POETRY

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STEPHEN SPENDER • LOUIS MACNEICE • DYLAN THOMAS • CHARLES MADGE
GEORGE BARKER • DAVID GASCOYNE • LAURENCE WHISTLER • CLIFFORD DYMENT
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N° 2 ONE SHILLING

THE DEATH OF YEATS

That dolphin-torn that gong-tormented face
With the trumpets of Andromeda rose and spoke,
Blaring the pitiful blast and airing hope
So hope and pity flourished. Now the place
Cold is where he was, and the gold face
Shimmers only through the echoes of a poem.

The swan mourns on the long abandoned lake,
And on the verge gather the great Irish ghosts
Whom only he could from their myth awaken
And make a kingdom. The luckless and the lost
Got glory from the shake of his hand as he passed,
The lunar emperor whom Time could not break.

The boulder where he rested his shoulder is
Luckier than most, who know nothing of
The tremendous gentleness of the poet's kiss,
Thwarted by passion and impelled by love.
But the lost leaf lashed in a March above
Shares sense of action that is also his.

Saints on mountains or animals in the ground
Often found the feather of his wing on their lips
Proving and loving them ; stars in their eclipse
Saw his face watching through intervening ground :
And the small fry like fish came up at the sound
Of his voice and listened to his whistling lips.

But now the cloud only shall hear : the ant,
The winter bulb under the ground, and the hidden
Stream be made dumb by his murmur in death,
Lying between the rock and the jealous plant.
No matter how close to the ground I bend, his breath
Is not for me, and all divisions widen.

Remember the lion's head and the blonde angel
Whispering in the chimney ; remember the river
Singing sweeter and sweeter as it grows older and older ;
Remember the moon sees things from a better angle.
O forget the echoes that go on for ever,
And remember that the great harp-breasted eagle
Is now a grave.

GEORGE BARKER

SECOND LETTER

How much ' learning ' can lead people astray is evidenced by certain bi-monthly periodicals of verse, which neglect the essential simplicity of life and make untrue statements about relationship between poetry and life which they are unable to put into practice. The poetry they publish shows that they only endeavour to be " normally superior, that is to say, at once original and in agreement with the chosen few—the most painful combination possible of pride and the instinct of the herd." All they have succeeded in doing so far is to encourage young poets to develop a ' manner ' foreign to their natures, which has destroyed any significance or usefulness they might have had ; the bulk of the poetry they publish is petrified, repetitive and uninteresting. There are great possibilities in modern verse, but as long as there is no sane paper to publish *new* work, modern poetry may never ' emerge ' from the Laforgue-infection of T. S. Eliot, which has had a disintegrative effect on the minds of many poets. English poetry has a great tradition and the younger writers are only too anxious to return to it, no doubt richer by the different poetry movements that have happened during the last thirty years. But the policy of papers like " New Verse " and " Twentieth Century Verse " (which has descended into a very poor imitation of the former) have encouraged young writers to persist in being minor Eliots in form without Eliot's fine, though minor,* poetic genius. Of course they will disagree ; butterflies remember their origin.

There is, for instance, what is inaccurately called the " Auden school," but Auden himself owes more to Eliot than to any other poet. A young American critic remarks, " That part of Mr. Auden's technique that is legitimately influential upon the younger poets derives from Mr. Eliot. Mr. Auden has only added to the tradition in transmitting it. Of course, some of the younger poets are trying to duplicate the attitude of mind which gives Mr. Auden's work its particular quality. This will not be successful, and this is unfortunate—but only for them."

This paper exists as a platform for poets who require more freedom than that afforded them in the papers of little hen-coops and cliques, in order to work well. It is a protest against the modern suppression of free speech in verse. Every man has his preferences in poetry as in any other art, as the extracts from the correspondence received at our offices and printed in this number will show. For example, some people may place Dylan Thomas above Louis MacNeice as a poet, while others may think the opposite. Experienced critics too may disagree. The differences in opinion are no doubt due to differences in natures, and the editor of a poetry magazine has to recognize this fact, and be catholic in his tastes, if he is going to present poetry to the people and not merely its shell, or forms and manners.

I have defined what I mean by poetry in my First Letter, not because it needed definition (the public can recognize a good poem when they read one), but because certain cliques, having lost touch with the real significance of poetry, abuse any poet's work that myopia will not allow them to see and understand.

As we did in our first number we will continue to print the best poems received at our offices each month, the criteria of choice being a catholicity which can always move to the level of a work which has been executed under particular laws necessary for its creation. A catholicity which is " not a party and therefore has no policy " and is important as a principle, in life and art. The critic is not our concern. Let him get squashed under his own microscope. As Shakespeare did, we will give the public what they want, and to hell with critics !

TAMBIMUTTU

* Eliot's talents are major talents. But the very nature of the work that he attempted has led him into minor, though important, work.

LOVE POEM

In a midnight made of velvet
I was one with mole and moth,
And my blossom-bosomed garden
Was a rich and fragrant cloth.

And I murmured to the roses,
The purple and the cream :
" O warm and wild and lovely,
More wondrous than a dream."

But at the gate of morning
I lost all touch of clay,
And the midnight made of velvet
Had faded into day.

IDRIS DAVIES

THE PHOTOGRAPH

Could summer lend that southern figure now,
Lend me to you who were my double then,
Replacing us, dissolving northern snow
To lay bare the landscape of the south again.

Then I, Time's borrower, might pay to you
Those words which fed the undiscerning air :
Dead coins but no less current than the new,
For you to barter and buy off despair.

Winter condemns us to an exile's fate,
Whose reach imagination must outrun :
And it is late to turn : already it is late.

Time cannot lend although it may renew
The bond we hold, the mortgage we have won ;
Time's property at last I lend to you.

H. B. MALLALIEU

OCTOBER CALL

I saw the bough of yellow move
  Beyond the window in the rain,
  And for an instant, plain as plain,
That undiscovered face I love.

A mere invention of the mind,
  A face that may not even be,
  Yet in whose mute regard I see
All I have sought and do not find.

My host beyond the panelled door—
  The murmur of a falling coal—
  What little things content the soul !
I'll hunger for the moon no more.

LAURENCE WHISTLER

THE EYES

Shadows travel through your eyes
In a language of elegant loves.
Of the enraptured meeting
With hands in the taxi,
The stars above the sweeping bridge,
The laugh at the hotel entrance,
And the careless hand through the hair—
Of blue silk scarves and dances
Your eyes speak to me.

Do I want the eloquent scent
Of leaves and flowers in the orchard ?
The thrush's nocturne,
And the pang over coffee ?
Or do I want the train
Screaming at the tunnel's mouth,
The men sweating in the stubborn coal,
The clock ringing by the bed,
And the solitary lamp
Guttering at the end of the street ?

Leaning on the table, hearing the music,
I watch, and wonder, and turn away.

CLIFFORD DYMENT

A DAUGHTER OF MUSIC

Singing her sorrow to a microphone,
The blonde wins the room with her winsome eyes,
The saxophone coughs mournfully,
And the idle drummer yawns.
Life is sad for lovers, says the song—
Oh, life is sad for all of us ; life is
A little amber liquor in the glass,
Cigarettes and empty coffee cups ;
Life is the swagger of carmine hips,
And a tired waiter carrying bottles.

This music and the flashing faces
Are less sad than the newspapers,
Which bring to men the trousseau of a princess
And homeless children running from the guns.
A drink, and a dance, and a laugh,
And a girl in grief who sings,
Are brighter than aconites or holly,
More real than siskin and starling,
In the days of winter snow.

CLIFFORD DYMENT

SUMMER

Love is not the peace of spinneys,
Or the shiver of wet grass.
It is not listening to the yellowhammer,
Having tea in a little low farmhouse,
Then walking linked along the pale road
As the first stars flicker.
Love now is the clandestine doorway,
Not far from the stir of motors ;
It is a rapture of touch in darkness
Near the punctual tread of a policeman.
It is not sighs by a swinging gate,
But the isolation of humid teashops.

CLIFFORD DYMENT

MOVEMENTS IN SPRING

Once again the calendar affirms
Primrose, milkmaid in the marsh, wild violet ;
Boys once more scramble bleeding in branches,
Bearing their spoil of sycamore to school.
Again are seen the tennis girls, the khaki cyclist,
The typist's gypsy scarf, the matron's washing frock ;
Shops burgeon with mad envelopes of seed,
And magazines have hikers on their covers.

Earth is now prodigal of growth and hope,
Has many a bride, a gaping village, bells,
And whitethroat seeking territory for love—
But this felicity and rite of birth
Is shaken by a shadow on the hills ;
In this amicable season death, too, has friends,
Whose aeroplane above maternal lands
Is dark as a vigilant violent bird, its rage apparent
In golf house, bedroom, and architect's office.

CLIFFORD DYMENT

MICHAEL GOLD TO THORNTON WILDER

You precious little introvert
Tucked within the confines
Of that cabbage patch
That is your soul.

Harvesting a weak black orchid
Feeding off the hot manure
Of a peacock and his hen.

So garbage scram
Back into your cans
For it's popcorn time
And peanut time to-day.

PAUL POTTS

TWENTIETH CENTURY GOD

There is no God that I could ever thank
Unless it be the greatness
That's in the mind of a man.

So for the laughter
And for the whisperings to the dawn
Let all my gratitude go out
To that mightiest of the gods
Who has for altar
The body of a peanut vendor's son.

And now there is no devil that I have need to fear
Other than the meanness and the dirt
Lodged within the altar of my god.

PAUL POTTS

INSIDE

I sat around listening to men
Talking revolution,
All about free love and no private property
Especially no private property
So I went out and lived the way they talked
Now when I got done for ninety days
Did they send in a cigarette
Did they write me all the news
On long white sheets of paper ?

PAUL POTTS

FIRST CHORUS FROM THE HIPPOLYTUS OF EURIPIDES

(They are discussing the sickness of Phaedra)

STROPHE I.

There is a rock where waters drip
Coming from Ocean, so they say,
And in a bason below the crags
A pitcher can dip
  Where the waters run.
And there there was a friend of mine
Rinsing crimson cloths in the flow
Who spread them out on the back
  Of a warm rock in the sun
And she it was who told me about my mistress
  (Till then I did not know).

ANTISTROPHE I.

How on her bed she wastes away
Inside the house with delicate
Shawls to cover her yellow head
From the light of day
  And this is the third
Day, I am told, her lovely lips
Refuse the goddess' gift of bread ;
She starves and hides her sorrow
  And wishes without a word
To run her boat ashore on the fatal voyage—
  Wishes, in fact, to be dead.

STROPHE II.

Are you perhaps possessed by a god,
By Pan or Hecate, or is it
The holy Corybantes or
The Mountain Mother who drives you mad ?
Or is it Dictynna the Huntress whom
You have offended, being remiss
With offering or with sacrifice
And so your life is frayed away ?
For she can walk across from Crete
As easily as on the land,
The salt sea swirling round her feet.

ANTISTROPHE II.

Or maybe your husband, highborn chief
Of the sons of Erechtheus, is trapped
In some amour within his house
Which he keeps dark from you, his wife ?
Or is it some sailor out of Crete
Who has crossed the sea and reached at last
The port which welcomes sailors most,
Bringing our queen a piece of news ;
And she, through hearing of her dead,
Lies now shackled at the heart
With grief which keeps her to her bed ?

EPODE.

The harmony of women is always
Hard to maintain,
Passion or childbirth
Dogging their steps with pain.
I too in my time have felt this
Torment, riddle my flank
But I called on the Patron of Childbirth,
The heavenly archer,
Artemis whom I thank
For ever as she walks in heaven.

Translated by
LOUIS MACNEICE

SLEEP TURNING

Sleep turning, sleep turning,
Uneasily the world is turning,
Wake, the menace in the sky,
Sleep, the menace in the sky.

In the nightmare's midnight nest,
Whispering, where next, where next ?
In the nightmare's morning leer,
It may be here, it may be here.

Sleep turning, sleep turning,
The traitor in his sleep turning,
Uneasily, uneasily,
The storm will break by and by,
Sleep turning.

Lured on by love of gain,
Lured by hate of common men,
Lured on by my master, class,
Kept by gain I sold the pass,
Sleep turning.

Will the people call my bluff,
Will they cry, enough ! enough !
Will they turn my smooth words spurning,
Sleep turning, sleep turning.

British ships gone down, gone down,
British seamen left to drown,
Will they rise, will they rise
With accusation in their eyes ?
Sleep turning !

Manchuria, Abyssinia,
Austria, Czechoslovakia,
One by one the wolves have crossed
Their frontiers and they are lost,
And now they wait outside our gate !
Sleep turning.

Lured on by love of gain
They crossed the frontiers of Spain,
And there our interests have been,
The Spanish heart knows no defeat
Reluctantly we beat retreat,
Our people up in arms are turning,
Sleep turning, sleep turning.

We saw the system crumbling.
Underneath volcano rumbling,
We subsidised our enemies
To bring the people to their knees,
Sleep turning.

When, when, will they turn ?
Will our country be alone ?
When I call the people's aid
Will they feel that they're betrayed ?
Sleep turning.

Where will the first bomb burst ?
Or will the people rumbling first ?
Sleepless eyelids burning,
Or sleep turning, sleep turning.

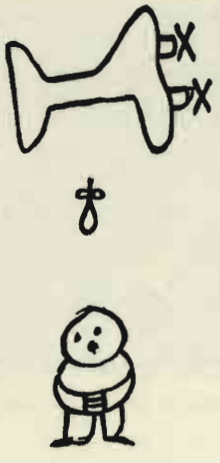
Now we've got them in this mess
Will they come to our distress ?
Or will they feel their own power,
Can it be we've had our hour ?
Sleep turning.

Sleep turning, sleep turning,
Peace or war the world is turning,
Mighty labour sleeping lies,
Uneasily, sleeping lies,
Will she rise, will she rise ?
Wake ! turning !

You are one of millions more
Who can make a mighty power,
This can be the People's hour !

Waken now and sweep away
Those who your life betray,
Wake turning !
Or sleep turning,
Wake no more to freedom's morning.

MAURICE CARPENTER



FOUR CEYLONESE LOVE SONGS

I

You are delicate like a pink cowrie that the flower hands of the ocean have deposited on the shore
And I am afraid to touch you with my passion lest you crumple like an earthenware pitcher under the wheels of the juggernaut in which Our Lord visits the bazaar
So let me hold you in my hand my Naya like a heap of pomegranate seeds that I am reluctant to eat because they are beautiful to look at
And let me twine around you like the flame of a giant creeper that clings in a delirium of happiness to the bosom of a tree in the jungle
For I want to have you Naya, delicately in my blood, like the spices that breathe impalpably in the Moorman's muscat and his sherbet wine
And I want to breathe and throb and live and die with you in a loneliness
For you are the dark oil within the bowl and I the wick
And how shall I ever burn without you ?

II

Can you hear my heart beating at your window Naya ?
You say it is only the monsoon rain
Did you not know I was the wind and the clouds and beetle-black darkness
Before I was born ?

Can you hear the murmur of water slipping among the peacock reeds my Naya ?
Do not tell me it is only the stream
For I was a sun-kist stream in the mountains before you were born
And I know it is my love that is deep

Can you feel my lips on your lotus feet my Naya ?
I was also the dew in the grass
And when you sleep among the hot-mingling grain and the sun-spurts
Remember, you are resting on my heart

III

Your face was golden like the tea-blossom my Naya that moon-burned night we lay beside the canna bed behind the white-man's stately park
And we whispered our first love to each other, very softly, like two winds straying into a corn-field hand in hand and shaking the rice-ear-anklets to an ecstasy
And when I felt your wet lips cling to mine with the dense passion that is born of holy love, I looked up to see your face that was golden like the tea-blossom

And all I saw was a mysterious waste of darkness with two still-watered pokunas* that were your eyes
And now that you are absent from my arms and the moon is resting on the palm, a bright veined rose-petal on unflowing water
My heart is cracking like a dry stick beneath the weight of this loneliness too lonesome to bear because it is the loneliness beloved
For you

IV

Reposeful cow-bells are tinkling like stars where soft-folded ground is a quietness of spurting grass
And a violet ring-dove in the brave-fingered palmyrah coos of the yearning that is born in things of the earth for each other as the lips of the sunset stain the hills and the sea
So steal into my heart my Naya with the surge of the conch that the Holy Brahaman is blowing to our many-handed God in the darkness of the temple
Steal like the brave-timid wind stealing into the bosom of the jasmin beds or a secret snake into the darkness of a soft-fleshed mystery . . . .

TAMBIMUTTU

* *Pools of water*

I. THE LAST HOUR

' It is finished '—The last nail
Has consummated the stigmata and the veil
Is torn. God's wounds are numbered.
All is now withdrawn : void yawns
The rock-hewn tomb. There is no more
Regeneration in the stricken sun :
The hope of faith no more,
No height, no depth, no sign,
And no more history.

Thus may it be : and worse.
And may we know Thy perfect darkness.
And may we into Hell descend with Thee.

DAVID GASCOYNE

II. DE PROFUNDIS

Out of these depths :

Where footsteps wander in the marsh of death and an
Intense infernal glare is on our faces facing down :

Out of these depths, what shamefaced cry
Half-choked in the dry throat, as though a stone
Were our confounded tongue, can ever rise :
Because the mind has been struck blind
And may no more conceive
Thy Throne.

Because the depths
Are clear with only death's
Marsh-light, because the rock of grief
Is clearly too extreme for us to breach,
Deepen our depths,

And aid our unbelief.

DAVID GASCOYNE

III. LACHRYMAE

Slow are the years of light :
and more immense
Than the imagination. And the years return
Until the Unity is filled. And heavy are
The lengths of time with the slow weight of tears.
Since Thou didst weep, on a remote hillside
Among the olive-trees, fires of unnumbered stars
Have burnt the years away, until we see them now :
Since Thou didst weep, as many tears
Have flowed like hourglass sand.
Thy tears were all.
And when our secret face
Is blind because of the mysterious
Surging of tears wrung by our most profound
Presentiment of evil in man's fate, our cruellest wounds
Are Thy stigmata. They are Thy tears which fall.

DAVID GASCOYNE

IV. EX NIHILO

Here am I now cast down
Beneath the black glare of a netherworld's
Dead suns, dust in my heart ; among
Dun tiers no tears refresh am cast
Down by a lofty hand :

Hand that I love ! Lord Light,
How dark is Thy arm's will and ironlike
Thy ruler's finger that has sent me here !
Far from thy Face, I nothing understand
But kiss the Hand that has consigned

Me to this latter world where I must learn
The revelation of despair and find
Among the debris of all certainties
The hardest stone on which to found
Altar and shelter for Eternity.

DAVID GASCOYNE

FLIGHT OF THE MARGARINE

In Kennington a pound of margarine
Lay on the lip of nature's frowning smile.
Caught in the last rays of the streaming sun
Wings were the solution of the margarine.
Made volatile it rose towards the clouds.

No one expected the ascent that day.
No eye of human was a witness there.
Only the mechanic clock, the steady chair
And mute utensils unintelligent
Were there—but did not see. They could not see

What next took place. There also was a fly
Busy at fly's devices on the pane,
Reflex and unreflecting animal,
Upon whose momentary consciousness
Something had flashed. Some inkling. That was all.

What are these cloudy shapes that seem to change ?
A ruined castle eight thirty daily express
Companion drowned photographed yesterday.
These and many other shapes were seen
On the spectacular flight of the margarine.

They seem to be torn strips of newspaper
Blowing together in the upper winds
Or radiance of the dispersed nebulae
Of some unfamiliar galaxy
Or the phosphorescence of decaying flesh.

The little margarine sailed on and on.
The sky grew dark. The stars came floating out.
And straight ahead the weird alarming sun
Dilated like a bluish boiling heart.
But the unaltered margarine passed on.

And out the other side. And presently
The nebula in Orion was revealed,
A head thrown back, raising its face (or eyes
If eyes it had) in sheer anguish of hate
Towards another heaven that was there.

Brutality sat on the upper lip,
Unspeakable and confluent with a snout,
For separated nostrils there were none.
A horrid chasm, a ravine, a shaft
Was driving down into his cruel brain

That many centuries could not traverse,
And was serrate on the posterior wall
With a harrow that was partly hidden.
Two processes from the anterior wall,
One rose upright and rigid as a horn.

The other streaming in portentous breath.
Then for a moment was the margarine
Back where it was, in thought, in Kennington,
Where the kitchen range showed one red spark,
Till midnight struck, saw the last glow extinct.

Night air of London then came crowding back,
The tram that groans along the nightly track.
" I, margarine, where is it that I am
Or was ? Am I in London still, or hell ? "
But see a ghost all armed with mop and pail

Descends the radial staircase. See there come
Three-breasted damsels with alluring hair,
Tumulted porcine and abdominal souls
Fox-houris errant of the pale abyss,
Uprooted uterine thin chattering teeth.

All these a river washes in its bath,
Develops, prints them on its sheets of foam.
Their impact on the waves is faint as rain.
They splash like jumping fish, then to the depths
Plunging, are rolled about in gaseous mud.

Each vertebra, once with sensation stored,
Each eyeball, once with youthful lustre wide,
Each finger, once that touched the conscious flesh,
Each hair that shuddered in some twilight fear,
Each muscle that contracted, tear that fell

All these the river washes in its bath
Till all the granular sinks down as mud
And all the soluble floats in the waves
And all the volatile rises as fogs
Which the dim banks fantastically clothe.

Now even these vague images were gone
And still the margarine went on and on,
Attaining the velocity of light,
Curving the property of space by flight.
The journey was completed in a trice.

By implication of the physical
Nature, no margarine is twice the same
But came so quickly round the second time,
That there was an identity of self
Between the first and second margarine.

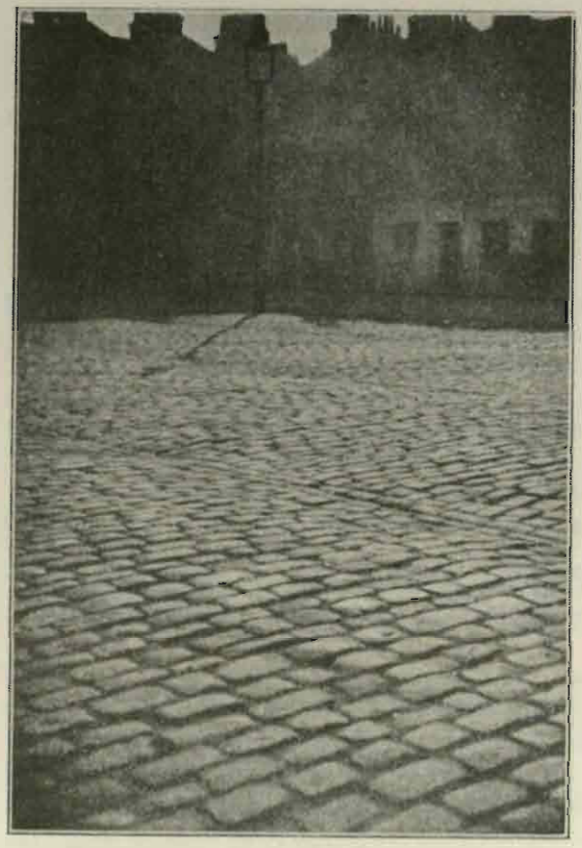
All this was clear to the returned son,
Prodigal margarine. His father stood
Welcoming at the door. It was himself
With outstretched arms, a pound of margarine,
Thankful for existence, grateful to be there.

Bare margarine, Leninist margarine,
The food of thousands, nurturer of man,
Stalinist margarine, from Russia to Spain
The pound of margarine, again and again
On kitchen tables, son of all desires

The son, the sun, the sire and the desire
Of millions warming in the mid-day beams
Like egg of serpents in nilotic mud,
The self returned, confronting of itself
In the inevitable track of light

The book of fate, the forfeiture of life,
The pound of margarine for fivepence sold,
A mockery for those who understand,
A blessing for the millions of despair
In the turning, turning, turning world.

CHARLES MADGE



ELEGY No. 3

My minotaur life lost in London's maze
Through labyrinths of poverty I follow.
I'll bring it back along a string of days
To murder for the pain this search of sorrow
Makes in my mind,
When through the cold streets I mooned
Looking for the life that hides in dark corners
And leaves me, empty skin, to echo with the dawn.

When I like Caesar lie bleeding against the plinth,
Who bares the Brutus knife if not I ?
Like ox bedecked I'll drag him down the labyrinth
To poleaxe with the dropping of a sigh
When the blood ebbs, heart halts, and the skin
Sinks like a rag from the shoulders : then
I shall rise up on a murder
To meet my own martyr.

Hand of my hand and heart of my heart I am,
For one within one lies like a lifelong lodger ;
The outer one is rebel against the inner,
Who is a mad stranger.
Hackenschmidt Hercules rules the arm
But is not stronger
Than I who can cross him with the rod of a sin
To make him shiver.

Nor shall that great swine keep me from my pearl,
Boxed in the blue, by the moon locked and keyed,
Which I so desire
To wear like oyster an apotheosis of pain.
But by the body blocked inside the flesh's pale
I gaze at the gate on which I shall soon bleed
My carcase on Time's wire—
Then, when my pig's done for, I shall be free.

Dust on the tongue tastes sweet,
For common rot tints all things with the colours
Of brilliant ephemerae, butterflies, birds and flowers ;
Clutters me with gay chaos which day's danger
Paints to a revelation of momentary wonder.
And life, like the lady with seven veils, tonight
Sheds phenomenon on phenomenon at my feet.
O dust on the tongue is sweet.

Not so easy as a son leaves home and mother,
The fathering heart leaves son and sun :
Relinquishing the green room with the big window,
The theatre of one.
No, for rock rises in the throat that tears cannot smother,
The wind waves its scarves like a widow,
And down the evening street
Like the eyelashes of sorrow the rain sweeps.

Turn again, turn again,
The bells of the bluebell peal and appeal, turn
Flutes the trumpeting tulip, again cries the blackbird,
Back, sings the Thames, turn back again !
So on the tongues of things I'm torn—
Do I dare forward as I dare not backward ?
—It is all part of a paradise of pain.
I shall not turn again.

But I hear the magnificent chorus always behind me,
Like night-birds that coerce
The tired workman from sleeping, it tries to blind me
To the black bed for which I search.
But Hackenschmidt and I know about birds' coercion
That renders their agonies rhapsodies to the unhappy :
But my own passion
Carries me to a climax that not the nightingale can stop.

GEORGE BARKER

CHRISTOPHER WOOD

The child forseeing the man he hopes to be
Expends no little trouble on his likes and hates,
Lays out the future with an expert's eye ;
So, travelling again in half-familiar country,
Among the pink hotels and bone-shaped boats,
That child's experience becomes a part of me.

The yellow horse standing in the field,
The parachutist dropping by the grey wall,
Were in the blue net that enmeshed the child
And made him what he was ; the wild
Vision tamed but not broken at all.

The tigers by the Arc were his alone
And the dark sea that he inherited ;
He built the little chapels stone by stone
And the neat fishing boats were all his own.
Therefore, although a better end was merited,
I find myself unable to regret the careless train.

RUTHVEN TODD

THE HUMAN SITUATION

This I is one of
The human machines
So common on the gray plains——
Yet being built into flesh
My single pair of eyes
Contain the universe they see ;
Their mirrored multiplicity
Is packed into a hollow body
Where I reflect the many, in my one.

The traffic of the street
Roars through my head, as in the genitals
Their unborn London.

And if this I were destroyed,
The image shattered,
My perceived, rent world would fly
In an explosion of final judgement
To the ends of the sky
The colour in the iris of the eye.

Opening, my eyes say " Let there be light,"
Closing, they shut me in a coffin.

To perform the humming of my day,
Like the world, I shut the other
Stars out from my sky.
All but one star, my sun,
My womanly companion,
Revolving round me with light
Eyes that shine upon my profile
While the other profile lies in night.

My body looms as near me as, to the world
The world. Eyelashes
Are reeds fringing a pond
Which shut out the moon.
Ranges, vertebrae, hair, skin, seas.

Everything is itself, nothing a map.
What's inside my bowels and brain,
The Spring and the volcanoes,
Includes all possibilities of development
Into an unpredictable future,
Full of invention, discovery, conversion, accident.

Noon can track my past
On a chart of intersecting lines :
No fountain pen is filled from the womb
As I from my mother's blood stream.
My history is my ancestry
Written in veins upon my body :
It is the childhood I forget
Spoken in words I mispronounce :
In a calligraphy of bones
I live out some hidden thought
Which my parents did forget.

Faces of others seem like stars
Obedient to symmetrical laws.
I stare at them as though into a glass,
And see the external face of glass,
My own staring mask of glass,
Tracked with lines of reflexes.
Eyes, lashes, lips, nostrils, brows.
The distant features move on wires
Fixed to their withheld characters.

O law-giving, white-bearded father,
O legendary heroes, sailing through dreams
Looking for land when all the world was sea
And sunrise, O bare-kneed captain of my first school,
O victors of history, angry or gentle exponents
Of the body as an instrument which cuts
A pattern on the time, O love
Surrounding my life with violet skies,
It is impossible for me to enter
The unattainable ease

Of him who is always right and my opponent,
Of those who climb the dawn with such flexible knees,
Of those who won the ideologic victories,
Of her whose easy loving turned to flowers
The forbidden and distorted natural powers ;

Impossible to imagine, impossible to wish
The entrance into their symbolic being
Death to me and my way of perceiving
As much as if I became a stone ;
Here I am forced on to my knees
On to my real and own and only being
As into the fortress of my final weakness.

STEPHEN SPENDER

NIGHT

This shadow flesh of risen Christ
Feels on my bones the blurt of pain,
Budges the rock and walks the quays—
The choking bandog snaps his chain.

Her upright body floats the tide,
Fish-teeth pluck her cheekbones bare ;
Naked Mary's candled wave
Blows in the harvest of her hair.

Mark the scandal on the hill
Before our feather-raided sea ;
Sway like a bell-tongue, hanging man,
And fret your Judas-fruited tree.

The angelled air, the sea is edged
With fever where black Patmos lies ;
Beneath his island aching oak
My thunder-hearted lover dies.

Like grief the rowdy swans return,
Rain has its earing on the thorn ;
With broken hands I roll my rock
Back on the Pasc of this raw dawn.

GLYN JONES

POEM

" If my head hurt a hair's foot
Pack back the downed bone. If the unpricked ball of my breath
Bump on a spout let the bubbles jump out.
Sooner drop with the worm of the ropes round my throat
Than bully ill love in the clouted scene.

All game phrases fit your ring of a cockfight :
I'll comb the snared woods with a glove on a lamp,
Peck, sprint, dance on fountains and duck time
Before I rush in a crouch the ghost with a hammer, air,
Strike light, and bloody a loud room.

If my bunched, monkey coming is cruel
Rage me back to the making house. My hand unravel
When you sew the deep door. The bed is a cross place.
Bend, if my journey ache, direction like an arc or make
A limp and riderless shape to leap nine thinning months."

" No. Not for Christ's dazzling bed
Or a nacreous sleep among soft particles and charms
My dear would I change my tears or your iron head.
Thrust, my daughter or son, to escape, there is none, none, none
Nor when all ponderous heaven's host of waters breaks.

Now to awake husked of gestures and my joy like a cave
To the anguish and carrion, to the infant for ever unfree,
O my lost love bounced from a good home ;
The grain that hurries this way from the rim of the grave
Has a voice and a house, and there and here you must couch and cry.

Rest beyond choice in the dust-appointed grain,
At the breast stored with seas. No return
Through the waves of the fat streets nor the skeleton's thin ways.
The grave and my calm body are shut to your coming as stone,
And the endless beginning of prodigies suffers open."

DYLAN THOMAS

GETHSEMANE POEM

Broken the falling hour cropped in the stormed heel,
And blinds no winter there, sack-print of legend
Nor the lank-death fathom bruised weather-grief
With tied-and-dungeon tongue.

Thick emblem to the danger's end, to the weal
And scarecrow in the curse : five wounds and pierce
The mirror's veins through the black hill's pitchfork
And foul deluge in the prong.

Struck fire from the danger's deed, it was the blood
Speaks brutal to the wine, all crumpled and dumb
And the five world's famine heave carrion shine
Or the dark man filter stone.

Never the forced murder for the fighting mud,
I listen down the agony and the cracked war
And number heavens in the hell-riven man
From rape and the firework clown.

I burrowed forged in the pattern of this flood,
And on each bitter rampart burn the twin world
In sap, drowning the bright Word one sleep down
Who grows where flesh is sown.

DORIAN COOKE

STRAWS IN THE WIND

Straw in the Hair. An Anthology of Nonsensical and Surrealist Verse. Compiled by DENIS KILHAM ROBERTS. The Bodley Head. 7*s.* 6*d.*

The official gleaners of last year's poetry remark that " there is a smell of light verse about," and one of them has hastily raked together a lot of old light verse and modern heavy humour, rich and cheesey, ready for the rush. Poetry is all things to all men, and (if of the Pierian spring) " can make anything of anything." Our Old Father Williams, Shakespeare and Blake, were not averse to being by turns mad or solemn, bawdy, deep or gay, or all together. According to G.E.G. and D.K.R., poets to-day " admit once more " (having recently denied it ?) " that they have common and natural moods." Well, if we must have a smell on the landing, it had better be a smell of disinfectant. That seems to be the idea. " Surely this is a good thing." Amen.

Mr. Kilham Roberts proffers a balmy and pungent bouquet with some grave and stimulating words. What a pity his head was still enveloped in hay. What a pity he was not more sure in his mind of their nature and habitat before he set out to stalk the nonsensical and the surreal, for two-thirds of his pickings come under neither head. As a surrealist anthology, it is nonsensical, and as an anthology of nonsense, it is just surreal. It is funny-haha and funny-peculiar as well. Mr. R. is insufficiently thorough-going. In his phoney ' Foreword ' he says he finds unaccountable " the general impression that nonsense is necessarily humorous except on the ground that the unfamiliar is to many people synonymous with the ridiculous." But the *source* of the ridiculous, as of nonsense and of the surreal, is to be sought precisely in the derangement of the familiar. Familiar matters in unfamiliar formations, unfamiliar matters in a familiar setting, invariably disconcert ; and with the spontaneity of sneeze after snuff such incongruities either excite our risible faculties or else penetrate to our deeper centres and charge us with those profoundly disquieting emotions that the surrealists make it their business to explore and to exploit. De la Mare's " old man with a gun, who espied an old lady named Pheasant," is genuinely and surreally nonsensical. It perturbs, it stands the hair on end, straw and all ; though you may, or may not, smirk, according to taste. (Where the crude and coarse guffaw, your truly devout surrealist stands rapt beneath his sponge umbrella, as one in the presence of the holy of holies, and is strangely soothed, rather than tickled, by the fur tea-service.) But whereas surreal nonsense, unconsciously engendered under the influence of dreams, drugs, drink or mental disorder, is often terribly unfunny, very little deliberate humour is surreally nonsense at all. Yet when Mr. R. professes to have withheld further instances of the limerick " because like most so-called humorous nonsense, they seem to be the result of conscious ingenuity,"—is it not in fact because he considers the stock limericks too hackneyed—too familiar ? For he makes no bones about filling half his book with pieces of far too consciously ingenious and deliberated humorous verse ; such as those which simply play on disordered words, extracting hippotamusement from prepoceros rhinos, and other zoological laughingstock—or coaxing a hiccup of beery mirth from the squire who is never as think as you drunk, and other quips. And in his zest for the unfamiliar, Mr. R. even descends to the low device of the " found object," giving an adventitiously queer twist to perfectly sensible hunks of Skelton, Shakespeare, Beaumont and Fletcher, by dislocating them in time or context. *Hey-diddle-diddle* (rejected as over-familiar ?) should have been the model for this book. Not outside its scope should have been, on the one hand, such folksongs as *The Cutty Sark*, and on the other hand, such not over-conscious or over-familiar pieces as the *Nightmare Song* from *Iolanthe*. (The total omission of Gilbert, where so much of Lear and Carroll passes muster, is inexcusable.) And where is the *Great Panjandrum Himself* ? We are left with Pablo Neruda, who is surreal, all right ; but the translation of his poignant *Walking Around* can only be described, in the circumstances, as the last straw that gives the camel the hump that will not pass the eye of the needle lost in this vast haywire stack. For here we are not only right outside the English nonsense tradition, but on the borderland of prose. Dada, the Japanese *Vou* poets, Rabelais, and *Work in Progress* lie

just over the hedge. To these birds the *Jabberwocky* stands as scarecrow. It must be added that there are few books indeed, among recent publications, from which more *fun*, of one sort or another is to be extracted; especially for those who (in the words of the *Sonnet Found in a Deserted Madhouse*) "like a thrilling recitation, spoken by mournful mouths filled full of mirth and cheese." The Reinganum cover and illustrations are admirably apt.

HUGH GORDON PORTEUS

"TEARS, IDLE TEARS"

The Autumn World. By D. S. SAVAGE. Fortune Press. 3*s.* 6*d.*

After reading Mr. Savage one feels like having a real good cry. 'Wretched, cold and miserable, the streets are mirrors glazed with pain'; 'The air was desolate with sorrow unexpressed'; 'Their blood fumbles through flesh frayed and grown sick with living'; 'The sky will never clear again'; 'This sodden evening mortuary peace'—such is the news he brings us from his journey along the *via dolorosa* of the modern world. 'Our world is ruinous and falls about us': possibly true, but most certainly this lugubrious defeatism will not help to rebuild it. Technically, Mr. Savage's poems have all the properties that characterized 'modern' verse during the Pudney-Tessimond-Swingler emergence of five years ago, with a rare line or two from Dylan Thomas. 'All I can offer now is a cracked china jug of water,' he says, and wrote more literally than he knew. But his jug has sound design, and it is evident that Mr. Savage is no cheapjack. He should be able to offer us an intact jug in the near future —without the water.

CLIFFORD DYMENT

MR. SYMONS IN HIS NURSERY

The White Cry. By DOUGLAS STEWART. Dent. 5*s.*
Confusions About X. By JULIAN SYMONS. The Fortune Press. 3*s.* 6*d.*
The Right Review. January, 1939. 1*s.*
Seven. A magazine of good writing. Cambridge. 1*s.*

To an European mind, *The White Cry* may seem out of place in contemporary life. On the surface it may seem too full of 'moons' and creamy breasts. This book is, however, a collection of some of the most beautiful lyrics I have ever read. Douglas Stewart is a real poet. He writes from New Zealand and his work is totem of what poets might write if living conditions here were as amenable as those in his country. Lyricism is out of fashion, but I do not see why we should not enjoy a good singer of light, personal situations, if he chooses to be one. Good poetry can be written round the most trivial detail of life. I do not know whether some of the critics who prowl about with modern shot-guns will appreciate my point of view. Anyway, it is difficult to make them see any point of view except what they can squint through their cracked glasses. In judging this book of verse we should, in Nietzsche's phrase, 'effect a transvaluation of all values,' for it is the work of a New Zealander who is living under different conditions from European peoples. It is lovely to say in grandiose terms that poetry should have a sociological significance; for that matter all poetry has some sort of social significance. But, how much of modern poetry really *does* have a genuine sociological significance? If Louis MacNeice writes a sociological poem such as '*Autumn Journal*,' so much the better, for MacNeice can write well, and it will help to educate people to the social struggle that is happening to-day. '*Poems for Spain*' is a good thing and the more people realize its meaning, the better. But, does the work of Auden catechumens have any social meaning? I would like Mr. Julian Symons to answer. How many people enjoy reading this or feel that they have been touched or educated sociologically? Most of the juvenile pen-pushers write poems that are merely the result of their self-ordained and obstinate inner disintegration. The rest have merely supplied texts for the psychologists.

Some have bitten off more of Eliot-Auden than they can hold without changing colour, and the others moon over jig-saw puzzles with Dylan Thomas and Gerard Manley Hopkins as pieces. And all the while they shout that they want social objectivity, etc., etc. Invention is a good thing, but while searching for new possibilities in language we must have our feet firmly planted on earth. That is why one must read a book like *The White Cry*. Although all its evocations are of a minor nature, it is full of the antipodean joy of life, and, what is more, it is exciting poetry. New images come to him easily without a painful striving—a lesson for a great many young poets.

Julian Symons' poetry is 'competent,' flat, dull. The book is a confusion about confusions or confusions about X's, turnips, gewgaws, cabbage leaves. It is neurosis striving for confusion. Mr. Symons himself is doubtful about his Big Nob X because in the original version of 'Dedication' published in his paper he had the line "Your X moving like a train" (?), which he has changed to " X moving like a train " in his book.

" No angel knows a face
Or knows a face's X "
" To X for help "
" He is the X to whom I play the drums " (?)
" I should like to know more about X."
" X it is true is about now."

He reels and tapes it out. Symons' poetry is perfect booksy-booksy poetry; part Gavin Ewart, Mallalieu, and Ruthven Todd, to whom he owes his technique, and part Philip O'Connor from whom he has cribbed the rest. I am only speaking of the direct sources of his inspiration.

" Night is as fatal as home. There are
In night's retractive fingers or
Water slapping the sky signs enough
To make one push a hand through roof
Feeling life outside as real as hair.
From touch of fingers or of hair . . . . . "

A downright crib from one of Philip O'Connor's poems. It is sad to see an editor cribbing from nearly every one of his contributors, besides Eliot and Auden. Let me open the book at random. Three consecutive poems begin like this : " Night is as fatal as home," " This summer evening and particular death Let us consider," " Let us applaud this and the other evenings When darkness comes at half-past seven." Ding-dong. It is evident that Mr. Symons is squeezing himself to duplicate Auden's tone and attitude of mind, for lines from Auden immediately sigh protest. We have heard this before. " Taller to-day, we remember similar evenings, Walking together in the Windless orchard." " Doom is dark and deeper than any sea-dingle." As for more obvious cribs from all sources, I leave that to people who are sufficiently interested to read Mr. Symons. Perhaps no one knows better than Mr. Booksy Symons himself what a pernicious type of composite poet he is. " *Musical Box Poem* " is one of Mr. Symons' technical exercises in the Dylan Thomas style. This review is, however, meant for those who frequent parties at Winchmore Hill.

If Mr. Herbert Read's statement " Thought and personality go hand in hand, and their goal, whether confessed or not, is that state of vision or revelation which all great spirits have attained," is correct, the *Right Review* is one of the best things in the magazine market. Mr. Read has already defined what he means by 'personality' in the second chapter of his " *Form in Modern Poetry.*" The *Right Review*, printed on a hand-press by the editor is a sheer exhibition of 'personality'—" the coherent organization of the mental processes " of Count Potocki de Montalk. This is its value. The work of a man who " maintains a certain integrity in the midst of the herd " is more *interesting* than that of towel-brains who have soaked themselves in the nearest sheep-dip.

Seven is a revolt from academism and well worth the shilling it is priced at. Receptive, sympathetic, fresh and full of life, it is one of the best mediums for the presentation of new poetry. It is full of life because it is not narrow and bogged in its outlook. One or two good poets have appeared in print for the first time in its pages, although it has issued only four numbers so far. *Seven* belongs to the younger generation and it should exert a healthy influence on them.

T.

THEATRE

The Family Reunion. By T. S. Eliot. Westminster.

I herewith propose to dance a small sacramental dance round the effigy of Mr. T. S. Eliot in celebration of his latest and greatest production. Despite dramatic hitches, and a highly improbable Mr. Redgrave who seemed miscast*, it seemed at once apparent that a very profound and moving statement was being made. I had the conviction that nothing of this calibre had been attempted on the English stage since Hamlet—which also, by the way, suffers from bad dramaticks here and there.

There is unfortunately not space to do more than record these few brief and personal notes about the play; any attempt at detailed analysis should be left to the dons and the mystogogues. The greatest question in literary history is here repeated: was Hamlet really mad or only pretending to be mad? The correct answer, of course, is that he was simply an artist, in possession of a territory so remote from the mind and heart of the ordinary man that it would appear to be very near to madness. In this area of experience the unexpiated sin lies in wait for the hero—the dragon of blood-guilt which must be slain.

With this play Eliot takes full possession of the territory which he only glanced at before, and with small self-possession. This is the first really personal statement of his position vis-à-vis destiny; and paradoxically it is so personal that it gives an impression of complete objectivity. The Eumenides are a confusing element here, because this is not a drama of fate in the Greek sense, but a drama of conscience in the medieval sense; it goes back no farther than Faust for its spiritual stance, and is a close contemporary of Hamlet. By this I mean, of course, that Hamlet is always contemporary—a sort of guilt-state to which all European genius aspires; and from which the European deduces his solutions to the life of action in the world. With Hamlet, the solution to the state became double murder; the murder of Ophelia which was symbolic and the murder of the self. For Harry, in the *Family Reunion*, there was the murder of Ophelia also; but a new discovery of the self, a cleansing without blood. The loophole of escape if provided by a truth which he learns from Agatha; a female technique of life, one might say, which helps him to resolve the schizophrenic split in himself. The whole play is a parable of suffering, done in terms of poetic symbolism, and whose epilogue and summing-up is the marvellous symbolic lighting of the birthday-cake in the last act.

I do not think there is a poet alive in England to-day who has any personal experience to match the experience behind this play; and it is for that reason that it is going to be misunderstood, in the way that Burnt Norton is misunderstood and neglected, while the more poetic qualities of Ash-Wednesday are acclaimed.

For my part, as I have already said, I herewith propose to dance a small sacramental dance . . . .

L. G. D.

* I would like to retract this judgment after having seen Mr. Redgrave's performance on a subsequent night. It is splendid.

Letters are invited for these pages

CORRESPONDENCE

I congratulate you a lot on the handsomest " intelligent " poetry magazine I know of, and on the courage of your unfashionable introduction. . . . *Poetry*—it's needed alright, verse magazines in England are very sad—grow into something extremely entertaining and popular. Poetry editors are mostly vicious climbers, with their fingers in many pies, their ears at many keyholes and . . . *You've* shown, in your introduction, how much you believe in the good of poetry and in the mischief of cliques, rackets, scandal schools, menagerie menages, amateur classes of novitiate plagiarists, etc. More subscribers and power to you. —DYLAN THOMAS

I thought the first number of *Poetry* was good reading and not too 'cliquey.'—LOUIS MACNEICE

Such a platform for free speech as *Poetry* is extremely desirable at the present time. It has begun a needed service which I hope will achieve a far-reaching influence.—JOHN GAWSWORTH

The real excellence of *Poetry* lies in the fact that you have created a forum capable of accommodating every kind of poet writing to-day; and in doing so you have given the lie to those poetical axe-grinders, theorists and critical fish-slices who have imagined that poetry is really a manner, and that no one without that manner can possibly be a poet. This charming and puerile *snobism*, imported straight from the prep-school dressing-rooms, has exercised a really hallucinating effect upon the poetry of the last few years. It has done even more than get a few good poets neglected; it has weakened the poetic output of the very cliques whose article of faith it was. How many of us, turning from the pages of *New Verse* in the last year or so have sighed for a bucket of liquid manure to dash over these elegant and epicene narcissi, in the vain hope of making them sit up and look fruitful? Let me hope that some sort of success comes out to meet *Poetry*; no poetry magazine, to date, seems to have been quite as deserving. There are bound to be squabbles and pin-pricks and squeaks. How you will maintain any balance of power between your contributors I cannot imagine; poets are queer fowl, and *Poetry* will have to be as flexible as rubber and as large as a fishing net to hold them all. But you are to be congratulated on supplying an impetus away from mere literary *snobism* and over-eclecticism. You deserve all our good wishes and good fortune to boot. —LAWRENCE DURRELL

I think that the first number of *Poetry* is a great disappointment; but there are in it the seeds of something good, and probably these seeds will presently produce a wholesome crop. Most of the poems in it are no more than a jelly-fish is a fish, or ploughed land is a harvest. Poetry is the result of direct inspiration, or 'emotion recollected in tranquillity.' And it involves a direct act of the Will as well as a direct movement of the heart and brain. It is a feature of Art and all Art implies work, sometimes very hard work. The only true poems I can find in it are two by Walter de la Mare, 'Song' by John Gawsworth, and 'Mnemonic' by Rayner Heppenstall—though some of the others are good in short patches. But they are most flagrantly Left Wing—Left Wing in two different senses. Distorting the term from its customary meaning I doubt if in actuality there is such a thing as first-rate left-wing poetry. No bird can fly powerfully when he is lop-sided. His right wing has to beat in tune with his left. And if he has only one wing, left or right, he cannot get off the ground. Most of the poets in *Poetry* seem at present to have only one wing.—HERBERT PALMER

I like it because it is the only thing of its kind. Other poetry magazines are always cliquish and small in their outlook, as for instance *New Verse* and *Twentieth Century Verse*. I like particularly your preface which is unpretentious, true and interesting; it is quite clear

that you are concerned with poetry itself, not with modes and manners, and with life itself, not with superficial fashions. For life, as we agree, is a simple thing. I think particularly good the way you talk about your authors without ridiculous tact, saying quite frankly what you think. The introduction to Dylan Thomas' poem for instance, is clearly something much needed, yet few editors would either dare or take the trouble to do it . . . I've spent such space on the preface because I think it is the most important thing in *Poetry* apart from the existence of the magazine itself. I was, to tell the truth, a little disappointed with the individual contents. I think the Gawsworth poems are very bad, particularly ' Dictator ' . . . I like best of all Durrell's shorter poem.—NICHOLAS MOORE

May I say, in sending you a subscription for a year's issue of *Poetry*, that I entirely agree with the ideals expressed in the letter in the first number ? It has seemed to me for some time that the moment must come for a restatement of the fundamental values of life, and that when that restatement began to be made, poetry would again be generally recognised as, on the one hand a human pulsating thing—on the other a name for an underlying force or principle of all human activity at any rate. The different clashing dangers in the world which menace this realization are now so acute, that the moment is now or never. I don't think that a magazine can be anything but one of many indications in that direction—the real thing can only be done by the separate work of individuals, but of course that is what you fully recognise in your letter. A restatement of a similar kind has been made, this by Patrice de la Tour du Pin in his essay *Ta Vie recluse en poesie*. At all events I am glad to say how much I applaud and welcome your effort to bring back our attention to the great issues. — MARGARET MANN (Newnham College, Cambridge)

Herewith my year's subscription, and I should like to take this opportunity of saying how much I have enjoyed your first number. This is the poetry magazine for which I and, I am sure, a great many people have been waiting ; democratic, allowing true freedom of poetic speech, ' aware of opposites ' as you say of one of your contributors.—

N. K. CRUIKSHANK

I wish there were more of his poems (John Gawsworth).—M.E.

I particularly liked the poem by Louis MacNeice.—A.S. (Ceylon)

I think myself that Dylan Thomas' poem is much the best in the magazine—HERBERT READ

You've put a picture over the best poem in the magazine (John Gawsworth)—HERBERT PALMER

I liked best of all Louis MacNeice's poem.—D.G.

Paul Potts told the editor that he considered Nicholas Moore's second poem to be the best in the magazine and Maurice Carpenter, Durrell's longer poem.

The most remarkable poem in the magazine is Stephen Spender's ' Variations on my life.'—VALMA S.

Yeats said that poetry should *move* the reader.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Collected Poems by ROBERT GRAVES. (Cassell). 10*s*. 6*d*.

Wild Swans by THEODORE NICHOLL. (Duckworth). 3*s*. 6*d*.

Poems by JOHN GAWSWORTH. (The Richards Press Ltd.). 2*s*. 6*d*.

The Garden of Disorder by CHARLES HENRI FORD. (New Directions). $2.00.

I Have Seen Monsters and Angels by EUGENE JOLAS. (Transition Press, Paris).

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