

Jayne Cortez. *Coagulations: New and Selected Poems* (New York: Thunder's Mouth Press, 1984) 112 pp., \$14.95; \$6.95 paper.

Jayne Cortez in *Coagulations* just comes right out and says all the things that need to be said, things that might only be thought about momentarily if at all. Not only does she say them, but Jayne Cortez speaks with such force and clarity that the reader is right there on the scene with her. And the scene is not pretty; there are no beautiful flowers growing in the country in the picture Cortez paints. She starts her canvas in New York with "I Am New York City":

i am new york city
here is my brain of hot sauce
my tobacco teeth my
mattress of bedbug tongue
legs apart hand on chin
war on the roof insults
pointed fingers pushcarts
my contraceptives all

look at my pelvis blushing

i am new york city of blood
police and fried pies

As we continue our journey through the canvas, we are caught up in her rhythm, her music. For although there are no flowers, no newly blossomed springtime trees in *Coagulations*, there is music, and as the notes dance on the pages, the reader can feel the rhythm, the beat, but still cannot escape the words:

For the Poets
(Christopher Okogbo & Henry Dumas)

I need kai kai ah
a glass of akpetesie ah
from torn arm of Bessie Smith ah

* * *
Because they'll try and shoot us
like they shot Henry Dumas huh
because we massacre each other
and Christopher Okigbo is dead uh-huh
because i can't make the best of it uh-huh
because i'm not a bystander uh-huh
because mugging is not my profession uh-huh

In the poem "Brooding," Cortez's painting moves from New York City to Puerto Rico and then to South Africa.

Brooding in New York City with long nails shooting
from their hockey sticks
brooding in Puerto Rico with sterilization on their perched
minds
brooding in South Africa with cactus missiles
on their thighs

When Cortez writes about Claude Reece, Jr. in "Give Me the Red on the

Black of the Bullet,” her canvas is covered in blood, red where the bodies of so many young black males are strewn throughout the painting, throughout this country.

The words of Jayne Cortez took me so far, so high, so low, so right on the subject that sometimes I just wanted to say, “Jayne, let me down. Let me close my eyes. Let me see the flowers and the trees.” But as she says in “There It Is”:

And if we don't fight
if we don't resist
if we don't organize and unify and
get the power to control our own lives
Then we will wear
the exaggerated look of captivity
the stylized look of submission
the bizarre look of suicide
the dehumanized look of fear
and the decomposed look of repression
forever and ever and ever
And there it is

—Aisha Eshe-Carmen
Iowa State University

William C. Crain. *Theories of Development: Concepts and Applications*. Second Edition (Englewood Cliffs: Prentice Hall, Inc., 1985) 306 pp., \$23.95 paper.

Theories of Development: Concepts and Applications provides an excellent overview of developmental thinking throughout history and across several theoretical disciplines from Rousseau, the father of the developmental tradition, and Locke, the father of environmentalism, to the behaviorists and psycholinguists, Skinner and Chomsky. Crain then extends his coverage to the humanistic movement of Maslow and others. As Crain traces developmental theory, he draws parallels between early developmentalists and the modern humanists, suggesting that learning theorists and other environmentalists, by placing their focus on controlling and shaping behavior, provide an orientation that is too one-sided. Modern humanists, suggests Crain, seek environments which allow the natural and spontaneous growth forces of human beings to unfold and which do not force behaviors into predetermined molds. The volume provides a broad survey of developmental psychological thought, including, in addition to the above, the social learning theory of Bandura, Jungian, Freudian, and Eriksonian theory, Schachtel's work on childhood experiences, Werner's organismic and comparative theory,