

NEW VERSE

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IN THIS NUMBER

W. H. AUDEN: To A Writer On His Birthday. FREDERIC PROKOSCH: Poem. B. H. GUTTERIDGE: Wishes, Sonnet in Spring. BERNARD SPENCER: A Hand, Evasions, Poem. KENNETH ALLOTT: Poem. K. J. RAINE: Lyric, Strophe, Word. STEPHEN SPENDER: The Uncreating Chaos, Easter Monday. THE CUTTY WREN, A Folk Poem. Louis MacNeice's Poems, by Stephen Spender. Villon or Flecker, a review of Archibald Macleish by Geoffrey Grigson; and Charles Doughty—A Corpse.

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ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

POETS AND THE THEATRE

We announce for the next number special articles on poets and the theatre. Among the contributors will be Rupert Doone, of the Group Theatre, T. S. Eliot, Louis MacNeice, Humphrey Jennings; among the things discussed the plays of Yeats, Eliot, Auden, and Mr. Archibald Macleish's *Panic*.

POEM

This is a twilight poem, rest your head
Here in my palm, my darling, forget the dread
Of the noon, now listen, safe in my busy arms
On the evil bed :

The pools grow lonely, more remote the wood,
The buildings rise like mountains from a flood
And below the stones the delicate strangled shoulders
And sweet with blood

Lips taught to conjure and educated in vice,
Our generation, that with the searching eyes,
No lands or intrigues of stars now left to explore,
So suffers and lies

Still lost in the postures of sleep, sleep-tangled hairs
Coiled toward the future's cold revolting years,
Now sets the hand to the heart, grows still, now bursting
Warm into tears,

Those same, strange, whom in the Latin dusk our race
Worshipped in gloom, now lunatic stoops and prays
Through the recent night, now gropes through the fog toward
the bleeding
Adoring face,

Somnambulist repelled at the corridor's turn,
Eerie with senses, intricate as a fern,
A tribe of gazers, listeners, with the long fingers
Nervous to learn

The new narcotic, poised like the secret bird
Deep in the arctic, by the inhuman music stirred
And by the inhuman air, poised to fly into forever
At the signal word

Or perhaps that lover hunched in the lanterned rays
Waiting to plunge, the doomed one of our days,
Better unsaid, strange with his imagining eyelids
And murdering gaze :

Open your eyes toward twilight, do you understand,
Dark head, this pause on our huge American land,
The sigh of the spirit, coming of chill, and the sinister
Pointing hand ?

FREDERIC PROKOSCH

WISHES

Stare where the colours
Sit in the splintered curtain
And wide room expands itself from the centre,
Effacing the walls as uncertain,
Unable to climb in the course
Of the convex glass.

And people come in and out and do not wait,
And children sometimes, cry or stay good.
The outside comes past the great
Window though, and stays in the mirror for days.

With head grown enormous and eyes with seeing far
Imagine a finer wood beyond this wood, and even near
A finer still ; as seen from clouds or mirrored down
Shaftings of sun as passing with a frown.
Think of our hopes for money, little loves,
Visiting distant friends and health and far longer lives.

Until we must draw the curtain, wait for tea,
Turn on the electric light, the sudden eye :
Now clip all the windows and walk in the lanes,
Finger the wheat, examine the evening sky
Or talk of what our paper well explains.

B. H. GUTTERIDGE

A HAND

The human hand lying on my hand
(The wrist had a gilt bangle on)
Wore its print of personal lines
Took breath as lungs and leaves and
Tasted in the skin our sun.

The living palm and the near-to-bone :
Fine animal hairs where the light shone.

The handed male to its earth, the stoat to the dark
And this flesh to its nature nervously planned;
To dig love's heart till everything is shown,
To hunt, to hold its mark
—This loved hand.

EVASIONS

How many times have you smiled a reckoning smile
Either when there was some question of money
Or to humour one of the dead who live around ?
—Oh, but that's been going on since the world began.

How many times face to face with your lover
Have you housed apart contracted with fear and cunning
Hidden from the body and that violent weather ?
—Oh but that's been going on since the fall of man.

How many times smelling the smell of poverty
Have you tired and turned for good to your cornfield and garden
(And cornfield and garden grew foul pods and rotted) ?
—Oh but that's been going on since the world began.

POEM

Houses are uniformed in black
Here wage-work lies heavier ;
I think their colour, and I walk
Asking my way to the memory
Of your flesh and loved behaviour.

In a room after dinner
Manœuvring Italy or France
And the bookie-governments backing a winner,
Voices rise. Near-despair
Grits on tired nonchalance.

I imagine your voice, but I hear
Voices at some different time;
“ I work, I take pay, but there
Is no more good in the work. Our life
Has moved, has another name.”

Lives flat, neither sweet nor sour
Ascetic faces in the street.
A nervous haunting left from the war
Confessed at midnight over drinks ;
It is our passion these hit.

If we could leave the brain
Or some deputy in place
To bear the voices, measure the stain
—But the same scene is love’s scene
Its Alexandria or Greece.

A contrast passing the spoken
Gives thought of you
A journey visa-ed and broken,
Not quick as a telephone
Or the hand that stings the bone through.

Touch of skin, touch of hair
What domes wheel above and grate ?
Into what marsh air
Spring love's smoothed-underground
Flowers, its unthumbed shape ?

BERNARD SPENCER

POEM

We saw flowers in many hands
and many hands came out to wave us on
the gradients friendly, friendly the sun
we whistled as every right foot came down as one.

The birds were visitors and beaks to lips
daily passed dainties. Even the fates
were kind with wind and weather. Singing we passed
the silent lights burning in the dark streets.

Later we found it all arranged by the press
the wartime birds trained to carry codes
the unemployed by cheerleaders rehearsed
and massed strategically, for instance at crossroads.

And we stepped wearily out of the last wood
and wearily we climbed the last hill;
why there was nothing there but the sea we had left
nothing but the sea and the sky and, on which we stood, the hill.

KENNETH ALLOTT

TO A WRITER ON HIS BIRTHDAY

August for the people and their favourite islands.
Daily the steamers sidle up to meet
The effusive welcome of the pier, and soon
The luxuriant life of the steep stone valleys
The sallow oval faces of the city
Begot in passion or good-natured habit
Are caught by waiting coaches, or laid bare
Beside the indiscriminating sea.

Lulled by the light they live their dreams of freedom,
May climb the old road twisting to the moors,
Play leapfrog, enter cafés, wear
The tigerish blazer and the dove-like shoe.
The yachts upon the little lake are theirs,
The gulls ask for them, and to them the band
Makes its tremendous statements ; they control
The complicated apparatus of amusement.

All types that can intrigue the writer's fancy
Or sensuality approves are here.
And I each meal-time with the families
The animal brother and his serious sister,
Or after breakfast on the urned steps watching
The defeated and disfigured marching by,
Have thought of you, Christopher, and wished beside me
Your squat spruce body and enormous head.

Nine years ago upon that southern island
Where the wild Tennyson became a fossil,
Half-boys, we spoke of books, and praised
The acid and austere, behind us only
The stuccoed suburb and expensive school.
Scented our turf, the distant baying
Nice decoration to the artist's wish,
Yet fast the deer was flying through the wood.

Our hopes were set still on the spies' career,
Prizing the glasses and the old felt hat,
And all the secrets we discovered were
Extraordinary and false ; for this one coughed
And it was gasworks coke, and that one laughed
And it was snow in bedrooms ; many wore wigs,
The coastguard signalled messages of love,
The enemy were sighted from the norman tower.

Five summers pass and now we watch
The Baltic from a balcony : the word is love.
Surely one fearless kiss would cure
The million fevers, a stroking brush
The insensitive refuse from the burning core.
Was there a dragon who had closed the works
While the starved city fed it with the Jews ?
Then love would tame it with his trainer's look.

Pardon the studied taste that could refuse
The golf-house quick one and the rector's tea ;
Pardon the nerves the thrushes could not soothe,
Yet answered promptly the no-subtler lure
To private joking in a panelled room.
The solitary vitality of tramps and madmen,
Believed the whisper in the double bed.
Pardon for these and every flabby fancy.

For now the moulding images of growth
That made our interest and us, are gone.
Louder to day the wireless roars
Its warnings and its lies, and it's impossible
Among the well-shaped cosily to flit,
Or longer to desire about our lives
The beautiful loneliness of the banks, or find
The stores and resignations of the frozen plains.

The close-set eyes of mother's boy
Saw nothing to be done ; we look again
See scandal praying with her sharp knees up
And virtue stood at Weeping Cross
And Courage to his leaking ship appointed,

Slim Truth dismissed without a character
And gaga Falsehood highly recommended,
The green thumb to the ledger knuckled down,

Greed showing shamelessly her naked money
And all love's wandering eloquence debased
To a collector's slang, Smartness in furs
And Beauty scratching miserably for food,
Honour self sacrificed for Calculation
And reason stoned by mediocrity,
Freedom by power shamefully maltreated
And Justice exiled till Saint Geoffrey's Day.

So in this hour of crisis and dismay
What better than your strict and adult pen
Can warn us from the colours and the consolations,
The showy arid works, reveal
The squalid shadow of academy and garden,
Make action urgent and its nature clear ?
Who give us nearer insight to resist
The expanding fear, the savaging disaster ?

This then my birthday wish for you, as now
From the narrow window of my fourth floor room
I smoke into the night, and watch reflections
Stretch in the harbour. In the houses
The little pianos are closed, and a clock strikes.
And all sway forward on the dangerous flood
Of history that never sleeps or dies,
And, held one moment, burns the hand.

W. H. AUDEN

I. LYRIC

A bird sings on a matin tree
“ Once such a bird was I ”

The sky's gaze says
“ Remember your mother ”

Seas, trees and voices cry
“ Nature is your nature ”

I reply,
“ I am what is not what it was ”.
Seas, trees, and bird, alas !
Sea, tree and bird was I.

2. STROPHE

Larger than the world I live upon
my eyes open
upon my mother earth, beautiful and torn
carnation of the great,
her bloodshed tint
glowing and flown.
She raised these feet of mine
to tread her down—
o sun,
your children are a third element
not to father or mother kind.

My monstrous eyes look through
my mother's window.
My housebreaking hands
escape the territory of law,
the extended touch of science.
My feet step off the land
that falls through space.
What is the new velocity of my race ?

3. WORD

On every roof a spirit perches
There are crowns in heaven.
Dressed in phantom
I wear the crown of temples on my eaves.

In the summer warm
In the winter cold
On the summit of my crown
I have built a stone.

These and their metaphors
I have outgone.

K. J. RAINE

THE UNCREATING CHAOS

I

To the hanging despair of eyes in the street, offer
Your making hands and your guts on skewers of pity.
When the thunder sky is built with clouds like sand, which the
yellow

Sun trumpets above, respond to that day's shrillness
With a headache. Like a ghost, follow, follow
The young man to the pole, up Everest, to war : by love, be shot.

* * * *

For the uncreating chaos descends
And claims you in marriage : though a man, you were ever a bride :
Ever beneath the supple surface of summer muscle,
The evening talk like fountains cupping the summer stars,
The friend who chucked back the lock from his brow in front of a
glass,
You were only anxious that all these loves would last.

Your primal mover anxiety
Was a grave lecher, a globe trotter, one
Whose moods were straws, the winds that puffed them, aeroplanes.
'Whatever happens, I shall never be alone
I shall always have a boy, a railway fare, or a revolution.'

* * * *

Without your buttressing gesture that yet so leans ;
Is glad as a mat
When stamped on ; blood that cries to give suck to a bat ;
And your heart fretted by winds like rocks at Britain's end ;
You would stand alone in a silence that never uttered,
And stare in yourself as though on a desolate room.

II

Supposing then you change
Gestures, clamp your mind in irons,
By boxed degrees transform into past history:
Stand on the astringent self-created promontory,
A Greek as simple as a water clock,
And let the traffic creak beneath.
You'd live then in the tricks of dreams, you'd be
Not living, but a walking wish, private and malicious
As my cracked aunt, or if blown, like a banker.

* * * *

I will confess to you
At night I'm flooded by my conscious future,
The bursting tide of an unharnessed power
That drowns my will of now.
In thoughts where pity is the same as cruelty
I dream of you as water. Whether
What flows and wavers is my self
Or my thought streaming over you—or upon all
The town and time—we are the same.
And outside are the speed bikes' hundred mile an hour
Snorting in circles on their plain : the riders lose

All sense of time and place : they're ridden by
Their speed : the men are the machines.

* * * *

All I can warn today—more I shall learn—
Is that our fear makes being migratory.
Shall satisfy your peace into a soldier :
Shall coin you into savage when you flee
The terrible crystal civilization dangles :
Shall make you choose a lover like a mirror
Inventing and reflecting gunmen in you.
You are a ghost amongst the flares of guns,
Less living than
The shattered dead whose veins of mineral
We mine for here.

Alter your life.

III

Dissection of Empires, multiplication of crowns
By secret treaty. But the pigeons scatter
From sunlit pavement at the fatal shot.
Crowns and head bounce like hoops down stone steps.

* * * *

Meagre men shoot up. Like Verey light
A corporal's wagging tongue burns above burning parliament.
There flows in the tide of killers, the whip masters,
Breeches and gaiters camouflage blood,
Gangsters shooting from hips, pathics with rubber truncheons,
Spontaneous joy in the padded cell.

* * * *

Centrifugal movements of a will
Invent these violent patterns.
History rushes. The crowds in towns,
Cerebral boundaries of nations over mountains,
Actors in flesh and death and material nature,
Dance to a gripless private stammer of shouting,
Like thoughts in a minister's dying brain.

Shall I never reach
The field guarded by stones
Precious in the stone mountains,
Where the scytheless wind
Flushes the warm grasses:
Where clouds without rain
Add to the sun
With their lucid sailing shine ?
The simple mechanism is here
Clear day, thoughts of the table, the desk,
The hand, symbols of power.
Here the veins may pour
Into the deed, as the field
Into the standing corn.
Meanwhile, where nothing's pious
And life no longer willed
Nor the human will conscious,
Holy is lucidity
And the mind that dare explain.

STEPHEN SPENDER

THE CUTTY WREN

O, where are you going, says Milder to Malder,
O, I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
We're going to the woods, says John the Red Nose,
We're going to the woods, says John the Red Nose.

O, what will you do there, says Milder to Malder,
O, I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
We'll shoot the Cutty Wren, says John the Red Nose,
We'll shoot the Cutty Wren, says John the Red Nose.

O, how will you shoot her, says Milder to Malder,
O, I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
With arrows and bows, says John the Red Nose,
With arrows and bows, says John the Red Nose.

O, that will not do, says Milder to Malder,
O, what will do then, says Festel to Fose,
Big guns and cannons, says John the Red Nose,
Big guns and cannons, says John the Red Nose.

O, how will you bring her home, says Milder to Malder,
O, I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
On four strong men's shoulders, says John the Red Nose,
On four strong men's shoulders, says John the Red Nose.

O, that will not do, says Milder to Malder,
O, what will do then, says Festel to Fose,
Big carts and waggons, says John the Red Nose,
Big carts and waggons, says John the Red Nose.

O, what will you cut her up with, says Milder to Malder,
O, I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
With knives and with forks, says John the Red Nose,
With knives and with forks, says John the Red Nose.

O, that will not do, says Milder to Malder,
O, what will do then, says Festel to Fose,
Hatchets and cleavers, says John the Red Nose,
Hatchets and cleavers, says John the Red Nose.

O, how will you boil her, says Milder to Malder,
O, I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
In pots and in kettles, says John the Red Nose,
In pots and in kettles, says John the Red Nose.

O, that will not do, says Milder to Malder,
O, what will do then, says Festel to Fose,
Brass pans and cauldrons, says John the Red Nose,
Brass pans and cauldrons, says John the Red Nose.

O, who'll have the spare ribs, says Milder to Malder,
O, I cannot tell, says Festel to Fose,
We'll give them to the poor, says John the Red Nose,
We'll give them to the poor, says John the Red Nose.

(A Folk Poem, from various sources.)

EASTER MONDAY

The corroded charred
Stems of iron town trees shoot pure jets
Of burning leaf. But the dust already
Quells their nervous flame : blowing from
The whitening spokes
Of wheels that flash away
And roar for Easter. The city is
A desert. Corinthian columns lie
Like chronicles of kings felled on their sides
And the acanthus leaf shoots other crowns
Of grass and moss. Sand and wires and glass
Glitter in empty, endless suns. . . . And
In the green meadows, girls, in their first
Summer dresses, play. The hurdy-gurdy noise
Trumpets the valley, while egg-freckled arms
Weave their game. Children gather
Pap-smelling cowslips. Papers
Weightless as lucid clouds, browse on the hills.
The bulls in tweeds
Hold in their golden spectacles
Twin crystal glasses, the velvet and far
Mountains. Look, holiday hands
From trams, 'buses, bicycles, tramps,
Like one hand coarse with labour, grasp
The furred bloom of their peach.

STEPHEN SPENDER

SONNET IN SPRING

Hacked mud grown caked on winter's rugged field,
Inoculation of the germ of germ,
Paint breaks to blisters, speeding of all sperm,
And foreign raised sweet fruit unpacked and peeled.

Mind moving quicker with the lengthening
Of crossing air-routes with a further turn
To land: when engine falters nothing learn
But native rumours, thrown bones yellowing.

Paper says air is lightening and is loud:
We find it is no patriotic bang,
No clever clash of cymbals, but it is
The moment heartening, raised upon banners proud,
Deep drum of war. Paper and chorus sing,
The long awaited time is what is spring.

B. H. GUTTERIDGE

MR. MACNEICE'S POEMS

Poems. By Louis MacNeice. (Faber. 6s.)

Mr. MacNeice's poetry is difficult to "place," which means that it is impossible for a contemporary to criticise it. Therefore I can only attempt to describe the nature of these poems, and to explain superficial virtues and defects which particularly strike me.

The particular merit of Mr. MacNeice is a sureness of line, vocabulary, and music. He always knows what he is doing. He often deliberately produces a blurred, but never a vague, effect.

The impression left by this book is of a series of pictures painted with precision in a very limited range of colours. In nearly all these poems a scene is given, e.g. a poem called *Morning Sun*, begins

*Shuttles of trains going north, going south, drawing threads of blue,
The shining of the lines of trams like swords,*

and then we are given all the colours, blue, purple, white, red. Very colourful, you say. But the total effect, the effect which translates

the poem from terms of poetry into terms of painting, is contained in the last line but one:—

The blown grey powder of the fountain grey as the ash

To say that these pictures are unexceptionably done, is also to question the poet's whole approach to his medium. The fact that Mr. MacNeice so abundantly insists on his double (his poet's and his painter's) eye results in the sacrifice of a single image. He often achieves a brilliant, a dazzling line :

Yellow sun comes white off the wet streets but bright

yet he never achieves a crystalline phrase, nor a hard statement.

This is a poetry full of humour, conceit, and a gaiety which exists in no other contemporary poetry :

*The may fly flirting and posturing over the water
Goes up and down in the lift so many times for fun.*

This type of observation is so genuine that one feels in it the whole personality of the writer.

The music is the most obviously "infectious" quality of these poems. It is too infectious : so that sometimes (as happens in Eliot's poetry) it infects and turns in on itself, like a snake, in a Walt Disney film, involved in its own coils.

All the virtues and vices of Mr. MacNeice's poetry are summed up—with an altogether admirable self-consciousness—in the Ode at the end of the book:—

*I cannot draw up any code
There are too many qualifications
Too many asterisk asides
Too many crosses in the margin
But as others, forgetting the others,
Run after the nostrums
Of science art and religion
So would I mystic and maudlin
Dream of the both real and ideal
Breakers of ocean.
I must put away this drug.*

THE ARTS TO-DAY

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JOHN LANE THE BODLEY HEAD

I repeat that this review does not pretend to criticism : I have only noted down some reasons why Mr. MacNeice should be discussed, and why readers of *NEW VERSE* should buy his book.

STEPHEN SPENDER

VILLON OR FLECKER?

Poems. By Archibald Macleish. (Boriswood. 7s. 6d.)

Mr. Macleish is about the most able of the American verse-compositors. He composes out of Ezra Pound, E. E. Cummings, Eliot, Marianne Moore, William Carlos Williams (and probably out of a good many others), mixing in a respectable measure of himself. His noticeable merits are simplicity, a nice feeling for humanism, a gift of occasional irony, and an eclectic regard for other poets, whom he does, to be just, use with some skill. His faults are flatulence, flaccidity, wistfulness, prosiness, and two kinds of pretension (though he is plain and not pretentious about words). The first kind is pretension by understatement (patentee: Ezra

Pound). The way he does this is to break off, or slack off, a line, a paragraph, a poem, or to use imprecise linked statements, implying all kinds and quantities of unexpressed importance. Here is the simplest form of this trick :

America is alone and the gulls calling

or

Dark over eyes in a dream and the mouth gone

Ending on a slack syllable, these are Mr. Macleish's signature-lines. Very few of his poems are organic : "*A poem should not mean But be,*" says Mr. Macleish, but his *aren't*, or they are, in as much as they *are*, like short smooth bits snipped out of long, smooth poems. His short poems are short without being "lyrical," smooth without imagery, or with imagery of the very smallest, simplest and least surprising kind. Mr. Macleish is a very undramatic poet, even in his agreeable poems about history. He has a vague eye-sensibility, but no feeling for things and no dramatic skill in expressing the immaterial through solid imaginative symbols.

When Mr. Macleish gets talking in his verse you find him trying to be very slightly something of an emasculated, latter-day Villon. He swaggers about girls (and naked ones). He is much the man ; and mixed with the cheaper quality of *mentem mortalia tangunt* this is Mr. Macleish's second kind of pretension. He just is not a François Villon. His style never agrees with his swagger. It has neither a rogue's vim nor the platitudinous, rhetorical grandeur which an office-seeking lawyer could put into the purple passages of *Nosce Teipsum*. In fact, far from being an American Villon, I think Mr. Macleish is only an American James Elroy Flecker,* post-instead of pre-Ezra Pound (compare, for that, "I am who dead a thousand years" and Mr. Macleish's "Sentiments For A Dedication"). In pieces, like Flecker, he is quite nice and soothing. His history poems are pleasant, particularly *Land's End*, *Men*, *Epistle To Be Left In The Earth*, *American Letter*, and *Voyage* ; and so are his ironic poems, *The End of the World*, *Invocation To The Social Muse*, *Corporate Entity*, parts of *Frescoes for Mr. Rockefeller's City* and *Lines For An Interment* (e.g., "The Facts of Life we have learned are Economic"). But I don't think any of them are much more than what fiction reviewers call good light reading.

GEOFFREY GRICSON

* And a less skilful one ?.

NORMAN CAMERON

CLIFFORD DYMENT

The Winter House

First Day

Many of Mr. Cameron's poems first appeared in *New Verse*, readers of which will undoubtedly be glad to have this opportunity of reading them in collected form. 2/6.

A first collection of poems by a young writer, whose work has appeared in the *Listener*, and other periodicals. 2/6.

Other authors in this half-a-crown series include : W. J. Turner, Frank Kendon, Edwin Muir, Conrad Aiken, Ll. Wyn Griffith, Gerald Bullett and Blanaid Salkeld. *Petron* by Hugh Sykes Davies, a prose poem, will be published on November 7. A prospectus of the series will be sent, post free, on application to Bedford St., W.C. 2

The Publishers are Dents

DEAD DOUGHTY

Charles Doughty: A Study of His Prose and Verse. By Anne Treneer. (Cape. 10s. 6d.)

Selected Passages from "The Dawn in Britain." Arranged by Barker Fairley. (Duckworth. 3s. 6d.)

The professors are digging up Charles Doughty. But it won't do. They are trying to level him with Hopkins (Doughty, observed Hopkins, rhymes with gouty) : " But now that Hopkins is recognised—more because of his style than in spite of it—there is no case for delaying the study of Doughty, the only contemporary of Hopkins in England who has anything in common with him in the art of poetry. Doughty and Hopkins for those who know both are as natural a pair to name together as Wordsworth and Coleridge"—Professor Fairley. But there was something which Hopkins named " the roll, the rise, the carol, the creation ": Search Doughty for it,

and you will find the limp, the squawk, the gravel, the antique ; and a vast amount of awkward bathos.

Even extracts from *The Dawn In Britain* are dismal, and difficult to finish. Doughty's style is not a better style than that of Stephen Phillips : He only substituted another, an individual, more rough kind of deadness. His words, especially his archaic words, are as dead and dull as those used by Hopkins are quick and shining. Doughty : *bawmy sedge, blithe lavrock*, (of ravens) *their stiff sheeny wings, clambering ivy-twine*. Hopkins : *silver-surfèd cherry, dare-gale skylark, the rein of a wimpling wing, mealed-with-yellow sallows*. One observed antiquities, the other God and the world in every kind of detail. Doughty's imagery (allowing for the different needs of lyric and epic-pastiche) is clumsy, ineffective, inaccurate, the proper counterpart to the movement of his verse and his vocabulary.

*Like as sand-piper runs, at the salt brinks;
So dancing she, on her white nimble feet
To gather, hies, as the weird sisters wont,
Some wild meat.*

—We are to understand from this that a young princess runs like a sandpiper. How does a sandpiper run ? It runs jerking up its rump. Shall we find such pretty pictures in Homer, Dante, Milton ? In *The Dawn In Britain* there is a National Gallery full.

If Hopkins had written at Doughty's length, he could never have used such filling, never have written thousands of such lines as *Cleaving the crystal flood, with amorous force* or *Sweet spring danced gleeful forth, with maiden foot*. No, *The Dawn In Britain* is not much more than a great boring, bogus chalk-stone conglomerate ; and our professors (among them it appears, Lascelles Abercrombie and ci-devant Prince Mirsky) must learn that a monstrous power of keeping things up does not make a poet.

JOHN CROWE RANSOM

Two misprints in the article in the last number on John Crowe Ransom must be corrected. The Hardy-esque line should have been " And the breath-shortening of the most shut hour." " Procne, Philomena and Itylus," more obviously, should have read " Procne, Philomela and Itylus." Owing to a misprint also Mr. Herbert Read's birth year was made 1883 instead of 1893.

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