

# NEW VERSE

---

No 22 6d. every two months (Aug.) Sept. 1936

---

## IN THIS NUMBER

PABLO NERUDA, Walking Around. STEPHEN SPENDER, Poem. KENNETH ALLOTT, Poem. A. J. M. SMITH, Three Poems. GEOFFREY GRIGSON, About Life. Ten Uraon Poems, Eight Uraon Love Poems, Uraon Marriage Sermon, A Gond Love Song from Bastar State. Frederic Prokosch's Poems—a Review.

## FORTHCOMING BOOKS

### EXAGMINATION

Twelve essays by different authors dealing with different aspects of James Joyce's *Work in Progress*. 6/-

### COLLECTED POEMS      LOOK STRANGER

EDWARD THOMAS

W. H. AUDEN

*The Faber Library.*      3/6

New poems.      5/-

### THE ASCENT OF F6

*A Tragedy in Two Acts*

W. H. AUDEN & CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD

6/-

24 Russell Square

FABER & FABER

London, W.C.1

## WALKING AROUND

Sometimes I get tired of being a man—  
when I go into the cinemas, the tailors' shops,  
heavy and faded like a flannel swan  
sailing a sea of beginnings and ashes.

And the smell of the hairdresser's makes me cry with anguish ;  
all that I want is to lie down like wool, or like stones,  
all that I want is to see no buildings,  
no gardens, no elevators and no shop-windows.

Sometimes I get tired of my feet and my nails,  
my skin and my shadow.  
Sometimes I get tired of being a man.

And yet it would be delicious  
to threaten a lawyer with an arum lily,  
to do in an abbess with a box on the ears.  
It would be fine  
to go ranging the streets with a bright green knife  
uttering howls until one died of the cold.

For I don't want to continue a root in the darkness,  
hesitating, stretched out, shivering in a dream  
—till the end below in the earth's dark entrails—  
absorbing, thinking, eating every day.

I don't want as far as I'm concerned,  
I don't want such humiliations ;  
I don't want to go on as a root, or a grave,  
or underground alone a cellar with the dead,  
stiffened, numbed, rotting with misery.

And that is why Monday flares like petrol  
when it sees me advancing with my prison face,  
and screams in its passage like a wounded wheel,  
leaving at nightfall warm blood in its footsteps.

And I am pushed into corners, into damp houses,  
into hospitals where bones fly out of windows,  
certain shoe-shops that reek of vinegar  
and streets terrible as abysses.

Birds of sulphur-colour, horrible intestines  
hang from the doors of the houses that I hate ;  
dentures are lying forgotten in a coffee-pot ;  
and mirrors,  
there are mirrors that must have wept with shame and with terror ;  
all around are umbrellas and poisons and navels.

I pass by calmly ; with eyes ; with shoes ; raging ; or forgetting.  
I wander through offices and shops with surgical appliances,  
and courtyards where the clothes hang from the line,  
and where with their slow and dirty tears  
shirts, drawers and petticoats are weeping.

PABLO NERUDA

*(English version by A. C. and Andrew Boyd.)*

*Neruda is the poet-laureate of Chili. He is at present in Madrid, as Chilean consul. His most substantial book of verse is "Residencia en la Tierra." 2 vols. Madrid 1935. Neruda does not count himself as a surrealist.)*

## POEM

If it were not too late !  
If I could mould my thought  
To the curved form of that woman  
With gleaming eyes, raven hair,  
Lips drawn too tight like a scar,  
Eye sockets shadowed with migraine's  
Memory of earlier loves and wars  
And her smile learned with being so human.

I imagined her lying naked at night  
In warm rain when the breasts are watered  
Through darkness by reflecting drops of light,  
Which secret light accumulates  
In pools on the skin as though on fruit.

Then her light blue dress she unloosed  
Till light rose in rose and blue above the trees  
Not to expel sad dreams, but to shine  
On flesh that overflowed my eyes,  
On life locking the senses with closeness,  
O dawn of all my certainties !

If it were not too late.  
If I could still concentrate  
To clench my mind into a husk for love  
I'd be too hot and ripe for ghosts,  
Winds down side walks with swords of ice,  
All betraying lies and lights.

For everything but she leads away  
By brambles and along mechanic lines  
To the suffering figures under trees  
Of heroes who have wrecked happiness  
And whose love is accomplished alone  
In a spasm on the outer surface of the brain.

STEPHEN SPENDER

## POEM

Birds are blown to the light, down come the wires  
the strayed ewe freezes to death on the empty fells ;  
thinlipped, raking a pick of fire  
the unforgiving are deafened by the new year peals ;  
true to the clock of frost the indecent spectre  
rules the four winds from a signpost, mocking the traveller  
running with his hands before him on a darkening moor.

His voice which wrestles in the firs and mist  
turns to a new despair like a new fashion  
and chills an implacable bed of weeds and iron  
among the lenient shadows of the streams,  
the ghostly carrion which are wheeling where  
the uxurious streams rise like a full-moon frenzy  
of drowning lovers infesting a stranger's dreams  
as inalienable as moving air.

His knotted hands are fortunes in the mist  
his blasphemies are flowers of the mist

the shadows of the dead as frequent as flies  
the rheumy dead who will not let you rest  
who fill your sleep with their cold inimical eyes.

He walks your nightly precipice of sleep  
his anonymous tongue singing an epic of darkness  
of riders in the night across the moon,  
their angular shadows pitching into the storm,  
above the bleak and weary cottages  
where the soft candle dies in the hostile gloom  
and the children bury their heads in the clothes, in the darkness.

Death as an ancient cross by an inland shore  
death the sophisticated district-visitor  
death as a rusty broken-ribbed umbrella  
death as a bright and poisonous miasma  
death as an icicle, death as an *Ecce Homo*  
the ring in cottonwool in the writing bureau  
death as the roar in a shell, a deck of cards  
the sea-troll screaming in the northern fiords  
death as the spiked embrace of the metal virgin  
death as a holy terror of breathing  
the invalid propped on his pillows, livid and panting  
the nerveless fingers blotting the unfinished sentence  
the old hound's failing sight, the unanswerable questions.

His the bleached image in the abandoned well  
the luminous head of destruction over marshes  
the remarkable sanctus of the stake and wheel  
the plural blight puffed on the glossy rushes ;  
he is there in a flash of lightning by the lych-gate  
the thunder reverberating down the inky lake.

The sheen of treacherous sand, the salmon lights  
the moth in the silk of conscience, the savage future  
the judge's smile, the knuckle of rock in the straits  
the monsters moving round the silent crater

their hearts against their ribs, shadows on stilts  
fire-damp and fever, these are his signature.

He saddens the sky, he stales the tidal water  
he is the vanishing-point of the long arcade  
he swells in the tragic dark outside your room  
a vast unfurnished dream of doubtful fate  
an active Roscius of general doom.

KENNETH ALLOTT

*August 1936.*

## ABOUT LIFE

Wall-rue's busy growing high in the granite : mountain men  
In Karakoram also are busy with life, and are

no more alone

The close faces at the lighted end of the arch or the beetle  
Shoving a clay ball up the shale between the black  
of the mountains.

Incidents of health all are mythical to the sick. Now stretched  
Over boarded panes of a broken house, a notice  
begging recruits,

And lamps murder the moon, the dead king lies  
Under a lid, heart-failures vanish from cafés,  
mortuaries

All are hidden, the living now don't pray with the dead :  
Yet can we live, O, ignoring these actions of death ? Incidents  
of health indeed

Are mythical to the sick, but the tufted duck still drops  
On the scattered eyes of water in the wide scab  
of our houses,

And certainly the smoke is most bitter in the nose  
Of the pallid patients, travelling now in the slow trains  
to a surgeon.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

## THE FACE

The man with the acid face  
Under the hammer of glass  
Imperils the pure place.  
The emotion of the mass,  
Inverted, seems to ask  
The jack queen king and ace  
To do the task.

Wait for a sure thing—  
Card into sleeve blown,  
Arm out of sling,  
Friends posted at phone ;  
Then when trumps are declared  
And partner's strength known  
Overpower the guard.

But keep the face mum  
Till the right minute come.  
Look left and look right :  
Whose hand will you bite  
With the safest delight ?  
Whose safe will you crack  
With a pat on the back ?

\* \* \* \*

Replace the slave state face  
With a face of bread :  
Each shall choose his place,  
Be Dead, or Red.  
The cards are no way stacked  
And he may live by grace  
Who wills to act.

A. J. M. SMITH

## CHORUS

Moveless, unmoved, caught in the dead face,  
The torches make a slow wound on the gray mist,  
A ragged circle the color of fox fur.

Sharp beak and still, translucent water kiss :  
Wry lips, dank hair, taut throat, and marble eyes  
Mix in the pulpy salt of foam, and hiss.

Knifethrust of silver, sunlight on fishscales,  
Waves out of the bay's bound, Ío ! Now the new wind  
Wafts Iphigenia to Aulis, bellies our creaking sails.

A. J. M. SMITH

## NOCTAMBULE

Under the flag of this pneumatic moon  
Blown up to bursting, whitewashed white  
And painted like the moon, the piracies of day  
Scuttle the crank hulk of witless night.  
The great black innocent Othello of a thing  
Is undone by the nice clean pocket-handkerchief  
Of 6 a.m., and though the moon is only an old  
Wetwash snotrag—horsemeat for good *rosbif*—  
Perhaps to utilise substitutes is what  
The age has to teach us.

Wherefor let the loud  
Unmeaning warcry of treacherous daytime  
Issue like whispers of love in the moonlight  
—Poxy old cheat !

So mewed the lion,  
Until mouse roared once and after lashed  
His tail : shellshock came on again, his skin  
Twitched in the rancid margarine, his eye  
Like a lake isle in a florist's window,  
Reality at two removes, and mouse and moon  
Successful.

A. J. M. SMITH

## TEN URAON POEMS

1. Whose is the blue grove where the koels are going ?  
It is the blue grove of the rajah which the koels are filling.
2. On a kend pole a dhichua sits  
In the paddy fields a parrot swoops and wheels  
Like today the dhichua sits  
Like yesterday a parrot swoops and wheels  
On a kend pole the dhichua sits  
In the paddy fields a parrot swoops and wheels.
3. Under the peepal tree the black cows are sitting  
A heron sits in the peepal tree  
Who was the girl who broke a branch  
And sent the sitting heron flying from the tree ?
4. At Bassia's spring  
The kewar grove is planted  
O rider come and pick the blossom  
In the planted grove.
5. The Thakur sits in a tufted chair  
Gold are the legs and silk the strings  
The Thakur sits in a tufted chair.
6. The deer barks in the four sections of the night  
Jungly boy, where is the abandoned calf ?  
The infant calf  
Jungly boy, where is the abandoned calf ?
7. Before the windows and the doors  
Lakho Mahto rides his horse  
Winner of renown in the rajah's house  
Before the windows and the doors  
Lakho Mahto rides his horse.
8. The tiny tamarind  
A shining shelter  
Hare haire

Come, my gallant, to the spring  
And I shall dash your clothes with water  
Hare haire

9. Very small the mahua  
Many the branches  
On all sides falling  
Hare haire

10. Image, image, image, Babu  
Image of a face with hair  
Oh when were they carved the eight parts ?  
  
Of the father its creation  
Of the mother was its birth  
Out of the future were the eight parts.

## EIGHT URAON MARRIAGE POEMS

1. The brown dove coos in the different hills  
Dove, my mother is not here, I cannot sleep  
Dove, my father is not here, I cannot sleep.
2. The dove, the dove  
Calls in the hills, the hills  
I have no mother and I cannot sleep  
I have no father and I cannot sleep
3. Under the hills  
From the clear springs the water flows  
Water that the doves sip and the pigeons drink  
  
In pairs they have come down the swans  
In pairs they have come down  
  
No. It is not the swans. It is not the doves.  
It is the girl the elder brother chose.
4. The fawns frolic in the ploughed fields  
No. It is not the sambur. It is not the barking deer.  
This is the girl selected by the father  
The bride chosen by the mother.

5. Mother, in Kidili jungle  
 Alone I wander  
 The cock has crowed  
 It is the point of morning.
  
6. Mother my darling, father my darling  
 The blue flag of the mother  
 Is stolen by a band  
 Is lost to a gang  
 Scour the villages  
 Scour the villages  
 O mahtos and bandaris  
 Thikedars and subedars  
 The blue flag of the mother  
 Is stolen by a band  
 Is lost to a gang.
  
7. The deer graze on the slopes  
 The deer graze on the slopes  
 The deer graze  
 The fish sport in the pools  
 The fish sport in the pools  
 The fish sport  
 The bride sits in the mother's lap  
 The bride sits on the father's knees  
 The bridegroom catches fish  
 The bride jumps in the corners  
 Jumps, holding herself with glee, in the corners.
  
8. The bright and shining flutes  
 My brother has released the cattle  
 He fights with the bees, he fences with the bees  
 You, flute, must go to your mother  
 You, flute will go to your father in law  
 In the four quarters of the night will your sleep come ?  
 Flute, can your sleep come ?

## URAON MARRIAGE SERMON

1. I shall speak in riddles. In an ebony bush it looks to the sky. God is above and the elders are below.

Attend, boy and girl.

2. Imagine you are out for hunting, boy, and you kill a deer. You will bring it home and the girl will cook it. When she has cooked it, she will cut it up. But mark. For all others, she must serve the flesh on a tiny tamarind leaf; but for herself, she must take it from a large korkot leaf.

3. Attend again. When the bull is killed for meat, girl, you must insist on having the flesh, on having only flesh—nothing else. The boy will have the bones, nothing more than bones.

4. Then again. When on a hunting expedition, he slips in a ditch, laming his leg and losing the use of his fingers, never say, never say he has become a wreck.

5. And listen, boy. If your girl, going to pick leaves from the koenar tree, falls from a branch and breaks an arm or a leg, you must never say she has become useless. Oh do not tell her she has lost the use of her hands.

6. As the fig tree gives many fruits, so you will have your children.

7. Rise and salute the elders.

*(English by W. G. Archer and Edward Kujar.*

*The Uraons are an Indian people parallel in many ways to the Gonds—see the note to the next poem—though their cultures and image systems are different and the regions in which they live are separate. They are alike in having the same kind of agricultural background, an isolation based on the jungle, a necessity for dancing, a freedom from Hindu and Mussalman convention, and the same type of aboriginal sensibility.)*

# CHAIT-PARAB SONG

FROM JAGDALPŪR-TAHSIL, BASTAR STATE

*Woman* : I bow to the three worlds, to the sun and the moon up  
above,

And to the goddess of the earth Dantēshwarī.

*Man* : O my sweet rose, I have sprinkled water on the back  
Of our Mother Dantēshwarī, and scattered parched rice  
And put lights in front of her.

*Woman* : Our Mother Dantēshwarī, shining with bangles and  
bracelets,

Sat on her throne. This was her order : Let my beloved  
Princess, the Bābī Dhānī, swing on her royal chariot.

*Man* : Ré, ré, in our Jagdalpūr there are hundreds of goddesses.  
I will offer only one cock to them, I will offer them flowers  
And betel leaves and parched rice.

*Woman* : O you sweet wreath of flowers of my heart, copper  
mines

Abound in old Bastar and Jagdalpūr. If a bee entered  
me,

My body would find it cool and pleasant. My darling,  
You cannot know how sweet the orange is till you taste it.

*Man* : I have sat by you hopefully, my beloved. I am looking  
round

For a fruit I can eat before it is ripe. Have I found it  
in you ?

Give it to me now, while I still hope to find it,

For I shall never get it at my home

*Woman* : O my dear, you have toddy and cocoanut palms in your  
garden.

I have only grass now in mine. Choose another time when  
the

Fruit is sweet and ripe.

*Man* : O my sweetheart, with graceful locks of hair on your  
head,

A pitcher in your hand, where is your home ? I will  
come

When I have supped. Give me just a little

And I will not try to eat all.

- Woman* : Sedges and wild rice grow where water stands, grass  
Grows on the level ground. If you want to eat,  
Then come to my home at Kharakhāt.
- Man* : The coppersmith makes mattocks of bronze, the carpenter  
Makes wooden seats. At this moment of hunger and thirst  
I have run to you with a tooth-stick in my loin-cloth.  
O darling, favour me now I have come. I might not  
Find you at night.
- Woman* : You have made a dam with your spade, but water  
Leaks through and escapes. Where would you be off to  
From my arms ? O my dear, I would beat you  
If you tried to escape.
- Man* : I had grown fourteen sweet gourds, and their smell  
Was delicious. Sweetheart, there is no sin in a man  
Who returns a woman when he's enjoyed her.  
But I will not lose sight of you, even if I go  
To kill a rat in that house.
- Woman* : The tree is as tall as a mountain, but the leaves  
Are tiny. I do not ask money from you, I do not ask  
Piles of cowries. I ask only for love. It is only for love  
I tangled myself with you. Without your love,  
I shall have lost my name for nothing.
- Man* : At a price you would give the rose that's as red  
As the highway gravel and the basket of green bamboos  
To all who want them, but you do not ask a thing  
For quenching the thirst of my passion. Certainly a  
woman  
Finds joy in a man, and they tumble together during the  
night.
- Woman* : O my dear, you have toddy and cocoanut palms in your  
garden.  
I have only nuts in mine, which are ripe and falling fast,  
Since no parrot comes to enjoy them. And you, only  
wealth  
Of my heart, will not enjoy them,  
Thinking you must buy them with money.
- Man* : Sweet and scented flower wreath of my heart, does not  
The breath of the wind shake the leaves and the rivers ?  
When he drinks, the parrot with the red head  
Dives again and again !

Woman : We store the paddy in the wicker bin, the husker  
Is kept in the corner. We cannot eat it all by ourselves,  
You come as well, and take all that you need.

[This song is translated from a Halbi original, sung by Murias and Bhatras in villages around Jagdalpūr, the capital of the large and little-known Bastar State, in the extreme south-east of the Central Provinces. Murias and Bhatras are of Gond affinities. Most Murias still speak a Gondi dialect, but in the plains around Jagdalpūr, where they are most in contact with hinduizing influences, especially that of the palace, Halbi, a mixture of Hindi, Marathi, Uriya and Gondi, is steadily replacing Gondi, and Hindu ideas are influencing the primitive tribal religions. This song is one sung by dancing parties of youths and girls at the spring festival in the month of Chait, which precedes the sowing of the rice. It is erotic, like nearly all their songs. Dantēshwarī (Stanza 1) is tutelary goddess of Bastar. Bābī Dhānī (Stanza 3) was the affectionate name by which the people of Bastar called the late Maharani Prafulla Kumari Devi, of Bastar. At the Chaitrai spring festival or at the Dasehra festival in October the Ruler of Bastar sits in a swing on a processional rath or chariot, which is dragged around a square in front of the palace at Jagdalpūr by hundreds of Muria and Maria Gonds.

W. V. GRIGSON

## “HONEST DOUBT”

Owing to illness, the authoritative answers which were promised to the questions about Surrealism, published in the last number of NEW VERSE under the heading of “Honest Doubt,” must be postponed to a later issue.

Meanwhile we would draw readers to examine the *International Surrealist Bulletin No. 4* (Zwemmer, 1 shilling) issued by the Surrealist Group in England. Most of it is plain and simple exposition, though so much goosefoot as there is among the signatories does not make one very sure about the militant honesty and good sense of the Group promoters. Surrealists at least should be able to recognise the weeds of literary adventure.

Note also that Mr. H. R. has at length retired from the pedantic pill-box of SUPER-REALISM.

## BUY THIS BOOK

*The Assassins.* By Frederic Prokosch. (Chatto and Windus. 5s.)

Every active maker or sharer of an attitude is now obsessed with the quick arrival of the Doomsday of human culture. Things are all threatened, Mr. Auden and the Archbishop of Canterbury would agree, but the Established Archbishop reads Berdyaev, deploras Communism, dreads a shrinking of Christendom, and puts his hope in God, while Mr. Auden reads Lenin, deploras Fascism, dreads attacks on Communism, and puts his hope in Marx, Freud and, so to speak, Matthias Alexander. Nearly every writer, every thinker, every poet of worth stands (whether Mr. Wyndham Lewis and Mr. Yeats and Mr. E. like it or not) nearer to Mr. Auden than to the Archbishop in this matter; but in between Mr. Auden and the half-way line there certainly are such poets as Mr. MacNeice and Mr. Prokosch. Either through a weakness, a caution or a wisdom, they are readier to observe than to observe and dispense. All Mr. Prokosch's best poems are statements or myths of decay. He observes "*the white Death of stagnant centuries,*" the people who live in death such as

*the sisters who alone  
Shed tears and on the entry of the Countess  
Like owls rise and are gone.*

Stating that he sees "*the forgotten honour of my human Race hinted at once more,*" he tells nothing about how we should act, but perhaps much about how we should feel, for the second mark of Mr. Prokosch's poems is a remarkable tenderness—" *I can see veins in the dark flesh of the world*"—" *the English Deep in their moist nocturnal island*"—young lovers lying "*in inexperienced postures,*" a tenderness over human relationships and over the length of human history which is now ending.

So, also, Mr. Prokosch's way of writing is rather sensuous and feminine. He is not tough like Mr. Auden, or sharp like Mr. MacNeice, and though he writes with several changes of pattern, he is not very dexterous in varying form or sound. One Prokosch poem is usually more effective than 2 or 3 read consecutively in a book, and though his poems mostly come from one attitude, what

# SEIZIN PRESS — CONSTABLE

EPILOGUE: a twice-yearly Critical Review

Editor:  
LAURA RIDING

7/6

Associate Editor:  
ROBERT GRAVES

VOL. II

(SUMMER 1936)

CONTENTS: The Exercise of English—Philosophy and Poetry—  
Crime—Homiletic Studies—Lucretius and Jeans—Bull-Fighting—  
George Sand, and various other pieces.

## CONVALESCENT CONVERSATIONS

by MADELEINE VARA

5/-

A book of informal dialogue between two intelligent invalids bent  
on not falling in love.

## ALMOST FORGOTTEN GERMANY

by George Schwarz. Translated by

LAURA RIDING and ROBERT GRAVES

7/6

*Times Literary Supplement*: "This is a strange, but interesting, if  
rather cynical, book. Its chief value is in the picture of life half a  
century ago in a small German community. There are no complaints  
or excuses and there is no moralizing. It is this perhaps that gives the  
book its unusual character. It is frank and honest, and there runs  
through it a genuine appreciation for beautiful things."

10 Orange Street, London, W.C.2

they say is really different enough to demand more variation. The almost single tone and feminine speed with which they run make them more inactive, more smooth, more *slick* than they should be. This enervate flow of light syllables may come out of Mr. Prokosch's nature, but nature can be criticised by its owner. And Mr. Prokosch's writing has these virtues: he never goes too far from common into used-up speech (though poeticisms such as "*vigilant and proud*" "*our passionate and forever Unregenerate speech*" are boring and can be left for Paul Engle and the other posturing rhetoricians of the U.S.), he does not pick up, for no good reason, too much from others (though there are dying falls from Mr. Macleish and balancing adjectives—"the stare at the extended arms on the tender bed"—and anthropological and mythical mannerisms from Mr. Auden), he is not often syntactically obscure. So much of these poems, in sum, is Mr. Prokosch's own property that it will be disappointing if his talent does not take him much higher than most of the English or American chickweeds.

---

---

---

---

NELSON

---

---

---

---

TWO NEW CENTAUR POETS

Three Old  
Brothers

AND OTHER POEMS  
FRANK O'CONNOR

2s 6d net

Selected  
Poems

WILFRED ROWLAND  
CHILDE

3s 6d net

THE FIRST TWO CENTAUR POETS

Fieldfaring  
STANLEY SNAITH

2s 6d net

The End of the Road  
MARGARET CROPPER

3s 6d net

---

---

---

---

LEARNING POETRY

“I have read with great interest the letter in your paper on ‘reading and speaking poetry.’ For many years I have made it a practice to learn some every day during my morning toilet. They give me almost an inspiration for the day, and often unconsciously I am helped through them to express myself in ordinary conversation in a way that I should not be able to do otherwise. Just now I am going through Milton’s ode on his blindness. I venture to quote a few of his lines:—

So much the rather Thou Celestial light  
Shine inward and the mind through all her powers  
Irradiate: there plant eyes, all mist from thence  
Purge and disperse, that I may see and tell  
Of things invisible to mortal sight.”

CONSTANCE ROWE

Letter to *THE TIMES*

THE  
SPEECH INSTITUTE

*Chairman: Marjorie Gullan*

A Series of Lectures on  
**MODERNIST  
POETRY**

will be given by

E. W. F. TOMLIN

at the Speech Institute,  
56 Gordon Square, W.C.1

FROM OCT. 8th

*Write Secretary for Particulars.*

**DEUTSCHER  
LESEKREIS**

- A German Reading Circle is being formed, and a general leaflet with information will be sent out on request. There will be evenings reserved for German poetry. The organizer hopes to be able to accept readers of *New Verse* at a fee of one shilling an evening during September.
- *Apply for leaflet or interview by letter only, mentioning New Verse.*

DR. HERMANN WALDE  
43, GLOUCESTER TERRACE  
LANCASTER GATE - W.2

**SPARE PARTS**

“ . . . my senses are like those of primitive peoples, at once acute and uncovered—and they are interchangeable.”

*THE OLD JANE*

---

**BACK NUMBERS**

Numbers 1, 2, 3, 4, 5 and 14 (Gerard Manley Hopkins number) can no longer be supplied.

All communications to 4A KEATS GROVE, LONDON, N.W. 3. Manuscripts, for loss of which no responsibility can be taken, cannot be returned unless they are accompanied by an addressed envelope, stamped or with an international reply coupon.

The annual subscription to *NEW VERSE* is 3s. 6d. (or for Canada and America 1 dollar). Single numbers will be sent for 7d. to any part of the world.

Payment is made for all contributions in verse.

# CONTEMPORARY POETRY AND PROSE

Numbers 4 & 5 are now ready, published together as  
a double number

SIX POEMS by **PABLO PICASSO**

*and other contributions by*

ANDRÉ BRETON, SALVADOR DALI,

HUMPHREY JENNINGS, KENNETH

ALLOTT, E. E. CUMMINGS, GAVIN

EWART, DYLAN THOMAS, DAVID

GASCOYNE, GEORGE BARKER,

BENJAMIN PÉRET, EDGAR FOXALL,

B. H. GUTTERIDGE

---

PRICE ONE SHILLING

---

Edited by Roger Roughton, at 1 Parton St., W.C.1

*Distribution :*

Stanley Nott Ltd., 69 Grafton St., Fitzroy Sq., W.C.1

Yearly subscription (including double numbers), 7/-, post free.

U.S.A., \$1.75 ; France, Fr. 30.