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Joanida Winch, Osterley;
Loie Worley, Wanstead.

Old Man on Holiday

UNDER a cliff in Smuggler's Bay,
He crouched upon the shingle beach
As if the breach with everyday

Had been too much for him to bear,
And made him something less than man,
As sorrow can, or fear, or care.

He let the smooth white pebbles run
Through work-worn fingers, burned to brown,
Then, looking down, selected one.

He held it there, within his hand,
This stone, sea-worn the ages through,
And warm it grew, as sun-baked sand.

Then as he raised his head to see
The foam-flecked green, he heard the call,
The voice of all eternity,

Of sea-waves breaking on the shore.
The pebble slithered to the strand.
For ever and for evermore,

One with the myriads it lay.
The intermittent boom and lull,
The wheeling gull, the falling spray,

The old stone church's distant chime,
Relief-carved as a cameo
This treasured moment out of time.

Alice Lunt.

"Where there is no vision the people perish"

JUNE 1946 JULY

The POETRY REVIEW

THE JOURNAL OF THE POETRY SOCIETY (INCORPORATED)
AND A MAGAZINE OF GENERAL
POETIC INTEREST

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The Poetry Review

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AND A MAGAZINE OF GENERAL POETIC INTEREST

VOL. XXXVII 1946 NUMBER 3

The Fount of Poetic Inspiration

IN THE POETRY REVIEW for May, 1943, there appeared an abstract of an address, given to The Poetry Society by Dr. Douglas Webster on "Periodic Inspiration in Poetry and Music", designed to show that inspiration arises in many artists at well established time intervals in their lives and in certain numerous cases at intervals of 7-6 months. It is clear that, quite apart from this theory, circumstance has much to do with outbursts of inspiration in poetry and it is the object of this article to consider place and circumstance, rather than time, as the immediate cause of poetic inspiration.

We have Shelley's own admission that, even to a major poet, inspiration is fitful and transitory. In his "Defence of Poetry" he says "poetry is not like reasoning, a power to be exerted according to the determination of the will. A man cannot say 'I will compose poetry'. The greatest poet even cannot say it; for the mind in creation is as a fading coal, which some invisible influence, like an inconstant wind, awakens to transitory brightness." Most poets would, in my experience, agree that, often after a long period of infertility, they arrive suddenly at a moment when whole poetic phrases leap into the quickened consciousness. Perhaps ideas for several poems will crowd in on them at once in this moment of "transitory brightness". What are the causes of these sudden bursts of fertility? An interesting commentary on them can, I think, be made.

In many cases a long period of fruitless search for ideas has preceded these peak moments and it is likely that, without this long toil, the peak times would not have been so productive. The long meditation has not been wasted. It has merely needed some stimulus to cause it to yield its fruits. But, granted that this is so, the nature of the stimulus remains to be explored.

We are all familiar with the theory of "art in a garret". According to this theory, deprivation is a stimulus to artistic conception. It suggests that the poet, starved of colour in a drab life, conjures a substitute colour from his own imagination and embodies it in poems rich in colour and imagery.

James Thomson (B.V.) in his poem "Art" set out this theory at some length, the following lines being typical of his theme:

> Singing is sweet; but be sure of this,
> Lips only sing when they cannot kiss . . .
> Who gives the fine report of the feast?
> He who got none and enjoyed it least.
> Were the wine really slipping down his throat
> Would his song of the wine advance a note?

The poems of Francis Thompson, so brilliant in colour and phraseology, no doubt support this theory. One can well imagine the consolation that the mystic matchseller of Charing Cross derived from the rich imagery of the phrases forming in his mind.

I seemed to hear sweet rhapsodies
  Echoing through unsullied skies,
Those everlasting ecstasies
  Which destiny to Life denies.

An angel is from Heaven sent
  On Earth to live in human guise,
To make some sinner penitent
  To see his guilt with tear-dimmed eyes;
You are the instrument of Fate
  To make me understand the cost,
Your vision makes me contemplate
  The happiness that I have lost.

To vanities I bid farewell,
  Remembering once I looked within
The Mansions where the Angels dwell,
  In hallowed groves remote from sin;
I grieve for my transgressive days,
  'Tis now my conscience starts to probe,
Seeing the error of my ways,
  Because I touched an Angel's robe.

Leslie Greene.

Eternity

O DARKNESS! My imperishable companion,
My constant lover, clasp me!
Our union shall be complete one unending night.
O my vigilant mate, love me!

Desolate is my heart! Desolate and alone.
Come to me and soothe my unbearable pain.
O fearful silence of darkness,
O echoing silence of night!

See, how humbly I come to you,
How fearless of your barren embrace,
Of your cold everlasting love,
Of your frigid clasp of Death.

Man has sought Eternity
In infinity, in space,
In the depths of a confined globe,
In happiness, in torment.

Come, O enveloping Darkness, entomb me.
Come while I still feel a heart beating within my breast.
O Night, eternal everlasting Night
Take me. Hold me. I wait.

Eugénie of Greece.

Poets and Pretenders

THE crux of any critical assessment of poetry is that it is not possible to make an exact definition of it, and in consequence it is difficult to determine what qualities, technical, aesthetic, and spiritual, should be found in it. Nevertheless, we recently listened to a lecture by an eminent Doctor who had placed his considerable talent for scientific research at the service of this problem. His analysis had indicated to him that the prime ingredients of good poetry were three, which he most aptly described as vitamins. These qualities were mystery, ecstasy and sublimity, and the distinguished lecturer expressed the view that verse could not be considered to have achieved a poetical standard unless one or more of these qualities was present in it.

On this assessment we might have to revise our views of the incoherent lucubrations of some of our contemporaries. If incoherence be mystery, then indeed are these practitioners of the esoteric, poets; but we think that incoherence is better described as obfuscation, and we are sure the lecturer will agree with us. The mystery which he has in mind is the mystery which shrouds all the spiritual significances of our dual nature—mysteries which are not deliberate but inescapable.

The ecstatic is another matter. Incoherence may sometimes reach a degree where it might be likened to any other lunatic ecstasy; while the sublimity which we must look for is certainly not the sublimity of impudence.

But let us examine a few of the new publications which have reached us, with this analysis in mind. The first to hand to which we may apply our scientific test is *The Voyage and Other Poems*, by Edwin Muir (Faber, 6s.). At first sight the contents of this volume might seem somewhat cerebral, or even pedestrian, but as one reads on there gathers in the mind of the reader a certain excitation, not perhaps very marked, certainly not overwhelming, but nevertheless enough to be evidence of some true poetic quality. Mr. Muir writes English, and is content to present his thought to us in words and symbols that we can understand, and if the general effect is somewhat painstaking and the reward moderate we can nevertheless be grateful to him for his sincerity, his eloquence and his respect for his readers.

By the criterion of the three qualities which we have mentioned, there is perhaps not much confirmation of poetic merit in these quite worthwhile poems. The mystery and sublimity are hard to find, but there is occasionally a flavour of that ecstasy which is the property of all work which patiently and musically works up to a climax. It is probably inherent in all verse which has a cerebral origin but which, from that humble beginning, is still able to capture the poet's own emotions, that there will be a failure to reach the heights of sublimity and a certain absence of mystery.

Let us quote the last three stanzas of a poem called "The Castle". Space prevents us quoting the whole of it, but the first half is a description of the strength of the Castle and it is not perhaps essential to quote it in order that the last half should be properly understood. Suffice it to say that the whole is written with a pleasant ease and choice of diction:

"What could they offer us for bait?
  Our captain was brave and we were true . . .
  There was a little private gate,
  A little wicked wicket gate.
  The wizened warder let them through.

Oh then our maze of tunnelled stone
Grew thin and treacherous as air.
The cause was lost without a groan,
The famous citadel overthrown,
And all its secret galleries bare.

How can this shameful tale be told?
I will maintain until my death
We could do nothing, being sold;
Our only enemy was gold,
And we had no arms to fight it with."

This is hardly an appropriate place to remark on *The Shadow Factory*, by Anne Ridler (Faber, 6s.), and we only do so because it is the third in Mr. Martin Browne's series of Plays by Poets. As we have often tried to point out, all verse is not poetry, and by the same token a play—even a play in verse—by a poet is not necessarily poetry either. In the verse of this play we look in vain for any of the qualities which we are seeking, and we found no more than a few lines here and there of what we could call poetry as measured by any standard; indeed, it is difficult to see why the play should have been written in verse at all.

The action takes place in an ultra-modern factory, and, briefly, outlines the process of humanisation performed on the Director (he could as well be called Komissar) by the combined effect of a Nativity Play and an artist's pictorial interpretation of the life of the factory. Let the Director explain in his own words his motive for staging the Nativity Play:

"I am not a religious man myself—
Not in any conventional sense—
But I am quite aware of its social value:
That undoubtedly still exists . . . .
My principal aim—and in some part
I think I may say, my innovation—
Has been to make this factory
The centre of life for all my workers.
Why, then, must they go to church
For these delightful ceremonies?
Why not bring them into the factory?"

His reason for commissioning the artist to paint murals for the canteen is on a similar level:

"Leading industrialists to-day
(Of whom I think I may claim to be one)
Aim to get the best from a worker. . . .
The factory must give them satisfying art;
The factory must see that they have a philosophy."

But the Director proves to have selected his craftsmen indiscreetly: that is to say, he has chosen an honest artist to paint his pictures and an honest parson to stage his play; and when the cynic lets loose the unpredictable forces of truth and belief he is liable to get more than he bargained for.

This work has occasional profundity of thought, and much that is of theatrical value and interest; the Director's office, with its screen showing the work of the factory in silhouette, should prove an effective stage setting; but our business is with poetry, not drama, and as poetry we can only say that the extracts we have

quoted are representative of the whole. We should, however, be doing Miss Ridler less than justice if we failed to point that there are moments—unfortunately rare—when she seems to achieve something higher:

"No need to search for the iron sky,
The marble-handed trees, the wind
With scalding spear. No need to search
In such a world at such a time
For cold, when cold is in every heart.
Yet ice can burn, the icy stars
Can flame, and so our hearts at coldest
May be found on fire with love.
Who will stand at the farthest pole
Of frost, and stand enflamed with love?
Who will take the agony
Of warmth into a frozen heart?
Who will encompass the birth of Christ?"

A Map of Verona, by Henry Reed (Cape, 3s. 6d.) would be difficult indeed to criticise upon the tri-une basis of mystery, ecstasy and sublimity. If it be judged upon its capacity to move the reader, or to inspire any one of these three states, it should delay us not at all; from which it will be gathered that we are presented by it with so little to praise or blame that we are amost debarred from comment. Take the first stanza from a poem called "Envoy":

"Whatever sort of garden
You, I, or we shall build,
Neglected much, or cared for,
And all its great designs
Fulfilled or unfulfilled:
Built over ruined shrines,
Where others have loved and worshipped,
Or built on virgin ground:
Shaped or disorderly,
Let it at least be
Different from this",

or look where you will, and there is the same incapacity to come to grips with anything real or vital such as could shatter the dull crust of the reader's wonted composure or banish for one beautiful moment the boredom of living.

Quite another matter, however, is *Talking Bronco*, by Roy Campbell (Faber, 7s. 6d.), for he makes a successful attack upon both mystery and ecstasy, and perhaps only fails of sublimity by reason of a certain want of logical restraint in his handling of the wealth of imagery which is at his hand. To be a virtuoso with words or a master of striking phrases is like being mounted on too mettlesome a steed, whose pacings and curvettings absorb the rider's attention to forgetfulness of his destination. However, Mr. Campbell has certainly created a volume of attractive and even powerful poems and in so doing has succeeded in avoiding any of that objectionable self-consciousness which is so often the accompaniment of so much expertness with words. That he has succeeded in doing this is of course evidence of the sincerity and reality of his poetic gift, and if he is too well mounted at present for the highest achievement there is small reason for misgiving about the future.

We wish we could quote a great deal of this vigorous, manly book, and to give

the taste of it in the merest morsel is to encounter a problem practically unsolvable, but we will essay the task with three stanzas from a poem called "The Clock in Spain":

"Her eyelashes with jet-black sting
Like scorpions curved: and dark as night
The chevrons on her brows that spring
Like feathers in a condor's wing
Arching their splendour in the height:

The ivory, the jet, the coral,
The dainty groove that dints her back
To take the sting from every moral
And made each jealousy or quarrel
The fiercer aphrodisiac.

The lips that burn like crimson chillies:
The valleys where the thyme uncloses:
The haunches like a bounding filly's:
Her breasts like bruised and bouncing roses—
And all the rest a field of lilies!"

Whether the transatlantic world has heard of our scientific dissection and analysis of poetry is more than doubtful, if we take in evidence a new volume from Toronto, *Grey Ship Moving*, by Charles Bruce (British Authors' Press, 7s. 6d.). We take no shame in quoting the first stanza of the first poem:

"She was built for the stylish South American run,
To haul smooth silk, on every kind of body,
Through the degrees to Rio and B.A.
Laid down at Belfast in Nineteen Thirty-nine,
Six hundred and forty feet of naked ship,
Twenty-five thousand gross, seventeen underdeck,
And fourteen thousand net;
Designed for comfort; (Look her up in Lloyds.)"

It is not unusual to find the better poems of any book at its beginning but, whether this one be the best or not, it certainly sets the tone for a great many of the others, and nowhere were we brought into contact with any one of the mystical trinity for which we are searching.

With *Full Cycle*, by Anthony Richardson (Hodder & Stoughton, 3s. 6d.) we fared no better, in fact worse, for in this volume not only is there small hint of poetic quality but the versification is poor, the diction flatly violent and the thought superficial; and yet the author does not escape pretension, seeking for strength, as he does, with strong words:

"False Fantasy, I seize you by the throat
And drive my dagger of truth between your eyes!
I grin to hear your shrill contentious cries,
And as you swoon in agony I gloat!
An end to you, on whom the poets dote!"

This sort of thing is definitely not good enough and we may be encouraged therefore by Mr. Geoffrey Faber's view that the halcyon days of publishing, when anything and everything could expect to be sold out, are probably passing. The certainty of good sales for any kind of work is no spur to the critical selection of what should be published.

Metaphysical poetry, the description applied by its publisher to the contents of *Adam and Eve and Us*, by Hardiman Scott (Sylvan Press, 8s. 6d.), should certainly contain mystery and some esctasy, and indeed it does here. Moreover, these poems are as free from egotism and its pretensions as all truly subjective work must be, for the deeper we delve into our inner selves the farther we journey from that superficiality, the ego. The paradox needs little explanation, for the universal hides in all of us; only the individual fronts the world; and the poet's task in realising his own powers is to get as far away from his own personality as he can. Mr. Scott does this, either by instinct or by conviction; it is no matter which. In the result we listen to ourselves when we read his poetry; he speaks for us (if more beautifully) not to us, and therein is the mystery, and the resultant ecstasy, which we are convinced now are necessary to true poetry. Not to many is given the superlative sublime; that is the prerogative of the immortal, and mankind is to-day experiencing a spiritual recession. It is enough perhaps to say of the author that he nowhere seeks to mock, and mouths no nonsense, but is content to nurse his flame.

Mr. Scott draws richly from nature, both for inspiration and for illustration, eschewing mere description; but by bringing it into an ever closer relation to his own life and ours, he paints enchanting pictures nevertheless. Here is one, "Silver Birches":

All summer I have watched your moonspun limbs
And leaves like butterflies flirting
And felt the sap, eager at your twig tips
With green and white impatient probing flame,
Fierce with your primal ambition, questing
Space its futureless and blue dimension.

Now is the attainment, and the last leaves
Like charred paper clinging, desire burnt out;
For the attainment and the death are one.
Black-veined white your arms and bamboo polish
Bent like an archer in the wind, screaming
An arrow's next impetuous flight.

In the field's hollow, already the mist
Like pale blue pastel spreads, the rugose earth
Darkening full with winter, and your twigs
Are dying red yet bring no warmth to my flesh,
For this is the sleep of love, and merges
In your sapling—triumphant winter scream.

There are many kinds of mystery and an illimitable variety of ecstasies, indeed as many and as various as are the human beings who seek to elucidate the one and capture the other. For while it is true that neither quality is inherent in the personality, but is a property of the universal, it is equally true that by the personality it must be interpreted and rendered comprehensible to others. The individual ego is, or should be, no more than a prism whereby this inner light is broken up into words, refracted maybe but not distorted, taking from the process the character of the personality responsible but without reflecting any of that person's conscious egotisms. Thus in reading *Collected Lyrical Poems*, by Vivian Locke Ellis (Faber, 7s. 6d.) we encounter not so much another personality

as another interpretation, upon perhaps another plane, of the same eternal truths. Seen through another's eyes all things are different and sometimes immensely more significant. Beauty is assuredly in the seeing eye, as truth is upon the inspired tongue.

It is more than 30 years since Mr. Locke Ellis published any poems, an abstinence for which we cannot be grateful to him. For in this volume there is a wealth of that sort of poetry which this Society exists to foster, simple, sincere, musical, and profound with the limpidity of human emotion. The author avoids that other darker profundity of the cerebral, and is innocent indeed of the lugubrious esoteric incoherencies of those Bloomsburial rites for murdered language which would have made his long silence a boon. The mystery and loveliness of Nature are to him what they are to Mr. Scott or, for that matter, to any true poet, a source of emotional expression as direct and uncomplicated as Nature herself. He is content to reconcile them with his own living, as Man is meant to do, and even if he is denied the ultimate key to the universal riddle he does not turn aside from the caresses and smiles of what is, after all, both an indulgent and lovely teacher. His faith can be perceived clearly enough in this short poem, which we quote in full:

Eyes can no falsehood tell,
'Tis only lips forswear,
None in thy sight could dwell
And faith not there.

I would thine eyes were mine,
Then thou their truth should see;
And have that perfect sign
Of love from me.

But wanting thine eyes' flame,
Though my heart burn as true,
I must use words, the same
As false ones do;

I must for thy dear sake
Tune those old strings again,
That now had better break
Than speak in vain.

If this had been addressed to Nature, instead of to a lover, it would have spoken as aptly of the larger integrity of a harmonious soul.

From such an atmosphere it is a shock to plunge into that of *The Devil's Waltz*, by Sidney Goodsir Smith (Maclellan, 6s.). If we do not pass quite from the sublime, we arrive perilously near to the ridiculous with this new issue of the Poetry Scotland Series. Described as Scots poetry, whatever that may be beyond an attempt to out-Robbie Burns himself, it is said to continue the revival of this improbable hybrid, started by Hugh MacDiarmid. So thoroughly has this Caledonian Sidney Smith revived the native argot that close upon five small-printed pages of glossary are apparently necessary to assist the diligent reader in his search for possible meanings. Presumably there are folks who will need no such help; we can imagine none who do having patience enough to avail themselves of its assistance; for it is obvious that in such work as this the emphasis is

on the words as words, and that we shall soon be heartily fatigued in looking for the wood among so many strange and twisted trees. A little of this peasant lingo is amusing enough for an idle moment but a book full of it, published with such ponderous sobriety, is merely perverse.

It is an encouragement to encounter a book which evinces, by comparison with earlier volumes by the same person, an improvement not merely of technique but in that fundamental attitude towards poetry which can become so heretical and subversive. Geoffrey Grigson in *The Isles of Scilly* (Routledge, 5s.) is such an one and we hasten to congratulate both him and ourselves on this new collection wherein he has restrained a fancy, once too exuberant and undisciplined, to a controlled and consequently greater power. He still proliferates in striking phrases, couched in vibrant terms, but these are now logically related to one another and present us with his meaning with all proper lucidity. Indeed his impressive diction contrives to hold the disarming quality of simplicity so that we half believe that this is, by some happy chance, the author's natural way of speech. There is certainly a fine, almost a hard, economy of words in all he writes. The following is from the title poem:

Here are the islands of dead hope:
And where the bodies safely crouched,
The megaliths, empty on the headlands lie,
In the red, wind-shivering fern
High on these islands of a grim good-bye.

Here, on Samson, are the ruined hearths—
Hopes flickered there like fire—scrubbed
Of their soot by gale and rain and spray,
And the wild black rabbits run
Across the longings of a yesterday,

and shows, we think, both the charm and the limitations of his muse. There is a literary quality which, while it impresses, yet seems to have usurped too great a share of the enterprise. We like him much more in his simpler phases wherein, as it were, his virtuosity takes a back seat. This is shown excellently, and beautifully, in a trifle called "Keynsham":

Over the cobalt cloud
A shoulder of moon.
And in the blue, one cloud above,
A star glittered like love.

The separate stones were still
White in the wall. Still
In the garden the clothes
Showed how the wind flowed.

Music played in the street
Came crossing the stream.
And the evening for once was odd,
And clear like a dream.

All in all, there is something of mystery now in Mr. Grigson's work, mystery exhibited by lucidity in expression, where before it was hidden by an illogical

obscurantism, but as yet no ecstasy of heaped significancies, of Ossa piled upon Pelion to make a ladder to the sublime; but yet there is an earnest of these things, in due time, in the incomparably deeper note which he has now struck.

An Irish poet should be adept enough in mystery, and there is plenty and to spare in *Rime, Gentlemen, Please*, by Robert Farren (Sheed & Ward, 5s.). The Hibernian fancy is well in evidence:

> Poetry comes to my mind like the redwing
> hopping the hedge for haws:
> anything attracts her: water-colour morning—

And that mysterious appositeness of irrelevancies which the poet so casually demonstrates is freely exhibited, and seldom forced, throughout the book. But ecstasy is not to be engendered by the author's casual singing. That is for the deeper and more emotional levels of consciousness. Perhaps he comes nearest to it with the impromptu music of "Lament For A Heroine":

> I watched her heart's quick seasons changing
> Shadow and light in her eye,
> watched her in every sort of season
> put the heart's darkness by.
> With tenderness, with tenderness
> she put heart's darkness by.
>
> She put heart's darkness by, attracted
> eyes like a carried light;
> one who had heard her murmur said
> the moon spoke that night.
> Murmuringly, murmuringly
> the moon spoke that night.
>
> And darkness now has put her by,
> the heart's winter killed;
> we whisper for our comforting
> that God's flour is milled.
> She went in death's last winnowing
> and God's flour is milled.

A good part of this book is taken up by a poetic play entitled "Lost Light", about which we may remark, as usual, that while it may be a play it certainly is not poetic and there is no obvious reason, therefore, why it should have been written in verse. It appears to be a conversation piece with a minimum of action, but dramatic criticism is not our *forte* and we forbear.

* * *

Once again let me say how much I enjoy THE POETRY REVIEW, which is the most engrossing periodical I know. I have recently and rather reluctantly parted with my oldest copies and have sent them out to the Forces and I am sure they will appreciate them very much. In these days there is not much time for reading novels, but there is always time to read a little poetry and remember it sometimes. It is a great comfort, I think. The Poetry Society seems to be spreading and progressing by leaps and bounds, and I wish it, once again, all the success and wide popularity it so richly deserves: IRENE H. LEWIS, Fetcham.

Dynamics of American Poetry : CXII

The scope of Roy Helton's writing life includes novels, short stories, and articles as well as poetry. Seven titles are mentioned in *Come Back to Earth* (Harper Bros.), his last publication. He is at present on the staff of the Pennsylvania State Planning Board and has spoken in hundreds of the States, towns and cities on economic and social problems. In his spare time he paints, walks and swims in the Susquehanna.

It is suggested that the philosophy of this poet brings to mind Thomas Hardy in which the littleness of man is constantly revealed against the mighty background of the universe. Let us see. . . . The first startling stanza of the first poem is as follows:

> I see a new America
> Not far along the track
> Where earth rides steeplechase with death
> Across the zodiac.

I wish that Mr. Helton had painted this poem. This book is a volume of stanzas, and the eye falls on one and another:

> When earth, the last receiver,
> Blows trumpet for recall
> Let love be my deceiver,
> Let beauty cause my fall.
>
> Let me be fooled forever,
> If folly be the cry—
> Let me be fooled forever
> By sun and wind and sky.

Another expressed thought we find:

> Though trade is queen and steel is king
> And science draws a laden cart
> The hope of nations has no spring
> But rises in the single heart.
> So hold this truth all truths above
> And dearer than your life is dear,
> Freedom is nothing without love
> And love is medicine to fear.

From out these few quotations does not the man seem to emerge?

Louis Untermeyer, writing in *The New Era in American Poetry*, says of Helton: "He has, like Sandburg, more poetic feeling for the America we live in than eighty per cent. of our craftsmen whose patriotism is so easily minted and so quickly sold. Time and again Helton, in scratching the surface of every day, pierces the commonplace and reveals the flowing core of reality."

Sea Pieces, by Clare Murray Fooshee (Harbinger House, New York) is a first published collection and it is of interest that Ludwig Lewisohn speaks as follows: "I have read Mrs. Fooshee's poems with pleasure. *Low Tide* and *Nova Scotia* are fine; finest are the sonnets, especially, *I Thought My Victory Would Bring Me Peace*, which I would include in any selection of modern sonnets in English."

Mrs. Fooshee writes me: "I am a former Nova Scotian, who attended Dalhousie University in Halifax and was graduated there with the degree B.A. more years ago than I care to mention. I have lived in and around New York City ever since, where I married a corporation lawyer and became mother of two children, enterprising and likeable daughters."