



HANSON KELLOGG

Collected Poems

POETRY, PUPPETRY, AND THE POSTWAR LITTLE MAGAZINE

EXTREMES AND MODERATIONS:
EARLY SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA POETRY

A TEXT-TECH PAPERS PROJECT

Extremes and Moderations

Early Southern California Poetry

Extremes and Moderations is a Text-Tech Papers project devoted to recovering poetry written, published, and circulated in Los Angeles and Southern California. Each volume brings neglected books and poems back into view through carefully prepared texts, archival images, biographical context, and a clear record of the surviving sources.

Edited by Brian Kim Stefans

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ARCHIVAL IMAGES

Hanson Kellogg in portrait and the puppet-theatre record



Hanson Kellogg. Photograph preserved in the local biographical archive; photographer and date unidentified.

MARIONETTE SHOW APPEARS TUESDAY

Provincetown Group Booked at Woman's Club.

The Provincetown Marionettes are coming to town, sponsored by the Children's Theater of Atlanta. They will appear at the Woman's Club auditorium at 8 o'clock Tuesday night.

Adele Frain and Hanson Kellogg, who are responsible for this "troup" of puppet performers, are well known throughout the east for their outstanding achievement in this medium of the theater. Hailing from the neighborhood of Provincetown, Mass., they did much of their pioneering work in and around the famous eastern artist colonies and were an important feature of the Artists' Theatre in Provincetown last summer.

The program here will include "Tragedy," a short play about a marionette who attempts to free himself and his beloved so that they may escape from the theater where he is forced to play low comedy roles in Shakespearian repertoire.

A 1939 newspaper account of the Provincetown Marionettes, documenting Kellogg's script work and Adele Frain's costume design.

INTRODUCTION

*Poet, puppeteer, satirist, and postwar Los Angeles little-magazine writer,
1911–1970*

Hanson Kellogg's documentary record is scattered across family notices, military and civil records, newspaper clippings, theatre reports, little magazines, and a single poetry book. Read together, those sources replace the abbreviated earlier sketch with a career in which performance, satire, journalism, and poetry continually overlap.

Boston origins and a disrupted university career, 1911–1934

Hanson Kellogg was born in Massachusetts on August 11, 1911, the son of Foster S. Kellogg and Rosalie Hanson Kellogg of Boston. His father practiced law; family notices place both parents within Boston's professional and civic world. Kellogg entered the University of Michigan with the class of 1934. His college record was interrupted in March 1933, when the *Michigan Daily* reported that he had been indefinitely suspended after breaking into a sorority house. A contemporary Detroit report described alcohol, a broken window, and damaged furnishings; a separate Massachusetts notice records a motor-vehicle arrest later that year. These incidents are not a substitute for the life that followed, but they help explain why the documentary trail moves away from Ann Arbor before a degree can be confirmed.

Florida, marriage, and the Provincetown Marionettes, 1934–1942

By the later 1930s Kellogg was in Florida and involved in puppet theatre. Newspaper notices connect him with Adele Frain, a Florida State College for Women graduate trained in art and puppetry: Kellogg wrote scripts and Frain designed costumes for the Provincetown Marionettes. A 1939 account describes the company's Tallahassee activity and its professional ambitions. In 1940 Kellogg married Marianna Lucy Thompson in Pinellas County. Local records identify Thompson, not Frain, as his wife during the early war years; the marriage ended in divorce in Duval County in 1946. The surviving clippings therefore suggest a collaborative theatrical circle whose personal chronology is more complicated than the earlier biography draft implied.

Army service and the move to California, 1943–1948

Kellogg entered the United States Army at Camp Blanding, Florida, on January 11, 1943. The enlistment record describes him as a Massachusetts-born resident of Duval County, with four years of college and a civilian occupation in restaurant service. The record supplies no narrative of his wartime assignments. After his 1946 divorce he settled in Southern California. On September 28, 1948, he married Adele Frain in California. By January 1950 *Poetry* could describe him simply as a professional puppeteer living in Glendale—an economical identification that links his theatrical work to the Los Angeles poetry network in which his writing first cohered.

West Coast intelligence: prose, satire, and the little magazines

Kellogg's earliest nationally visible California writing was not verse but brief observational prose. *The New Yorker* printed "Incidental West Coast Intelligence" in July 1946 with E. B. White, two "West Coast Intelligence" items in July 1947, and another in March 1949 with E. J. Kahn, Jr. The miniature reports turn Southern California advertising, roadside architecture, and promotional language into deadpan comedy. The same eye governs many poems: offices, appliances, advertising, radio, television, suburbia, and institutional speech become materials for metaphysical satire. Beginning in 1948, Grover Jacoby's Los Angeles quarterlies *Variegation* and *Recurrence* provided Kellogg an unusually sustained venue. The local archive preserves forty-four appearances there between 1948 and 1957.

Attics Own Houses and the mature poems, 1950–1957

Four poems under the collective title "Four Disinterested Prayers" appeared in *Poetry* in January 1950. Alan Swallow published *Attics Own Houses* in Denver in 1951 as a forty-eight-page collection. Its thirty-six poems move between urban estrangement, failed domesticity, institutional absurdity, religious skepticism, and a recurrent anxiety about age, repetition, and historical debris. Sixteen poems had appeared in Jacoby's journals; others came from *American Weave*, *Westminster*, *Kaleidograph*, *Script*, *Wings*, and *Voices*. "Old Man, Alone" also entered *Poetry Awards: 1950*, while "Bridal Suite" had been privately printed by Elwin Volk with decorations by Dennis McCalib. Kellogg continued publishing new work in Jacoby's magazines through 1957. A catalogued Summer 1956 contribution to *The Beloit Poetry Journal* confirms circulation beyond Los Angeles, although its title and text remain unrecovered.

Journalism, later traces, and death, 1952–1970

Kellogg also wrote occasional prose for the *Los Angeles Times*. The surviving archive includes “How the Noisy Half Lives” and “The School Lunch” from 1952, “Not Much Tin in a Can” from 1954, and “Ah, Autumn . . .” from 1955. A June 1954 contents notice names a poem, “Frozen Memories,” but the clipping does not preserve the poem itself. In May 1970 a Glendale letter to the editor shows Kellogg still engaged with local broadcast culture. He died in Los Angeles on June 10, 1970. That date is supported by the Social Security death record and the late newspaper trail; it corrects the 1985 date in the earlier draft. *Attics Own Houses* was reissued by AMS Press in 1975. Manuscript traces survive in the University at Buffalo Poetry Collection—three leaves for “Paean,” circa 1950—and in the *Poetry* magazine archive at the University of Chicago. The career that emerges is compact but coherent: puppet theatre, comic journalism, and disciplined postwar verse all test how inherited forms survive the machinery of modern life.

Editorial Note and Sources

This edition follows the established six-by-nine-inch series format: mirrored book margins, EB Garamond, running heads, linked contents, PDF bookmarks, uniform verse type and leading, and publication information after every poem. Book and journal titles are italicized. Clear authorial indentation and stanza spacing are retained; hanging continuations caused only by a source page's narrow measure are rejoined. Decorative capitals are regularized, spaces around em dashes are removed, and obvious OCR debris is corrected only after the scan supplies a defensible reading.

The copy-text for *Attics Own Houses* is the complete original 1951 spread scan. The later cropped “fixed” scan and the earlier selected-poems PDF were used only as finding aids, never as textual authority. The book is printed complete and in its original sequence. Its typography contains uncommon or erroneous forms—including “filligree” and “Aldebaron”—that remain because they are visible in the printed witness. Sixteen book poems have earlier witnesses in *Variegation* or *Recurrence*. The collected version is printed once; material changes are recorded in concise variorum notes rather than by duplicating nearly identical poems.

The Jacoby archive was searched issue by issue. It contains forty-four Kellogg poem appearances from Summer 1948 through Winter–Spring 1957: sixteen later collected in *Attics Own Houses* and twenty-eight unreprinted poems. The magazine-only poems are printed chronologically in sections before and after the 1951 book. Their texts were checked against the original scans; the local reading editions and issue-production corrections served as navigation and collation aids. Publication pages refer to the original issue pagination, not physical scan numbers.

The prose appendix prints the complete texts recoverable from the supplied *Los Angeles Times* scans: “The School Lunch,” “Not Much Tin in a Can,” “Ah, Autumn . . .,” and a 1970 letter on *Sesame Street*. The two-part canning essay is joined at the printed continuation: the first clipping ends after “before,” and the supplied page 49 image begins “it became merely a blood bath).” The appendix also records, without reconstructing, Kellogg’s *New Yorker* reports and the title-only notice for “How the Noisy Half Lives.”

Open-web and catalog research confirmed Kellogg's *New Yorker* contributions, the 1975 AMS reprint of his book, manuscript holdings, and a Summer 1956 appearance in *The Beloit Poetry Journal*. No accessible image or transcription of the Kellogg contribution in that issue was found, and the local *Los Angeles Times* notice for "Frozen Memories" preserves only a title. Both are reported in the open-archive section rather than reconstructed. The title *Collected Poems* therefore describes the fullest verified poetry corpus currently recoverable, not a claim that no further poem can surface.

Primary and documentary sources

- Kellogg, *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), complete original local spread scan.
- Complete local runs of *Variegation* and *Recurrence*, 1948–1957, in the Jacoby journal archive.
- Kellogg, "Four Disinterested Prayers," *Poetry*, vol. 75, no. 4 (January 1950), pp. 205–206.
- University of Michigan, *Michigan Daily*, March 22, 1933; contemporaneous Boston, Detroit, Florida, and Los Angeles newspaper clippings in the local archive.
- U.S. Army enlistment record, January 11, 1943; Florida marriage and divorce indexes; California marriage index; Social Security death record.
- *The New Yorker*, July 27, 1946; July 19, 1947; and March 19, 1949.
- Kellogg, "The School Lunch," *Los Angeles Times*, September 7, 1952; "Not Much Tin in a Can," November 14, 1954; "Ah, Autumn . . .," October 16, 1955; and letter to Cecil Smith, May 26, 1970, all from supplied local clippings.
- University at Buffalo Poetry Collection, Contemporary Manuscripts Collection, "Hanson Kellogg, Paean," circa 1950; University of Chicago, *Poetry* magazine records.
- CiNii Books catalog record for the AMS Press reprint of *Attics Own Houses* (1975); bookseller and contributor records for *The Beloit Poetry Journal*, vol. 6, no. 4 (Summer 1956).

MAGAZINE VERSE | 1948–1950

Stage I | The Los Angeles little-magazine debut

These five poems precede the 1951 collection and were not reprinted in it. Poems from the same issues that Kellogg later revised or collected appear only in the book section, with their first publications recorded after the collected texts.

Caprice

A strolling player piano
Holds court beneath my casement
With stars for retinue.

The highlights on the glassed bookcases freeze
A little after midnight.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. III, no. 3 (Summer 1948), p. 16.

During Office Hours

He has disappeared in a flurry of dried leaves:
Multicolored,
Printed, mimeographed, typed in triplicate,
Scrawled on, embossed with the seal, the proper stamp
Affixed, and the pad ink not yet dried
From the rubber facsimile of signature.

Three paragraphs of a subsection of the statute
As revised
In anno Domini nineteen hundred and aught six
Specifically prohibit his leaving at this time,
Quite without notice, appointing no successor,
Failing to command a substitute pro tem.
The penalties are both severe and mandatory.

Since, however, the glasses case, the desk set, the vacuum water carafe,
The dictating machine, the pictures of his three wives
And the boy
Still adorn the inner office,
Those walls distempered by signed photographs
Of former governors and indicted representatives,
He cannot have gone far.
He cannot have gone intestate.
He cannot be out at this hour, under the sun and the wind
Where the russet leaves pick sharp at the edge of turned earth
And gather in drifts for its turning under again.
He cannot have gone with election so close in the past.
The voters have given him mandate; he never escaped from praise.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. V, no. 2 (Spring 1950), pp. 8–9.

The Intestate

At Armageddon we shall leave,
Suddenly, not fearing to disturb,
North to the snow and its spawned arbutus;
Valleys to short and uniform trees
Choked in the rich poisoned mash of their discarded fruit;
Mountains to the sifting of tiny lethal dust:
Grey breath on blue ice;
Cities to the deepening rust, eating out the gleam
Of the tinned iron cylinders, to the trodden gum wads
Ground black into the pavement shards;
South to the moss, that air-fed coral,
Haughtily oblivious of blasted oak and pine
Its fragility depends from.

And the sea will still pant
In eternal pursuit of the long sands
Under the reach of cloud shadow.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. V, no. 2 (Spring 1950), p. 11.

Witch Without Familiars

He stared at the alembic; his eyes stayed cold,
As he wove me stories I should not have heard:
Heavy with the purple of the unknown word,
Bright with the ingredients that fuse to gold
And the gauzy postulates that flare into truth.

I learned incantations and I came quick old;
My ash-cake I mumble with a single tooth.
My hearth is unswept; the thatch sprouts mold;
The oak chest bulges with dried, leathern things . . .
No foot shakes my threshold, no child sings.

Publication. *Recurrence*, vol. I, no. 1 (Summer 1950), p. 11.

The Usual Song

I wrote; I now no longer write:
The mortal swan hymns his discontent
With a green world where he, forever white—
Set like a taper or a monument
On all he finds dim and remote and cool—
Haunted by his own arch within the pool,
Flees, and fails escape, and dies of fright.

Publication. *Recurrence*, vol. I, no. 2 (Autumn 1950), p. 16.

BOOK ONE | *ATTICS OWN HOUSES*

Stage II | *Alan Swallow, Denver, 1951*

The complete collection follows in its original order. The first edition's thirty-six poems occupy printed pages 9–48; the acknowledgments identify earlier appearances but do not date every journal witness.

Proem: Depressions

It is in the low places blood collects:
In psychopathic wards, post-dated checks,
In gutters of old eaves, in graves just filled.
It hardly matters what it was when spilled,
Coagulation must result. The proof
Is offered only. When you stand aloof
It is withdrawn. No stain can fail to fade,
Neutralized by time alone. Of what are you afraid?

Publication. *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 9.

Another Country

Look, I was never on that corner,
Where the drugstore lights the grey roughness
Of the pavement, where the jukebox sings
The old songs in the bad new way.
No one came out in perfume,
In bright new cotton dress.
There couldn't have been anyone laughing,
And the leaves of the elm
Never glowed under the neon.
I was at sea, or out on a desert, or tearing
The softness down from the foothills under my boots.

I could not have been twenty in any time past,
Nor forty last week.
I never was there.

Publication. First published in *Variegation*, vol. III, no. 3 (Summer 1948), p. 14; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 10.

Summer Was Yesterday

The days go on, as an inept shadow
Scores evanescently the verdigris of a tilted sundial.
The centipede feet of the months,
The slug trail of the years
Move as silently, as slowly, as tenderly
As the weeks of the seasons suspended
Over a formal garden.

The last thing: the blown petal,
The browned and crisped and shattered stalk,
For that, you are no longer here.
You do not move in the darker garden
Where the growing strains
Its soundless search for sun
From underground.

Publication. First published in *Variegation*, vol. III, no. 3 (Summer 1948), p. 15; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 11.

Perspective, Mechanical

The day after tomorrow
Reveals itself around the long curve of the future
Like a river-town on a bend of the railroad
Come upon at dawn in an overcast.

Between the cut and the crossing we discard
A hundred futures; they merge
Into the gritty design of the day-coach plush;
Our tickets are taken up, our luggage is down,
And the long curve on the railroad's right of way
Along the oily skids of the whistle-blast
Slides soundlessly into the river.

Publication. First published in *Variation*, vol. III, no. 4 (Autumn 1948), p. 13; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 12.

The Eroded Rock

A simple angel, clothed only in light,
Conspicuous, too, in respect to halo,
Shortly after entering the Philosophy and Religion Room
Was politely ejected by a nonpartisan
Lady librarian of white hair and canceled gestures.

Such patrons as had looked up
Complained of an excess,
A superfluity of illumination:
Briefly—glare in the tired, conning eyes,
Momentary deflection from the quest.
Time and the air will tarnish any grail.

Publication. First published in *Variegation*, vol. III, no. 4 (Autumn 1948), p. 12; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 13.

Variorum. The *Variegation* witness spells “cancelled”; the 1951 collection reads “canceled.”

The Dispossessed

Street car and bus exert lines of force:
Magnetism in its patent masquerade of volition.

The cars, Molochs rendered innocuous
By that other familiarity, breeding desire,
Haze the lean daybreak air with deadly cosmetic,
Bursting from tight garages into as spurious a freedom
As colts walked to no better pasture than the training ring,
To the discipline of the red light's whip threat.

Only the idle unreluctant poor
Live with no immediate need to leave such plots of tolerance
As they have fallen heir to,
In the expanding world of sunrise,
Through some strange pattern of succeeding.

Publication. First published in *Variegation*, vol. III, no. 4 (Autumn 1948), p. 14; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 14.

Variorum. The earlier periodical text reads “Molochs rendered somewhat innocuous” and “By that other familiarity, breeding training.” The collected reading is printed here.

Dedicatory Invocation for a Public Library

O, small man of infinite immunities,
Mount these steps, enter these slow sarcophagi,
Bound in boards, and here
Entrench your prejudices, or inch
Further on through the crumbling pages of your grasp.

These vaults entomb for you the effortless past,
And roseate, highly improbable futures,
But sometimes, as rarely as curses and laughter
Shouted aloud,
Minds burst through the hush
To be formed by the present in flux.

Publication. First published in *Variegation*, vol. III, no. 4 (Autumn 1948), p. 11; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 15.

Variorum. The *Variegation* text reads “as rarely as curses or laughter”; the book substitutes “and.”

Valley Harbor

The froth of enmeshing needles
Above the swells of the boughs
Casts off a broken spray of rain
Like spindrift,
While the hulls of the hills
Ride out the storm.

Publication. First published in *Variegation*, vol. III, no. 4 (Autumn 1948), p. 15; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 16.

No Truce

The clod watchers, the clod kickers, unarmed and unaware,
As surely as they swing that ponderous weapon of vision upwards
Bring down, in undulate snow, the iridescent breast feathers
Swirling thick through the butterfly wings
Riffled to flutter dust,
Never on their faces, never to their shoulders,
Always to their feet, untouched, for comfort in crushing,
For walking on.

The clod watchers, making clods of clouds,
Tread every bright high deft aerialist
Into glints in grit: mirrors of always sunset.

Publication. First published in *Variation*, vol. IV, no. 2 (Spring 1949), p. 14; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 17.

Seer

Would you have me prophesy? Cross my palm
With any silver you have paid enough days for.
I will show you the future in a pool
Of ink, brine, or time-flattened soapsuds.

It is only the past I dare not handle:
The moments that clank and stalk.

I can draw out any cluttered happiness,
Fumbling among the sticky oddments
In the reticule of your faith.

Publication. First published in *Variegation*, vol. IV, no. 2 (Spring 1949), p. 15; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 18.

Old Man, Alone

He has the transfer clutched in his hand,
But the rails were torn up for scrap
A war ago, and that in another city.

The membership cards bulging his pocketbook
Are all inscribed on palimpsests,
The far past creeping out through the grimed designs.

He is buried deep as Herculaneum,
His artifacts strewn about the midden of his person.
No shaft can pierce and be shored against
The soft resettling ash.

Publication. First published in *Variegation*, vol. IV, no. 3 (Summer 1949), p. 19; also *Poetry Awards: 1950*; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 19.

Tea Party

The hour, steeped in laughter and conversation,
Deepens its color, grows strong, pours heady into the cup
Of hills: the patio beyond the patio.
The secret, still-curved leaves hold evening,
Evening and tomorrow in the dance of their design.
The flurried tinkle of sleeve-caught silver
Flinches from flagstone in the drained dead light.
From this we go to face the shrieking mirrors,
The radio dripping symphonies, the neutral cud of time,
And the day inevitably called tomorrow.

Publication. First published in *Variegation*, vol. IV, no. 3 (Summer 1949), p. 18; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 20.

Housewife

She is browned in fat, dusted with flour, pierced
By impaired paring knives, both dull and pointless,
Skewered, cooked under pressure, steamed,
Roasted and baked, sliced, mixed, beaten,
Toasted,

Nibbled at, devoured, scraped off plates,
Imprisoned in an eleemosynary garbage can,
Victim of sportive dogs, and tense, acquisitive cats,
Disposed of every Monday morning early, to clatter and imprecations.

Yet, phoenix from the gas flames she arises
Too early of a morning, to be browned,
Flour-dusted, pierced . . .

Publication. First published in *Variegation*, vol. V, no. 1 (Winter 1950), p. 11; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 21.

Variorum. The Winter 1950 periodical text opens “She is browned in the skillet”; the collection revises this to “browned in fat” and locally alters punctuation.

The Aphorist at Middle Age

The hoary colporteur of Winter knocks;
Speechless he presents mementoes mori
But Hell becomes a cozy thought
Against the blast he admits.

My sins have been expiated
By the only universal penitence: ennui.

Seeds alone are large enough
To contain Spring,
Not the broken lances of dried mullein stalks
That mud takes over from the puddle glazier.

The fire blown out, the breeze begins to breathe
Warm and alive again.
And the sins, it seems, were only expatiated on.

Publication. First published in *Variegation*, vol. V, no. 2 (Spring 1950), p. 6; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 22.

Variorum. The periodical witness prints “winter” and “spring” in lower case; the collection capitalizes both.

Appraisement

This is the hard, enduring thing, not diamonds:
Life without purpose, death divorced from destiny.
The rubies paste; the emeralds glass; the eyes
Seeking the skill behind the counterfeit,
Neglecting the crucible, the furnace and the hands,
The lighting, the brushed velvet, the salesman's dream . . .

Eternity is static.
Time passes with the traffic breeze along the street.

Publication. First published in *Variegation*, vol. V, no. 2 (Spring 1950), p. 7; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 23.

Neck Verse

I joined the organization in nineteen thirty-two.
The objectives seemed as laudable as some of the sponsors.
It afforded a warm place to escape the park.
The air in the hall smelled fresher than the old food—
Although I should have enjoyed eating it—
In the cafeteria where I hunched over the grey clotted cold coffee.
I attended while it seemed an answer.
Then I found other answers, and returned seldom.
Since, while I have been working, fighting, and working again,
The nation has been playing musical chairs with enemies and allies.
The party is over now, we are saying perfunctory goodbyes in the doorway.
The evening is cold; the corner cafe still steams and stinks.
Gentlemen of the committees, what will I join this time round?

Publication. First published in *Variation*, vol. V, no. 2 (Spring 1950), p. 10; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 24.

Variorum. The earlier text has “enemy and ally,” “The party is over now;” and “The evening air is cold,” among several local punctuation changes. The collected reading is printed here.

Attics Own Houses

Almost anything is somebody's yesterday's dream:
Riches from a penny gum machine,
Or love from a high school yearbook.

Have we not left the best of our lives,
Sere withdrawn, or reaching green,
In a closet corner caught on a hook;
In warped recordings; in the deckle-edged leaves
Of asymmetrical anthologies splayed with wear;
Burnished by the years, in Christmas card friends?

Almost anything old is in somebody's blood,
Or his blood is on it in rust despair;
Garrets were made for odds and ends,
But the odds are great, the ends are elsewhere.
Stirring the nap of any dust offends
The calm possession of the unaware.

Publication. First published in *Recurrence*, vol. I, no. 1 (Summer 1950), p. 10; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 25.

Apartment on the Hill

The typist in the room above
Pecks sustenance from meaning, quite as though
The round, returning keys were scattered grain.
From some piano, far enough below,
Stumbles a false and incomplete refrain
Upwards . . .

Caught within the confluence of separate searches
At an hour of acceptance, in the window, I
Watch the evening gathering behind the churches,
Whetting down their spires on the smooth, hard sky,
Until all points blend with the stone that shaped them.

Publication. First published in *Kaleidograph*; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 26.

Their Faces Asphodels

Only the blind learn the full worth of light,
Their faces asphodels turned towards the sun;
Behind lies all the menace of the night,

Whose threat topples forever from its height,
Whose swift minute assaults are never done.
Only the blind learn the full worth of light.

Shadow caresses, touched by breeze, invite
Dark, dampened minds to move: to stretch and run.
Behind lies all the menace of the night.

Warmth, more than words, dispels the eremite
Delusion of closed walls, moist, spider-spun . . .
Only the blind learn the full worth of light.

Air drenched in glowing time carries a bright
Ecstatic fragrance, as of triumphs won.
Behind lies all the menace of the night.

Day lends a vision that is more than sight:
An eye to pierce and spurn oblivion.
Only the blind learn the full worth of light,
Behind lies all the menace of the night.

Publication. First published in *Wings*; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 27.

Faith

And when he spoke
His clearest phrase was blurred.
And when he moved
My eyes were far too dim;
Hence in the dull haze of scented smoke,
Before the altar of the rote-weighed word,
Casual, at a shrine not to be loved,
I kneel to worship him.

Publication. First published in *American Weave*; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 28.

... All the Days of My Life

I traveled in the countries without scenery
By plane and train, over, through, and back.
My visas show the attributes I lack,
Clearly, concisely. I am so classified
By trained observers that the paltry scope
Of exploration daunts me and I grope
Within this valley, black as office files,
Locked, damned, unexorcised. My staff, my rod
Rings on rock, hollow as the house of God,
The worm has blasted all its heart to dust.
The sky flares into crumple. At my side
My father speaks to strangers, without pride.
And judgment is presented before silence.

Publication. *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 29.

A Study in Eyes

The mobile faces of the apes conspire
A thousand years to twitch a vine aside,
Recording upon displaced air the new desire.

Through deft assassination they acquire
A dim coherence. Silent and sad-eyed,
The mobile faces of the apes conspire.

Grasping betrayal only, he gropes higher,
And takes a thousand years in final stride,
Recording upon displaced air the new desire

To press, deeper than beaks, the gift of fire
Into bound flesh: immortal, sanctified;
The mobile faces of the apes conspire.

What's waxed must wane, though no arboreal flier
Reaches the heights of Icarus in full pride,
Recording upon displaced air the new desire.

Honor this timeless date. For no brain prior
Found sacrifice and progress so allied.
The mobile faces of the apes conspire,
Recording upon displaced air the new desire.

Publication. *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 30.

The Hour Before the Dawn

And, deep in some grey night, we come awake,
No longer young, but not yet terrified,
To ponder on the tracked waste habits make,
Briefly to wonder when it was we died.

Publication. First published in *Script*; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 31.

Sharp Drop in Suicide Rate Predicted

In the hot light cut off by the thunderhead that is August—

In the city you'll be tossing away the cigarette just lit
Sitting out front on the steps after the fight
Upstairs in the room with her and the radio and the kids not sleeping.

You'll be coming home off the date with your white suit as crumpled and grey
As the band and the songs that were the promise of June
Or the lights or the beer or the breeze off the water.

In another few days they'll all have had their two weeks,
The last one bringing back to the office his own familiar ineptitude garnished
with sunburn
Replacing the dubious hope of the substitute.

In the country it still is too wet or too dry,
And it might as well rot in the ground as be picked at that price
But the boarders at least are soon gone, maybe then
She'll come down off her high horse . . . And what if she does?

—the wars come.

It is in the spring you'll be doing your dying, after your transfiguration, if any.

Publication. First published in *Westminster*; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 32.

Armistice

The camp of the enemy moves leafed to Dunsinane.
The enemy's strength lies dormant in the sergeant's childhood,
In the summary court-martial that broke the corporal,
The in camera reprimand to the major,
That untouched product of negligent manslaughter,
Shamed through channels, haunted only by resentment.
The enemy's strength lies in our own force, always.
His weakness is ours, always, in the natural compulsions
To cross-purposes.
Traitors are not inept in these logistics.
Traitors have analyzed, between the running and the dropping
Down a level.
Disobedience need not be pillage.
Nor are men forever to be ruled from beds, or banks, or dining tables.

In open order the enemy moves through the synapses
Toward the grey volutions of the maze.

Here the eternal obstacle course, with the rainbow goal, extends.
Neglect the finite atom and the infinite germ.
In ambivalence lies the ubiquitous camouflage, the decisive weapon.

Publication. *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), pp. 34–35.

Fenway: Boston

The willows, the yellow willows weep
For older sins than ours: past winters,
Intricate oriental crimes of sharp misunderstanding,
The episodic moonlit spring . . .

The river is free at their feet
And full of the transient, tiny gaiety of minnows.
Grim apartments flanking the new drive
Accept such sins as willows never grieve on.

Publication. *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 36.

Entrance

The young girl—veiled, gloved, immaculate—
Scents above her own perfume the late morning air from the church steps:
Sunday forever, peace between
Deft intricacies of the dressing table and the kitchen.
Summer trills along the organ as a breeze through leaves.
Prayer is caught in her throat to save for the pews,
For the costumed personnel, for God sheltered beneath a spire.
Her eyes are lifted a moment to the hills before she turns.
The moment is forever, and forever holy, motionless and posed.
Somber suitors will invade her beyond the doors.
Any offertory accepts sacrifice unmitigated—or flowers.

Publication. *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 37.

Bridal Suite

I. Epithalamium for a Former Wife

With the familiar gestures of my empty hands,
Now, I could clothe and adorn you,
Plaiting into the thick black of your hair
The tentative, venose green young leaves unfurl.
There lies no farther country than your presence.
The unexplored yields raw and feral trails
That disappear not where they were begun,
But in thicket endings, fetid with crushed fern,
In disparate, jackstraw endings: adequate.

II. At Middle Age

Were we to catch this cloak around us, saying: It is ours,
Weaved out of moon over water, and branches from stars inextricable,
We should find ourselves, suddenly, wearing the emperor's new clothes
At high noon, and quite without the royal prerogatives,
The tailor and the child laughing; one of us Godiva,
Tom staring, one of us a horse.

III. At Last

I am an island with you:
Furred by underbrush,
Feathered by palms,
Or fleshed in snow.
We are a sufficiency, cut off
By syrup curves
Teaching new rivers confluence;
The focus of those calm centricities
Lakes use to chart their depths in greens;
Or we cringe from the laceratory, autonomous, whetted ice.

I am an island with you, not a promontory.
We have refused to acknowledge
The compromise of causeways.

Survivors, groping out some tentative security
Under their water-wilted finger pads,
Under the stretched, scarred kneecap skin,
Always seem to vanish in a night.
Or even at meridian in our anarchic day.

An island learns agglomeration
From growth and rot, in equal share;
Death, too: a puff of dust eager to join nebulae,
Or a sharp contraction, sounding the depths
In timeless abandon of a surfeit of sunset,
Too long defenseless against the vivid and the hush.

Publication. First published in privately printed by Elwin Volk, with decorations by Dennis McCalib; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), pp. 38–39.

Tract for Our Times

The once clangorous bronze myths clatter,
Tin-plated, from the conscientious mouths
Of homely dealers in soap-opera miracles,
Giggling and whining from store-front churches
Parables as empty as their high, improbable titles.
The anthropomorphic God they preach
Goes door-to-door, and sends forth Jeremiah
To glean our trash for sorting and resale.

Publication. *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 40.

Self-Portrait, as Arachnid

I create filligree settings, infrangible,
For those cumulate jewels, from crystal metamorphosed,
And fired to full color in any dawn's crucible.
I am a weaver of dreams, paradisiacal visions,
Just sticky enough to offer tactical aid
In transubstantiation of flies.

From outpost to center of structural beauty,
An obvious aesthete, I prey within pattern.
Through fluid adaptations my spinnerets lead
The dance that solidifies into design.
Such a delicate means to the oldest of ends:
The ceaseless, importunate, mandible profit!

What I give of myself becomes patiently lethal, at once.

Publication. *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 41.

Accidie: The View from the Mortuary Window

Sometimes despair glows pale as ochre
Fresh on the palette, destined for filtered sunlight
To fade leaf shadows of our yesterdays,
Our last awakenings in afternoon.

The poplars, rigid green in their acceptance
Of vertical, unyielding, vast responsibility
For this long mile, this geometric vista,

This landscape where despair must stride, not stroll,
Stand in formation to repudiate surrender:

Aldebaron invisible; the sea far; the breeze
Dying along the routes of other dust.
Formality extends to the horizon.

Publication. First published in *Voices*; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 42.

The Back Streets

Here the houses squat like women
Slung in rockers on verandahs,
Waving languid palm-leaf fans . . .

Here that ancient plodding ghost,
The iceman's horse, snorts in his nosebag,
And shambles on, with tar-stuck hoofs,
Searching, out the sun shot cracks
His black and studded blinkers grudge,
For any offer from the past more redolent
Of green and galloping immortality
Than the cold, flaked fretwork which erupts:
Incongruous dainty oaths from the set prim lips
That clapboards form.

Publication. *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 43.

Noctambulism

Single men at middle age, freed for the night's span
From the small demanding mechanics of their simple skills,
Spend countless hours in public places
Sharing their quarrels and their loves,
Their food, their drink, their two-short-subjects-And-a-feature revery, with
strangers:
Contacts involving the intimacy
Of marriage grown stale in the reflexes,
Further burdened by those tentative preliminaries
Congruous only to youth's delight.

Publication. *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 44.

Stake Burial

“Only the dead know Brooklyn”

Thomas Wolfe

He knows the city like the palm of his hand:

hot, dirty, creased, scarred white, calloused in patches
the outlying spatulate tips ineradicable as fingerprints,
quite as individual and the same.

Some days, some nights

(launched beneath the torturing sun from within,
the wind that blows around no other corner)

He needs to clench it as a fist,

In rigor, not defiance.

Publication. *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 45.

Paeon

I honor the small, the shodden men, whose eyes
Are smoothed off dim from the magnificence of distances,
Men whose trained, and rather soured wives
Are trapped in the sticky strands of intermediate time.
Each is entranced by dissolute hereafters
In hells pressed out of papier mache:
Carnival images, in heavens without shadows,
With angels shored against vicissitudes,
Backed to the planed walls of plaques, in never living things,
Above, below, beyond . . .

But there is no wind between the stars.
The planets have no home save their solemnity.

Publication. First published in *Voices*; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), p. 46.

Four Disinterested Prayers

Alcohol offers dimensions and a vanishing point;
Benzedrine qualifies the metaphors.
I am alone and the ten thousand
Pressed against me, hip, thigh, breast and the seeking fingers
Through the tissue jungle, scream with loneliness
And die by the hour, on the hour, and because . . .

Pale moon, the rockets have your answer now.
The other face is emptier than Sphinx's smile,
And televised for travelog.
They yawn out of the theatre yearning for Mars
In technicolor, filled with cod-piece heroes
And the unavoidable structure inherent in the girls.

Uncompromising adventist, what
Would any coming do for you?
You cannot eat the streets or scale the walls
Or play the instruments, or frame the paeans again.
Having no questions, you require no answers,
Pale nuns without retreat, pale wingless aeronauts.

Cash for your equity. We offer top dollar
For any lien on your future sufficiently
Redolent of your past to be caught up and run
Along the crimp-edged paper conveyor of our time
In office hours. The moon we'll sell you or the arena,
Stimulants, depressants and the world beyond your door,
On time, only on time, we are geared to time:
The irrevocable future, the flayed past.

The moon and yesterday are yours for a small down payment,
But the interest is retroactive, back to Charlemagne.

Publication. First published in *Poetry*, vol. 75, no. 4 (January 1950), pp. 205–206; collected in *Attics Own Houses* (Denver: Alan Swallow, 1951), pp. 47–48.

MAGAZINE VERSE | 1951–1957

Stage III | The later periodical sequence

The post-book sequence gathers every unreprinted Kellogg poem located in the surviving *Variegation* and *Recurrence* scans. Within a shared season, journal and issue order determine placement when no narrower date survives.

State of Grace

Laughter is the broken bread the older gods release
 To those with the credentials and the proper countersign,
 Precinct workers all, their families on relief,
 Bound to get the vote out and the voters ranged in line.

Laughter is the tinsel on the gifts the gods have stacked
 Tall in dusty corners where the studs demark the walls,
 Where the strong wind holds high cornices in intermittent clasp,
 And dawn trips on the mackerel sky, with genial blush, and sprawls.

Laughter is the syndrome that should never have begun.
 Victims nailed to laughter find that laughter's never done,
 On crucifix, on battered spear, before the Pilate gun.
 Will laughter still continue beyond the final peace?

Publication. *Recurrence*, vol. I, no. 3 (Winter 1951), p. 10.

An Handful with Quietness

Ecclesiastes 4:6

The old sad function of the dawn
Ends only as the need for waking us.
The pirate crows are up; small birds investigate
Our lawns for booty.

Long dawns stand always at our backs
Goading us on through the unceasing hours
Chime-weighed and heralded, to aged familiar
Duties, and raw, never final pleasures.

Night blinds us and we are then stilled,
Lying well above the grass that grows and grows
Planning to be cut.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. VI, no. 2 (Spring 1951), p. 10.

Spring Song

The television trees begin to bud; they shine
As a pretty panoply for rooftops,
But the sap descends instead of rising:
The very furniture drips, sticky
With sight and sound and a green, unseasoned smell,
Acerbated further by decay,
In the flickering gloom.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. VI, no. 2 (Spring 1951), p. II.

A Garden Plot of Ephemerals

Our cut flowers
Are no longer spread for sale.
Now and then we rent their fragrance out
To scent scamped ceremonies,
Or we give the vivid things away.

Rags become you, scarecrow.
Any weed does better in the dust.
Dust is the sour answer effort wins,
The last and the complete cosmetic
To stain a silent face.

Procrastination: thief perhaps,
But chiefly critic.
What you have never dealt with
Cannot haunt you.

Strange lengths of air
Disturbed by walls
Hold time enclosed until the whole
Disintegrates.

Not time and the weather take
Our idols' heads and limbs, but wear and tear,
Hoisting them to pedestals,
Knocking them off to tramped and muddied grass.

No word is ever final as a gesture
A hand upon a door perhaps . . .
White hand, white door,
And only metal in between.

Who of those obsessed by myth
Has never seen the other permutations:
Beauty altered to companion Beast,
Beast and Beauty changing places?

No ending can in essence be unhappy.
Only no ending can.

Now comes the season without season:

Day dissolved by darkness,
Nights rectified by dawn,
When the gnomon of the sundial
Casts no shadow nor the alder
On the pool.

At least we make no claim
To having wrung
Aphorisms from an ancient land
To bring them here like seeds or stanchioned cattle
In holds beneath exploring sails:

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. VI, no. 3 (Summer 1951), pp. 3–5.

The Heritage

The child, clutching his father's hand,
Looks up. "What do they say?"
He listens, learns and nods.
Thus the walls begin;
Mere pebbles in a row at first, they rise
And form a frame of reference
To segment earth and heaven.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. VI, no. 3 (Summer 1951), p. 6.

Slow Jericho

The weather is deep in the walls, grinding away
Mortar from stone, wood and plaster from stone.
The sun has been long in the sky; yet the day
Freezes and melts in the towers; buildings alone
Know the seasons. The garden, the forest, the path
Are pensioned, forsaken, forgotten. All of the flowers
Live only in vases. But weather is never neglectful.
Although rain and the wind keep irregular hours,
Their purpose is clear; no structure escapes their slow wrath.

Publication. *Recurrence* (Autumn 1951), p. 10; the surviving issue does not print a volume or number.

Poem

We rendered it from Attic Greek and found it still obscure.
We tried the whole Rosetta stone in every permutation,
And it added up to nothing; not epitaph, not paean,
Not love song, nor in any combination
Of these could we read meaning in it.

If it was in code, its message quite escaped us.
It did not deal with cities, swords or hate.
It praised no god nor any of the clergy,
Nor mourned the past, nor dignified a date
For scorn or celebration.

It posed no questions on the dialectic.
No arithmetic symbols spoiled the sprawl
Of words across the tablet. We despaired
Of learning from it anything at all.
Sun . . . trees . . . hills . . . sky and seas and men.

Ridiculous. We buried it again.

Publication. *Recurrence* (Autumn 1951), p. 11; the surviving issue does not print a volume or number.

The Encysted Ego

So, at long last, the only enemy stands,
Age and trapped sorrow fading out his eyes,
Before you; weaponless his gnarled, lax hands.
Turn from the mirror without vast surprise.

What you have always realized, demands
Endemic relevance no longer from your lies.
Drape all the glass in crape with trembling hands.
Creep backwards through the cave behind your eyes.

Publication. *Recurrence*, vol. II, no. 7 (Winter 1952), p. 16.

Palomar

It takes a mirror
Fully to see the galaxies.
Do they lean towards their reflections?
Do they primp for pictures?

It takes a mirror to see anything at all.
And the focal point is always
Somewhere in the past,
Light years past—

While the lines of the spectrograph
Coil like serpents, while the way
Winds through space:
A vacant road
Alien to endings.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. VII, no. 25 (Winter 1952), p. 8.

Interior

Let us not talk of love now.
Turn on the radio, the water or the weather.
Open the windows, air the room with veils of curtains,
Straighten the pictures, move the lamps around.

Consider the implications of histrionic assassination,
Or politics, or games of cards designed for two.
Spot the floor with the Sunday paper.

Never, never, never
Let us build anything, own anything
Desire a thing at all,
Or plan.
Ruins gouge our ankles as it is.

Let us not even speak, but pass as quietly
As rivers flowing into different nations.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. VII, no. 25 (Winter 1952), p. 9.

New Year's Eve

This is no night for the levity of smoke,
For garrulous perfumes; no night
For laughter absorbed by panelling,
Or ribaldry reflected from veneer.

Go, rather, out into the chill quiet.
Under the stars, whether it be in sand or snow,
Dig until your fingers bleed.
Dig and cover.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. VII, no. 25 (Winter 1952), p. 10.

Ascension

The end of the world is always set
For just before daybreak tomorrow morning,
But the fog is in and the day is bound
As with winding sheets within it.

“Redemption,” cry the minor, starving prophets
And never face the holocausts they plan on,
But dwindle into shreds of smoke,
Upwards, of course, forever upwards . . .

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. VII, no. 27 (Summer 1952), p. 44.

A Mansion on the County Line

Finally it is silence, ambition's goal—
Silence filled with small contrapuntal quietness:
The cool movement of leaves,
The almost frozen struggle of the grapevines:
Laocoön alfresco.

A dirt road winds beneath the dusty poplars.
The carp pond stands, level with longevity.

All our mazed escapes are into silence,
The unachievable, while the womb splashes with movement,
While the grave is sonorous with sermons, and the moving clothes
Of alien mourners, crowding a painless sacrifice
Of time to immortality between appointments.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. VII, no. 27 (Summer 1952), p. 45.

The Discovery of Time

Dawn plans the sunset. Noon
Outlines midnight in sharp silhouette.
We are renewed neither by sleep nor words,
Nor the odd, reluctant meetings with familiar friends
In sun or shadow. By night we do not meet.
The password forgotten, we blunder by
To the unlighted footfalls' invitation to no dance.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. VIII, no. 30 (Spring 1953), p. 35.

Assembly Line

This is the year that everything repeats
(Criteria flayed down to bone-white bone).
Friends from the era of the winding phonograph
Invade me on these corners where I stand alone
Out of the teeth of traffic. Spring fruits seed and laugh
Through split and yellow grins.

No fine, nor even final, thing begins
When days yield nothing happier than patterns,
When no float, as it passes, ever passes,
And mirrors face the guilt of looking-glasses . . .

Guilt of reflection, guilt of offbeat drum,
Face me clear with what I have become:
Shadows for the stage set, black against grey stone;
Shadows the jury, with movements of their own,
Always the same gestures—and the smoke, the spiral hum.

Publication. *Recurrence*, vol. IV, no. 13 (Summer 1953), p. 5.

Myths for Mortals

Old songs deride
The current air
Filled with the silver motes of minutes,

Hymning the darker seas,
The taller storms,
The closer sun against the blinding snow
Cloaking Olympus then.

Old songs deride
Mortality in any temple.
Under any stone.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. VIII, no. 31 (Summer 1953), p. 56.

The Animist to His Loves

Trees, do you recall
Clear limbs, their stretch against cold skies,
Naked but alive in fall?

And now, in spring,
Your thousand Samson eyes
Are veiled under shellac within the paneling,

Weeping green wood tears behind the scent,
The smoke, the casual, alcoholic lies . . .
Even a death may be misspent.

Publication. *Recurrence*, vol. IV, no. 15 (Winter 1954), p. 53.

Postage Meter

The mail holds nothing I might not have sent myself,
Stamped and forgotten, a week ago,
Like a suicide note from a prince in a museum case.

Surprise we lose long before laughter or wonder.
The gift of tomorrow becomes
A rattrap set and baited with gilded hunks of possessions,
Not darkness nor dawn, but sawdust—
Still furniture, rust—still steel for the kitchen,
Lint—still cretonne and carpet.

The mail is as dead as the sad profiles the stamps wear,
Old as the inns on Christmas cards,
Aged as the films of yesterday's disaster.

Only the bones that open the mail are as old.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. IX, no. 33 (Winter 1954), p. 16.

The Last Afternoon

With what finality the wet light drips away,
Draining the street of movement, dust and sound.
Rain makes a sorry finish to the day.
It flattens all the sun gilds in the round:
Brick chimneys, rich against banked cloud,
The jut of dormers and the thrust of spires.
Such hours are for the young, those sad and proud
Romantics warmed by metabolic fires.
Or for the old, to watch the pear drops race
Down the streaked path of the window light,
Time stretching to their measured tortoise pace.
With what finality . . .
 It may stay always night.

Publication. *Recurrence*, vol. IV, no. 16 (Spring 1954), p. 71.

Marriage Without Love

"The hills are as distant in the dusk
As the days along the river, as the secrets behind walls,
Broadcast to the casual caller,
The mailman or the guest, entrapped
Like the sodden heroine of daytime radio serials.

"Spare me," he said, "the conversation
Of aged and thwarted actresses:
The sorry generosities
Wrung from a sense of sin.

"I am too old for caves now
In hills above a river.
Only talk absorbs me, like spilled ink upon a blotter."

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. X, no. 37 (Winter 1955), p. 6.

Period Pincushion

Slights she collected
From the thoughtlessness of friends,
Servants' gaucheries, the rude cheerful ways
Of hearty tradesmen lacking in respect,
The empty whistling of delivery boys . . .

Cameo brooches she acquired, and stilettos made to pierce
The flowered hat, the arabesque of hair,
The heart (as stylized design),
Pins massive with dull jewels in heavy silver,
Or bright brass, common and cheap.
All, all she jabbed them in
To save,
Till the sachet scent resilvered them forever,
These remorseless mirrors,
Too sweet, too lavender,
Faintly decayed.

Publication. *Variegation*, vol. X, no. 37 (Winter 1955), p. 7.

The Dark and the Music

Within the huge magnificence of night
The small radio sings, brave
As a cooking fire, as bright,
Against a canyon wall.

How did our grave
Progenitors fight off the wolves of silence?

Tall as immortality night stands,
As wide,
As all the seven rivers Hell demands
For its protection.

Melodies ride
The witch air from night to morning.

Between the wrung day
And the new one, dry,
To endless symphonies, to twittering ballet,
I seek to coalesce and learn to drift
On Roland's horn on every beast's last cry
Down canyon, down arroyo ever seco.

Air is the current when the silt must sift.

Publication. *Recurrence*, vol. VI, no. 23 (Winter 1956), p. 44.

Turn of the Year

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.

Publication. *Recurrence*, vol. VII, no. 27 (Winter–Spring 1957), p. 44.

UNRECOVERED PERIODICAL WITNESSES

The open archive | Verified records without recoverable texts

“Frozen Memories,” 1954

A local *Los Angeles Times* clipping dated June 20, 1954, lists “Frozen Memories” under Hanson Kellogg’s name and gives the number 22, apparently a page reference. The preserved image is a contents-style notice, not the poem. No text has been supplied here.

The Beloit Poetry Journal, Summer 1956

Multiple catalog and bookseller records for vol. 6, no. 4 name Hanson Kellogg among the contributors. The accessible records do not provide a table of contents, poem title, or text. A physical or digitized copy of the thirty-two-page issue is required before the contribution can enter the edition.

Manuscript witnesses

The University at Buffalo catalogs three manuscript or typescript leaves for “Paean,” circa 1950, and the University of Chicago preserves Kellogg material in the *Poetry* archive. These records may contain revisions, correspondence, or rejected work; they have not been silently folded into the printed text without direct inspection.

APPENDIX | PROSE AND OCCASIONAL WRITING

Chronological newspaper essays, comic reports, and letters, 1946–1970

The appendix identifies every prose item located in the present archive and prints the complete texts preserved by the supplied scans. Bibliographically verified pieces whose page images are absent are recorded without conjectural reconstruction.

West Coast intelligence, 1946–1949

Kellogg's brief comic reports appeared in *The New Yorker* as "Incidental West Coast Intelligence" (July 27, 1946, with E. B. White), two separately indexed "West Coast Intelligence" items (July 19, 1947), and "West Coast Intelligence" (March 19, 1949, with E. J. Kahn, Jr.). The local archive does not contain page images of these pieces, so this edition records them without reconstructing their text from snippets.

How the Noisy Half Lives, 1952

A *Los Angeles Times* clipping dated June 1, 1952, preserves the contents entry "HOW THE NOISY HALF LIVES Hanson Kellogg 48," but not the article on the referenced page. The title and attribution are retained here as a documentary record; no text is supplied.

The School Lunch

A Social History

1952

Every so often some politician beats his breast and bewails the passing of the little red schoolhouse. There, he proclaims, was the spirit of free enterprise taught. And the doctrine of rugged individualism.

The odd thing is that he is absolutely right. But the class was conducted during the period then known as noon recess. The place was not the schoolhouse but the little mud-brown schoolyard.

Everyone brought his own lunch in bucket, shoebox or pocket. The girls devoted the recess to gossip. As gourmets they nibbled on each others' sandwiches only as a mark of social favor. Not so the boys. They were all horse traders.

A really sharp dealer in the fifth grade could enter when school took up with nothing between him and starvation but two bruised apples and a handful of stale cookies. By 12:15 he would have acquired a group of sandwiches and a piece of pie. At 3:45 he would return home with a full stomach and a tattered copy of *Tom Swift and His Electric Rifle*.

Our merchant princes of the past may not have gone to school long, but they certainly went intensively. They learned arithmetic and they never wasted a minute during recess.

The period following World War I was transitional. Paradoxically enough it was also static. Since some mothers devoted their time to watching the ticker and scraping up more margin, some children came to grammar schools five days a week with peanut butter sandwiches.

This staple might be combined with jam, garlic, marinated herring or marshmallows. It might be spread on white, rye or matzos. It remained peanut butter. Trade foreshadowed the '29 debacle: Many offers, no takers.

Passing over the bread-and-margarine period of the early 30s—when it was sliced thin and spread thinner—one arrives at the happier day of the school cafeteria. These were set up at government expense and stocked with surplus

commodities, mostly beef canned under pressure. A whole grammar school generation grew up who had never seen meat except in stew.

On Tuesdays and Thursdays it was called goulash. The market remained dull, trading was off.

Now, at long last, something has come up to shake school swapping out of its doldrums. I refer to the home freezer, whereby one may obtain meat at an average price of 60 cents a pound. A really ambitious teen-ager ought to be able to accomplish something in this medium.

Perhaps he can start out on a shoestring potato and run it into a chain of supermarkets. Opportunity has returned. Not golden, but silvered with frost.

Publication. *Los Angeles Times*, September 7, 1952, p. 174.

Textual note. The article is preserved across two overlapping local clippings; their shared illustration and sentence join establish the continuous text.

Not Much Tin in a Can

1954

Canning, in case you've forgotten, is what they used to do with surplus food before the advent of the home freezer. That is unless they saved it by drying, smoking, pickling or corning. Or making it into jelly, with the pectin of the fruit or the gelatine of the meat preserving it.

In no other habits are we such victims of anachronism as in our tastes. No longer need turkey be smoked to preserve it and smoked turkey is an expensive treat. Corning, originally salting with crystals the size of a grain of wheat, is not now essential, but millions are nuts about corned beef.

In New England they may still eat pickled limes. This delicacy, devoured rind and all, is of a breathless sourness warranted to dissolve the teeth. It was concocted as a better scurvy preventive than just the plain juice which earned British sailors the name of limeys. Pickled limes accompanied the Cape Cod whalers on those five-year voyages into the South Seas. In my youth they were still being sold in Boston's back street shops.

Even the salt pork so beloved, in fable, of the politician still graces every can of commercial baked beans. Salted down pork in a barrel is usually pink, smells high and provides a home for the incipient maggot wherever it can crowd out the bacilli of trichinosis. If the politicians hadn't been able to do better than that we would now be a nation of anarchists.

Canning was invented by Spallanzani in 1765. He was an Italian physiologist intent on disproving "spontaneous generation." This interesting theory preceded the discovery of airborne yeasts, molds and insect eggs. Given the proper environment life just happened. It was a wonderful alibi for lice, fleas, roaches and bedbugs. Housekeeping hasn't been the same since the 18th century.

Having proved the point that nothing gets born all by itself in food sealed up and boiled for an hour Spallanzani dropped the whole matter. It was taken up again by a Frenchman named Appert 20 years later. In that tremendous burst of creative scientific energy that accompanied the French Revolution (before it became merely a blood bath) the officials offered 12,000 francs for a method of preserving food for troop rations. It is an ironic note on the course

of history that the reward was offered by the most democratic government in French history—and paid off in 1810 by the dictator Napoleon, who needed such rations even more desperately.

Appert used glass bottles, loosely corked, gave them an open-kettle bath and then sealed them. It worked, but the why of it had to wait on the discovery of bacteria by van Leeuwenhoek, the inventor of the microscope, and Pasteur's work with food and milk.

(None of these people, nor any of the generations of home canners, have ever used cans for canning. English is such a precise language.)

In 1810 Durand took out a patent for the use of cans. This was in England and he should have said tins. All such food is so called there. In 1874 a Baltimore canner invented the first pressure cooker. This speeded things up a lot. Previously canners added salt to the open-kettle bath, which had the effect of raising the boiling point from 212 deg. to 240.

As everyone knows there isn't enough tin in a tin can to put in your eye. It's just a coating on steel.

Publication. *Los Angeles Times*, November 14, 1954, printed pp. 34 and 49; Newspapers.com digital pp. 288 and 303.

Textual note. The opening local clipping ends after "before"; the supplied continuation begins "it became merely a blood bath)" and carries the essay through its final sentence. The two witnesses have been joined without an editorial ellipsis.

Ah, Autumn . . .

1955

Here's one point in favor of eastern autumns. The leaves turn brilliant and drop off in practically no time. They can be raked into piles, scattered by small boys or the wind, reraked, burned and their ashes spread on the Concord grape vines in half the time it takes our local deciduous trees to make up their minds.

The latter deposit meek yellow or brown items with all the gingerly reluctance of file clerks not quite sure of the alphabet.

Even more important, no oak or elm leaf can hang on, dead, for seven or eight years and then suddenly let go for the sole purpose of knocking the eager gardener cold as a mackerel. Palm fronds delight in this game.

Further, if you despise raking, in the North you can just let the things lie a few weeks and presto! safe under the snow till spring. Around here leaves stare you in the face and provide the neighbors with a topic of conversation until, in desperation, you creep out some morning before dawn and get them all crammed into the incinerator. When first put in they're too damp to burn. Then come the smog alerts—no burning—next the rains, next more leaves.

Let us turn instead to a happier aspect of the autumn hereabouts. Such as house heating.

The gas jet in some kind of enclosure, like the sacred flame at a pagan altar, that is the floor or wall furnace, so-called, would make any old-timer laugh bitterly and mumble in his beard about when men were men. He wouldn't be thinking about those silent automatic fuel oil burners, the ones that advertise: NOW YOU CAN MAKE A RUMPUS ROOM OF YOUR CELLAR.

With the kindling-and-coal furnace the basement was a rumpus room six months out of the year. But it was also a cellar. Dim light filtered in through the small, cracked window and the warped chute opening above the coal bin. Aided by a glaring bulb it illuminated the shelves of preserves that gleamed evilly beneath their dust, the splintering kindling, the stacks of newspapers, the piled coal, the battered cans full of ashes and clinkers. Over all the furnace brooded like an insatiate Moloch.

These monsters were—still are, for that matter—of two types. The more common connected with radiators which pounded out their resentment from time to time. Our house, however, had registers. These open grills, looking not unlike floor furnaces, permitted a mixture of warm air and pure coal gas to penetrate every corner of the house. We had home-grown smog that was just short of lethal. It got in the eyes and nose all right. But you could taste it, too. Just like London or a mine disaster.

The closest we ever got to a floor furnace was the gas log, a charming bit of Americana that I can safely feel sentimental about, since I'm sure I'll never have to encounter one in action again. Installed in a fireplace it imitated in cast iron a hunk of trunk with an accuracy that failed to fool even a myopic city child. For some unfathomable reason it stank as no other gas burner, before or since.

During what a naive generation considered the Great War, my father being occupied in France, Mother and I moved into a new jerry-built apartment. Its 2x4 living room boasted a marvelous new gas log in an imitation fireplace. In a burst of artistic realism it had been festooned with counterfeit Spanish moss. The first time we lit it we discovered another facet of the manufacturer's personality. He had failed to fireproof the stuff.

Publication. *Los Angeles Times*, October 16, 1955, p. 333.

Point With Pride to Sesame Street

We Get Letters—

1970

That's TV, all right: Twenty-odd years old, and the thing we can point to with the greatest pride is a show for pre-school kids (*Sesame Street*). Do you think if ecology, lack of, and military fission, ditto, spare us until 2070 we'll boast of programs for fifth-graders????

Publication. Letter to the editor, Cecil Smith's column, *Los Angeles Times*, May 26, 1970, p. 79.

Colophon

Set in EB Garamond at a six-by-nine-inch trim. The cover uses the unlettered black-and-white harlequin artwork from the user's Kellogg cover archive with live series typography. Poems were transcribed from the original 1951 book scan and the original Jacoby journal scans, with source-page wrapping removed and clear authorial indentation retained. The prose appendix follows the supplied newspaper scans, including the separately recovered continuation of "Not Much Tin in a Can." The archival portrait and 1939 puppet-theatre clipping come from the local Kellogg research folder.