

# NEW VERSE

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## THE DANGER OF TASTE

In one of his ingenious critical rondos in the current number of *Scrutiny* Dr F. R. Leavis remarks kindly and to a degree encouragingly upon the existence of *New Verse*. One might thank him and say no more if *New Verse* and a dozen other publications (among them Mr Spender's "Poems", Mr Auden's two books and Mr Day Lewis's "Magnetic Mountain") were not employed to make the screw which draws the four-wheeler of *Scrutiny* fat and sleek. Dr Leavis talks of journalists who adduce evidence of a growing public for verse, declares that the contents of *Poetry*, *New Verse*, *New Signatures*, *New Country*, the *Hogarth Living Poets*, the *Symposium* and the *Hound and Horn* all make it "impossible to believe that such a public exists". "The good editorial critic" he says "would be representative of the highest level of such a public" which would be in some degree a public "educated about poetry and capable of appreciating and checking critically the editorial standards". The editor, in short, cannot exist without the public.

Dr Leavis might more wisely have scrutinised *Scrutiny* (the one Christian in darkest Africa) instead of proving his editorial thesis

once more by looking down on other publications and showing how he prefers the faults of the poems of Mr Auden and Mr Spender to their merits. How incapable he is without a guide such as he had for his "New Bearings in English Poetry" in which derived judgments were mainly right and original judgments mainly wrong, is most obvious in his hard remarks on Mr Spender. Their little truth is hidden by much folly. Dr Leavis, it seems, cannot recognize creative generosity until years have passed; one likes to think how stiffly he would have reviewed Lawrence's early novels.

Dr Leavis and *Scrutiny* are sincere, but sincerity by itself is not a very useful thing. Talking about taste does not create it; and *Scrutiny*, if Dr Leavis wants some plain criticism, is too adolescent, too self-righteous, too ready to accept the naïveties of ledger-criticism informed with a little sour yeast of Eliot and Lawrence. It sets up taste as a humanist idol, and so inspired prints in the present number a poem which should easily have been detected as a vulgar and empty derivation from the methods of Eliot. If *Scrutiny* is not to be the perfect body-builder for prigs it must change its formula.

To risk a few bad plants from a few seeds is better than to water all the garden with weed-killer. This risk is being taken by the *New Oxford Outlook* (No. 1, Blackwell, Oxford, 2s. 6d.). The merits of one number are not decisive, but the *New Oxford Outlook* is not ruled by negation; and with an article on Eliot as a critic by Mr House, a good story by Mr Spender, one good poem, and a useful sketch of Nazi ideas it begins well.

## INVOCATION TO THE SOCIAL MUSE

Señora it is true the Greeks are dead:

It is true also that we here are Americans:

That we use the machines: that a sight of the god is unusual:

That more people have more thoughts: that there are

Progress and science and tractors and revolutions and

Marx and the wars more antiseptic and murderous

And music in every home: there is also Hoover:

Does the lady suggest we should write it out in The Word?  
Does Madame recall our responsibilities? We are  
Whores Fräulein: poets Fräulein are persons of

Known vocation following troops: they must sleep with  
Stragglers from either prince and of both views:  
The rules permit them to further the business of neither:

It is also strictly forbidden to mix in maneuvers:  
Those that infringe are inflated with praise on the plazas—  
Their bones are resultantly afterwards found under newspapers:

Preferring life with the sons to death with the fathers  
We also doubt on the record whether the sons  
Will still be shouting around with the old huzzas—

For we hope Lady to live to lie with the youngest:  
There are only a handful of things a man likes  
Generation to generation hungry or

Well fed: the earth's one: life's  
One: Mister J. P. Morgan is not one:

There is nothing worse for our trade than to be in style:

He that goes naked goes farther at last than another:  
Wrap the bard in a flag or a school and they'll jimmy his  
Door down and be thick in his bed—for a month:

(Who recalls the address now of the Imagists?)  
But the naked man has always his own nakedness:  
People remember forever his live limbs:

They may drive him out of the camps but one will take him:  
They may stop his tongue on his teeth with a rope's argument—  
He will lie in a house and be warm when they are shaking:

Besides Tovarishch how to embrace an army?  
How to take to one's chamber a million souls?  
How to conceive in the name of a column of marchers?

The things of the poet are done to a man alone  
As the things of love are done—or of death when he hears the  
Step withdraw on the stair and the clock tick only:

Neither his class nor his kind nor his trade may come near him  
There where he lies on his left arm and will die:  
Nor his class nor his kind nor his trade when the blood is jeering  
And his knee's in the soft of the bed where his love lies:

I remind you Barinya the life of the poet is hard—  
A hardy life with a boot as quick as a fiver:

Is it just to demand of us also to bear arms?

ARCHIBALD MACLEISH

## ST PAUL

Clarify, if you will, the issues;  
Live in a chess-board world of Good and Bad,  
But cardboard, dead to rarer tissues.

The cry of kingcups from the marshes  
Will not reach your ear;  
You will tread them under your goloshes.

Hell, Heaven, Purgatory, no other places  
Will be in your imagination  
As you eat tricolour ices.

Though creatures less sublime may fall,  
Cling to Grace with the tenacity  
Of caterpillars on a garden wall

And think, the Gardener comes at last  
To pick you with your concave feet  
And set you in a Paradise, elate.

GAVIN EWART

## THE CONFLICT

I sang as one  
Who on the tilting deck sings  
To keep their courage up, though the wave hangs  
That shall cut off their sun.

And as storm-cocks sing  
Flinging their natural answer in the wind's teeth,  
And care not if it is waste of breath  
Or birth-carol of spring.

As the ocean-flyer clings  
To height, to the last drop of spirit driving on,  
While yet ahead is land to be won  
And work for wings.

Singing I was at peace,  
Above the clouds, outside the ring;  
For sorrow finds a swift release in song  
And pride its poise.

Yet living here,  
As one between two massing powers I live  
Whom neutrality cannot save  
Nor occupation cheer.

None such shall be left alive:  
The innocent wing is soon shot down  
And private stars fade in the blood-red dawn  
Where two worlds strive.

The red advance of life  
Contracts pride, calls out the common blood,  
Beats song into a single blade,  
Makes a depth-charge of grief.

Move then with new desires,  
For where we used to build and love  
Is no man's land, and only ghosts can live  
Between two fires,

CECIL DAY LEWIS

## APPREHENDING

Master to me: fly turning clouds to walls  
 approaching steep to life if that is square.  
 The hold on me of the held-onto hand  
 shows where bone lies, and if I ever knew  
 the touched quick once, big now is here instead.

Given this morning not more true or untrue  
 than the known inspiration of air  
 something which is muscular to have said  
 a rock or wingbrace to understand  
 between standing room and space that falls.

The step on step of incident is where  
 is the heard voice of blood that calls and calls.

Each echoed minute is its other too  
 and each round clasp of things face is and head  
 of body risen from unseen now sand.

CHARLES MADGE

## FOUR POEMS

### MOUNTAIN MONASTERY

The monks came here at length as colonists  
 For the spent empire of the centuries  
 And built stone walls by rocks that owed allegiance  
 Separately, outside the centuries.

And what unease comes from this spatial trick,  
 This hard-as-a-stone but senseless juxtaposition!  
 For mountain or monastery, either or both,  
 Must seem, when viewed askance from the other's position,

Obdurate though dislodged, as the teeth in fever  
 Become uncouth in the head, like chapels or rocks,  
 The elements of a nightmare of stone edges,  
 A jarring of monks and teeth and monkish rocks,

## NO REMEDY

Smite the devil underground;  
It blooms with danger all around.  
Or put a stone and write on it  
Hic Anti-Christus obiit.  
The verb is nothing, but the name  
Remains triumphant and the same.  
Set a priest against a witch;  
They mirror until who knows which?  
Boast you have cut out evil; but  
What is the outline round the cut?  
What hieroglyph remains to teach  
You letters of unholy speech?  
Smite and declaim and cut away;  
There he was, and there he'll stay.

## PUBLIC-HOUSE CONFIDENCE

Well, since you're from the other side of town,  
I'll tell you how I hold a soft job down.  
In the designing-rooms and laboratory  
I'm dressed in overalls, and so pretend  
To be on business from the factory.  
The workmen think I'm from the other end.  
The in-betweens and smart commission-men  
Believe I must have some pull with the boss.  
So, playing off the spanner against the pen  
I never let the rumour get across  
Of how I am no use at all to either  
And draw the pay of both for doing neither.

## THE WINTER HOUSE

Out of the showering snow itself to build,  
Under the roof-tree that the eyebrows form,  
A winter house, whose phantom walls are filled  
By old storm holding back against new storm,  
By flakes too numerous for enmity  
(That functions by distinguishing), and so  
With a false canopy-identity  
To play at happy hutman in the snow,  
—This cannot last for long; a prickly threat  
Assails me, of disaster overhead,  
The ruinous working of that inward heat  
That I had hoped would serve to warm my bed.  
Now may the coward eyebrows try in vain  
To reassert the downward-pouring roof.  
It honourably joins the storm again,  
And comes to put my native fire to proof.

J. N. CAMERON

## P O E M

The fruit in which your parents hid you, boy,  
Their death, is summer perfect: at its core  
You grow already; soon you will not be  
One of the young for whom all wish to care.  
Having at last the matter for a story,  
For you will know what people mean by looking:  
Some you will beckon closer and be sorry,  
You will not have to guess at what is lacking.

But you are death this summer, we the hurt  
For whose profoundest sigh you give no penny  
Though, calmer than us all, you move our lives;  
Send back the writer howling to his art,  
And the mad driver pulling on his gloves  
Start in a snowstorm on his deadly journey.

W. H. AUDEN



**BUILDING**

With this much to expend  
how shall the girders bind  
the content of my mind?

And that much to explain,  
a sky-line I have seen,  
the journey I have been?

Why should I stoop at once  
or make more evidence  
of a false god's advance:

Why should I yield a life  
in fear that is too brief  
to satisfy belief:

or building pile on pile  
confine all hope in steel  
avow the concrete real?

JOHN PUDNEY

**P O E M**

Surely must mind be a desolate region  
That so many turn back therefrom suddenly silenced  
By its awesome idleness in the flushing rank grass  
And the heavy thought a heron from its black-ringed stagna  
Making the shadows ominous protrude, that unshaped sky  
Whose looming surfaces promise no firmament.

Who bravely entered here scything with sharp inlet of light  
The slow thickets, that the demons ran  
Scudding among the sour roots: finally burning  
To scotch those filthy ghosts; found himself alone,  
Perhaps dismayed on the charred waste. But soon  
Stung by a northward hail-bearing wind, from that studied desolation  
Rose and out of his will-inertia at last began to build.

RANDALL SWINGLER

## LOGOS

Tobacco, rind, an orient herd,  
A squid.  
Gloved mind insists and kid-  
Gloved fist inserts.

The verticals are filled  
And six and eight across  
Gloved mind now calculates the last  
Enumerates for puzzled square  
(clue comes from herd)  
The letters of the Word.

MARTIN BOLDERO

## MARCH, APRIL, MAY

The grass on the tennis court  
Is not yet short;  
The silver salt-cellar  
Lies on its side like a Spring caterpillar;

The letter is not by the plate  
And summer seems late;  
An aerial tension  
Telegraph-wires the soul with a sense of dissension:

Our instinct has recorded a season  
Unfiled by our reason;  
The rational quotient  
Is fractional and we are impatient.

GAVIN EWART

## CHANCE

Close the door shut  
and speak more quickly, quietly.  
Say the whole phrase, and if we're overheard,  
they can take blood not manhood.

Give me your hand,  
not wait for feature, gesture:  
have grip on living life, our living chance.  
Now is our time, at once,  
now in May, time of disturbance.

Woman to man,  
not furtive, tentative,  
never to grovel again or cringe.  
Our nerve will never change  
though the green world reel in revenge.

JOHN PUDNEY

## POETRY IN AMERICA

During the past five years in America there has been a distinct change in the general attitude toward poetry. Perhaps the change will not be apparent a hundred years from now, but we have dropped into the habit of accepting Van Wyck Brook's ironical remark that our generations are only four years long. The change may be defined in many ways and the most important of these I think is a new form of self-consciousness. Critical analysis of whatever poetry is being written to-day has become more discriminating, more exact; and if fewer people read poetry to-day there seems to be a greater interest in reading reviews of it, and a greater effort to understand its implied meaning. This interest has brought about a counter-attack of obscurity which contains the hint that actual poetry is not being written at all and that we are living through a time of poetic sterility.

Enthusiasms of fifteen years ago have died down to whispers and in retrospect, the immediate past—the years of the so-called poetic renaissance—creates the illusion of fertility and richness and of a promise now unfulfilled.

In contrast to the popularity of Carl Sandburg, Vachel Lindsay, Edgar Lee Masters and Edna Millay, the names of Ezra Pound and T. S. Eliot are heard in slowly widening circles of recognition, but these, too, are associated with the sterile period and the new European influence, the dead years identified with the very title of Eliot's poem, "The Waste Land".

So much for the superficial aspects of the decade which came to an end in 1932. Closer examination reveals at least a dozen names: Wallace Stevens, E. E. Cummings, John Crowe Ransome, Robinson Jeffers, Phelps Putnam, Malcolm Cowley, Leonie Adams, Raymond Larsson, Hart Crane, Archibald MacLeish and Allen Tate. With the exception of Cummings and Jeffers the group of poets that I have selected show the results of self-criticism, of being aware that they are participating in a period of self-consciousness. In this respect (no matter how varied their qualities and intentions may be) the entire group represents a deviation away from the tendencies of the preceding renaissance. Unlike their immediate predecessors, they find little necessity for mere self-expression. In their best work is found a revival of interest in technic and of stating the precise quality of the emotion or thesis which they have chosen to express. Their medium is selected with greater deliberation; and though the end is not always clear, the instrument that they have developed carries the implication of a definite purpose in view, an impersonalized philosophy or aesthetic that may be subjected to complete analysis. How much this tendency may be credited directly to the influences of Pound, Eliot, Joyce and Gertrude Stein I am not prepared to say; it would seem more likely that these general characteristics of contemporary poetry have their origin in a far deeper source than literary imitation. It would seem that those who have come under dominant literary influences were already open to receive and assimilate them.

I have presented the foregoing summary as a means of clearing ground for the poetry published during the past year; the summary is

necessarily hasty and incomplete, but will serve I think as a roughly sketched background for what is to follow.

Out of the usual run of poetry published within the year, I have selected a half-dozen items: Robinson Jeffers's new narrative poem, "Thurso's Landing", Archibald MacLeish's "Conquistador", Allen Tate's "Poems, 1928-1931", Hart Crane's "Broken Tower", a single poem which appeared in *The New Republic*, Ben Maddow's "Red Decision" published in *The Symposium* and "The Objectivist Anthology", edited by Louis Zukofsky.

A new book by Robinson Jeffers is now regarded as an annual event. Since 1925 his central theme has remained the same and has followed a course of slight variations from "Roan Stallion" through "Cawdor", "Dear Judas" down to the present volume in which he has thoroughly mastered his technic as a novelist in verse. Now, more than ever before, there seems to be a strong kinship between Jeffers and the playwright Eugene O'Neill; in Jeffers's narratives there is something of the same blind, self-destructive force at work, something of the same attempt to build a huge superstructure, to write a large poem or a play merely for the sake of bigness, to do by use of a poetic or dramatic technic what certain New York bankers, engineers and real-estate men have done in erecting the Empire State Building. The building is still three-quarters empty, but thousands of New Yorkers ride in elevators to the top for the sensation of being in the world's tallest tower of steel and concrete. By like means Jeffers' spectacle of the decline of Western civilization and the death of man in nature is often terrifying and at times impressive, but to date he has not been able to repeat the genuinely tragic invective of his "Tower Beyond Tragedy". His voice of doom is now an echo heard down hollow corridors which may be mistaken for the thunder of an approaching storm and in which no articulate word may be discerned.

Archibald MacLeish's "Conquistador"\* is another narrative, and since it is more ambitious in design than anything that MacLeish has heretofore attempted, it holds a position of especial importance. In writing this poem, MacLeish has placed himself among the major

\* Another view of "Conquistador" will be found on p. 17.

lyric poets of our time. Despite the complex and self-contradictory mood of the poem, a tribute to the Spanish conquistadors of Mexico, it remains as the single example in English of a nearly perfect rendering of the *terza rima*. The content of the poem and the strength of its brilliant images, clear-cut as the images in Hemingway's prose, is vitiated by an obsession of death, quite as though this tribute to dead warriors were a hasty uncovering of obscene bones and matted hair. All this, however, does not modify the remarkable beauty of the Prologue to the poem and the validity of MacLeish's development as a pure lyricist. No one of his contemporaries can approach him in the sustained excellence of a delicately articulated lyric style.

The transition from "Conquistador" to Allen Tate's "Poems, 1928-1931" is brief, for here again we find a preoccupation with an historical past. The mood shifts; where MacLeish is attenuated, if not diffuse, Tate is intense and acid. The fine "Ode To The Confederate Dead" has a brittle surface of irony and in his admirable poem, "Mother and Son", the complexity of emotion—pity, irony, anger—is effectively projected. The same note is struck again in the poem on Jefferson Davis:

*No more the white refulgent streets  
Never the dry hollows of the mind  
Shall he in fine courtesy walk  
Again, for death is not unkind:*

Even in his failures, the long poem "Causerie" and the "Sonnets of the Blood", Tate's rhetoric has verbal distinction and should be regarded as one of the few original contributions made to American poetry during the past ten years.

Beyond these three books, we must turn to the poetry published in the magazines. "The Objectivist Anthology" is a direct result of the influence once exerted through the "little" magazines, and bears the mark of a particular influence emanating from Ezra Pound and William Carlos Williams. The anthology has been rather pointedly ignored and with reason, for it seems to fall out of step with the larger tendencies represented by Crane, MacLeish and Tate. It seems more

than anything else to be an afterthought of Imagism and to represent a need for further experimentation at a time when such needs have already become exhausted in mere note-taking. The atmosphere of the book is that of an arc-welded clique, a group locked in a room with all the windows shut and the calendar on the wall showing the date of December 1922. T. S. Eliot's "Marina" is the only poem in the collection that does not date backward. It is somewhat amusing to note that a similar clique in California has attacked the "Objectivist" group in the *Hound and Horn*; I understand that the quarrel is still progressing and I am certain that it will lead nowhere. I believe that the "Objectivists" deserve a shade more sympathy, for they, though frustrated, desire something new, while the Californian group are eager to re-establish an appreciation of Robert Bridges by restoring (and quite without his actual poetic values) his empty forms. It has been a relief to discover Ben Maddow's Communist poem "Red Decision" in *The Symposium*, a poem of extraordinary power and conviction, and to re-read Hart Crane's "Broken Tower".

*The bell-rope that gathers God at dawn  
Dispatches me as though I dropped down the knell  
Of a spent day—to wander the cathedral lawn  
From pit to crucifix, feet chill on steps from hell.*

\* \* \*

*The matrix of the heart, lift down the eye  
That shrines the quiet lake and swells a tower . . .  
The commodious, tall decorum of that sky  
Unseals her earth, and lifts love in its shower.*

From these examples I have decided that it is quite impossible to make any generalization as to the future of American poetry, but this much seems certain: There is no alarming evidence of a drought in the writing of poetry. The fact that the Middlewestern school has temporarily given place to a number of poets from the South is a change of a sort that has long been predicted and is characteristic of America. Much work is still forthcoming from the poets that I have mentioned earlier in this brief summary and many of them are still

well under middle age. The prospect is less cheerful if one considers the means of publishing their work, for the day of subsidies for "little" magazines has already gone and in the present economic depression publishers find it more difficult than ever to issue books of poetry.

HORACE GREGORY

## DE LA MARE

*The Fleeting, and other Poems.* Walter de la Mare.  
Constable. 5s.

In most of these poems Mr de la Mare writes again in the manner which is familiar to readers of "Peacock Pie" and the "Veil". There are poems for children, and there are the poems evoking a mysterious world of dark forests and stars and dew and trumpets. The language is beautiful, and when the meaning of the poem eludes one, it is not through any lack of precision in the writing, but because one has as it were become completely submerged by Mr de la Mare's dream world and one cannot see the wood for all the trees. Mr de la Mare's world is so remote that to-day the reader may well find himself perplexed by these "dreams", especially if psycho-analysis has taught him to attach an Ibsenish realism to his own dreams which is not ever found in the comparatively merciful unrealities of waking life. Nevertheless the reader is compelled to feel that Mr de la Mare's experience is absolutely authentic, and that the writer is a poet. It is not that his poetry is unfashionable, but it demands a patience, a submission, a willingness to enter a remote world, that becomes every day more difficult as the hooters become louder, and the ether crowded like a traffic block, and Ariel a cross between a bas-relief by Mr Eric Gill and a pronged stick holding wires on the roof of the B.B.C.

Even the poems attuned to the ears of children whose playmates were once the children of the "Songs of Innocence", now have to compete with the gurglings of the Children's Hour. In fact the B.B.C. seems to be Mr de la Mare's worst enemy.

So the tired mind cannot become ethereal without being pinched or slapped on the back (if one may say so) by the cheery voice of an



aunty announcer, nor can it safely dream without meeting Freud, so it is forced either to long for the release of death, or else (as we have come to expect) to turn back on to itself:

*"Turn now, tired mind, unto your rest,  
Within your secret chamber lie."*

The appeals to sleep and death and the imagery of a romantic world have become almost impatient in this book. Mr de la Mare finds himself completely covered by the mists. It is only "Sometimes", that

*"...in moods of gloom-like mist  
Enswathing hill and wood  
A miracle of sunshine breaks  
Into my solitude."*

For the rest, where we cannot submit always to the lure of Mr de la Mare's symbolism, it is with a feeling of loss. For he writes of a world which, ultimately, is realer than ours.

STEPHEN SPENDER

## A POEM OF MEXICO

*Conquistador*. Archibald MacLeish. Gollancz. 7s. 6d.

Bernal Díaz was one of the conquistadors who went with Cortes to destroy Mexico. As an old man he wrote his important "True History of the Conquest of New Spain"; and he is compelled by Mr MacLeish to summarize and compress his memories, to translate them, that is, into a poem.

Such a poem not many writers would now attempt. It would more have attracted a Noyes or a Newbolt, a Robinson or a Benét. But if Mr MacLeish is a poet where these would have been incompetent, he does not seem enough of one to make a full success. "Conquistador" is not a great poem and it does not deserve all the high things said of it by Mr MacLeish's own countrymen, for whom the subject is more emotionally valuable than it is for Europeans. But it is right to say that "Conquistador" within limits can please those who are accustomed to read verse wisely and with their senses,

It has several faults. It drops, firstly, between the impressionist and the dramatic method. Mr MacLeish was not going to story-tell in the simple manner of 'what-comes-next?' Yet he excites one to look forward to a fine description of the meeting with Montezuma (made by the way very prominent by Díaz in the true *History*). He comes to this natural climax, and as though realizing an error reduces it to eight unevocative lines.

This imperfect mixture of two methods deprives a great part of the poem of structure, and such inchoate, internal limpness is exaggerated by the more intimate faults of Mr MacLeish's verse. In debt most obviously to Ezra Pound's *Cantos*, he has evolved a rhythm which is technically well used and which certainly unifies the poem. Yet the tension so provided is only one of surface and in "Conquistador" Mr MacLeish's poetry is almost entirely a poetry of surface. He does not often use language or imagery with any depth.

*That was the weight of their wild breath; and they railed at him  
Cursing the bed that bore the bum of his mother  
And damning his father's fork for an ape's tail*

*And himself for the two figged get of a goat and the brother of  
Whores and a hare's scut and a bull's gear  
And a gull and a kite: one first and another.*

This is good; but comparison, say with Shakespearean imagery and word-use (for example,

*The Wren goes too't, and the small gilded Fly  
Do's letcher in my sight. Let Copulation thrive)*

gives its shallowness away.

Visually "Conquistador" is very often brilliant; but as a thing, a small world, derived from the most extravagant and most brutal attack ever made on a civilization, it is incidental rather than universal, and it is not symbolically of great value.

One can say only that its glitter fits the hard light of Mexico and the romantic hard-heartedness of a conquistador.

GEOFFREY GRIGSON

*Variations on a Metaphysic Theme.* Winifred Holmes.  
Unicorn Press. 5s.

When Mrs Holmes writes lines like:

*And feeling deep organic rush of vast affinity  
With universal order....*

or:

*...a thrill  
Of contact personal with cosmic will*

the reader, so far from being compelled to share the experience which the author is attempting to communicate, is left, as it were, with a kind of emotional missing word puzzle which he has to fill up out of his own recollections.

The words "organic" and "cosmic", for instance, as used here, remain abstract prose formulas, awaiting transposition into terms of particular reality. Yet for the author, no doubt, they stood for something intense and important. Can it be that they stood for something *too* intense and important? Certainly Mrs Holmes is most successful when she is least—shall we say?—portentous. She appears to possess a limited but valid range of sensibility, and reveals in her last and best poem (which gives its name to the volume) that she can write verse.

G. F. A.

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