

THE TIMES
SHREVEPORT, LOUISIANA
1 JULY 1956
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**Poe-esque Atmosphere
In T. Williams' Poems.**

In the Winter of Cities, by Tennessee Williams, (New Directions, New York, 117 pp., \$3.50.)

The world of Tennessee Williams is a fragile, morbid, haunted place, curiously beautiful, where web and gauze, dark bells and velvety moths are the props for a drama of death, insanity and degeneration.

Williams is not so good a poet as he is a dramatist, or even writer of fiction, but his extraordinary sensibility is sufficient to make the poems effective.

There is a Poe-esque atmosphere—or perhaps it is nearer to the nameless horrors described by an H. P. Lovecraft, with a touch of the baroque imagination of a Vernon Lee. Also, in some of the poems, one finds a resemblance to the style and thinking of the black magician, Aleister Crowley.

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