

BOOK REVIEWS

The reader of *German-American Studies* is familiar with some of the work of Mimi Grossberg of New York. Her poems have appeared in several volumes of this journal. In addition, this reviewer had the pleasure of reviewing the anthology *Kleinkunst aus Amerika* in volume I, number 1, as well as the bio-bibliographical compilation *Oesterreichische Autoren in Amerika*, and a short treatise on *Oesterreichs literarische Emigration in den Vereinigten Staaten 1938*, both in volume V. Her latest book—

Mimi Grossberg, *Gedichte und kleine Prosa*. Bergland Verlag (Wien, 1972), 78 pp.

—contains poems, aphorisms, and short essays, as reflected by the title.

Repetition is one of the favorite poetic devices employed in the poems, and so are alliteration and assonance. Many poems have a gentleness and freshness about them, particularly those, where Mimi Grossberg eschews the traditional verse-forms and rhymes. Not all poems fall into this category, however. The melancholy poem "Wer bin ich?", for example, is all but ruined by the line "und ich trinke, trinke, trinke,". Goethe's drunkard in *Faust II* says virtually the same thing in a rather different context: "Doch ich trinke! Trinke, trinke!"

A delight to read are the aphorisms. They range from insights which we may have felt but were unable to formulate so succinctly: "An manche Gesichter kann ich nur familienweise denken", or: "Manche Menschen werden ungemuetlich, wenn sie gemuetlich werden", to practical advice: "Statt fuer jemanden zu beten--hilf ihm!"

The seven essays deal mainly with the plight of emigration. Most touching and sad among the selections is the last one in the book: "Portraet meines Freundes Schroeder."

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