

Drew that "you did all you could" and Croft's statement that "You tried to stop it, hard enough and often enough," Davies knows that this is not so. While Davies may have *said* all that could have been said, he knows in his own mind that he did not *do* all that might have been done. At the crucial moment when a cowpuncher told Davies "It's past talk," Davies replied, "Yes, I guess you're right." Joyce had reported to Croft that Davies didn't think they'd go. Not if anybody stood up against them." Yet Davies could not or would not take it upon himself to be that man. Davies understands the potential for evil in men who can not or will not respond to the language of reason, but he also recognizes the culpability of those who think and speak intelligently but are afraid to

act. He accuses himself of being guilty of the sin of omission.

In the saloon after his big speech on the law, the despondent Davies blames his failure on the length and abstractness of his speech, "I got talking my ideas. It's my greatest failing." But Davies knows too well that his failure as a speaker is inseparable from his weakness as a man. His own analysis of himself as a speaker applies to his judgment of himself as a man when he says that he was "righteous and heroic and calm and reasonable" but it was "all pose; empty, gutless pretense." Through Osgood, Tyler, and Davies, Clark dramatizes the truth that speakers who would urge men to think before acting need at least as much courage as those who would act first and think later.

Daredevil Poetics: Ferlinghetti's Definition of a Poet

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lished between the poet as humble craftsman and his sublime goal—the "spread-eagled" form of Beauty.

Ferlinghetti says a poet is a comical figure, because "Beauty" surrounds him and yet the poet can never really see the essence of what he is seeking. He is a "charleychaplin" character, a nonpretentious man, who is set apart from the rest of humanity through his sensitivity.

Finally the use of the circus imagery with its high wire acts, "high theatrics," and "death-defying leaps" is excellent. Like most of Lawrence Ferlinghetti's poems, the theme transcends death and speaks about the excitement of life. Ferlinghetti defines the poet (himself) as a serious clown, a Barnum and Bailey daredevil in pursuit of beauty.