



Courtesy Allan Stone Gallery,
New York City.

tion and assimilation of his chosen masters, including Cézanne, Picasso, and Vermeer. But even as a young man, he began to develop a private iconography comprised of people (particularly his mother), places (his native Armenia), and common objects (often furniture). These images he obsessively worked and reduced to essential, almost coded shapes. Fearful of loss, Gorky (who taught camouflage during World War II) disguised his beloved objects and people to preserve them from change, violence, destruction—forces that ultimately drove the cancer-ridden painter to hang himself. Rand gives us a reading of Gorky's "visual diary"; he also makes us look for hints of figuration in painting we once too quickly labeled abstract.

DREAM FLIGHTS

by Dave Smith
Univ. of Ill., 1981, 76 pp.
\$10 cloth, \$4.95 paper

Rooted in family life and in the landscape of Virginia, these poems by one of America's best young poets have both the disturbing quality of dreams and the power of flight. Some are airborne meditations—one composed en route from Honolulu to Salt Lake City (where Smith taught before moving to the University of Florida), another between Utah and his native Virginia. In all of the poems, dreams are memories from the "deep-hidden meat" of the brain, and journeys are temporal, as when, once a year, the poet goes through the family photograph album (*the images . . . gather themselves into the history of our kind*). Moving between eloquence and colloquialisms, between simple truth and grand metaphysics, Smith evokes scenes from his childhood. Some are ugly with seedy Southern gentility or redneck racism. But others communicate an attractive sense of place. Explaining how crabs are caught to his six-year-old daughter, he gives her a story that will be *remembered right./Loved*. He recalls a red woodpecker, shot at and missed: *its odd knowledge, the way/it flared with lazy yellow wings into the dark that spread in my body*. Smith uses words the way his wife cleans a fish: *Her knife flies as lethal as love*. And the reader feels the power of his voice that at poem's end lingers hauntingly.