1947

The relation of the major points of Stephen Spender's criticism to his short stories and to representative poems from his major poetic works

Cass, Walter James

Boston University

http://hdl.handle.net/2144/19336

Boston University
BOSTON UNIVERSITY GRADUATE SCHOOL

Thesis

THE RELATION OF THE MAJOR POINTS OF STEPHEN SPENDER'S CRITICISM TO HIS SHORT STORIES AND TO REPRESENTATIVE POEMS FROM HIS MAJOR POETIC WORKS

by

Walter James Cass
BOSTON UNIVERSITY
COLLEGE OF LIBERAL ARTS
LIBRARY

Gift of the Author
BOSTON UNIVERSITY
GRADUATE SCHOOL

Thesis

THE RELATION OF THE MAJOR POINTS OF STEPHEN SPENDER'S CRITICISM TO HIS SHORT STORIES AND TO REPRESENTATIVE POEMS FROM HIS MAJOR POETIC WORKS

by

Walter James Cass
(A.B., Northeastern University, 1943)
submitted in partial fulfilment of the requirements for the degree of Master of Arts
1947
INTRODUCTION

The aim of this paper is to test if Spencerian

The method used here is similar to that of the last chapter of poetry which has been reported throughout the verse of the same name as "First Reader" by Lyndon

First Reader... Louis Holmes... Professor of English

Second Reader... Leighton Brewer... Professor of English

The difficulty that we face in this work is that Spencer

The key feature is a critical work which we can use

Without apology because it is a general criticism of art and

Applications. The method of assessing is simple as the experiments.

One more thing is that the short stories the critical theory found in "Poetry for Poetry's Sake and Poetry Beyond Poetry," which at first glance would seem not to fit our purpose because the word "poetry" so dominates the title. The present author...
INTRODUCTION

The aim of this paper is to see if Stephen Spender's prose and verse stands the tests Spender himself applies to the productions of his fellow artists.

The method used here is similar to that of that vast number of papers which have compared Wordsworth's verse to the verse theory expressed in the "Preface" to *Lyrical Ballads*. In this paper, we shall first discuss Spender's criticism as found in various sources and then apply that criticism first to Spender's prose as found in the short stories of *The Burning Cactus* and second to Spender's verse as found in representative poems chosen from all the various known collections. The method of this paper, then, is as simple as the aim is ambitious.

One difficulty that we face in this work is that Spender has written no criticism that applies exclusively to prose. However, *The New Realism* is a critical work which we can use without apology because it is a general criticism of art and so applies to short stories as well as to poems. We shall also apply to the short stories the critical theory found in "Poetry for Poetry's Sake and Poetry Beyond Poetry," which at first glance would seem not to fit our purpose because the word "poetry" so dominates its title. The present author
found, however, that the critical theory expressed here has meaning when held up to the short stories and feels that he has adequate precedent for interpreting the word "poetry" in an extended sense meaning "literary work."

Specifically, we use the word "transparent" which Spender himself applies to poetry which employs words and ideas symbolically. Spender uses the phrase "transparent poetry" in criticizing verse; we here use the phrase in criticizing both poetry and prose. This seems permissible: first, because in The New Realism Spender himself considers poets and prose writers under one classification and holds them both responsible for interpreting reality symbolically; and second, because of the empirical fact that the phrase fits easily into any criticism of the short stories.
THE RELATION OF THE MAJOR POINTS OF STEPHEN SPENDER'S CRITICISM TO HIS SHORT STORIES AND TO REPRESENTATIVE POEMS FROM HIS MAJOR POETIC WORKS

I. The Broad View of Spender

II. Spender's Criticism

A. The New Realism

B. "Poetry for Poetry's Sake and Poetry Beyond Poetry"

C. Other critical works

1. "The Essential Housman"

2. "Poetry in 1941"

D. Summation of criticism

III. Spender's Prose: The Burning Cactus

A. "The Dead Island"

1. Summary

2. Criticism

B. "The Cousins"

1. Summary

2. Criticism

C. "The Burning Cactus"

1. Summary

2. Criticism

D. "The Still Centre"
D. "Two Deaths"
   1. Summary
   2. Criticism
E. "By The Lake"
   1. Summary
   2. Criticism

IV. Spender's Poetry
A. Twenty Poems
   1. "Statistics"
B. Poems
   1. "He Will Watch The Hawk"
   2. "Different Living" and "What I Expected"
   3. "In Railway Halls"
   4. "Beethoven's Death Mask"
   5. "In 1929"
   6. "Van Der Lubbe"
C. Vienna
   1. "Arrival at the City"
   2. "Parade of the Executive"
   3. "The Death of Heroes"
   4. "Analysis and Final Statement"
D. Trial of a Judge
E. The Still Centre
   1. "The Human Situation"
The Two Cases

I. Command

E. Criticism

II. The Image

I. Emotion

S. Criticism

In Schneider's Theory

A. Twenty frame

I. Interpretation

B. Home

I. Will Work the Week

D. Differentiation and What I Expected

I. Yellow Hat

H. Beethoven's Ninth

I. In His

V. New Part Judge

A. Yellow of the City

I. Parade of the Exposition

I. The Death of Romeo

A. Arguments and Light Emphases

D. Tall to Fight

II. Old Gentleman

In the familiar Situation
2. "Napoleon in 1814"

3. "Ultima Ratio Regum"

4. "The Coward"

5. "Two Armies"

6. "Thoughts During an Air Raid"

7. "The Room Above The Square"

8. "Exiles From Their Land, History Their Domicile"

F. Ruins and Visions

1. Part One: A Separation
   a. "A Separation"
   b. "Song"

2. Part Two: Ironies of War
   a. "The War God"
   b. "The Air Raid Across The Bay"

3. Part Three: Deaths
   a. "The Ambitious Son"
   b. "The Drowned"

4. Part Four: Visions
   a. "At Night"
   b. "Dusk"

G. Poems of Dedication

1. Part One: Elegy for Margaret
   a. "Darling of Our Hearts"
2. Part Two: Lowe, Birth, and Absence

   a. "Summer"
      129
   b. "The Dream"
      130

3. Part Three: Spiritual Explorations

   aa. "Since We Are What We Are"
      131
   b. "The Immortal Spirit"
      132

4. Part Four: Seascape and Landscape

   a. "Meeting"
      133

V. Final Statement

VI. Abstract

VII. Bibliography

The two major critical works of Stephen Spender show clearly how socialism has influenced his theory of art. The Hogarth Sixpenny Pamphlet, The New Realism, published in 1939, and the lengthy article, "Poetry for Poetry's Sake and Poetry Beyond Poetry" which appears in the April, 1946, Horizon magazine, are as definite a statement of a poet's philosophy as any poet has dared make since Wordsworth's Preface to the Lyrical Ballads.

The New Realism is a discussion of art in general; it tries to show the sociological causes of the subjectivism of the first part of the twentieth century and tries to show why the art of the future cannot and will not be subjective.
The Broad View of Spender

Spender is at the head of a new school of poets who are swinging away from the subjective poetry of "between wars." He represents the intellectual socialist artists of contemporary England.

A socialist poet cannot be wholly subjective and complete within himself as were so many of the disillusioned poets of the twenties; the intellectual theory "socialism" admired by a carpenter, plumber, bricklayer or poet forces him to consider carpentry, plumbing, bricklaying or poetry as a function of "society" and therefore forces him to be anti-subjective.

The two major critical works of Stephen Spender show clearly how socialism has influenced his theory of art. The Hogarth Sixpenny Pamphlet, The New Realism, published in 1939, and the lengthy article, "Poetry for Poetry's Sake and Poetry Beyond Poetry" which appears in the April, 1946, Horizon magazine, are as definite a statement of a poet's philosophy as any poet has dared make since Wordsworth's Preface to the Lyrical Ballads.

The New Realism is a discussion of art in general; it tries to show the sociological causes of the subjectivisms of the first part of the twentieth century and tries to show why the art of the future cannot and will not be subjective.
The View of Science

Science is at the heart of a new school of people who see
emerging new ideas in the interdisciplinary domain of "persuasion
work."

The importance of the interdisciplinary sciences of course
borders on "societies" that seem to multiply exponentially and complexify
to a society's best efforts to multiply sustainability and complexity.

With this in mind, we can see the integration of the interdisciplinary sciences
as a complex process, perhaps, of a domain to operate as a function
of societies and cultures to conserve and to sustain ourselves.

The two main difficult issues of Stephen Jay Gould's
opinion from evolutionary perspectives are the growth of art, the
coercion of scientific perspectives and indicators in the 1950s
and the theoretical article "The Evolution of Science and Cognitive
Patterns." It is apparent in the early 1950s, "Evolutionary
and Ontogenetic" which appears in the 1950s, and

It appears that the scientific perspectives and indicators are as definite a statement of a society's philosophy
as the genetic parameters since modern biological research to the
present day.

The View of Science

Science is at the heart of a new school of people who see
emerging new ideas in the interdisciplinary domain of "persuasion
work."

The importance of the interdisciplinary sciences of course
borders on "societies" that seem to multiply exponentially and complexify
To
"Poetry for Poetry's Sake and Poetry Beyond Poetry" is a statement of what Spender considers the "Poetic Absolutes" and follows more closely the approach of the usual critic.

The above may seem to imply that Spender is "anti-experimental" - he definitely is not. Spender admires greatly the experimental forms of Auden and Eliot and his own work shows their influence; his criticism is not a criticism of technique but rather a philosophic criticism of content and an attempt to say what he thinks the function of art in general, poetry in particular and individual poems in the more particular, should and ought to be.

The words "should" and "ought" are appropriate because they are words of philosophic, ethical meaning. The poet, according to Spender, is an ethical being; he has freedom of choice and is, in fact, forced to choose between passive personalism and active socialism. A poet can be a great poet and be a personal subjectivist; but ethically, though his poetry is "true," he fails to function as a poet "ought." Conversely, a socialist may be a bad poet, but ethically, though his poetry will function in society and therefore be ethically "good." Ideally the really great poet is he whose form is technically good and whose criticism of society is valid.
SPENDER'S CRITICISM

The New Realism

The concept of the "artist's conscience" is undergoing a change of meaning. The phrase which seems to stress individualism has the following underlying assumptions:

The duty of the artist to remain true to standards which he can discover only within himself; his right, on the one hand to demand conditions from society which enable him to create his best work - conditions which make him something of a special case; his responsibility, on the other hand, not to become corrupted by success, not to betray what he knows to be the best in himself, for any public or personally interested motive.¹

The above seem to make the problems of artistic conscience seem the artist's affair and his alone, but so long as the artist lives in a society he performs certain duties imposed by that society.

The artist must try to interpret reality and the problems reality presents. He cannot escape to his inner self for inspiration. No matter how difficult and insolvable the problems of society, the artist cannot ethically run from them and really be considered an artist.

Reality is the only common ground which artist and audience have. Cut away this ground and no social demand exists

for the production of the artist. The artist then produces for a clique of connoisseurs — those irrational collectors who collect for collecting's sake. Under such conditions, schools develop that tend more and more toward abstraction and experimentation for experiment's sake.

Because experimentation for experiment's sake has proved sterile, artists today are again turning outward. There exists today a crisis in art that cannot be separated from the social, economic, political crisis in the world. There is no alternative between an exclusively aesthetic art and a political art.

If you like, the artist is simply in search of inspiration, having discovered that inspiration depends on there being some common ground of understanding between him and his audience about the nature of reality, and on a demand from that audience for what he creates.²

What, on the other hand, would a return to historic realism mean?

It would mean a return to the imitation of certain aspects of middle-class life in painting, literature and poetry; painting of portraits of people who can afford to have their portraits painted, or pictures of nature and scenes in everyday life and history which appeal to the same class of people; novels containing word-portraits, history, scenes from contemporary life, of the same order; poetry which would perhaps have charmed magic casements ... but those casements would open into drawing rooms.³

²Stephen Spender, The New Realism, p. 8, 11. 6-12.
However, this is exactly what contemporary art has been revolting from. The revolt has been so successful that no return is possible; and, furthermore, such a return would not reflect reality because it is a naturalistic reflection of the surface values of the life of a leisured class of people. The art that reflects this reality is the art that:

... every great French poet since Baudelaire has spat on, and which D. H. Lawrence reviled in his account of Galsworthy's novels.\(^4\)

The great artists of our age have refused to interpret life at the level of the middle-class. They have become subjective, introspective, fantastic, surrealist rather than reflect the lives of people whose philosophy is nothing but that of vested interest.

Such mad revolt, however, has run itself out because experimentation in form and contraction of social interest have proved blind alleys.

Nevertheless in this cutting itself off and working inwards into the artist's own personality, or into technical problems of art, or into private fantasy, or into abstraction, art has become sterile.\(^5\)

The subjective life is a bit of life cut off from the whole; because it is cut off, it does not really describe or criticize life. Life then can be defined as the co-existence of subjective self and objective "outsideness." The function

of art is to describe the conflict or harmony between these two aspects of life. The contemporary art that interprets life wholly from a subjective viewpoint fails or rather avoids consideration of life as a whole and in that way fails to be great or even good art.

Life is the conflict or the harmony established between the subjective life and the life of the world outside, considered as society and as objective nature. It is this interpretation of life as a whole which is lacking in much modern art.\(^6\)

What has made the artist turn away from life? Two reasons are apparent: one, disgust with the social systems of today; two, lack of the analytic approach to life.

Most of the realistic novels reproduce life without analyzing it. Such novels become merely parts of life; they do not criticize life as they should. Though James Joyce's *Ulysses* is cynical, it shows private, personal disgust with society and thus it seems to be a part of contemporary life rather than criticism of it. Cynicism in no way necessarily leads to analysis.

... as humour in American films, and the speeches of dictators show, the most biting cynicism does not necessarily involve any criticism of the social system.\(^7\)

The only contemporary philosophy that offers a deep and complete analysis of life is socialism and that is why today's


realism must be revolutionary. Socialism, with its economic determinism, shows society as ruthlessly exploited by an owning class. The best of contemporary artists agree with this analysis of life though they all do not begin with socialist premises. Eliot and D. H. Lawrence, certainly not socialists, have analyzed society as the socialists have. Their work consequently is a criticism of life and therefore stands the acid test of great art.

An artist after analyzing life may have his own personal arbitrary opinion. One artist may become communist, another royalist conservative, but this in no way invalidates his art because it is the analysis of life that must be present in the art, and the artist's personal idea of the solution of social ills is outside the province of art.

But the condition of the unleisured working class cannot be contemplated without a feeling of an uneasiness which is not just a stirring of social conscience but is, worse than that, a realization that:

... the life of people who have the leisure and opportunity to create and enjoy culture is dwarfed by the overwhelming reality of another life which is continually in the grip of facts such as poverty, the struggle for a livelihood, ugliness, and the overwhelming weight of an industrial environment as different from a leisured and moneyed environment as the eighteenth century is from the twentieth.8

It would seem at first glance that a revolutionary solution then is not necessary and all that might be required is

that writers go to industrial areas and study them. And yet there is one reason why this is no solution at all and that is that the audience is the measuring stick of the importance of the subject, and the only audience for an artist today is a middle-class audience.

To people living in industrial areas their environment has an entirely different significance from that which it has to people living outside. Therefore their whole language and way of thinking is different, and if they had the leisure and opportunity to produce and appreciate art, that would be different too.9

Today, however, the medium of art comes from the middle-class environment. Even D. H. Lawrence, who springs from the working class, has had to change his environment in order to write for a middle-class audience. Because there is no working-class tradition of art that is not very elemental, he is justified in doing so.

Any good work of art about working-class life is created within the bourgeois tradition and therefore seems to be a kind of serious "travel book."

For a travel book is one which introduces into a culture something from outside that culture, a curiosity, a legend, an escape.10

The only real solution, then, is a revolutionary one; because until there exists a working-class audience with leisure and culture of its own in a classless society, working-

---

class literature will remain a very grim form of travel book.

Art has no other subject than humanity and artist's cannot remain indifferent to the murder and injustice of World War II.

It is no accident or whim that drives writers and artists out of the totalitarian states. Even the limited amount of truth which they may have been able to tell about reality, is regarded as a dangerous enemy.11

And it is no accident that the bourgeois artists are allied with the social classes which are most oppressed even though the artists don't think of themselves as political.

The realism of today, then, involves not an imitation of society but an analysis of the society in which we are living and ultimately must be revolutionary. What are the results of other artists taking this position and acting upon it?

The situation leaves the artist, unless he acts, in a split position between two worlds, one world dead the other waiting to be born. The artist lives in a culture drawn from an unjust and corrupt social system which has destroyed many of the spiritual values accepted by great artists and their audiences in the past.

The future lies in a different world order which can only be achieved by a revolutionary change.12

The suggested Marxist solution is that the artist go over completely to the future and join the revolutionary communist

movement and identify himself with the interests of the working class. But most writers who have attempted to throw off their bourgeois environment to enter a revolutionary one by joining the communists in Spain and China have only succeeded in uprooting themselves, in getting killed, or in ceasing to be writers and becoming politicians.

The most sensitive years of a person's experience are his childhood and adolescence, so the artist who in his maturity changes his culture because of his political conscience finds that he does not become well enough adapted to his new culture to write about it.

And if this theory were true it would follow that the work of great contemporary artists who have not joined the communist party is valueless. The work of Shaw, Wells, Lawrence, Proust, Huxley, Russell, Forster, Wassermann, Hemingway and Galsworthy would then be considered of no artistic value. Such a position is untenable.

The fundamental weakness of this position is in assuming that the writer who is in a divided position is not able to portray historic truth. This divided position is, in fact, the very thing that makes such writers true to their age and historically valuable and interesting.

It would be absurd, surely, to wish that Chehov had joined the working-class movement. If he had, the work of Chehov, as we know it, would never have existed. Yet
the fact that Chehov described the "pathetic" situation of people whom he loved and
with whom he may have identified himself, that he analyzed their lives with great
truthfulness, makes him a writer of his-
toric importance, and also a revolutionary
writer who analyzed the decay of the society
in which he lived.13

Writers like Rilke, Yeats, Eliot have opinions which are
conservative and traditional and yet they have made the most
profound analysis of contemporary society.

Our critical tenets must be derived from a study of the
achievements of the great realists of the past and a study of
the great contemporary writers not in the realist tradition
who have stated important truths about society. Such a study
shows that we must judge a writer by the truth of his analyses
rather than by his stated opinions.

It would follow from such a critical approach
that we judged writers by the amount of life
felt in their works, rather than by their
political actions and opinions.14

The artist then should turn his attention to the society
which he knows and describe and analyze it thoroughly. There
is no need for him to appear on the political platform or
attempt to write about a society he does not know - in fact,
if he does either of the latter, he may end up being no artist
at all.

Far too many writers and artists have been
driven away from the centre of their real

interest towards some outer rim of half creating, half agitation. A great deal is said about saving culture, but the really important thing is to have a culture to save.¹⁵

"POETRY FOR POETRY'S SAKE AND

POETRY BEYOND POETRY

The hypothesis of a poem is the emotional experience behind it. The theorem of a poem is the poetic logic concerned with the artist's consistency in proving the hypothesis. If the poetic logic is coherent, then the poem is "true" though the hypothesis of the poem may have little general truth involved in its make-up. Keats' Ode on a Grecian Urn is poetically true till it speaks of general truth, "Beauty is truth, truth Beauty." General truth exists in the world of disrupted ideas, away from the concrete experiences that make poetic truth. The theorem of Keats' poem breaks down because logically he need not have reached the general conclusion "Beauty is truth, truth Beauty."

The job of the critic is to have great tolerance and sympathy with the experiences, technique and inspiration of his contemporaries and to hold their theorems to the strictest logic. A critic held to such considerations is criticizing poetry for poetry's sake.

When the critic discusses the difference between a major and minor poet or poem, he is judging poetry beyond poetry. Poetry beyond poetry is thus concerned with measuring the
hypothesis against general truth. Such criticism implies a social function of poetry and is the most difficult task of the critic because he has no sure means of judging the greatest truth and the most significant experience from out of present events and ideas. Furthermore, the presence of ideas to which the critic attaches importance is likely to arouse feelings in him of sympathy or antipathy which have nothing to do with the poem as poetry.

... when criticism moves from judging the poetry in a poem as poetry, it moves to judging the poem as a 'criticism of life', or as having a content of living experience, apart from an achievement as created poetry. The Essay on Man is 'greater' than a song of Shakespeare's simply because it is longer, it deals with a wider subject-matter and so on, not because it is more perfectly expressed. And the Divine Comedy is greater than either, because it deals with a more universal picture of living experience.16

The present age is an age of gigantic social, economic upheaval and overwhelming public events. Such events have an importance that makes some people feel that they should be put into poetry.

The people who considered themselves the mouthpieces of the recent war were particularly incensed at the reluctance of the majority of poets to put their distinguished client into metre and rhyme. The poets were equally full of disavowals.

From them, was a chorus of 'We do not want to be war poets'.

Yet, despite the opinions of the journalists and the poets, while there were no "morale war poems" there were in another and deeper sense "war poets." In other words, the great world happenings got into the works even though the poets did not want it so.

The matter of war poets or no war poets raises the question of whether a critic should judge every contemporary poem solely as a poetic theorem based on the hypothesis or whether he should take "great" or "small," "major" or "minor" subject matter into account.

This is today a valid question not merely for critics, but also for poets. Because if critics consider poetry simply as poetry, with no regard to the worldly, the prosaic, the unpoetic scale which measures poetry according to the significance of the subject-matter in a hierarchy of actual events, then there is no reason for poets ever to be 'ambitious'.

Ambitious poetic aims may be defended and, in fact, always have been by stating that worldly greatness and large-scale events can transform themselves into poetic greatness. Yet, today there is a reaction on the part of poets from this point of view.

Most modern poets, finding themselves living in a world whose events are often summed

up only too correctly as 'like a scene from Dante's Inferno' are appalled by the scale of their world and look inside themselves for something smaller. So far from wanting to write epics, they belong to a society for the protection of poetry from the epic. Impurity creeps in by way not of grandiosity but of the search for a philosophy of life. Some of the best poets have returned to the metaphysical source of inspiration.19

Robert Graves writes in his Foreword to Poems 1938-1945 that he is opposed to all impurities past and present, and that he feels a purely poetic subject matter is best for a poet. The Graves poem, A Love Story, illustrates the point that nothing happens, nothing is said in his poems except the poetry.

One has the impression in this poem A Love Story of a lifetime having been passed to no purpose, except to extract the poetic metal from the ore of experience. One is then given the pure ore, with no comment, no message, no consolation, and the poem exists by its complete negation of extra-poetic ambition.20

T. S. Eliot, on the other hand, writes, even when most detached, poetry that is not the extraction of poetry from life but is rather a judgment of life by poetry.

Eliot's The Waste Land gives a picture of a civilization collapsing into chaos and presents a general picture of personal despair. Had Eliot written nothing after The Waste Land

he would have been known to future critics as a poet of "personal despair," but later he used his personal experience of despair with the world to show the necessity of faith.

After *The Waste Land*, Eliot became a different kind of poet. He did not abandon his personal experience, but he used it as the colours with which to paint a picture of a different experience. The despairing experience is still there but it is used to depict the experience of faith.²¹

The thought in back of Eliot's later poetry is religious and philosophic. He does not, however, inject into his poems those thoughts until they become part of his poetic experience. Much of the meaning of Eliot's poems could be written in a medium other than poetry. There seems then to be two levels in Eliot poetry - the creative and the philosophic.

*Four Quartets* is not only poetic experience, but it also means something which could be expressed in another way than poetry, though in so far as poetry is achieved, the imagery, music, etc., which make it poetry could not, of course, be expressed in any other way. The language therefore moves on two levels: one is the creative level of poetry in which images and delightful objects are created which give us pleasure, the other is the level of philosophic thought.²²

Many young critics call the Eliot type of "two level" poetry the "new classicism" and the one level type of poetry

that creates without attempt at philosophic thought the "new romanticism," but better terms are "transparent" and "opaque."

Eliot's two levels are sustained throughout, and thus the language has a kind of transparency: one looks through the picture, to the thought behind it, as though the images and colours were painted on glass, with a light shining behind. Some younger critics call this kind of writing, in which language is used with the greatest precision in order to express a movement of thought (which could be expressed in other words, if it were separated from the delightful poetic movement superimposed on the thought) the 'new classicism'; and they call a more recent tendency in poetry, in which objects are created without a thoughtful meaning behind them, the 'new romanticism'. I think that these terms are confusing, and it would be more valuable to draw a distinction between transparent poetry and opaque poetry. Eliot and Auden use language transparently; Dylan Thomas, Edith Sitwell, Vernon Watkins, use it opaque.

Auden uses poetry as a language of metaphors with which to work out his philosophy. Auden sustains the two levels of thought and poetic language throughout The Sea and the Mirror, which is a commentary on Shakespeare's Tempest, and throughout A Christmas Oratorio. Auden, however, often is not clear; his metaphors sometimes do not seem consistent.

The two levels, of thought and poetic language, which I have spoken of in connection with Four Quartets are sustained throughout. It is easier to be delighted with Auden's virtuosity in form, his charm of language, and his wonderful power of invention, than to follow his thought. I confess that here I am rather at a loss, because I have never

been able to understand with immediacy his metaphorical language, which often seems to me a very eccentric habit of thinking, and I know that other readers do follow it unobstructedly.24

Auden's language has a verbal character that does not depend on any meaning intrinsic to the words themselves. The imagery sometimes clouds the meaning.

At times Auden's imagery changes its meaning from a concrete meaning to an abstract Freudian meaning. This change is not always clearly marked so that the reader can follow.

I see that the problem of the first stanza quoted from The Sea and the Mirror is the philosophical one of the thing-in-itself. The images in this stanza are used in a concrete scientific way, almost as in textbooks of philosophy. In the next stanza we shift from the problem of knowledge to that of moral philosophy. Here the barrier which obscures the thought for me is the line 'Art opens the fishiest eye'. Since 'song and sugar and fire' are meant very concretely as things inhabited by the ghosts who are the inner core of reality, and since the 'Flesh and the Devil' are also meant very concretely, it is difficult not to think of 'the fishiest eye' as the same kind of lecture-demonstrator's imagery. To do so, of course, destroys one's chances of understanding the rest.25

Quite often, however, the reader of Auden is rewarded with passages of inspired translucency where his systems of symbols are clear and easily understood.

The enchantment is deliberate, conscious and sustained. The world having been 'seen

through' as a system of symbols which have no validity apart from the value which man attaches to them, the necessity of attaching such values is also seen, and the myth is reconstructed for the sake of an intellectual and a moral necessity.26

What seems lacking in Auden's work is concrete poetic experience that does not turn into an intellectual, abstract symbol.

What one longs for in Auden's poetry is the contact with and the wonder of a real and immediate concrete experience whose diamond hardness and intrinsicality refuses the attempt to turn it into an intellectualized symbol. There is plenty of mystification in his work but no mystery. He is mystifying because he knows things so much better than the reader and because he sees always beyond and through his subject-matter to the pattern of theory behind: he is never mysterious, because the mere fact that things exist, the fact that one does not always understand, the fact that things happen as they happen, the fact that events exist in all the isolation of their own exactness, all this does not amaze him.27

Auden and Eliot both use poetry to express a system of thought through symbols. Poetry gives them the opportunity to expound their philosophy.

Poetry enables them to give life to their philosophies, for it is the means by which they explore the ability of their thought to live its way into their poetic experiences.28

Auden and Eliot differ, however, in that much concrete

experience gets into Eliot's poems while little gets into Auden's.

To read Eliot you have, intellectually, to be with him, but he is also with you in the world that you know, the world 'Where you lean against a bank while a van passes'. To read Auden, you have to inhabit his mental world entirely. If 'the green hill sits always by the sea', it is not just because it is there, but for a very good psycho-religio-politico reason.29

Edith Sitwell writes poetry for poetry's sake, not poetry beyond poetry. Her poetry is not pure poetry in the sense that Graves' is. Graves' poetry is a purifying down to a more discriminating and limited creative impulse, while Sitwell's poetry is a developing poetry that tries to take in more and more poetic experience as she lives it and her own emotion grows.

Miss Sitwell's development has evidently been towards experiencing more and more of her whole experience and emotion in a poetic way.30

Sitwell's work then has become more enchanting as she has grown in experience.

The difference between her early and later work is that in her earlier poems only a limited part of her experience went into her poetry, which, with all its entrancing qualities, seemed partial and, at times, eccentric. In her later work, there is a wholeness which makes us feel that, already, before it is written, the experience of the

anguish of the modern world has been absorbed by her and transcended within her own personality, for her poems are at once large and broad and extremely personal.31

Sitwell's mature later work is noted for two qualities: music and imagery. The music is a long measured pace that appeals to the eye as well as to the ear and can be said to be horizontal. The imagery, on the other hand, is vertical giving an upright visual picture. A great deal of her artistry results from her ability to keep these two mediums separate yet related.

The music is, as it were, a horizontal movement which in its long, measured pace has a certain appeal also to the eye: the imagery is very vertical. It suggests upright figures, the sun in the zenith, corn, the Pillar of Fire, trees, etc. . . . Miss Sitwell's extraordinary control of her medium is due to her power of keeping things separate. She is like a painter who uses very simple colours, but who makes them all glow and gives them a structural purpose: or again, she is like a composer who is extremely conscious of the use of intervals and of notes widely separated from each other.32

Sitwell's chief excellence is not her power of invention but rather her ability to project the growth of her whole personality into her poetry.

She exists in her poetry as Lorca exists in his songs and ballads, and as Van Gogh exists in his painting. The light, the ripeness,

the death and the anguish of these later poems, are as accurate a picture as we have of an interior life of the spirit.33

Dylan Thomas is an "opaque" poet who writes poetry for poetry's sake. He is unlike Graves or Sitwell in that he limits himself not at all, and every vivid impression for which he can find an image becomes poetry.

In a way, his prose reveals his poetic method even better than his poetry does. For in his prose we see him as he is, a kind of poetic roving camera, who snaps up everything and puts it down as a brilliant poetic image in words as tasty and as full of local sea-flavour as wrinkles which one buys from a stall on the coast.34

Thomas benefited from his war work, which was doing scripts for broadcasts. This work gave him a sense of theme and continuity which he seemed to lack before.

The list of poets who demonstrate theorems which prove their hypotheses goes on to include Walter De la Mare, whose The Burning Glass is done in his usual brilliant and poetically sound manner, and Edmund Blunden, whose Shells by a Stream is also a perfect theorem for his hypothesis. John Betjeman, who never takes himself seriously, and Vernon Watkins, whose poems are apt to be a bit too obviously "poetic," should also be included in the list.

De la Mare is an innocent writer whose innocence lacks the ferocity of Blake's.35

Betjeman's appeal, of course, is not that he is satirizing the things he satirizes but himself for liking them.\textsuperscript{36}

At his best, Mr. Vernon Watkins, with his grey seriousness, is a considerable poet, because he can produce a very concentrated effect. \textellipsis However, in his second book, he has inflated tremendously his poetic currency.\textsuperscript{37}

We have many accomplished poets. Their theorems cannot often be criticized.

One does not have to criticize them in the sense, often, of finding fault with the way in which they do what they can do.\textsuperscript{38}


\textsuperscript{37}Spender, "Poetry for Poetry's Sake," p. 237, ll. 33-36.

\textsuperscript{38}Spender, "Poetry for Poetry's Sake," p. 235, ll. 6-8.
Other Critical Works

Of the four other available critical works by Spender, we shall consider two: "The Essential Housman" from the April, 1940, Horizon magazine; and "Poetry in 1941" from the February, 1942, Horizon. "Recent Poetry" from the October, 1944, Horizon, repeats much of what Spender says in "Poetry in 1941" and so will not be considered here. The fourth critical work, "Lorca in English," from New Writing and Daylight, Winter, 1944, is an extended criticism of Spender's translation of the Spanish poet and of translations in general and so cannot really come into the scope of this paper.

"The Essential Housman"

"The Essential Housman" was written on the occasion of the publication, posthumously, of More Poems and Additional Poems of Housman. Spender feels that the poems do not add to the stature of Housman.

The posthumous poems are interesting, but on the whole they do him a dis-service, because although they contain beautiful lines, and even whole poems as good as many he wrote, they say in a cruder form, which sometimes amounts almost to parody, what he had said before, and they do the one thing which Housman must have wanted to avoid doing - heighten the reader's curiosity about...
the biographical background to his poetry.39

When one starts thinking of Housman's poems in this way, one can trim and pare away poems around a core of poems which one can call the "Essential Housman." The core consists of fifty poems or less. The remainder of the poems are poor or say the same thing that poems in the core say better.

Housman in his inspired moments is a great poet.

At his best, Housman is a poet of great force and passion whose music is quite unforced, combining sensuousness with a cold discipline which gives the poetry an almost anonymous quality of being something said rightly, rather than something said by someone.40

No criticism can lessen the value of certain lines and whole poems of Housman which have an independent rightness and certainty. Criticism is limited here to an attempt to define the range of his poetry and say whether or not the pessimistic philosophy he advances is an adequate attitude toward life.

Housman's poems have as motifs the countryside of Western England, lads who were brave and true, references to the ancient world and firmly established imperialism. Motivation of characters in poems and motivation for poems comes from a


the preliminary description of the method and results of the experiments described in this paper will be published in the near future. The experiments were performed to test the effectiveness of various methods of improving the efficiency of the extraction of radioactive materials. The results obtained show that the proposed methods are effective in increasing the yield of the desired radioactive compounds.

In conclusion, it is to be noted that these results are preliminary and further investigation is necessary to establish the reliability of the methods proposed.
frustrated love, a passion for justice and the view that man is better off dead.

Within this environment, there springs a poetry which has three main sources of inspiration: a frustrated love, a passion for justice, equally frustrated, and the view that life is misery and that man is only happy when he is safely under the ground.41

In the final analysis, Housman's pessimistic attitude can be resolved to one of frustrated love. In his poems the young, straight, brave and true get nothing for their virtue: "Let us endure an hour and see injustice done." This frustration is best when it expresses a complete despair; but at other times, it is merely suicidal and sometimes ludicrous.

This personal tragedy in the Housman poems usually produces not a criticism of life but rather a sorrow for Housman himself.

If one compares Housman's love poems with those of Donne, one sees how inadequate his rejection of love and hence life is. In Donne we feel that the poet has tasted deeply of life, and that while he is still tasting it, it turns to ashes. In Housman, we feel that he had a youthful disappointment on which he constructed an edifice of personal despair and bitterness which lasted a lifetime. For Housman himself this disappointment may have been tragic, but it is not valid as a judgment by which the whole of life, or even the life of the senses can be condemned. The effect of Donne's poetry is to make one feel that life is haunted by the sense of death and guilt; the effect of

Housman's, after one has reached a certain age, merely to make one feel very sorry for Housman.42

Housman's puritanism is close to death but not in the religious sense of Donne and the Elizabethans. Housman's death was the negation of life; his ill the negation of good; injustice the negation of justice. Life then becomes for him an effort to pretend that some things are important while he realizes that nothing is important.

. . . this means that life too ceases to be positive and becomes merely a feeble little effort to pretend, with cricket balls, footballs, sex, Shropshire, etc., that it is worth doing, when to the honest man it must be evident that nothing positive has any virtue because of the immense surplus of what is not which denies and frustrates it the whole time.43

Housman, like T. E. Lawrence, throws out a kind of double legend which is probably an indication of a double personality. One part of Housman's personality was that of the repressed puritan who knows his own mind, the other part was of a withdrawn introvert who is trying to conceal something that happened in his early life.

The one legend is of a severe, puritanical, repressed, passionately single-minded, integrated personality, one who has looked evil fearlessly in the eyes, is master of his destiny. The other legend, of which Lawrence and Housman both disclaim all responsibility, is of a mysterious and withdrawn personality, who not only has a secret

clue to his passional life, but to whom also something has definitely happened at some period in his life which will not happen again.44

Housman apparently recognized the inadequacy of his philosophy of life and reinforced it with pleading in defense of his own personal situation. He might have thrown away repression and explored his entire personality but that would have meant that he would have had to accept more of life than he was willing.

Gerard Manley Hopkins did explore the conflict in his own personality and thereby is the superior poet.

Housman had what is called 'integrity,' Hopkins had honesty and audacity. Hopkins's poetry is that of a man who struggles with life and illuminates more and more life in the process. Housman's is that of a wonderfully mummified and preserved everlasting young man, like one of his narcissistic lads who stands forever by the stream and looks at his image in the waters.45

"Poetry In 1941"

"Poetry In 1941" is an attempt to summarize and review the work of the poets writing in England during that war year, except for Auden's New Year Letter and Roger's Awake, of which Spender said enough had already been written.

The volumes that Spender went through to prepare for the writing of this review dispelled two prejudices the young poets of the year held: that there was little poetry by young and less-known poets published that year, and that there were no war poets. Kiedrych Rhys' anthology of Poems from the Forces dispelled the second prejudice.

There are many interesting poems in the anthology Poems from the Forces, but the war has made only a superficial impression on the poets. One is made aware of barrage balloons, boredom, homesickness, but not of Dunkirk and Libya. The new war poets don't seem to understand the war.

These poets regard the war from the outside: it is not their war they seem to say. They disclaim all responsibility for it; they don't like it, they don't understand it, and they don't wish to do so.46

Emanuel Litvinoff compares war to a brothel: something which has hold of him, something outside himself, like a funeral, a brothel or an entertainment. And Kiedrych Rhys refers to the war only to disclaim it and to describe the homesickness of men at war.

There are poets in uniform, but none of them have put the larger events of the war in their poetry.

... so far none of them seems to have created in imaginative terms (1)

any major event in the war; (2) any statement of the nature of the struggle in which we are involved, either as suffering or as ideas; (3) any positive faith in the democracy for which we are fighting; (4) any effective statement against war.47

Spender does not blame the young poets for their failure; he merely states the facts as he saw them after reading thirty-odd volumes of wartime poems and finding only a few poor exceptions to the above criticism. To be quite fair, I should qualify these remarks by saying that one or two poets have tried to write about the war. For example, there is Mr. Christopher Hassall's conscientious Royal Academy piece S.O.S. Ludlow, and there are Mr. Rostrevor Hamilton's Apollyon and Other Poems.48

Even these more honest attempts to say something about the war fail and seem at points somewhat insincere.

. . . . Mr. Hassall never succeeds in being more than industriously literary (he is the winner of the Hawthornden Prize, as his publishers take care to point out), and Mr. Hamilton's fire-breathing agitation is all too noble and too pure to seem anything but morally fogged. It recalls the poetry written by Robert Bridges during the last war. However, his work is never as old-fogeyish as that of R. N. Currey in Tiresias and Other Poems, with its querulous preface. Only Alun Lewis seems really to have entered into some of the more dreary aspects of being a conscript; and even he does not take us very deep or very far.49

There are quite a few reasons for the poets' detachment from the war. One is the lack of a general unifying and clarifying experience which would give a sense of the whole war.

So far from feeling at the centre of the war the members of the Forces feel shut off from life before and after it, and even from the war itself. 50

Also, the poets in uniform, because of the life they must lead, cannot meditate.

In all the numerous agitations and accusations which take the place today of literary criticism, very little has been said about the fact that it is necessary to have time, quiet, and a contemplative habit of mind in order to write poetry. 51

Poetry is not wholly a matter of inspiration; it is also a habit of mind. A poet must have a few hours every day alone sitting in a room with no distracting radio with jarring news reports if he is to develop inspiration.

The great weakness of the youngest poets (to my mind) is that they do not explore their ideas and experiences. They seem to think it is quite enough to have ideas, sensations and images, and to note them down. 52

All this may not be entirely the fault of the poets themselves, a great deal is the fault of the war; but none-the-less, some of the poets are responsible to a degree.

Don't blame the poets for this, blame the war if you like; but all the same it seems to show a lack of what, in the last analysis, is literary sense in several of these poets, that they don't seem aware of what is wrong; they pride themselves on being mere enthusiasts, inspirationalists, apocalyptics.\(^5\)

Among the interesting poets besides Rhys and Lewis are Gavin Ewart, G. S. Fraser, Roy Fuller, J. F. Hendry, A. A. Levy, Emanuel Litvinoff, Mervyn Peake, Alan Rook, Tom Scott and John Waller.

Oxford and Cambridge seem to account for the best and the worst in the poets. The university influence can be seen in the poetry of Fraser, Rook, Waller, and also of Rowse, Nicholas Moore and Scurfield.

The moral seems to be that poetically a university education helps a writer when his experience takes him furthest away from his University. It is the writers who linger on at Oxford and Cambridge whose work becomes most abstract and theoretical and removed from real experience.\(^5\)

No poet with striking "oneness" has appeared recently. The reasons for this seem to be the war and the anti-individualistic tendency of war and certain failures within the poets themselves.

My criticism of these younger poets is that they seem content to surround their lives with all the circumstances

\(^5\)Spender, "Poetry in 1941," p. 103, ll. 30-34.
of poetry (inspiration, passion, misfortune, adventure, humiliation, etc.) without sufficiently realizing that a poet must be something more than a victim of hallucinatory circumstances.55

The work of the poet is substantially to rebel against his environment and yet, at the same time, not to lose sight of that environment. The poem is a precise balance of experience, and thought that transcends that experience.

The environment against which the poet rebels is far too valuable a property to lose sight of; at the same time the poetry he writes must not provide a spectacle of his unmitigated defeat by circumstances; rather of his perpetually sustained victory, against great odds.56

The poet, in other words, cannot afford to be completely fortunate or unfortunate because either extreme may prevent his development.

Technically, many of the young poets forget that poetry is a disciplined form of art that must be restrained, sifted and formed. The ear must check run-away lines even in the freest verse.

There is no such thing as completely free verse. Merely there are two views of the interior order of a poem. One is that the poem should be poured into a mould; the other is that by great concentration on the idea of a poem the poem can create an organic form of its own.57

The real problem behind the inadequacy of the young poets is that they have lost faith in their personal experiences. Because of the great events going on outside their egos, they have developed a form of split personality which effects their poems. They acclaim loudly the significance of the experience they relate and in which they are the principal actor, and at the same time they cry about the great happenings of war.

On the one hand they insist vociferously on the significance of the romance in which they are the central actors; on the other hand they occasionally yell out 'Warsaw, Singapore', etc., to show that they are aware of the hideous din going on just outside their own personal theatre.58

Connected with this difficulty are the technical faults of the young poets. The poet adopts run-away forms because he wants to display his own experiences in his own way, but his loose psycho-analytical form really has a connection with his own insecurity which is caused by the great events of the war that he is attempting to deny is important by accenting the importance of his own personal experience. Thus a vicious circle is formed.

In order to insist on their own experiences to the utmost they also use a private surrealist imagery which can only be understood, as it were, accidentally, because, although to the

reader it is as obscure as would be a dream in psycho-analysis, it may also seem as significant as a dream in psycho-analysis.59

Several young poets, defending the looseness of their surrealist approach to poetry, describe the poet as a "child lost in a labyrinth." Great poets, however, are not lost children; they are rather the grown-up who has found his childhood. One of the young poets quite inadvisedly quoted Spender's favorite Rilke as an example of the "lost child."

He [Rilke] was essentially a poet of light that contains darkness, not of darkness that expels light. He sought, with amazing devotion in his life and his work, to understand the European tradition and maintain it in his poetry; to understand modern life, including the war and industrialism, and to translate them into terms in which they could be purged by the intelligence of the European tradition; and to perfect his technique. He did not entirely succeed, because to some extent he fell a victim to his own devotion to poetry, which resulted in a too complete isolation. But, of course, he was right to prefer isolation to becoming a wheel in a machine of mass-produced political or surrealist poetry.60

The younger poets chose too easy a way out by refusing to adopt the discipline necessary to produce "major poetry" and substituting in its place "minor poetry." Their poems are minor because they refuse to take their experience and place

it in connection with the stream of life. They refuse to show that their imagery has meaning in life, that it is a part of the past, present and future.

If one could describe them roughly as a literary movement, one would say that the impulse of that movement was to abandon the attempt to write major poetry and to substitute for it minor poetry; the poetry of the bewildered victims of circumstances, for the poetry of those who make a supreme effort to understand the life around them, and to translate it into imaginative terms which make it assimilable in the minds of other men, relating it to life in the past.

Great artists of the past would not be surprised at the surrealist imagery of the present, but they would be surprised at the audacity of the artists in passing it along to the reader without organization and understanding.

Shakespeare and Dante would find nothing surprising in the imagery of the surrealists except in the deliberate refusal of the surrealists themselves to understand it. King Lear is full of obvious surrealist material, but at no time do you feel that the writer's own intellect has lost grip of his material, and that he is simply allowing his mind to pour forth a stream of images which are meaningless to him, in the hope that they may mean something to someone.

In order to understand our time, the poet must, as all great poets of the past, work steadily and intensively.

Technique must be continually worked upon; the poet must be one who enjoys life and can assimilate it into his poetry.

Rilke roughly indicated the way, for his poems are a prodigious example of the effort to translate unpoetic phenomena into terms of poetry, and thus purify them in the stream of the imagination, making the transitory and actual accessible to the wisdom of the past.63

Spender takes a large view of the artist's duty to society. He feels that the artist must try to interpret reality and that he should not try to avoid the problems that reality presents. To Spender, the job of the poet is to put in an imaginative way a valid criticism of life. The aim of poetry comes close to the aim of philosophy, but unlike philosophy poetry must be entertaining and must attempt to see life together.

The poetry that attempts to criticize life is the poetry Spender calls "transparent." The reader of such poetry looks through the words and symbols to see the philosophy behind them. "Opaque" poetry is that poetry which does not allow the reader to see through to any criticism of life. Transparent poetry is "poetry beyond poetry"; opaque poetry is "poetry for poetry's sake."

Spender's defense of "Rilke" and his unbounded admiration for Emily and Vita (both in particular) show that he prefers 63Spender, "Poetry in 1941," p. 108, ll. 39-40, p. 109, ll. 1-3.
Summation of the Major Points of Spender's Criticism

Spender's criticism, as we have seen, runs along two planes: the philosophic, having to do with the thought behind the poem; and the technical, having to do with the author's language, choice of meter, aptness of symbols, etc.

Spender takes a large view of the artist's duty to society. He feels that the artist must try to interpret reality and that he should not try to avoid the problems that reality presents. To Spender, the job of the poet is to put in an imaginative way a valid criticism of life. The aim of poetry comes close to the aim of philosophy, but unlike philosophy poetry must be entertaining and must attempt to sew life together.

The poetry that attempts to criticize life is the poetry Spender calls "transparent." The reader of such poetry looks through the words and symbols to see the philosophic meaning behind. "Opaque" poetry is that poetry which does not allow the reader to see through to any criticism of life. Transparent poetry is "poetry beyond poetry"; opaque poetry is "poetry for poetry's sake."

Spender's defense of "Rilke" and his unbounded admiration for Auden and Eliot (Eliot in particular) show that he prefers
the transparent poetry to the opaque. Spender states time and again that poems must have "meaning" to be of value.

In The New Realism Spender says that socialism is the one comprehensive philosophy that really describes conditions in the world today and offers a solution. He does not feel that the artist must be a socialist, rather, he says that an artist had best stay out of politics; but he does believe that an artist to be "true" today must give a view of contemporary society that shows it in the process of decay. The socialistic philosophy says that we are in between the death of the bourgeois culture and the birth of the working class culture, and it is because of this that our society is confused. Spender says that the artist who analyzes present society will realize this although he need not then become a socialist.

The artist who successfully criticizes modern life describes it as decadent and doomed to a troublesome death. But the great artist goes beyond this to analyze society and say why present society is failing.

Society is decadent because values of the old order are gone, and values of the new order are yet to be established. The artists who have most eloquently said this are Auden and Eliot.

Art then has a social function of a kind. It cannot have value apart from society. The duty of the artist of every age is to describe, criticize and analyze the society of his
particular age. Surrealism, subjectivism, pure impressionism are not adequate art.

Surrealism in all its forms is definitely symptomatic of a decadent age; but it in itself, though it be a form of damning criticism because of its very nature, is an unconscious criticism of life, is unbeknown of itself, a disease of the age and therefore not an analysis of the age but rather a part of it. The surrealist artist is as decadent as the society of which he is a part; the great artist is not himself decadent - he is rather a disciplined straight thinker. The poet who doesn't think is no poet at all.

A poem can be criticized by criticizing its "theorem" or by criticizing its "hypothesis." Technical criticism concerns itself with the criticism of the logic, the beauty, the "artfulness" of the poet in proving the hypothesis he begins with. Philosophic criticism concerns itself with the criticism of the hypothesis as an adequate criticism of life. A major poet is one whose technical skill is questioned seldom and whose hypothesis is a valid analysis of society. A minor poet is one whose technical skill is seldom questioned but whose hypothesis makes a false analysis of society or makes no attempt at analysis.

To be considered a poet at all one must have poetic experience and technical skill - to be a major poet one must transcend poetic experience and criticize life.
Spender feels that many of the young poets in England need a more thorough grounding in the elements of poetic technique. He says that there is no such thing as absolutely free verse and that the would-be poets of the age are proving by their use of illogical metaphors, undisciplined meter and ridiculous words that they are decadent and incapable.

He feels that many capable men are taking the easy way out, selling their poetic consciences short, by adopting psycho-analytical impressionism and surrealism. Because the "stream of consciousness" technique is no technique at all and because it demands no organization, many men who might become poets are doomed to failure because they make no sense to the reader. This shows either laziness or foolish following of a fad and is not to be condoned by any worthwhile critic. Young artists must work to be successful; and inspiration, no matter how strong or how beautifully clothed in glamorous imagery, is not enough to make a man a poet.

We can now attempt to hold these rather precise and rigorous critical standards up to Spender's own prose and poetry. He has willingly put himself in the critic's chair - now how does he live up to his own critical tenets?

In the pages that follow, we shall take up first Spender's prose work and then his poetry.
SPENDER'S PROSE

Our discussion of Spender's prose will be limited in two ways: first, we are limited to one of his two literary prose works because only one is available in Boston at this writing; and second, we are limited to his literary prose because we cannot logically apply his "literary" criticism to his "non-literary" prose.

Spender has written two "techniqued" prose works: Tisselcote House, a novel; and The Burning Cactus, a collection of five short stories. The novel is out of print in England; and the only library in Boston that lists the book, The Boston Public Library, has lost its only copy. The short stories then are our only recourse.
The five short stories contained in the volume entitled *The Burning Cactus*, in the order of the Table of Contents, are: "The Dead Island," "The Cousins," "The Burning Cactus," "Two Deaths," and "By The Lake." In a note at the end of The Faber Library edition of the stories, Spender says that the short story that lends its name to the volume, "The Burning Cactus," was written in 1933; "The Dead Island," "Two Deaths," and "The Cousins" were written in 1935. The first version of "By The Lake" was written in 1927. A second version was published in *New Stories* in 1934. The third version appears in the present volume dated 1936.

We shall take the stories arbitrarily, in the order of the Table of Contents; but for purposes of criticism, we shall keep in mind the date of each story's publication. The dates show that all the stories were written during Europe's depression years and the last of them were written shortly before World War II. The history of those years should appear in the stories and should color Spender's analysis of society. If we look carefully and Spender has truly analyzed, we should see the inevitability of the war and the inevitability of the downfall of the Conservatives in England after the war.
"The Dead Island"

Written in 1935, this is a story of a lonely, once rich, still beautiful, thrice married, New England woman. When the story opens she is resting in a resort town somewhere on the Slavic side of the Adriatic trying to forget husband number three, who keeps sending her letters and telegrams telling of his drinking, his loving and his adventuring all over Europe and North America. The woman, whom Spender never names, meets a young, handsome, "would-be" artist who is at the resort trying to cure his acute alcoholism. They have a short romance which climaxes one night in the woman's seaside cottage after the two have gone for a long walk on the beach.

After a frenzied, pornographic episode, he leaves silently while she, fulfilled physically but not emotionally, weeps until morning.

The next afternoon he returns to the cottage with an armful of presents. After some irrational questions and answers, the man decides that the woman doesn't love him - that she cannot help cure him of his alcoholism; and so he leaves the cottage, vowing to himself that he shall never return.

From this point the story slowly comes to a close through a series of meetings, chance and otherwise, of the man and woman. He is a person who evades his ethical "self-responsi-
bility" and depends on other people. He depended on the woman to cure his drinking - she failed; so he drinks harder and harder till near the end of the story he drinks a phenomenal amount. To gain emphasis Spender lists the events numerically.

(1) After their conversation in the hut, he went to a cafe in the village and exchanged his raincoat for a bottle of schnapps.

(2) Then, when he had no money left, and when everything he could pawn had been taken away from him, he stole a bottle of methylated spirits out of the cellar and drank that.

(3) On his last morning at the hotel, everything else that was drinkable having been removed, he drank the whole of a bottle of hair oil.¹

The story ends when the woman takes the young fellow on a steamer to the Dead Island where brandy is cheap and where he expects to make a fresh start. He is very sick from his drinking escapades when they first go aboard the boat, but he perks up when he is introduced to a number of the woman's rich society friends who are going to the island to see some Byzantine ruins. The reader understands that the young artist is about to find a new patron who will supply him with enough liquor so that he can drink himself to death.

Criticism of "The Dead Island"

Nineteen thirty-five was a year that, in Europe, was one of deep-rooted social, political, economic change. The Nazis

were in charge in Germany and most of the people in Europe realized that war would eventually envelop them. We have been told by philosophers, newsmen and diplomats that the majority of the upper-class bourgeoisie sought the ostrich’s solution to unpleasant problems and ignored them altogether.

"The Dead Island" certainly is a story about two people who were a part of the ostrich movement. The bourgeois woman and the bourgeois artist both had intelligence enough to see that their world was crashing. The woman saw the inevitability of it and so seemed to passively accept it. The artist, however, because of his weak self, refused any solution, passive acceptance or militant non-acceptance.

The woman developed a form of psychological "personalism," withdrawing to herself. Spender stated in The New Realism that personalism is not a justifiable position for the artist or for any individual in present society to take; he showed the futility of such a completely selfish, self-protecting approach to life. The woman in the story adopts the subjective attitude that Spender says is inadequate; and true to his theory, Spender makes the woman fail to reach satisfactory "peace of mind." The woman, her drawing-room receptions and expensive living made impossible because of the state of the world economically and politically, finds eventually that her memories and her physical sensations will not sustain her. The artist
who breaks into her dream world demanding help is perhaps a symbol to her of society in its sick condition.

The artist, on the other hand, finds escape the only solution for his problem. By drinking he escapes temporarily the necessity of thinking. He turns to the woman for help, and at first he thinks she is a "healer" but finds that her approach to life is as much an escape to her as alcohol is to him. Though historically many contemporary artists have adopted the subjective approach to life that the woman has adopted (the surrealists, the abstractists), the artist in this story has sense enough to realize that the woman and the other artists are as sick as he is, that their illness is not fundamentally any different from his but is merely a slower, more subtle, form of suicide. He finds no real solution so at the end of the story returns to the quicker death - alcohol.

When the two meet for the first time after the sexual episode in the cottage, the woman says, replying to the artist's request for aid:

The fact is, that when one can no longer love, one finds - with what relief - that one can still give. One can pity. One can only save another person by giving oneself too completely, by living his life for him, and then, finally, one destroys him and oneself as well. One pities individuals because one doesn't understand them; one pities them because they do not resemble oneself. I think it's much better for you to live your own life, and now I understand that. I can even respect you, odd as that seems too. What I've learnt from you, then, is that I have to live my own life; because
There is no known information about the content of this page.
finally the habit of saving people becomes in itself a kind of drug: one feels one cannot exist unless there is someone to save: a stage even comes when one asks oneself if it isn't as weak to give as to take, because giving and taking have become the same. Those whom one saves are oneself, and there is nothing outside oneself, not even that which is to be saved.  

In such a way Spender conveys the disintegration of individuals within our society. The integrity of society in general is, after all, made or destroyed by the integrity or lack of it of the individuals within society. By telling the story of two decadent persons in our society and analyzing the persons, Spender analyzes society and tells the story of its decay. The characters become symbols.

Spender here writes transparent prose. He attempts to write prose as he says Auden and Eliot write poetry, with a philosophy behind the symbols. The philosophy is the philosophy of socialism that shows present-day civilization decaying and rapidly approaching a revolution. Undoubtedly, Spender gave no names to the characters in order to increase the reader's appreciation of them as symbols.

Technically the story is modern in structure and expression. The plot, insofar as there is one, does not rise to a climax near the end and then taper off quickly to the "finis" but rather has a climax quite close to the beginning and a

2Spender, "The Dead Island," p. 74, ll. 4-24.
To make a complete transaction, the following steps may be taken:

1. Issue a proper contract or agreement.
2. Exchange of goods or services.
3. Payment of the agreed amount.

The transaction is considered complete upon the completion of these steps. If any of the steps are not followed, the transaction may be nullified.

In case of disputes, the contract should clearly state the terms and conditions. Legal advice may be sought to ensure compliance with the law.
slow decline to the end. The long decline is a definite device to make the reader see and feel through episode after episode the decay and decline of the personalities of the story and thereby reflect the slow disintegration of society.

The prose used in the story is peculiarly extended poetry. Spender employs words and sentences in a rhythmical pattern that reminds one of his poems. This technique is usually handled very well though occasionally it slips. Here is first an example of the technique well handled and then an example of it poorly handled.

Spender has a Doctor Rooth, who writes to the woman asking for her help in curing the artist, say the following in describing the moments of seeming happiness and completeness that the artist finds:

And for this boy there are the moments, the weeks even, of happiness, when the intoxicated dancer strips himself at night at the edge of the sea and swims far out into the darkness. The moon is above him and makes a shatterable metallic path on the water. He does not see the water, he only sees his own at-last-delicious limbs, and feels the contact of cold around the whole surface of his body which is like a hard bright husk. For once his ambition is fulfilled: he is a perfect machine. With wires and nerves communicating from every surface, he cruises softly round as sensitively as a submarine. Before turning home he wonders whether to swim along the path of the moon, until the water drowns him: for the prolongation of his moments of happiness would be the oblivion of death.³

Here we have the concrete words of a poet expressing the feeling of completeness of the manic depressive in the manic

stage of the cycle. The metaphors are right and fitting; the analogies are the sort of analogies one becomes used to in Spender's poetry. Such a passage compares favorably with some of the best similar passages in Ibsen and Nietzsche, but occasionally Spender becomes flamboyant in the lushness of his comparison.

On one occasion the woman says:

Stripped to the lifeblood my heart,
attached to a mesh of veins strung out like a harp, moves across the summer hills.  

Though we can say that some of the difficulty one finds in trying to interpret this passage is due to the fact that the woman is characterized as a split personality and therefore cannot be completely logical, we cannot forgive Spender for making her seem schizophrenic. Change "stripped to the lifeblood" to "denied its lifeblood" and one difficulty is done away with, but the idea of a heart with veins strung out like a harp moving across summer hills lends itself to burlesque and not to interpretation. Here Spender has been guilty of the same error for which he criticizes the young British poets so harshly. He has not written carefully, made his metaphors logical.

On the whole, "The Dead Island" is in keeping with Spender's critical tenets. It has the kind of transparency

---

that Spender admires in Eliot and it is usually good technically. Seldom, however, does Spender's prose here reach the power of his poetry.

"The Cousins"

"The Cousins" was written in 1935 and is the story of a young impoverished clerk, Werner, who visits his rich aunt, Lady Helen, and her two sons Bob and Tom. Lady Helen's home is a large, rambling, English country estate. Werner arrives in time to be a part of a Saturday afternoon party and proceeds to make a number of social errors that make him aware of how deep the cleft is between their world and his.

Werner finds that Lady Helen is bringing her boys up to be English country gentlemen, that the boys know all about horseback riding, hunting, and tennis and little else. The cousins are greatly amused at some of Werner's serious poetry. Werner is troubled by his cousins' lack of knowledge of the world and horrified at their attitude toward sport. Tom plays tennis not to win but to show good style. Bob is a merciless hunter who hangs on trees the birds he shoots and can't eat. Both boys are snobs of the highest order. Their mother has brought them up allowing them to know nothing of the world outside their protected sheltered world. Werner's socialistic
doctrine is scoffed at - the boys believe explicitly in a benevolent God and scoff at Werner's assertion that perhaps there is no God. Episode after episode makes Werner uncomfortable so that he leaves the house early one morning cutting his visit short.

Here is one passage that nicely sums up Lady Helen's position.

... I agree with you that rich greedy tasteless people are harmful; but so are they when they're poor. Yet some rich people are considerate and humane, and they even do a great deal of good, with their money. Isn't it one's duty to bring up one's children so that they have standards which aren't entirely sordid? To protect them, I mean, from the world. I've deliberately prevented my sons from knowing about all sorts of ugliness, which they'll have to learn of when they're older. But when they do learn they'll be in a position to judge and criticise by high standards, they won't be saturated already by the greed and corruption which they see around them. You'll find that that's how the best men in business and politics and religion have been introduced: they are new blood coming from the outside, from English country houses with richer gifts and understanding --

For example, I'm sure you'll think it very odd of me that I've never told the boys that they're partly Jewish. I've never told them about sex. I've done my best to amuse and occupy them in every possible way, so that they needn't worry about these things until they have to.5

Werner's position can be summed up by the following:

You know, Tom, I'm quite grateful that my grandfather was so crazy because living in a house like mine taught me to accept the world as it is. For my home I had the real world, which is rather mad. . . . I will try and show you what I mean. Supposing, then, we were living - all of us in this house - not in a July of the 1930's but in July 1914, and that you were two years older than you are now, and that Bob was as old as he now is. You see, then, that in a month's time, while you were still thinking about games and imagining that anyone who was not exactly like yourselves was fit only for the asylum while you were nestling in the world composed of the summer, Eton, this old house, you would be simply pitchforked into the war like so much hay standing in those fields and soon to be cut down. Of course, you would go as bravely and uncomplainingly as the horses - your own hunters - that would also be sent out, and you would remain as well-bred and as innocent as you now are, to the moment of your death. You would imagine even that you had gone of your own free will to beat the Huns, whereas in reality you would not have decided anything at all; you would have been sent out like horses or, as I say, pitchforked like the hay. Believe me, that you would no more decide anything than you would ever think; thought and will-power are to you - all of you - like tonsils or the appendix - useless parts of the organism to be extracted the moment they show the least signs of irritation.6

The conflict in the story is not only a conflict between personalities but also a conflict between cultures. Lady Helen and her sons become symbols of the old, dying bourgeoisie; Werner becomes a symbol of the new, rising socialism.

Criticism of "The Cousins"

Spender here again uses the transparent technique he admires. The symbolism is if anything too clear! One has the feeling that the story is not an attempt to express an artistic idea but is rather a vehicle for political debate.

Symbolism as an artistic technique is admirable when carefully drawn but not too openly expressed. In "The Cousins," Spender's symbolism is so clairvoyant it ceases to engage the intelligence of the reader. A symbol should not withdraw itself from the thread of narrative. As the above quotations of Lady Helen and Werner indicate, "The Cousins" suffers because its action is interrupted to allow time for long, thinly-veiled political discussion. However important political speeches are, they should lay no claim to being art!

Another difficulty with "The Cousins" is an ethical one. When an author tackles social criticism and does so in the form of narrative, he faces an added responsibility. He must not only be "true" in the artistic sense but "true" in an ethical sense. An author can make his characters say what he pleases; if he "slants" the testimony of any of his socially symbolic characters to make his side the reader's favorite, then he is writing propaganda. Although a great deal of what we in this age call art is really propaganda, propaganda ought not be called art.
My reading and observations lead me to believe Spender somewhat unfair to Lady Helen. The English bourgeois, though possessing many of the faults Spender describes, have more virtue than he allows. If this is so, then "The Cousins" takes on the appearance of subtle propaganda masquerading in the attire of art.

Spender undoubtedly is guilty of no intentional slanting of the story. Being a socialist, he sees the bourgeoisie in an unflattering light; and because he reports what he sees, he, in this instance at least, reports a little less than the truth. This argument is essentially the argument Spender himself uses in The New Realism when he states his reasons for advising artists not to join militant communism. The realist must see with impartial eyes.

Technically "The Cousins" suffers in the reverse of the way "The Dead Island" suffers. If "The Dead Island" is over-ambitiously poetic, "The Cousins" is unspectacularly prosy.

The hypothesis of "The Cousins" has naturally colored the theorem. Because the symbols break down and become too explicit, the language and rhythm of the sentences follows suit. Much of "The Cousins" reads as inferior political speeches read. The characters speak "in character" and though Lady Helen and Werner are both politicians of a sort neither of them are as expressive as Edmund Burke and indeed could not
be expected to be and remain in character. For this reason the political speeches that run through the story are less than good political speeches.

"The Burning Cactus"

"The Burning Cactus," which was written in 1933, is a story about a German youth named Till. He is a neurotic, more accurately "psychopathic," fellow who has picked up a bit of learning and because of it is discontented with his lowly position as a waiter.

When the story opens Till is sitting with his two friends Pearl and Roger at the edge of a cactus field on the summit of a hill just outside Barcelona. The reader learns through the conversation that Till came to Spain from Berlin at the request of Dr. Bauer, a professional connoisseur. Till, because he is forced to take a position as cook, develops a hate for Bauer and for Bauer's Swedish secretary, Conrad. Telling his friends of this hate, Till points out a cactus and says that it seems to symbolize his hate for Bauer and Conrad.

He says:

The life I lead here is like that cactus. It's dry and bitter and cutting. Stupid, useless thing, why does it grow here? Listen, Pearl - and Roger, you too - everything I hate I see in this moment concentrated in that cactus. 7

The difficulty seems to recur, but if we can
simplify the solution, the time can be
saved.

Some physical phenomena

The magnetic effects of currents in 1933
seemed to create a new theory in 1933. The
is a confounding

consequence. "Electromagnetic" theory was
indicated on a line of

teaching and research of its own importance with the
only

publication of a book.

When the first atomic W.D. is utilized with the
first

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fission

fis
After this speech Till playfully touches a match to the cactus; the fire spreads from cactus to grass and shortly the whole field is afire. The three friends first try to put out the fire; then when it becomes apparent that they cannot control it, they run in panic down the hill.

Till then leaves Pearl and Roger and returns to his quarters in Dr. Bauer's rooftop apartment. There he lies down on his bed and suffers one of his recurring abdominal seizures. After the agonizing pain has passed, he leaves the bedroom and prepares dinner for Bauer, Conrad and a house guest.

While Till serves dinner, Bauer refers to Till as a "cook"; and the reference, though veiled in a compliment to the cooking, makes Till smart with indignation. He hates Bauer for calling attention to his menial position.

After dinner Till leaves the apartment, returns to the scene of the fire, and finds that little actual damage was done - apparently the wind shifted and beat the fire back from the woods. He is elated over this fact and leaves the scene to go to see Pearl and Roger.

Till is alone with Pearl for some time - he refuses her advances and so makes her angry with him. When Roger appears, Till has a cup of tea and then leaves.

Back in his room in Bauer's apartment, Till finds that an important letter from a rich aunt is missing from his drawer.
He finds it in Conrad's room and realizes that Conrad was going to attempt to get money from the old lady in some way. Having lost all his friends, Till despairs. He returns to his room, lies down and is overcome by another abdominal seizure.

Throughout the story runs the theme of homosexuality. It is not until the very last of the story, however, that the reader realizes that Till is homosexual. Spender says when Till returns to his room the last time:

His shirts and silk artistic ties, his seven suits, his thick jersey of pure wool to take care of him when he was cold, his electric flannel heater to lay on his stomach, his powder, his lipstick, his gold chain, his scents, his hair-oil, his hand looking-glass and magnifying looking-glass; his letters from Pierre saying that he would shoot himself; from Hans saying that he only lived for his dog; from Erich saying 'Dear Till, come at once to Basel';

At the end of the story the reader is left thinking, "Thus ended the pathetic, ugly life of the offspring of a Prussian officer and a bourgeois belle."

Criticism of "The Burning Cactus"

This story is again transparent prose though the symbolism is concealed artfully enough so that it does not interrupt

or spoil the action of the story. Spender also shows here a
good grasp of character motivation and Freudian psychology.

The burning cactus field symbolizes to Till his spirit of
revolt from his obscene employer; it symbolizes to the reader
Till's worthless life; it symbolizes to the socialist the
inability of the bourgeoisie to correct their own society.

From Till's viewpoint, the symbol is clear. It is clear
to the reader and to Till himself as the quoted passage shows.
When Till lit the fire he was determined to revolt against
Bauer and Conrad. When Till returned to the scene of the fire,
he found it had burned itself out as harmlessly as his own
spirit of revolt had burned out.

The reader sees the burning of the cactus as a symbol of
Till's life, which undoubtedly has been a series of determina-
tions to revolt without the strength to carry them out. Here
the symbol gives definite meaning to the loosely-strung-
together incidents of Till's life.

The socialist sees Till and most of his kind as the result
of the capitalistic system. Homosexuality is, after all, 
merely advanced infantile egoism. Such infantilism is compa-
rable to the self-love in society. The symbol of the burning
cactus then becomes, for the socialist, an extended symbol of
the ruination of society by capitalism.

The symbol then in three ways carries out Spender's
expressed code of literary purpose - to analyze present society
as it really is. As Spender is a socialist the analysis is true to him at least.

Throughout "The Burning Cactus" Spender displays an excellent ability for making characters act because of reasons that are not clear to the reader until the end of the story. That the reader finds the reasons adequate is great praise for a contemporary writer.

The reader does not realize why Till acts as he does until close to the end of the long short story; and when the reader finally finds that Till is homosexual, the reasons for his actions become clear.

To add to the clinical record of Till, Spender says that he was the son of an over-protecting mother and a Prussian officer father. Psychologically it is true that many homosexuals have had mothers who have aided in the development of self-destroying self-love in their offspring, and the cruel Prussian officers have been noted for their insistent masculinity which is in reality a form of self-love that is not much unlike homosexuality.

Extending the point of view to the world of international affairs, we see reflected in this story the historical fact that the Germans of this time, 1930-1933, as a people were going through a period when sexual morality was at a low ebb and homosexuality was rampant. We have no less an authority than Spender himself for this statement.
The Germans had a reputation at that time of being homosexual, but I think it would be truer to say that they were bisexual, though there were of course a few of those zealots and martyrs who really hate women, whom one finds everywhere.9

This homosexuality was one of the things that Hitler tried to eradicate and was one of the contributing causes to the rise of Hitler's doctrine of the Nordic Man. The Hitler doctrine was presented as a way of supplanting existing ideals and using the same psychological unbalanced condition of many of his people to make them over-compensatingly masculine and pugnacious. The general psychological condition, then, that produced many "Tills" produced fanatic fighters. Spender says that the capitalistic society has only the two choices: one, produce self-centered aesthetes like Till; two, produce war-like fighters like the many we have recently killed. The same unrest and the same stimulated selfishness within capitalism as it grows old produces the two seemingly different individuals.

"The Burning Cactus" rightly gives its name to the volume of short stories because it is technically the most artfully done of the short stories, and it most closely and completely follows Spender's social analysis. In this short story Spender clearly and advantageously uses the literary doctrine we have seen him use as a test of other writers. His prose here is

transparent and his rhetorical skill is unmatched in any of his other stories and scarcely matched by any other short story writer.

"Two Deaths"

This story was written in 1935 and takes place in Austria immediately before and after the Dollfuss incident.

The narrator of the story goes to a hospital in Vienna to see an English friend who has had his appendix removed. He meets another young English boy in the bed next to his friend Tony's. The boy, called Humphrey, is paralyzed and cannot walk; he blames his condition on the stupidity of his English doctors and on the stupidity of the entire medical profession.

In the hospital they see an old man named Herr Fuchs who suffers from a stomach wound of some sort. He received the wound in some mysterious way that even his niece won't divulge, but the others in the hospital learn that Fuchs is a socialist and that his brother runs a hotel in the mountains. The narrator, obviously a socialistic sympathizer, suspects that Fuchs is the victim of the gang tactics of the Dollfuss regime.

Later, the narrator is with his friend Tony while Tony recovers from his appendix operation at Herr Fuchs' brother's hotel. While there, they receive a letter from
Humphrey saying that Herr Fuchs has died. The two friends seek Herr Fuchs' grave in the two cemeteries of the small Austrian town. Failing to find any trace of a new grave, they finally ask Fuchs' hotel-owner brother where the grave is; they learn only that Fuchs has not been buried.

Shortly after the friends receive the information about Fuchs, they witness an attempt on a vice-minister's life. The minister came to the town to give an address to the townspeople. The attempt on his life fails; but, as Tony and the narrator find out later, a similar attempt on Dollfuss' life is successful.

Criticism of "Two Deaths"

This story is more simple narrative than short story. The story is told in a matter-of-fact fashion and the episodes are hung together with no particular eye for climax.

The prose is not transparent and very little symbolism is involved unless one considers Herr Fuchs' death the symbol of the death of Austrian socialism, Dollfuss' death the symbol of the death of the "Vaterland Front," and the both deaths as symbolic omens of the new Fuehrer to come from the North.

Even if one accepts the suggested symbols, he can hardly say the symbols are used to any great advantage in the story because the story does not attempt to analyze the situation in
Austria at the time but merely reports on conditions. As a report the story is excellent, but as analysis it is nonexistent.

Here Spender goes counter to his criticism of other writers and does what he claims the other writers are wrong for doing—he reports and makes no attempt to analyze.

Technically, the story is straightforward prose and is stripped of the poetic style that made other of the short stories lively, entertaining reading and made at least one, "The Dead Island," a bit over-flowery at points. We can say Spender used good reportorial technique and little else.

"By The Lake"

Here is the story, written first in 1927, of Richard and Donauld, two rich English boys who meet at a "pensionnat" for backward and nervous sons of rich people, which is situated above Lausanne. Richard is there because he is nervous and sensitive, and Donauld is there to learn his French.

The two boys become friendly and work together against the boyish intrigues of the other boys at the home. Because they are both hostile to the large assortment of boys of various nationalities, they are forced to become friends.
A report on the state of water resources and conditions.

Excessive rainfall and water accumulation caused concern.

The task is to develop a comprehensive plan to manage water resources and ensure sustainable use.

We recommend the following measures:

1. Constructing new reservoirs and channels
2. Implementing water conservation practices
3. Enhancing irrigation systems

We also suggest the following:

- Increased monitoring and data collection
- Collaboration with local communities
- Public education and awareness campaigns

The report concludes with recommendations for future actions.

By the lead author,
Donald proves to be the usual English schoolboy with an over-healthy like for sports - he is completely masculine and somewhat of a snob.

Richard is a bit older than Donald and is less boisterous, shy and sensitive - he writes poetry.

The boys go on a number of trips to an island in the lake and talk of various things. Donald is shocked to learn that Richard is an atheist and even more shocked by Richard's poetry. Richard cannot get Donald to think about matters religious or poetic because Donald prefers to remain naive as, the author implies, all rich English boys prefer to remain.

The friendship continues however until the day comes when Donald is to return home. That evening, after making fun of Richard's poetry, Donald learns that Richard is homosexual to a mild degree. This is Donald's first experience at all related to sex - he is first shocked and then egotistically paternal. He tells Richard:

You know, you may not believe it, but religion really does change everything, and make your burdens lighter. Life is more beautiful for me than for you. I am not being superior. Your eccentricity, your nervousness, would go.\(^1\)

Richard leaves Donald after the above speech realizing that he has been snubbed and that Donald thinks he has converted him.

\(^1\) Stephen Spender, "By The Lake," The Burning Cactus, (London: Faber, 1936), p. 264, ll. 4-8.
Criticism of "By The Lake"

Here Spender employs transparent prose that uses only a bit of symbolism. "By The Lake" is a good story and, at the same time, is a discussion of the sociological and psychological factors of homosexuality.

Richard is the symbol of the general homosexual and Donauld is the symbol of the snobbish misunderstanding bourgeoisie, but both characters in the story are individualized and thereby seem "true to life."

Spender's short story, aside from its narrative entertainment function, cries out against the total lack of understanding on the part of the general public of the predicament of the homosexual and the causes of homosexuality. Obviously, Richard's father does not understand him or his "nervousness." The father falls back on a nineteenth century approach to the matter and refuses to recognize the problem because it is to him incomprehensible and morally distasteful. Had the father completely misunderstood Richard, he would not have sent him to a school so far from home; and had the father any real regard for Richard, he would not have sent him to a completely male school.

Donauld, of course, is the normal English schoolboy. He is not as bright as Richard, but he believes without question
"This is the land of.

The British American Committee has been able to give only a
limited amount of help, but we hope that, through the joint
efforts of our Committee and the local population, we may be able
to make some progress in the rehabilitation of the children.

Today's task is not an easy one, but I am confident that
with the support of the Committee and the generosity of our
friends, we can overcome these difficulties and bring about a
better future for these children."

John Doe, President
what society believes he ought to believe. The smugly inferior often censure the brilliant and sensitive.

Technically "By The Lake" is an excellent short story because the author never permits his enthusiasm for sociology to take him from his story. The psychological discussion of homosexuality is handled as a natural discussion between two parts of Richard's personality and between Richard and Donald.

The diction in this story stays at the level that two educated adolescents would be expected to use and does not suffer in the least, as the diction of some of the other stories does, by a certain incongruity.
is not exactly clear. The text seems to be cut off and not fully legible.
No "Complete Works of Spender" has as yet been assembled and, of course, would be impractical at this time because the poet is very much alive and productive. For the purpose of this paper, we shall present a discussion of representative poems from all the published collections of Spender's verse. We shall discuss them chronologically in the order of the publisher's date. Admittedly, the publisher's date is not always the same as the date of poem completion, but it is the only date that is available at present.

Our procedure will be essentially the same in this section as it was in the prose section; we shall quote, in most cases, a whole poem and then criticise it as Spender has criticized other poets' verse. In considering Vienna and Trial of a Judge we quote only passages as all four sections of Vienna are too long to quote in full and Trial of a Judge is a long poetic drama that cannot possibly be quoted in its entirety.

The poems quoted in this section are poems which seem to the present author representative of the quality of the poems of each volume. Individually each poem presented here illustrates either an instance when Spender conformed excellently to his critical norms or an instance when Spender failed to
The complete works of Shakespeare can be read in the course of a few hours. However, a complete understanding of the plays requires a deeper study. The plays are a collection of various themes, characters, and settings. We shall explore these plays in depth to gain a thorough understanding of Shakespeare's works.

The plays are not just a collection of stories, but a reflection of the society in which they were written. They provide insights into the beliefs, values, and moral attitudes of the time. Shakespeare's plays are a treasure chest of wisdom, elegance, and beauty. To fully appreciate them, one must read them with a critical eye and an open mind.
conform to his expressed literary aim. The poems have been chosen also with an eye to certain trends which are apparent in Spender's work.

The Final Statement which follows this section tries to sew together all the critical information into a general conclusion and trace some of the trends which seem important.

"Statistics"
Lady, you think too much of speeds,
Fulness and energy swing in your mind;
The Backsworth Tower has made you blind
To Egypt and the pyramids.

Too much impressed by motor-case
You have a false historic sense,
But I, peripatetic at God's expense
Of electricity on stars,

From Brighton pier shall weigh the case,
And count the sands along the shore;
Scape all moderns, thinking more
Of Shakespeare and Praxiteles.

This poem is important because it illustrates Spender's early imagery which makes one of the paraphernalia of our mechanical era. Though in the poem the poet says he is going to ignore the contemporary world, he does just the opposite and in some of his later works the world is too much with him.

Twenty Poems

This is the first collection of Spender's poems and was first published by Blackwell in 1929. The poems are important because they show the passion and imagination that are to be the pronounced characteristics of the later volumes, Ruins and Visions and Poems of Dedication.

"Statistics"

Lady, you think too much of speeds,  
Pulleys and cranes swing in your mind;  
The Woolworth Tower has made you blind  
To Egypt and the pyramids.

Too much impressed by motor-cars  
You have a false historic sense.  
But I, perplexed at God's expense  
Of electricity on stars,

From Brighton pier shall weigh the seas,  
And count the sands along the shore:  
Despise all moderns, thinking more  
Of Shakespeare and Praxiteles.1

This poem is important because it illustrates Spender's early imagery which makes use of the paraphernalia of our mechanical era. Though in the poem the poet says he is going to ignore the contemporary world, he does just the opposite and in some of his later works the world is too much with him.

Poems

The volume simply entitled Poems published in 1933 by Faber and Faber in London has many excellent and a few mediocre Spender poems. Rather than attempt to give a general discussion of the volume, we shall take some of the individual poems that illustrate the general quality of the entire collection.

"He Will Watch The Hawk"

Here is a symbolic poem that foretells the crack-up of civilization.

He will watch the hawk with an indifferent eye
Or pitifully;
Nor on those eagles that so feared him, now
Will strain his brow;
Weapons men use, stone, sling and strong-thewed bow
He will not know.

This aristocrat, superb of all instinct,
With death close linked
Had paced the enormous cloud, almost had won
War on the sun;
Till now, like Icarus mid-ocean-drowned,
Hands, wings, are found.2

This poem has more meaning to us now that we have the atomic bomb than it had when Spender wrote it. The poem

The volume simply entitled "Congo" appeared in 1889.

In a detailed analysis, the author provides a comprehensive overview of the events and the consequences of the events, highlighting the factors that influenced the general direction of the conflict.

"He Who Sees the Hawk"

How to approach the theme and analyze the events of...
forces image after image on the reader and by such a method makes one think of the impressionistic technique of Spender's German model, Rilke.

Transparent symbolic language is used. The "he" can be interpreted in many ways; but from what we know of Spender, we can safely say he means "mankind." Mankind, he says, will be set back many years, perhaps destroyed, by his over-powerful drive toward personal gain. Spender here visualizes the destruction of society by man's personal lust; and by doing so in superb poetic imagery, he has obeyed his own critical dic-tum that a good poem must be analytical and technically correct.

In this poem Spender's images hang together and mutually support his over-all meaningful attempt to state reality as he sees it.

"Different Living"
and
"What I Expected"

These two poems we treat together because they show the poet considering the matter of "Progress" in two different lights. The first poem here is "positive"; the second shows some "doubt."

"Different Living" is a poem which analyzes man's mental progress - it is so positive that it presumes progress.
Different living is not living in different places
But creating in the mind a map
Creating in the mind a desert
An isolated mountain or a kinder health-resort.

When I frowned, creating desert, Time only
Shook once his rigid column, as when Ape
Centuries before, with furrowed hand
Grabbed at stone, discerning a new use:
Putting a notch against the mind's progress:
Shaking Time, but with no change of Place.3

"What I Expected" is a poem also about progress that
still assumes that progress exists but complains about its
slowness.

What I expected was
Thunder, fighting,
Long struggles with men
And climbing.
After continual straining
I should grow strong;
Then the rocks would shake
And I should rest long.

What I had not foreseen
Was the gradual day
Weakening the will
Leaking the brightness away,
The lack of good to touch
The fading of body and soul
Like smoke before wind
Corrupt, unsubstantial.

The wearing of Time,
And the watching of cripples pass
With limbs shaped like questions
In their odd twist,
The pulverous grief
Melting the bones with pity,
The sick falling from earth--
These, I could not foresee.

For I had expected always
Some brightness to hold in trust,

Some final innocence
To save from dust;
That, hanging solid,
Would dangle through all
Like the created poem
Or the dazzling crystal.  

The socialist is of necessity an idealist. Marx, Morris and the Fabians were idealists because they believed society as a whole progressed toward certain goals. Marx inverted the Hegelian dialectic and said that the thesis, antithesis and eventual synthesis of the ideas of every age lead toward economic goals rather than spiritual. Since Marx's time, idealists have adopted evolution as the motivation of progress. The socialist no longer uses Hegel's progression in his argument but rather uses Darwin, Berkeley and Bergson.

"Different Living" is transparent verse which presents in a concise poetic style the idea of progress that modern socialists have adopted. It emphasizes the fact that man's mental progress is not the result of "living in different places" but rather is the result of creative thinking.

"What I Expected" expresses the emotional discontent that the realist is bound to feel at some time in his life. What the young idealist expects to be a glamorous battle against the forces of oppression, often appears to him, as he grows older, to be a drudging, long, unromantic battle.

With these two poems Spender reaches his poetic maturity. They conform to all his critical opinions both philosophical and technical.

"In Railway Halls"

This poem appeared first in the Adelphi magazine of November, 1932. It tells the story of the poor Spender sees in railway stations. It has a cynical tone similar to that of Markham's "Man With The Hoe" but is hardly as powerful or as bombastic. The images are cleverly and artistically chosen.

In railway halls, on pavements near the traffic, They beg, their eyes made big by empty staring And only measuring Time, like the blank clock.

No, I shall weave no tracery of pen-ornament To make them birds upon my singing-tree; Time merely drives these lives which do not live As tides push rotten stuff along the shore.

--There is no consolation, no, none In the curving beauty of that line Traced on our graphs through history, where the oppressor Starves and deprives the poor.

Paint here no draped despairs, no saddening clouds Where the soul rests, proclaims eternity. But let the wrong cry out as raw as wounds This Time forgets and never heals, far less transcends.5

The poem is not transparent poetry and no symbols are used, but it is a realistic straightforward report on conditions in England in the 1930's. As a realistic picture of the

5Spender, Poems, "In Railway Halls," p. 61, ll. 1-16.
"In Folland's Fables"

The basic subject of this paper is the application of the concept of a "fable" as a method for the development of a theoretical framework for the study of human behavior. The fable is a storytelling device that has been used throughout history to convey moral and ethical lessons. In the context of psychology, the fable can be used as a tool for understanding human behavior and for the development of new theories and models.

The paper is divided into two main sections. The first section is an examination of the fable as a literary form and its potential as a tool for psychological research. The second section is a discussion of the application of the fable to specific psychological phenomena such as social and cognitive processes.

The paper concludes with a discussion of the implications of the fable for future research in psychology. The fable offers a unique perspective on human behavior that can be used to explore new areas of inquiry and to develop new theories that can help us better understand the complexity of human experience.
poor (unemotionalized and unsentimentalized) it shows definitely in a mere fifteen lines where Spender stands politically.

On the page opposite the poem in the *Adelphi* a long essay by John Middleton Murry entitled "The Return to Fundamentals: Marx and Morris" expresses a great deal less than Spender's short poem.

"In Railway Halls" is not transparent verse, and we must say that Spender according to his own critical norms failed. We can see a bit of analysis of the situation expressed in the lines stating that the oppressor has starved the poor, but such analysis is too general and vague to be good social criticism.

The poem, however, is rich with metaphor and imagery; it has an austere cynical tone that makes it coldly effective.

"Beethoven's Death Mask"

Here is a poem out of the ordinary Spender vein but nonetheless successful.

Spender, looking at Beethoven's death mask, imagines the solitary master striding along the countryside. The poet describes his character and then adopts the emotion of the great music Beethoven has composed and through clever use of imagery recreates the feeling that Beethoven's music has
The system of food distribution under Social Security is helpful to the workers of the house. The food is distributed according to need and ability to work. The system helps to ensure that everyone receives a fair amount of food. The system is not perfect, but it is a step towards a more equitable society.
given him. The first stanza is a description of Beethoven, and the last stanza reproduces the "Sturm und Drang" of Beethoven's music.

I imagine him still with heavy brow. Huge, black, with bent head and falling hair He ploughs the landscape. His face Is this hanging mask transfigured, This mask of death which the white lights make stare.

I see the thick hands clasped; the scare-crow coat; The light strike upwards at the holes for eyes; The beast squat in that mouth, whose opening is The hollow opening of an organ pipe: There the wind sings and the harsh longing cries.

He moves across my vision like a ship. What else is iron but he? The fields divide And, heaving, are changing waters of the sea. He is imprisoned, masked, shut off from being; Life like a fountain he sees leap--outside.

Yet, in that head there twists the roaring cloud And coils, as in a shell, the roaring wave. The damp leaves whisper; bending to the rain The April rises in him, chokes his lungs And climbs the torturing passage of his brain.

Then the drums move away, the Distance shows; Now cloudy peaks are bared; the mystic One Horizons haze, as the blue incense heaven. Peace, peace...Then splitting skull and dream, there comes, Blotting our lights, the trumpeter, the sun.6

Spender himself would admit, I am sure, that this poem has little if any sociological meaning; it is almost pure lyric. The lyric quality of the poem is an imitation of some of Beethoven's music.

Though the poem does not follow Spender's philosophic ideals, it is technically perfect. Its diction is well chosen, and its imagery is tightly woven into precise emotional patterns.

Images like "the scare-crow coat" from the second stanza, "He moves across my vision like a ship" from the third stanza, and "The damp leaves whisper; bending to the rain" from the fourth stanza combine to make this poem one of the best Spender has produced.

"In 1929"

A whim of Time, the general arbiter,
Proclaims the love instead of death of friends.
Under the domed sky and athletic sun
The three stand naked: the new, bronzed German,
The communist clerk, and myself, being English.

Yet to unwind the travelled sphere twelve years
Then two take arms, spring to a ghostly posture.
Or else roll on the thing a further ten
And this poor clerk with world-offended eyes
Builds with red hands his heaven; makes our bones
The necessary scaffolding to peace.

Now I suppose that the once-envious dead
Have learnt a strict philosophy of clay
After these centuries, to haunt us no longer
In the churchyard or at the end of the lane
Or howling at the edge of the city
Beyond the last beanrows, near the new factory.

Our fathers killed. And yet there lives no feud
Like prompting Hamlet on the castle stair;
null
There falls no shade across our blank of peace,  
We being together, struck across our path,  
Or taper finger threatening solitude.

Our fathers' misery, the dead man's mercy,  
The cynic's mystery, weave a philosophy  
That the history of man traced purely from dust  
Was lipping skulls on the revolving rim  
Or the posture of genius with the granite head bowed:

Lives risen a moment, joined or separate,  
Fall heavily, then are always separate,  
A stratum unreckoned by geologists,  
Sod lifted, turned, slapped back again with spade.

This poem has transparent moments and powerful emotional moments. It has imagery that holds color. The poem has a cynical philosophic tone as befits the socialistic poem that describes past injustices, but it has technical lapses which spoil the general effect.

One disturbing technical lapse appears when the poet uses the participle to modify a reflexive pronoun. This is not literally wrong, but it is a bit confusing.

... the new, bronzed German,  
The communist clerk, and myself, being English.

"Van Der Lubbe"

"Van Der Lubbe" is a poem that cynically sees the coming of World War II. The poet pictures himself shouting across

7Spender, Poems, "In 1929," p. 27, ll. 1-19, p. 28, ll. 1-12.  
8Spender, Poems, "In 1929," p. 27, ll. 4-5.
the channel to Van Der Lubbe. He mocks at feigned justice.

O staring eyes, searchlight disks,  
Listen at my lips. I am louder than to  
Swim an inhuman channel, be boy, or climb  
A town's notorious mast.

I throw you these words, I care not which I tear,  
You must eat my scraps and dance.  
I am glad I am glad that this people is mad:  
Their eyes must drink my newspaper glance.

"Why do you laugh?" Sombre Judge asks.  
"I laugh at this trial," although it shall make  
My life end at a dazzling steel gate,  
Axe severing a stalk.

Yes, no, yes, no. Shall I tell you what I know?  
Not to Goering, but, dear movietone, I whisper  
it to you.  
I laugh because my laughter  
Is like justice, twisted by a howitzer.

The senses are shaken from the judging heart:  
The eye turned backwards and the outside world  
Into the grave of the skull rolled:  
With no stars riding heaven, and disparate.

The spitting at justice, the delight of mere guns  
Exploding the trees, where in their branches  
Truth greenly balances, are what I am  
Who die with the dead and slobber with fun.9

Here we see the modern "breezy" style of serious cynical wit. It is one of the first of a string of such poems that Spender has written in that style. It has the same transparency that Spender claims Eliot possesses and indeed shows the influence of Eliot in many ways.

The poem has the almost sing-song, unpredictable alliteration and onomatopoeia that Eliot's "Sweeney Among the

Nightingales" has. While in other poems Spender despairs of the capitalistic society, he always gives a socialistic idealistic way out. In this poem, where the effect of the coming war is felt and the cynicism of Eliot has been adopted, Spender seems to have dropped his socialism.

Lucio Ernest Mayer says, "Vienna is Spender's best intentioned but least successful effort... Unfortunately, Vienna is didactic." Ernest Mayer believes that propaganda verse fails to be poetry when the didactic is gained at the expense of the poetic. Critical opinion from all sides disclaims the value of Vienna while at the same time admitting that it has powerful and appealing passages.

"Arrival at the City"

"Arrival at the City" is a "montage," impressionistic picture of the beautiful city of Vienna and its sinister psychological atmosphere at the height of the fighting between Gottfried's professional army and the poorly armed workers. Here is a memorable passage from the poem that reports Spender's feeling about the bourgeois conversation he hears at his hotel.
Militärfragen,营造 下列的战争爆发可能性。

The organization society, 说明一下国家内部的

内政对内政策。在战争的起因中，

某些原因起变动的立场，某些原因产生争执。

因为战争要造反和国家的政策。

战争要造反和国家的政策。
Vienna

Vienna, first published by Faber and Faber in London, is a collection of four long topical poems named "Arrival at the City," "Parade of the Executive," "The Death of Heroes," and "Analysis and Final Statement." All four poems are about Vienna at the time of the social democratic revolution and its final defeat at the hands of Dollfuss and Fey.

Louis Untermeyer says, "Vienna is Spender's best intentioned but least successful effort. . . Unfortunately, Vienna is didactic." Untermeyer believes that propaganda verse fails to be poetry when the didactic is gained at the expense of the poetic. Critical opinion from all sides disclaims the value of Vienna while at the same time admitting that it has powerful and appealing passages.

"Arrival at the City"

"Arrival at the City" is a "montage," impressionistic picture of the beautiful city of Vienna and its sinister psychological atmosphere at the height of the fighting between Dollfuss' professional army and the poorly armed workers. Here is a memorable passage from the poem that reports Spender's feeling about the bourgeois conversation he hears at his hotel.

The initial part of the text is not legible, but it seems to discuss a collection of items, possibly related to art or objects, in the context of the city and its architecture. The text mentions the works of various artists and their significance in the city's art history. It appears to be a discussion or analysis of urban art and its impact on the cityscape.

The text continues with a focus on the city's art scene, mentioning the importance of certain artists and their contributions. It highlights the role of art in city development and the significance of art in urban life. The text seems to be a reflective piece, possibly an essay or an article, discussing the interplay between art and the city.
Ladies of the Pension Beaurepas, their kind gray cropped love prattling
Amongst diseases. "I think an operation
"At the North Pole where this world is all white flesh
"Is dear, if you love him." And at the head of our table
Mister proprietor, oh our king and prime minister
Our wet dream dictator, our people's president
Printed in papers and cut out with scissors,
Dead man living, bald bobbing cork:

The poem is filled with rapid images; they change quickly and the reader is pressed to follow the poet.

Many "wise cracking," cynical things are said in a way that is not deliberate and "thinking." Spender writes this poem very much as a poorly paid journalist would write a crowded, slanted news story. He repeats the conversation of members of the "Vaterlandische Front" in a way that makes them seem innocent murderers. Spender gives them no chance to defend themselves, and historically there were two sides to the fight in Vienna.

"Parade of the Executive"

"Parade of the Executive" contrasts pictures of the leaders of the Dollfuss regime and the unemployed. Spender

"The Death of Heroes"

"The Death of Heroes" is a poem which tells how the

The poem is titled "Leaflet of the Penitent" and reads:

"The leaflet of the penitent
Pain and sorrow are its theme,
It speaks of the ways of God,
And warns of the path of sin.

The penitent repents,
And seeks forgiveness for his wrongs,
He turns from the paths of evil,
And seeks the path of righteousness.

The penitent is filled with hope,
And knows that God will hear his prayer,
He trusts in the mercy of God,
And knows that he will be saved.

The penitent is grateful,
For the grace and mercy of God,
He prays for others who may wander,
And seeks to lead them to the path of righteousness.

The penitent is humble,
And knows that he is but a child,
He strives to do his best,
And trusts in the guidance of God.

The penitent is strong,
And knows that he can overcome,
He trusts in the power of God,
And knows that he will be victorious.

The penitent is free,
And knows that he is bound to none,
He trusts in the love of God,
And knows that he will be happy.

The penitent is joyful,
And knows that he is blessed,
He trusts in the promise of God,
And knows that he will be in heaven.
uses very strong language and slants his reporting. He says of the "Vaterlandische Front" position:

In order to create order, in order
To illustrate the truth that we are your ancestors
Let the generals wear their orders
Let the firemen dress like archdukes . . .
. . . .
Let no one disagree let Dollfuss
Fey, Stahrenberg, the whole bloody lot
Appear frequently, shaking hands at street corners
Looking like bad sculptures of their photographs. 11

Spender says of the unemployed:

Their eyes are fixed upon an economic margin
Where the corn's starved by tares, where fluid grass
Trickles through rotted floors of senseless mills,
Where railway crossings with feeling, lifted wands
Are blistered, rails rust, bricks fall, and ivy
Smothers phallic chimneys. 12

The poem makes no attempt to be really analytical but rather reports conditions in a slanted, biased, cynical way. The verse is not transparent.

The poem has the emotional beauty of the words of a crusader; the lines have the emphatic endings of a provoked fanatic and certain lines show the sharp wit of the cynic.

"The Death of Heroes"

"The Death of Heroes" is a poem which tells how the

In order to create adequate To illustrate the proper path on the tour

face the barren areas with high Cabrera
for the Chinaman there is theatanaka

face on one's face for politics

unidentified, the whole place for

see the landscape, the plain with plain

Looking like one can understand of plain

Description of the Methodology:

There are the first move in economic material
Where the current stream of cereals are

Two major points which tend to send

Where field work consists with reading. These

The different methods, principles fall and

Science being acknowledged to

The poem having no attempt to be really interpretive and

The notion being complete in a manner, please, desired make

The verse is not transforming

The poem has the emotional pause of the parts of a whole

Seek to find those prose the eminence subject to a balance

Laughter and concern. Lines show the speed, while in the column

"The Death of Hecuba"

"The Death of Hecuba" is a poem which calls for the
revolution failed, why it failed and eulogizes the death of the socialist fighters. After describing the end of the revolt and the hanging of Wallisch and other leaders, Spender says in the last four lines of the poem:

Lucky, those who were killed outright; unlucky those
Burrowing survivors without "tasks fit for heroes";
Constructing cells, ignorant of their leaders, assuming roles;
They change death's signal honour for a life of moles.\textsuperscript{13}

This poem is the best and worst of the four poems. It is the best because it has a mood of pathos, of understanding, and has the ring of news-like truth. It is the worst because it is the most propaganda-like of the poems, and it deals with such a number of actual happenings that it sounds like a verse history.

"Analysis and Final Statement"

Spender closes the long discussion with a poem which attempts to put the meaning of the other three poems together. Naturally the socialistic point of view wins, and Spender despairs at the victory of Dollfuss.

I reached the ambition to despair.
Ignorant of history, all the day
Traffic shivered my bones like a malaria.

Time seemed foreshortened and confused with change
Not seen monstrous with slowness like the Himalayan range.¹⁴

The author might have done a great deal with this last of the four poems had he unbiassedly reported the situation in the first three, but obviously he can draw only faulty and biased conclusions from faulty and biased premises.

Time seemed to stretch on and on, and with it came the inevitable monotony of daily life. The duties of the office were a constant grind, but it was a grind that had to be faced. The work was monotonous, and the days seemed to drag on endlessly. The office was a place of routine, and the only escape was in the brief moments of rest when the eyes could wander and the mind could drift.

The days passed in a blur of tasks and meetings, with little time for reflection or relaxation. The office was a place of work, and it was a place where the mind was constantly occupied. The hours seemed to stretch on, and the days became a blur of tasks and meetings. The work was monotonous, and the days seemed to drag on endlessly. The office was a place of routine, and the only escape was in the brief moments of rest when the eyes could wander and the mind could drift.

The work was monotonous, and the days seemed to drag on endlessly. The office was a place of routine, and the only escape was in the brief moments of rest when the eyes could wander and the mind could drift.

The days passed in a blur of tasks and meetings, with little time for reflection or relaxation. The work was monotonous, and the days seemed to drag on endlessly. The office was a place of routine, and the only escape was in the brief moments of rest when the eyes could wander and the mind could drift.

The work was monotonous, and the days seemed to drag on endlessly. The office was a place of routine, and the only escape was in the brief moments of rest when the eyes could wander and the mind could drift.

The days passed in a blur of tasks and meetings, with little time for reflection or relaxation. The work was monotonous, and the days seemed to drag on endlessly. The office was a place of routine, and the only escape was in the brief moments of rest when the eyes could wander and the mind could drift.

The work was monotonous, and the days seemed to drag on endlessly. The office was a place of routine, and the only escape was in the brief moments of rest when the eyes could wander and the mind could drift.

The days passed in a blur of tasks and meetings, with little time for reflection or relaxation. The work was monotonous, and the days seemed to drag on endlessly. The office was a place of routine, and the only escape was in the brief moments of rest when the eyes could wander and the mind could drift.

The work was monotonous, and the days seemed to drag on endlessly. The office was a place of routine, and the only escape was in the brief moments of rest when the eyes could wander and the mind could drift.
Trial of a Judge

Trial of a Judge is a long, five-act poetic tragedy which deals with the Nazi terror. It is the story of a judge who is called upon to try the murderers of Petra. Petra's brother and fiancee testify that Petra was killed for telling the truth. The judge is convinced that Petra was killed by the terrorists, but the Government which is in the hands of the Nazis (not named in the play) puts pressure on him to acquit the murderers - he refuses and consequently will taste the terrorists might.

The play is not written realistically. Little actual characterization is used so that the characters seem to be abstractions. They represent different philosophic and moral viewpoints. This technique adds to the power of the philosophic message and adds an austere coldness to the logic of the judge. In many plays such a lack of characterization would reduce the action to mere conversation, but Spender has successfully turned the usually unsuccessful technique into a powerful conflict that makes for a sober, unemotional clarity of issues and gives the play a mood of Greek-like, tragic inevitability.

One particularly powerful speech is given by Petra's fiancee in Act III.
When Petra slept with me,
I held the whole of life, but now that earth
With all its trees and lakes has turned away its side
And I am left in a cold space
Which is drained entirely of the two I love.

Your clever bullets which streamed through them
Puts out the universe where it hung in their minds
And future time; for me who stay
Its comet lays waste forest tracks of meaning.15

In the first act Petra's brother states the problem of the play.

I tell you, this impartial judge
Weaker than his own justice, shall smile
And pardon Petra's murderers.
These prisoners, Petra's murderers,
Shall sit upon a bench to judge this judge;16

The judge, however, even though Petra's brother is killed for testifying as he did, does not waver from his path of justice. In Act IV the judge says:

I should be flattered to die: perhaps I am.
You could scarcely offer a more glittering honour.
I appeal to those
Who have sent the ambassadors of their powers
Into this room which well may be the tomb
Of justice for us and them
Not to conceal their horror
At the usurping of law by lawlessness

16Spender, Trial of a Judge, p. 18, ll. 29-32, p. 19, l. 1.
Itself made into law
To justify Petra's murder.
Let them speak as witnesses
That I am killed for nothing worse
Than my indignation against murderers,
My pity for those three who did no
murder. 17

The poetry within the play is transparent verse in that
the characters while talking about a specific case or point at
law are really talking about abstract ideas of justice.
Spender is entirely successful in this matter, and the
speeches he puts in the mouth of the judge sound as idealistic
Americans imagine the speeches of the Justices of the Supreme
Court sound.

Symbolism is used in that Petra, his brother and his
fiancée are symbols of the oppressed of all time. The mur-
derers and the forces behind them are symbols of evil or
injustice. The judge is the symbol of all of humanity caught
between the forces of good and evil; Spender successfully pre-
vents this symbolism from entering into the action of the play
and causing a "deus ex machina." He keeps the symbols
straight, uncompromised and in the background.

Technically the verse is well done. Seldom does Spender
here use the loose metaphors he is sometimes guilty of using.
The play is written in modern blank verse which reminds one

17Spender, Trial of a Judge, p. 75, ll. 30-32, p. 76,
ll. 1-11.
The reading within the play is transnational venues in part
the coproduction with the English spoken a specific case of...on.
I am not really feeling any separate sense of...tion.
Spain is materially important in this matter...ists,
spoken by those in the midst of the large society in life-saving
American making the speeches of the nations of the...ence.
Curt B. Smith
Supposition to near in part future his present and the

It makes me shiver of the address at all time...e-...m-

takes me months of the address at all time...e-
carries and the to the being from the signature of
important...the figure in the example of all of furnishings can
between the famous of Roy and wills: phaner-according the-
ance and the production from supporting into the section of the book
and contains a Gene ex machine...He keeps the symbols
artistic, communicational and in the production

Technically the area is well gone. Sallow goes speaker
have me the loose metaphor to the somberly knifty of nature. The
top is written in modern plain venue with remains one
of T. S. Eliot's *Murder in the Cathedral* and Maxwell Anderson's *Winterset*. The mood of the play suggests the influence of Gilbert Murray's translation of Sophocles' *Oedipus*.

*The Hill Centre*, published in 1958, is a collection of poems with various themes, most of which reflect the Spanish Civil War and the coming of World War II. The collection contains some thirty-nine short poems.

Needless to say, Spencer's sympathies are pacifistic, anti-fascistic and pro-socialistic. He sees the social and individual tragedy of war; he sees the fight in Spain as a fight between the forces of radical conservatism and the forces of liberalism.

"The Human Situation"

This poem expresses the philosophic, psychological alliance of subjectivism. It is true that in the final analysis each individual is to himself a world. He is the product of heredity which cannot be changed and so is an "individual" in the sense that all he knows he knows through his own entire personality.

This fact is what makes debate possible. If logic, an impersonal entity which is beyond the manipulation of personality, were the only basis of argument, most arguments could
The Still Centre

The Still Centre, published in 1939, is a collection of poems with various themes, most of which reflect the Spanish Civil War and the coming of World War II. The collection contains some thirty-nine short poems.

Needless to say, Spender's sympathies are pacifistic, anti-fascistic and pro-socialistic. He sees the social and individual tragedy of war; he sees the fight in Spain as a fight between the forces of radical conservatism and the forces of liberalism.

"The Human Situation"

This poem expresses the philosophic, psychological dilemma of subjectivism. It is true that in the final analysis each individual is to himself a world. He is the produce of heredity which cannot be changed and so is an "individual" in the sense that all he knows he knows through his own entire personality.

This fact is what makes debate possible. If logic, an impersonal entity which is beyond the manipulation of personality, were the only basis of argument, most arguments could
The Human Situation

The human situation is the philosophical, psychological, and social status of human beings. It is a state that involves the mind's awareness of itself and its role in the universe. The human situation is both an individual and a societal concept, which can be understood as the intersection of personal, social, and cultural factors. The human situation is a complex phenomenon that includes not only individual experiences but also societal structures and cultural norms.

The significance of the human situation is that it helps us to understand our place in the world and to develop a sense of purpose. It is a fundamental concept that guides our thoughts, actions, and decisions, and it is an essential component of human existence.
be solved. Human problems, however, are not argued solely on the basis of logic, but rather are argued on the basis of personality. That human argument is in this way confused can be blamed on the fact that each individual sees the world subjectively, because it is the only way he can see it.

This I is one of
The human machines
So common on the grey 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.
The problem seemed to be that the machine wasn't working. The operator said he had checked it, but nothing seemed to be the matter. The machine was supposed to be automatic, but it was not. The machine was supposed to stop on its own, but it didn't. The machine was supposed to be quiet, but it was noisy. The machine was supposed to be smooth, but it was rough. The machine was supposed to be reliable, but it wasn't. The machine was supposed to be efficient, but it was inefficient. The machine was supposed to be easy to use, but it was difficult. The machine was supposed to be cost-effective, but it wasn't. The machine was supposed to be maintenance-free, but it required maintenance. The machine was supposed to be user-friendly, but it wasn't. The machine was supposed to be safe, but it wasn't. The machine was supposed to be reliable, but it wasn't.
Ranges, vertebrae, hair, skin, seas.

Everything is itself, nothing a map.

What's inside my bowels and brain,
The Spring and the volcanoes,
Include all possibilities of development
Into an unpredictable future,
Full of invention, discovery, conversion, accident.

No one 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 caligraphy 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.

0 law-giving, white-bearded father,
0 legendary heroes, sailing through dreams
Looking for land when all the world was sea
And sunrise, 0 bare-kneed captain of my first school,

0 victors of history, angry or gentle exponents
Of the body as an instrument which cuts
A pattern on the time, 0 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;
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
The importance asse
If I'm important, let me to acq
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.18

The collectivist, be he socialist, communist, or Augus-
tinian monk, inevitably runs into the "human situation." The
idealist position is an absolute position; human subjectivism
seems to demand a relative position.

In the poem Spender was bemoaning the fact that many
seemingly "good people" fight on the side of what he considers
"the evil." This situation became all the more evident as
wars shook the world in 1939. The thought of two chaplains,
one on one side of no-man's land and the other on the other
side, both praying to the same God for victory and protection
for their soldier congregations is tragically ludicrous.

A man chooses his politics not always logically, he has
no choice of his nationality or race, and he usually has
little to do with choosing his religious faith; but all of
these things influence his logic. Spender sees the tragedy of
this human situation, he sees how difficult it is for anyone
to know anything, and he kneels praying that he has found

as quoted in Stephen Spender, Selected Poems, (London:
Faber, 1944), p. 53, ll. 1-23, p. 54, ll. 1-27, p. 55,
ll. 1-27, p. 56, ll. 1-4; hereafter cited as Spender,
Selected Poems.
The sufficiency of the social, commercial, and native trade of this country, and the general interest, have led me to examine into the probability of the quantity and quality of the principal products of the habitable portion of the earth becoming a sufficient element for the support of the population of the country.

In the present state of our agriculture, there is no possibility of securing such supplies as are necessary for the support of the population.

The supply of food is now inadequate, and the means of production are not adequate to meet the demand.

To form industries, and to create employment, it is necessary to have a sufficient supply of food and raw materials.

truth but realizes that even this act is part of the weakness of the human situation.

In this poem Spender makes himself symbolic of every individual. He uses the symbol to bring home the tragedy of human struggle. The verse is transparent because it points to the roots of philosophical problems and the roots of social ills without specific mention of them.

Technically the verse form shows the influence of Auden. It is a free verse which uses tight images that are usually clear and excellently chosen, often rather startling, and sometimes puzzling. I have yet to grasp the meaning of the one-sentence stanza:

The traffic of the street
Roars through my head, as in the genitals
Their unborn London.19

Spender, Ruskin and I agree that the above is quite unfair to the reader.

"Napoleon in 1814"

This poem considers Napoleon just after his greatest victories on the eve of his great defeats. It says that the seeds of defeat were apparent to every one but the conqueror himself.

This page contains information that may alter the content of the preceding pages. It serves as a reference for the reader.
Napoleon was at first successful because the people were with him. The people were with him because each individual identified himself with the great man. But Napoleon's popularity changed and disappeared as his battle defeats began to pile up.

Your heart was loaded with its fate like lead
Pressing against the net of flesh: and those Countries that crept back across the boundaries Where you had forced open the arena Of limelit France with your star at the centre, Closed in on you, terrified no longer At the diamond in your head Which cut their lands and killed their men.

You were the last to see what they all saw That you, the blinding one, were now the blind The Man of Destiny, ill destined.

For, as your face grew older, there hung a lag Like a double chin in your mind. The jaw Had in its always forward thrust Grown heavy. The bones now drove Towards a bed. But to sleep there, the peace Must sign with blood the sheets of Russian snow.

Your quicksilver declaiming eye
Had frozen to the stare of a straight line Which only saw goals painted in its beam And made an artificial darkness all around Which thickened into Allies.

Before, you were the genius whom all envied An image of the self-delighting child On his mother rosily seizing all Till he was buried in stiff clothes and ruled By a dead will becoming his own will. In you The Caesars tamed by dying, fired again Their lives in the unlegendary sky With all the vulgar violence of Today. And secretly you were much loved by all Whose eyes sailed deep into their mirrors To see whether a mouth culled like a flower Might burst into Napoleon.
Technology will also make your job easier by giving you access to a wide range of tools and resources that can help you complete your tasks more efficiently. The use of technology can improve productivity and reduce errors.

When using technology, it is important to remember to take breaks and avoid sitting in one position for too long. This can help prevent strain and injury. Additionally, ensure that your workspace is set up in a way that promotes good posture and reduces the risk of strain. This includes having the correct height for your chair and ensuring that your computer screen is at eye level.

As technology continues to evolve, it is important to stay up-to-date with the latest tools and techniques. This can help you stay competitive in your field and better serve your clients or customers. By continuously learning and adapting, you can remain effective and successful in your professional role.
Then suddenly you ceased to be the prayer
Of hidden self to self. You changed into
that one
Whom all the world looks at from the outside:
The nurse's bogey and the dragon
With scaly flanks gaped at by villagers
Smashing the harvest with its lashing tail.
Even the brutes could not imagine
The monstrousness of being you.

Men spoke of you as Nature, and they made
A science of your moods.
Your way of always marching forward
To fight a battle, and still marching on,
Was known like winter and like winter
Answered with a numbness all around
On which the boughs of a charred Moscow hung
Offering no life or food.

Your life became your Elba where you stood
Upon your armies like a voyaging rock.
The world broke round, deep in its anger, yet
Transparent to your sun, salt, barren, tugged
By hidden tides of power and gold,
And with a flattering tongue that finally
drowned.

Your generals fell out of your head like hair,
The tinsel victories from your gleaming laurels,
And your face became a glass
Where all looked through on to your losses.
The statesmen you had overthrown
Sprouted again in their gold leaves
And watched you shrivel back into a man.
O your heart beat the drum out that was you.

Yet it felt something put aside, perhaps
Your youth, perhaps your throne -- that piece
of wood.
O your body still was brass
Around a trumpet mouth. O, it could call
The Guards out of their graves; four hours,
Which lost you Paris, back from yesterday;
Or multiply the cannon balls,
Those genitals of death;
O if you stretched your arm, you'd stretch out
France.
You speak of your happiness, and your care.
A sense of your peace.
You may not always be happy tomorrow.
To light a candle is still meaningful.
We know the meaning of the white candle.
Without the presence of a special moment,
On which the candle of a special moment can be.
We light the candle of a special moment.
And with a little more candle light,
You remember the past of your time.
And you become your self where you stand.
The moment you become a rational clock.
You know nothing about the moment before your.
And when you become a rational clock.
Where do I belong, when do I belong?
The moment you had a consciousness.
And you become in that moment.
And we wish you never have that moment.
And never see this game again.
All these moments have passed.
You talk about something but silence.
Your words do not make sense.
I know you, because you're gone -- what else.
I know, I speak.
You heard words of the past.
The change of light, or light.
They are not your feelings, they are your feelings.
To satisfy the reason, that;
The change of light, or light.
I'll show you something, and you'll accept and
All your thoughts were pouring yesterdays
With blood and flags and smoke and men
To fill the hollows of today.
Being all memory, you forgot
The narrow shaves of time. But the lean
world,
Famished by you, and eating back again
Upon your fall, in all its bones and hunger
Was -- like the unemployed that stare
With eyes from the stone edges -- avidly
Tomorrow.

The kings of yesterday might still have saved
Your throne for you -- because you were a king.
If one, touching your shoulder,
Could persuade you to measure
Your claims against your present power,
The stature of your body in a mirror,
And not against that superhuman shadow
Struck by the sunset across your empire.

Yes, if he took you to the glass
And said "Look". But you would not see a map,
Nor would you see yourself. You'd see
Yourself and fate; and those commands
That once were armies, as the lines on your
face,
And ghostly as the history in men's brains.

The world had been your language which you wrote
In carnage and the rape of lands.
The lines on the white paper followed after,
In thin black letters, what your lines
Of men wrote on the world.
But now the armies had crumbled and the words

Had caught up all the deeds and left behind
You with the wreck of deeds, the empty words,
As though you'd learnt yourself by heart
And knew nothing but that great rhetoric
Once echoing the thunder of the field
But now hidden in the hollow bones.

Yet what you made the world was always you
In your own mind, and what was won
In lands, you wrote upon men's brains:
And now that all was lost, it sprang again
The name of the test is "TAT". It stands for "Thematic Apperception Test". It is a projective test where the subject is shown a set of pictures and asked to tell a story about what is happening in the picture. The stories are then analyzed to gain insights into the subject's thoughts, feelings, and personality traits.

The TAT consists of a series of pictures, each depicting a scene with people in various situations. The subject is asked to imagine a story about what is happening in the scene and to explain the actions and emotions of the people involved. The stories are then scored based on the content and style of writing.

The TAT is commonly used in psychology research and therapy. It is a powerful tool for understanding the subjective experience of an individual. By analyzing the stories, psychologists can gain insights into the subject's unconscious mind and explore the themes that are important to the subject.

The TAT has been used to study a wide range of topics, including personality, creativity, and social behavior. It is a valuable tool for understanding the complexity of human experience and has been used in various fields, including criminal psychology, education, and marketing.

In summary, the TAT is a unique and insightful tool for exploring the inner world of an individual. It is a powerful method for gaining a deeper understanding of the subject's thoughts, feelings, and personality traits.
Where in your heart already, Waterloo
Purely persisted, like an echo.20

This poem is obviously transparent verse. Napoleon
really stands for any dictator; Spender had in mind, no doubt,
Hitler and Franco. Historically it is true that Hitler
greatly admired Napoleon, and both Hitler and Franco possessed
egos similar to the one Spender gives Napoleon.

This poem shows Spender's increasing concern over the
rise of the dictators and the coming of World War II. As
such, it makes a good introduction to our discussion of the
"war poems" to be found in The Still Centre.

"Ultima Ratio Regum"

This poem deals with the old theme of the inhumaness of
war. The poem shows Spender's humanist philosophy. It shows
how silly and tragic war is when one personifies the statis-
tics of a casualty list.

The guns spell money's ultimate reason
In letters of lead on the spring hillside.
But the boy lying dead under the olive trees
Was too young and too silly
To have been notable to their important eye.
He was a better target for a kiss.

When he lived, tall factory hooters never
summoned him.
Nor did restaurant plate-glass doors revolve
to wave him in.

20Spender, Selected Poems, "Napoleon in 1814," p. 61, ll. 1-22,
p. 62, ll. 1-26, p. 63, ll. 1-25, p. 64, ll. 1-26, p. 65,
ll. 1-15.
His name never appeared in the papers. The world maintained its traditional wall Round the dead with their gold sunk deep as a well, Whilst his life, intangible as a Stock Exchange rumour, drifted outside.

O too lightly he threw down his cap One day when the breeze threw petals from the trees. The unflowering wall sprouted with guns, Machine-gun anger quickly scythed the grasses; Flags and leaves fell from hands and branches; The tweed cap rotted in the nettles.

Consider his life which was valueless In terms of employment, hotel ledgers, news files. Consider. One bullet in ten thousand kills a man. Ask. Was so much expenditure justified On the death of one so young and so silly Lying under the olive trees, 0 world, 0 death?21

Spender here is writing "universal" poetry, but not transparent poetry.

The poem is universal because it deals with an idea that was and is part and parcel of every combat soldier's thinking. The idea that always comes to the fighting man is that "equipment is non-replaceable; men are expendable; so save the equipment." Spender has put the thought of centuries of soldiers into this short poem.

The poem is not transparent because it deals with "personal tragedy." Personal tragedy tends to be sentimental rather than transparent and indeed this poem is sentimental.

in many respects, i.e.:

He was a better target for a kiss.

The poem shows the influence of the Spanish Civil War. Spender's sympathies were naturally on the side of the Communists, but this poem in keeping with the thought of "The Human Situation" eulogizes "a man," not necessarily a socialist man.

"The Coward"

"The Coward" is a poem which discusses in a humanistic manner the ethical problem of personal cowardice.

Under the olive trees, from the ground
Grows this flower, which is a wound.
It is easier to ignore
Than the heroes' sunset fire
Of death plunged in their willed desire
Raging with flags on the world's shore.
Its opened petals have no name
Except the coward's nameless shame
Whose inexpiable blood
For his unhealing wound is food.
A man was killed, not like a soldier
With lead but with rings of terror;
To him, that instant was the birth
Of the final hidden truth
When the troopship at the quay
The mother's care, the lover's kiss,
The following handkerchiefs of spray,
All led to the bullet and to this.
Flesh, bone, muscle and eyes
Assembled in a tower of lies
Were scattered on an icy breeze
When the deceiving past betrayed
All their perceptions in one instant,
And his true gaze, the sum of present,
Saw his guts lie beneath the trees.
We are not going to continue our exploration any more.

The end.
Lest every eye should look and see
The answer to its life as he,
When the flesh prizes are all lost
In that white second of the ghost
Who grasps his world of loneliness

Emptying into empty space:
I gather all my life and pour
Out its love and comfort here.
To populate his loneliness,
And to bring his ghost release,
My love and pity shall not cease.
For a lifetime at least. 22

Because we are all cowards of a sort, we tend either to
over-compensate and damn all cowards, or we do the reverse
and sentimentalize the coward's human frailty. Spender in
this poem sentimentalizes the coward.

This poem shows how sentimentalism, unbridled, can lead
an author to condone false values. We can pity the coward
certainly, but he deserves little else, and the coward that
is in all of us deserves little praise. The choice - to be or
not to be a coward is not a personal choice - because it has
social ramifications.

Any soldier who has been under fire knows that the
coward does not make a choice between "serving his country"
and "not serving his country"; but rather he makes a choice
between "protecting the group (his friends and himself)" and
"protecting himself." Under these realistic values the
coward deserves an ignoble grave. We cannot afford to applaud
human weakness.

22 Spender, Selected Poems, "The Coward," p. 43, ll. 1-25,
p. 44, ll. 1-12.
The purpose of the Title Act was to protect the rights of individuals and groups who have been historically marginalized and excluded from various aspects of society. The Title Act was enacted to ensure equal opportunity in employment, education, and other areas of public life. It was signed into law on July 2, 1964, by President Lyndon B. Johnson. The act prohibits discrimination based on race, color, religion, sex, or national origin.

The Title Act was a significant milestone in the fight for civil rights. It helped to create a foundation for other important civil rights legislation, such as the Civil Rights Act of 1968 and the Voting Rights Act of 1965. The act has been amended several times since its enactment, reflecting the ongoing struggle for equality and justice in the United States.
Under any ethical standard, the coward is to be considered a "dastard." The fact that all of humanity is cowardly to some extent undoubtedly is at the bottom of many of the social-economic problems of the world. Spender deplores these problems and calls on humanity to change. Humanity can never change if it sentimentalizes its faults.

"The Coward" is one poem in which Spender accomplishes none of his poetic aims. The poem fails to analyze the position of the coward, contains sickly sentimentalism and fails to be transparent in the least.

"Two Armies" has realistic patches and sentimental spots. The opening is excellent.

Deep in the winter plain, two armies
Dig their machinery, to destroy each other.
Men freeze and hunger. No one is given leave
On either side, except the dead, and wounded.
These have their leave; while new battalions wait
On time at last to bring them violent peace.

All have become so nervous and so cold
That each man hates the cause and distant words
Which brought him here, more terribly than bullets.
Once a boy hummed a popular marching song,
Once a novice hand flapped the salute;
The voice was choked, the lifted hand fell,
Shot through the wrist by those of his own side.

From their numb harvest all would flee, except
For discipline drilled once in an iron school...
The company is on the verge of bankruptcy, as the company's financial statements indicate. The company's long-term debt is rapidly increasing, and its cash reserves are rapidly depleting. The company's stock price has fallen significantly, and its market capitalization has declined.

The company's operations are severely affected by the current economic downturn. The company's sales have declined by 20% in the past quarter, and its cost of goods sold has increased by 15%. The company is facing significant challenges in meeting its financial obligations.

The company's management is working hard to address these issues, but the situation is dire. The company will require significant injections of capital to avoid bankruptcy. The company is currently exploring options such as restructuring, asset sales, and strategic partnerships to strengthen its financial position.

The company's board of directors is meeting weekly to discuss potential solutions. The company is also seeking advice from its financial advisors to develop a comprehensive plan to turn the company around.

In conclusion, the company is facing a significant financial crisis, and immediate action is required to avoid bankruptcy. The company's management and board of directors are working tirelessly to address these challenges and ensure the survival of the company.
Which holds them at the point of a revolver.
Yet when they sleep, the images of home
Ride wishing horses of escape
Which herd the plain in a mass unspoken poem.

Finally, they cease to hate: for although hate
Bursts from the air and whips the earth like hail
Or pours it up in fountains to marvel at,
And although hundreds fall, who can connect
The inexhaustible anger of the guns
With the dumb patience of these tormented animals?

Clean silence drops at night when a little walk
Divides the sleeping armies, each
Huddled in linen woven by remote hands.
When the machines are stilled, a common suffering
Whitens the air with breath and makes both one
As though these enemies slept in each other's arms.

Only the lucid friend to aerial raiders,
The brilliant pilot moon, stares down
Upon the plain she makes a shining bone
Cut by the shadow of many thousand bones.
Where amber clouds scatter on no-man's-land
She regards death and time throw up
The furious words and minerals which kill life.23

On occasion soldiers do feel as Spender says in the second stanza, but they either get over it quickly or die shortly. Spender does not reach to the general feeling of soldiers on nights similar to the one he describes. That general feeling is usually one that hates and complains about present conditions rather than "the cause and distant words," and usually hate and fear of the bullet are the rudiments of his philosophy. Spender's soldiers are "psycho."

White colony feet at the point of a new

for their feet, faced the current of

the weight of one's escape from the

while few had time to waste themselves

Finally, their cause to face, for while there

parted from the air, and wrote the essential

half of

It comes to no to form, to resolve, to

and strengthen something still, and at the same

The floating material which of the same

Alas the camp battalion of strange officers


Cleanliness above all things anew a little way

principle the absolute nature, once

Hath the time which passed the ball, a common and

When the weakness to willing, the weakness pass the

above the myth with poetry and also pass the

A strange theme remains bright in each officer's


"Thoughts During an Air Raid"

"Thoughts During an Air Raid" is a subjective poem which reports Spender's personal feelings during an air raid. The poem is not sentimental; it presents the stream of consciousness that everyone feels during an air raid, and because of this, we may say this poem is "universal." Naturally the large "I" appears frequently - Spender does not think of Churchill's life (be it more important than his) or of Marxist theory.

Of course, the entire effort is to put myself outside the ordinary range of what are called statistics. A hundred are killed in the outer suburbs. Well, well, I carry on. So long as the great 'I' is propped upon this girdered bed which seems more like a hearse,

In the hotel bedroom with flowering wallpaper which rings in wreathes above, I can ignore the pressure of those names under my fingers heavy and black as I rustle the paper, the wireless wail in the lounge margin.

Yet supposing that a bomb should dive its nose right through this bed, with me upon it?

The thought is obscene. Still, there are many to whom my death would only be a name, one figure in a column. The essential is that all the 'I's should remain separate propped up under flowers, and no one suffer for his neighbour. Then horror is postponed for everyone until it settles on him and drags him to that incommunicable grief which is all mystery or nothing.24

"Thoughts tonight are all right, it's a little bit more crowded than usual."

The thought of having to deal with a group of people who are all trying to influence each other's thoughts and opinions is quite daunting. It's like being in a room with a thousand mirrors, each reflecting different versions of reality. The challenge lies in not being swayed by the reflections, but rather to see through them to the true essence of the moment.

I often find myself thinking, 'How do I maintain my integrity in such a setting?' The answer, I believe, lies in staying true to myself and not allowing the crowd to dictate my thoughts. It's a delicate balance, but one that I strive for.

In the end, it's all about finding the right perspective and not getting lost in the tumult of the crowd. After all, we are all just part of a larger whole, and it's our individual actions that truly shape the course of events.
"The Room Above The Square"

"The Room Above The Square" is a poem which has an excellent transparency though little analysis. In it, Spender personifies his idealistic social plans for Europe or "what you will." The poem is universal in its appeal; and because the entity personified is not definitely stated, the problem over which the poem was written will fit similar situations in many people's lives.

The light in the window seemed perpetual
Where you stayed in the high room for me;
It flowered above the trees through leaves
Like my certainty.

The light is fallen and you are hidden
In sunbright peninsulas of the sword:
Torn like leaves through Europe is the peace
Which through me flowed.

Now I climb alone to the dark room
Which hangs above the square
Where among stones and roots the other
Peaceful lovers are.

"Exiles From Their Land, History Their Domicile"

This poem, in the manner of Auden, starts as one thing and ends as another. At first, Spender seems to be speaking of actual political exiles who started streaming into England.
from the continent at about the time the poem was written. Later Spender says various things about exiles and begins to speak of them in a way I suppose he calls transparent but seems to me quite opaque.

History has tongues
Has angels has guns--has saved has praised--
Today proclaims
Achievements of her exiles long returned
Now no more rootless, for whom her printed page
Glazes their bruised waste years in one
Balancing present sky.

See how her dead, like standards
Unfurled upon their shore, are cupped by waves:
The laurelled exiles, kneeling to kiss these sands.

Number there freedom's friends. One who
Within the element of endless summer,
Like leaf in amber, petrified by light,
Studied the root of action. One in a garret
Read books as though he broke up flints.

Some met
In back rooms with hot red plush hangings,
And all outside the snow of foreign tongues.
One, a poet, went babbling like a fountain
Through parks. All were jokes to children.
All had the pale unshaven stare of shuttered plants
Exposed to a too violent sun.

Now all these
Drink their just praise from cups of waves;
And the translucent magnifying lights
Purify the achievement of their lives
With human bodies as words in history
Penned by their wills.

Their deeds and deaths are birds. They stop the invisible
Speed of our vacant sight across the sky.
In the past-coloured pigment of the mind's eye
They feed and fly and dwell.
Their time and land are death, since all States and stays and makes Them one with what they willed. We, who are living, seem Exiles from them, more living; for we endure Perpetual winter, waiting Spring that will break our hardness into flowers To set against their just and summer skies.

Our bodies are the pig and molten metal Which theirs were once, before death cast Their wills into those signatory molds....

Yet in the fluid past simplicity
Of those who now return
To greet us and advise us and to warn
Not giving us their love, but as examples,
Where do we recognize
Their similarity
To our own wandering present uncertainty?

What miracle divides
Our purpose from our weakness? What selects
Our waking from our sleeping and our acts
From madness? Who recognizes
Our image by the head and balanced eyes
And forming hands, and not the hidden shames?
Who carves
Our will and day and acts as history
And our likeness into statues
That walk in groves with those who went before?

How are we justified?

0 utter with your tongues
Of angels, fire your guns—0 save and praise—
Recall me from life’s exile, let me join
Those who now kneel to kiss their sands,
And let my words restore
Their printed, laurelled, victoried message.26

The topical poet can at times legitimately write "impressionistic" verse when it serves his purpose, but he should not

To make a diagram, first set the parameters...
write "surrealistic" verse because topical poets want to be understood and surrealistic poets don't care whether they are understood or not. Spender says that he wants to be understood and that he wants to understand other poets, but he does little with some of the stanzas of "Exiles From Their Land, History Their Domicile" to further that aim.

"Visions,"

Part One: A SEPARATION

The first section of the volume takes its name from a poem of the same name within the section. These poems are of a personal, subjective and lyric nature.

"A Separation"

This is a poem that uses an old theme. The separation of lovers when a clash of wills comes about leaves the lovers still attached emotionally. "A Separation" reports the anguish of one of the separated lovers.

Yes! The will decided. But how can the heart decide?
Lying deep under the surface
Of the level reasons the eye sees—
How can the heart decide
To banish this loved face for ever?

The starry eyes on the fringe of darkness
To forgo? The light within the body's blindness?
Ruins and Visions

This is a collection of poems which is divided into four more or less related parts. The parts are named, in order: "A Separation," "Ironies of War," "Deaths," and "Visions."

Part One: A SEPARATION

The first section of the volume takes its name from a poem of the same name within the section. These poems are of a personal, subjective and lyric nature.

"A Separation"

This is a poem that uses an old theme. The separation of lovers when a clash of wills comes about leaves the lovers still attached emotionally. "A Separation" reports the anguish of one of the separated lovers.

Yes. The will decided. But how can the heart decide,
Lying deep under the surface
Of the level reasons the eye sees--
How can the heart decide
To banish this loved face for ever?

The starry eyes on the fringe of darkness
To forgo? The light within the body's blindness?
Kara and Visions

This is a collection of poems which I give to you,
For more on these select parts. The parts are named in

Part One: A SEPARATION

The first section of the volume, this is the first page.
This page is the first page within the section. These pages are of
a personal experience and extra stories.

"A Separation"

This is a poem that means an end of the scene. The separation
of two parts, where a story of life's short span between the lovers
will be further discussed.

A Separation. By, the two.

Yes, the will go ahead. But now can the
years of growth, learning, and the once
Am I to feel the same. And the same--
How can we feel the same.

To confirm this I may:

The story ends on the pages of War's
To Today, the day within the pages of..."
To prove that these were lost in any case,
And accept the stumbling stumps of consola-
tions,

When under sleep, under the day,
Under the world, under the bones,
The unturning changeless heart,
Burning in suns and snows of passion,
Makes its mad protestations
And breaks, with vows and declarations?27

Spender's poetry tends to be topical when he is not
particularly inspired. In this poem and in most of the poems
of this section of *Ruins and Visions*, Spender does not attempt
to be transparent in the least; and some of his poems on the
"lost love" theme read like the lyrics to an unsuccessful jazz
tune. The reason for this seems to be that moaning over a
lost love is rather negative and futile, and Spender is at his
best and worst when he is positive. The poem, "A Separation,"
and all the others of this section of *Ruins and Visions*,
except for one, are mediocre and lack the melancholy passion
Spender evidently meant them to have.

"Song"

The exception to the rule in Part One of *Ruins and
Visions* is "Song" which is the first poem of the book. It is
one poem in which Spender clothes the gentle melancholic
passion in beautiful language.

cited as Spender, *Ruins and Visions*. 
Stranger, you who hide my love
In the curved cheek of a smile
And sleep with her upon a tongue
Of soft lies which beguile,
Your paradisal ecstasy
Is justified is justified
By hunger of all beasts beneath
The overhanging cloud,
Who, to snatch quick pleasures run,
Before their momentary sun
Be eclipsed by death.

Lightly, lightly from my sleep
She stole, our vows of dew to break,
Upon a day of melting rain
Another love to take;
Her happy happy perfidy
Was justified was justified
Since compulsive needs of sense
Clamour to be satisfied
And she was never one to miss
The plausible happiness
Of a new experience.

I, who stand beneath a bitter
Blasted tree, with the green life
Of summer joy cut from my side
By that self-justifying knife,
In my exiled misery
Were justified were justified
If upon two lives I preyed
Or punished with my suicide,
Or murdered pity in my heart
Or two other lives did part
To make the world pay what I paid.

Oh, but supposing that I climb
Alone to a high room of clouds
Up a ladder of the time
And lie upon a bed alone
And tear a feather from a wing
And listen to the world below
And write round my high paper walls
Anything and everything
Which I know and do not know!

---

This poem contains the biting satire of the deserted lover. It is personal and "untransparent" but has colorful, apt imagery and has emotion which seems true and empirical.

Here Spender is an accurate psychologist. He describes the emotional, rejected lover in a language of meaningful imagery and in doing so succeeds in this one poem where he fails in the others of this section. "Song" has a great deal in common with some of the excellent personal poems which we shall consider later in Poems of Dedication.

Part Two: IRONIES OF WAR

"The War God"

One of the best poems of this section is "The War God" which asks the humanistic question, "Why can't we have peace?"
The poem tells in colorful language how hate breeds hate and describes accurately the sinister perpetual cycle of war after war.

Why cannot the one good
Benevolent feasible
Final dove descend?

And the wheat be divided?
And the soldiers sent home?
And the barriers torn down?
And the enemies forgiven?
And there be no retribution?
Dear Sir,

I am writing to express my concern about the recent developments in our field. The recent sale of sensitive equipment and the rise in espionage activity have raised serious concerns about the security of our work. We must be more vigilant and take proactive steps to ensure the confidentiality of our research.

I have also noticed an increase in networking activities by competitors, which may indicate a shift in their strategies. We should be prepared to adapt our approach to remain competitive.

Please consider these points in your upcoming meeting with the committee. Thank you for your attention.

Sincerely,

[Signature]
Because the conqueror
Is an instrument of power,
With merciless heart hammered
Out of former fear,
When to-day's vanquished
Destroyed his noble father,
Filling his cradle with anguish.

His irremediable victory
Chokes back sobbing anxiety
Lest children of the slain
(When the ripe ears grow high
To the sickles of his own
And the sun goes down)
Rise in iron morning
To stain with blood the sky
And avenge their fathers again.

His heart broke before
His raging splendour.
The virgins of prayer
Fumble vainly for that day
Buried under ruins,
Of his pride's greatest murder
When his heart which was a child
Asking and tender,
He hunted and killed.

The lost filled with lead
On the hopeless field
May dream the pious reason
Of mercy, but also
Their eyes know what they did
In their own proud season,
Their dead teeth bite the earth
With semen of new hatred.

For the world is the world
And not the slain
Nor the slayer, forgive,
Nor do wild shores
Of passionate histories
Close on endless love;
Though hidden under seas
Of chafing despair,
Love's need does not cease.29

---

This poem goes to the heart of the tragic truth of perpetual war. It is a direct, not particularly transparent poem that has the beauty of simple truth. Here again Spender has written a truly successful poem even though he has written it with little regard to his own critical norms.

"The Air Raid Across the Bay"

This is a poem which tells the story of an air raid, undoubtedly an actual one.

I

Above the dead flat sea
And watching rocks of black coast
Across the bay, the high
Searchlights probe the centre of the sky
Their ends fusing in cones of light
For a brilliant instant held up
Then shattered like a cup.

They rub white rules through leaden dark,
Projecting tall phantom
Masts with swaying derricks
Above the sea's broad level decks.

They slide triangles and parallels
Of experimental theorems,
Proving the hypothesis
Of death, on wasted surfaces
Of measureless blank distances.

II

But through their gliding light-streams,
An invisible ragged sound
Moves, trailed by two distraught beams.
A thudding falls from remote cones
And pink sequins wink from a shot-silk screen.
Seeds of killing drop on cells of sleep
Which hug these promontories like dark-brown
winkles.
Fingers pick away
Human minds from hollow skulls.

III

The shining ladders slant
Up to the god of war
Exalted on those golden stilts
And riding in his car
Of a destroying star.

But the waves clucking in the rocks
And the sacred standing corn
Brittle, and swaying with metallic clicks,
Their secret wealth lock
In an elemental magic
Of ripeness, which mocks
The nails through flesh torn.30

Here Spender is open to the criticism he aims at his fellow war poets - he is superficial. The poem deals with the beauty of the visual effects of a night raid. The poem reports accurately and sometimes beautifully the spectacle but does little else.

Spender's imagery is clear and fanciful. He cleverly compares the black sky to a classroom blackboard, the beams of the searchlights to white chalk lines, and the explosion of anti-aircraft shells to pink sequins. That these images are accurate and to the point cannot be denied, but the poem in its entirety is a puzzling thing.

The air raid observer is detached. He describes the picture as a painter would undoubtedly describe it. Air raids

are beautiful when seen from a distance, but they are more and less than Spender says they are in this poem.

Spender says the night air raid is like a Christmas tree, but it is really a World's Fair fireworks display. Spender says the night air raid is "pretty," and in so doing he makes himself appear as ridiculous as the women who viewed the Taj Mahal and reported that it was "cute."

The poem is superficial because it reports only an abstracted visual description of the raid and nothing else. It reports nothing of the emotion the observer should have been feeling. Because the poem captures nothing that the Pathe News Cameraman hasn't captured, it leaves the reader feeling quite unsatisfied.

Part Three: DEATHS

"The Ambitious Son"

The first of the poems in this section is a report of the ambitious vows of a son on the death of his father.

Old man, with hair made of newspaper cutting
And the megaphone voice,
Dahlia in the public mind, strutting
Like a canary before a clapping noise,

My childhood went for rides on your wishes
As a beggar's eye strides a tinsel horse,
And how I reeled before your windy lashes
Fit to drive a paper boat off its course!
The person in the picture is taking a selfie, and they are using a mirror.
Deep in my heart I learned this lesson
As well have never been born at all
As live through life and fail to impress on
Time, our family name, inch-tall.

Father, how we both pitied those who had let
The emptiness of their unknown name
Gleam on a rose and fade on a secret,
Far from our trumpeting posthumous fame!

For how shall we prove that we really exist
Unless we hear, over and over,
Our ego through the world persist
With all the guns of the self-lover?

Oh, when the weight of Time's whole darkness
Presses upon our shuttered fall,
How shall we prove, if our lives went markless,
That we have lived at all?

But, my admired one, imagine my sorrow
When I watched the schoolboys' inquisitive faces
Turn away from your Day, and To-morrow
Mock your forehead with sneering grimaces.

Soon you lay in your grave like a crumpled clown
Eaten by worms, by quicklime forgotten,
Fake, untragic, pelted down
By a generation still more rotten.

When I left the funeral, my face was hard
With my contempt for your failure still
But, Father, my hardness was a scabbard
Sheathing your undefeated will.

Behold, a star fled from your breast
Of death, into my life of night
Making your long rest my unrest,
My head burn with frustrated light.

Through my breast there broke the fire
Of a prophetic son's anointment
Seeking a fame greater than Empire.
It was then I made my appointment

With Truth, beyond the doors of Death.
How like an engine do I press
Towards that terminus of my last breath,
When all the Future you and I possess
Dear in my heart I treasured fine thought
At well may have been good of all
A life too easy. Life and tall to improve on
Fine, oar family name, four card
Father, now as you always those who had left
The experience of work winnings won,
Clean in a case and take a season
I ran from an unremunerative accomplishment easiest

For you again me move first me testy quick
A little we near, over and over,
One eye pronouncing the world because
With still the gone of the still-forever

The men the waiting of the view whole substitute
But, my nothing one, passing my somnolent
With aacuproc we explained appropriate took
Then show now your test, any T-connection
Now your tenacious with absolute annoyance
Good you lay in your place like a smiling again
Icy a conversation skill more together

When I feel the tremor my face was hard
When my contact for your telling all till
But, shelter, my presence was a conspiracy
Scarcely your without your own hand

Beginning a score from your present
Of deep, into my titles of bridge
Making your touch beat my stomach
My hand come with encountered flight

Trampy my process plate across the line
With them, paying the course of death

How I live on earth do I glance
Towards your satisfactions of my last present
When all the turn you and I possess
Will open out onto those endless spaces
Where, from an incorruptible mine,
Yours and my name take their places
Among the deathless names that shine!

O Father, to a grave of fame I faithfully follow!
And yet I love the glance of failure tilted up
With swimming eyes and waiting lips, to swallow
The sunset from the sky as from a cup.

Often I stand, as though outside a wall,
Outside a beggar's face, where a child seems hidden,
And I remember being lost, when I was small,
In a vast, deserted garden.

If I had the key I might return
To where the lovers lie forgotten on bright grass.
The prisoners and the homeless make me burn
With homesickness when I pass.

Yes! I could drown in lives of weakness,
For I pity and I understand
The wishes and fulfilments under the dream surface
Of an oblivious and uncharted land.31

This poem marks the return of Spender to transparent verse. The son here should not be construed as Spender himself but rather as Spender's whole intellectual generation. The father represents the whole of the intellectual generation before Spender's time.

The poem says in effect that the contemporary intellectuals should not too violently attack the failure of their fathers to settle world affairs. It makes the point that the preceding generation's goals were the same goals at which Spender's generation is driving. Though the method of gaining

those goals was different and now has been proven a failure, the lives of that generation were not a failure because it is on their work that Spender's generation is to build. The poem shows Spender in a less iconoclastic light, and it is becoming.

"The Drowned"

"The Drowned" is a realistic poem which reports the fatalistic philosophy of a sailor. The last stanza is as concise and accurate a report of sailor’s philosophy as has been written.

They still vibrate with the sound
Of electric bells,
The sailors who drown
While their mouths and ships fill
With wells of silence
And horizons of distance.

Kate and Mary were the city
Where they lingered on shore
To mingle with the beauty
Of the girls: they’re still there—
Where no numbness nor dumbness
Appals dance hall and bar.

No letters reach wrecks;
Corpses have no telephone;
Cold tides cut the nerves
The desires are frozen
While the blurred sky
Rubs bitter medals on the eyes.

Jack sees her with another
And he knows how she smiles
At the light facile rival.
From these results we believe there is no need for new legislation.

Can't we have a better system than the one we have now?

The beam shows 80 percent of the respondents didn't like the clerical.

It is important.

"The Process"

"The Program" is a necessary process which requires the formulation of an action to be taken. The legal scheme to be

constrained by some or a report of a senator. Philosophy as such

and sociology is often the suffrage of the philosopher.

Dear Minister,

That belief arises with the asking.

The situation was drawn

White paper workshop and scheme that

With welfare of allegiance.

Any reference of allegiance.

Welfare may have been the only

were many times, nothing we stable

To imagine with the presented.

Of the figures: note the well-amend.

where is unnecessary or inadequate.

shapes hence will not part.

No features reach American;

Confine these on differentiation;

Get these and the hander

The possession the motion.

What the plan which

Under pressure wageless on the scene.

Take these part with moment.

And be known for the sentence.

Of the right feature plan.
Who so easily beguiles
Dancing and doing
What he never will now.

Cut off unfairly
By the doom of doom
Which makes heroes and serious
Skulls of men all,
Where under waves we roll
Whose one dream was to play
And forget death all day.\(^\text{32}\)

This short poem has beauty in its economy. It is not
transparent but is rather a direct report of the amoral
ethics of the fatalistic sailor or soldier. The poem succeeds
even though it seems to violate Spender's critical theory.

Part Four: VISIONS

"At Night"

This poem tells how different night makes man. Night
melts out of man's material achievement - man cannot look
around and feel self-justified when night's blackness stops
his vision. The stars make man feel insignificant, and he
reverts to his superstitious past and shows that he really has
advanced little since pre-historic days.

During day's foursquare light
All is measured by eyes from the outside,
Windows look and classify the clothes
Walking upon their scaffolding of world.

\(^{32}\)Spender, Ruins and Visions, "The Drowned," p. 113, ll. 1-26,
p. 114, ll. 1-5.
But at night
Structures are melted in a soft pond
Of darkness, up to the stars.

Man's mind swims, full of lamps,
Among foundations of the epoch.
Clothes fade to the same curtains
As night draws over the blaze of flesh.

His heart - surrounded by money,
Loaded with a house, and hub-like
Centring spokes of fashionable change--
Grows dizzy at uncertainty,
At life longer than single lives,
At an opening out of spaces
Revealing stars more numerous
Than the overcrowded populace.

Every social attribute gained
Falls into the Milky Way.
The questions so long hidden
Behind the answers of the present
Rise from the superstitious past
Like ghosts from ruined palaces.

Into his hand of a single moment
There pour forgotten races
With eyes opening on plains like flowers,

And the unknown nations to come after,
Unthinkable as his own death dismissed
To the vanishing point of the future;

All are crushed into the bones of Now
Knit in his flesh of loneliness.

Oh, but his "I" might glide
Here into another such "I"
Invisible in nakedness;
His heart in the heart of darkness find,
Stretching from lonely birth to lonely
Death, like a mind behind the mind,
The image of his own loneliness,

The answering inconsolable cry
Of lost humanity,
Which the explicit day
Colours and covers and explains away.33

But at night

Expression was doubled by the cold pond

"Maybewindswana"Told of fruges,

Away from the sounds of the distant fields

He left the house, and the poppies flew

Growing songs of the public domain

At the moment from the sky

The face of the ocean

Every society's existence depends

And the mirror shall refer to the face

And the mirror shall refer to the face

If it serves as the purpose to see

What's being done or playing the role

The purpose was to the purpose of the role

The purpose was to the purpose of the role

The purpose was to the purpose of the role
Here we see a new Spender who seems to have lost his socialistic idealism. The poem is a transparent prediction of the coming of a new Dark Age. The war has made a pessimist of Spender at this point, and he writes of a coming doom.

This analysis of the collapse of society is not entirely new to Spender but is in this poem more ominous and hopeless. Who is to say he is a good or bad prophet?

"Dusk"

"Dusk" is another foreboding poem in which Spender vents his disgust and despair of man.

Steel edge of plough
Thrusts through the stiff
Ruffled fields of turfy
Cloud in the sky.
Above charcoal hedges
And dead leaf of land
It cuts out a deep
Gleaming furrow
Of clear glass looking
Through our funnelled day
Up a stair of stars.

On earth below
The knotted hands
Lay down their tasks,
And the wooden handles
Of steel implements
Gently touch the ground.
The shifting animals
Wrinkle their muzzles
At the sweet passing peace,
Like bells, of the breeze;
And the will of Man
Floats loose, released.
The dropping day
Encloses the universe
In a wider mantel
Than meridian blaze.
A terra cotta blanket
Of dark, robs one by one
Recognition from villages,
Features from flowers,
News from men,
Stones from the sun.

All the names fade away.
With a spasm, nakedness
Assumes menkind.
Their minds, cast adrift
On beds in upper rooms,
Awaiting the anchorage
Of sleep, see more
Than a landscape of words.

The great lost river
Crepitates
Through creeks of their brains.
Long-buried days
Rise in their dreams.
Their tight fists unclose
The powers they hold,
The manners and gold.

Then the burning eye
Of a timeless Being
Stares through their limbs
Drawing up through their bones
Mists of the past
Filled with chattering apes,
Bronze and stone gifts,
From all continents
Of the tree of Man.

The sun of this night
Mocks their dark day
Filled with brief aims
--Stealing from their kind
And killing their kind.
Abandoning hope,
They turn with a groan
From that terror of love
Back to their daybreak of
Habitual hatred.

The report which has
been the topic of
recent discussion
in a recent meeting
The meeting place
A recent copy placed
on table, topic one
of interest. Some action
requested fromFollowers,
Mention from Monitor,
Some from staff.
Some from fires.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
Some from place.
Some from staff.
Some from time.
The poem is a transparent picture of humanity going down the road of self-destruction. Spender's pessimism is here more positive and hopeless than Thomas Hardy's. The philosophy is as blackly despairing as Schopenhauer's. The shame is that such despair is not only fashionable but seems justified by the events of contemporary history.

The pessimism shown here is in many respects similar to Housman's. Spender sharply criticizes the lack of analysis in Housman's pessimistic poetry, and The New Realism is dedicated to the proposition that unlimited despair is an inadequate criticism of society. How then can Spender integrate "Dusk" and "At Night" into his philosophy?
The latest collection of Spender's poems, *Poems of Dedication*, was published in 1947. The volume has four parts; the first part, "Elegy for Margaret," contains the poems which prompted the title of the volume. The whole collection is dedicated to the memory of Margaret Spender, Spender's wife, who died on Christmas Day, 1945. The volume with its three other sections called "Love, Birth, and Absence," "Spiritual Explorations," and "Seascape and Landscape" shows Spender's marked swing away from both his early idealistic socialism and later pessimism toward a new mysticism.

Part One: ELEGY FOR MARGARET

"Darling of Our Hearts"

This is a soft-spoken, personal poem that describes Spender's grief at the death of his wife. It tells how she was finally overcome by disease and how she fought against it, and it compares her death with the death of a sailor at sea.
HOMES OF PECULIATION

The perfect collection of peculiar houses, homes of
peculiarity, was published in 1907. The volume was
prepared under the title "Homes for the" because
the latter part of the title of the volume, the whole collection
with its passage, the figure of the volume, the volume with the
title, and the grandiose words "Home, Sweet and attendees"
were often selected for their "home, sweet and attendees" show
"Diplomat Exterioration," and "Seascape and Landscape" show
volumes, worked away from poems. The early illustrative
sections and later presentations forming a new style of

PART ONE: HOMES FOR MANHATTAN

"Denote of our Houses"

This is a self-spoken personality poem that features


gender. It is a series of the series of his will. It tells how she

may reflect on some of the poetry. How are the
taste of a section of the stories and certain.

It is the consciousness part of the book. With the"Homes of

peculiarity" comes the feeling of the homes.
Darling of our hearts, drowning
In the thick night of ultimate sea
Which (indeed) surrounds us all, but where we
Are crammed islands of flesh, wide
With a few harvesting years, in our own lives
disowning
The bitter salt severing tide;

Here in this room you are outside this room,
Here in this body your eyes drift away,
While the invisible vultures feed on
Your flesh, and those who read the doom
Of the ill-boding omens say
The name of a disease which, like a villain
Seizes on the pastures of your life
Then gives you back some pounds of flesh, only
again
To twist you on that rack of pain
Where your skeleton cuts through you like a
knife,
And the weak eyes flinch with their own weak
light
Of hope, which blinds our hoping watching sight.

Until hope signs us to despair—what lives
Seems what most kills—what fights your fate
Loses most strength—and the loved face which
smiles
MIRRORS the mocking illness which contrives
Moving away some miles
To ricochet again at the fixed date.

Least of our world, yet you are most our
world
Here where the well are those who hide
In dreams of life painted by dying desire
From violence of our time outside;
Where those who most live are most often hurled
With heroic eyes through waters shot with fire.

Where sailors' eyes rolling on floors of seas
Hold in their fading darkening irises
The vision of some lost still living girl
The possible attainable happy peace
Of Europe, with its pastures fertile,
Dying, like a girl, of a doomed, hidden disease.
So, to be honest, I must wear your death
Next to my heart, where others wear their love.
Indeed, it is my love, my link with life
My word of life being death upon my breath.
My dying word because of you can live
Crowned with your death, so not evading truth.35

The new Spender is more gentle. In this poem he is not
transparent, but he is graceful and personal. A theme such
as this does not demand transparency, but it does demand
grace. A personal poem which lacks grace of expression and
sincere emotion becomes sentimental. This poem, happily, is
beautiful and sincere. Spender concludes the poem with an
expression of emotions that were universally understood during
the last war.

Part Two: LOVE, BIRTH, AND ABSENCE

"Summer"

"Summer" is a short lyric poem which shows Spender
writing in a new way about an old theme.

The midsummer glow
Reflected in her eyes
Is colour of clover
In grass flesh where she lies.
Bird-shadow cloud-shadow
Draw a net of sighs
Over her from her sun-gold lover.

35Stephen Spender, Poems of Dedication, "Darling of Our
p. 12, ll. 1-18; hereafter cited as Spender, Poems of
Dedication.
Through the August days
She drinks his acres of light
Which, quivering through dark dreams
Beyond mind-sight and eye-sight,
Reach a womb where his rays
Penetrate her night,
In brilliant black commingling streams.

What pallor ah what dearth
When August's flesh,
Kaleidoscope of flowers
And September's rusted fetish
Are lidded under earth!
Then the eyes vanish
With fair Forgotten withered harvest hours.36

This unusual Spender poem is not transparent verse but is rather lyrical verse which uses the strange Spender idiom. The idiom is strange because it is so unlike the usual poetic personification of summer. The language that Spender elsewhere has used to exalt the express train and the aeroplane is here used to exalt that entity which poets have traditionally exalted from Virgil to Wordsworth. I doubt, though, that the poem will successfully challenge "I Wandered Lonely as a Cloud."

"The Dream"

Here is a truly provocative poem which wonders about the miracle of human birth. It is the intimate story of a proud prospective father and mother.

"You dream," he said, "because of the child Asleep in the nest of your body, whose dreams Flutter through your blood in streams."

Her lips dreamt, and he smiled.

He laid his head, weighed with a thought On the sleep of her lips. Thus, locked Within the lens of their embrace They watched the life their lives had wrought The folded future active street With walls of flesh and crowning face, Within her flesh complete, Between their clinging bodies rocked.37

When Spender forgets his politics and reaches into his personal experience, he can often say things that are as "universal" as Matthew Arnold could desire. In this short poem and in "Man and Woman" and "The Trance," also in this part of Poems of Dedication, Spender reaches the peak of artistic achievement by capturing real and important human experiences. These poems are an excellent antidote for the pessimism of the poems of Ruins and Visions.

Part Three: SPIRITUAL EXPLORATIONS

"Since We Are What We Are"

This is a mystic poem which takes a more latitudinarian view of man's achievement than did the black poems of the last section of Ruins and Visions. It expresses Spender's old humanism in a new way.

The President of the United States:

Since the War, we have been

This is a matter which affects every phase of the national life and every section of the country.

It is a question of the health and safety of our nation.

The President's message to Congress.

The people of the United States.

Yours sincerely,

The President.
Since we are what we are, what shall we be
But what we are? We are, we have
Six feet and seventy years, to see
The light, and then resign it for the grave.
We are not worlds, no, nor infinity,
We have no claims on stone, except to prove
In the invention of the human city
Our selves, our breath, our death, our love.
The tower we build soars like an arrow
From the world's rim toward the sky's,
Upwards and downwards in a dazzling pond
Climbing and diving from our world, to narrow
The gap between the world shut in the eyes
And the receding world of light beyond. 38

This poem shows the return of Spender's philosophic
strength and the return of his optimism. It is a poem that
expresses the thought of an old and wise man. Spender is not
yet old, but he is now mature.

"The Immortal Spirit"

Here again Spender deals with new vigor with the spirit
of human enlightenment. He says that a certain mystical
entity must be in the individual to make him live.

The immortal spirit is that single ghost
Of all time, incarnate in one time,
Which through our breathing skeletons must
climb
To be within our supple skin engrossed.
Without that ghost within, our lives are lost
Fragments, haunting the earth's rim.
Unless we will it live, that ghost pines, dim,
Lost in our lives; its life, our death, the cost.

38Spender, Poems of Dedication, "Since We Are What We Are," p. 41, ll. 1-14.
The lesson shows the return of Spencer's philosophy

The lesson shows the return of the optimism. It is a clear fact

Exresss the frequency of an old and wise men. Speaks to not

Are old and few as your name?

"The Communist Spirit"

Here again Spencer hesists with new vigor with the spirit

As known throughout. He was the first a certain mystery

But next need be in the intelligible to make him live.

The important spirit is that supreme spirit

At the same time, interest in one time

With profound and preserving and more often

And still.

To do with the surplus, only successful.

If from that place without, can there be last

If essence remains the same's, then,

And can in some idea, the idea, our essence the cost.

"Spencer"-"Pope's Definition," since we are the wise men are..."
One being of present, past, futurity,
Seek within these many-headed wills
To release the flame-winged dove, humanity.
Shut in himself, each blind, beaked subject kills
His neighbour and himself, and shuts out pity
For that one winging spirit which fulfils. 39

Again Spender writes completely out of his former character with a new language of metaphor that reads more like Sophocles than like the old socialistic Spender. In this poem Spender deals with an abstraction more successfully than he has ever done before and challenges John Donne in depth of spiritual understanding. Spender's old critical phrase "transparent" cannot be applied here in the sense he originally meant, but it can be applied in the extended meaning of "seeing through life" for Spender seems to have done just that.

Part Four: SEASCAPE AND LANDSCAPE

"Meeting"

"Meeting," as all the poems of section four of the volume, is a lyrical poem of love and sunny days. It and its counterparts are undoubtedly meant to be relief for the reader after the rigorous going of "Spiritual Exercises" and because of this seem light and even trivial. The poem contrasts battered cities with the peacefulness of love.

Then the sun scrawled
Across the white sheet of the day
Twisted iron-black realities
Broken boulevards through which humanity's
Sprawling river Styx
Of corroding shadows crawled.

O but our love was the Phoenix
Above the destroyed city reborn city
Conjoining spires of flame
Tower of wings climbing spear-shaken skies,
Within the ensphered luminous air of eyes
Image of our faith sustained the same.40

Because this and the few remaining of the last poems in
the volume are so much less than those of "Spiritual Explorations," I presume they are meant to be intellectual consolation prizes and as such are inferior poems. They are light, and present Spender not at his best. They have some humor but display no deep human understanding. They are anti-climactical though they were meant to be diverting.

Among those poems which fail altogether are the poems of the last section of Poems of Dedication, "The Air Maid Across The Bay" and "Separation" from Singing and Visions, and "The Coward" from The Still Centre. These poems fail to live up to Spender's critical norms and fail also to transmit poetic experience to the reader. Spender's unsuccessful poems are, as any poet's unsuccessful poems, open to criticism for being sentimental, superficial and philosophically meaningless.

Then, the new delegate

Verses like white speck of the sun

Wetted your face, rolling

Smoke, paralyzing - although which numbingly

Savanna - I ask, this

Of outcropping AmericanOklahoma

0 out of your news, the notice

Across the windshield of the car

Construction plate of the scene

Tower of which gripping, eagle-tipped within

Within the American Tornado of this age

Tornado of our latest sensation, the scene.

because this and the new resting of the farm scene in

the horizon are so much like the power of "sacred" 

picture I promise they are meant to be intelligent characters.

They become and as such the intelligent characters. They are finite

and pressure stranger not at the past. They have some moment

and glibener no ghost human imperceptible. They are such

inseparable groups they were meant to be generous.
Spender's critical theories are derived from his socialistic philosophy; his avowed literary aim is to criticize and analyze society and social problems. This ambitious philosophy of art has aided and hindered Spender's verse.

The casual reader sees the unevenness of Spender's writing. Some poems are artfully expressed social criticism and have universal poetic appeal; some poems are unartfully expressed social criticism and so fall to the level of propaganda; some poems are artfully universal in their appeal without any suspicion of social criticism; and some poems fail to be successful in any way.

Among those poems which fail altogether are the poems of the last section of Poems of Dedication, "The Air Raid Across The Bay" and "Separation" from Ruins and Visions, and "The Coward" from The Still Centre. These poems fail to live up to Spender's critical norms and fail also to transmit poetic experience to the reader. Spender's unsuccessful poems are, as any poet's unsuccessful poems, open to criticism for being sentimental, superficial and philosophically meaningless.
"Darling of Our Hearts," "The Dream," and "The Immortal Spirit" from Poems of Dedication; "At Night," "The Drowned," and "Song" from Ruins and Visions; "Ultima Ratio Regum" from The Still Centre; and "Statistics" from Twenty Poems are poems that transmit poetic experience in apt language without any attempt to criticize society. One might say that with these poems Spender succeeds despite himself.

All the poems of Vienna and "Exiles From Their Land, History Their Domicile" from The Still Centre live up to the Spender literary aim in that they are transparent; but they fail to be successful poetry because they are didactic, propaganda-like and use confused imagery. All these poems are well done in part but fail in their entirety because Spender forced them into a philosophic pattern they do not express.

"He Will Watch The Hawk," "Different Living" and "What I Expected" from Poems, 1933; all of Trial of a Judge; "The Human Situation" and "Napoleon in 1814" from The Still Centre are poems in which Spender successfully reaches his philosophic and artistic goals. They are transparent social criticism and artistically expressed poetic experience.

The evidence shows that Spender does not always follow his own rules. He is sometimes successful because he doesn't follow them and sometimes unsuccessful because he does follow them.
When Spender fails to write poetry because his verse is propaganda-like and didactic, he fails honorably. His philosophic integrity forces him to versify experiences that are not adaptable to poetic treatment. Vienna fails because it attempts to describe a political situation that is too complex and topical to make good poetry; Vienna fails as poetry just as some contemporary Russian music fails as music because it attempts to do more than art can do. The Russian composer Katchatourian tries to describe "Life on a Cooperative Farm," but succeeds in describing only "Life on a Farm." The reason for this is that music is not political and cannot express such minute topical niceties. Spender fails in Vienna because poetry cannot present specific political creeds and remain poetry.

Spender succeeds when he allows the reader to see through concrete experiences to philosophic abstractions that are not the sole possession of any specific political party. Trial of a Judge, "The Human Situation" and "Different Living" demonstrate that Spender can obey his own critical dictates and write transparent verse that is also poetry.

Beyond this, one can see that Spender has progressed from his 1933 Poems to his 1947 Poems of Dedication from a boyishly enthusiastic socialist, to an avowed pessimist, to a mysticist. Poems, 1933, is the most socialistic collection
When one begins to write poetry, one is aware of the difficulty of expressing one's experiences. It is the poet's job to capture these experiences in a form that can be understood by others. This is no easy task, as poetry is a form of expression that requires creativity and imagination. The poet must be able to convey their message in a way that is both accessible and meaningful to the reader. This can be a challenging task, as poetry is a form of art that is often open to interpretation. The poet must be able to convey their message in a way that is both accessible and meaningful to the reader. This can be a challenging task, as poetry is a form of art that is often open to interpretation. The poet must be able to convey their message in a way that is both accessible and meaningful to the reader.
of Spender poems, *The Still Centre* the most pessimistic, and the poems of the third section of *Poems of Dedication* the most mystic.

The seed of mysticism can be seen in "Statistics" from *Twenty Poems* and in "The Human Situation" from *The Still Centre*. The mysticism grows in "At Night" and "The Drowned" from *Ruins and Visions* and flowers in "Since We Are What We Are" and "The Immortal Spirit" from *Poems of Dedication*.

Perhaps Spender will, in the future, become more and more mystic; if he does, he will certainly move away from some of the opinions he expressed in *The New Realism*. Underlying socialism is "humanism" which is after all quite opposed to mysticism. Mysticism is the disappointed humanist's last retreat. Should Spender become a mystic, he should easily cure his poetic fault of mixing politics and verse because for the true mystic political struggle is futile.
The need of education can be seen in the "Statistics From the Debates". The importance of "The Solution" and "The Question" from the "Haven Plan" for "The Current Scene" from the "New Horizon". The scepticism in "Humour" which in effect is the key aspect of the "Humour". Scepticism is the key aspect of the "Humour". Scepticism is the key aspect of the "Humour".
ABSTRACT

Stephen Spender is at the head of a new school of poets who are swinging away from the subjective poetry of "between wars." He represents the intellectual socialist artists of contemporary England.

The two major critical works of Stephen Spender show clearly how socialism has influenced his theory of art. The Hogarth Sixpenny Pamphlet, The New Realism, and the lengthy article, "Poetry for Poetry's Sake and Poetry Beyond Poetry" which appears in the April, 1946, Horizon magazine, are as definite a statement of a poet's philosophy as any poet has dared make since Wordsworth's Preface to the Lyrical Ballads.

The New Realism is a discussion of art in general; it tries to show the sociological causes of the subjectivisms of the first part of the twentieth century and tries to show why the art of the future cannot and will not be subjective.

"Poetry for Poetry's Sake and Poetry Beyond Poetry" is a statement of what Spender considers the "Poetic Absolutes."

Spender's criticism runs along two planes: the philosophic, having to do with the thought behind the poem; and the technical, having to do with the author's language, choice of meter, aptness of symbols, etc.
REFERENCES

Chapter

The first time I went to the library and saw the books on my shelf, I was surprised to find that the books were not arranged alphabetically. I asked the librarian if there was a rule for arrangement, and she said that there was no set rule, but that the books were often arranged by the author's last name or by the title.

I was curious about how the books were chosen for the library, so I asked the librarian again. She explained that the library selects books based on popularity and demand. They also consider the needs of the local community, and try to cover a wide range of topics.

I was interested in learning more about the history of the library and its development, so I asked the librarian if there were any books about library history. She showed me a book that she recommended, which was about the history of libraries in the United States.

I was grateful for the librarian's help and decided to visit the library again soon. I was impressed by the selection of books and the helpfulness of the staff. The library was a valuable resource for learning and intellectual growth.
Spender takes a large view of the artist's duty to society. He feels that the artist must try to interpret reality and that he should not try to avoid the problems that reality presents. To Spender, the job of the poet is to put in an imaginative way a valid criticism of life. The aim of poetry comes close to the aim of philosophy, but unlike philosophy poetry must be entertaining and must attempt to sew life together.

The poetry that attempts to criticize life is the poetry Spender calls "transparent." The reader of such poetry looks through the words and symbols to see the philosophic meaning behind. "Opaque" poetry is that poetry which does not allow the reader to see through to any criticism of life. Transparent poetry is "poetry beyond poetry"; opaque poetry is "poetry for poetry's sake."

Spender feels that many of the young poets in England need a more thorough grounding in the elements of poetic technique. He says that there is no such thing as absolutely free verse and that the would-be poets of the age are proving by their use of illogical metaphors, undisciplined meter and ridiculous words that they are decadent and incapable.

He feels that many capable men are taking the easy way out, selling their poetic consciences short, by adopting psycho-analytical impressionism and surrealism. Because the
"stream of consciousness" technique is no technique at all and because it demands no organization, many men who might become poets are doomed to failure because they make no sense to the reader and they attempt to make no sense even to themselves. This shows either laziness or foolish following of a fad and is not to be condoned by any worthwhile critic. Young artists must work to be successful; and inspiration, no matter how strong or how beautifully clothed in glamorous imagery, is not enough to make a man a poet.

The Burning Cactus

The five short stories contained in the volume entitled The Burning Cactus, in the order of the Table of Contents, are: "The Dead Island," "The Cousins," "The Burning Cactus," "Two Deaths," and "By the Lake." In a note at the end of The Faber Library edition of the stories, Spender says that the short story that lends its name to the volume, "The Burning Cactus," was written in 1933; "The Dead Island," "Two Deaths," and "The Cousins" were written in 1935. The first version of "By the Lake" was written in 1927. A second version was published in New Stories in 1934. The third version appears in the present volume dated 1936.

"The Dead Island"

Nineteen thirty-five was a year that, in Europe, was one of deep-rooted social, political, economic change. The Nazis
were in charge in Germany and most of the people in Europe realized that war would eventually envelop them. We have been told by philosophers, newsmen and diplomats that the majority of the upper-class bourgeoisie sought the ostrich's solution to unpleasant problems and ignored them altogether.

"The Dead Island" is a story about two people who were a part of the ostrich movement! A bourgeois woman and a bourgeois artist who both had intelligence enough to see that their world was crashing. The woman saw the inevitability of it and so seemed to passively accept it. The artist, however, because of his weak self, refused any solution, passive acceptance or militant non-acceptance.

On the whole, "The Dead Island" is in keeping with Spender's critical tenets. It has the kind of transparency that Spender admires in Eliot and it is usually good technically.

"The Cousins"

"The Cousins" is the story of a young impoverished clerk, Werner, who visits his rich Aunt, Lady Helen, and her two sons, Bob and Tom. Lady Helen's home is a large, rambling, English country estate. Werner arrives in time to be a part of a Saturday afternoon party and proceeds to make a number of social errors that make him aware of how deep the cleft is between their world and his.
The conflict in the story is not only a conflict between personalities but also a conflict between cultures. Lady Helen and her sons become symbols of the old, dying bourgeoisie; Werner becomes a symbol of the new, rising socialism.

"The Burning Cactus"

"The Burning Cactus" is a story about a German youth named Till. He is a neurotic, more accurately "psychopathic," fellow who has picked up a bit of learning and because of it is discontented with his lowly position as a waiter.

Throughout the story runs the theme of homosexuality. It is not until the very last of the story, however, that the reader realizes that Till is homosexual.

At the end of the story the reader is left thinking, "Thus ended the pathetic, ugly life of the offspring of a Prussian officer and a bourgeois belle."

"Two Deaths"

This story takes place in Austria immediately before and after the Dollfuss incident. It tells the story of the assassination of Dollfuss and of a socialist named Herr Fuchs.

This story is more simple narrative than short story. It is told in a matter-of-fact fashion and the episodes are hung together with no particular eye for climax.
The prose is not transparent and very little symbolism is involved unless one considers Herr Fuchs' death the symbol of the death of Austrian socialism, Dollfuss' death the symbol of the death of the "Vaterland Front," and the both deaths as symbolic omens of the new Fuehrer to come from the north.

"By the Lake"

Here is the story of Richard and Donauld, two rich English boys who meet at a "pensionnat" for backward and nervous sons of rich people, which is situated above Lausanne. Richard is there because he is nervous and sensitive, and Donauld is there to learn his French.

Richard is the symbol of the general homosexual and Donauld is the symbol of the snobbish misunderstanding bourgeoisie, but both characters in the story are individualized and thereby made believable.

Spender's short story, aside from its narrative entertainment function, cries out against the total lack of understanding on the part of the general public of the predicament of the homosexual and the causes of homosexuality.

Poetry

Spender's poems have been collected into the following important volumes: Twenty Poems (1929), Poems (1933),
Vienna (1934), Trial of a Judge (1938), The Still Centre (1939), Ruins and Visions (1942), Poems of Dedication (1947).

Trial of a Judge is a successful poetic drama. The other volumes are collections of short poems.

Spender's reputation rests almost solely on his poetry. The quantity of the poems is impressive; and, for the most part, the quality is excellent.

Spender is not the most prolific of modern poets. He has hardly produced as many poems or as many lines as T. S. Eliot, and he comes nowhere near the production figures of Auden; but his work, though mostly in the form of short poems, is large enough to make him extremely important if the quality of the poems wears.

Spender's critical theories are derived from his socialistic philosophy; his avowed literary aim is to criticize and analyze society and social problems. This ambitious philosophy of art has aided and hindered Spender's verse.

The casual reader sees the unevenness of Spender's writing. Some poems are artfully expressed social criticism and have universal poetic appeal; some poems are unartfully expressed social criticism and so fall to the level of propaganda; some poems are artfully universal in their appeal without any suspicion of social criticism; and some poems fail to be successful in any way.

Among those poems which fail altogether are the poems of the last section of Poems of Dedication, "The Air Raid Across
the Bay" and "Separation" from Ruins and Visions, and "The Coward" from The Still Centre. These poems fail to live up to Spender's critical norms and fail also to transmit poetic experience to the reader. Spender's unsuccessful poems are, as any poet's unsuccessful poems, open to criticism for being sentimental, superficial and philosophically meaningless.

"Darling of Our Hearts," "The Dream," and "The Immortal Spirit" from Poems of Dedication; "At Night," "The Drowned," and "Song" from Ruins and Visions; "Ultima Ratio Regum" from The Still Centre; and "Statistics" from Twenty Poems are poems that transmit poetic experience in apt language without any attempt to criticize society. One might say that with these poems Spender succeeds despite himself.

All the poems of Vienna and "Exiles From Their Land, History Their Domicile" from The Still Centre live up to the Spender literary aim in that they are transparent; but they fail to be successful poetry because they are didactic, propaganda-like and use confused imagery. All these poems are well done in part but fail in their entirety because Spender forced them into a philosophic pattern they do not express.

"He Will Watch The Hawk," "Different Living" and "What I Expected" from Poems, 1933; all of Trial of a Judge; "The Human Situation" and "Napoleon in 1814" from The Still Centre are poems in which Spender successfully reaches his philo-
Sophic and artistic goals. They are transparent social criticism and artistically expressed poetic experience.

The evidence shows that Spender does not always follow his own rules. He is sometimes successful because he doesn't follow them and sometimes unsuccessful because he does follow them.

When Spender fails to write poetry because his verse is propaganda-like and didactic, he fails honorably. His philosophic integrity forces him to versify experiences that are not adaptable to poetic treatment. Vienna fails because it attempts to describe a political situation that is too complex and topical to make good poetry; Vienna fails as poetry just as some contemporary Russian music fails as music because it attempts to do more than art can do. The Russian composer Katchatourian tries to describe "Life on a Cooperative Farm," but succeeds in describing only "Life on a Farm." The reason for this is that music is not political and cannot express such minute topical niceties. Spender fails in Vienna because poetry cannot present specific political creeds and remain poetry. Should Spender conceive a mystic, he should easily succeed in Vienna because Spender succeeds when he allows the reader to see through concrete experiences to philosophic abstractions that are not the sole possession of any specific political party. Trial of a Judge, "The Human Situation" and "Different Living"
demonstrate that Spender can obey his own critical dictates and write transparent verse that is also poetry.

Beyond this, one can see that Spender has progressed from his 1933 Poems to his 1947 Poems of Dedication from a boyishly enthusiastic socialist, to an avowed pessimist, to a mysticist. Poems, 1933, is the most socialistic collection of Spender poems, The Still Centre the most pessimistic, and the poems of the third section of Poems of Dedication the most mystic.

The seed of mysticism can be seen in "Statistics" from Twenty Poems and in "The Human Situation" from The Still Centre. The mysticism grows in "At Night" and "The Drowned" from Ruins and Visions and flowers in "Since We Are What We Are" and "The Immortal Spirit" from Poems of Dedication.

Perhaps Spender will, in the future, become more and more mystic; if he does, he will certainly move away from some of the opinions he expressed in The New Realism. Underlying socialism is "humanism" which is after all quite opposed to mysticism. Mysticism is the disappointed humanist's last retreat. Should Spender become a mystic, he should easily cure his poetic fault of mixing politics and verse because for the true mystic political struggle is futile.
BIBLIOGRAPHY

Critical Prose


Non-Critical Prose


Translations


Verse


