

OF POETRY AND POWER

Poems Occasioned
by the Presidency
and by the Death
of John F. Kennedy

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ATSON
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N WILLIAMS
WRIGHT
DSHOFF YORCK



READ BY
IRENE DAILEY
AND
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Excerpts from the speech
the late President,
John F. Kennedy, recorded
at Amherst College,
October 23, 1963

PRINTED FOREWORD BY
ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

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MR. GLIKES AND MR. SCHWABER

POET'S THEATRE SERIES NO. 15
PRODUCER: SCOTTI D'ARCY

FOLKWAYS RECORDS FL 9721

PS
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MARTIN DONEGAN

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The remarks by the late President John F. Kennedy included in this album were
taped at the convocation at Amherst College on October 23, 1963 on the occasion
of ground-breaking for the Robert Frost Library at Amherst.

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POEMS OCCASIONED
BY THE PRESIDENCY
AND BY THE DEATH
OF JOHN F. KENNEDY

compiled and arranged
by Erwin A. Glikes and Paul Schwaber

read by:
Irene Dailey
Martin Donegan

excerpts from the speech of the late
President John F. Kennedy
recorded at Amherst College, October
23, 1963
Printed Foreword by Arthur Schlesinger,
Jr.
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FOREWORD

There is a sad felicity in the fact that the murder of John Fitzgerald Kennedy should have provoked this memorial volume. This is in part because poetry had a prominent place in President Kennedy's own vision of America. He saw his country as not just a political establishment or an economic system or a web of legal relationships. All these were for him aspects of a larger conception—America as a civilized society. He believed that the arts were the source and sign of a serious civilization, and one of his constant concerns while in the White House was to accord artists a nation's belated recognition of their vital role. He considered the arts essential, not only for their own sake, but for the health of the state; for, among other things, art could provide a necessary check on and criticism of authority. His sense of the relationship between poetry and power was not casual or whimsical. It was organic and profound.

But his recognition of the place of the artist is, I think, the lesser reason for the appropriateness of this volume. The greater reason lies in the fact that President Kennedy himself shared so much of the vision of life which has animated the greatest poetry. He once described himself as an "idealist without illusions." He understood both the potentialities of humanity and the precariousness of the human condition. He admired Robert Frost, for example, not as a good gray rustic philosopher, but as an artist who confronted the somber cruelties of experience without fuss or sentimentality. From without, Kennedy's life sometimes seemed easy and privileged; but this was so in only a limited sense. His brother has told us: "At least one-half of the days that he spent on this earth were days of intense physical pain." He brushed extremely close to death several times before the terrible day in Dallas. He lived, moreover, in an age which had been an ordeal of historical disillusion, leaving so few things on which mature man could rely—family, friendship, physical courage, intellectual discipline, wit, reason, power. With such a life and in such a world, he chose to distance himself from displays of emotion.

In consequence, some thought him detached or indifferent. But only the unwary could really conclude that his "coolness" was because he felt too little. It was because he felt too much and had to compose himself for an existence filled with disorder and suffering. At a press conference, he once remarked about the demobilization of the reserves after the Berlin crisis: "There is always an inequity in life. Some men are killed in a war and some men are wounded, and some men never leave the country. . . . Life is unfair." He said this, not with bitterness, but with the delicate knowledge of one who lives in a bitter time—a knowledge which stamped him as a son of that time. Some poems in this collection evoke his charm and grace, occasionally almost with envy. But the Kennedy style was not an unenvied gift. It was the triumph, hard-bought and well-earned, of a gallant and collected human being over the anguish of life.

A number of poems describe in various ways the fragility of our civilization, "the brute in us," the monsters of violence lurking beneath the façades of order. Kennedy himself was desperately aware of what one poem calls "the thin fabric of law between reason and chaos." This awareness committed him to the unceasing fight to preserve and reinforce that fabric, whether against nuclear war or against unendurable social injustice. He knew that he always must keep his country and his world moving fast enough to prevent violence from rending the membrane of civility. Supremely a man of reason, he understood the depths of unreason in human nature and sought within the time he had to strengthen the decencies of life against the demons of destruction.

These things, much more than his royal role as patron of the arts, account, I think, for these poems. So many of the writers identify themselves with him—"I too am dead"; "We all were passengers in that motorcade"; "I am the vain one, a bullet in my shoulder, six seconds to go/ before another burns in my head"—and they do so because they perceived in him, not just another American president, but *mon semblable, mon frère*, who, as much as the poets themselves, felt the terror of the age and, in striving to master both terror and himself, challenged the self-pitying notion so cherished in our nuclear epoch of the abjectness of the individual in the face of history. The editors note that for some he closed the gap between public and private experience. This surely was so, and it was surely because he held out hope that the humane purposes of private man might still influence the unfolding of public events, that mankind was not necessarily impotent before the awful forces man himself had set in motion, that man could be not only victim but hero. "If we filled the day with bravery," said Emerson of the Poet, "we should not shrink from celebrating it."

"Each substance of a grief," wrote Shakespeare, "hath twenty shadows." What the poets here call the "sound of torn strings," the "tumult of images," reveals the variety of ways in which the life and death of Kennedy pierced the sensibilities of his contemporaries. Together the poems convey the impact an emphatic man can have on his times, even in this age of nuclear missiles and the exploration of space—an impact which death will not end, for death cannot invade that region of possibility where, in the words of one poet,

There, still, your bright incontinent essence
Inclines to its own completion, still
Shapes almost its own actuality, still contrives
Some reason, measure, humor in our lives.

ARTHUR SCHLESINGER, JR.

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INTRODUCTION

Three months after the assassination of Abraham Lincoln, a large memorial anthology composed primarily of newspaper verse was compiled. None of the now-famous Lincoln elegies found their way into that book. A poem by William Cullen Bryant did appear, but so did poems by "Mrs. F. W. Hall, 70 years of age," and "May of Sparrow Bush, 13 years of age." The best anthology of poems about Lincoln—which included Melville's "The Martyr," Lowell's "Ode Recited at the Harvard Commemoration," and Whitman's "When Lilacs Last in the Dooryard Bloom'd"—was not published until thirty years after Lincoln's death. And yet, all three of these enduring poems were actually written in 1865, the year of the assassination.

Immediately after the assassination of John F. Kennedy, poems began to be written about it and the man it had taken. *The New York Times*, the *Saturday Review*, and even the *London Times Literary Supplement* were inundated with them. For the most part, these poems were more notable for their sincerity than for their quality. It was after seeing a few clearly excellent poems that appeared in December, 1963, that we thought of writing to poets of recognized accomplishment to ask whether they had, in the immediate aftermath of the tragedy, written anything which might be appropriate for such a volume as this. Some of these poets were known only to other poets; others were of national and international reputation. In our letters, we promised to publish a book only if the response indicated that our assumption was correct—that a large body of fine poetry on this subject did, in fact, exist. We wanted the poems to be available to the generation that had lived with John F. Kennedy and must now live with the fact of his death.

The response to our inquiries was overwhelming. Kathleen Raine, for example, wrote from England:

I am glad to have an opportunity given me by your letter of expressing, if not publicly, at least not quite privately, the profound sorrow I felt at the death of President Kennedy. It was like a personal bereavement, the loss of one of the family made up of one's dear friends. I am as a rule utterly unmoved by public events, and cynical about politicians, but this was altogether different. I mourned when France fell to the Germans, but not again over anything in that way until the death of Kennedy. I had been in Washington during that flowering of poetry, music and all the arts that made his presidency seem like a renaissance (or *naissance*) and was present at the dinner given for Robert Frost's 88th birthday. Now Frost is gone, and John Kennedy, and Pope John XXIII; and one realizes that even now great men, and above all good men, can change the world of masses and anonymity. But what a year of bereavements—. Only, of course, death immortalizes. One never associated Kennedy with tragedy, with his youth and idealism and the joyfulness of his moment. He raised the United States to a great height; and I feel, as many do, that the grandeur of the national mourning was upon that level to which he had tried to raise his nation; even in spite of the fearful depths the assassination revealed. But they are always there, the heights perhaps not. . . .

Miss Raine's letter eloquently stated feelings expressed in much of the mail received. Most correspondents acknowledged the appropriateness of such a book, and many immediately sent poems that they had written shortly after the assassination.

Some, however, were skeptical. They argued that the uses of poetry had changed irrevocably since Lincoln's day; its matter and manner had become far more private; it no longer assumed a wide audience; nor could it properly attempt a public voice and a public responsibility. Therefore, the prospects of such a book succeeding as a collection of contemporary poetry rather than as a curious document of historical interest seemed to them slight.

The number of good poems we received week after week, however, made us feel that these widely held views of the nature and uses of contemporary poetry ought to be re-examined. There certainly have been changes in poetic styles during the past hundred years, but can they be so easily equated with a complete change in the uses of poetry? After all, if traditional elegiac forms are no longer available, elegiac feeling and expression still are. If admiration and love, grief and fear, are still felt, they can be expressed in poetry and are—though not, of course, as they were in previous ages. If poetry is now more persistently personal in its techniques and concerns than it once was, it nonetheless still reveals and informs human experience. The issue, then, is not whether such feelings can be expressed in modern poetry, but whether a public figure and a public event can inspire them. The answer, we think, is that this president and this event did.

Why this was so is worth pondering. John F. Kennedy's youth, energy, and grace; his intelligence, wit, and evident pleasure in using words skillfully; his political shrewdness that did not depend on cant; his rare ability to reverse his office without being solemn about himself—all, doubtless, served to distinguish him for the poets. Miss Raine's letter, for example, speaks of grieving as though for a close friend. Mr. Kennedy's ability to be a successful political figure and at the same time a credible and attractive human being closed, for some, at least, the gap which has developed between public and private experience.

And then, too, there was the event of the assassination itself. It was more than a matter of merely historic and journalistic significance. As it unfolded, an almost-forgotten range of human emotions, from the basest to the most noble, was revealed. As those unforgettable days of late November, 1963, drew relentlessly on, it became clear that we had all witnessed one of the dark, random gestures by which chaos reasserts itself in the universe, tearing through the bright patterns we weave about ourselves and call our civilization. Youth, beauty, noble aspiration (those words revived because he lived) were struck down before our eyes. It was, most properly, a matter for art, for art has met with it before—and will again.

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It is, in a way, a tragic irony that so many poems came to be written about John F. Kennedy, for no recent president had been so perceptive of the living role of the poet in the nation's life. Speaking at the dedication of the Robert Frost Library at Amherst College in October, 1963, President Kennedy praised Frost because

He brought an unsparing instinct for reality to bear on the platitudes and pieties of society. His sense of the human tragedy fortified him against self-deception and easy consolation.

"I have been," he wrote, "one acquainted with the night."

And because he knew the midnight as well as the high noon, because he understood the ordeal as well as the triumph of the human spirit, he gave his age strength with which to overcome despair.

No president had been so gracefully aware of popular American misconceptions about poetry. In a televised interview, President Kennedy once remarked:

There is a story that some years ago an interested mother wrote to a principal of a school: "Don't teach my boy poetry; he's going to run for Congress." I've never taken the view that the world of politics and the world of poetry are so far apart. I think politicians and poets share at least one thing, and that is that their greatness depends upon the courage with which they face the challenges of life.

Furthermore, no president had so signally honored poetry by asking a poet to participate in the Inauguration, and with such good reasons:

I asked Robert Frost to come and speak at the Inauguration not merely because I was desirous of according a recognition to his trade, but also because I felt that he had something important to say to those of us who were occupied with the business of government; that he would remind us that we were dealing with life, the hopes and fears of millions of people, and also tell us that our own deep convictions must be the ultimate guide of all our actions.

This was a theme that President Kennedy took up again in his speech at Amherst, which appears as the Appendix to this volume. It is a speech which deserves to be remembered for its statement of the President's faith in "poetry as the means of saving power from itself."

When power leads man toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses.

For art establishes the basic human truths which must serve as the touchstones of our judgment. The artist, however faithful to his personal vision of reality, becomes the last champion of the individual mind and sensibility against an intrusive society and an officious state.

To discover these words among the papers of a deceased head of state is to realize, again, all we have lost.

The poems that appear in this volume are the work of American and British poets. The poems vary immensely in subject, approach, and tone; they have in common only their literary accomplishment. The first seven were written during Mr. Kennedy's presidency. Of these, some praise him, and one is sharply critical. The seventh was written the day before the assassination. All the other poems were occasioned by the President's sudden death. There are poems that express shock, anger, horror, and grief; and there are poems of eulogy and commemoration. A few explore the psyche of the killer; others, the moral life of the nation. Several are about the limitations of poetry itself attempting to deal with John F. Kennedy's unalterable death.

Certain images and themes recur: President Kennedy's and

Robert Frost's mutual admiration; the Dallas motorcade in the telescopic sight; the military funeral and the eternal flame; and Mrs. Kennedy's incredible courage and dignity. Much is made of the Wild West (distrusted in many of these poems) and of such symbols of America in the 1960's as supermarkets, helicopters, and, of course, television. There are echoes of Whitman's elegy and evocations of a traditional image of evil in American writing, the spider. Reference is made to classical patterns and to figures of Shakespearean tragedy. Repeatedly, poets chose for their titles "November 22, 1963"—a date now frozen into American history.

The title, *Of Poetry and Power*, is from the penultimate line of the first poem in this book. In it, Robert Frost heralded John F. Kennedy's inauguration as "the beginning hour" of "A golden age of poetry and power."

Though not composed exclusively of tributes to the late President, this book pays tribute to him. It does so, we believe, in the honesty, variety, and achievement of the individual poems it contains. President Kennedy valued individuality and skill, and he charged poets with a great responsibility. This book, then, in its way, aspires to bear witness to his faith in "a world which will be safe not only for democracy and diversity but also for personal distinction."

With the exception of Abraham Lincoln, no president has inspired so much good poetry. Whether any of the poems in this book will endure is for others to determine. We hope that this book will be a beginning, that more fine Kennedy poems will be forthcoming, and that they will be widely read. For, as John F. Kennedy said of Robert Frost: "A nation reveals itself not only by the men it produces but also by the men it honors, the men it remembers."

ERWIN A. GLIKES
PAUL SCHWABER

August 1964

IRENE DAILEY

Irene Dailey created the role of Nettie Cleary in the Pulitzer Prize Play "The Subject Was Roses". It was called the "most magnificent realization of the season" by both the New York and Canadian drama reviewers. Just a few seasons before Miss Dailey had been very warmly received in London's West End when she opened in "Tomorrow With Pictures" at the Duke of York's Theatre. The English drama critics wrote "Every imitation rose of an English actress should be dragged by the hair of the head to see Irene Dailey."

Miss Dailey was among those honored to perform at The White House Festival of The Arts this past spring. She is Artistic Director of the school of The Actor's Company in New York City where she continues her studies and is a member of the teaching staff.

Martin Donegan

The versatile Martin Donegan combines the arts of acting and directing for the theatre. As an actor he has given a series of fine performances. Among them Cassio in OTHELLO, The Poet in SEASONS OF LIFE and, most notably -- RICHARD II. He has directed a number of plays and readings. These range from a stark study of evil - Richard III to his perceptive analysis of the mystical St. John Of The Cross in both Spanish and English.

O F P O E T R Y A N D P O W E R

THIS ALBUM OF POEMS IS AN ATTEMPT TO MAKE REASONABLE A GHOSTLY REALITY, TO GIVE A RATIONAL ACCOUNT OF AN EMOTIONAL EXPERIENCE TO UNDERSTAND.

Side I: Fact

To realize how splendid a man can be: straight, intelligent, strong and then observe another commit a terrifying uncomprehensible act and to somehow reconcile both.

ROBERT FROST FOR JOHN F. KENNEDY HIS INAUGURATION

Summoning artists to participate
In the august occasions of the state
Seems something artists ought to celebrate.
Today is for my cause a day of days.
And his be poetry's old-fashioned praise
Who was the first to think of such a thing.
This verse that in acknowledgment I bring
Goes back to the beginning of the end
Of what had been for centuries the trend;
A turning point in modern history.
Colonial had been the thing to be
As long as the great issue was to see
What country'd be the one to dominate
By character, by tongue, by native trait,
The new world Christopher Columbus found.
The French, the Spanish, and the Dutch were downed
And counted out. Heroic deeds were done.
Elizabeth the First and England won.
Now came on a new order of the ages
That in the Latin of our founding sages
(Is it not written on the dollar bill

We carry in our purse and pocket still?)
God nodded his approval of as good.
So much those heroes knew and understood,
I mean the great four, Washington,
John Adams, Jefferson, and Madison,—
So much they knew as consecrated seers
They must have seen ahead what now appears,
They would bring empires down about our ears
And by the example of our Declaration
Make everybody want to be a nation.
And this is no aristocratic joke
At the expense of negligible folk.
We see how seriously the races swarm
In their attempts at sovereignty and form.
They are our wards we think to some extent
For the time being and with their consent,
To teach them how Democracy is meant.
"New order of the ages" did we say?
If it looks none too orderly today,
'Tis a confusion it was ours to start
So in it have to take courageous part.
No one of honest feeling would approve
A ruler who pretended not to love
A turbulence he had the better of.
Everyone knows the glory of the twain
Who gave America the aeroplane
To ride the whirlwind and the hurricane.
Some poor fool has been saying in his heart
Glory is out of date in life and art.
Our venture in revolution and outlawry
Has justified itself in freedom's story
Right down to now in glory upon glory.
Come fresh from an election like the last,
The greatest vote a people ever cast,
So close yet sure to be abided by,
It is no miracle our mood is high.
Courage is in the air in bracing whiffs
Better than all the stalemate an's and ifs.
There was the book of profile tales declaring
For the emboldened politicians daring
To break with followers when in the wrong,
A healthy independence of the throng,
A democratic form of right divine
To rule first answerable to high design.
There is a call to life a little sterner,
And braver for the earner, learner, yearner.
Less criticism of the field and court
And more preoccupation with the sport.
It makes the prophet in us all presage
The glory of a next Augustan age
Of a power leading from its strength and pride,
Of young ambition eager to be tried,
Firm in our free beliefs without dismay,
In any game the nations want to play.
A golden age of poetry and power
Of which this noonday's the beginning hour.

'THE GIFT OUTRIGHT'

The land was ours before we were the land's.
She was our land more than a hundred years
Before we were her people. She was ours
In Massachusetts, in Virginia,
But we were England's, still colonials,
Possessing what we still were unpossessed by,

Possessed by what we now no more possessed.
 Something we were withholding made us weak
 Until we found out that it was ourselves
 We were withholding from our land of living,
 And forthwith found salvation in surrender.
 Such as we were we gave ourselves outright
 (The deed of gift was many deeds of war)
 To the land vaguely realizing westward,
 But still unstoried, artless, unenhanced,
 Such as she was, such as she would become.

CYNTHIA OZICK FOOTNOTE TO LORD ACTON

While in the Convention they were nominating the Next
 President of the United States,

I thought of death:
 Not merely that ambition is a skull
 And all microphones handles of a coffin;
 Not merely that those former public speakers Socrates and
 Caesar
 Are less than the moth's foot,
 That grass is all power,
 And only the absolute worm corrupts absolutely—

Since on the rostrum they know this,
 In the galleries where they clutch staffs and banners
 they know this,
 The Next President of the United States knows this,
 Having for an example
 If not Kohleth
 Then the Past Presidents of the United States.

The forgotten speaker,
 The alternate delegate,
 The trampled demonstrator,
 The shunned and shunted eldest statesman with his honed wail
 unheard,
 How irrelevant is death to the pieties of men!

Death the dark, dark horse.

FLORENCE VICTOR BERLIN CRISIS

The dentist drilled for two-and-one-half hours.
 When I left, the President was telling us
 About Berlin. The doctor said: "At least
 We'll have our teeth filled."

Outside, in the heat,
 I slung myself along the main street of our town.
 "I'm missing the speech! I'm missing the speech!"
 And then, from all the cars and store-fronts,
 Jack's odd twang harangued the night. "America,"
 I thought, and felt so safe I was ashamed.

July 25, 1961

GEORGE HITCHCOCK MR. KENNEDY PROPOSES TO PACIFY THE CARIBBEANS

Recalling the manicured nails on the mandolin
 the subtle vials of *eau de cologne*
 mignonette rouge the chaste scarves

and the varieties of predictable haemophilia
 we await the angels.

Foreseeing the doves with turrets and *démarches*
 the bonewhite beach and the flight of watches
 the palmettoes suddenly ambulant
 and the strange petals with their odoriferous cries
 we await the angels.

Anticipating iron colloquies in the cloudless sky
 the exchange of roses in the vestibule
 the fury the glass the splintered tongue
 the brick the ash the dispersal of seed
 we await the angels.

November 1962

JONATHAN WILLIAMS DAVENPORT GAP

the tulip poplar is not a
 poplar it is a magnolia:
liriodendron tulipifera.

the young grove on the eastern slopes of
 Mt Cammerer reminds me
 of the two huge trees
 at Monticello, favorites
 of Mr Jefferson;

and of the Virginia lady
 quoting Mr Kennedy:
 the recent gathering of
 Nobel Prize Winners at the
 White House—the most
 brilliant assemblage
 in that dining room
 since Mr Jefferson
 dined there
 alone . . .

a liriodendron
 wind, a liriodendron
 mind

July 1960

May 1962

CHARLES WRIGHT NOVEMBER 22, 1963

Morning; the slow rising of a cold sun.
 Outside of town the suburbs, crosshatched and wan,
 Lie like the fingers of some hand. In one
 Of these, new, nondescript, an engine starts,
 A car door slams, a man drives off. Its gates
 Bannered, streets flagged and swept, the city waits.

Dallas

RICHARD O'CONNELL NEKROS

It slouched at the window changing
 Changing its shape and its skin
 It clung at the window changing

It seemed like a centipede
 It seemed like a huge centipede
 Or serpent or strange dragon

How many incarnations?

Forty times it changed
 Forty times until this . . .
 Still it kept changing
 And still it stayed there changing
 Convulsing inside of itself
 In hideous suffering
 This selv-slaughtering thing

Forty incarnations.
 And what did it become next?

I saw it shedding its clothes . . .
 I saw it dropping its flesh
 In a small green public place . . .
 Sunlight . . . by a fountain
 Its unintelligible body
 Gleaming dark and wet

Then this shape was a man's?

Maybe a man's, I don't know

And what worse thing to tell?

A head dropped back and dying
 Pouring blood from its skull . . .
 All history stark in that flow

CHANA FAERSTEIN BULLETIN

Is dead. Is dead. How all
 Theradios sound the same.
 That static is our seed.
 Is dead. We heard. Again.

We peck at the words like bran
 Strung on a string of air.
 Is dead. Again. Is dead.
 Too rhythmic for despair.

Our faces are all the same,
 Learning to taste the word.
 Lockjawed with awkwardness.
 Is dead. We know. We heard.

GWENDOLYN BROOKS THE ASSASSINATION OF JOHN F. KENNEDY

. . . this Good, this Decent, this Kindly man. . . .

—SENATOR MANSFIELD

I hear things crying in the world.
 A nightmare congress of obscure
 Delirium uttering overbreath
 The tilt and jangle of this death.

Who had a sense of world and man,
 Who had an apt and antic grace
 Lies lenient, lapsed and large beneath
 The tilt and jangle of this death.

The world goes on with what it has.
 Its reasoned, right and only code.
 Coaxing, with military faith,
 The tilt and jangle of this death.

3

DAVID IGNATOW BEFORE THE SABBATH

The man is gone on a Friday.
 Good father of silence,
 give us peace of the Sabbath
 with promises you grow in our blood.
 Gone on a Friday before the Sabbath
 of rest, his blood on stretchers
 and on surgical instruments,
 nowhere growing a promise,
 the instruments cold, the forehead mute.
 Good father of emptiness,
 you keep saying over and over
 in the birth of children
 that we are not born to die,
 but the mind is dulled,
 for the man is gone on a Friday
 before the Sabbath of the world remade.
 Smiling, he is dead,
 too quickly to explain.

By a hand in defiance
 the fine, warm sun has been extinguished,
 by one of us, talking of anger
 and frustration. In the sudden darkness
 the structures going up stand agape.
 In unfinished corners we huddle,
 growing cold.

JOSEPHINE MILES FRONTIER

Daniel Boone stepped up to a window
 (What! a window?) with his trusty rifle,
 And he shot his bear.
 This was some bear.
 It was a millionaire,
 A Harvard, London, and a South Sea bear
 A French, a football bear.

A corporate family
 And incorporate party
 Thoroughly transistized
 Into his rocking chair
 Built and bureaucratized,
 Daddied and deared and dared,
 Indomitable bear.

What an investment
 Of time, of love too,
 All in one body,
 A computation
 Of maximal purpose,
 A one man world.

Daniel is angry
 That after the eighth grade
 This bear should travel
 So far ahead.
 Unfair
 That a bear
 Should rock so big a chair.

So gets him, and as he is got
 Shows him

Shows us
It takes no complicated bomb or plot
To win again us back to wilderness,
But just one pot- pure, individual -shot.

DONALD HALL
SPIDER HEAD

the spider glints
he is huge he is made of aluminium
slowly the crane lowers him
outside a glass building
his legs crawl in the air
he dangles turning
by a steel thread
the sun splits on his metal skin
no one sees him

I kneel at a wooden box
in shade in silence
eye-socket touches felt eyepiece
a car rolls slowly
into the crossed hairs
a head
enters the segments of a circle
hairs cross on a head
I squeeze slowly

the crane lifts the spider slowly
his legs retracting
he becomes a sphere a point
glinting aluminium
no one sees him
the crane swerves him over a ledge
his nest on a high building
humming in a cement hole
electric glass

DOROTHY GILBERT
AT THE BROOKLYN DOCKS
November 23, 1963

In the morning air, the freighter *Havskar*,
From Oslo, lies drawn up at her Brooklyn pier.
The light breaks on her masts and ropes, and shows
Their endless tents and triangles that crowd
In the white air, and rise and ride each other.
A man waves, and a boom descends; a shout,
And a crate is hoisted up from dock to decks.
It swings and lands, and the men on board take it away.
Near me, above the ships, the workmen spread
Tar on the roofs, black in the early sun.
The smell of sea water and tar is thick;
It stings in the nostrils, and, like coffee, wakes me.

Wakes me to what I see and what I know.
Where the light strikes, there is the thrust of sadness,
Up the white spars and ropes, the shapes of day,
Along the decks, and on the *Havskar's* flag,
At half-mast, like her neighbors' and my own.
Is work as old as grief? Watching, I feel
The slow and wounded groping of my senses
Toward my old life. Here, in my neighborhood,
Under the flags lost among ropes, the men
Cry out, crates swing in the silence after,
Under the watchful eyes the burden lands.
All down the shore, the day changes and moves.

RICHARD F. HUGO
KENNEDY UCCISO
Don't scream at me you God damn' wops,
nine at night. I know what the headline says.
Blasted by some creep in Dallas.
Don't ask me who Johnson is.
Don't ask *racismo*, *comunismo*?
I don't know. That fountain lit
and flowing over naked ladies, fish,
animals and birds, is blurred. You and words
in giant print keep banging at my head.

I voted for him, not my kind of man.
My kind could not be president,
just a target for the cold. You slip in
noisy knives of why. *Un gran uomo*?
Certamente. I know, here this very year.
Yes, a Catholic. Yes. Yes. Very rich.
A man who put some sixty million lives
on some vague line and won.
I'd vote for him again. But here
in the *piazza* where the fountain
makes wet love to ladies and stone swans
I want your questions and my hate to end.

The fountain runs in thighs of lovely stone.
Ladies do quite well, subduing swans
and lizards, giving in to fish. You Romans,
quite *simpatici*. Someday we'll be you.
I weep in the *piazza*, perfect wop.
Take your questions to a sainted star.
My Italian fails. *Come si dice*:
He was not afraid of what we are."

G. S. FRASER
INSTEAD OF AN ELEGY

Bullets blot out the Life-Time smile,
Apollo of the picture-page,
Blunt-faced young lion
Caught by vile
Death in an everlasting cage:

And, no more young men in the world,
The old men troop to honour him.
The drums beat glum,
Slight snow is swirled
In dazzling sun, pale requiem.

And pale dark-veiled Persephone,
A golden child in either hand,
Stands by white pillars;
Silently,
It seems she might for ever stand.

In bright grey sun, processional
Of pomp and honour, and of grief,
Crown that dead head
With coronals.
Some stony hearts feel some relief:

But not your heart, America,
Beating so slow and sure and strong,
Stricken in his
Triumphal car,
Guard Caesar's bitter laurels long

With soldiers' music, rites of war:
He had proved bravely when put on!
The soldiers shoot.

Rage echoes far
Above the grave at Arlington.

MICHAEL GOLDMAN
THE SPONTANEOUS MAN,
THE GIFTED ASSASSIN

The spontaneous man, the gifted assassin
lies down in our sleep tonight.
In nervous weather, a cold nation
settling inward, meets hate

rising like an athlete from his pool,
smiling, flicking the water from his chest.
On the stone steps the water smears like oil.
He is naked; we are impressed.

WILLIAM BUTLER
NOVEMBER 25, 1963

Drums, drums, I too am dead.
I breathe no breath, but only dread.
I have no soul, but lay my head
Upon his soul, and on that bed
I stop.

Drums in heartbeat cadence drill
His life away. My life is still.
My heart drums down my wit, my will,
And with his cadence, mounts the hill
And stops.

He stops. I stop. He ends. I end.
He will not heal. I will not mend.
He goes alone. I take no friend.
His God is mine. He kneels. I bend.
All stops.

And that is all of me tonight.
I do not want tomorrow's light.
I do not want the sound or sight
Of time. No more. These words I write,
And stop.

Side II: Chaos
When life seems absurd and hopeless,
and reality becomes too bitter we must
seek refuge somewhere -- we then have
need of the poet.

JOHN BERRYMAN
FORMAL ELEGY

I

A hurdle of water, and O these waters are cold
(warm at outset) in the dirty end.
Murder on murder on murder, where I stagger,
whiten the good land where we have held out.
These kills were not for loot,
however Byzantium hovers in the mind:
were matters of principle—that's worst of all—

& tear & crazed mercy.
Ruby, with his mad claim
he shot to spare the Lady's testifying,
probably is sincere.
No doubt, in his still cell, his mind sits pure.

II

Yes, it looks like a wilderness—pacem appellant.
Honour to Patrolman Tippet. Peace to the riffer's widow.
Seven, I believe, play fatherless.

III

Scuppered the yachts, the choppers, big cars, jets.
Nobody goes anywhere,
lengthened (days) into TV.
I am four feet long, invisibly.
What in the end will be left of us is a stare,
underwater.
If you want me to join you in confident prayer, let's
not.
I sidled in & past, gazing upon it,
the bier.

IV

Too Andean hopes, now angry shade,—
I am an automobile. Into me climb
many, and go their ways. Onto him climbed
a-many and went his way.
For a while we seemed to be having a holiday
off from ourselves—ah, but the world is wigs,
as sudden we came to feel
and even his splendid hair kept not wholly real
fumbling & falsing in & out of the Bay of Pigs,
the bad moment of this excellent man,
suffered by me as a small car can.
Faithful to course we stayed.

V

Some in their places are constrained to weep.
Stunned, more, though.
Black foam. A weaving snake. An invulnerable sleep.
It doing have to come so.
All at once, hurtless, in the tide of applause
& expectation. I write from New York
where except for a paraplegic exterminator—
a gracious & sweet guy—
nobody has done no work
lately

VI

It's odd perhaps that Dallas cannot after their crimes
criminals protect or Presidents.
Fat Dallas, a fit set.
I would not perhaps have voted for him next time.
Images of Mr Kennedy blue the air,
who is little now, with no chance to grow great,
but who have set his touch across the State,
true-intended, strong

VII

My breath comes heavy, does my breath.
I feel heavy about the President's death.

VIII

I understand I hear I see I read
schoolgirls in Dallas when the white word came
or slammed, cheered in their thoughtful grades,
brought-up to a loving tone.
I do not sicken but somewhat with shame
I shift my head an inch; who are my own.
I have known a loving Texas woman in parades
and she was boastful & treacherous.
That boringest of words, whereas here I blush,
"education," peters to a nailing of us.

IX

An editor has asked me in my name
what wish or prophecy I'd like to state
for the new year. I am silent on these occasions
steadily, having no love for a fool
(which I keep being) but I break my rule:
I do all-wish the bullets swim astray
sent to the President, and that all around
help, and his heart keep sound.
I have a strange sense

he's about to be the best of men.

Amen.

X

It's quiet at Arlington. Rock Creek is quiet.
My primers, with Mount Auburn. Everybody should
have his sweet boneyards. Yet let the young not go,
our apprentice King! Alas,
muffled, he must. He seemed good:
brainy in riot, daring, cool.

So

let us abandon the scene of disorder. Drop
them shattered bodies into tranquil places,
where moulder as you will. We compose our faces
cold as the cresting waters; ready again.
The waters break.

All black & white together, stunned, survive
the final insolence to the head of you;
bow.

Overwhelmed-un, live.
A rifle fact is over, pistol facts
almost entirely are too.

The man of a wise face opened it to speak:
Let us continue.

ANSELM HOLLO
UNTIL DEATH
DO US PART

To think of them
from afar
to think of the distance, that air
its broken voices

thousands of miles, the sea
and the rivers, returning
the sun also rising

but then

it was less: the distance
two hundred yards! They are moving
into the sights, they are moving

into the eye, wide open,
opened in the earth
his earth, to let him in

the suddenly opened eye
the windscreen meshed
into a honeycomb of light—

To think of them
as close: as he was

his head in her lap, her arm
across his chest
as they were floating, floating

wherever it was
we were going, we cannot stay
on the road

yet must drive on
and out of their sight who try
who tried to think of us, as we entered
the dark city

to be encased in a light
of diamonds and death,
dead center of stillness

where there is
no fear
out of their sights
each into his
her night, now shared
forever.

HARVEY SHAPIRO
NATIONAL COLD STORAGE
COMPANY

The National Cold Storage Company contains
More things than you can dream of.
Hard by the Brooklyn Bridge it stands
In a litter of freight cars,
Tugs to one side; the other, the traffic
Of the Long Island Expressway.
I myself have dropped into it in seven years
Midnight tossings, plans for escape, the shakes.
Add this to the national total—
Grant's Tomb, the Civil War, Arlington,
The young President dead.
Above the warehouse and beneath the stars
The poets creep on the harp of the Bridge.
But see,
They fall into the National Cold Storage Company
One by one. The wind off the river is too cold,
Or the times too rough, or the Bridge

Is not a harp at all. Or maybe
A monstrous birth inside the warehouse
Must be fed by everything—ships, poems,
Stars, all the years of our lives.

THOMAS WHITBREAD
NOVEMBER 25, 1963

The assassination of the President,
Among its many effects, confers upon
The slightest act a clarity of precision.
The sharpening of a pencil with a knife,
My old Scout knife, twenty years old, today
Sharply reseen as its invented self.
The cutting of my nails with old small scissors,
Trying, as always, not to hurt the quick.
Then encountering, taking up the pencil,
Tooth marks, not mine, and breaking it in half
In the frustration of rage, despair, and grief
At life not being as it ought to be.
She bit it. Our love should be alive, as he
Much more should be, and stupidly is not.

MARJORIE MIR
FOUR DAYS IN NOVEMBER

In late autumn sun
This coldness without season.
Strangers asking how.

A long rain today,
Cold against the face, has quenched
Final disbelief.

No movement of hours
Disturbs this room or betrays
The sly leap of pain.

Once restless as wind,
His quickness borne in slow march.
Nothing in its time.

RICHARD BARKER
NIGHT OF THE
PRESIDENT'S FUNERAL

Sixty thousand faces go dark on the Strip
I come home 3 strangers in whiteface
are smashing my walls &
there's blood on my pillow
splinters of glass!
splinters of glass!

Dead Verlaine
hangs in the closet, fingers
trail from his wings. His
unlovely bald head
is a dirty vermilion
& he eats the hawk's ripe leavings.

A rain of crutches outside the window
Janet throws knives at her husbands.
These are the others
they are your brothers
of course he was killed.

X. J. KENNEDY
DOWN IN DALLAS

Down in Dallas, down in Dallas
Where the shadow of blood lies black
Lee Oswald nailed Jack Kennedy up,
With the nail of a rifle crack.

The big bright Cadillacs stomped on their brakes
And the man in the street fell still
When the slithering gun like a tooth of sin
Coiled back from the window sill.

In a white chrome room on a table top,
Oh, they tried all a scalpel knows
But they couldn't spell stop to that drop-by-drop
Till it bloomed to a rigid rose.

Down on the altar, down on the altar
Christ blossoms in bread and wine
But each asphalt stone where the blood dropped down
Is burst to a cactus spine.

Oh down in Dallas, down in Dallas
Where a desert wind walks by night
Lee Oswald nailed Jack Kennedy up
On the cross of a rifle sight.

GEORGE CUOMO
THE MAN OF MY DREAMS

The wild man that last night I dreamed
Now sleeps to dream of me.
This morning in his fantasy
I do not bother him:
Nothing dismays this confessor.

And which is worse—to watch
His simpering acrobatics
Or prance for him the way
He dreams me to, balancing globes
On my nose and whipping
Flesh that perhaps awake I love?

Last night his shrieks were raw as glass;
Though he sweats and stinks, flares
Red with riot, I know
He is armed, and cool, and can aim.

I, assured by the morning news,
Scrape jars for daily fare,
While he, random as a lobster,
Writes our history.

RUTH LANDSHOFF YORCK
I M J F K

We may stop worrying.
Our best man died.
We know of no one now we can not spare.

Our man was BADLY shot.
The marksman hit the mark:
a straightshooter.

Still

The trigger was not triggered by a thought
nor by the shooting pain of high ideals
but purifying faith's anathema.

Our man was shot.
From a blind. In a blind flash of error.
By a blind thug.

He hit the bullseye.
And he never knew
the center of our circle was unique.

How to find words for the depriver
You should not have done that brother enemy?
You painted our forehead with your mark?
(the fighter can not see Athene)

Our man now rests where bone pale crosses bloom
among well ordered rows of bloody plantings
moist from the sorry dew of love

LORENZO THOMAS

NOT THAT HURRIED GRIEF

for John F. Kennedy (d. 1963)

1

You were only a grainy face in the newspapers
A briefly passionate figure of speech
During breakfast The voice of the radio at the end
Of my hand, your reputation

Didn't gleam as much as the fork in my hand
Such memorial! Your life was nothing
To me your death though an inscrutable mark on the lintel,
The same world I live in

I think of the popular word "transitory"
Oh! At least it should bend
My heart but I am only distressed and mistrustful
On the bus everybody weeping around me

I think of the popular word "transitory"
Your funeral, watching it on tv
I think the cathode overburdened, the gray lines strained
Your funeral lost in air

Our world so badly fitted for permanence
Or sorrow, your widow lost in air
Your name lonely on highways and airports At least
You did not die to be a battleship

2

What kind of poverty becomes me, a callous wretch
I think of the popular word "transitory"
And I am saddened for you Oh, we stinge on ourselves!
I think of the word "callous"
And I know it's antique I watched your funeral, your
widow moving
Like a Gloucester woman across the small screen
The jet planes our gesture of reverence,
And I was strangely moved, a genuinely new emotion, not
That hurried grief

flags drooping in the dark
As I walked along East 70th street
The night you died prim doormen bland and perfectly usual
Such memorial! Your death an oblique fact
You do not come to mind on the street

The airport has only a dim recollection, the times you
landed there
And we are not ashamed
The airport your memorial has no eyes, no mouth
My mouth fallow of grief is plains in the western movie
the night you died
What is this "I am going to the movies"
Barbara crying that afternoon and you flying back to Washington
Now we are sitting alone in our strange world, our
curiosities assuaged
By scientific films of growing flowers in the southwest
Forgive the distance that couldn't fit me to appropriate weeds
The weeds on your grave, my replacement

ROBERT HAZEL

GUARD OF HONOR

West to Dallas

Leave the flattering libraries, the graceful Eastern towns.
Leave the untold beads and the uncounted leaves of grass.
Leave the blue panes of cathedrals, the red leather of law,
the white silence of poetry.
Take yourself to Texas in an open car.
Be for one moment the advertised Zero of infantile people:
rich boy in a big car, hair wild, teeth clean:
young god without wound.

West is the place to die; it stands for death.
No law except chance and impulse in that country:
land blazing and sterile, cold with the howls
of sun-crazed and moon-frozen animals
with torn fur, then sun on the carcasses.
West is the place to die, my President.

By day in a freeway
cavalcade of sunburnt limousines,
you ran the gauntlet of leather and lead.
On the thin fabric of law between reason and chaos
you laid your head,
blood on the temple, then sound of a rifle
swaddled in oil.
Hungry hands were waving.
A Negro woman wept into her purse.

Riderless Horse

From Andrews Field you ride into the Capital.
A guard of honor escorts your sudden corpse
down an aluminum ladder.

Your widow stalks your body through an avenue
of bare sycamores, and one answering bell,
leading heads of state to altar and precipice.
On the birthday of your son, your widow
walks bars of a dirge on the pavement
towards fountain and abyss.

Among swords of sunlight drawn by the spokes
of the caisson

and the white manes of horses, she walks
into noon and midnight.

Above the muffled drums,
the high voice of a young soldier
tells the white horses how slow to go
before your widow and children, walking
behind the flag-anchored coffin—
and one riderless black horse dancing!

Widow

And so she took a ring from her finger and placed it in his hands.
—SENATOR MANSFIELD

Let her take his blood
on her tongue,
his being wine
at her green altar,
the sacrament of summer
in her veins.
Heal her, her children
with books and duties,
with winter land for walking,
a child in her arms,
and no office
except the natural care
of fall weeds bending,
left, driven.
And may she be
fall, weeds, all
beauty's luck and fullness.
Heal, make her well
with my country's bloom.
Let her have to know
and not learn again.

Supplication of the Poor

Bipartisan committees of the Congress hail
the hearse into Pennsylvania Avenue
Men in the Congress who were blinded by your vision
and refused your living acts
pave the long route of your cortege
with sanctimonious lies—
always the machinery for plunder and blood,
not yours then or now.

The market rises and falls.
Rich men pay little taxes.
Lack-law rules.
The substance is eaten.
The husks drift in the wind.
My President, where can we go?
Into what country
where the white-poor and the black-poor
do not have to barter dignity for bread?

The Post-Christian Era: an Oration

But the witless prayers of children in the dark
must ebb into silence.
The eunuchs of Rome and New York must burn their robes.
The violent and guilty boyhood of nations
carrying rifles and crosses
must end and be forgotten.

All the sacred emblems
of religious awe, of tribal arrogance
that have killed you
must be laid down:
the plowshares that were beaten into swords,
the sacred wine-drops molded into bullets,
the blinding cores of atoms
that have killed you—
all must be buried.

6

The creation of gods to forgive
the evil in men,
the orgies of guilt and expiation,
must be left behind in the same way
men once shed the long hair from their bodies
and lost their fangs.

Let them lay all their rings and weapons,
with their archaic beauty and terror,
on your grave.

Light at Arlington

At Arlington the fall sunlight dies.
Across the dark Potomac, Lincoln sits, hands on stone knees.
At Arlington no steel or silver, no sword or chalice will remain
clear as your eyes.

President I love as my grandfather loved Lincoln,
in the silence after the bugle, lie down.
Lie in your forest of stone.
Lie close to Lincoln.

On the dark hill a flower of light is blooming
clear as your eyes were.

JACK MARSHALL

ELEGY FOR THE NEW YEAR

1

Dulled by the news, all day I keep behind
The curtains of my room. They will have to do
In keeping my dried-out self
From falling through the air like a leaf
As the year tapers to a close.
This is the legendary season
When the young die sooner than the old.

2

Calm as a hurricane's eye,
My T.V. set in black and white
Stares unblinking at Washington—
Pearly, spacious, dazzled with shock—
Where under a sky of cold
Lingering Confederate grey,
A stallion, Black Jack, tosses
And snorts, spirited as your soul
Gone from this world, ours by default.

3

America stops turning over her conscience,
Halved these hundred years like Hamlet's,
And clutches her flag's reopened wound
Running red through the bandages.
In a sky swept clean of cherry blossoms,
She seems to see a future drained
Of all color but black and white, alternatives.
White Christmas come,
The Union will twinkle
Like a child, her arms full of gifts,
Pretending all is well.

Someone who has dreamed his father dead,
And stepped away from the dream, holding
His breath like a shoe in each hand,
Comes to himself, a honeycomb of fear,
Each cell a nursery weeping for home;
Hears the wind tiptoe from door to door and whisper,
"There is no place to be homesick for. You're free."
A soul winging like a gunshot
Through the ether's paper bag,
Beyond sight, beyond recognition . . . breaking apart,
Wings an old restlessness from me,
Heart all aflutter for the take-off.

HOWARD MOSS

TRACTION

His brother said that pain was what he knew.
Pain's wit is irony. It took two
Bullets to bring that straight back down. They said
One bullet had exploded in his head.

The unforeseen becomes inevitable.
Who would have thought, on that bloody day,
That back that had survived the terrible
Would take the head down with it all the way?

We saw another back. It killed the killer,
Who had killed twice. Three murders done,
The one before our eyes like a cheap thriller
Run and re-run. That week-end of the gun,

Twenty-one salutes, his epitaph,
Back-fired on a billion screens at noon.
We loved his luck until it broke in half.
The end comes back. It always comes too soon.

Side III: Fantasy

The poet, who in the process of making a
poem, re-views reality for himself and
us. This personal view he brings from
within out for us to share. And in this
sharing he and we affirm our relation-
ship. A true communion in a universal
humanity is closer to actuality.

ROBERT WATSON

LINES FOR A PRESIDENT

I. The Inauguration and Shortly After

You could not stop the snow the sky dumped down,
The cold, the lectern smoking when the priest
Invoked the Lord. Did the Lord in answer jab
Your poet blind? Was that your high silk hat
They held against the sun for Robert Frost?
And still he could not see his words for you.
Coatless, then, as if winter were not here
You blow cold words, your hand chops air.

Your wife's French chef breaks skulls
Of eggs. Upstairs an attendant
Gardens in her hair.
A maid brings scented pearls,
The world of Louis and Molière,

Her conquest of Versailles
And Athens. Downstairs
You praise the Spartans.

II. At the Funeral

Let all those who would stop a war
Sit in a chair and rock,
And stare at a woman with flowered hair;
Have her chef prepare
A banquet for all the heads of state:
Let them advance between the Spartan guards,
And past the priest and past the poet.
Let the music play, have them dance,
And rocking in your rocking chair,
Point to a state of possibility:
The fragile arts of peace
Shatter the weather of war.
Now six gray horses draw you to where you are,
Not to Versailles, Sparta, or Athens.
The seventh horse is wild and black
And riderless and paws the streets of Washington
Where you are rocking and will always rock.

John Fitzgerald Kennedy,
You could not stop the shells,
The drowning of your boat in war;
You could not stop the snow the sky dumped down,
The cold, the lectern smoking when your priest invoked
The Lord, your poet struck blind, the bullets in your head,
The six gray horses drawing you to where you are
Rocking and will always rock.

The seventh horse is riderless, wild and black.

GRAY BURR

A DEATH BEFORE KILLING

Raw ulcers and his aspirin signify
Love lost and loose as a cannon splintering
A hull, as, decks awash, and foundering,
He staggers up the sheer of a wave as high
As childhood's surge to shores he never reached.
And he hungers for a speech that might unsay
The flesh marooned, the ghost forever beached
On a small uncharted island of dismay.

Round him shoal waters heave and crash.
Birdflights cut hieroglyphs in a sky
He may not read. At night reefs gnash
And rip the bottoms out of dreams, and the Dry
Tortuga of his day drains all his leaf
As the sail, forgiveness, shrinks to a handkerchief.

RICHARD FROST

ON NOT WRITING AN ELEGY

My friend told me about kids in a coffee house
who laughed and celebrated the killing. Another friend
didn't care, sick at his own divorce,
drinking martinis with a delicate hand,
saying he couldn't care when I said I cried
like everybody. Still, I am the vain one,
a bullet in my shoulder, six seconds to go
before another burns in my head. Trying
to write about the thing, I always end
by feeling I have been shot. My brain, my spine

gone, and with time winding foolishly,
I am raced, tabled, cleaned out, boxed, flown,
carried and lowered in. I have had this done
on a shiny day with my wife and bodyguards
and everyone there to cry out, and I have cried
without trying and without a clear thought.
This death has had me where I cannot write
or hate or love, numb as a coined face
fallen where all flames have only to burn
down. Lost where I must only lose my place,
I mourn the glories of our blood and state.

JEROME G. ROTHENBERG

CORTÈGE

The drums have entered my heart;
The creak of caisson over unprepared
Terrain; the tight clomp of the slowed hooves;
The swaying. We have at last met,
Sealed from harm's reach, having ridden earlier
Different ways. It is late, and I ask
Whether riding with you now
Will make a difference.
Is it enough to live that beat
One mile or three, to climb the hill
That watches Lincoln, to wait,
Wait for love to catch up?
We are stretched together; I do not
See the avenue, the avenue is only where my blood
Points, the rumble is within, the procession
Is breath, breath, breath, breath.
I feel a river below; the hooves are hollow;
We pass, suspended: the dead breath,
The breathing dead. Now the grave.
Darkness is a book, a friend.

I wait your signal.
When is the earth, still loosely packed,
Ready for me to rise?
The way back is dense, but clear.
You have returned with me.

WILL INMAN
JACQUELINE

And when she strides
soul uplifted
with unbrazed eyes,
his coffin cannot contain him,
her footsteps deliver him
in rhythms of dignity
down the avenues of our pulsedrums
that, mourning, we receive,
and, accepting his death, we
take unto us the living
flesh of his meanings.

MARVIN SOLOMON

SONNET FOR JOHN-JOHN

My father died in nineteen thirty-four,
When I was ten. It too was sudden; while
He turned in bed, a blood clot touched his heart.
He turned in bed, a blood clot touched his heart.
Not bullets, but an old wound of the world
Unhealed, surprised him dead. And relatives
Ate heavy meals, and cried, and ate and cried
Again. Remembering but token love—
And most, hot temper, heavy beatings—I
Was quiet, and enjoyed my cousins. I
Must tell you this, somehow, because of wounds

That never heal. Our fathers die and die
Again in aching graves of withheld words
They did not say. While we re-live the pain
Of severance from the sons we might have been.

H. L. MOUNTZOURES
THREE NIGHTS OF
MOURNING:
JOHN F. KENNEDY

I. The Night of the Murder

The sea begins, far out beyond the light,
His stalk in iron boots,
Spitting foam, slobbering shells of teeth,
Green-black rage spinning from his eyes—
Advances, nearly swoons, begins to run,
Arches, screams, pounds upon his victim's throat—
Long, white, exposed and soft, blood beating
Blue within:

Asleep, stretched out with veins torn,
Sandy mouth murmuring Forgive,
Sandy hair washing in the bloodhungry
Arms of his perverted lover.

And run, my heart says, watching.
No one walks on water here.
No salvation, loaves of wondrous feeding,
No nets of splendid fishes. Only the victim
And the cold discarded spear.

II. The Night of the Burial

The light flashes, two whites, one red,
In pulsing affirmation of our cycle's
Real stability.
And the sea walks slowly, calm,
Taking the air at twilight time.
He wears white spats, green corduroy,
Holds a dapper violet umbrella.
He mumbles absently about his dotage,
Although the fun's at hand of courting sky,
Breeze, and all the lovely swarming elements.
For somehow as he wanders, murmuring,
He seems to see as in a liquid dream
The fact of his antiquity:
Is he not a shriveled king sitting on a throne
Beneath a million tons of swirling conscience,
Conscience eddying through magnesium
Jagged holes that were his eyes and mouth,
And, stone-struck, does he not hear with awe
Innocent fishes whispering through the socket
Of his heart:

You killed your son, you mauled
The child, then threw the sword
Upon the silver sand.

But no. He is a dandy prince meandering.
He steps lightly, meets one of his girls
Wreathed in cloud, periwinkle earrings, sunset eyes:
He sibilates her long white throat with jeweled hand.

I am not afraid.
The sun sinks in melded rage.
A single star memorizes
All the bitter glory of this day.
I wonder at the calmness of the sea.

III. A Night One Month After

The sea is brave.
He wears no coat, no boots
This stinging night of wind and sleet.
He holds his curly head up high defiantly,
His white teeth exposed in perfect laughter.
The vast hole of his mouth is rinsed
With whisky incense of the sky.
He knows he cannot die.
He has forgotten death and what a murder
Is or may become. His brawny hands caress
Skeletons of ships dangling on the rocks:
He plucks a broken mast and uses it
To pick his teeth.
His business goes on. He is full
Of holy passion: rising, puff,
Glutting on the moon's horn of sensual time
And falling, empty, on her whim.
Whether he crushes, wild, or dances, proud,
Or merely cowers in drunk at three o'clock
To the dinging lullaby of buoy—is told
And unimportant now. He sleeps.
He is majesty. He must arise tomorrow,
Feel the bottom of his bed to find what bone
To no avail tried to irritate his sleep,
His long alluvial dream.

I neither run away nor acquiesce.
I stand and button up my thick black coat
Against the wind and hail and try hard not to cry.
Tonight I wish to feel my own self-pity,
To mourn the profane technic of this life.
But I see the sea lurch,
Cry out and die, then come once more alive
(Murderer and murdered, concomitant),
Always attempting conversation with the living;
I know the crush of all of us
Beneath our floating salt indifferent death,
And what is my small sorrow,
What grain of sand abrading,
Moving in mercy at the mercy
Of a power not mine nor yet its own?

RICHARD EBERHART
THE SPIRIT OF
POETRY SPEAKS
Each man must suffer his fate,
Whether it comes by love, or by hate.
Kennedy lies in Arlington,
Who loved mankind, who strove for peace.
The killer has no redemption,
Shuffled into his grave by the police.
None can escape the crack of doom.
Alone, all come to a narrow room.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP
FOR JOHN KENNEDY, JR.

Stand at attention
for a moment
lit as birthday candle
or bullet

This is your father
and our brother
in outer space
weather

Be straight with
your man's
eye on dark
providence

Grow. You have a flag
and scrap
of black
crepe

OSCAR MANDEL

WE WHO DO NOT GRIEVE IN SILENCE

1

First came the special issues of the magazines
With loyal photographs: the old rich times, the rocking chair,
The wife who knew who Dali is, the muscular war,
The politics retouched and smiling, the happy hammer
Of his power, the idiocy of death. Fifty cents.

The president was dead, tears fell and incomes rose.
Wait, brothers, wait,
My grief has gone to market too.

2

The picture books cost more but they were meant to last,
They used the most caressing words, like strong ideals
And dedicated heart and faith in our democracy.
And those who sold the plaster statuettes (one dollar each),
Their right hand mourned, their left rang up the cash.

The president was dead, laments and incomes rose.
Wait, brothers, wait,
My grief has gone to market too.

3

Congressmen deplored into the cameras, the voters saw
Their simple, manly sorrow. Foreign crowns were caught
Bowing usefully toward the poor man's grave.
All were shocked; what's more, they really were; alas
One could not keep one's honest sobs untelevised.
The president was dead, tears fell and reputations rose;
Wait, brothers, wait,
My grief has gone to market too.

4

Next came the records, and his voice was heard again
To make flesh creep from shore to shore. A publisher
Withdrew a luckless exposé; a sensitive biography
Recouped the loss. Three journalists retold the terror
Irreversible. We shuddered, covered up our eyes, and bought.

The president was dead, laments and incomes rose.
Wait, brothers, wait,
My grief has gone to market too.

5

When great men breathe their last, their expiration
Swells our sails. Films shall be turned, sermons released,

Memoirs composed and statues erected. Pure grief is silent, yes,
And yet pure hardness is too hard for us as well. We are
Our comedy: the standards we betray, we made.

The president is dead; my poem goes to press;
Grief, brothers, grief
Is my profit, but all the same I grieve.

ALAN ANSEN

THE DEATH OF NEARCHUS

A Threnody in the Form of a Pastoral Dialogue

Melampus. This death is timely.

Mopsus. Most untimely. There on the heights of life
Looks and manner gave a momentary unfamiliar
Grace to power, power that brownly sticks
In the throats and the ways of the arithmetical mass.

Melampus. A cipher can vote No
With his trigger finger
Against the insolence
Of pretensions to charm and good will
On the part of the already gifted
With what ought to make charm and good will
Unnecessary.

Mopsus. On the contrary. Every act of force supplicates
Some countervailing smile, some interceding dance
to deny
What the devil and gravity inculcate all too
intimately,
That what can be measured is altogether joyless.

Melampus. Let us keep that illusion.
The fear of the assassin
Is wholesome for nymphs and demigods;
And the hope of the assassin,
Balm to a troglodyte folk.

Mopsus. Nearchus and Nearcha were not flouting
The shiftless and inexpedient submerged
But quickening their brutish lymph
With shows of feanness, with aspiring sounds,
To share with their leaders an ungrudging delight
In all excellence in the manifold of fields
American hospitality unfences for talents.

Melampus. And that anarchy generosity
Rewards the untalented too
With a liberal target
For their discontents.
And among the discontented papers vented,
Was a cartridge.

Mopsus. So new to state, so eager in their child-bearing,
Their feelings toward one another and the world,
The play of mind and feature that united them
And them to what quickens, what grows
and exfoliates in life
Blanked by the spurt and drip of ever more
meaningless blood!
The tears of an ungrateful people require

An adequate inadequacy for this high negation's agent.

Melampus. Sir, he lacked advancement.

W. H. AUDEN

ELEGY FOR J. F. K.

Why *then*? Why *there*?
Why *thus*, we cry, did he die?
The Heavens are silent.

What he was, he was:
What he is fated to become
Depends on us.

Remembering his death,
How we choose to live
Will decide its meaning.

When a just man dies,
Lamentation and praise,
Sorrow and joy are one.

ROBERT SWARD

FIVE POEMS FOR J.F.K.

Reading Buber

Words escape me, I face a loss
Feel absences, the moon's weight.
I am chalk, the skies behind me;
Growth of it, catastrophe, the world's fate.
I am silent, at ease. Trust only, I pause.
"History," one says,
"Is an approach," the succession of sounds—
Myself at that point in it that I know,
Holding of the breath in the dark.

That It That Thing Light

Night, light and the night, light
Sails that were not clouds/but sails—
The wind was who a thing I believed
Sails, that it that thing
Light, that wind, gave rise
Itself, to Night, light and the night, light,
I, O stone. The world is fact, light
Who ever more holy sails I dream.

Celebration

Outside, the snow on a low
Black stock car. Its side collapsed,
There is the outline
Of a numeral, rusted 8 or 9.
Across from us an old man
reads Gray's *Anatomy*.
Christmas bells on the P.A. system,
Cars gliding on packed ice,
Sounds of the Short Line buses.

Dec. '63

The talk is of Johnson and a Congress
Which has done nothing. The accents are
Of Virginia, Maryland, the whining
South. I sit in the back booth of a Chinese
restaurant,
Washington, 1963. Before me lie

The New York Times, some old classwork
And a journal I carry everywhere.
I am bemused, distracted even.
All over things fly in and out of windows.
Roaches run up and back across the floor.
What is there to object to? I drink beer
And eat Chinese fortune cookies.
I am heartened. The revelation is at hand.
Old classwork, objects on a table;
All landscapes, the murals and tapestries—

It is time to go home now. The new snow,
Slush, the dark. Our seven children, my three wives
Wait for me. Already I am embracing them,
The snow upon me, pockets full of presents,
Certainty, groceries. I am, on the whole,
In step with the new Administration.

Poem

The rocks dark, green as leaves. Moss clings
To them, as if to a belief in them.
Breathes.

Side IV: The Phoenix

A type of thinking quite prevalent today
is that of the absurdity of existence and
the folly of human striving. It is easy to
lose faith in man, and hope in the future
of his kind and to state these pessimistic
ideas. However we are not only body but
soul, not only matter but spirit. To
exclude either in our thinking would be
to negate half of life's potential.

EDWARD POLS

A tumult of images insist,
Repeat, repeat, traverse, and re-traverse,
Until the dreadful Sunday's counterpoint—
She with your children pacing to the drum,
While here the prisoner comes, and dies
Under the blind resurge of violent Dallas—
Is on the night screen one more time rehearsed
And we believe at last
What on the Friday we so feared to know.

That Friday night St. Patrick's bells
Came to me in an old Maine house
The while against them spoke—spoke
The banal words each of us finds when moved
And when a public voice exacts reply—
Spoke the various accents of the city.
Some nuance unmanned me yet again
(Or was it the passing of my youth that struck?)
So, lest the children see my tears,
I walked awhile between the arbor and the barn
And thought of you passing once in 'thirty-seven
In the spring of freshman year and of your life
On the Yard walk past Widener's steps and
Up the slope towards Palmer House that was:
There stood a Norway maple on that hill
Which every spring spread out a cope
Of greeny gold upon the ground, and there we passed,
Treading the bright minuscule blossom down,
In the slant light of morning and of our lives.

Your smile held then—how shall I say?—a thought
Too much assurance, and your walk a pride
To daunt a green and envious boy who'd wrought
A manner but no ease for all he tried
To be at home: you seemed to own the place
I loved but did not yet possess. But stay,
There comes to mind the man of forty-five:
A man who wore that humor in his face
Did not let youth or wealth or rank betray
Him to forget this truth: when we arrive
Who come here late, the place we meant to find
And win and love is altered out of mind.

So, much of worth in what we take is lost—
That Harvard gone of Eliot and of James,
That land of Arcady before the host
Of yours and mine sailed here to stake their claims.
Provincial places though (your smile confides)
And not perhaps as open to the world
As we with myriad ties of blood and faith
Have made them in your time; and this abides,
For all the poise that's vanished with your wraith,
For all that Camelot's banners need be furled:
They changed to take us in, but we
Transformed them out of all they could foresee.

The tree is gone that once bestrewed the ground
Each springtime with a green-gold grace:
Now buildings flank that place,
While, moved and turned around,
Cropped Palmer House looks strange—
So all things shift and change—
But though your life is gone and my youth
I see you now in truth
Transfigured, resplendent in our ruth.
They say you were still half symbol,
Being given so little time;
Come, let us take you so, but in this sense:
In that region of possibility you fill
There, still, your bright incontinent essence
Inclines to its own completion, still
Shapes almost its own actuality, still contrives
Some reason, measure, humor in our lives.

BARBARA GUEST

VERBA IN MEMORIAM

How to speak of it
when words today go
rapidly downhill to hide
under the grasses,

To let the stanza
on its miraculous wheels
convey
what was man
and existed as the warm road
we still ride
and run after.

Deciding, after all, it is the land
that goes on expanding,
contracting, a place
that is green
or sandy, that is marsh

or mountain
very like words.

I am going to use
these words
they were always usable
and useful to this man.

He would not object
to phrases
hiding themselves
under the grasses

He has found them there.
The earth is now
more constant
to him
than are we who need

the upper air.

What he had planned
had something of the classic in it
i.e. to say he thought
in marble

We understood
despite those turns
of elegiac
that he wished

Where he lived
where he *once* lived
to be consecrated
to *Demos*

Despite his welcome
to princes
his reading of their scrolls.

This was youthful
and proper
for one who desired
an heroic name

To be inscribed
on his tomb
and so it was.

But the inscription
must include
our names
Who lived in his time.

Who now can be said
to be a lonely
generation

As if one more
of our artists
had died

And there were only
a few
who remained

Admiring the columns
the temple still standing
the grasses
fresh as a cupful
of light

The way
a new word strikes
the tender skin.

NEIL MYERS

KENNEDY POEM

The shot, the horse
snaps open in the sky,

the parts drift slowly
down, the caliph

with them, red
& white, an arrow

in his head, into the gaps
between pink domes,

someone else with a girl
drifts by on a carpet;

i went to bed with ice cream
now i go angrily

& will not sleep;
murder stretches

as far as i remember;
here is another gift

for the barbed wire
of our heads, tho

voices now have a brief
tenderness requiring

panoply, soldiers, horses,
drums, & an astonishing
emptiness love denied;
"stunned" & meant

just that, with something
less official which

possibly remains:
pope & holy man

on a mountain,
bare trees, birds,

sick, lame, stupid, dead
listening avidly to

nothing new but to which
nothing is alien,

a waterfall briefly
clean for belief,

tho now we are watching
the fights again.

GREGORY CORSO

LINES WRITTEN NOV. 22, 23—1963

— in Discord —

Ah, the Disney dinosaur's light laughter
& a little blonde girl's tears

What sad what sick what damned juxtaposition!
monster and child, punk and President
society and poet, bullets and flesh

Bullets the size of Coney Island fishing worms
can obliterate blix pow-out the whole shebang

No man's the whole bit
But that young President was more than a little bit
The captain should go down when his ship goes down
But when the captain dies . . . the ship sails on—
O failure Christ

Come you illiterate creepy dumbbells harken the cry
of the *true* Assassin!

I damn! I hail!
I summon the Blessed Lord of the Ice Cold Nanook Country
and eat raw seal meat with Him!
I curse the earth in Space and in Time!
I pee upon the Evolution of the Rocks!
I weep upon the first living things!
Bang my fists on the unknown age of the world!
I vomit up Natural Selection and the Change of the Species!
I augh like a sick dinosaur o'er

the invasion of the dry lands by Life!
I smirk at the butterfly like a pimply-faced stumble-bum!
By the wings I yank by the wings the wings the lovely wings
By the throat I smote the Age of the Reptile!
So too the Age of the Mammal!
So too O very much so the Ancestry of Man!
Man descended from a walking ape!
I awake the lazy greasy Neanderthal and spit in his
big sad stupid eye!

I pummel my Colt .38 into the iron skin of the
Palaeolithic muralist!
I look contemptuously down upon the screwed-up
Neolithic creep!

I beckon the coming of those early bastards much like
ourselves today and blow a sadistic breath of death
in their hoary faces!

O brown fortune! I shake your devils!
So small am I to the proportion of so small a tree
And a sun so small in that sunny sea called Eternity
Insignificant sun! Lamp of lard! Bright ant faked God!
Conjurer of string beans!
O so small am I and smaller the things I eat and believe
O tiny Adam O shrimp Eve
So it is So it shall come to be
The gap caused by my magnified midgetry shall become
someday like all great China
the China basin for the new China sea!
And so Kennedy and so America
and so A and so B and so C
With a full arrow and ½ bow I'll lay em low

O Lord of Ducks! O Fame of Death!
When a captain dies
The ship doesn't sink

And though the crew weeps the loss
The stars in the skies
are still boss.

CAROL BERGE
**PAVANE FOR THE
WHITE QUEEN**

The Loved Wife Falling Slowly Awake

for JBK

I. In the Rooms of Music

Not as the word death. But
as confusion: memory of bells
into voices of broken bells,
sound of torn strings: songs
into this silent scream. Not
the keening of the loveless,
the ugly in their disarrayed
skins. Who have not tasted
rooms of music shaped as eyes
through flesh: woman near man.
Not as the word death. But
as samisen gone suddenly mute,
shut memory of night voices
into sharp shriek: crackling,
as when eyes shatter. I move
toward your empty room. Begin
stopping the usual gestures.
To cease listening. The sound
of music in eye-shaped rooms
having stopped with one note.

II. In the Street of Eyes

Eventually, it happens. I move
into our streets, slowly. I see
his head; its shape is almost yours.
He is not you. At first I thought.
Or that man. Or that. A tall man
near the door. In that car. The
park yesterday. Shops. It is a
slow nightmare of wrong faces, turn
of cheek, memory of your jawline,
eyes, the way your feet would
strike the pavement and pivot you.
Shadows of occasional hell, as
someone unconsciously imitates you.
I am supposed to know where you are,
that no city contains you whole.
Yet this odd stumbling over raw or
stunning hints: this looking into
the sudden stranger's unloved face!

III. In the Dust House—

This furniture which was ours
talks clumsily about our loving.
I thought we were bound by wood,
leather, cloth of our own skins:
now my thinner dark skull stops
before reaching our silk pillows.
How to move, to sleep, now that

your warm skull has become stonel
where marble dust congeals to
walls, rooms down which my feet
run noiselessly and motionless
in thick night or sharp dreams
cushioning one shrill red day:
God! that your feet are gone!
and mine, marking out the hours,
perform a mockery of minuets
amid the velvet and the marble.
Candles, sunlight that glinted
when your eyes shaped our days
turn now to flares of anguish,
all flames go dull, the magic
slips through my fingers, marks
blood on parquet, on old satin,
the mourners note my vertebrae
impressed into my white cape.
It was this castle we once lit,
our lives parallel to love, to
deep sleep, gentle confidences.
With the same cry as that child
who bears your eyes, I am turned
toward the watchers, in their
terrible distance of armchairs,
of pages: my cheeks and ribs
blanched, immolated beneath a
careful avalanche of pale powder
and papers: and am remembering
our hands, our feet, as it was
when we moved unaware in rooms
of careless laughter, banquets,
beds warm into a sleep of love
where you have gone without me.
The sounds, the rooms fragment
and drift, it is too quiet, the
love having stopped with you,
the castle flakes like paint,
I become my own skin and turn
before their eyes into marble
lit from within by your face,
voice stilled by one red note.

PHILIP BOOTH
THANKSGIVING 1963
She walks a beach assaulted by the sea.
Gray waves horse the tide ashore. He

sails far out, alone, beyond retreat.
The muffled sea drums slowly on her heart.

She walks against a wind that never sleeps.
The sea originates and ends. She keeps

the beachhead, reining in an empty horse.
Her beachfire keeps long ships on their long course.

Now may she sleep by how the slow sea breaks.
And finally weep, this night of our dark thanks.

ANTHONY OSTROFF
**INTIMATE PARTY IN
GUADALAJARA, DEC. 1963**
Jorge Hernandez, architect,

Said, "Culture's bad enough
Elsewhere. In Mexico it's worse."
Things are tough,

I thought
All over. Said, "That's the curse
Of the modern world." Did Jorge add, "Except
Architecture." (Cough) "And a little art?"
Mas o menos. Give or take
a few.

He left Rivera out, put
Orozco and Siqueiros in.
An uncompromising Catholic.
"We have the Mayas, Aztecs, take your pick.
—But understand, we're not like you."
A long tradition.

"Then came Spain
And learned the stone at hand."
His lovely wife, at hand,
Said not a word, but smiled
Whenever Jorge spoke. Such absurd
Love! Love as if the world
Were neither *mas o menos*.

O
The young elite of Mexico
Afford their love their beauty!
So I turned: "Señor Diaz," I said,
"Forgive my French. *Que tal?*"
That handsome young man's smile,
bred

By friendship more than aristocracy,
Gave upon *his* wife

who understood
A little English, too. (O what's to do?
We're all too early and too late.)
We could not speak Spanish. They
Could not speak English,

save
Señor Diaz, who nobly faced his fate:
"Translate!" his soul commanded.
I served more drinks.

"What do you think
Of Kennedy?"

The room
Designed by Jorge, spun
And swelled, contracted. "SOME
MADMAN
Madman
madman . . ."

"God!" my wife burst out.
"We think it was a plot!" Jorge announced.
"Too much coincidence."
"In the United States," I pronounced,
"We believe in madmen
and incompetence."

A plot, a plot
aplotaplotaplot
"Your history is full of plots." (my wife
Serenely) "Ours is not."
Her eyes, aglisten, stopped them short.
"We understand. We sympathize.
He was a great, a very great man."
"Sit! Sit!" A nodding of heads.
Jorge's black hair, the tall hairdos

Of the two lovely wives
Accorded us Señor Diaz.
And architecture, Add
The pure, sweet love
Of those two wives
Attending sorrow
Silently,
Their untranslatable smiles
Translated:
"Si.
Si."

BARRY SPACKS
BY THIS TO REMEMBER

By this to remember, this spring again
As we walk by the river, the tidal Charles,
And the golden dome of the Statehouse glints
In the sun, and the cars on Storrow Drive
Glitter, rushing chrome suns before them:
A tangible world and the pride of life.
The urban seagulls drift on the sky
Like words upon silence; and needles of light
Striking the water, flash as they enter.

One dark November we lost a man
Who was like this day.

ALASTAIR REID
THAT DYING

As often as not, on fair days, there is time
for words to flex their muscles, to strut like peacocks,
discovering what to say in the act of saying—
the music of meaning emerging from the sound
of the words playing.

Every now and again, however, the glass breaks,
the alarm shrills, the women hide their faces.
It is then that words jump to their feet and rush,
like white-faced stretcher-bearers,
tight-lipped, tense, to the unspeakable scene.
They grab air, water, syllables, anything handy.
There is blood. No nonsense. No adjectives. No time.

O that these words might have been
a tourniquet of a kind, to keep
that incredible life from spattering away,
instead of as now, a dirge, a bell
tolling, a stutter, a sigh, silence.

There is nothing now for these words to do
but walk away aimlessly, mute, like mourners.

From the Address of President John F. Kennedy
at the Dedication of the Robert Frost Library,
Amherst College, October 26, 1963

In America our heroes have customarily run to men of large
accomplishments. But today this college and country honor a
man whose contribution was not to our size, but to our spirit;
not to our political beliefs, but to our insight; not to our self-
esteem, but to our self-comprehension.

In honoring Robert Frost we therefore can pay honor to the
deeper sources of our national strength. That strength takes
many forms, and the most obvious forms are not always the
most significant.

The men who create power make an indispensable contribution to the nation's greatness. But the men who question power make a contribution just as indispensable, especially when that questioning is disinterested.

For they determine whether we use power or power uses us. Our national strength matters; but the spirit which informs and controls our strength matters just as much. This was the special significance of Robert Frost.

He brought an unsparing instinct for reality to bear on the platitudes and pieties of society. His sense of the human tragedy fortified him against self-deception and easy consolation.

"I have been," he wrote, "one acquainted with the night."

And because he knew the midnight as well as the high noon, because he understood the ordeal as well as the triumph of the human spirit, he gave his age strength with which to overcome despair.

At bottom he held a deep faith in the spirit of man. And it's hardly an accident that Robert Frost coupled poetry and power. For he saw poetry as the means of saving power from itself.

When power leads man toward arrogance, poetry reminds him of his limitations. When power narrows the areas of man's concern, poetry reminds him of the richness and diversity of his existence. When power corrupts, poetry cleanses.

For art establishes the basic human truths which must serve as the touchstones of our judgment. The artist, however faithful to his personal vision of reality, becomes the last champion of the individual mind and sensibility against an intrusive society and an officious state.

The great artist is thus a solitary figure. He has, as Frost said, "a lover's quarrel with the world." In pursuing his perceptions of reality, he must often sail against the currents of his time. This is not a popular role.

If Robert Frost was much honored during his lifetime, it was because a good many preferred to ignore his darker truths.

Yet in retrospect we see how the artist's fidelity has strengthened the fiber of our national life. If sometimes our great artists have been the most critical of our society, it is because their sensitivity and their concern for justice, which must motivate any true artist, makes them aware that our nation falls short of its highest potential.

I see little of more importance to the future of our country and our civilization than full recognition of the place of the artist. If art is to nourish the roots of our culture, society must set the artist free to follow his vision wherever it takes him.

We must never forget that art is not a form of propaganda; it is a form of truth. And as Mr. [Archibald] MacLeish once remarked of poets, "There is nothing worse for our trade than to be in style."

In free society, art is not a weapon, and it does not belong to the sphere of polemics and ideology. Artists are not engineers of the soul.

It may be different elsewhere. But democratic society—in it—the highest duty of the writer, the composer, the artist is to remain true to himself and to let the chips fall where they may.

In serving his vision of the truth, the artist best serves his nation. And the nation which disdains the mission of art invites the fate of Robert Frost's hired man—the fate of having nothing to look backward to with pride and nothing to look forward to with hope.

I look forward to a great future for America—a future in which our country will match its military strength with our moral restraint, its wealth with our wisdom, its power with our purpose.

I look forward to an America which will not be afraid of grace and beauty, which will protect the beauty of our natural environ-

ment, which will preserve the great old American houses and squares and parks of our national past and which will build handsome and balanced cities for our future.

I look forward to an America which will reward achievement in the arts as we reward achievement in business or statecraft.

I look forward to an America which will steadily raise the standards of artistic accomplishment and which will steadily enlarge cultural opportunities for all of our citizens.

And I look forward to an America which commands respect throughout the world, not only for its strength, but for its civilization as well.

And I look forward to a world which will be safe not only for democracy and diversity but also for personal distinction.

Robert Frost was often skeptical about projects for human improvement. Yet I do not think he would disdain this hope.



Irene Dailey



Martin Donegan

NOTES ON THE POETS

ALAN ANSEN's poetry has appeared in *Partisan Review*, *The Hudson Review*, *Hasty Papers*, and *Locus Solus*. His books are *The Old Religion* (Tibor de Nagy Gallery, 1959) and *Disorderly Houses* (Wesleyan University Press, 1961). Two other books of verse, *Field Report* (1963) and *Believe and Tremble* (1963), were printed in Athens in limited editions.

W. H. AUDEN is the author of numerous volumes of poems, plays, and essays. His *Collected Poetry* was published by Random House in 1945. He was awarded the Bollingen Prize for poetry in 1953 and a Pulitzer Prize for his book of verse, *The Age of Anxiety*, in 1948. Among his recent books are *Collected Shorter Poems 1930-1944* (1950), *Nones* (1951), *The Shield of Achilles* (1955), *Times Three* (1960), and a prose collection, *"The Dyer's Hand" and Other Essays* (1962). "Elegy for J. F. K." has been set to music by Igor Stravinsky.

RICHARD BARKER has published poetry in *Genesis West*, *El Corno Emplumado*, *Judson Review*, *Beatitude*, *Beatitude East*, and *Seventh Street*.

CAROL BERGÉ's poetry has appeared in *The Nation*, *Poetry*, *Fluxus*, *Origin*, *Judson Review*, and other American magazines, as well as in periodicals in England, Canada, Mexico, and Finland. Her other publications include *The Vancouver Report* (Vector Press, 1964) and contributions to *Four Young Lady Poets* (Totem/Cornith, 1963) and *Erotic Poetry* (Random House, 1963).

JOHN BERRYMAN is the author of *Poems* (New Directions, 1942), *The Dispossessed* (William Sloan Associates, 1948), *Homage to Mistress Bradstreet* (Farrar, Straus, & Cudahy, 1956), *77 Dream Songs* (Farrar, Straus, & Co., 1964), and a critical study, *Stephen Crane* (William Sloane Associates, 1950).

Mr. Berryman is this year's Pulitzer Prize Winning Poet.

PHILIP BOOTH has published verse in *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, *Poetry*, *Partisan Review*, *The Sewanee Review*, *The Paris Review*, and many other periodicals. He was awarded Poetry's Bess Hokin Prize in 1955, the Academy of American Poets Lamont Prize in 1956, and Guggenheim Fellowships for 1958-1959 and 1965. His books are *Letter from a Distant Land* (1957) and *The Islanders* (1961), both published by Viking. He is Associate Professor of English at Syracuse University.

GWENDOLYN BROOK's work has appeared in many American magazines. She has received a Pulitzer Prize, two Guggenheim Fellowships, the American Academy of Arts and Letters Award, and many other honors and prizes for her poetry. Among her books are *A Street in Bronzeville* (Harper & Brothers, 1945), *Annie Allen* (Harper & Brothers, 1949), *The Bean Eaters* (Harper & Brothers, 1960), and *Selected Poems* (Harper and Row, 1963).

GRAY BURR's poems have been published in *The New Yorker*, *Poetry*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *The Beloit Poetry Journal*, *New World Writing*, *Accent*, and *Chimera*.

WILLIAM BUTLER has published verse in *Harper's Magazine* and *Poetry Review* (London). His short stories have appeared in *Discovery*, *The Paris Review*, *Harper's Bazaar*, and *The London Magazine*. His novels, *The Experiment* (1961), *The Butterfly Revolution* (1962), *The House at Akiya* (1963), *Mr. Three* (1964; dedicated to the memory of President Kennedy), and *The Ring in Meiji* (to appear in 1965), are published by Peter Owen, Ltd. (London).

ROBERT M. CHUTE's poetry has appeared in *Bitterroot*, *Motive*, *Nimrod*, *South and West*, *Stolen Paper Review*, *Epos*, *American Weave*, *The Fiddlehead*, and in *Plowshare*, a journal he and his wife edit and publish in Maine. He is Chairman of the Division of Biology, Geology, and Mathematics at Bates College.

GREGORY CORSO's work has been widely published in the United States and abroad. His books are *Vestal Lady on Brattle* (Brukenfeld, 1955), *Gasoline* (City Lights, 1958), *Bomb* (a broadside; City Lights, 1959), *Happy Birthday of Death* (New Directions, 1960), and *Long Live Man* (New Directions, 1962). He won the Longview Award for his poem, "Marriage," in 1959.

GEORGE CUOMO has published poetry in *Saturday Review*, *The Nation*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *The Literary Review*, *Voices*, *The Carolina Quarterly*, and other magazines. His novels, *Jack Be Nimble* (1963) and *Bright Day, Dark Runner* (1964), were published by Doubleday. He is Associate Professor of English at the University of Victoria, Canada.

RICHARD EBERHART's recent books include *Undercliff: Poems 1946-1953* (1953) and *Great Praises* (1957), both published by Oxford University Press in New York and Chatto and Windus in London. His *Collected Poems* appeared in 1960, and his *Collected Verse Plays* in 1962. *The Quarry* (1964) is his latest book of poems. He was Consultant in Poetry at the Library of Congress for 1959-1961, and in 1959 he was appointed by President Eisenhower to the Advisory Committee on the Arts for the National Cultural Center in Washington, D.C. In 1963, he was named Honorary Consultant in American Letters for 1963-1966 by the Library of Congress. Since 1956, he has been Professor of English and Poet in Residence at Dartmouth College.

CHANA FAERSTEIN is a graduate student at Brandeis University specializing in Near Eastern and Judaic Studies. Her poetry, critical articles, and verse translations have appeared in numerous periodicals.

G. S. FRASER's verse has been published in *New Statesman*, *The Times Literary Supplement*, *The New York Review of Books*, *Poetry* (London), and *Poetry* (Chicago). His books of poetry are *The Fatal Landscape* (1942), *Home Town Elegy* (1944), and *The Traveller Has Regrets* (1947), all published by Editions Poetry London, the last in combination with Harvill Press. His other books are *Vision and Rhetoric* (Faber and Faber, 1959) and *The Modern Writer and His World* (Penguin Books, 1964). He is Visiting Professor of English at the University of Rochester.

RICHARD FROST has published poems in *Poetry*, *The Sewanee Review*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Carleton Miscellany*, *The Literary Review*, *Southwest Review*, and other magazines.

ROBERT FROST (1874-1963) wrote "For John F. Kennedy His Inauguration" in response to Mr. Kennedy's invitation to participate in the inauguration ceremonies. At the inauguration, Frost read "The Gift Outright." *Complete Poems of Robert Frost* was published by Henry Holt and Company in 1949. His last book of poems, *In the Clearing*, appeared in 1962.

DOROTHY GILBERT's poetry has appeared in *The New Yorker*. She won the Morrison Poetry Prize at Cornell University in 1957.

MICHAEL GOLDMAN has published poetry in *The New Yorker*, *Poetry*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *The Kenyon Review*, *The Yale Review*, *The Minnesota Review*, *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, and *The Massachusetts Review*. Macmillan is to publish his first volume of verse in 1965.

BARBARA GUEST's poetry has appeared in *Evergreen Review*, *Partisan Review*, *Poetry*, *Locus Solus*, *Art and Literature*, *Noonday Review*, *Yugen*, "C" Magazine, and other periodicals. Her books are *Location of Things* (Tibor de Nagy Gallery, 1960), *Poems* (Doubleday, 1962), and *Robert Goodnough* (Editions de Poche, 1963). She has held a Yaddo Fellowship and was the recipient of a Longview Foundation Award for her poetry.

DONALD HALL's poems have appeared in *The Nation*, *New Statesman*, *Encounter*, *Poetry*, and in numerous other periodicals. His books of verse are *Exiles and Marriages* (1955), *The Dark Houses* (1958), and *A Roof of Tiger Lilies* (1964), all published by Viking. He has held a Guggenheim Fellowship and was elected to the Society of Fellows at Harvard.

ROBERT HAZEL has published poetry in *New Directions* 12 and 14, *Poetry*, *The Minnesota Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Nation*, and *Choice*. His books are *Poems 1951-61* (Morehead Press, Kentucky, 1961) and two novels, *The Lost Year* (1953) and *A Field Full of People* (1954), both published by World Publishing Company. He was Saxon Memorial Fellow in Fiction in 1955. He is Professor of English at New York University.

GEORGE HITCHCOCK has published poetry in *The Mass-*

achusetts Review, *The Paris Review*, *The Minnesota Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *San Francisco Review*, *The Sixties*, *Choice*, and many other reviews. His books are *Poems and Prints* (Amber House, 1962) and *Tactics of Survival* (Bindweed Press, 1964).

ROBERT HOLLANDER's poetry has appeared in *The Kenyon Review*, *The Georgia Review*, *The Second Coming Magazine*, and *Columbia University Forum*. His translation of André Malraux's *The Temptation of the West* was published by Vintage in 1961. He edited *A Poetry Reader* (American Book Company, 1963).

ANSELM HOLLO has published poetry in periodicals in the United States, England, and Mexico. He is the author of *Texts & Finnpoesms* (Migrant Press, 1960), *Ioverman* (the dead language press, 1963), *history* (Matrix Press, 1964), and *The Man in the Treetop Hat* (Fantasy Press: Oxford, 1964). He is Program Assistant for the British Broadcasting System's European Services.

BARBARA HOWES's poetry has appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Harper's Bazaar*, *Partisan Review*, *Encounter*, *Poetry*, *The Sewanee Review*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, and many other periodicals. Her books of poetry are *The Undersea Farmer* (The Banyan Press, 1948), *In the Cold Country* (Bonacio & Saul, with Grove Press, 1954), and *Light and Dark* (Wesleyan University Press, 1959). She was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship in 1955, the Brandeis University Creative Arts Poetry Grant for 1958, and prizes from *Poetry* in 1949 and 1959.

RICHARD F. HUGO has published poetry in *Accent*, *Contact*, *Poetry*, *Poetry Northwest*, *The Yale Review*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *The Paris Review*, *Transatlantic Review*, *Botteghe Oscure*, and many other reviews. He is the author of *A Run of Jacks* (University of Minnesota Press, 1961). A new book of his poems, *Death of the Kapovsin Tavern*, will be published by Harcourt, Brace & World in 1965.

DAVID IGNATOW's poetry has been published in many magazines, including *Poetry*, *The Yale Review*, *The Nation*, *Commentary*, *Saturday Review*, *The Sixties*, and *The Carleton Miscellany*. He is the author of *Poems* (Decker Press, 1948), *The Gentle Weight Lifter* (Morris Gallery, 1955), *Say Pardon* (Wesleyan University Press, 1961), and *Figures of the Human* (Wesleyan University Press, 1964). He edited *The Beloit Poetry Journal's* Whitman Centennial issue in 1955 and that magazine's William Carlos Williams Memorial Chapbook in 1963. He was poetry editor of *The Nation* in 1963.

WILL INMAN's poetry has appeared in *Epos*, *The Fiddlehead*, *Mutiny*, *motive*, *Poet* (India), *Umbra*, *Image*, and other poetry magazines. He is the author of *I Am the Snakehandler* (1960), *Lamen & Psalm* (1960), *A River of Laughter* (1961), all published by the New Athenaeum Press, *Honey in Hot Blood* (Bitter Root Press, 1962), and *108 Verges unto Now* (Carlton Press, 1964).

X. J. KENNEDY's poetry has been published in *The New Yorker*, *The Paris Review*, *Poetry*, *The Hudson Review*, and many other periodicals. His book of poems, *Nude Descending a Staircase*, was published by Doubleday in 1961. The same year, he was awarded the Bess Hokin Prize by *Poetry* and the Lamont Prize by the Academy of American Poets.

OSCAR MANDEL has published in *The Hudson Review*, *The Northwest Review*, *The Literary Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Epoch*, *The Western Humanities Review*, *San Francisco Review*, and many other periodicals. He is the author of *A Definition of Tragedy* (New York University Press, 1961), *The Theatre of Don Juan* (University of Nebraska Press, 1963), and *Chi Po and the Sorcerer* (Charles E. Tuttle, 1964). He is Associate Professor of Humanities at the California Institute of Technology.

JACK MARSHALL's poetry has appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, *New World Writing*, *Poetry*, *The Hudson Review*, *Contact*, *Epoch*, *The New Yorker*, *The Second Coming Magazine*, *The Plumed Horn*, *Mademoiselle*, *The Paris Review*, and *Between Worlds*.

JOSEPHINE MILES has published poems in *The Kenyon Review*, *The Nation*, *Poetry*, *The Sewanee Review*, *The Massachusetts Review*, and *The Carleton Miscellany*. Her books include *Lines at Intersection* (Macmillan, 1939), *Poems on Several Occasions*

(New Directions, 1941), *Poems 1930-1960* (Indiana University Press, 1957), *Eras and Modes in English Poetry* (2nd ed.; University of California Press, 1964), and *Emerson* (University of Minnesota Press, 1964). She won the Poetry Society of America's Shelley Memorial Award (1935), a Guggenheim Fellowship (1948), an Institute of Arts and Letters Award (1957), and an American Council of Learned Societies Fellowship (1964-1965). She is Professor of English at the University of California at Berkeley.

MARJORIE MIR is Children's Librarian at the New York Public Library. "Four Days in November" is the first of her poems to be published.

HOWARD MOSS's poems have appeared in *The New Yorker*, *Partisan Review*, *The Kenyon Review*, *The Paris Review*, *The Nation*, *The New Republic*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Botteghe Oscure*, and many other periodicals. He is the author of *The Wound and the Weather* (Reynal and Hitchcock, 1946), *The Toy Fair* (Scribner's, 1954), *A Swimmer in the Air* (Scribner's, 1957), *Keats* (Dell, 1959), *A Winter Come, A Summer Gone* (Scribner's, 1960), and *The Magic Lantern of Marcel Proust* (Macmillan, 1962). He is Poetry Editor of *The New Yorker*.

H. L. MOUNTZOURES published an Atlantic "First" short story in the Fall of 1964.

NEIL MYERS has published poems in *Chelsea*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *The Minnesota Review*, *Targets*, *Sparrow*, *Quartet*, *Audience*, *Audit*, *South and West*, and *The New York Times*. He was one of the founding editors of *The Minnesota Review*. He is Assistant Professor of English at Purdue University.

RICHARD O'CONNELL has published poems in *The Paris Review*, *Evergreen Review*, *Botteghe Oscure*, *The Texas Quarterly*, and many other periodicals. He is the author of *From an Interior Silence* (Contemporary Poetry, 1961), *Cries of Flesh and Stone* (Atlantis Editions, Philadelphia, 1962), and *New Poems and Translations* (Atlantis Editions, Pamplona, 1963). He has twice been Fulbright Lecturer in American Literature: in Rio de Janeiro, Brazil (1960), and in Pamplona, Spain (1962-1963). He is Assistant Professor of English at Temple University.

ANTHONY OSTROFF has published poems and stories in many magazines, among which are *Accent*, *Epoch*, *Perspective*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Harper's Magazine*, *Poetry*, *Poetry London-New York*, *Saturday Review*, *The Chicago Review*, *Genesis West*, *The Kenyon Review*, and *The Paris Review*. He is the author of *Imperatives* (Harcourt, Brace & World, 1962) and the editor of *The Contemporary Poet as Artist and Critic* (Little, Brown & Co., 1964). He has been a Fulbright Fellow (France, 1950), a Fellow of the Yaddo Foundation (1954 and 1957), a Robert Frost Fellow (1958), and a Fellow of the University of California Institute for the Creative Arts (1964). He is Associate Professor at the University of California at Berkeley.

CYNTHIA OZICK has published in *Commentary*, *Midstream*, *Epoch*, *Prairie Schooner*, *The Literary Review*, *New Mexico Quarterly*, *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, *Mutiny*, *Chelsea*, *San Francisco Review*, *The Noble Savage*, and many other magazines. Her long novel, *Trust*, is to be published by McGraw-Hill.

EDWARD POLS, Chairman of the Department of Philosophy at Bowdoin College, is, like the late President Kennedy, a member of the Class of 1940 at Harvard. He is the author of *The Recognition of Reason* (Southern Illinois University Press, 1963).

ALASTAIR REID has published poems in *The New Yorker*, *Encounter*, *Poetry*, and many other magazines. He is the author of *Ounce Dice Trice* (1958), *Oddments Inklings Omens Moments* (1960), and *Passwords* (1963), all published by Atlantic-Little, Brown & Co. He was awarded Guggenheim Fellowships in 1955 and 1956.

RAYMOND ROSELIEP is a Roman Catholic priest whose poems have appeared in *Poetry*, *The Nation*, *Modern Age*, *Chicago Review*, *The Colorado Quarterly*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Prairie Schooner*, *Shenandoah*, and many other magazines. He is the author of *The Linen Bands* (The Newman Press, 1961) and *The Small Rain* (The Newman Press, 1961). He is Associate Professor of English at Loras College and poetry editor of *Sponsa Regis*.

JEROME G. ROTHENBERG teaches Economics at Northwestern University. He is the author of *The Measurement of Social Welfare* (Prentice-Hall, 1961) and *Economic Evaluation of Urban Renewal* (The Brookings Institution, 1964). His poems have appeared in *Chicago Review*, *Commentary*, and *The Columbia Review*.

HARVEY SHAPIRO has published poetry in *Quarterly Review of Literature*, *Poetry*, *Commentary*, *Midstream*, *Chelsea*, *Epoch*, *The Nation*, *The Beloit Poetry Journal*, and *Saturday Review*. His books of verse are *The Eye* (Alan Swallow, 1953), *The Book and Other Poems* (The Cummings Press, 1955), and *Mountain, Fire, Thornbush* (Alan Swallow, 1961).

MARVIN SOLOMON has published poems in *Poetry*, *The New Yorker*, *Imagi*, *The Hudson Review*, *The Paris Review*, *New Mexico Quarterly*, *Shenandoah*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *The Literary Review*, and *Prairie Schooner*. He is the author of *First Poems* (Editions Imagi, 1952), *The Royal Tiger's Face* (Contemporary Poetry, 1960), and *A View from Africa* (Contemporary Poetry, 1962).

BARRY SPACKS has published poetry in *The American Scholar*, *The Atlantic Monthly*, *Chicago Review*, *The Antioch Review*, *Poetry*, *The Yale Review*, *Mademoiselle*, *The Noble Savage*, *Shenandoah*, *Interim*, *The Carleton Miscellany*, *The Massachusetts Review*, and other magazines. He was a Fulbright Fellow to England (1956-1957) and is now Assistant Professor of Humanities at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology.

ROBERT SWARD has published poetry in *The Nation*, *Poetry*, *The Antioch Review*, *The Massachusetts Review*, and other periodicals. He is the author of "Uncle Dog" and *Other Poems* (Putnam & Co., Ltd., 1962) and "Kissing the Dancer" and *Other Poems* (Cornell University Press, 1964). He was awarded a Fulbright Fellowship (England, 1960-1961) and a Guggenheim Fellowship (1964-1965). He teaches English at Cornell University.

LORENZO THOMAS has published poetry in *The Art Journal*, *The Rivoli Review*, *Umbra*, *The Wagner Literary Review*, and other periodicals. In 1963, he won the John Golden Prize at Queens College.

FLORENCE VICTOR has published poems in *The Beloit Poetry Journal*, *The Critic*, *Commentary*, *The Fiddlehead*, *Poetry*, *Poetry Northwest*, *The Second Coming Magazine*, *The Transatlantic Review*, and *The Wormwood Review*. In 1958, she won the John Golden Award at Queens College.

ROBERT WATSON has published poetry in *The American Scholar*, *Poetry*, *The Paris Review*, *The Transatlantic Review*, and many other periodicals. He is the author of "A Paper Horse" and *Other Poems* (Atheneum, 1962). He is Professor of English at the University of North Carolina at Greensboro.

THOMAS WHITBREAD's poetry has appeared in *Harper's Magazine*, *The Atlantic*, *The Carleton Miscellany*, *The Kenyon Review*, *The Paris Review*, *The Texas Observer*, *Triad*, *The Virginia Quarterly Review*, and many other publications. His book of poems, *Four Infinitives*, was published by Harper & Row in 1964.

JONATHAN WILLIAMS is Publisher of Jargon Books and President of The Nantahala Foundation. His poems have appeared in *Evergreen Review*, *Vogue*, *Black Mountain Review*, *Origin*, *Kulchur*, and other periodicals. He is the author of *The Empire Finals at Verona* (Jargon Books, 1959), *In England's Green & Auerhahn* Press, 1962), *Lullabies Twisters Gibbers Drags* (Jargon Books, 1963), *Lines about Hills above Lakes* (Roman Books, 1964) and *Blues & Roots/Rue & Bluets* (Folkways, 1964). He was awarded a Guggenheim Fellowship for 1957-1958, and in 1960 he received a Longview Foundation Grant.

CHARLES WRIGHT has published poems in *The Carleton Miscellany*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *Poetry Northwest*, *The North American Review*, *Chelsea*, and *The Oberlin Quarterly*. He won an Academy of American Poets Prize at the University of Iowa (1962) and a Fulbright Fellowship to Italy (1963-1965).

RUTH LANDSHOFF YORCK has published poems in *Tomorrow*, *The Massachusetts Review*, *The Tiger's Eye*, *Folder*, *Nul*, *Salon 13*, *Du*, *Frankfurter Hefte*, *Jardin des Modes*, *Quadrigue*, *The*

Transatlantic Review, *The London Magazine*, and many other periodicals.

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The remarks by the late President John F. Kennedy include in this album were taped at the convocation at Amherst College on October 23, 1963 on the occasion of ground breaking for the Robert Frost Library at Amherst.

Proceeds from this album will be used to establish the John F. Kennedy American Poet's Fellowship Award. The award will be presented each year for the best essay written about AMERICAN IDEOLOGY. The award will be conducted by the American Poets Fellowship Society, 210 Fifth Ave., New York, N. Y. under the auspices of Folkways Records, Poet's Theatre and Basic Books.