slovene is an active literary tongue. The PEN Center for Slovenia has sent me its bulletin *Le livre slovène*, along with a fine volume of Slovene poetry, which I have enjoyed. The sociopolitical content is at a minimum, and reminiscences of war, partisan fighting, social problems are treated quite vaguely. Thus Matej Bor, who translated ten plays of Shakespeare and wrote the first
(Continued on page 53)

Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich and David M. Glixon

L U V

What the Bard hath joined, let SR readers not leave sundered. New Yorkers Sara Fleming of Manhattan and Rita D. Jacobs of Flushing, who have both contributed to this mixup, ask you to restore the lovers to each other and to their play. All ends well on page 53.

1. Angelo	A. Anne	<i>All's Well That Ends Well</i> ()
2. Antipholus	B. Bianca	<i>As You Like It</i> ()
3. Bertram	C. Celia	<i>A Comedy of Errors</i> ()
4. Claudio	D. Helena	<i>Love's Labour's Lost</i> ()
5. Dumaine	E. Hermia	<i>Measure for Measure</i> ()
6. Fenton	F. Hero	<i>The Merry Wives of Windsor</i> ()
7. Florizel	G. Julia	<i>A Midsummer-Night's Dream</i> ()
8. Lucentio	H. Katharine	<i>Much Ado About Nothing</i> ()
9. Lysander	I. Luciana	<i>The Taming of the Shrew</i> ()
10. Oliver	J. Mariana	<i>Twelfth Night</i> ()
11. Proteus	K. Olivia	<i>The Two Gentlemen of Verona</i> ()
12. Sebastian	L. Perdita	<i>The Winter's Tale</i> ()

A Way of Seeing and Saying

Poems 1957-1967, by James Dickey (Wesleyan University Press. 299 pp. \$6.95), collects verses by a poet for whom the impact of an event acts "like a welcome blow." Poet Louis Untermeyer edited "Modern American and British Poetry."

By LOUIS UNTERMAYER

THIS volume, which includes the best of four previous books and twenty-three new poems, is a most exciting collection. It presents the work of a still young, affirmative, and—why boggle at a usually misused adjective?—major poet.

James Dickey's debut was not spectacular; it was accompanied by that of two other poets in the seventh volume of *Poets of Today*. His development has been so recent and his fecundity so rapid that the appraisers and compilers have not caught up with him. Practically everything he has written has been accomplished in a ten-year span. *Into the Stone* appeared in 1960; *Drowning with Others* was published in 1962; *Helmets* in 1964; *Buckdancer's Choice* won the National Book Award in 1965. Yet he is not to be found in the voluminous *Poet's Choice* (which includes William Dickey but not James), published in 1962, or in Brinnin and Read's *The Modern Poets*, which runs to more than 400 pages and came out in 1963, or in *Contemporary American Poetry*, issued only a few months ago.

Nevertheless, Dickey's willing power was there from the beginning. If his first book had contained nothing besides "Sleeping Out at Easter," with its assembly of terse, single declarative sentences ("All dark is now no more./ This forest is drawing a light./ All Presences change into trees./ One eye opens slowly without me./ My sight is the same as the sun's."); "The Underground Stream," with its blend of full rhymes and half rhymes; "The Other," with its dream-compelled surrealist imagery, and "Near Darien," a strangely insinuating love poem, these pages would be sufficient evidence that a new and persuasive voice was declaring itself.

The subsequent poems revealed various advances: an almost total rejection of literary backgrounds, a scorn of poems distilled from poems, and a con-

tinual remaking of firsthand happenings. The gamut of subject matter widened to include sensations roused by a son recovering in a hospital while another son waits to be born, a brother making string constructions as he lies dying of fever, a dog sleeping on the poet's feet, the sexual paintings in the ruins of a brothel in Pompeii, an invalid mother gasping for breath but recalling snatches of a minstrel song, a fantastic heaven for animals where the creatures fulfill themselves everlastingly hunting and being hunted. These subjects are vivified in a unique utterance that combines the clarity of the thing keenly observed and the shifting images of the thing remembered, a union of directness and dream. What in a clever craftsman would have been merely a device becomes a natural, compelling way of seeing and saying.

There is, for example, Dickey's use of the flashback, his simple yet subtle juxtaposition of past and present. "The Firebombing" does this incomparably. The poet, "twenty years overweight," is eating a snack in his half-paid-for pantry in the suburbs

Where the lawn mower rests on its laurels

Where the diet exists

For my own good . . .

where the children

Get off the bus where the new
Scoutmaster lives

and he remembers that twenty years ago he was a pilot, a “technical-minded stranger with my hands” dropping 300-gallon tanks filled with napalm and gasoline, destroying neighborhoods much like his own.

"The Fiend" is another remarkable

accomplishment. It starts out to be a study of a voyeur, an ordinary man who is not only a Peeping Tom but a potential Jack the Ripper; beneath the surface, however, there is cumulative horror that, in its paradoxical delicacy, is devastating. At the mercy of his lust he peers at a girl beginning to undress

and rigor mortis
Slithers into his pockets, making
everything there—keys, pen,
and secret love—stand up.

Detail by detail the interior drama mounts until a commonplace worried accountant, invisible and omniscient, becomes a murderous monster.

It will be something small that sets him off:

Perhaps a pair of lace pants on a
clothesline gradually losing
Water to the sun filling out in the
warm light with a well-rounded
Feminine wind as he watches having
spent so many sleepless nights
Because of her because of her hand
on a shade always coming down . . .

The same gathering excitement intensifies "Slave Quarters." Here the speaker tries to exorcise the guilt of his mixed blood in a climax of intellectual agony:

What do you feel when passing
Your blood beyond death
To another in secret: into
Another who takes your features and
adds
A misplaced Africa to them . . .
What happens when the sun goes down
And the white man's loins still stir
In a house of air still draw him
toward
Slave quarters?⁹ . . .

When you think of what
It would be like what it has been
What it is to look once a day
Into an only
Son's brown, waiting, wholly possessed
Amazing eyes, and not
Acknowledge, but own?

“Falling” had its origin in a news-
(Continued on page 55)

