

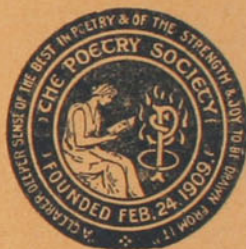
*"Where there is no vision the people perish"*

SEPTEMBER

1938

OCTOBER

THE  
POETRY  
REVIEW



One Shilling net.

(Annual Postal Subscription, 6s. 6d. ; U.S.A., 2 Dollars.)

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American Editorial Office : 299 Park Avenue, New York.

*"The leading poetry magazine of the world . . . of international eminence"*: LITERARY DIGEST

## THE POETRY SOCIETY

Founded Feb. 24, 1909; Incorporated June 18, 1923

The objects of the Poetry Society, as stated in the Constitution, are to promote, in the words of Matthew Arnold, adopted as a motto, "a clearer, deeper sense of the best in poetry and of the strength and joy to be drawn from it."

Applications for membership should be addressed to The General Secretary, The Poetry Society Incorporated, 36 Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

At the ANNUAL MEETING OF THE GENERAL COUNCIL OF THE POETRY SOCIETY INCORPORATED, THE RIGHT HON. LORD KENNET, who stated that it gave him great pleasure to be of use to the Society, and he appreciated the honour, was re-elected President-General of the Society.

Mr. C. Oscar Gridley, J.P., while wishing to be relieved of the office of Treasurer which he had occupied for twenty-six years, consented to continue as Chairman of Council. He was most warmly thanked for his invaluable services. He had built up and maintained the financial resources and stability of the Society and had been throughout the "power behind the throne," safeguarding the President, and giving him confidence as well as securing the confidence of his colleagues.

Mr. Charles Tennyson, grandson of Alfred Lord Tennyson, accepted election as Honorary Treasurer.

Mrs. MENDS GIBSON, on her retirement from the Presidency of the Kensington Centre of The Poetry Society, was presented with several volumes of books selected by herself and other tokens of regard and remembrance at a special meeting of the Kensington Centre at the Overseas Club. The Chairman of Council (Mr. Gridley), who had been associated with the Centre from its inception, and the Director of the Society, paid tribute to Mrs. Mendis Gibson's devoted services. Her exceptional critical faculty and profound knowledge of the best in English poetry had been of great value to the Centre, and also to the general body of the Society and to THE POETRY REVIEW. While they were sorry that ill health involved her retirement from the Centre Presidency, the duties of which she had attended to most assiduously, they were happy to know that she could not sever herself from the Society, being a life-member, and that she would continue to serve on the General Council, and as "Arthur Hood" in THE POETRY REVIEW, continue to be a formidable critic of perverse tendencies. They were fortunate and happy in having had a succession of exceptional Presidents at the service of the Kensington Centre,—loyal, sincere, active and eminently qualified for the position, and this continuity would be sustained by Mrs. Adamson, who had had a long personal and official association with the Centre and with the Society's work as a whole.

The Dante group, under the leadership of Mr. Weston Ramsey, will meet again for the autumn session on Saturday, September 24th, at 3 p.m., at 36 Russell Square, as usual. The *Purgatorio* is to be studied this autumn, and new members, as well as those who came last season, will be welcomed.



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rough-hewn metre*

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The Poetry Society (Incorporated) for above twenty-nine years has constituted the one active, practical English Verse-Speaking Association.

The examinations in the art of reading and speaking verse were based on Lady Margaret Sackville's presidential address on the formation of the Society and on regulations drawn up in consultation with Sir Johnston Forbes-Robertson and Sir Frank Benson, who themselves gave practical effect to them and put them into operation by acting as Examiners over several years. These authorities set the high standard insisted on by The Poetry Society and necessary to the development of the Society's objects and policy, and these principles have been observed and adhered to by their successors, who gained their practical experience by acting as assistants and understudies of these distinguished authorities on the application of elocution, voice-production and speech training to the art of self-expression through the voice and the attainment of a simpler, subtler, more exquisite and individual vocal interpretation of poetry.

The auditions held regularly in London and various provincial centres and many schools, have acquired a unique status and authority and influence, with the weight and prestige of the long established and incorporated Society behind them, securing a continuous policy, regular administration, and a high standard unaffected by personal vagaries, and giving legal and permanent distinction to the awards in contrast to the sporadic ephemeral imitations of private individuals and factious amateur concerns.

For further particulars apply to The Registrar, The Poetry Society (Incorporated), 36 Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

*London, July 7th, 1938.*

SCHOOLS' GOLD MEDAL: D. Folt, R. Birkett, W. Binnie, E. Gunn, E. Roof.

### SILVER MEDAL CLASS:

*Adult: Honours*—C. Cockayne. *Pass*—Y. M. Colliard.

*Senior: Pass*—M. Swan, D. Togwell, S. M. Whitefield, K. Whitehair.

*Junior: Pass*—M. Gourvitch, C. Isaacs, B. M. Foyer, M. Hillel, I. Farrell.

### BRONZE MEDAL CLASS:

*Adult: Honours*—T. McCrossan, E. Minch. *Pass*—A. Read.

*Senior: Pass*—G. Leslie.

*Junior: Honours*—E. Hill, B. M. Shotter. *Commended*: I. Boxer. *Pass*—F. Good, R. Klug.

### CERTIFICATE CLASS:

*Adult—Honours*: E. A. Campbell, D. E. Walls, D. H. Bumpus. *Commended*—J. Douglas.

vi THE POETRY REVIEW SUPPLEMENT

*Senior : Honours*—T. Beynon, M. Calnan. *Commended*—D. Walker, J. Boddy, M. Riches. *Pass*—P. Gamble, H. Herbert, P. Champion, D. Brewer.

*Junior : Honours*—J. MacLeish. *Commended*—K. Greenhalgh. *Pass*—S. Davies, J. Hartwright, J. Phillips, A. H. Rose, P. Tanchan.

*Juvenile Elementary : Commended*—M. Johnson, S. Forrester.

*Prose Reading : Pass*—H. Fink.

*Poetry Reading : Commended*—N. Kimber.

London, July 16th.

SCHOOLS' GOLD MEDAL : E. Coleman, M. Crowley, P. Wright.

SILVER MEDAL CLASS :

*Adult : Honours*—M. H. Clarke. *Pass*—M. Vassall, D. Clutterbuck.

*Senior : Pass*—E. Woolf, I. Crocker, C. M. Adams, E. Murray, M. Levine.

*Junior : Honours*—I. Stringfellow. *Commended*—M. Sykes. *Pass*—J. Poilecot, C. A. Clayton, H. Shepherd, B. Punter, E. A. Thomas, V. C. Maguire.

BRONZE MEDAL CLASS :

*Adult : Honours*—J. H. Robinson, E. Iorns. *Pass*—G. Goldstein.

*Senior : Special Distinction*—M. Dawson. *Honours*—J. M. Cornes, L. Kaye, S. Daly. *Commended*—A. Graham-Bowman. *Pass*—E. Frost.

*Junior : Special Distinction*—B. Paul. *Honours*—M. Windross, J. S. Smulian, S. Hauser, L. Maquire, V. Lockton, F. Marks, H. Seligman, P. C. Taylor, J. B. Arlen. *Commended*—B. West, U. Bolton. *Pass*—J. M. Crémer, B. Bradman, S. Posner, A. Dossett.

CERTIFICATE CLASS :

*Adult : Commended*—M. Whibley, K. Chitty.

*Senior : Honours*—M. Hutber, J. Connolly. *Commended*—B. May, J. Bailey, D. Bartlett, M. Frye. *Pass*—E. Entwistle, M. Heales.

*Junior : Special Distinction*—D. D. Seadon. *Honours*—J. D. Raynor, V. Hiller, C. E. Ward, H. M. Grande, E. Wood, I. Cohen, P. Hollingshead, M. Parsons, A. Sykes, D. Thorp.

*Junior Certificate : Commended*—C. Ellis, B. Ephron, E. Lewis, K. Oram, S. M. Dunn, H. Gratrix, D. Stroud, K. M. Smith. *Pass*—J. Malinck, E. Bazill, M. A. Hearnden, M. Hamilton, J. Baynes, B. Howell, R. Codd, J. Todd-White.

*Juvenile Secondary : Commended*—U. Dyer.

*Juvenile Elementary : Special Distinction*—I. Pallett, B. Winter, S. Cohen, P. Gilbert. *Honours*—M. B. Lund, I. Lawn, J. Wilson, P. Sandril, R. Charkham, S. Gordon, H. Kiat, C. Baker, T. Ager, P. Goldie, M. E. Bailey. *Commended*—A. Kimber, C. H. Bailey, M. Stevens, J. E. Clifton, J. Williams, L. Samuels, A. Warwick, H. Joseph. *Pass*—B. Blackbourne, B. Levy, J. Armitage, P. M. Seddon, H. M. Evetts, D. Robbins.

POETRY READING : *Commended*—J. Wise.

SHAKESPEARE RECITALS :

*Honours*—J. Wise. *Pass*—G. B. Robinson.



# VERSE-SPEAKING PASS LISTS

vii

North Devon, June 21st, 22nd and 23rd, 1938.

SCHOOLS' GOLD MEDAL : M. Shute.

## SILVER MEDAL CLASS :

*Adult : Commended*—M. Eldridge. *Pass*—W. M. Taylor.

*Senior : Honours*—E. Cole, E. Waller. *Commended*—J. Chipman. *Pass*—P. Waldron, N. Twiss, F. Lattimer, A. Williams.

*Junior : Honours*—D. Hobbs. *Commended*—J. Wilson. *Pass*—J. Macdonald, V. Waller, J. Seward, V. Arnold, M. Cleverdon, D. Sanders.

## BRONZE MEDAL CLASS :

*Senior : Special Distinction*—J. Luxmoore. *Honours*—J. Thatcher, O. Rhodes, V. Rudd. *Commended*—F. Holman, V. Osborne. *Pass*—G. Fulford, M. Sanders.

*Junior : Commended*—M. Purse, J. Millard, P. Harmer. *Pass*—M. Jones, J. Lowe, D. Sanders.

## CERTIFICATE CLASS :

*Senior : Special Distinction*—M. Pearce, P. Etches. *Honours*—P. Sherwill, J. Truscott, J. Cudmore, R. Gregory. *Commended*—J. Bennett, B. Loughlin, L. Stewart, H. Banks, J. Biden. *Pass*—A. Oliver.

*Junior : Special Distinction*—N. Hobman, M. Gratton, L. Flack, R. Edwardes, J. Friendship. *Honours*—P. Harmer, M. Pearce, J. Gunson, L. Middleton, C. Heath, M. Luxton, P. Vicary, P. Blake, J. Hannaford. *Commended*—J. Cornelius, C. Violet, P. Babb, J. Hambly, M. Dawe, A. Stacey, J. Hamilton. *Pass*—E. Elworthy, M. Bellew.

## JUVENILE CLASS :

*Badge* : M. Jenkins, R. Leate.

*Secondary Certificate : Honours*—R. Arnold. *Pass*—P. Woodyatt.

*Elementary Certificate : Special Distinction*—D. Salter, R. Lovekin, M. Featherstone. *Honours*—V. Bower. *Commended*—C. Allin, R. Lambert. *Pass*—J. Piper.

Fonnereau House School, Ipswich, June 29th, 1938.

## BRONZE MEDAL CLASS :

*Adult : Honours*—K. Burrows.

*Senior : Honours*—A. Butcher. *Pass*—I. L. Robinson.

*Junior : Commended*—D. Richmond. *Pass*—P. McNamara.

## SHAKESPEARE RECITALS :

*Honours*—K. Smith. *Pass*—K. Burrows.

## CERTIFICATE CLASS :

*Senior : Commended*—E. Wangler.

*Junior : Honours*—P. Carter.

*Juvenile Elementary : Special Distinction*—J. Horton, J. Brown, G. Underwood. *Honours*—E. Tydeman, J. Gray, J. Tillet, N. Roper. *Commended*—V. Cordon, R. Parker. *Pass*—J. Kay, G. Cutler, J. Barden, J. Fenner.

*Holy Family Convent, Enfield, July 4th, 1938.*

SCHOOLS' GOLD MEDAL : M. McDonald, B. Eames.

SILVER MEDAL CLASS :

*Senior* : D. Peploe.

*Junior* : *Special Distinction*—D. Hopkins.

CERTIFICATE CLASS :

*Senior* : *Commended*—C. Dawson, B. S. Cro.

*Junior* : *Special Distinction*—G. Austin. *Honours*—P. Sinclair.  
*Commended*—J. Adams. *Pass*—M. Piper.

*Juvenile Secondary* : *Honours*—B. Curtin.

*Juvenile Elementary* : *Special Distinction*—H. Davidson. *Honours*—  
J. Dimmock, B. Frampton. *Commended*—M. Curtin. *Pass*—M.  
Goldsmith.

*Prior's Field, Godalming, July 4th, 1938.*

SILVER MEDAL CLASS :

*Senior*—Jane Hadland.

CERTIFICATE CLASS :

*Senior* : *Special Distinction*—Phillis Bartholomew, Elizabeth Orpen,  
Pauline Stuart-Smith. *Honours*—Rosemary Mitchell, Beryl Shaw,  
Rosemary Rissik, Betty Seymour, Gillian Wheeler-Bennett, Mary  
Blundell, Joan Price, Betty Armistead. *Commended*—Jean Barclay  
Milne, Jean Thirlaway, Barbara Saxon, Alwen Poole. *Pass*—Isabel  
Ann Kennedy.

*Notre Dame High School, Clapham, July 8th, 1938.*

SILVER MEDAL CLASS :

*Senior* : *Honours*—D. Payne.

*Junior* : *Pass*—R. Coulson, N. Lees.

BRONZE MEDAL CLASS :

*Senior* : *Special Distinction*—B. Kirke. *Honours*—S. Brothers.

*Junior* : *Pass*—P. Coles, B. Myhill, R. Ballard, N. Gummer, A.  
Cunningham.

CERTIFICATE CLASS :

*Senior* : *Honours*—P. O'Brien, A. Mendez. *Commended*—M.  
Pentony. *Pass*—E. Bogacerts, P. Smith.

*Junior* : *Special Distinction*—S. Thompson, *Honours*—P. Morgan.  
*Commended*—P. Campbell, N. Sutton, H. Phelps. *Pass*—J. Perry, E.  
Wallis, M. Soper, J. Bartlett.

*Juvenile* : *Honours*—P. Merrell. *Commended*—S. Byrne, M. Develin.

*Pass*—E. Perry, E. Gallier, N. Breen, P. Dickens, T. Ramage, J.  
Turrell, P. Kirke.

*Shakespeare Recitals*—M. Skelton.

*Birmingham, July 9th, 1938.*

SILVER MEDAL CLASS :

*Adult* : Doris Sampson.



BRONZE MEDAL CLASS :

*Senior : Honours*—Dorothy Foxley. *Commended*—Jean Saunder.

*Junior : Honours*—Olwyn Edwards. *Pass*—Elizabeth A. Edmonds, Bunty Foster.

CERTIFICATE CLASS :

*Adult : Honours*—Enid M. Brewis.

*Senior : Honours*—Rosie Taylor, Molly Sheehan, Audrey Saunder, J. Aymes-Smith. *Commended*—Pauline Robson, Meryl Tipper, Betty Horton, Joan Shakeshaft, Pauline Daniels. *Pass*—Joyce Brown.

*Junior : Commended*—Pat Buswell, Josephine Van Ments. *Pass*—Diana Jerromes, Nancy Horton, Margaret Petersen, Janesse London.

*Juvenile Elementary : Special Distinction*—Christine Edmonds. *Honours*—Elizabeth Dennes, Barbara Shakeshaft. *Commended*—Brenda Jones.

*Poetry Reading : Honours*—Enid M. Brewis, Doris Sampson.

*St. Anne's Convent, Ealing, July 12th.*

SILVER MEDAL CLASS :

*Senior : J. M. Clarke.*

*Junior : J. Day, C. Chilman.*

BRONZE MEDAL CLASS :

*Senior : Honours*—M. Millar.

*Junior : Honours*—B. Goodfellow.

CERTIFICATE CLASS :

*Honours*—M. Griffin.

*Senior : Commended*—D. Barry.

*Junior : Commended*—P. Goodsell.

*Juvenile Elementary : Commended*—F. Spencer.

*Hove and Aldrington High School, July 15th, 1938.*

SILVER MEDAL CLASS :

*Junior*—M. E. Clow.

BRONZE MEDAL CLASS :

*Junior : Honours*—M. E. Clow. *Pass*—M. J. Collins, P. Gresswell.

CERTIFICATE CLASS :

*Junior : Honours*—E. M. Tully. *Commended*—C. D. M. Thomas. *Pass*—I. Cuka, P. J. Gann, J. A. Covington.

*Juvenile Elementary : Special Distinction*—M. P. Crowter. *Honours*—D. E. Barnett, J. C. Tarling, B. A. Markland. *Commended*—J. Poole, P. K. Rose.

*Kent College, Folkestone, July 19th, 1938.*

BRONZE MEDAL CLASS :

*Senior : Special Distinction*—J. Fasham, R. Shutes. *Commended*—H. Roc. *Pass*—J. Williamson.

CERTIFICATE CLASS :

*Senior : Special Distinction*—M. Terry. *Honours*—D. Stoker. *Commended*—J. Burns, J. Macpherson. *Pass*—M. Hutchinson, C. Overy, N. Powell, J. Welton, M. Gibbons.

*Junior* : *Special Distinction*—U. Butler, R. Seton. *Honours*—F. Senior. *Commended*—S. Baker, H. Davey, J. Haffenden.

*Ashford High School, July 19th, 1938.*

SCHOOLS' GOLD MEDAL :

G. Brown, B. Chidley, B. Ellis, B. Griffith, P. Gros, I. Hailer, G. Jordan, I. Munday, J. Palmer, D. Taylor.

SILVER MEDAL CLASS :

*Senior* : E. Foxton, J. McCracken, M. Williamson.

*Junior* : E. Ritchie, P. Williams.

BRONZE MEDAL CLASS :

*Senior* : *Honours*—D. Irwin, M. Ritchie, D. Young. *Commended*—A. Felgate, A. Stroud. *Pass*—M. Gambetta.

*Junior* : *Honours*—B. Booth. *Commended*—J. Kilford, B. Vowles. *Pass*—F. Cock.

CERTIFICATE CLASS :

*Senior* : *Special Distinction*—J. Payne, P. Petch. *Honours*—O. Hailer. *Pass*—B. Swoffer.

*Junior* : *Special Distinction*—D. Fish. *Honours*—J. Turner.

*Rickmansworth, July 21st, 1938.*

BRONZE MEDAL CLASS :

*Senior* : *Honours*—S. Harley. *Pass*—P. Hyland.

*Junior* : *Honours*—J. Cockhill. *Commended*—E. Hanson, B. Scott. *Pass*—E. Godley.

CERTIFICATE CLASS :

*Adult* : *Honours*—P. Taylor.

*Senior* : *Commended*—J. Payne. *Pass*—A. Forrester.

*Junior* : *Honours*—P. Ferraro.

*Juvenile Elementary* : A. Gravestock.

GENERAL VERSE-SPEAKING EXAMINATIONS will be held as follows :  
*London* : Thursdays, October 6th, 20th ; November 10th, 24th ;  
 December 8th ; Saturdays, October 15th, November 5th, 12th,  
 December 10th, 17th.

*W. Hartlepool* : Friday, October 28th (Miss Ivy Smithson, Stockton).  
*Stockton* : Saturday, October 29th (morning) (Miss Ivy Smithson, 1  
 Ropner Terrace).

*Salisbury* : Saturday, October 29th (afternoon) (Miss Ivy Smithson).  
*Liverpool* : Thursday, November 17th (Miss R. Trantom-Jones,  
 103 Arundel Avenue).

*Brighton* : Saturday, November 19th (Miss M. C. Judd, 143 Preston  
 Drive).

*Sheffield* : Thursday, November 24th (Miss Nancy Hull, Avon  
 House, Glenalmond Road).

*Birmingham* : Saturday, November 26th (Miss Diana Boston,  
 Highlea, Pedmore, Stourbridge).

*Southampton* : Saturday, December 3rd (Miss A. Adams, Convent  
 High School).

*Enfield* : Saturday, December 3rd (Mrs. D. Lee Peabody, Enfield  
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Sept. 27th.—Mrs. Brooks, "Deep Meadows," Forest Ridge, Keston; Personal Selection.

Oct. 11th.—Mrs. Dykes, "St. Swithin's," Shortlands Road, Shortlands; Blake. Introductory paper by Miss Burgess.

Oct. 25th.—Mrs. Whitlock, "Deepdene," Kingswood Road, Shortlands; Four Novelist Poets.

The Autumn Open Meeting of the Centre is to be held at Lauriston Hall, Bromley, on the evening of Friday, November 4th; Mr. E. Guy Pertwee, V.P., A.R.A.M. will speak on "The Vocal Interpretation of Poetry," assisted by Miss Mariamne Newman, A.R.A.M., and others. Members from other centres are cordially invited.

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To promote a more general recognition and appreciation of Poetry by encouraging the public and private reading and use of it and developing the art of speaking verse

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Lord Kennet of the Dene

## Past-Presidents:

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To assert the importance and value of poetry and to encourage the study and use of it, and to establish an active fellowship with a love of poetry as the common bond of union.

To form local centres and reading circles for the convenience of groups of members and to provide other facilities for bringing together lovers of poetry with the objects of extending and developing an intelligent and cultivated interest in and appreciation of poetry and of encouraging the qualified reading and vocal interpretation of verse with due regard to emphasis and rhythm and the poet's meaning.

To organize and hold private and public recitals of poetry and lectures on the art and mission of poetry and such public meetings and social gatherings as may come within the scope of the Society.

To organize and promote sub-societies for the production and performance of poetic dramas and for the reading and study of the works of individual poets.

To encourage and organize in schools the study of poetry as an important factor in education and in its relation to and as an influence upon life and character, and to induce educational authorities to include poetry as a definite part of the curriculum in schools, and to promote voluntary school and college centres and provide lectures and readings for schools and other educational institutions.

To hold examinations in the art of reading and speaking verse and to offer medals and certificates in connection therewith, and to devise and give effect to measures for testing and raising the qualification of teachers of elocution.

To establish lectureships and to publish a journal or magazine designed to express, promote and record the general and specific objects and policy of the Society.

To acquire halls, theatres and lecture rooms and other permanent places of meeting, and to form libraries for the use of members.

To organize and manage festivals, pastoral plays, eisteddfods and other forms of commemorating and celebrating the birth and death days and centenaries of poets and other literary anniversaries.

## ORDINARY MEMBERSHIP.

The ordinary Membership subscription is 10s. (3 dollars) with an entrance fee of 2s. 6d. (The Journal of the Society—THE POETRY REVIEW—is supplied to members without further charge; it is otherwise obtainable at an annual postal subscription of 6s. 6d. or through booksellers and newsgents.)



## THE POETRY SOCIETY (INCORPORATED)

The Society is intended to bind poetry readers and lovers together throughout the English-speaking world, forming a desirable freemasonry, with poetry—the first and best of all arts—as the connecting link.

By means of Local Centres membership is made active and effective, members meeting together under a President and Council for the reading and study of poetry and co-operating with Headquarters in the general work of the Society. A member of the Society is a member of the Centre most convenient for him to attend, and a member of any Centre is a member of the Society as a whole and may attend any Centre meetings anywhere on giving notice to the Secretary. This Centre system carries into effect the idea of a poetical freemasonry, a South African member visiting or going to reside in London or South Australia or wherever the Society has a branch being welcomed by and becoming a member of the local group.

Centres or individual members not formed into groups maintain regular communication with the Head Office, from which advice and direction may be obtained with respect to the formation, conduct and programme of Centre meetings, propaganda work, etc., and each Centre is expected to hold at least two public recitals per year, with a view to interesting the general public, and showing what an exquisite pleasure can be derived from the intelligent reading and speaking of verse.

The Society is the one body dealing with poetry as an artistic, ethical and cultural influence of the greatest importance, "redeeming from decay the visitation of the divinity in man," and seeks to bring mankind generally under its influence.

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The Constitution provides (*inter alia*) that Members may be either—(a) Ordinary Members; (b) Vice-Presidents; (c) Honorary Members; (d) Associate Members.

(a) The Ordinary Membership shall be open to any person who desires to promote the objects of the Society and to participate in the privileges and advantages of membership.

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## THE POETRY SOCIETY (INCORPORATED)

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## THE CHRISTIAN RENAISSANCE IN CONTEMPORARY LITERATURE

TWO years ago the publication of T. S. Eliot's *Collected Poems* broadly proclaimed what until then only a few close observers had realized: the innovator of the modernist movement in English poetry had undergone a revolutionary change; the author of *The Waste Land*, poem of disillusionment and despair, travelling through the dark, stark ways of *The Hollow Men* and along the tentative path of *Ash Wednesday* had reached at last the triumphant peace and security of *The Rock*. Now Mr. Aldous Huxley stands beside him as a vivid example of the power of the Christian leaven: his last book, *Ends and Means*, proclaiming boldly what his earlier work, while apparently obscuring yet tentatively suggested, and at which his novel *Eyeless in Gaza* very broadly hinted.

To the enlightened critic and reader this was not an unheralded development. In certain types of satire the prophet unwittingly reveals himself, and it is notable in this connection that vilification of contemporary life and society is a common characteristic of the prophets of the Old Testament. Therefore it is always advisable to watch the satirists carefully: a passionate hatred of society may be fertilizing the ground for a valuable blossoming.

At this moment of history, evidences of the Christian development in literature are of primary importance. The cold academic view of literature as a study divorced from life is superseded by an almost universal recognition of its supreme value to and in life itself, and in England at least those who believe in the superior might of the pen as opposed to the spurious worth of the sword are not willing but eager to dedicate their powers. Generally speaking, the younger writers choose the political, the more mature writers the Christian, way. The true solution to a problem is usually found not first but last.

It is clearly impossible in a brief article to give anything like adequate treatment to a subject already growing so vast that Christians may well "take heart for the future," realizing that once again literature is proving true to its

best traditions, in spite of the many divergences of the post-war period. In so brief a summary, severe limitations have to be imposed, and reference can only be made to the two most dramatic examples of Christian conversion.<sup>1</sup>

*The Waste Land*, published sixteen years ago, is a finished example of life's futility: a picture of human beings in a vacuum, waiting for death:

Pressing lidless eyes and waiting for a knock upon the door.

*The Hollow Men*, three years later, shows little improvement, and ends on the note of deliberate aimlessness of the last nursery-rhyme stanza:

This is the way the world ends  
Not with a bang but a whimper.

But *Asb Wednesday*, five years later, marks a sensational advance. The prevailing note is Christian acceptance, in spite of despair. The whole poem, pregnant with poetic riches and covering a wide field of Christian thought, demands careful study. Then come the lovely *Ariel Poems*, including *A Song for Simeon*:

Light upon light, mounting the saints' stair.  
Not for me the martyrdom, the ecstasy of thought and prayer,  
Not for me the ultimate vision.  
Grant me thy peace,

and finally, after some short lyrics, the triumphant choruses, the powerful Christian affirmation of *The Rock*.

The equivocal attitude of the critics on the appearance of the *Collected Poems* suggests a phenomenon often observed when Christianity is at issue, and the clue lies in the words of Jesus: "Ye shall be hated of all men for My name's sake." An artist who avows his Christianity is immediately suspect: the world can no longer come to terms with him. Which is natural, since "the whole world lieth in the hand of the Evil One," and the artist who has sworn allegiance to Christ has certainly broken faith with the world. There can be no compromise; there is, in fact, no choice, even if

<sup>1</sup>The use of the word "conversion" arouses too many speculations to be explored here. It may well be argued that the phenomenon is never as spectacular as it appears, because the seed of the apparently sudden occurrence has really been lying long dormant.



the declaration of his new allegiance threatens the worldly success of his art. He has accepted values beyond temporal judgments. T. S. Eliot is now accused of "escaping to Anglo-Catholicism and a barren traditionalism,"<sup>1</sup> and most of the reviews of his book studiously ignored the vivid Christian element, concentrating on the technique. The content being suspect, only the form must be considered. This behaviour persists also in contemporary criticism of Gerard Manley Hopkins: he is accepted as an important technical innovator, and ignored as a religious poet of almost unparalleled power and significance. This attitude to the Christian writer rather implies that he must be accepted, if at all, *in spite of* his Christianity, which seems to overlook the fact that the greatest poetry (I refer here, in common with the usually accepted methods of survey, to the poetry of the last seven or eight hundred years) is and always has been strongly Christian in feeling, if not necessarily in actual expression. It would be admittedly difficult, for example, to divorce the religious element from *Paradise Lost*, though even such a feat as this would not dismay some contemporary critics. Shakespeare's best work is impregnated with Christian references and religious thought. Spenser, Chaucer, clearly Langland, and almost all the greatest poets of the Romantic Revival, are essentially religious. Often the development has been similar to Eliot's own—a comparison with Donne suggests itself.

To turn briefly to Mr. Huxley.

After the publication of one long narrative poem, *Leda*, his work followed an unswerving line in a crescendo of sordid satire, reaching its climax in the novel *Point Counter Point*, a book so riddled through with vice that to survive the reading of it completely untouched is in the nature of a spiritual triumph. Some books are as infective as plague: it appears to be a fact that Swinburne was fatally and permanently influenced by a book lent to him when he was eighteen. But *Point Counter Point* was

<sup>1</sup> David Daiches, *Literature and Society*.

Mr. Huxley's *Waste Land*. The novel that followed, *Brave New World*, showed an interesting development, and a marked change. The world he had hitherto depicted must, unless some form of salvation come quickly, inevitably crash: it was heading for destruction, a modern Sodom and Gomorrah which by its very nature could not survive. But where to look for salvation? Mr. Huxley was searching for an answer. Then, four years later, came *Eyeless in Gaza*, a strange spiritual and emotional "biography," with its pronouncedly mystical ending:

. . . this contemplative approach, this effort to realize the unity of lives and being with the intellect, and at last, perhaps, intuitively, in an act of complete understanding.

There follows a long passage beginning: "United in peace." Anthony Beavis knows he may be about to face death. But he is undismayed:

Dispassionately, and with a serene lucidity, he thought of what was in store for him. Whatever it might be, he knew now that all would be well.

The author of *Point Counter Point* has travelled far. Readers who would prefer the hideous early work of both Mr. Eliot and Mr. Huxley to sink into oblivion would be overlooking the fact that this kind of evidence of spiritual development is of the utmost value to religion.

The sub-title of *Ends and Means* is revealing: "An Enquiry into the Nature of Ideals and the Methods employed for their Realization." Ten years ago, most readers of Mr. Huxley's novels would not have believed that the word ideals, and an inquiry into their relevance to life, could in any way interest him. Rather in the manner of Mr. Michael Roberts in *The Modern Mind*, another book by an advanced modernist thinker who acclaims Christianity as the solution to contemporary problems, Mr. Huxley leads the reader to the desired goal by the road that will most appeal to those who look askance at orthodox religion. Sociology, economics, national and international politics, all these are practical subjects, and the man who can write about them as Mr. Huxley writes is certainly an author worthy of attention. Then, finally, come the chapters on



religious practices, beliefs and ethics. This is where Mr. Huxley has been leading us. And now it becomes clear that while he has been writing vitriolic social satire he has all the while been studying the mystics. Nauseated with the world as he found it, he has been searching for another. His final conclusions are of greater value than the pronouncements of a saint who has never fully confronted and experienced evil. Not only is *Ends and Means* necessary from the religious point of view, it is invaluable as psychology. Mr. Huxley tells the plain truth, an unpopular but necessary thing to do. His book will therefore be met often with hatred, and for this reason alone its importance is self-evident.

It is now five years since in a brilliant prophetic book *The Christian Renaissance*, Professor Wilson Knight heralded the development that is now advancing so rapidly in English literature :

We can see a Christian Renaissance rising in the near future. God has made the seed to grow after his own wisdom ; and a mighty harvest awaits us to-day. . . We may therefore expect a new Christianized literature and a newly-poetic Christianity. . . A new poetry will arise, and a new drama ; and all our arts and our religion will alike recognize that each and all serve the one great purpose of their existence.

As for the new drama, developments here are sensational also : for example *Murder in the Cathedral*, *The First Legion*, a play concerned with miracles and life in a Jesuit community, Dorothy Sayers's beautiful play *The Zeal of Thy House*, Christopher Hassall's *Christ's Comet*. So, in spite of the tragic chaos in European politics, in spite of the satanic clouds that gather and overhang while men worship false gods and destroy themselves and each other in pursuit of horrors masquerading as ideals, we, looking to literature, may still hope to gather in the mighty harvest grown from God's seed, finding in its riches the grain and substance of a new life.

DALLAS KENMARE.

Mrs. Baker Russell, of Mougins, A.M., France : I enjoy THE POETRY REVIEW very much, especially out here where it is difficult to keep in touch with English poets and poetry.

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What call do you hear ?  
What do you see  
Break through on a world that would have you forget ?  
Out of the darkness what strange visions form  
That you fret and pull seawards ; shudder and fret  
As a ship dragging anchor strains to the storm ?

Why do you linger ?  
And what bids you go  
Into the dark  
Where outward tides flow ?  
Where cold mists are sweeping, what mystery clings ?  
On the rise of the wind what voices ride high ?  
What powers are passing with fierce beat of wings ?  
In the quiet luminous rift of the sky  
What faint far flute in the silence sings ?

And why when it fails  
Does an empty lull  
Monotonous rock  
Like waves through a skull ?  
There is something must break,  
Some safe-guard be shed  
Of body or mind  
Ere the moment be sped  
And the stone be raised  
To honour the dead.

So blow, oh ye winds, oh buffeting gale  
Break the last link, the hollow sails fill.  
Grind through the shallows, rend timber, rend sail ;  
Seaward, press seaward—yea wreck if ye will  
But let not the flute's faint urgency fail  
Let not the whisper of voices be still.  
Oh winged ones, ye spirits of music, prevail !

IAN WATTS.



# THE RELIGIOUS ASPECT OF WORDSWORTH'S *THE PRELUDE*

(BOOKS I AND II)

MUCH deep, religious feeling is not necessarily associated with any fixed creed or dogma. Many parts of *The Prelude* have an atmosphere of "joy and purest passion," noble aspiration; tranquillity, a sense of harmony in the universe, "the discipline of pain and fear," that is reminiscent of parts of the Gospels.

Religion divorced from a thorough sympathy with the natural things of this world has always seemed to me such a false and barren creed. Creator and created are too far apart, and slavish or uncomprehending worship not only does not elevate human conditions but consistently degrades them. There is a deeper, a truer religious sense in atheists like Satni in Brieux's play *False Gods* than in the superstitious multitudes who cry to Isis. Wordsworth needed no third person to intercede between his God and himself. Christ told his disciples to pray directly to "Our Father." In both cases, communion between the Divine Being and a human creature caused an out-flowing and an in-flowing of a spirit that strengthened and uplifted. Wordsworth says of this communion :

"mountings of the mind come fast upon me"

"quickenings virtue

a tempest, a redundant energy

vexing its own creation,"

"to brace myself to some determined aim."

He feels himself to be "an agent of the one Great Mind, creator and receiver both." The divine element in the poet leaps to its glorious fusion with the "Wisdom and Spirit of the Universe."

Wordsworth's God is more shadowy, more incomprehensible than many other Gods. He is spoken of not as an all-loving Father, or a Dread Avenger, or a remote and indifferent Deity, but as a

"Soul that art the eternity of thought

That givest to forms and images a breath

Of everlasting motion."

In many ways Wordsworth reminds one of the seers and

prophets. Like them, he advocates "plain living and high thinking." He is conscious of being called or dedicated to some service that will demand his ripest energies and admit of no trifling or drawing back from the plough.

"to the open fields I told  
A prophecy; poetic numbers came  
Spontaneously to clothe in priestly robe,  
*A renovated spirit singled out  
For holy service.*"

Later he describes himself as "a pilgrim resolute." Similarly, he retires into solitude when he would commune with his own soul, with his "Eternity of Thought" and be still. Like the great mystics, Wordsworth was lost, in his lonely places, in an ecstasy of contemplation, when the surrounding objects, which, like himself, were manifestations of the same spirit, were made aware as never before. It is this vision, this sublime, painfully-joyous insight which one stumbles after in reading *The Prelude*. We yearn, but see not when our eyes are holden.

I read something lately that seemed so very true. The words have re-echoed as I went again through *The Prelude*:

"Supernatural religion is the refuge of those who cannot rest in things natural. It is not easy to find this rest, nor easy to abide in it. But once it has been tasted, all other rests are a weariness."

If ever a man found rest in things natural, Wordsworth did. And how shallow, unsatisfying, inconstant and fleeting are other rests in comparison.

For Wordsworth, joy and sorrow, the friendliness, the cruelty of nature have all been merged into a single sensation of beauty. He recognizes in both pain and fear "a grandeur in the beatings of the heart." His deep tranquillity arises from his consciousness that there is harmony and purpose in the Universe. It is not a chaos of pessimism and blind stumblings, of irreconcilable things.

"Dust as we are, the immortal spirit grows  
Like harmony in music—there is a dark  
Inscrutable workmanship that reconciles  
Discordant elements."



Communion with God entails obligations as well as conferring benefit. As in the parable of the talents, they must give to whom it has been given. All artists, to whom has been given special inspiration, special divination, can only find their truest happiness in feeding the clear flame.

Wordsworth felt this in a high degree. He would be :

“ Like a false steward who hath much received,  
And rendered nothing back.”

He realizes that it is fatal for him to waste his energies in a constant, mechanical routine or in pursuit of empty frivolities.

The sense of awe, of holy fear, that is inseparably bound up with any religious feeling is very evident in Wordsworth. Even as a lad, he felt that his poaching activities offended that generous spirit that brooded, like a guardian over its creatures.

“ I heard among the solitary hills  
Low breathings coming after me, and sounds  
Of undistinguishable motion, steps  
Almost as silent as the turf they trod.”

Again, on the lake, he is overwhelmed by the mysterious grandeur of the scene. It is so terrifyingly immense that, for a moment, his human comprehension is too dwarfed to grasp it at all. He rows away with trembling oars like one who said “ Lord, bind mine eyes. Thy beauty is too awful to behold.”

But it is a wholesome fear. It purges away vainglory and hypocrisy. It ensures that this worship shall not be a cringing abasement, but “ a sanctifying of discipline.” It is something inbred ; a heritage from generations past to whom Nature has spoken with no uncertain voice. Wordsworth says of this :

“ By the impressive discipline of fear  
By pleasure and repeated happiness  
So frequently repeated and by force  
Of obscure feelings representative  
Of things forgotten.”

In childhood is this sense particularly strong.

Wordsworth's religion makes him lose all desire for

superiority over his fellows, for selfish advancement, for petty disputes, and envies, hates and jealousies. Like Chekkov, he feels "it is essential in this world to be *indifferent*." (It is hard to find a better word in translating the Russian, but it doesn't mean callous or untouched or selfish; just "not fussy.") Jesus expressed it for all time in:

"Let not your heart be troubled, neither let it be afraid."

"Take not thought for the morrow . . ."

"Consider the lilies. . . ."

In one of his most tranquil and spiritual meditations, Wordsworth felt the soothing understanding of Nature while he was having a rest after a stirring race. All envies were blotted out, and only a wide generosity remained:

"all pleased alike

Conquered and conqueror. Thus the pride of strength

And the vain glory of superior skill

Were tempered; thus was gradually produced

A quiet independence of the heart."

And as for miracles, Wordsworth found them all around him. Every miracle requires faith, and Wordsworth had that "seeing eye" that found

"Books in the running brooks.

Sermons in stones and good in everything."

Because some of us are incredulous or unseeing, does that mean the seers are wrong? In the country of the blind is the man with sight to be stoned? Flaubert has said something like this: "You have only to look long enough at a thing to find it interesting." Wordsworth found miracles because he looked for them. The treasure is there if we are prepared to seek diligently for it, but we do not dig deep enough; we hurry over so many surfaces.

Such infinite possibilities in the human race! Jesus has said so plainly:

"The kingdom of heaven is within you." "God is your Father."

"Ye are sons of God,"

Wordsworth says that after

"With God and Nature communing, removed

From little enmities and low desires,"



he is filled with "a more than Roman confidence in mankind."

Yet great though the reward, perhaps the burden our Prophets and Poets have sought to impose is too great. They would have us accept responsibility for ourselves, "*know* ourselves." No wonder, perhaps, that the bulk of mankind prefers to make scapegoats of its gods; load them with human sins; then sacrifice and eat that life might flow more abundantly.

There is a great need for a more spiritual and selfless conception of God,

"A Being that is spread  
O'er all that moves and all that seemeth still,  
O'er all that, list beyond the reach of thought  
And human knowledge, to the human eye  
Invisible, yet liveth to the heart."

It is surely worth while, in any epoch or in any stage of a man's life, to feel with Browning:

"A man's reach should exceed his grasp.  
Or what's a heaven for?"

though we cannot strive or stretch unless we are *assured* there is something ultimately to be obtained. *Faith* is essential.

Wordsworth expresses Browning's thought in these words:

"to aspire  
With faculties still growing, feeling still  
That whatsoever point they gain, they yet  
Have something to pursue."

Is it not the desire to grow, to develop further and further towards perfection, to know the Unattainable Beauty, that is the germ of all deep, religious feeling?

D. R. W. CARR.

The recently-enacted Ohio Poetry Day bill reads "Be it resolved by the General Assembly of the State of Ohio: that the third Friday in October of each year shall be set apart as Ohio poetry day, to honour and give special recognition to the poets of Ohio. This day shall be the occasion for the special observance and study of poetry in the public schools of the state in such manner as may be prescribed by the superintendent of public instruction."

## WARNING TO MUSE

**M**USE depart  
You will not find  
A barren garden  
To your mind.

Like fountain spray  
In the sun-light  
My verse once danced  
For your delight.

O! turn your head,  
Before my reeds  
Singing and brave,  
Have turned to weeds.

Lest you should weep  
Your child's disgrace,  
Muse, in pity  
Hide your face.

MARGARET SACKVILLE.

## L'INFINITO

(AFTER LEOPARDI)

**E**VER was dear to me this lonely height,  
This hedge that, stretching far on either side,  
Shuts off so much horizon from my sight  
Where I sit watching, wondering—and wide  
Spaces on either hand, deep quietude  
Of supernatural profundity  
Imagine; so that by degrees my mood  
To terror turns, and hearing suddenly  
The wind ride storming through the trees, compare  
That quiet to this strong voice; remembering  
Eternity and how dead times prepare  
The living present and its thundering.  
In which immensity my thought is drowned,  
And sweet the shipwreck in this sea profound.

T. WESTON RAMSEY.



## MODERN PORTUGUESE POETRY

IT is extremely difficult to specify what we mean by "modern" poetry. Perhaps, in England, we have some vague idea of poets whose main form is free verse and who use an apparently disconnected imagery. But neither free verse nor disconnected imagery were entirely unknown in the literature of the past, and their present popularity is rather symptomatic than causal.

It would be truer to say that modern urban life, the inventions of science amongst which we townsmen live, have created a new kind of mentality. This mentality is largely acerbated and nervous. It lacks classic objectiveness and romantic fire. It aspires towards the beautiful, perhaps, but it is constantly obsessed by the ugly.

Modern Portuguese poetry has a greater coherence and even metricality than our own. This is, possibly, due to the smallness of Lisbon and other towns in Portugal, and freedom from any of the grosser forms of modern urbanization. But one defect stops the poets from enjoying their advantage to the full; the great failing of the Portuguese is vanity, and their eyes are turned inwards nearly always. Or, to put it more coldly, their poetry is thoroughly "introverted," according to the classification of Dr. Jung.

Perhaps this congenital tendency was even exaggerated by the beginnings of modern Portuguese poetry. Its first exponent (who, besides, committed suicide at the age of twenty-six in 1916) was Mario de Sa-Carneiro. His imagery is restricted and consists in the "ivory towers," "Scotch lords," and "palaces" of his dream-world, which every now and again clash with some ugly or banal object from modern sophisticated existence.

"Because it is so; my soul,  
That once could dream of the Russias,  
Has become soft with calm,  
And to-day dreams only of plushes."

The train of thought running through any of his poems is usually obscure to the reader, though a minute study of the author's psychological eccentricities might discover the clue. With all this, he was a sufficiently imposing poet to influence those who came after him very strongly. He

lived in Paris most of the time, and was almost certainly very influenced by the Symbolists and others. A collection of his poems was published last year (1937) under the title of *Indícios de Oiro*.

Another member of the same group, Fernando Pessoa, the greatest poet of twentieth-century Portugal, is, on the other hand, almost always completely clear as to his meaning. He is, however, a curious case of impersonality in art. Much of his best work he wrote under false names, building up the personality of the new poet he had invented, piece by piece, very often sacrificing poetical perfection to this end. But the tone of self-exasperation is there in all his poems. Sometimes he speaks in the name of Alberto Caeiro, the pagan, who hated the interior of things and for whom a primrose by the water's brim really was and never could be anything else than a primrose.

"I have the natural egoism of the flowers,  
And of the rivers going along on their way,  
Without knowing, preoccupied  
Without knowing it, preoccupied  
Only with flowering and with running on."

Sometimes we have Alvaro de Campos, the neurotic engineer who worships modern inventions, but is always divided in soul between them and the dream-life of his childhood.

"Musical essence of my useless verses,  
Who will let me find you as a thing of my own creation,  
And not as a thing that always remained opposite the tobacconist's  
opposite,

Putting on my shoes conscious of being alive,  
Like a carpet a drunkard trips on

Or a basin the gipsies stole and which was worth nothing at all."

Or, again, we have Pessoa himself, in the wistful, patriotic poems of his book, "Mensagem." But, lying beneath them all is always the author's febrile discontentment.

"Ages give place to ages  
In the time whilst ages come ;  
But a man must have discontentment,  
For the blind forces are governed  
By the power that is in the soul."

Perhaps the less metaphysical side of this discontentment was due to Pessoa's monotonous life, working in offices in



Lisbon on commercial translations from the English. He had been educated in South Africa and knew English extraordinarily well. He even wrote many poems in a curious, complicated English of his own, but these have not the excellence of his Portuguese works. The latter are, however, strongly influenced by English poets, as was indeed the whole structure of the poet's mind. Alvaro de Campos is, with D. H. Lawrence, the most successful of all Walt Whitman's disciples. Pessoa died in 1935.

Another member of this earlier group of poets was Almada, whose philosophical poems remind one of catherine-wheels, spluttering fire faster and faster, more and more rhythmically; sometimes, also, of catherine-wheels that are not working quite as they should. But Almada's real work is as a prose-writer and as a painter, in both of which mediums he had accomplished work of the first importance.

About ten years ago, two future poets, José Regio and Adolfo Casais Monteiro, and a future novelist and critic, João Gaspar Simões, were students at Coimbra University. There they founded a literary review *Presença*, which they are still running to this day. They were aiming at founding a modern literature in Portugal, free from all extraneous interests of politics and religion, and acknowledging the three elder poets I have spoken of above, with some others, as the undoubted predecessors of their "modern" poetry. But, though they publish work by numerous other hands, *Presença* is, up to the present, mainly interesting as the organ of the three editors and those whom they have influenced.

José Regio is almost a traditional decadent poet. He is very fond of writing about angels and devils and "mother's little hopeful gone west." But he has a sarcastic note and a power of describing the reactions of people around him that partly saves him from this.

"The crowd  
Stopped to see  
This well-dressed gentleman,  
With his good manners and respectable appearance,  
Running away like a lost soul  
From the surprise of everybody and a bit."

Generally, Regio uses the traditional forms and metres and is justified in doing so, though there are cases when he misuses them, saying one thing on the musical and another on the verbal side, as in the *Elegia Bufa*. Still, his book of poems *As Encruzilhadas de Deus* is an achievement, and he has already created a lurid dream-world to express his emotions in which he moves about with great ease.

Casais Monteiro is a poet of quite another sort. He generally writes in free verse and about his own incapacity for losing himself in poetic creation or any other emotion. The lines break and stutter, so as to express this state of mind, which they do very successfully. We find an absence of all but the most essential imagery and a concentration on the interior conflict which interests him, though, maybe, in his last book, *Sempre e sem Fim*, there are signs of something newer and more rhetorical and more metrical arising.

Three poets who have arisen since the founding of *Presença* deserve a few words.

Alberto de Serpa's lyrical and personal poetry has a more impersonal tone than that of most of the preceding poets. He is a master at describing little scenes from life in the streets, as in *Descrição*, or the atmosphere of the night, with its moon, its wind, its silhouetted palm-trees, its romances, in *Vinte Poemas da Noite*. To read his small output, with its insistence on external reality, is a relief amongst so much of the internal gloom of probably superior poets.

Carlos Queiroz (*Desaparecido*—Antero de Quental Prize (1935)) is another young poet, of a more traditional frame of mind. He mixes a slight irony, of rather too naïve a quality, with a pleasantly tender and lyrical vein.

Miguel Torga has written poems which show the influence of Regio, but more austere and Biblical than the latter's, in *O Outro Livro de Job* (1936).

Apart from these young poets, more traditional writers such as Teixeira de Pascoais and António Botto are still producing valuable poetical work.

CHARLES DAVID LEY.



## SAPPHO

### I

(*She speaks*)

WHY shall I wake from slumber, deep, secure,  
 From silence of the years to speak with you?  
 From sleep of ages, violet and blue,  
 Why shall I harken to a modern wooer?  
 Behold, Sappho am I, who shall endure  
 With Beauty for her self alone. Friend, do  
 The sea-girt hills of Eresos, still true,  
 Tell of it yet, *Beauty's investiture*?

What have years added in her praise, what note  
 Unsung by me on her immortal lyre?  
 Lifts there a song from a more golden throat,  
 More true in praise of Love and Love's desire  
 Than song of mine in days, dim and remote—  
 The scattered fragments from her quenchless fire?

### II

(*He speaks*)

Thy sealed perfection from all else I choose,  
 And I invoke thee, Sappho, from thy sleep—  
 The drowning tides of time are not so deep  
 That they efface thine image, O tenth Muse,  
 Not all their storms can dim the magic hues  
 Of thy illuminations, that still keep  
 As captive minds of men, since from that steep  
 And cruel promontory thou didst leap.

Sappho, all hail, all hail, thou Deathless One,  
 More precious thou than gold, accept Time's crown!  
 For others like unto thee there are none—  
 And dreamt thou that such majesty could drown?  
 Not while veiled moons pursue the circling sun  
 Shall such a light as thine . . . go down.

### III

(*She speaks*)

Love with his gift of pain gave me my song  
 And on mine eyes poured Death's kind anodyne:

The swift and dizzy plunge in purpling brine—  
 I would the aching thought of it prolong—  
 It was so pure, so lost, so passing strong,  
 Alone of Love and Love's command divine !  
 I knew at last that Love was wholly mine—  
 There was no choice, there was no right nor wrong.

There was no youth, no age, nor any place  
 That could be free of Love in any land,  
 Nor any heart—for this, then, was I born—  
 To give the lustful world Love's reprimand :  
 For I had seen at last Love's perfect face  
 In moon-hemmed gardens and the fields of morn—

## IV

*(She Speaks)*

In sun-baked coves beside a tideless sea  
 Festooned with honeysuckle, lavender and thyme,  
 Samphire and rosemary, where tinkling chime  
 Of tiny torrents sounded clear, by tree  
 On tree ablaze with Beauty's banners, we  
 Beneath the azure sky would daily climb  
 The breathless height where hand in hand sublime  
 Truth spoke with us and whispered Love is free !

By night a million stars illumined our way  
 From the high vault of heaven, or the moon,  
 With magic, flooding all things, ray on ray,  
 O'erwhelmed us, and if the month were June  
 The nightingale sang her persuasive lay—  
 Through leafy glades—her love-indulgent tune.

## V

*(He speaks)*

As are the tints of the Aegean dawn,  
 Defying every ancient artist's skill,  
 Defying every modern effort still—  
 Beyond transcription were thy measures born.  
 From the great Script of Beauty they were torn.



And none may touch her holy scripts at will.  
 Through many hours with desire a'thrill  
 He wins perchance but her reluctant scorn.

The temples and the porticoes are dust  
 Long since wherein thy gracious steps were led  
 And many songs forgotten, and the Just  
 And Unjust are but phantoms now, and dead  
 Are many millions who devoured a crust  
 And famished at last, starved for Beauty's bread.

## VI

*(She speaks)*

Had I but lived when Alexander reigned,  
 Had I but known the days of Caesar's power—  
*I am reminded that I had my hour*  
 And in regret is little to be gained.  
 Here in the breast of earth I have been chained,  
 Recipient of the sunlight and the shower,  
 And slept as sleeps each gracious summer flower  
 Until the cycle of her rest has waned.

Love is Life's sacrament and Love man's friend.  
 I shall return, I but await her call,  
 There is no break in living ; years but bend  
 To gather more of Beauty and the pall  
 That men call death—a pause and not an end—  
 Passes as summer's shadows rise and fall.

## VII

*(He speaks)*

A respite asked from Death—the wise, the great—  
 No lesser voice than Solon's, but to learn  
 By heart thy song, contented then, in turn,  
 To die. *Sappho thou wert predestinate,*  
 Married with Beauty—thy years dedicate  
 Unto this worship, this, thy lot, to yearn  
 For her high columns where white candles burn,  
 And every act of Love is consecrate.

To fill her goblets to the shining rim  
 At mirthful feast until thy trembling frame  
 Languishing sank, hasting to meet each whim  
 As follows with the wind, faithful, each flame,  
 Thy measures beckon us through years now dim  
 And harbour thine imperishable fame.

## VIII

*(She speaks)*

But One has walked on earth since I was there—  
 Yea, you will marvel that of Him I know—  
 How may this be, who died so long ago?  
 You doubt the truth of this; I met Him—where?  
 Ah in the limit of your thought you stare!  
 Behold, I know His sacrifice and woe,  
 His merciful intent to all below  
 And what high heaven called on Him to bear!

And if once more I walk the ways of men  
 With this—the Light, the Light of Him—you start—  
 It will not be with me as it was then—  
 And this, my message, for full soon we part  
 That each shall yet become His citizen,  
 For His—the foremost name on Beauty's chart!

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.

## PLUNDERED

I HAVE lost the path—I seek alone  
 Down the dim valleys of the commonplace,  
 My climbing foot is maimed against a stone  
 And the high hills I loved, denuded of their grace,  
 Bar my objective.

And, instead, your face  
 Comes between me and the still, cold stars  
 And my music falters to staccato bars.  
 You, most dear torment, beautiful and young,  
 You stole the melodies I might have sung.

JOYCE T. ROWE.



## AN ALMOST FORGOTTEN SCOTTISH POET

THE well-trodden highways of literature can never be said at any time to have revealed all of their wonder and beauty, even to the most observant of student-travellers: new views and new aspects continually unfold to the vision, even if perchance we have gone over the same ground many times before. What then of those alluring side trails—away from the main high road, that wind and wind, one never knowing just what to expect round the bend. And to the pleasure of simply following such an unfrequented path, the delightful expectancy of finding hitherto-unknown treasures, and the never-to-be forgotten thrill consequent on making such discoveries—and you experience something akin to the feelings and the joy of the prospector on striking a vein of gold in the mountains. The works of Dunbar, that well-nigh forgotten Scottish poet, over whose grave the moss of four centuries has grown, may be said to afford such a trail.

William Dunbar, a native of East Lothian, was, as is generally conceded, a cadet of a noble family. Intended for the Church, he graduated at St. Andrews University in 1479, being probably then in his twentieth year. He entered the Franciscan Order of Monks, as a novice, and we learn from *The Visitation of St. Francis*, that he travelled as an itinerant friar, through Scotland and England, and even crossed to France. Abandoning the Franciscan Order, he continued to be a secular priest, and was included in several embassies, notably in the one sent to London to negotiate the marriage of James the Fourth with the Princess Margaret, the daughter of Henry the Seventh. He held a recognized place in the Royal Court of Scotland, probably acting as chaplain as well as poet. As Court Poet, he received a pension which was considerably increased before the Battle of Flodden 1513, but after that date, no further mention of him is to be found in the Treasurer's accounts.

Dunbar long had hopes of ecclesiastical preferment, but no bishopric ever fell to his lot, and his disappointment was

very keen. There is some uncertainty as to the date of his death, some authorities averring that he fell at Flodden, others giving the date as 1520, and some writers placing it as late as 1530.

Of the personal history of Dunbar, we have thus only a few facts, and of the date of his writings, and of their sequence, we know comparatively little. The poems themselves, some ninety in number, are varied in subject and interest, and naturally fall into two main classes—allegorical and occasional. The volume is a medley in which tenderness and vindictiveness, blistering satire and exuberant fancy meet. He has not wearied us with any lengthy poem. His inspiration and his personal animus find vent within moderate bounds, but they are constantly springing up at different points, and assuming different attitudes. At one time, he is a great moralist praising the golden mean; at another, he is extreme as Juvenal. Of a generally buoyant temperament, he appears like most satirists to have taken at times a view of the world in which the Epicurean gloom dominates the Epicurean gaiety. Compared with either his predecessors or his contemporaries, he is a master of both language and metre, nor does he confine himself to any one metrical form, but experiments successfully with many.

The most important of his religious and allegorical poems are *The Thistle and The Rose*, *The Merle and the Nightingale*, *The Golden Targe*, *Beauty and the Prisoner*, and *The Lament of the Makars*, which latter provides us with a catalogue of Scotland's poets. In these, his style is ornate, and his manner of treatment quite conventional. But in the occasional or more personal poems, in which he indulges his grim, satiric humour, his style is clear, direct and incisive, and there we approach the man himself. His numerous petitions to the King for preferment are best represented by *The Petition of the Gray Horse*. His satire found ample scope in the life of the city and the court of Edinburgh; and his own disappointment makes his attack on the abuses in the Church, the more stinging and violent. He was a man of an infinity of moods,



subject to quick change. The battle between flesh and spirit may be seen going on in his person, and though at times he gives himself up recklessly to the enjoyment of worldly pleasures, yet the prevailing note of his work is the vanity of life and the need to prepare for the life after death.

Alluding specifically to some of his leading poems. *The Thistle and The Rose* is an allegorical poem, written in honour of the marriage of James the Fourth of Scotland with Margaret Tudor, daughter of Henry the Seventh of England. To his flattery of the King, whom he represents under the character of the Lion, the Eagle, and the Thistle, the poet joins sound advice. *The Lament of the Makars* is one of the few great elegies in literature. Apart too from its poetic worth, the poem is of value on account of the list of poets or "makars" that Scotland had produced up to Dunbar's own time. Of some of these singers, we know no more than Dunbar tells us here, while of the work of others, only a part remains :

" Clerk of Tranent eke he has ta'en,  
That made the adventures of Gawaine ;  
Sir Gilbert Hay ended has he :  
Timor mortis conturbat me.  
He has Blind Harry and Sandy Traill,  
Slain with his shower of mortal hail,  
Which Patrick Johnstoun might not flee :  
Timor mortis conturbat me."

*The Visitation of St. Francis* is chiefly of interest for Dunbar's biography, and is a satire on the Franciscan Friars. In *The Merle and the Nightingale*, the merle or black-bird represents earthly love, and the nightingale sings the praises of the love of God. *The Dance of the Seven Deadly Sins*, describes a procession of the sins personified before the Devil in Hell, and the conception is vigorously and at the same time humorously handled. The Devil having commanded the dance to begin, the seven deadly sins appear, and present a mummery (in imitation, it may be, of one of the miracle or clerk plays, as they were called in Scotland), with the newest gambols just imported from France.

“ Many proud trumpour<sup>1</sup> with him tripped  
Through scalding fire, aye as they skipped  
They grinned with hideous groans.”

Dunbar was a man of an infinity of moods. The shadow on human existence could not escape his saturnine humour: yet he was well disposed to be cheerful and even merry. For example, in his *No Treasure avails without Gladness*, we have :

“ Be rich in patience, if thou in goods be poor ;  
Who lives merry, he lives mightily :  
Without gladness avails no treasure.”

Again take the following from *Best to be Blithe* :

“ Of Worldes goods and great riches,  
What fruit has man but merriness ?  
Though he this world had East and West,  
All were poverty but gladness ;  
For to be blithe me thinks it best—  
Who should for tinsel droop or die,  
For thing that is but vanity,  
Since to the life that ever does last  
Here is but twinkling of an eye.  
For to be blithe, me thinks it best.”

Everywhere his poetry is resonant with versecraft, and is resplendent with countless gems of sparkling wit. A couplet glistens and one breathes the sharp air of the Northern Spring—“ Yesterday,” he says,

“ The seasons soft and fair came in fresh as a peacock’s fedir,  
This day it stingeth like an addir.”

Dunbar undoubtedly owed much to Chaucer: at the same time, he lacks the genial humanity, the width of view, and the inspiration of the English “makar”—Chaucer’s dramatic talent found no counterpart among the many gifts of Dunbar who is one of the most self-centred of bards, always brooding over the good fortune of others, and the ill luck of William Dunbar. It would be more to the point to compare him with his greater descendant, Robert Burns—the Burns of satiric humour, who wrote *The Jolly Beggars* and *Tam O’Shanter*, but a Burns deficient in passion and pathos, who wrote not for the people but for the

<sup>1</sup>deceiver.



Court, and certainly not the best-beloved Burns, the Burns of the songs.

There is much in Dunbar to repel, but we have to make large allowance for a rude age, a dissolute court, and a Rabelaisian humour. He was truly Rabelaisian before Rabelais. Trifler, moralist, scolding and scolding satirist by turns, he was always a literary craftsman, and almost always a poet.

In the sonnet beginning :

“What is this life but ane straucht way to deid,  
Whilk has a time to pass and nane to dwell.”

there is something of satiety of a disappointed worldling, but in another :

“Be merry, man, and tak not sare in mind  
The wavering of this wretched world of sorrow.”

we have a manlier temper. Assuredly cloud effects predominate in the picture of Dunbar's life and work : nevertheless the clouds are shot through with gleams of brightness and these are what we prefer to recall. William Dunbar will ever be remembered as one who in his day and generation—a rude, uncultured age at that—had no small share in keeping alight the fires of Scottish poetry.

JAMES KERR.

### THE TREE

AROUND this tree a town has grown ;  
Upon its leaves the grime of traffic lies,  
And ever to the smoke-beclouded skies  
The gauntness of its twisted boughs is thrown.  
Yet when mild evening drops her pearlèd shawl,  
When silence like a rolling sea-mist winds  
Down the grey streets behind the window blinds,  
And still dews fall—  
Then round the gnarlèd tree tall grasses start,  
The scent of waxen flowers by moon-bright lakes  
Drifts through the peopled boughs, and wakes  
The Spirit sleeping in the tree's great heart.

KATHLEEN ANDERSON.







He could remember how the sun was sent  
 On its first mapless way,  
 Bearing God's flaming covenant,  
 Cleaving the night and day.

Strata on strata He had piled the hills  
 And bade the rivers leap  
 Over the cloven rocks in rills  
 For watering of sheep.

Globular seaweeds hung in sunless caves  
 Were classified and set  
 With lost beds of diverted waves—  
 These He did not forget.

Scarce had Euphrates settled on a home  
 Or drowsy Danube slept,  
 Ere Tiber waited for its Rome,  
 And lo ! Niagara leapt.

This He remembered, all things He remembered,—  
 The fierce volcanic age  
 When peaceful mountain tops were embered  
 With fires that roared their rage :

He could recall vast creatures breathing pride  
 Inert in the slow Nile—  
 The brontosaurus shapes that dyed  
 The uneventful mile.

And then the moment of Creation came  
 When measured time began,  
 When the mind's lamp with its bare flame  
 Was lit and held to man—

—The woman's Seed to crush the serpent's head—  
 —Jehovah, half divined—  
 The Law bestowed—the Prophets dead—  
 All these were in His mind.

But had so soon His own forgiveness healed  
 His feet, His hands, His side,  
 That one short day alone was sealed,  
 And that, the day He died ?

The Master Who on fiery Olivet  
 Taught Love's longsufferings,  
 In His remembering, *could* forget ;—  
 "What things ?" He said, "*What things ?*"  
 I. SUTHERLAND GROOM.

## THE TRAMP ON THE ROAD

**I**T'S the tramp on the road  
 When the fire is black  
 And no money put by.  
 I'll lave the ould home  
 On an endless track  
 For that lonesome am I  
 Since the Angels they stole  
 In at morn ochone !  
 When herself lay asleep.  
 A few of them loitered,  
 Then left me alone  
 To weep.

For the tramp on the road  
 Was back o' my mind  
 When I worked for our bread,  
 This flow'r in my heart  
 I'll bear through the wind,  
 Only God overhead.  
 I'll trudge the green sod  
 By His moon-lamp fixed  
 Where no cloud Heav'n bars ;  
 To be there if she chance  
 To peep down betwixt  
 The stars.

H. T. HUNT GRUBB.



## THE POETRY REVIEW

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H. T. HUNT GRUBB.

There is his Richard Cory, "a gentleman from sole to crown, clean favoured and imperially slim . . . we thought that he was everything to make us wish that we were in his place." But the public was surprised to hear that "Richard Cory, one calm summer night, went home and put a bullet through his head." Then there is Miniver Cheevy, "sighing for what was not," the frustrated dreamer who felt he should have been born in an age of faith and chivalry; "Miniver thought and thought and thought about it . . . and coughed and called it fate, and kept on drinking." And who can forget

*Bewick Finzer*

"Time was when his half million drew  
The breath of six per cent. ;  
But soon the worm of what-was-not  
Fed hard on his content ;  
And something crumbled in his brain  
When his half million went.

. . . Poor Finzer, with his dreams and schemes,  
Fares hard now in the race,  
With heart and eye that have a task  
When he looks in the face  
Of one who might so easily  
Have been in Finzer's place.

He comes unflinching for the loan  
We give and then forget ;  
He comes, and probably for years  
Will be he coming yet—  
Familiar as an old mistake,  
And futile as regret."

The poetry of Robert Frost (b. 1875) has also a "soil-flavoured quality." *The Death of the Hired Man* could hardly have been written except by one who had personal knowledge of the sombre life of a New England farm. But Frost distinguished two types of realist—"the one who offers a good deal of dirt with his potato to show it is a real one; and the one who is satisfied with the potato brushed clean. I'm inclined to the second kind . . . the thing that art does for life is to clean it, to strip it to form."

Edgar Lee Masters, born of old Puritan and pioneering



stock in 1869, also writes of rural life—hot of New England but of the Middle West. His *Spoon River Anthology* was a best seller in 1915. It is an astonishing collection of over 200 self-inscribed epitaphs in which the village dead are supposed to tell the truth about themselves. Grocery-store gossip, local politics and their own sordid meanness reveal the "folks" of a typical Mid-West community, all speaking in their own style. A. C. Ward in his *American Literature 1880-1930* thinks that "*The Spoon River Anthology* seriously needs to be anthologized"; "the worst that can be said of Masters is that he does not recognize the value of ENOUGH in the good work of righteous indignation and sardonic protest. No one can believe that Spoon River had such an astounding proportion of unfortunates." Yet there is a heroic act in Lucinda Matlock who—after seventy years of wedlock, spinning, weaving and gardening—concludes :

"At ninety-six I had lived enough, that is all,  
And passed to a sweet repose.  
What is this I hear of sorrow and weariness,  
Anger, discontent and drooping hopes?  
Degenerate sons and daughters,  
Life is too strong for you—  
It takes life to love life."

Louis Untermeyer remarks in his *Modern American Poetry* :  
"With *Spoon River Anthology* Masters arrived—and left. He went back to his first rhetorical style . . . dull echoes of Tennyson, imitations of Shelley, archaic paraphrases in the manner of Swinburne." Yet in *Petit the Poet* he deplored the bondage of artificial European modes :

"Seeds in a dry pod, tick, tick, tick,  
. . . Triolets, villanelles, rondels, rondeaus.  
Ballades by the seers with the same old thought :  
The snows and the roses of yesterday are vanished.  
. . . Life around me here in the village :  
Tragedy, comedy, valor and truth,  
Courage, constancy, heroism, failure—  
All in the loom, and, oh, what patterns !  
Woodlands, meadows, streams and rivers—  
Blind to all of it all my life long.  
Triolets, villanelles, rondels, rondeaus,



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robbing	"Arise."
	(. - / . - / . -)
many	a Church
an	a death
orrow	alurch
strangle	of breath
man	who crashed
ing	and skill
arning	that flashed
aten	or kill
rades	around
ot	is dead
uffle	of sound
assure	of dread
as"	again
esting	with moan
pasms	of pain
oding	unknown
en	release
on	fulfilled
idding	of "Peace"
pest	has stilled
ng	above
ging	the skies
lling	with love
obbing	"ARISE."

W. H. STEPHENS.



Any contribution towards this end is worthy of consideration ; and Span Verse is one such.

Span Verse comes forth as a means to this end ; though it is possible that a Poem in Span Verse may be an end in itself. But it is here proposed as a series of " Scales and Exercises " in the Science and Art of writing verse.

" Ye Gods ! A Poet is born, not made ! " " Possibly ; but if he expresses his Inspiration in verse, he should learn how to *make* verse." " Was Shakespeare *taught* how to make verse ? " " No ! " He " picked up " his craftsmanship, which is immeasurably below the standard of his poetry, and his poetry would demonstrably have been better expressed if he had had proper training for his art. In his time such training was impossible ; in our time it may become possible. There *is* a Science of Verse on which its Art is based ; unfortunately our text-books are still mainly Latinized-Normanized-English Prosody, out of date ; we need a modern " English Prosody,"<sup>1</sup> and teachers to teach it !

Span Verse is based on speech rhythms, but not necessarily on the very words ; these naturally require rearrangement at times for " threading the beads " of the rhythms of verse. Speech stress and metrical stress always fall together on the *strokes* ; and neither is allowed to fall on a *flick*, as is often done in " slack " verse, nowadays. A " line rhythm " may be a repetition of one foot throughout, or a pattern composed of one or more types of foot, as a Dominant Rhythm, to be followed throughout a poem or a section of it.

In Span Verse, *as a means of Discipline*, variations are discouraged ; but in *Flexible Verse*, which is the End towards which Span Verse is a training, *variations* are inevitable.

If any fears arise that Span Verse may impede or shackle Inspiration, it should be remembered that nothing shackles Inspiration more disastrously than inadequate means of expression, also that Span Verse aims at improving and facilitating the means of expression possible to any poet.

<sup>1</sup> See my *Elements of English Verse* (Macmillan) as a contribution towards it. Also my articles in THE POETRY REVIEW, 1935-7.

Once the learner, like the musician, has become proficient in "fingering his scales and exercises," he will find that he can use his knowledge of technique with *unconscious* and untrammelled facility when under the influence of Inspiration. There is also the fear that ears which have been permanently dulled by the continuous rumble of the "hackney iambic coach" may be unable to appreciate, or too bored to hear, any of the five or six dozen "Line Rhythms" which can be made schemic in English Verse, to serve as a Pattern throughout a poem. The example which here follows is one of the Heptameron of poems I have made on this principle; I have not yet exhausted the series,—which I hope the rising generation of poets may attempt to do.

The Wings	are Throbbing	"Arise." (, - /, -, /, -)
A Church	like many	a Church
With <i>Death</i>	as often	a death
A bier	with sorrow	alurch
And grief	with strangle	of breath
A youth	an Airman	who crashed
In pride	of daring	and skill
From clouds	of lightning	that flashed
To warn	or threaten	or kill
His kin	and comrades	around
My Son	my Pilot	is <i>dead</i>
And sound	and muffle	of sound
O'ercharge	the pressure	of dread
" <i>Asbes</i>	<i>to Asbes</i> "	again
And throats	are bursting	with moan
And hearts	with spasms	of pain
And heads	with boding	unknown
A <i>sound</i>	a sudden	release
For souls	in tension	fulfilled
A <i>Voice</i>	with bidding	of "Peace"
The rage	of tempest	has stilled
For ears	are lifting	above
And eyes	are ranging	the skies
And hearts	are thrilling	with love
As <i>Planes</i>	are throbbing	"ARISE."

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by Mary Colum (Cape, 10s. 6d.) is as profound a sea that have made Modern Literature" as the title sum points out how great a force Lessing and Herder the tide of European Literature into freer channels and principles laid down in Wordsworth's *Preface*, as far as possible, be a selection of the language which have lasted to the present day. All the great—Mme. de Staël, Sainte-Beuve, Goethe, Tarni, Poe, etc., and stress laid upon the conclusion that much modern innovation in writing had its beginnings in the when the natural sciences and psychology were the attention of mankind. Her own criticism of and James Joyce are analytical and comprehensive, of her subject that is both scholarly and imaginative. Important reflection on the forces always at work desisting literary progress and development. Of these forces she says: "Apart from disentangling original contribution was, it is difficult, and, believe, impossible, to formulate with precision the of the great critics, for what they contributed was a static philosophy of literature as a ferment of ideas." His *Tyranny of Words* (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) is not more than ideas. Words! words! words! glory of the writer! They defeat those who, like them down to an exactitude of meaning. Even managed this by inventing a jargon of their own. He things for precise expression when speaking form. He would like a science to fix them to an even if this were done surely the word that meant could have other shades of meaning given by the tion—tone of voice? "Brutus is an honourable man of literature it is this very quality of flexibility medium of his genius. The poet finds a glory sent to his purpose and charged with a variety of accrued associations, context, rhythm, and the thing. But while protesting against the wayward case covers much ground of history, literature, thought, making interesting discoveries and suggestions.

Just published, under the title *English Poetry*: the book on which that fine artist, John Drinkwater, died last year. It is a book to buy, for in and again. St. John Ervine in his preface says excellent a book this is. . . . I doubt if any lay it down without feeling his knowledge and English Poetry sensibly increased."



In the midst of so much concern on the part of the poets for the welfare of America, politically, ethically, etc., etc., it is refreshing to meet a natural singer and Ramp is one from California.

With the pleasing title of *Songs Against the Dark*, the Driftwind Press of Vermont presents Jeanette Slocomb Edwards' first volume of poems. This writer's work has received wide publication in poetry magazines and the newspapers, which proves an excellent way to become known, and is the winner of a number of poetry prizes.

"Chrysalis," the first short lyric in this collection, follows :

The flowers hidden  
In winter-twigs only sleep,  
The bulb in the soil.  
Dreams, curled in dreary hearts, can  
Blossom as incredibly.

Many such colourful short lyrics suggest the Chinese influence. "Star-lit Hours" is of this genre :

Forever	I will wear them proudly,
I shall wear	As a queen wears jewels :
The memory	Memories
Of star-lit hours,	Of purple nights
Like a slender chain	Strung on a thread
About my throat.	Of starlight.

"Crystal Web" illustrates the ease with which Miss Edwards moves from the lyric to the exacting sonnet form :

There is a quietude in fallen leaves  
When maple boughs lift to a pewter sky.  
The frosty twig and snowy patterns lie  
On bended pine where winter-calm reweaves  
Of cadenced brook, blue rill and cedar-plume  
A crystal web. The mobile flakes of white  
Are gleaming shuttles in a silver loom,  
Enmeshed in ivory and lazulite.

There is a peace upon the mantled hill  
When mottled shadows brim the afterglow  
And valleys curve beneath a weight of snow,  
A grateful hush within the laden-chill.  
When earth in reverie is folded deep,  
Lay all your cares, with covered loam, to sleep.

In this generously illustrated collection we find a natural singer.

ALICE HUNT BARTLETT.



From *These Roots* by Mary Colum (Cape, 10s. 6d.) is as profound a study of "The Ideas that have made Modern Literature" as the title suggests. Mrs. Colum points out how great a force Lessing and Herder were in turning the tide of European Literature into freer channels and how the broad principles laid down in Wordsworth's *Preface*, that poetry should, as far as possible, be a selection of the language really used by men, have lasted to the present day. All the great critics are discussed—Mme. de Staël, Sainte-Beuve, Goethe, Tami, Poe, Coleridge, Balzac, etc., and stress laid upon the conclusion that much of the so-called modern innovation in writing had its beginnings in the nineteenth century when the natural sciences and psychology were beginning to hold the attention of mankind. Her own criticism of men like Whitman and James Joyce are analytical and comprehensive, for she has a grasp of her subject that is both scholarly and imaginative. The book is an important reflection on the forces always at work destroying and rebuilding literary progress and development. Of the critics' share in these forces she says: "Apart from disentangling what each critic's special original contribution was, it is difficult, and, I am inclined to believe, impossible, to formulate with precision the literary discoveries of the great critics, for what they contributed was not so much a systematic philosophy of literature as a ferment of ideas."

Stuart Chase, in his *Tyranny of Words* (Methuen, 10s. 6d.) is concerned with words more than ideas. Words! words! words! the despair or the glory of the writer! They defeat those who, like Mr. Chase, would tie them down to an exactitude of meaning. Even the lawyers have only managed this by inventing a jargon of their own. He finds them fallible things for precise expression when speaking from the political platform. He would like a science to fix them to an exact meaning, but even if this were done surely the word that meant one thing on paper could have other shades of meaning given by the orator's facial expression—tone of voice? "Brutus is an *honourable* man." But for the man of literature it is this very quality of flexibility that makes words the medium of his genius. The poet finds a glory in words that can be bent to his purpose and charged with a variety of subtle suggestions by accrued associations, context, rhythm, and the whole art of verse-writing. But while protesting against the waywardness of words, Mr. Chase covers much ground of history, literature, and general trends of thought, making interesting discoveries and vigorous and original suggestions.

Messrs. Methuen have just published, under the title *English Poetry: an Unfinished History*, the book on which that fine artist, John Drinkwater, was engaged when he died last year. It is a book to buy, for it can be turned to again and again. St. John Ervine in his preface says with truth: "How excellent a book this is. . . . I doubt if any discerning reader will lay it down without feeling his knowledge and understanding of English Poetry sensibly increased."



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here, now, to-day, in *English*, "transmutation of sound": a rhythm, that reproduces the sound, or the event, that themselves describe.

is a great deal to be included in "colloquial phrase." in the joint of your armour?)

## TO COME

My heart is broken now—

What matters a bell

Tolling the death of the world,

Or blood and thunder to come?

} *Transmutation!*

30—

## DESTINY

To-day is the gate of destiny;

To-morrow sing its praise;

bell

As in my heart the death of the world

Is hitherto known.

} *Transmutation!*

Note that in the last line, in "hitherto," the tolling gets its last final stroke, "known," being separated from all the ending the lamentation for the world.

These examples whilst reading the description with the lips true, the words that describe it are actually transmuted into the bell.

47—

## HURDLE RACE (second verse).

Imaginary sin is hurdle race

That many stride and fall,

And winner takes the cup

Of imbecility;

The hurdle race of crowds—

From heaven through hell to heaven.

} *Transmutation.*

Note that in the last line both the stride and the fall can be heard, and in the

take-off, the jump, and the landing.

his merit no more than the comment "colloquial phrase,"

of echoes? Does one expect echoes in "colloquial phrase"? might miss those echoes on page 38, in "Elusive Memories"?

30—

## ELUSIVE MEMORIES (last two verses)

Why wear a figleaf,

Hide the maggots in our mind?

Think we that the world is blind,

Its mind, opaque as ours,—

Deception's figleaf, rotted now,



I therefore throw down my gauntlet in defence of my book and bind upon my arm the favour of the lady who graces its cover.

My opponent, your reviewer, first misnames my book, and then gallops past it in four lines, but it remains to be seen whether he has disposed of it, or whether it is now returning to smite him, hip and thigh.

He says that most of the book uses "colloquial phrase." I give it back in his teeth and say that, giving him the benefit of the doubt of reading it at all, he read it with his eyes alone; *he did not pronounce each word with his lips and tongue*, whether soundlessly or not. If he did not do so, then he is unhorsed already and the victory is mine.

Poetry must be read aloud, or at least every syllable articulated in the mouth. Any critic who does not adhere to this standard has no right to enter the lists as a knight, whatever may be said of camp-followers.

Now all these thrusts must be noted and accounted by the judges :

The first fundamental of poetry is *rhythm*, it is *not* metre. *Rhyme* is a trapping adopted in later ages and much overdone.

He that adopts rigidly, metre and pre-arranged pattern, snaps at a shadow, and drops the bone.

Is it rational to think that real inspiration can settle like a butterfly and find that its wings conform to pre-arranged pattern and metre? Who is he that can so control his soul?

The advocates of the clipping of those wings will have to fall back on the comfortable word "art,"—or should one say "artifice"? A poet, they say, is the medicine-man who can do this "doctoring";—but what of him who can write in vibrant rhythm, straight from inspiration, without any such "doctoring"?

To bolster up their case; to justify the worshipping of old idols forms, fetiches and dogmas, such curl the lip of scorn at the advocates of freer rhythms and even resort to the taunt that the latter are *unable* to use these appurtenances. That they are incompetent, heretics! Was ever bigotry taken further, even in the middle ages? Yet, catholicism and protestantism still have adherents. There are many other sects, and whole religions.

Let us therefore burn nobody at the stake, lest we ourselves be burnt.

How admirable were the Elizabethans, how marvellous Keats! But what of our predecessors? What of Greece, and of Rome? Has English poetry taken all that it can from Virgil, from Horace, from Ovid? Are there subtleties there? Don't down me with metre alone. Are there no inflexions, no echoes, no transmutations of sound? In a boat race, did they not make the very oars sound, as well as the words? It was *rhythm* that won, not Oxford or Cambridge! And *metre* was last!

Let us therefore take some "colloquial phrase" (for such it is dubbed by my doughty opponent) from *Love's Interpreter* and see

if we find, here, now, to-day, in *English*, "transmutation of sound": that is to say, a rhythm, that reproduces the sound, or the event, that the words themselves describe.

It sounds a great deal to be included in "colloquial phrase."  
(The point in the joint of your armour?)

Page 35—

## TO COME

My heart is broken now—

What matters a bell

Tolling the death of the world,

Or blood and thunder to come?"

} *Transmutation!*

Again, page 50—

## DESTINY

To-day is the gate of destiny;

To-morrow sing its praise;

A bell

Tolls in my heart the death of the world

Hitherto known.

} *Transmutation!*

Please note that in the last line, in "hitherto," the tolling gets *slower*; the last final stroke, "known," being separated from all the others, thus ending the lamentation for the world.

In both these examples whilst reading the description with the lips and the tongue, the words that describe it are actually transmuted into the tolling of the bell.

Again, page 47—

## HURDLE RACE (second verse).

Imaginary sin is hurdle race

That many stride and fall,

And winner takes the cup

Of imbecility;

The hurdle race of crowds—

} *Transmutation.*

From heaven through hell to heaven. } *Transmutation.*

In the second line both the stride and the fall can be heard, and in the final line, the take-off, the jump, and the landing.

Does all this merit no more than the comment "colloquial phrase," oh tilter?

And what of *echoes*? Does one expect echoes in "colloquial phrase"?

Did the Knight miss those echoes on page 38, in "Elusive Memories" and "Flowers"?

Let me quote—

## ELUSIVE MEMORIES (last two verses)

Why wear a figleaf,

Hide the maggots in our mind?

Think we that the world is blind,

Its mind, opaque as ours,—

Deception's figleaf, rotted now,



Bequeaths us aught  
But skeleton ?

Or, mental echos,  
" Sackbuts, psalteries,"  
Echoing the fact  
Of carnal incarnation—  
To those developed souls  
Who cull elusive memories.

The more you read it the more echoes you will find !

Now, " fair my opponent," consider that these words were written almost straight off and not one has been altered from that moment till now. Nothing was thought out. Often one cannot write fast enough. Is there *nothing* to be said for inspiration, must the catholics burn us all at the stake of metre and pre-arranged pattern ? And what of—" Golden goblets hung in air by God " ? Which is the ending of " The Humming Bird " on page 78.

A true colloquialism ? And why should variations in the speed of reading, that lead to subtle inflexions and other effects, whether of drama, of pathos, or scorn, to name but a few, be contemptuously termed " colloquial phrase " ? Or was it a term of endearment, of approbation of style ?

Have I shorn the plume from your head ; is it blood that I see on your armour ?

These are not isolated examples. There are dozens and dozens of them.

And those three sonnets, those love-sonnets, with which the book begins, with lines of ten syllables ; can they be considered to be pierced by the lance, unhorsed, and rolling in the dust of " colloquial phrase " and of " prose-verse " ? Poor Dorothy !

Or was it because the first has seventeen lines, the second finishes with two lines of twelve syllables each, and the last line of the last a mere six syllables, and no rhyme in any of them, that they are unworthy of anyone's lance, and so were passed by in four lines ? The oblivion of silence for them.

The champions of settled forms, pre-arranged pattern, and of metre, do well to say nothing of the advantages of variations in the speed of reading, subtle inflexions and pauses, *the spear of the FREE*, for *they* are confined in their armour, with vizer and grieve, with slits for their eyes, and joints for their elbows and knees, however well polished, however incrustated in gold, the armour they wear may be.

Inflexions are subtleties, violets in leaves, and the galloping knight may well pass them by in the fire and the spurs of his mane.

Dismount for awhile, let's rest in the shade, sway a cool bough, and search for a violet or two :

We find, hiding behind " An Orphan," " The Better "—on page 18 :

Can I  
 Drink with thy eyes,  
 Or feed  
 With the spit of thy mouth ?  
 Or reed  
 Pierce the brave heart of a lance ?

Kiss with my lips,  
 Oh, know thou the better of love !

Gallop over it and you will crush it in the dust ; fondle it, and it will kiss you. Is the passionate entreaty in the last lines *lost* ?

But you cannot harm me, nor do I need your armour ; as is made abundantly clear in the first two verses.

The effects of inflexion and of variation in speed are both to be found in these—

“ He that hath is Greatheart ;  
 To him is ever given  
 Wisdom ;  
 But folly gave his heart away for love.” Page 46.

“ O God explore my heart,  
 Into Thy own.” Page 34.

“ Stay with me a moment, in my dreams ” ; Page 47.

“ A kiss on white lips makes them red—  
 To me ! ” Page 81.

Why stab the enemy on the ground ? There is hardly a page in the book that does not contain these fragrances.

But I cannot close leaving this unsaid :

My Egyptian Poem has been dubbed “ prose-verse ” and so I ask, not in pride, but to *know* : can “ prose-verse ” be poetry ?

Is *this* poetry ? Page 97-98 :

“ A flower is its offering to God,  
 'Tis flower's love,  
 And so my love for flowers  
 Is flower's love's  
 Reciprocal.

That's the law of banking  
 Made by God,  
 Of human interchange.  
 To break it, we incur its penalties,  
 The payment of our debts  
 Innumerable,  
 To God, to man, ourselves,  
 Every living thing  
 And those we think are dead.



Bequeaths us aught  
But skeleton?

Or, mental echos,  
"Sackbuts, psalteries,"  
Echoing the fact  
Of carnal incarnation—  
To those developed souls  
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Dismount for awhile, let's rest in the shade, sway a cool bough, and search for a violet or two:

We find, hiding behind "An Orphan," "The Better"—on page 18:

S. STAFF, inspired by a meeting of the Dante Circle, has attempted to describe PAOLO AND FRANCESCA'S READING:

The haze of noon is quivering in the street,  
There come faint steps—they might be Lancelot's feet  
In drowsy quiet. Why does my heart beat?  
Oh, read no more!

The painted letters swim before my eyes,  
Great letters wreathed with flowers loverwise,  
Whose pictured scents from oft-turned leaves still rise—  
Oh, read no more!

(read)  
"Now on a day came Lancelot to the queen,  
And in her chamber, of her maids unseen,  
Smiling, he kissed where love's fond smile had been,"  
Oh, read no more!

It was not long before the flashing knife  
Darkened our eyes and thrust us forth from life,  
And in the gloom of this strange, windswept strife  
We read no more.

Oh, fair sweet earth! Our innocent flowered plain  
A thousand years we shall not see again.  
Old tales of silver rivers, whispering grain,  
We'll read no more.

He who records our sin—does he not tire  
Of his sad task, and in his prayers aspire  
That the Divine One in his book desire  
To read no more?

FACTORY WORKERS: Ethel Walter (Bradford) sends an answer to T. ROWE:

Listen.—We still have songs to sing,  
Soft songs, wild whirring wheels would drown.  
Shadowed by vast machines that frown  
Uncowed our quiet songs we sing.  
Half-heard, our thrill of music bring.  
One paid primrose in a jar,  
Thoughts of the blue-bell-misted ground  
Dewed, though the dark walls make too far,  
Muffles a space this battering sound.  
Palely we see the sunlight still  
Rainbow spilled oil, and set the dust to dance;  
Unseen, we know the daffodil



1st, accompanied by stamped addressed envelope, and if criticism is desired, 2s. 6d. (For a more detailed postal criticism, 5s. should be sent.) It is essential that entrants to this competition be members of The Poetry Society or registered subscribers to THE POETRY REVIEW, and that each poem bears the name and address of the author.

The Chattanooga Writers' Club, Chattanooga, Tennessee, announces the annual Nature Poem contest, established by Mr. Robert Sparks Walker in memory of his wife, and called the Elberta Clark Walker Memorial Prize. A first prize of \$20.00, second prize of \$10.00, and three prizes of \$5.00 each will be awarded for the five best nature poems submitted. Official certificates will accompany the prizes. The poem must be original and unpublished. It may be unrestricted in form or style, but must not exceed seventy-two lines. MSS. must be submitted anonymously, accompanied by a sealed envelope containing the name and address of the writer and identified by the title of the poem written on the outside of the envelope. The contest closes on November 1st, Awards will be made on January 1st, 1939. MSS. should be mailed to : Mrs. James A. Burrow, Chairman, 300 Glenwood Drive, Chattanooga, Tenn., U.S.A.

E. F. A. GEACH (Cardiff) indites LINES TO A RECALCITRANT MUSE :

And when I took my lute and bade her sing  
 The glory and the gladness of the Spring,  
 My Muse, who rules me with an iron rod,  
 Threw up despairing hands and cried—"Great God !  
 Who but the most presumptuous fool would ask  
 Me to attempt so impossible a task ?  
 How, born so late, could any mortal mind,  
 No matter how inventive, hope to find  
 New thoughts and feelings on a subject sung  
 Incessantly in every key and tongue,  
 Mood, tense and measure, since the world was young ;  
 And sung, what's more, by bards whose shoe-strings I  
 Am neither fit nor worthy to untie ?  
 Sing of the Spring ? Retell a wonder told  
 By better men a thousand times before ?  
 As soon command me go discover gold  
 In ancient mines exhausted of their ore,  
 Or bring up water from an empty well  
 As sing when there is nothing left to tell !"  
 And since my Muse disdains to prompt my lute  
 And magnify the earth's reawakening,  
 I must perforce obey her and be mute,  
 And let the thrushes and the blackbirds sing  
 The songs I may not sing about the Spring.



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In drowsy quiet. Why does my heart beat?  
Oh, read no more!

The painted letters swim before my eyes,  
Great letters wreathed with flowers loverwise,  
Whose pictured scents from oft-turned leaves still rise—  
Oh, read no more!

(*Paolo reads*)

"Now on a day came Lancelot to the queen,  
And in her chamber, of her maids unseen,  
Smiling, he kissed where love's fond smile had been,"  
Oh, read no more!

It was not long before the flashing knife  
Darkened our eyes and thrust us forth from life,  
And in the gloom of this strange, windswept strife  
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Oh, fair sweet earth! Our innocent flowered plain  
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Half-heard, our thrill of music bring.  
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 I must perforce obey her and be mute,  
 And let the thrushes and the blackbird sing  
 The songs I may not sing about the Spring

we were naturally expected to take part. I append the prize-winning effort on "The Alps":

Ye Hills, that lift aspiring heads to Heaven,  
 That reign o'er mortals diadem'd with snow!  
 Or shrouded with dark tempests thunder-riven,  
 Regard unmov'd Man's turbulence below!  
 O grant to us that pure Serene to know,  
 Where spirits dwell, that passionless and free  
 (Amid the ruin, havoc, and the woe  
 Of Man's rebellions) ever steadfast we  
 May still look upward, humbly, to Eternity.

The Poetry Society (Incorporated) gave a reception at the Forum Club, Grosvenor Place, London, S.W.1, on Wednesday, July 20th, to Mr. Harold E. Goad, the Director of the British Institute in Florence, in recognition of the most courteous services he had shown the Poetry Society's party on their Dante Pilgrimage to Florence, Ravenna and Rome in January and to further testify to the desirability and possibility of the development of cultural relations between the two countries based on their very great poetry, particularly exemplified by the two greatest of all poets—Shakespeare and Dante. The Rt. Hon. Lord Kennet presided over a very large company, which included Lord Horder, Sir Ronald Storrs, ex-Governor of Jerusalem and of Cyprus, Sir John Marshall, Mme. Assanti, Signor Paresce, of the Italian Embassy, Lady Hodder-Williams, Commander Carlyon Bellairs (ex-President) and a number of other Vice-Presidents of the Society and members of the Council. Apologies for non-attendance were received, owing to absence from town, from Lord Rennell of Fodd, one-time Ambassador in Rome, Lady Cynthia Asquith, Sir Paul Latham, M.P., Sir Arnold Wilson, M.P., editor of the *Nineteenth Century*, Sir Paul Dukes, Alfred Noyes, Sir Robert Vansittart, the Earl of Cromer, the Duchess of Hamilton, the Archbishop of York, Lord Wakefield, Viscount Duncannon, Mr. Geoffrey Shakespeare, M.P., the Earl of Sandwich, the Hon. Gilbert Coleridge and other Vice-Presidents of the Society, many of whom sent messages of cordial appreciation of Mr. Goad's services.

Lord Kennet, in a delightful introductory speech, said he was very much impressed by the international character of poetry; the Muse had no nationality, she was worshipped by all parties and all ranks here and in Italy, and was regarded by them as the embodiment of the spirit of unity and peace and the promoter of international harmony.

Mr. Goad said that what he had done was a service of love and the credit was really due to the British Institute in Florence. They were anxious to continue receiving such parties which had far greater influence than mere numbers might imply. He looked forward as the



would riddle with a fire of laughter and a noble scorn. Of his prose works I possess *John and the Spirit*, published 1907, (Samuel Bagster and Sons) and *Me and My Dad*, 1909 (Simpkin Marshall). Then the war came and he served as Chaplain in France until obliged after long service, to return with somewhat shattered health and with the sorrow of losing a beloved son. In 1921 *The Nazarean* appeared (Erskine Macdonald), *Common Epiphany* in 1923, *Fools Sojourning* in 1926 (Erskine Macdonald), and *The Face of Jesus*, 1931. In 1932 the Oxford University Press published his prose volume on *Browning and the Twentieth Century*, and from the S.P.C.K. in 1936 came a slender but lovely book, *The Death of Christ the King*. Other books may have been produced by him of which I have no knowledge, but these I possess, enriched by kindly inscriptions to me.

He possessed in an extraordinary degree the power of seeing and living in the character he wrote of. In *The Face of Jesus* there is an unforgettable picture of Joan of Arc (published in THE POETRY REVIEW), yet, at the same time, he could perceive in quite ordinary and even somewhat mean-minded, mean-living folk, the blazing mark of the Sonship of God. And he expressed this "soul-detecting" in a simple phraseology that some have failed to recognize as poetic. And, with all this living so near to God that he could praise, speak to, complain of or even grumble to, without a trace of irreverence or fear, but all in awe. He could look forward to seeing Charlie Chaplin's oddities with the delight of a boy, and would go miles to see a cricket match. His character of "Michael" in *Fool's Sojourning* is his own portrait; that was his name for me and in his letters to me he signed himself "Michael."

Our sympathy must go out to his widow, who nursed him with entire devotion for so long. Her happiness lies in the past, that she was favoured to be companion to so rare and fine a spirit.

The Rev. D. R. Fotheringham, Hon. Secretary of the Byron Society, reports: Those of us who persevered in the June "pilgrimage" had quite a good time in Switzerland after all. The Rhine had to be cut out; but I got to Chillon, and stood by the pillar in the dungeon, to which Bonivard was chained, and saw the name Byron carved in large capitals on the wall. The Byron Hotel has not been rebuilt yet after the fire, but the managers hope to reopen soon, with great improvements. I did my best to try and arrange a *Childe Harold Pilgrimage* for next year—if the rivalries of dictatorships and democracies allow. Most of our time was spent at Adelboden, about ten miles above Frutigen. There was a very jolly party arranged by an energetic Canon of Southwark Cathedral, and we joined it. Not much snow this year, except on the highest mountains. But the season was June, and the Alpine flowers were at their loveliest. We filled up the evenings with all sorts of games and competitions, among others a verse and limerick competition, in which our Byronians

were naturally expected to take part. I append the prize-winning effort on "The Alps":

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author of *Franciscan Italy* to guide the Franciscan Pilgrims visiting Assisi in September and he could assure them of a warm welcome and the Podesta of Assisi had already voiced his desire to welcome the party. He proceeded to speak of the work of the British Institute in Florence and how through their students a knowledge and love of English literature, particularly poetry, was spreading in many directions.

It would be most suitable, a subsequent speaker suggested, if something could be done in London to promote the appreciation of Italian poetry. The Poetry Society itself had taken a definite step in this direction by the formation of a Dante Group who had just finished the reading of Dante's *Inferno* led by a profound student of English as well as Italian poetry, Mr. T. Weston Ramsey. Short speeches were also made by Commander Bellairs and Signor Sambucetti, the latter on behalf of the Friends of Italy. Sir Ronald Storrs and Signor Paresce had intended to speak but had to leave before an opportunity could be provided. The function was a particularly bright and enjoyable affair, greatly appreciated by the large company present.

The new Franciscan Pilgrimage will set out from London on Thursday, September 15th, travelling direct via Folkestone-Boulogne-Paris-Modane-Turin-Genoa-Pisa to Assisi, where a week will be spent under the erudite direction of Mr. Harold E. Goad. Excursions by motor coach will be made to Spello-Montefalco-Spoleto: Rieti-Greccio-Terni-Todi: Arezzo-Ribbiena-Verna.

The second week will be spent in Florence (Hotel Lucchesi), where special arrangements will be made for the entertainment of the party, who will be honorary members of the British Institute, and from where various optional excursions may be made.

The inclusive cost of the fortnight will be nineteen guineas, second class rail from London and return, hotel accommodation, meals, taxes, services, tips, transfer to and from the railway stations in Italy, and the Assisi motor coach journeys. Non-members of The Poetry Society may join the party on paying a special booking fee of 5s. Bookings should be made through the offices of the C.I.T. (Italian State Railways), 77 Regent Street, W.1, before September 12th, and passports and tourist lire obtained. Other inquiries should be addressed to the Director of The Poetry Society (who will accompany the party), 36 Russell Square, London, W.C.1.

There will be no meetings at the Hampstead Centre during September, but the following programme has been arranged for October and November 1st, 1938:

Tuesday, October 4th.—Wordsworth.

„ „ 18th.—Fish, reptiles and insects.

„ November 1st.—R. Bridges—“The Testament of Beauty,” and other poems.

NOTES: REPORTS: ANNOUNCEMENTS

The readings from recently published volumes of poems deserving recognition will be revived on Wednesday, October 5th, and will be continued weekly at 5.15 p.m. in the Society's Library, 36 Russell Square, W.C.1.

On October 5th, Miss Eunice Rogers, the winner of the Roxburgh prize for verse-speaking, will read from Dallas Kenmare's new book, *Farewell to Trees*. On October 12th, Miss Barbara Bingley will read from her recently-published volume, *The Painted Cup* (Blackwell), and on October 19th, Miss Ruth Pitter will read from *A Trophy of Arms*, which was awarded the Hawthornden prize last year.

The weekly reading at The Royal Chapel of the Savoy on Monday afternoons will be resumed on October 3rd, when Mr. Richard Ainley will read the poems of Thomas Hardy. On the following Monday the anniversary of Tennyson's death will be commemorated by Miss Mary Field. For later arrangements see special leaflet, which will be sent on application to the General Secretary. Both series of readings are open to all who care to attend.

At the Annual General Meeting of the Hyderabad Open Centre on July 28th the following principal office-bearers were appointed for the 1938-39 season:—

*President*: Nawab Sir Nizamat Jung Bahadur.

*Vice-President*: Lady Tasker.

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"We are all extremely pleased at Lady Tasker's election as Vice-President of the Centre, an honour which she well deserves for many years of hard work as Secretary."

The Golders Green and Hampstead Garden Suburb Centre of The Poetry Society will meet on Tuesday, September 27th, at 8 p.m. at 1 Moreland Close, Hampstead Way, N.W.11, and on every third Tuesday. (Bus route 210 from Golders Green Station to Hampstead Way.) It is proposed to read Browning's *The Ring and the Book*.

The following programme has been arranged by the Kensington Centre:

Sept. 29th.—Miss Rosalind de Bunsen and Mr. Robert Walter:  
A Poetry Recital.

Oct. 13th.—Miss M. O. Curll, Historical Verse.

„ 27th.—Mrs. Lambert Lack, Celtic Poetry.

Nov. 10th.—The Rev. A. H. Lee, Mystical Poetry.

„ 24th.—Miss Rachel Swete Macnamara, Women in Poetry.

A POETRY REVIEW contributor wishes to "say once again how much I appreciate THE POETRY REVIEW and how much I look forward to the arrival of each issue. I think that this generation has reason to be grateful that such a publication exists to keep interest in poetry keenly alive in an age which greatly needs that very stimulus."



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