

TWENTIETH CENTURY VERSE



9

March 1938

Sixpence

CHANGE OF ADDRESS

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AMERICAN EDITOR

**With this number Mr. Samuel French Morse becomes
American Editor; American contributions should be
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237 Locust Street, Danvers, Mass., U.S.A.

TWENTIETH CENTURY VERSE

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Twice Quarterly

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**Check List of Books and Articles by WYNDHAM
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Design on cover by Wyndham Lewis

R. B. FULLER

BALLAD OF THE LAST HEIR

Lord Zarley the eldest son came down
And sprawled beside the shallow lake;
He saw the acres of his reversion
In planes about, immaculate.

No blade had wrinkled the green parkland
And grazing only were the hunters
With yellow, bilious eyeballs, threshing
Tails, a black company of haunters.

“These lands are bound to my ancient father
And I am the next to inherit them.
The hunt will ride over his deathbed
And over my own in a little time.

“To the vault in the nave of that grey church
With the names carved there that are my own,
To the yew trees out of tenant and serf
In the graveyard growing heavy and green
I am bound like a falling stone to earth.

“My face has a history but no future,
The dead compiled the chivalrous usage,
Raping for ever love and ambition,
And only time rots their marble visage.

“The heirlooms are clasped by a savage law
On the body of any that I may love;
The sombre settings and florid gems
Will spoil young flesh with stain and groove.

“No wanton girl like a slender fish
Will slip from my bed with a harlot’s mime:
I am empty of lust, a grotesque form
Evolved by a clumsy, inbred line.”

Zarley rose up and saw the sun
Between the trees and the grey church tower
Like a gout of blood on an egg blue skin,
An image of internecine war.

He left the lake on his sinister hand,
Treading a path between the yews,
A bird flew swiftly under the branches
And down the dark glade beyond his view.

He pressed on the wormy door and drew
The dusty scarlet cloth aside
And entered the spacious gloom of the church
With a gleam on brass and flowers relieved.

The sanitary neatness of Bedlam was there,
A dry, spare skull with the brains all gone:
The arches frugally preserved
Against a greater, a final ruin.

Zarley confronted the fatuous altar,
The plain, high windows of dove grey light:
The strength of his empty face was the eyes,
Like those a sculptor dared not sight.

But quickly against the reredos,
Flooding its ghostly alabaster,
A magnesium bud of flaming fiercely
Showed his pupils who was master.

A cord of terror combed his scalp,
The symbol snaked and burned dull red,
And faded in the theatrical glare
Of pouring light, where dust and where
The explosion's smoke crepitated and coiled.

Then in the glow stood a solid figure
With clothes stained red as though in wine,
And from the forehead, like pallid fungus,
Two horns grew in the shape of fingers.
The ported appendage was silky and fine.

"I know you Zarley, I know your sorrow."
Zarley had gone had he but dared.
The lips of the apparition smiled
And shaped like butter the separate words.

"Throw off your fear and tradition, Zarley.
A man should often welcome the devil."
"Frankly I fear you," Lord Zarley replied,
"And tradition tells me you are evil."

"Your tradition is dead, I'll give you a better.
The gold of your settings will run in its flame,
The dross be purged from your mouldering gems
And the land reveal a more fertile loam.

“Your riches are static, I’ll make them flow.”
“What good will avail, my heart’s the hurt?”
“It lies in stiff unyielding cerements
And must be freed if it must beat.”

“But what do you want of me in exchange?”
“And what would you give me?” the devil said.
“I’ll give you a share of the new minted wealth.”
“Then sign the bond in your own fine blood.”

“You’ll control the way my bread is got.”
“Cake,” said the devil, his eyes aslant.
“And that you’ll determine my way of life
Is patent from your own argument.”

“O specious youth to apply the standards
Of hoary winter to your new spring.
Under my rule my laws are good;
The argument shows that morals are shifting.”

The trees brushed against the arching windows,
A thin wind jangled a ghost of bells.
The devil gathered his hired red robes.
“This place is haunted.” He twitched the lobes
Of his pointed ears. “Grasp my shoulders well.

“I’ll show you the forge for your raw, rich lumber,
The boundless realm of our company,
Strange food to stop your foolish mouth
And passion to fill your questioning eye.”

Then Zarley hung on the devil’s shoulders:
He smelt the heat of the body’s rages,
The dust from the woollen, scarlet cloak,
An odour of shoddy provincial stages.

Then he saw the altar far beneath
And soon the grey church tower, the trees,
The toy horses and the pleasure grounds,
Until the half light smeared these views.

The devil turned his animal head
And spoke with the cold, diluted air.
“The winking limits of aerodrome
The dark north prick like a waking dream
With wings you will inherit there.

“And to the south the esplanade
Of the sweet, immoral watering place,
A glittering snake coiled round the bight,
Promises a press of thighs in moonlight,
A bright moist path to Dian’s grace.”

They flew until Lord Zarley could see
The yellow slots of factory windows,
And they rested upon a grey slag heap
To see the town’s industrial wonders.

The gas lit streets were laid with cobbles,
Their people a pale, diminutive race.
“These are the craftsmen of your metal.”
“I fear the bitter collective face.”

“They are the genii of the ring,
They are phantoms with only strength to slave.”
“I have no confidence in oppression
And strength is a menace without their love.

“If our kingdom should rest on these Nibelungs
I think our reign is brief indeed.”
“You will not again view this crude country,
Its vapours require a healthier breed.

“I’ll save your aristocratic frame
From the shocks of such elemental scenes.
Your function is not to produce but dispose:
You should not be hampered by questions of means.”

Then Zarley’s uneasy flesh was borne
Across one squalid eaten face
Of the serf-made pyramid of power.
He turned his eyes from the smoky place.

The glow of the forge fell back in the dark,
The high pitched rattle of spindles ceased,
The slow death in the oppressive house
Tinctured the final narrow street.

In the velvet of the upper air,
Curving a planetary path,
The devil, his arm supporting Zarley,
Attempted to soothe the startled youth.

“Your home is a palace of many rooms,
Its porcelain walls trap cool, white air,
In shapely pots are luxuriant posies,
Tongued orchids and soft, ceruminous roses,
And the waxen ivy wreaths the stair.

“You mount to the roof with an airman’s eye
Of the sunlit landscape, flat as paving,
And in the middle distance find
The necessary objects waving
Tendrils of parasites under sand.

“The sphinx as lover with flawless breasts,
The broken lintels of exchanges,
A novel machine in idleness,
Arranged in isolation replace
Rough nature’s wasteful, wearing hinges.

“Breaking the quivered horizon stands,
In lovely, visual form, the trust
Of death, a marble skyscraper,
Lonely devourer of the rest.”

The devil produced from his narrow bosom
A parchment and a pointed reed.

“You sign and touch this seal and say
‘I deliver this as my act and deed’.”

The devil’s gesture had swift effect.

“You’ve taken me from my own country,
From the dusty cherry and phallic chestnut
That in spring would have delighted me.

“You’ve saved me from the dreaded symbols:
The flattened rabbit in the road,
The yellow winds in the cutting fall,
Blunt, proper knives for scraping scab.

“You promised me freedom where I had none.
Let me return to the entailed land.”

Lord Zarley’s words were hurried and shrill.

“For I will not live in your insane hell.”

Some white showed on the other’s hand.

They were falling with the falling sky

And the globe’s gear began to engage with them.

The devil said “You damned aristo,

Mine was a decent charity home.

"The last of your race in a tottering house,
 The door grown over with lurid weeds,
 Whom do you think would succeed to the corpse,
 The broken stones and effacing woods?
 "If you want the truth, you are useless, a ghost."
 "And what are you but a superstition?"
 "Die!" screamed the devil. "I'll steal your world."
 "Then inherit," said Zarley, "a realm of attrition."
 The devil loosed his supporting arm
 And the boy whirled down from the dark domain
 Like a parachute after the turning earth,
 A fluttering, convulsive effort at birth:
 But below were scattered his bright remains.

POEMS 1 to 6

1

Your image in a mirror in a darkened room,
 A curtain blowing from the unglazed window and
 The vicious blue and midnight sky across the frame:
 The level of nightmare flush against your eyes, like sand
 Settled an epoch on a fallen frontier city,
 With terror in sharp perspective half below the dead,
 Filtered through books and grilles, is your return from pity:
 As you quit the bony figure on the bed
 And say good-night, meaning good-bye, observing now
 The shadows, a lock of hair hanging on your brow
 And, curving into pale successive planes of space
 Divorced from flesh the puffed expression of your face:
 As with no other words but bending an awkward bow,
 Not finding the normal door you make escape through glass.

2

The giant was great enough to become a myth.
 The spoiler of country, the rival to the dragon,
 Ravisher of virgins and of learning,
 Who kept men captive in severest dungeon.
 His castle's turrets shadowed all the country,
 His ogre henchmen and his courts supreme.
 But they are gone now, leaving no remains,
 No bone or stone to reconstruct their prime.
 Instead the subject race, the bean planters,
 The captives, of short stature, a standing joke,
 Survived to honour in their transcendent culture
 The greater myth, the killer, the common jack.

3

The leader denied his men were discontented:
He'd doled them riches from the latest spoil,
A few lieutenants rented private villas,
And lusty shouts of greeting showed control.

The men were fed, old modes of life forgotten,
The barbarous country where they'd been impressed.
Some talk of danger using savages
Dispelled by quick promotion of the best.

Only one day the ragged, thousand ranks,
Around the bloody villas, cooking, eating,
Convinced the startled leader that the shouts
Might be a subtler, lustier form of greeting.

4

No pleasure from the masonry of banks
Or people talking in another room
 Is sent at death to eye and ear.
These are phenomena that halt the heart
In its last knocking, with a breath of doom.

Communicated on the day of triumph
Conspiracy of failing things makes for
 No time at all to guard the breast
Or head against the knives and falling house,
The enemy concealed behind the door.

The commonplace betray, the dividends,
The newsboys shouting and the cirrus sky
 Bring extinction. The life is cursed
That gave so much to few and to the many
Peace in their vocation of slavery.

After the levelling of custom, the
Descent of towers, the universal bomb,
 The victors, not immortal, must
Remove the cause of shock or die again
Finding a priestly comfort in their home.

5

The unmarked calendar of days,
Despite its promise and suggestion
Of charming space concealed in time,
With blank death's pages offers question.

Here you may reckon backwards from
The dangerous festival and date
The average accuracy by known
Statistics of a morbid fate.

Or with another set of norms
You calculate how drug or gun
May leap whole centuries, modify
Plans founded on the steady sun.

6

In the strongroom lie his proofs to title,
The yellow parchments and the clotted seal:
No hint of pleasant park or timbered mansion;
This evidence however is their soul.

For ceremonial days the coronet,
The rich robes of ermine and the scarlet there
That in the dust envelope the never displayed,
The shrinking skeleton of the rightful heir.

KENNETH ALLOTT

SUNDAY EXCURSION: for N.F. and R.J.

Snow drowned in rain, the mild flakes dribbling
Down like a train of thought to the shiny cobbles,
 Brine on the lips:
The rain falling from uninhabited stars
 On macs and umbrellas.
 And this is like misery.

Such is the weather here and beyond the harbour,
Real and unreal as feelings or official history—
 A cyclorama:
Crying, like a small ad. read at the breakfast table,
 “Will nobody help me?
 Please. I ask for so little.”

There are relics. The anchor in the wet dockyards
Of Nelson, like love-lies-bleeding, at Trafalgar.
 Because nearly great
Great, to whom though mixed and always at sea
 Being real and unreal
 They must say it with flowers.

The birds on his Column cannot hate or love greatly
And Nelson, I think, will not love or hate any more,
 Or run up a signal.
“Does England dare to expect?” growls the real ocean.
 Say the gulls in italics:
 “*You’re effete. Were you smiling?*”

Ponder how close to the houses the darkness begins.
Disaster and laughter are both Greek gifts to the air.
 Will you breed drays?
But who shall die like an opera this or next year?
 And why do your heroes
 Sulk or like celluloid flare?

D. S. SAVAGE

LANDSCAPE 2

There where the river shrank past shack and shelter
I dug the iron earth and planted iron
For mutilated trees to drip all winter
Out of the itching of the dangerous sun.

I planted dragonteeth: and men of metal
Armoured with anger climbed from the sullen ground
Aching with pain to murder the maternal
And spill the running wax with which they groaned.

And where they paced the torn ramshackle circle
Of grief and sin the crippled shells of pain
Rose from the bed of sorrow with a manacle
Of splintered bone to ring the bursting sun.

There where the gasdrums hoisted through the city
I hacked a corpse of grass and fed with death
The mouth of seaweed in a ghastly pity,
And drove my martyred men again to earth.

GEOFFREY PARSONS

EUROPE A WOOD

The pattern is one of trees in precise formation,
Rubber or conifer, strictly utilitarian,
Uniform, without bud or blossom. Only the roots,
The trunk, the branches, some necessary leaves,
What is of use, and the power of propagation.

The motion is that of trees swaying in unison
To the prevailing wind. Bend or be broken.
Some fragmentary branches litter the ground,
Lopped from those trunks essayed a separate motion.
And upright trunks have crashed entire to earth.

The message is merely the speaking wind amplified:
That draught from a vacant space flutters the leaves
In the octave of assent, a murmured acceptance.
But of late, observers with sensitive ears report
Recalcitrant undertones, rustles of defiance.

SAMUEL FRENCH MORSE

PRELUDE TO THE LONG SLEEP

David: You have gone too far as it is: standing at bay
In the horrible wood you have shut out the light of day,
And behind you the owl eyes the rodent's track,
And the bobcat hides his yellow belly and his golden
back.

Behind or before is no matter, you have entered
The darkest forest—on you the hate is centred.

Peter: It is cool in the night—I am free at length to recall
My past—

David: Your past is a threadbare ghost, that is all.

Peter: Do you think there is nothing gained? How much is
lost

If you reckon the blood, and the history, into the cost?
Is it wrong to know that kings have been murdered
for less

Than hate, for a gaudy crown, or because of a kiss?

Do you think it a failing for men to study war
Because they demand the bitter sense from the roar
Of the cannon, the revealing flash of the rocket
That cuts the current of life like smashing a socket?

David: Do they read the military for this? This is not their
reason.

Your scholars are only preparing for their season
Of death. Always, before you know, it is too late
And a city lies in ruins, destruction ends with a date
Recorded, and photographs showing the square
Previous to invasion, and others in which the tare
And the bramble are shown rampant over the broken
cement

And twisted steel, but little to tell how far the con-
queror went.

I say your saintly scholar awaits his turn,
When he can set the fire and watch it burn.

Peter: Is it all like this? If you will let me put you in mind
Of events we both have known, then we may find
A useful answer in history. Forget, as much as you
can, for a while,

Vienna and its murder, Franco, the bloodshed on the
Nile,

Which have sickened me, too, and set my teeth on edge.

Do you remember years past, when we climbed the
ledge

To calculate the line we must take to reach the
further hill?

And to make the cleanest sweep, we had to kill
The blind surge forward through the swamp,
Where gold-green frogs were, and the burning damp;
So, turning, we saw our goal in the brilliant haze,
And it came to us the journey would take many days.
Discouraged, we thought to go back, and looking that
way we knew,

Nothing remained we might recognize, except for a
few

Dead trees that had been at our former horizon,
The last survivors of an earlier sun.

David: I know the rest. We struggled through sharp grass
Afraid of the hidden snakes—for we heard them hiss.
We gathered the hideous plants, arum, and dock,
And the greenish orchid growing by the rock.

Peter: But why did we go ahead?

David: For these, I suppose.

Yet you know, when we ended, we found no fiery rose
As you thought we might. And so we failed.

Peter: Not wholly. And do you remember the day we sailed
From Rockland through the fog to Isle St. Pierre,
Heard the reeling buoys send warning through the air?
We had been lost except for a man who could tell,
Because his ear was tuned to the tolling bell,
Because by many trials he knew the course
Past reef and shoal—he told us of floating oars
He had picked from the sea—he matched his skill
Against ocean-currents, and thus he had his will.

David: This is enough. You have dulled me too much toward
sleep.

I have seen death on the pavements. Your anger does
not keep

Itself to itself. What do you plan to do with the
written word?

It is too late to stop; already the dragon has stirred,
And who is to face him, who?

Peter: Is it you?

David: I am helpless. I can read the paper to-day and swear
At Guernica blown from the map, the flare
Of hate in the East as they bomb Shanghai.

Peter: Are you willing to die?

David: I am powerless to act, the same as God, or you.
The gorgons have beaten us, and we must sue
For peace with the luckiest terms—though that is
beyond our hope.
Your stories wear thin—the analogies cannot cope
With the scarlet flourish of gunfire.

Peter: No, not yet can I act.
Nevertheless, I can stake my breath, and life outweighs
your fact.
Should Madrid never rise from the plain, or Valencia
sing,
When the fliers have finished their work, have had
their fling,
If Gibraltar is shattered, the Strait is blocked to trade,
The olive-tree flourishes still, but when will the oil be
made?
The Parthenon may fall to a heap of stone,
As the weather forces it down, when left alone
At its work.
Asia may scorch in the sun, rivers run dry,
The glaciers cover great cities, for, if all men die,
We must imagine the worst. This is the smallest part.
The fatal stroke is the stopping of the heart.

David: Then act! Then make your move and take the chance
If you see a way to stop the maddening dance.
I have no hope.

Peter: So I might cock the gun
And shoot you now. Looking toward the grave you
see no sun.
Go to sleep. Go lie down and die, the pain bites
through
And deadens the nerve. Shall I send a bullet to
The throbbing brain? You would not want that.
But because I can picture no end, you put on your hat
And coat, and slam the door in my face.
Go home, go home to sleep the long sleep in your
place.
I have solved no problem yet, and all I can say
Is this: the past is grim, and the present. Leave me
alone and I will find my way.

RUTHVEN TODD

POEM (For C.C.)

Here, in this quiet spot, apart
From the turmoil of Europe,
The flurried engine's noisy start
And the bomb smashing hope;
I sit still and think now of you,
Measuring river's pearl against sea's blue;

Think of the sun's glare
And twisted cactus plant
Against this grey and heavy air
And a mast's indolent slant;
Wish I were where you are, or you here,
To stop these minutes tapping at my ear.

I wait the morning paper—
How many killed in Spain?
Yet now, before the deeper
Knowledge of pain,
I give you the minutes of this hour;
All that I have, so treasure them, my dear.

JULIAN SYMONS

PRELUDE TO POEMS

(For A.J.A.S., S.M.S., M.A.S.)

From the green the toy aeroplanes at morning
Swung over sea and returned like gulls.
My wilderness days were marked; you rescued me
From the ascending hills and dying valleys.
One evening I misspelt the word *several*
But concealed the mistake by subterfuge.

You are the ones who told the astonishing stories,
The cricket ball pitched on a sixpence, the experiment
With the glass bowl that was dangerous at ninety,
The dramatic words recited in darkness.
For me then too the country was chequered, trees
Moved, I saw dead men walking, Wylder's hand.

It was this to be youngest brother, to be nine
And reticent, to admire the roaring dandy
Seeking death on an Indian motor-bike
Or the industrious student saying "I propose"
Or Maurice in the evening talking of Turner the Terror.

With this purpose I write you these lines:
Things are no longer mythical; I am undoubtedly
On the beach at Clacton, my incalculable feet
On a time's quicksand dizzying the air,
I am undoubtedly in my Croydon room, waiting for
The house to fall. I am steady though unstable:
And for the moment I am not able to be afraid:

And horror begins now, it is with horror I see
All your faces are like mine, you are
Puppets like me in the iron fist of money,
Taking the financiers' heavy downward step.
This time expanding is my demon Time,
My horror sea where no one ever is
But the endless man who is afraid to weep.

But I am not afraid to weep, I raise a flood with my tears,
For you to whom brotherhood's deadly hand
Links me, I raise a stalagmite mountain
Of solid tears, and crawl up it painfully
In order to reach you, for I see you at the top,
And on the topmost tear like (as you might put it) a pearl
We meet again, we are again united,
Although you are not yourselves, but my image of you.

It is in my own image now that I write of you
Who are one still magnificent, diner and maker of speeches,
Blessing wine as a tangible proof of God,
One still sportsman making the regular movements
That end in the executed dive, the miraculous return,
And one, little known, travelling, restless, a long way away.

Figuratively I am still with you, I am the epicure and appreciator
of cigars,
Collector of snuff boxes, wearer of black tie,
I am the polar-vaulting sportsman, or at least the one
With the fast service and tolerable forehand drive,
And in the net of money I am industrious.

This poem I am writing, which is a description of myself,
Applies equally to you. If you wish to you can
Imagine yourself in my place directing the sea
Or directing your own actions in face of the sea.
Is it impertinent to ask if you are
Too well bedded to see truth and live on an island ?

I am writing of the sixty-four ways and the Upmann cigars,
Of the tennis racket and the traditional sugar-basin,
Your X moving like a train. "What was that country?"
There are places nobody can visit
But the sad and ill. Is that the reason
I walk at evening with my reluctant shadow ?

It is the Fortunate Islands I shall never reach
But which I am approaching year by year
That contain this constitutional endless poem.
Over the sea-wall of my island wall
The sea extends touching my island hand,
My hand that greets you over this neglected land.

PHILIP O'CONNOR

THE RASPBERRY IN THE PUDDING

The man in the red scarf comes—from five split places
sudden appeared within the flares,
gold lamps and woven songs of tramways. Those songs in his
head move around
with their one sound's finger here and fingers there, above
has cleaved with crooked light
the spitting lightning,
as this could be a storm and all.
His pantaloons are flying below eyes like movie-films, so
bright
and their lights so changing in interest—very wild, stormy!
and it is electric,
that twitch of his bright white ear
a curved and wind-moulded drop adaptable as water
to your mound of sounds. Down the steep road with coal-
shine comes
the startling and laughing man of the moment—a cinema door
has perhaps spat him up from where the organ draws rising
hills—or
a clinic, fussy and epigrammatic, or an old awful dome
of a large church like Paul's.
Never mind, rising, falling stomach of mother the doomy mind,
thought large and wide and preposterous that years push along
adding coating
of sleep or comfort. That loud man of the moment
is late or conceited or takes the wrong turning or is quodded
for not paying his busfare—
be sure as the turning of a very strong wheel
you will not see him come any nearer. He is a sensation,
for newspapers and headaches. He is exploded!

BRIEFLY

The Southern Review (Baton Rouge, Louisiana, 75c.), about the best of the American quarterlies, a magazine readers of this paper should know, prints in the Winter 1938 Number a good story by Katharine Anne Porter, a professorial, useful article by John Crowe Ransom on Shakespeare's sonnet construction and an acute review of Yvor Winters' *Primitivism and Decadence*. Debit side: a long, respectful notice of *White Mule* by fake Imagist-Objectivist Dr. William Carlos Williams ("one of our outstanding contemporary American poets;" or as Ezra puts it, "the sole catalectic in whose presence some sort of modification would take place"); some miserable verse. But the *Southern Review* compares favourably with *The Criterion* or any English literary-political magazine.

The Year's Poetry, 1937 (John Lane, 5s.). With Mr. Grigson taking on his shoulders the weight (not very heavy) borne by Mr. Lehmann and Mr. Gerald Gould, *The Year's Poetry* is, of course, much improved. As anthologies go (they don't go far) this is a very useful one, and does really give some idea of what was happening in 1937. Good things: Auden, Dylan Thomas and Barker, and some way behind, K. J. Raine, R. B. Fuller, Kenneth Allott, MacNeice, Taylor, O'Connor and one or two others. Bad things: De la Mare (in these poems), Herbert Palmer, W. J. Turner, Herbert Read, Day Lewis, Bernard Spencer, Bottrall, and two or it may be four poets whose names have appeared in TWENTIETH CENTURY VERSE. Omissions: Yeats, Wallace Stevens, Eliot.

PURE POETRY FROM Mr. MASEFIELD

"Amid the humour and the worthy pedestrianism, we see those sudden upleaping lines of pure poetry in which Mr. Masefield is so lavish. Describing the September fields, he says:

"Bristled and speared, in army, rank on rank,
The bread to be stands tiptoe in the sun."

London Mercury.

AMERICAN EDITOR, CHANGE OF ADDRESS

With this number Mr. Samuel French Morse becomes American Editor. There will be an American number later this year, probably in August, and we hope to print more work by American poets, than was possible in 1937.

All (English) contributions and communications should now be sent to **45 St. George's Square, S.W.I.** (see notice on inside front cover).

AMERICAN OPINIONS

It has not been possible to obtain a representative selection of American views on Wyndham Lewis; and the opinions mentioned in the Wyndham Lewis number will not appear.

R. B. FULLER

R. B. Fuller, whose poems are featured in this number, was born at Oldham, in 1912, and now lives in Kent. He did not attend a Public School or University. He was admitted a solicitor in 1934. Poems have appeared in *New Verse*, *New Writing*, *Contemporary Poetry and Prose*, *Programme*, *The Year's Poetry 1937*, and in this magazine; he has not yet published a book. An orthodox Marxism influences without directing his verse.

NUMBER 10

No. 10 will contain parodies of three or four well-known poets, English and American, a Ballad by H. B. Mallalieu, poems by Conrad Aiken, Norman Hall, Philip O'Connor and others, and notes on the criticism of T. S. Eliot, I. A. Richards, William Empson, etc.

STRAIGHT TIP FROM MASTER MIND

A.L.: We have talked about poetry, now will you give me something from a living writer as a sample of what you consider it is?

T.S.E.: No; I will not single any one thing out.

A.L.: Shall we say something from the past without critical implication except that this, in your opinion, is poetry?

T.S.E.: There is Wordsworth on Resolution and Independence and Coleridge on Dejection. For something shorter these four lines of Landor's. . . .

"The Soul of a Poet"—Arthur Lawson meets some MASTER MINDS—article in the "Star," 24.2.38.

CHECK LIST OF BOOKS AND ARTICLES BY WYNDHAM LEWIS

Apologies are necessary both for the delay in making this check-list and for its incompleteness. A number of the periodicals to which Mr. Lewis has contributed cannot be obtained in the British Museum and up to the present I have not been able to trace them. I hope that both English and American readers of TWENTIETH CENTURY VERSE will supply additions; and a supplementary list of articles with acknowledgements, will be printed later.

Ruthven Todd

1909

The English Review: May, "The Pole"; June, "Some Innkeepers and Bestre"; August, "Les Saltimbanques." These stories were subsequently revised and reprinted in *The Wild Body*.

1914

BLAST: No. 1. 20th June 2/6. Contributions by W.L.: "The Enemy of the Stars" (First Version); "Vortices and Notes"; "Frederick Spencer Gore."

TIMON OF ATHENS. N.d., but Mr. Lewis believes that it appeared in 1914. Portfolio of 16 prints, 6 coloured, 10 black-and-white.

1915

BLAST. No. 2 July (War No.) 2/6: Contributions by W.L.: "War Notes," "Artists and the War," "The Exploitation of Blood," "The Six Hundred," "Verestchagin and Uccello," "Marinetti's Occupation," "Review of Contemporary Art," "The Art of the Great Race," "Five Art Notes," "Vortex 'Be Thyself'," "The Crowdmaster" (First Part).

1917

THE IDEAL GIANT, The Code of a Herdsman, Cantelman's Spring-Mate. Privately printed for the London office of *The Little Review*.

1918

TARR. New York: Alfred A. Knopf. \$1.75. (Precedes the English edition by 3 weeks).

TARR. London: The Egoist, Ltd. 6/-.

1919

THE CALIPH'S DESIGN. Architects! Where is your Vortex? London: The Egoist, Ltd. 3/-.

HAROLD GILMAN: An Appreciation by Wyndham Lewis and Louis F. Fergusson. London: Chatto & Windus. 21/-.

FIFTEEN DRAWINGS. London: The Ovid Press.

The English Review. April, "What Art Now?"

The Daily Express. Feb. 10, "The Men who will Paint Hell. Modern War as a Theme for the Artist."

1921

THE TYRO. No. 1 April. 1/6. Contributions by W.L.: "Notes on Current Painting (i-ii)," "Will Eccles."

Sunday Express. April 24, "The Coming Academy."

1922

THE TYRO. No. 2, March, 2/6. Contributions by W.L.: "Editorial," "A Preamble for the Usual Public," "Recent Painting in London," "The Finance Expert," "Essay on the Objective of Plastic Art in Our Time," "Tyronic Dialogues—X & F," "Bestre." (This is the revised version of "Bestre.")

Art and Letters. "Sigismund." (Revised and reprinted in *The Wild Body*.)

The English Review. January, "The Credentials of the Painter—1".

April, "The Credentials of the Painter—2."

Sunday Express. April 30, "The Worse-than-ever Academy."

1924

The Chapbook. "Physics of the Not-Self." (Later reprinted with "The Enemy of the Stars.")

The New Statesman. February 2, "The Strange Actor";

March 1, "The Young Methuselah."

May 24, "The Dress-Body-Mind Aggregate."

1926

THE ART OF BEING RULED. London: Chatto & Windus 18/-.

1927

THE LION AND THE FOX: The Role of the Hero in the Plays of Shakespeare. London: Grant Richards 16/-.

TIME AND WESTERN MAN. London: Chatto & Windus 21/-. ("Revolutionary Simpleton" reprinted from "Enemy" No. 1).

THE WILD BODY, A Soldier of Humour and other Stories. London: Chatto & Windus 7/6.

THE ENEMY. No. 1. Dated January, appeared February 2/6. A certain number of signed copies at 30/-. By W.L.: "Note to Public," "What's in a Namesake?" "The Revolutionary Simpleton."

THE ENEMY. No. 2, September 3/6. 150 copies on Basingwerk Parchment, signed, 21/-. By W.L.: "Notes Regarding Details of Publication and Distribution," "Editorial Notes," "Editorial," "Paleface," "The Blessings of the Sophisticated School of Literature."

The Monthly Criterion. July: "Value of the Doctrine behind 'subjective' art." (Reprinted in "Paleface").

1928

THE CHILDERMASS. Section 1. London: Chatto & Windus 8/6.

TARR. Completely Revised Edition. London: Chatto & Windus *The Phoenix Library* 3/6.

1929

PALEFACE: The Philosophy of the Melting Pot. (Reprinted with additions from "Enemy" No. 2). London: Chatto & Windus 7/6.

THE ENEMY. No. 3, January 2/6. By W.L.: "Enemy Bulletin," "The Diabolical Principle," "Details regarding Publication and Distribution," "Editorial Notes."

Drawing and Design. February, "A World Art and Tradition."

Daily Express: Oct. 25. ***!!!—...?***!!! (On Censorship, with reference to *Death of a Hero* by Richard Aldington.)

1930

THE APES OF GOD. London: The Arthur Press. 750 copies signed and numbered, for subscription only £3 3s. 0d.

A cheap edition, reproduced from the above photographically, was published in 1931. Nash & Grayson 10/6.

SATIRE AND FICTION. By Wyndham Lewis. Preceded by The History of a Rejected Review by Roy Campbell. London: The Arthur Press. Enemy Pamphlets No. 1, September 1/6.

The Daily Mail. May 15, "Sex and the Child."

1931

HITLER. London: Chatto & Windus 6/—.

THE DIABOLICAL PRINCIPLE and the Dithyrambic Spectator. ("The Diabolical Principle," reprinted from "Enemy" No. 3.) London: Chatto & Windus 7/6.

1932

THE DOOM OF YOUTH. New York: Robert M. McBride & Co., March \$2.50. (Precedes the English edition by three months).

THE DOOM OF YOUTH. (This book was withdrawn by the publishers shortly after publication). London: Chatto & Windus. June. 10/6.

SNOOTY BARONET. London: Cassell & Co. 7/6.
**THIRTY PERSONALITIES AND A SELF-
 PORTRAIT.** London: Desmond Harmsworth £2 2s.
THE ENEMY OF THE STARS. Physics of the Not-
 Self. ("The Enemy of the Stars," completely revised from
 "Blast" No. 1. "The Physics of the Not-Self" reprinted from
 "The Chapbook." 1924). London: Desmond Harmsworth
 10/6.
FILIBUSTERS IN BARBARY. London: Grayson &
 Grayson 12/6.
The Twentieth Century. April, "The Artist as Crowd."
The Daily Herald. May 30, "How it Feels to be an
 Enemy."

1933

THE OLD GANG AND THE NEW GANG. London:
 Desmond Harmsworth 3/6.
ONE-WAY SONG. London: Faber & Faber 6/-.
The Daily Herald. October 10, "Poor Little Barbary."
The Bookman. November, "What are the Berbers?"

1934

MEN WITHOUT ART. London: Cassell & Co. 10/6.
Time and Tide. August 4, Keyserling. "Problems of
 Personal Life" by Count Herman Keyserling. (Review.)
 August 18, Rousseau. "Rousseau and the Modern State"
 by Alfred Cobban. (Review).
 September 15, A Communist Abroad. "In All Countries"
 by John Dos Passos. (Review).
 October 13, One Picture is more than Enough.
 October 20, Power Feeling and Machine-Age Art.
 November 10, Art in Industry.
 November 17, Sitwell Circus. "Aspects of Modern
 Poetry" by Edith Sitwell. (Review).
New Verse (October). Answers to an Enquiry.
The Listener. September 26, Tradesmen, Gentlemen
 and Artists. "Art" by Eric Gill. (Review.)

New Statesman. May 12. In Praise of Outsiders.
The Bookman. July, Art in a Machine Age.
September, Nationalism.
October, "Classical Revival" in England.
The London Mercury. October, Studies in the Art of
Laughter.
Life and Letters. April, The Dumb Ox. A Study of
Ernest Hemingway. (Reprinted in "Men without Art.")

1935

Beyond this Limit. By Naomi Mitchison. Pictures by
Wyndham Lewis. London: Jonathan Cape 10/6.

The Listener. May 8, Freedom that Destroys Itself.
June 26, Art and Literature. "Among the British Islanders."
July 17, Martian Opinions. (Letter replying to criticisms
of above.)

The London Mercury. May, First Aid for the Unorthodox.

The B.B.C. Annual. Art and Patronage. 1. Wyndham
Lewis. 2. C. R. W. Nevinson.

1936

LEFT WINGS OVER EUROPE. London: Jonathan
Cape 7/6.

Sunday Times. Jan. 19. Letter: "Mr. Ervine and the
Poets."

FREEDOM, Allen and Unwin, 4/6. (Contains reprint
of article "Freedom that Destroys Itself" from *The Listener*).

1937

COUNT YOUR DEAD—THEY ARE ALIVE.
London: Lovat Dickson 7/6.

THE REVENGE FOR LOVE. London: Cassell & Co.
8/6.

BLASTING AND BOMBARDIERING. London: Eyre & Spottiswoode 15/—.

British Union Quarterly. January-April, "Left Wings" and the C3 mind.

John o' London's Weekly. July 9, 1937, My Reply to Mr. Aldington.

Catalogue of Wyndham Lewis Exhibition at the Leicester Galleries. December, Note.

Twentieth Century Verse. Special WYNDHAM LEWIS Number. December, Introductory Letter.

1938

John o' London's Weekly. Feb. 25, 1938. Pictures as Investments. A Straight Talk.

Two Books on Wyndham Lewis

1. **Wyndham Lewis: A Discursive Exposition** by Hugh Gordon Porteus. Desmond Harmsworth, 1932. Is the only serious attempt at a critical study of Mr. Lewis.

2. **Apes, Japes and Hitlerism** by John Gawsworth. The Unicorn Press, 1932. Contains a useful bibliography of Mr. Lewis's books.

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LIFE AND LETTERS TO-DAY

POETRY by Muriel Rukesyer, George Barker, Philip O'Connor, Keidrych Rhys

UNPUBLISHED STORIES of Mary Butts

Part of a Book under Way by Len Lye

2/6

REVIEWS by Randall Swingler, Stephen Spender, Mulk Raj Anand, etc.

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W A L E S

No. 4

SIXPENCE

Feb./Mar. 1938

18 Poems

3 Prose Pieces

Book Notes

Dylan Thomas	H. B. Mallalieu	Ken Etheridge
J. L. Sweeney	D. S. Savage	John Prichard
D. Gwenallt Jones	Idris Davies	Charles Fisher
Vernon Watkins	Mair Evans	Meurig Walters
H. L. R. Edwards	Glyn Jones	Robert Herring
LI. Wyn Griffith	Nigel Heseltine	

No. 5 will contain work by young Scots and Irish poets, and by Julian Symons, H. B. Mallalieu, as well as Ballads, translations, comments on *In Parenthesis*, and a bibliography (Margiad Evans).

London Distribution: NEW BOOKS,
4. Parton Street, W.C.1.

Essays, Fiction, Poetry, Reviews

Shakespeare at Sonnets, by John Crowe Ransom

Pale Horse, Pale Rider (a novelette) by Katherine
Anne Porter

John C. Calhoun, by Andrew Nelson Lytle

Henry W. Grady, by John Donald Wade

Poetry by Barbara Gibbs, Lincoln Fizzell, Dorothy
Van Ghent

Reviews by James T. Farrell, Delmore Schwartz,
A. Theodore Johnson, and others

Short Story Chronicle, by Howard Baker

All in the new issue (Winter, 1938) of

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