

RECURRENCE

A Quarterly of Rhyme

Volume VII · Winter–Spring 1957 · Number 27

*Set from the scan of the magazine. The poems, their titles, the poets'
names and the figures at the feet of the leaves are the printer's; everything
in this color is this edition's.*

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GROVER JACOBY, *Editor*

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Four leaves of this number are not in the photograph of it. The opening that follows folio 48 shows folio 53, so two leaves were turned together and folios 49 to 52 — “Judge”, “Fruitage”, “Blue Remembrance” and “The Lovers” — were never photographed. The printer's contents page above is set entire, because it is his record of what the number held; those four lines carry no link, and nothing has been supplied for them. All four poets are named in his contributors' notes at folio 57.

[*The publisher's own advertisement, from the last leaf:*]

ENJOY THE OTHER EMPHASIS AS WELL. The two quarterlies, *Recurrence* and *Variegation*, differ not so much in kind as in emphasis. In *Variegation* you will find the contrasting rhythms of free verse. Each line of *vers libre* is a unit with a certain trend and direction, and there is always discernible the occurrence of accent, not at specific stated intervals, but still with a feeling for its placement which registers certain effects. For this reason free verse is not an attempt to undermine conventional methods, but actually reveals them in a new and valuable relationship. This relationship is further amplified by the editor's epigraph on the title page of each issue of *Variegation*: "Free verse is not a desertion of prosody; it is an exploration, intentional or unintentional, of the mysteries lying at the metrical core of speech."

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LINES FOR ARTEMIS

Alan Stephens

Moon, sister of Apollo, in your keep
The foothill deer step down the draw to water.
The untried hunter's motionless with sleep;
Prepare an arrow, Delos' steady daughter.

The hunter will lie heavily till dawn,
But the sudden island day will take his eyes;
Knowing at once the rock he rests upon,
He will awaken and alertly rise.

Wholly your pure intention forms the scene,
The hunter but a part of lunar space,
The deer but moving shapes of your cool sheen.
Dawn lights whole countries at the hunter's face.

TURN OF THE YEAR

Hanson Kellogg

Spring springs not only in the vast expansion
That starts that mighty flexing towards the sun
Of all the muscles of topography. It rises, too,
Among what man has done and left undone.
Spring's in the speed of ants along the cracks
Old snow discovered as a sodden place
Of refuge within sad, delinquent sidewalks.
It's in a phrase, a twitch of hat, a certain grace
In setting out the garbage. Crushed between
The lid and can hang fringes of spring's green,
Discarded, where the only growing things
Raise above mansard hills their golden eyes
To clouds, to vapor trails behind still wings
Searching for silence in the calm of skies.

BLUE CLOVER

Marcia Masters

Right here, at the head of the stairway,
She stood in her first ball gown,
Casting a glow like sunset
Over the dark way down.

There was her room—blue clover:
A meadowed look to the walls;
How the books used to settle beside her,
Replacing the games, and dolls.

Many a time I have watched her
Intent in her favorite chair,
Scanning her endless notebooks,
Brushing her topaz hair.

Even now, through the silent doorway,
The air has a kind of bloom,
Holding some lost spring over
For me—in an empty room.

BY THE WATERS

Ann Stanford

The dew persuades me
And the fog that rides
The nights of spring,
Rain and rivers tug,
And fountains in the sun
Catch up my steps and run
Through pools and channels
And I am caught in spray.

Willing and unwilling is the way
My feet are drawn
Down with the stream
To the last firm of earth
There to hold
By the paused ocean swell
While the sea sucks back its ravel
And grows and hovers—and not blench aside
But stung with reason speak
To subjugate this tide.

SKI LIFT IN SUMMER

Ann Stanford

Up the ravine and over prostrate brush
That dry with summer, yet bears the weight of snow
We dangle, judging rocks over which we push,
Tense, as the cable shivers, taut and slow.

Half up, still doubting steel that bears us
We smell the pines. Someone has dropped a cap.
We point and laugh, clutching our own possessions
And turn to watch the trestles stride the gap.

THE GREEN GENERAL

Dorothy Hughes

Of all the parks, this is the wildest. Its paths lie
Long and eclipsed, curving, returning on themselves.
A shag grass flourishes under the intricacy
Of branches. In a clearing, on his pedestal,
The general stands, frumpish and stiff, his beard in halves,
Livid with the souring of time. Who can say
Against what enemy he made his irascible stay?

We would play here at terror, silence and surprise,
Shrieking down the ambush paths, the rapture of speed
Hot in our faces. Whatever watching there was
In darkness shivered into our skins. We fought; the smell
Of grass was on us, and each one had sometime stood
Before the general, startled, stricken motionless there,
Taking into our animal hearts his inexorable stare.

DESTINY

Eleanor Glenn Wallis

Samson was scissored
Of his strength, the great
Goliath met his death-wound
By a sling.
One cannot gage
The big, the little thing;
“This Triton of the minnows”
Could be fate.

IN THE DESERT

Lawrence P. Spingarn

I searched for water in a crust of drought.
That folly charred me blacker than the rays
Wide noon reflects from rocks in tropic blaze.
Sand cracked my eyes and burned their fuses out.
My body withered. Dryness sucked on doubt.
I found no grudging turf to blight with praise,
No boundary grass to feed my nibbling gaze.
The canyons did not echo at a shout.
My spade tapped wells where only dust would spout,
The baneful dust in which the lion slays
My jackal darkness and my lizard days.
Thirst wants a tongue to twist these words about.
Prayers into clouds. Clouds into wind or rain.
And all the wilderness is green again.

A TIME OF CHANGE

Lawrence P. Spingarn

As casements close on the unwanted child,
The night blows cold. The woolly air is wild,
Withering the bloom inquiring spirits need,
Scattering on barren drumlins tired seed.
Shall men stand up, strike back, and split the mark
That swings across the sun to double dark?
Fingers of light are clutching at the wall.
False dawns flare and explode when comets fall.
Yet sleepers stir, and shifting, test their aim
By downing shadows grounded in no name.
Peaked stars and flocks in passage pierce the gloom
Of war and pestilence that fogged this room.
The dreamers shape the day. Their grateful eyes
Open like mirrors to the golden skies.

GARDEN AT NIGHTFALL

Mary Winter

This is the hour when colors drain:
When blue is fugitive as mist,
Purple deprived of power
And crimson a dark stain.

But now beneath the moon
The white bloom gleams from cover
And with pervasive scent
Beckons the silk-winged lover
To the unsingeing fire,
The lesser star,
The moth's attainable desire.

Annulled at noon,
This is the hour
Of moon, of moth
And the white flower.

CONTRIBUTORS

ELEANOR GLENN WALLIS will be represented by a group of poems in Rolfe Humphries' next anthology. One of these, "*The Hunter*," first appeared in *Recurrence*.

A poem by HANSON KELLOGG is included in the current issue of *Variegation*.

ALAN STEPHENS is studying with Yvor Winters at Stanford University at the present time.

A group of young poets often meet to discuss their work at the home of MARCIA MASTERS in Kenilworth, Illinois. She is the daughter of the author of *Spoon River Anthology*.

Folio, the new literary magazine published by San Diego State College, contains two poems by HERBERT KELLY.

One of ETHEL JACOBSON's humorous poems is to be found in an anthology edited by Oscar Williams.

SARA KING CARLETON and MARY WINTER are frequent contributors to *Recurrence*. Mrs. Carleton's work also was published a few years ago in *Variegation*.

ANNE STANFORD is on the staff of the Graduate School of Journalism at the University of California at Los Angeles.

Short stories by LAWRENCE P. SPINGARN are published frequently in different magazines for men as well as in the college quarterlies.