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I am submitting herewith a dissertation written by Caroline C. Maun entitled "A Critical Edition of 'The Gravestones Wept' by Evelyn Scott, with Commentary and Textual Notes." I have examined the final copy of this dissertation for form and content and recommend that it be accepted in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of Doctor of Philosophy, with a major in English.

Dorothy M. Scura

Dorothy M. Scura, Major Professor

We have read this dissertation
and recommend its acceptance:

Accepted for the Council:

Associate Vice Chancellor and
Dean of the Graduate School

A Critical Edition of "The Gravestones Wept" by Evelyn Scott, with Commentary and Textual Notes

A Dissertation
Presented for the
Doctor of Philosophy
Degree
The University of Tennessee, Knoxville

Caroline C. Maun
December 1998

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Abstract

Evelyn Scott (1893-1963), born in Clarksville, Tennessee, was a novelist, poet, memoirist, playwright, and children's writer. This dissertation is a critical edition of her third and final book of poetry "The Gravestones Wept." Included, too, are a Commentary and Textual Notes. Unlike her two previous books of verse, *Precipitations* and *The Winter Alone*, "The Gravestones Wept" was not to see publication in her lifetime and was composed over three decades, from 1931 to 1960. This edition is based on the final text of "The Gravestones Wept," which follows the 1960 typescript. The Textual Notes record the developments of her revisions through three earlier versions of this manuscript. Scott aggressively sought to publish "The Gravestones Wept" from 1948 until she died in 1963. "The Gravestones Wept," then, offers a record of the mind of a once well-known artist as she struggled for purity of artistic expression while at the same time she was unable to find an audience for her work. Her isolation strongly informs the themes and the techniques of her poetry.

Acknowledgments

Paula Scott, executrix of Evelyn Scott's literary estate, graciously gave permission to publish previously unpublished manuscripts from the Evelyn Scott collections at the University of Texas and the University of Tennessee. Financial support for travel came in the form of a Durant da Ponte American Literature Fellowship from the University of Tennessee's English Department. Librarians at the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center and at the University of Tennessee Special Collections Library kindly assisted my research. Robert Welker generously shared his knowledge, experience, and hospitality; without his help this project would not have been possible. My director, Dorothy Scura, supported this project with her strong spirit and excellent advice. The manuscript benefitted from sensitive readings by B. J. Leggett, Arthur Smith, Joseph Trahern, and Jim Lloyd, members of the dissertation committee. My husband John Kress deserves special acknowledgment for his understanding and support throughout my dissertation process.

Preface

This dissertation is a critical edition of Evelyn Scott's third and final book of poetry "The Gravestones Wept." Included, too, is a Commentary, which begins on page 68, Manuscript Information, which begins on page 130, and Textual Notes, which begin on page 134. Unlike her two previous books of verse, *Precipitations* and *The Winter Alone*, "The Gravestones Wept" was not to see publication in her lifetime and was composed over three decades, from 1931 to 1960. This edition is the final text of "The Gravestones Wept," which follows the 1960 typescript. The Textual Notes record the developments of her revisions through three earlier versions of this manuscript. Scott aggressively sought to publish "The Gravestones Wept" from 1948 until she died in 1963. "The Gravestones Wept," then, offers a record of the mind of a once well-known artist as she struggled for purity of artistic expression while at the same time she was unable to find an audience for her work. Her isolation strongly informs the themes and the techniques of her poetry.

Evelyn Scott (1893-1963) began her literary career as a poet in 1918, although she developed her literary skill in all of the genres. Best known as a novelist, she also emerged as a memoirist, short story writer, essayist, and playwright, as well as a poet, over the years of her published literary production, from 1918-1951. Scott's first book was a volume of poetry, *Precipitations,* in 1920. Following that she published ten novels,

one book of short fiction, four books of fiction for children, two memoirs, and one more volume of poetry, *The Winter Alone*, in 1930. Remaining unpublished in addition to "The Gravestones Wept" are two novel manuscripts, "Escape into Living," and "Before Cock Crow" (which is incomplete), and a book of children's verse dedicated to her grandchildren, entitled "The Youngest Smiles." In addition to books Scott published many individual poems, essays, and short stories.

This edition of "The Gravestones Wept" is based on manuscripts housed in the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center at University of Texas, Austin and the Special Collections Library at the University of Tennessee, Knoxville. Those at the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center date from 1948, whereas the Tennessee manuscripts date from 1951, 1956, and 1960. The history of the changes made to the poems are recorded in the Textual Notes. Scott was a terrible speller; spelling has been silently corrected in the final edition, but it is left intact in the Textual Notes. In the text of the poems Scott's punctuation has been preserved. Scott indicates on page 2 of "The Gravestones Wept" that certain poems appeared previously in *The Nation*, *The Poetry Journal, The Mercury, The Saturday Review of Literature, The Poetry Review of London, Pagany, The Windsor Quarterly, The North Georgia Review*, and *Contempo.* Eleven of the poems in this volume were published previously in periodicals. Bibliographic information is as follows: "Woman Cycle," *American Poetry Journal*; "To a Snake in Eden," *Nation* 138 (2 February 1934): 225; "Old American Stock," *The Poetry Review* 42 (London,1951): 157-59; "Pike's Peak," *Contempo* c.1932; "Apocrypha: To all Negro Poets Now Alive," *Saturday Review of Literature* 21 (17 February 1940): 8; "She Dies,"

The Saturday Review of Literature 32 (29 January 1949): 10; "Opus Ten Billion," *North Georgia Review* 4 (Autumn 1939): 42; "Ancient and Modern," *The Windsor Quarterly* c. 1933; "Ennui," *Pagany* 1,2 (April-June 1930): 65; "To Artists of Every Land," *Saturday Review of Literature* 31 (22 May 1948): 20; "Blue Moon," published as "Ivory Tower," *The Poetry Review* 42 (London, Sept.-Oct. 1951): 283; "Survival," *Saturday Review of Literature* 36 (6 June 1953): 13.

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The Gravestones Wept

by

Evelyn Scott

One morning Sally went out for a walk around the cemetery. It was a dull day in March, with a low pressing sky, and ground and air were sodden, as if they could have been wrung out like a sponge. The gravestones wept in half-congealed, greasy mist . . . A lady in black was bending over the grave next but one to Captain Sturt's and snipping at the grass with a pair of shears . . . . Presently she said, "Aren't you frightened of all these graves?" "No," said Sally proudly. "Of course not, I live here."

Sally by John Metcalfe

Certain of these poems in this volume have appeared in *The Nation*, *The Poetry Journal*, *The Mercury*, *The Saturday Review of Literature*, *The Poetry Review of London*, *Pagany*, *The Windsor Quarterly*, *The North Georgia Review*, and *Contempo*.

To Creighton Seeley Scott, author and painter

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Woman Cycle
—1933—

In the grandmother's garden
In the South,
Spring came early,
But the water in the fountain basin
Was like brown autumn
The year round.
There six goldfish stagnated
And delicately burned the shadows
With their dreaming fins.

The garden wall was adamantly high.
The girl was afraid.
She ran six steps toward the locked gate.
She listened for the moon.
It rose up solemn,
Sending down its secret
From another place.

The moon,
Like a shallow mirror,
Hung from a chimney,
While in the strange road
Lost people passed,
Speaking inscrutably
Of future times.

2

In the freshness of morning
Clean sand was awake.
The frivolous, small fiddler crabs
Took charge of dawn.
At that hour,
Every little creature,
Reaching from its tomb,
Demanded its freedom.

In piney corridors along the shore
Were twenty-thousand masts of ships,
Casting leagues of shadow
For their anchorage,
Deep into the dainty silence
Of the sea.

At night,
The girl slept restlessly,
Dreading the visions
That betrayed, to her, reality—
A reality so much her own,
But tenuous,
The manifests as yet too frail . . .

3

In the glass, in her room,
She had surprised her silken belly,
Hollowed hips, and white-stemmed legs.
Before this image
She moved stealthily,
Uneasy with an Unknown sacred to her,
Whom she dared not quite approve.

4

What carved the faces of the poor
Into such bitter effigies?
What knowledge of her ignorance
Impelled them to reject her?
Their brute words of insult
Left her accused of her unlikeness to them,
And this,
With the sin of her grace,
Began to trouble her.

Was it for something false in her father
The poor despised her?
Had her mother offended their need?
Because her grandfather was lavish with trinkets,
Must she deny him, who, of all, was the most kind?
Should an old man be broken
Because of destitution somewhere?
Was life, for her, to be an atonement

For lacks in her elders?

5

Loving her,
Forgiving her dissimilarity,
Her grandfather died.
Coveting her love,
Begrudging her the love of others,
Her grandmother, also, died;
While, for a space,
Haunting her in the eyes of her mother,
Whom her father did not love,
And who loved her daughter
With disappointed passion,
Until death
Removed life's sting,
And the meager thing she had relinquished
Became the larger
That it was renounced.

6

Quiet the young heart!
Make it beat less!
Will the girl be a slave forever?
Is she bound to her nameless hopes?
When dawn rises higher than darkness,
Her elation leaps with it,
In pain of delight!

The moon is heavy on the garden.
Foliage wastes, swamps smoulder,
The world is brass.
What is there in her that refuses resignation?
She is tired of her body.
It might as well be given away.
Shall she consign it to mankind?
Or shall the business end with gas, a rope,
Her father's pistol?

Pity her, Moon,
As you shed your light
On forgetful Creation!
Deliver the too-alive!

Teach her for the last time.

She has read the words of Juliet,
Who was fourteen years old.
She is older, but not much,
Yet some day she will be thirty—forty!
Do not abandon her to the years.
No sweet assassin seeks her, Moon!
Send him.
This is the ripe moment.

7

He is no faceless murderer with hairy loins.
He is the boy next door,
Who reconnoitres her over the fence,
And resents her,
Since she wants more than compliments,
And more than he,
With hands and lips,
Can offer her in tribute.

8

In the strong hush of morning,
She awakens to the sun as to a welcome,
And the scales of her blindness
Are the silver of cloud.

She has finished with people,
And trusts only an animal speechlessness
She seems to share.
Still, as she breathes,
She does ecstatic justice to the air,
The attainment of each mid-day is a progress,
She spends herself humbly with the afternoon,
Feeling even gnats and mosquitoes,
Traveling their lives,
Best belong where they are.
And her greed to be of the world,
And to be everything in it,
Declines happily, with successive twilights,
To a final instant before nightfall
When it is a pleasure to be nothing at all.

9

The young hunger.
Youth starves in a coffin she will shatter.
She goes to libraries to read,
And sits in awe and disappointment with Confucius,
And in bafflement and awe with the Buddha.
Plato, Aristotle and Spinoza
Tell her, at length, of a knowledge eventually to be hers.
She is up to Berkeley, Hume,
The eighteenth, then the nineteenth century,
And remains a ghost, contemplating shadows.

She is what youth has been and is to be,
And is not cured! . .
Did some sickness of the planets
Enter into her at birth?

10

Wherever thought is shaped by living,
She senses life.
So spring has not ceased to tease her with promises,
And she can be wrecked, as ever,
By trees surprised in brilliant bloom.

The moon-filmed nights of summer,
Vast in isolated sculpturing,
Fill every lap save hers,
And can overwhelm her
With mere echoes of her own light tread.

Autumn, to one so tender,
Is a cold hell.
And as winter blesses with oblivion,
Its ravishment of white fields
Becomes too bitter-beautiful to be endured.

11

But there has been a carpenter in Nazarus
As untaught as she is,
And he has not despised women.
And though her reason
Has robbed him of his godhead,
She wishes to resemble him,

And make of her emotions
A mission to mankind.

She would be a Socialist
—a radical of some sort—
And sacrifice herself
For humanity's sake!
And she longs for the holocaust
In which the poison of mortality
Will be consumed.

12

She would have squandered every smallest wonder
Of her young existence,
Her urge to song, the tears she wept,
Her blood—!

This was not enough!
They wanted bread.
She had flung herself into the fire
From which no phoenix arises,
And she is grateful to him who comes
Saying, "I will take your gifts."

13

Now, at last, she is with child,
And with beauty in every part of her,
Her heart, lungs, mind and belly together
Are fashioning the infant she is to bear,
And knowledge has become for her
How to do what she must with perfection.

14

Whom did she affront in his birth?
Were her agonies their revenge?
Who was jealous of her pride and contentment?
Whose tyranny has tortured her child into life?
She would have had him emerge
From her dream into the world,
Smiling . . .

Instead, they are like strangers,
Mutually alarmed,

Able only to mingle their cries of protest
Against an alien surrounding
Hostile to both.
And as his sucking lips
Drink avidly of her being,
She knows she has done him a wrong
For which her milk can be no compensation,
Though gentleness is at its source.

15

She is still young
When the years begin to deal with her stealthily.
And as she weaves for her son
The garment he is to wear among men,
She remembers how soon she, also,
Grew satiate with affection,
And it seems to her she forges
From her very entrails,
The knife ready to his hand,
And for her heart.

Once she was without guile,
But convinced he will desert her,
She is twisted to a purpose
And considers bargaining again
With a father,
Before existence can become as empty
As her womb.

Was it thus
—she asks—
Women first deceived?

16

What gods concede absolution
For the sin of loving too many?
She is replenished,
But parenthood is a divided universe,
And while the male has sowed seeds at random,
She has been building her children a home
Foreordained to dissolution . . .

17

The flesh has lied!
Joy, recollected,
Is like the memory of a crime!
Amidst these lewd and lean of spirit,
Who reverences her truth?
Chant with her raucously, O, winds.
Shout last obscenity!
Deride her though you may,
Time tells implacably
Without a word . . .

18

Little first child,
—wanderer—
Hail!
From the dead love comes wisdom,
And perhaps wisdom will take root here.
Is this grassy hillock
Already a grave in flower? . . .

To a Snake in Eden
—1934—

I follow the preying, innocent eyes of you,
Nursemaid of loathing,
As you wind your monstrous wish
In the rim of the nest
And descend the tree unfuriously,
The young bird's heart already beating
In your iron throat.

Glide on to the next disaster,
You born so forgetful,
You have given horror its home.
You are the very bowels of a thought
Brought hideously to life by sun.
You had sunk your deep fang in my sorrow
Long before we met.

So you who are the very shape of unbelief,

Having wounded a summer,
Slip out of Eden!
Purveyor of hospital murders,
Yet comfortable with the grass and silence,
Has faith itself perhaps been nourished
By some memory of the wavering pillar of your body
In its liquid stone? . . .

Scientific Commonplace
—1940—

A ceaselessly respiring life
Unfolds before the fluoroscope,
As lungs are dwindled, mean with grief,
Or bellows-brightened by the lift of hope;
While in the boney thicket of the diaphragm
The trapped heart struggles
Like some lost and senseless lamb.

Blood paces and slow arteries pound,
Speeding the thought that may outlast its time
And when the labyrinthine nerves are still,
Invisibly continue to proclaim the will,
Although the brain from which thought sprang
Be less than dust,
And cloudy flesh, now dimly seen
In metamorphosis by liver, bladder, spleen,
Has fallen as it must;
And the pelvis, like the skeleton of hands outspread
To bless the head of the unborn,
Has crumbled, and the tree and fruit
Are both long dead . . .

Yet split these vessels
In which joy and tenderness abide,
And wherein sorrow, rapture and ambition hide,
And drain, with cruel, cryptic knife, each vein,
Until mere ligaments are left,
—a skein to fling to chaos!—
If what remain be but a mangled and misshapen thing,
Of this is miracle:
Dark power of living immanent in death!

Death present indeflectibly
In every transient human breath!

Old American Stock
—1939—

The old man on the apple-barrel
Shut his jackknife and lay down
When they began to build the town.
He cautiously abandoned whittling
When the undertaker said,
"Please hurry! Here's a comfortable bed!"
And he stretched himself at length
To muse, instead, upon some vis-à-vis
Among the stars . . .

Since then, new city lights have blenched the clouds,
And people have all vanished from their shrouds,
Where once rustling corn, half-seen,
Nightly, caught dim reflections from the windows
Of the general store
And the illumined druggist's vials next door;
And now there are other trials
Accompanied by a stench of gasoline,
As filling-station salesmen guide a nation
Along routes designed for regiments in cellophane.

And at the World's Fair, nineteen-thirty-nine,[1]
The neon signs and sputtering electric fountains glow
More brightly than the fronts of pharmacies
Of years ago;
And nixies burble,
From loud-speakers by the lake,
Of late and modish cures for stomach-ache,
Or brawl,
From the veranda of the Hickory Bacon Palace,
In praise of Nibbly Candies,

---

[1]The World's Fair, located in Queens in New York City in 1939, was particularly famous for its garish promotion of technology through commercialism.

That, by model manufactury, translate Alice
Into a fresh Wonderland
And a vernacular not at the old man's command.
—among cracker-boxes, gingersnaps and farming-tools,
his defunct cronies sat and cogitated,
sighed and spat . . .
Today, an amazed crowd gapes at the Duffield Dairy Cows;[2]
The Red Queen, standing on a soap-box, vows
Hand-milking poisons.
Here patent milkers pump depravity from herds
Subdued by scientific words
Unknown to elk and buffalo . .
—still we detect a smell combined of starch and calico
from Mother Hubbards dangling in a row,
like ghosts of female suicides, escaping Hell
and returned to deride male counterparts,
alive and yet despised,
outcast from modern, liberal arts . . .
Meanwhile, within the Perisphere,[3]
In mystic gloom,
Beneath the rondures of a Moslem's tomb,
The disembodied voice of Mr. H. V. Kaltenborn talks on
In understatement to the music of the spheres
—or rather radio, that gives our folk-ways punch and go—
About the march of youth,
And someone offers time-proof roofing
Not procurable before . . .
—and lanterns fixed in timbered grooves,
shake to a thud of horses' hooves;
a stranger, cynosure of philosophic eyes,
stamps in, slaps snowflakes from his thighs,
and pulls the gum-drop stopper
from the coal-oil tin . . .

---

[2]This is perhaps a reference to the Borden Dairy Company exhibit at The World's Fair which consisted of a "Rotolactor"— a revolving stage where cows were mechanically milked. The emphasis was on the hygienic delivery of the product.

[3]The Perisphere, along with the Trylon, comprised the most visible structures of The World's Fair in 1939-40. Within the Perisphere was an exhibit of "Democracity"—the American city of tomorrow, which included a central city and suburbs, connected by what we would now recognize as an interstate highway. H.V. Kaltenborn was ubiquitous as a radio personality of the time.

around, the furtive drifts shift to and fro,
and winter listens as men think,
tilt up the cider-jug and drink,
and are unmindful of the opera-bouffe
soon to immortalize with truth
the uniting of comrade Stalin
and the advertising boss . . .[4]

For the old man on the apple-barrel
Shut his jackknife and lay down
When they began to build the town,
And had small use for him;
And he was thankful for a bed,
And for the spotless coverlid December spread
Above him . . .
And when spring broke earth's crust,
He was glad of his dust,
As the earth was a thing he understood,
And his coffin, at least, was authentic good wood.
He was simple and plain,
His wants never vain, . . .
—he has no wish to live again—

In Youth, Our Hope: Youth Movement
—1938—

I

Impervious young,
We watch your midges' dance about time's brink
As you turn on the radio, to chatter and to drink.
At Junior Proms, when you convene in metal-furnished rooms
With those who would assist the preparation
Of the harvests of your tinny wombs,
Your virgin bosoms heave pneumatic sighs,
And even tears, occasionally, slip from your vacant
Lustrously mascarraed eyes.
Ah, Juliet! Ah, Marguerite!
You will not die at sweet sixteen:

---

[4]A prominent exhibit at the Fair in 1939 was the Union of Soviet Socialist Republics building–a very showy structure with large representations in profile of Lenin and Stalin.

Your deaths were terrible and slow,
And happened long ago.
How greener than mere natural reeds and grass
Are rushes made of canvas, paint and wire
By a dramatic class!
Like new Europas,
Rebound to the wheel of speed,
You shriek delightedly with every revolution,
So assured are you, you cannot bleed.
Yet somehow, where all pulse-beats are a brazen drum,
Spring that is grief and glory has refused to come.
It is the loveliest season,
But its compounding of gossamer joy and Delphic woe
Is not for little goddesses of men who run the dynamo.

2

Great Dead,
Tormented, crucified
For steadfast vision,
By the multitude who lie,
Look out on Hades!
Beat those burning, broken wings
Against these walls!
Here are housed fillies in their stalls!
They have read Dostoevski as a credit-count,—
But was he Metro-Goldwyn or a Paramount?
They're Christian misses, though with superstition done
Their sociology annuls all risk of martyrdom.

Great Dead,
Who have foretold the future
In perfected retrospects,
You sow no seed in virgin wombs,
Yet maybe in some dreary pub
An aged drab, communing with her beer,
Broods, on the rim of thought,
Life writ in agonies
As you have writ yourselves:
She drinks her fill,
And suddenly her cup is sweetened,
And you have your audience still.
Wisdom abides in old, scathed arteries.

All is Vanity, Sayeth the Preacher
—1943—

South wind is water, and the cup of jade,
As once more little humans wake to sip
The vessel that has snow upon its lip
And over-flows with steel green, knife-cool shade.
Its surging calm like lakes where children wade,
The burnished grain pours on the mountain's hip
A fertile torrent without seam or rip,
From fields man's stressful springtime labors made.

This is illusion's season, those will say
Who fear to taste of Lethe in today!
Drink quickly, then, lest tyrant mind,
Forever aping God, become unkind,
And leave your senses but a bitter brew
Compounded of such summer dawn and dew.

Pike's Peak
—1932—

The shell-frail sky but wanly holds
The large, sad sagging of the mountain's pleats,
Its sumptuous, arid, granite folds.
Below, the trite town squats,
Commemorating the puerility of man,
And silly motor-cars, on silken ribbons of paved streets,
Shoot by between the stucco villas,
Contrived, with aimless tawdriness,
From treasure of degutted stone.

Yet better no despising word be spoken,
As the bare trees, in a quick divinity of nakedness,
Flash in the melting rapture of the west,
And sun, dwelling at last in mist,
Is rosy as a robin's breast,
While majesty that does not sneer

—so mild sublimity,
though terrible
and near! —
Beams kindly on the name of Pike,
Where high, high, high,
Are haunches of the shriveled earth
Refusing birth
To less than greater worlds than ours.

Out of half-hidden ranges, in their chill, residual hue
Of grape-dark mourning, signals dusk,
And lamps in houses are like grave-sweat dew
As the remaining light flies swift from day's abysmal edge
To saturate a single alabaster ledge.

Goodnight to Pike!
There is no evil and no good up there,
No cowardice, no bravery.
Too utter for these late comparatives
Such swollen grandeur of rock chastity!

Come, storm, dragging shadow over ambered glitter
Along roads on which the motors twitter!
Come, vast sorrowless sorrow of the evening,
To salute the life that was before the living
And a cruelty that anteceded crime!
Soon time will fade, too, in that angry blue,
In the bitter silver of the snow.
The land has spoken. We need never speak again.
It has all been said for us and the dead.
This peak is end, and it will take no future imprint
Save from glimmers cast by passing stars . . .

Apocrypha
To negro poets, living and dead
—1939—

Sometimes I feel like a motherless child,
Where rue grows fast and hemlock wild
As brambles in a ditch.
Swing low, sweet chariot;

Let me be carried upon song
A long way from home.

Rush on, Great Wings,
While black and white
Dance, golden-shod,
About your flight.
Lead, Moses! Tell all peoples, "Go!"
On love upborne as Jesus' Grace
Flings rainbows over barren space.
Down here is only a dark river murmuring.

Deep river, crossed upon a sigh,
Our drownéd eyes still search for sky.
O, Sister, do not mourn
To find our dank hair floating by.
O, Brother, of such nothingness we are
As is the moonlight and the star.
Roll Jordan! We are as the sand
That silts to make a foreign land.
We are resigned.

Races no longer undefiled
Will never waken to the piercing, mild
Encouragement of Gabriel's horn,
Or see old Jordan rift lethargic mud
And pour, in morning-riven flood,
Toward tides Eternity becalms . . .

We weep. He never said a mumblin' word,
And yet His silence can be heard!
O, let us steal away . . .

Innocent Life

1
—1934—
This happened before!
These pines, bewildering the afternoon
With sad, dark cloud;

These leaves, stirring so recollectingly
On relaxed vines,
Were in some former place.
In this moment of terrible plenitude
—of grass, seed, rich foliage and ripe pod,
all drunken in forgetful sun—
The generations of indignant are absent,
And the flesh is no longer accused . . .

Oh, well I know how little it counts
Who wrenches fruit from boughs over-loaded!
Yet the hour is one for mortal love—
The least, best thing sprung from summer,
And doomed —*gloriously*!

2
—1938—
The roads are brands on dead flesh,
The brooks lie limp and austere,
Frozen ponds are pools of sugar,
The sleek roofs of farms
Drip crystal above unpeopled houses,
And deer, running the uplands,
Tread with hooves the leaf-mould beds
Soundlessly,
Their wild flight somber,
Like silence itself.

Pure-limbed hill,
Stark to winter rain-tears,
Snow dappling your flanks
Like a melted accretion of antiquity,
You are but bared of deception.
Here child and man can weep together,
Emptied of years' meanings;
Yesterday's grief gathered with tomorrow's,
Kindly, kindly—
As those are kind
Who do not cease to speak of death.

On Behalf of the Inarticulate
Commemorating a Rejected Magazine Article
Dealing with the Need for both Socialized
Medicine and Private Medical Practice
—1940—

Outside the narrow window begins sky
In which devouring and devoured
Can venture speculatively
Only a little way;
Inside is meager, artificial day
Supplied to those who compute joys
In terms of dimes and cents:
The sole adornment on an enigmatic wall,
The picture of the model prison
Completed by the State last fall
On land whereon the heart itself
Is over-trodden ground.

Petitioners before this bar
Are left to concentrate unwillingly
Upon a general doubt of life,
And Miss Rivera
—with the violet-shadowed
Spanish eyes—
Lifts her thick, beaded lashes,
Gnaws the lipstick on her trembling mouth,
Undoes her leopard jacket,
And—
since Justice is a racket—
Resigns herself to worlds in which there can be nothing kind.
While even the hygienic drinking-fountain in a corner
Whispers through the close, submissive air,
Of the despair that comes
When you have done your time.

And the stenographer whose dimples
Struggle through her acne pimples,
Scans disdainfully these bitter meek
Who stand forever at a barricaded door,
And tells the Carib with the scar,
"Don't you know where you are? Sit down!"
And she minces off with a display of bosoms

That were salients in a disappointing year.

And the Carib, hugging to his chest the letter that he cannot read,
Sinks, gingerly, upon a chair
And tugs distraughtly at his stallion's hair,
And stares—
    remembering what furtive deed,
    by hut in thicketing of thatch,
    its gaping threshold without latch
    wide to a blinding swell of sea?
And Miss Rivera again watches space contract to *this*!
Space like a claustrophobic fist
That gripped her a decade ago
And holds her—*so*!
When *this* has got you
    —and you cannot rebegin—
You have to take it on the chin!
And she fidgets with her costume jewelry
As flamboyant as a poster for a brewery,
And sighing, soon forgets to sigh
    —in thought removed
    and in another place,
    the altar candle-light upon her face,
    and she as pale as her communion clothes . . .
And an official, munching apples,
Slaps a dreary youth upon the back,
Assuring him, "The job is gone. You are too late!
"Be here next week. Don't let ambition flag, but wait,"
And vanishes into Nirvanas of officialdom
Within a further room,
Whence issues the rapacious ticking of a clock
The youth can hear, as it consumes the wasted hours.
He thirsts for beer. The Carib clutches tight his Rosary
    —-and silver wind blows stunningly
    in a raft's sail,
    and naked feet on wet, lashed logs
    are agile as a frog's,
    as morning trumpets from the water-spout
    and fish that greet it leap about
    among the bland, slow waves . . .
And a portly clerk in glasses
Genuflects to three fat asses
In conclave by a cuspidor,

Who spit with sated worldliness,
Since they have seen it all before,
Have run for city posts,
And presently, will run once more . . .
—-and a freighter,
creeping around Battery Point,
blasts the doomed evening
with a sorrowful, judicial horn,
shaking from apathy
the wandering forlorn in Battery Park . . .
the fog is ripped
and constellations faint and far
slip through
from vistas unattainably remote and blue . . .
The Carib looks about in innocent amaze,
And starting, mutters, in adoring craze;
And Miss Rivera, with abruptly heightened fear,
Surmises how long the foreign nut's been out — and queer!
And in her deep, strange pain in being here,
She steels herself with a last cigarette,
And tip-toes to the fountain
To imbibe from a new, sterile paper cup.
She has to keep herself alive!
She does her stuff in cabaret at five
And she has cooled her heels since one.
But there's no use kicking!
Yes, the Carib is now weeping openly . . .

"That fellow has been up the river,
Ruined himself exactly as at first,
And hasn't either hat or overcoat!"
An entering clerk explodes,
With belly-laughter testifying to his rational doctrine.
"You can't convince the fool his praying is a total loss,
"He hangs on, anyhow, to his damn Cross!
I hope, sister, you have common sense.
Some folks like you have fantasies I call immense."

And though Miss Rivera cautiously declines to speak,
And merely nods,
The clerk detects her perfume reek,
And recognizes Woman,
Despite intervening acres of red-tape,

While she, with melting glance and stony brain,
Confronts familiarly, in mood insane,
The Ape in Man . . .
and if the whitening glimmer on dark water
is as constant as the grief man brought her,
thus does splendid night
beget all light . . .

Portrait in a Cafeteria
—1940—

Old man, the past forever at your throat,
You ache with knowledge you will never state
Of griefs and joys beyond you to translate:
Your pulse beats now upon a muted note,
And grimly you refuse to speculate,
Seeing, in death ahead, deceitful fate,
The single certainty in worlds afloat.

You think it cannot matter what you say,
And fix your feet upon the stoic's way:
Cast from you are opinionated speech,
And dreams, once fiery texts from which to preach!
Still flaming anguish at your bitter core,
Rejecting *this*, insists again on *more.*

She Dies
—to my mother, Maud Thomas Dunn, died 1940—
—1940—

Stunned looks of patience have recast this face:
The brow is stern, serene, augustly high,
Remolding from exhausted commonplace
The setting for the visionary eye
That dimly and aloofly scans this race
It loves no more;—these lips forebear to lie!
These fever-breathing nostrils scent the grace,
The air, the cold nobility of sky!

The travail of the years still mounts, until
This bitter mouth is hers who drinks her fill,
At last, and drains a goblet of pure snow:
The glance acknowledging the end too slow,
Unfathomable, like the moon's clear stare,
Making her pillow terrible and fair.

To Lola Ridge: Poet
—died, 1942—

Celestial mariners whose stars none see
Must ponder mortals as you meditated me.
Gay and unasking giver, ill yet strong,
Nun-lover of the earth, aloof yet warm,
Child-sage whose spirit was immunity to harm.
No furtive pang of loneliness could lure to lies
A heart that knew no grudging mood,
A mind that, with chaste, sweet solicitude,
Bestowed its insights, burningly precise and pure.
Too frank for consort with evasive meek,
Her wisdom's feast was spread on wayside stone
And ripped by many a harpy beak.
She embraced simply sorrow's taste of iron . . .

Her eyes, so lucent, luminous and grave,
Still out-gaze time and change,
Their gallantry eternal:
The eyes of vision, steadfast, brave!
Such valiant eyes—the very eyes of Good!

Many Mansions
(To my grandfather, the late Oliver Milo Dunn,
born Terre Haute, died New Orleans, 1922)
—1941—

My Father's house is starry with a vernal frost
And brims with sounds of prayer;
Its aisles like stone-wreathed paths

Along a sacred wood,
Evoking, as the autumn fades into November's drear,
Memories of the graves of the forgotten good;
And I recall again—how late!—
An old man, selfless, reticent and kind,
And do not find his homespun ghost amiss
Amidst a worshipped host
Companioned by the glories of the Papal State,
Since he, no less than these,
Withstood the world's betrayals, judged not others,
And yet judged himself with an inexorably clear mind.

What Bourne?
—1937—

1

O, illusion of self adored in another,
Was myself the moment of love given—
The man loved, child loved, the mother, father, friend?
Has what I am now been wrenched from my flesh?
Is it I, bleeding, I tear up by its roots
From the ancient soil of the past,
With a wail of stricken senses,
Mine, yet mine no longer?

2

Wind of the morning,
Rippling over the city roofs to the sea,
Where dark salt fountains spurt and break,
O, slake the thirsts of this mortality!
Sweep us away
From sight of house-tops, streets and throngs,
To solitary shores
Where rugged rock withstands the shock
Of marbled, silvering attacks,
As quaking mountains pile their snowy racks
Upon ineffable graves!

Let us enter nothing, not as meager bones and dust,
But by spending ourselves upon annihilation generously,
Like the turbulent, terrible waves!
Here hope frets us to extinction:

Better to be tossed, torn, rent with blows
That wrest apart submissive mind and heart!
These are not living whom mere ignominy saves!

3

Snow only adumbrates a further purity,
However sable night,
Beyond it, deeper nights abound.
We have exceeded our tensed senses
And detect a note more remote than the bat's cry,
Yet it may prove but the Cosmic hush
Ascending, as before, from horrible, familiar ground.

Part II

Nineteen-Forty-One

1

Street

To us who had sought long
For prophecy or song
To mute the mutter of machines,
There came,
In the small silence of an empty street,
A bird note! It was sweet!
And there flowed in upon us, once again, that day,
A breath from wide, green living lands
A million miles and years away . . .

2

Neighborhood

The lineaments of dark
Were in the blue;
The windows leaped forth,
Lighted to an angrier hue.
Folk chattered, screamed and shouted,
The radios blared stertorously.
Dogs barked with irritation,
Cats complained, off-key,
Cars blasted canyon streets with sound,
As overhead, in a pellucid wilderness,
The ignored stars began to ripen.

Conniving, secret, all below—
But there above,
Midst roiling snow,
Lay open,
Bare as your own hand,
The mystery no man can understand!

Deus ex Machina
—1939—

Devouring darkness frets the fields,
A crack like lightning sunders heaven,
The mountains rock and sway and shake
With bodings worse than an earthquake.

This trembling glow in which the dead
Grope from their graves
Like folk aroused from bed
Greets the strange quenching of the Star.
The cattle gallop from their barns and low afar,
And birds like mice are flittering in panic-ecstasy.
A cock crows thrice! But wise men,
Stumbling forth to scan the sky,
Learn from it only what the storm-racks tell of rain.

Not yet such solace! Grain bends, pale and bleak,
Upon a tide of drought,
And harrying sand blows from the desert south,
Until the land upheaves into a whirling sea,
And poor folk, fleeing things more dreadful than their poverty,
In wind-threshed rags, seek, with shrill cries, in vain,
For shelter on the tossed and vacant plain
Where man returns to beast,
And camels in the caravan that brings the bridegroom
To the wedding-feast
Cavort and snarl with lions' roars,
And tent-props crash,
And the meek ember of the nomad's fire
Sinks into ash;
While flocks, like drifting snowfalls, bleat
And the shepherd who forgets the wandering lamb
Beats his bare breast,
And peering into space like soot,
Watches the spinning thorn-bush
Upflung, bleeding, from its mangled root,
As by the shattered manger,
Mary searches for her Child,
And Joseph laments mortal grief
The Unknown Friend, so mighty and so terrible,
Can never mend, since all now blindly die

As they were blindly born . . .

At last, the morning!
The sun rises late,
And shines down searingly
On vomitings of hate—
On factory monoliths and city towers!

City, Awaken!
—1940—

We have forgotten the young moon's thready gleam
Across the mild, starred dusk.
We have forgotten ripened autumn
When the harvest's symbol waxes round and warm
Above the evening quiet of each farm
Where cattle stand in leafy rust,
Amidst haze risen from the tempered dust
Of our mortality.

We have forgotten—
As from springs of gall gone bitter and half-dry
We drink, with metal lips awry,
Our wormwood and aoesfediti,
And ever-traveled roads resound
With joyless animation less than life,
While calloused multitudes still pound
The swards of artifice on leaden feet.
There are left to us these lees of sorrow,
Yet we give no look toward welcoming ground.
Such stridence is our anodyne.

Break heart and open iron eye,
And let disorder's human cry
Bespeak the flesh, the earth, the sky!
Sinews grown taut as laboring steel
Regain no pliancy upon the rack and wheel;
There nerves that flex no longer feel.
We are the dead who are about to die!

O, weep! Let tears reflecting blue

Restore to heaven its candid hue,
That numbered coins be laid no more
Upon the drugged lids of futility.

Escape from Industry: Jones Beach, 1940

The misery of the hour was such
As could not cure itself except with long sleep.
The neon signs had usurped day's departed sun;
Their swift reflections crashed the water's floor
Like bright discharges from a silent gun,
And stars delivered to electric light
Were eyes that blink because they see no more.

Then dusk's deliberation became tide,
Unraveling lines of white about our naked feet,
And as we plunged, deep dark on breast,
We struck out neither east nor west
Upon a current of cold ecstasy:
Before us, sky, so splendidly immutable,
Behind us, land —
the changing land
that sank away,
already yielding
in unnoticed sand!
Yet even at a quarter-mile from shore
We caught a *husha-husha* sound
traveling,
lost . . .
And as the night grew rankly still,
There rose from it
The pulse-beat of a living will—
At last! . . .

Apostasy
—1942—

Let us sing unto the Lord
And perhaps he will hear us, small

And like the hum of gnats though is the call,
Through over-audible Creation,
Of souls at prayer, from whom is wrung the Word.
Come, Thought, and with an angel's sword
Annihilate the reenactors of man's fall!
Save the new-born! Cut the bloody cord!
The Lord is in his Holy Temple—
Lo, the sterile throbbing of the dynamo
Has drowned the varied human voice!
Duplicity has slain the age,
And now, like bee and ant in muted drill,
The sycophant and dullard erect hive and hill,
Their unanimity mere ignorance of choice.
Industrious parasites have led the way
And invade nature and insult the day,
While Golom's hypocrites beguile the silenced multitudes,
With hope of Heaven to be attained
By methods subtle, vile,
And debased Christians supplicate their Molochs.

But rust creeps in that will corrode
These hearts that love their steel abode.
Machines must hasten with their song
Lest chaos' reign be over-long:
Time can build only on the free,
Strong in the spirit's liberty.

Opus Ten Billion
—1938—

If I could build me an arc in the blue
Where the sounds of the city fly under
Like lost birds screaming through a dark forest—
If I could dream again!

But the thought of purity is dire,
And we who would flourish as eagles
Are punished . . .
We cannot, like Ulysses,
Follow yonder star in its fleece

To a home at the end of our days:
Twilights are forbidden us,
And we search the fragments left us
—search like dustmen turning over rubbish—
For the remnants of our silences
And the thought discarded
That was to make a new world.
And if we find a jewel in this offal,
We hide it in our bosom,
Where, though it blaze bright and cold as Venus,
It burns us like a sore.
For the pride that was to be the staff of our years
Bends like some rubber bludgeon
And is a poor defense . . .

Yet as we breathe bitter space
And scent its snowfalls,
Maybe the companioning night will lift us up,
And the grief corroding us
Will twist our veins into knots of iron,
And the anger of our dying
Strip rot from our carcasses as with flame.

Let us be deliberate, O, gods!
Let intention be writ upon our foreheads!
Our births were taken out of our hands—
Let us gird ourselves for death
Knowingly! . . .

The Evening Came
—1941—

The light along the grass grew still
As if the world had lost its will.
Each leaf and bough was painted bright
And yet seemed touched with night.
The land was emptying of day,
And where the living were,
The life of everything was far away.
God's last look on the world
Was like a mighty flag unfurled,

Then joy in all creation died,
And evening crept on us and cried
Like a child who weeps as it sleeps,
Or like a soul bereft of Grace,
And anguished for the morning's unimpassioned face.

Lost World: The First Defeat
—1937—

I have been lonely, I have been among men.
Now, stammering, I try to speak to God again.

Slow Time, the python-strangler of the heart,
Has crushed this thought to dust.
My senses have been shed as husk,
Where was life here? What joy, what bane,
Stirred in me grandeur that ennobled death?
What made of the very transience of my breath
A paradoxical sublimity?

Wound me, lash me,
That I may be mad who am too sane,
And see our midnight
Only by the cold illumination of abstractive brain!
Belief was in the blood—the blood full of crimes!
The veins of the old are like split peas after drought,
And ashes and dust is the word in their mouth.
The old are delusion consummate,
Rebuking youth, since in them is its fate!

O, God, who began granite
From whom eons roll away
Until all being is a day—
Say why the generations are new-born
To question and to end as we,
Forlorn? . . .
We would not be as when folk coaxed forth spring with charms,
Saw centaurs and heard mermaids sing.
We reject oracles, divine no more in cryptic runes,
Consult no alchemist, no spell of witch by sea-ruled dunes;
Yet flesh ignored is not renounced,

And merely drops into unexorcised decay.

Let us outdistance desecration!
Let us, who are the voiceless, celebrate the spirit's wakening,
And rededicate the mystery around us
Who are but textbooks on matter,
Whose mathematics multiply extinctions!
O, God, we ask that when they seek us in the morning
And we are not there,
We may be everywhere . . .

Ennui
—1933—

1

The world has gone pale and old
Under its film of gold:
The world, having lost its roots in me,
Is matter now . . .
Not a bush, not a taut bough,
But feels the frigid, abstract breath.
Beneath a brassy ray,
The withered fields turn grey,
The snow upon them shaped for stale footprints only.
This numbed purity of unstained blue
Is too impersonal a hue.
To the young, love be the most,
For the rest is tepid boast!
Long lives pass in the fear of hunger
And of death . . .

2

In purple fathoms
Where the eyeless ones turn timid
And retreat,
There are . . .

Gentlemen and ladies
Petal-picking teeth from skulls,
Hairs from corpses . . .
—he loves me,

he loves me not,
he loves me not—
The sea is a decorative theme for painters,
And on Sundays,
Religion is an afterthought to roast and dessert.

Does Marx know what it is like
Under the terror whitening the beaches,
Under the dread widening the skies?
—there are, beside, the Communists!—
Speak to the silver-fringed
Whose blood runs cold!
Talk to them about Russia!
They will answer swiftly, silently
From the forbidden deeps.

3

Those white gates are still wide
In invitation:
There lies the way of peace,
Up the pure path spread
From garret to mountain-top.
Among extinct craters,
Birds of Paradise still flutter icy wings.
Yes, age is mild and cold.

4

A generation of lovers forgets hunger,
And a hungry generation scoffs at its own loves,
Yet hunger fed grows again into hunger unappeased,
And from the sating of one drunken want
Spring a thousand new appetites.
So is freedom built with the crust
That, once devoured,
Supplies strength for fresh enslavements!

A Serious Parody: Retort to W. H. Auden
—1939—

Though the man with the sheep-dog tramps the wold
And still the heather covers moors with purple elegies,

Britain—they say!—is acquisitive and vile,
Is evil, and—like every evil—old!
Yes, Britain —they say—is crafty and grey,
And the milling thousands swarming over Ludgate Hill
Are puppets propelled by the will
Of feudal lords and grasping bourgeoisie
Who rule the waves far beyond Blackfriars and Waterloo,
And far beyond the draw that lets the red-sailed smacks slip through
The fog, as it steals portions of Tower Bridge.
Upon the Wiltshire plains—they say—the somber druid stones
But mark the sacrifices of a thousand generations' bones;
And in London winters when the Thames is black amidst banked snow,
Men walk in treachery from Billingsgate to Pimlico;
And however often evening settles, like the grapes' bloom,
With deceptive peace, on St. James Park,
We are yet urged to remember Britain's policies are devious and dark!

Big Ben—they tell us—is already set to strike the hour!
And before the blackthorn is in flower,
The very nursemaids will betray us,
As they push the prams along the rhododendron walks
At Kensington and Kew;
And when the Heath grows grand as death
And frosty silence sucks your breath,
We will know Britain's time is done,
And her cathedral spires are toppling upon graves.
Tooting, Euston, Islington, will have to go,
And Nelson on his pediment will be brought low,
And pubs in Stepney will gape desolate,
Unroofed, with genteel boarding-houses around Prince's Gate.
And once muted rumor has begun to creep
To Soho restaurants, the rank tombs at Kensal Green
Will cease to mean what they do now.
And with the deer all fled from Richmond's slopes,
The swans will quit the Serpentine and wing on south,
From reach of famine, gun-fire, pestilence and drought;
For disaster will, by then, have swept the coast,
And as the Wolf and Bishop subside with surf,
So will vanish Britain's might . . .

And the golden bowl will be a sherd,
And from the bosoms of her perished bards
Will spring

A race that cannot sing;
As from Thames to Seine
Begins the desperate reign
Of Reason Absolute—
An eternal end of the pale, damp may . . .

Part III

Wax Works
—1939—

Lord Buddha's Wheel, Christ's Sacred Heart
With constellations play their part.
Even Mr. Chamberlain's umbrella
Can affect celestial weather,
As he furls or opens it again,
Though somehow bullets always rain.
Chaos presses upon bourgeois manufactury
And confounds each computation of the careful actuary!
The Gospel Message deep in the financial breast
Insists men sleep, yet none can rest
As Hitler blows the horn of morning,
Hand on hip and forelock leonine
Despite a trembling upper lip.
Blow horn, as every winding height
Is blazoned with immortal light!
This is a music all have heard,
Midst strife the genesis of word!
Sing now the songs already sung
Long before Absalom was hung!
The sun ascending to full noon
Burns mystery from Pharaoh's tomb
And shines delightfully on Franklin D.,
Whose public smile for you and me
Presages reportorial hours
When Mrs. Roosevelt at his heel
Will brood successes like some ardent female seal,
While Stalin ponders with slow cunning thought
Of one whose labors went for naught
Under the Czar, the herds his harsh imagination scant
Prepares, with resolution adamant,
To implement revenge,
And overhead the bloody ball
A billion centuries have not let fall
Rolls onward to the end of destiny,
And up through chill embroideries of space,

Through blankness graven with Creation's face,
The aviators fly, their twenty years
Accustomed to thus rocketing
Above a dwindled hive,
Beheld by them as insignificant and half-alive,
Their joy vacant as they head due west
Into the gardens of the blest Hesperides,
And other lads, familiar with an ocean scene,
Pass over Rubicon in German green,
In an aquatic night they see with crooked eye,
As Hannibal saw Rome grow larger than his sky.
But from ten thousand Greeks,
And from the twenty thousand at Verdun
There rises still, orchestrally, the moan of time,
And of an earth grown colder at its core, aborting rhyme.
There is something here not spoken by those others
Who have split the atom, but who cannot make men brothers.
There is something here for the listening ear
That will outlast the rasping gusts of human fear—
Something for tomorrow to outlast death
In a regathering of all this wasted human breath.

Since Freedom Died
—1939—

The space between us and the morning star
Is colder, many times as far
That lucent silver on an empty breast.
Stones upon graves have been piled higher
To make certain the dead will lie as they are.
And might of many, become tyranny of One,
Broods over to assure us dreams are absent
From this dark.
The world that has been with us long
Commands a banquet with a corpse,
And thought, forbidden, has grown false.
Fear, ringing like a bell,
Is all that gives such muteness tongue.
Pens poise to write the verdict—
Let the foolish grieve
That poetry has no reprieve,

The quality of mercy can no more be strained
To meet the natural law
To which compassion is but fecklessness and flaw,
Since the irrational speech of heart
Is disallowed.

But from the idiot's monotony with which it is still said
Men will be men again when they are fed,
We shall yet rally to the whisper of the spirit.
And to the poor who profit in the moment only,
And to the rich who can lose merely what they lack,
Freedom—covert now, beyond the brazen door!—
Will come forth as before
To flower in day's liberal wind.

Pure Science
(To Darwin and Tyndall)
—1942—

With broken rudder and on lurching keel,
The Argo you once launched reached promised land:
Your sober dream is vain as scattered sand.
Delusion, treading with Achilles' heel,
Has outrun reason, and where wise men kneel,
Irreverent imprints are the rabble's brand.
Poor pioneers! You trained the ingrate hand
That writes your truth as curse, and yet to feel
The sad, the bitter pang of those who grope
Through labyrinths, to see triumphant Hope
Grin, naked as a skull, and turn to slay
The votaries who paved her blood-slimed way,
Was not the lot of minds that did not swerve,
Or yield, automatized, to rule of nerve!

Our Era
—1937—

They have manacled the swallow
And have chained the dove,

And taught the eagle to foreswear his love,
The sky; and mind's flight is no longer high.
Now, since spirit can scarce crawl,
Hope shrinks to dwarf, once proud and tall,
And we press like cattle down a narrow path
And there forget to laugh.
These are the saddest days of all.
Imagination mutely drudges
And what used to be winged fancy merely trudges,
And where sense met intellect on pinnacles of space
The wind blows barrenly
From vacant time and foolish place.
And as the worm, the bat, the tiger
Forage, mate and die,
So I and my diminished race.

Apocalypse
—1937—

The moment of the blest had come
When the sun rested like a lion
On the running waves,
And the moon, from her nest of night,
Flew forth with silence like the dove's.
We had waited for this hour
To reach the secret end of ourselves
And go on . . .
It was the beginning, and we knew it
While we went toward death
As children mount a golden stair.
We had never been at home down there!
This light would be the cold white blade
That severed us from our despair,
For now we understood
The strange indifference of the Good.

Though memory followed us a pace
And briefly traced a wound in space,
And Love—always the last to die—
Looked heavenward with a stricken eye,
Above pale garlands spread upon our graves,

Where water joined land to land
In cycles of forgetfulness,
Our hopes, like our fears and lusts,
Had vanished in a flickering, final spark,
And we stood poised upon eternal rims of dark,
So soon would our breath of being cease,
And we become rock, dust, then emptiness—
The Absolute philosophers dispute!

War
—1943—

From dawn-wracked fringes of this void called sky,
Time clamors that a long-beloved face,
A breast that was a blind abiding place,
Be summoned through the needle's narrow eye.
The First Cause dwindles with retiring space,
As it descends from man, to ape, to fly,
Toward our exclusion from the vast embrace
With which abstraction breaks the human tie.

O, earth of rose-crowned, unexpected dawn,
Still pasturing unassisted worm and fawn,
Thankful am I that out of scheming stress
And worlds built harshly upon brute duress,
Can come, despite ambition, struggle, sorrow,
Only the starlight and unmarked tomorrow.

Good Friday Poem
—1941—

The sickest hour approaches
When the lewd and grim
Shall seize upon the cream of cruelty
To skim!
Shall scourge him,
Press on him and dote,
The starving wolf within them
About to grip his throat!

They will flay him
As they flay the beast.
Its blood, less precious,
Makes no equal feast!
They will strip him,
Avid to unclothe a god,
That Truth and Mercy,
Beaten down,
May quiver to the rod.

This is the time to nail him high,
Before satiety blunts pleasure!
Lust and avarice, at last, are banqueting
In over-flowing measure!
A sign above will mark him King.
Reserved for sacrifice, and thus alone,
He will compassionate
Where he cannot condone.

Prepared to tender him the sponge,
Their sluggish pulses will no longer creep.
To the delights of torment
Even dullard brains can leap!
Those earth has banished
Turn toward sky,
And were he less
It might be sweet to die.

They thirst! They hunger!
Wickedness is everywhere at stake,
And having read the writing on the wall,
The human spirit they have sworn to break;
While they, his murderers,
Self-accused,
Must needs still fail
With the Perfection
They have ruthlessly abused.

So it will go with Love, again,
Though cravenness, all said,
Abide
By blood and water
From a riven side!

O, Mary, weep
For unseen things and deep.
Such tears,
Wrung through the centuries
From steadfast pure,
Lave blossoms flowering in fortitude,
And these endure.

Last Words
—1937—

I know none of the words I write now
Will be read until I am dead:
The blood will have dried upon them then,
And they will show empty as space,
Reflecting no face.
My cry, resounding hollowly,
Will have been eons lost,
Yet some will lean and leer
And look on this with their familiarly evil eyes
That have pretended to be wise,
And some will seize the rustied pen
And add a line or two
To give the epitaph a proper lurid hue.
But I have written for a few gentle ones
Who are gone,
And let it be if any turn toward me
And my past age,
The dove that is unleashed tonight
Will fly, bright-feathered,
Mild and kind as they,
Up from the darkness of this page . . .

Winter Front, 1942: German versus Russian

Bleak nursery of souls! The winds arrange
The drifting covers over rotting feet,
As paler spinners mend Perfection's sheet.
How crystal-pure the harvest in this grange,

And yet how steep the glimmering walls of change
Where snow-tamped sockets hold the void they greet!
Though subtle skeins of air are mingling, sweet,
Departure for oblivion is strange . . .

O, graves obscured, will victory still sting
When platitudes of rainfall gently sluice
The clean-stripped bone and earth and sky sign truce?
Will anonymity be roused to sing
A greening ardor in the blades of spring,
Or feel the serpent's fang in verdant juice?

The Throng on Calvary
—1942—

O, Bright Immortal, now reduced to shade,
The hour when aloof Pilate bent to scan
The victim claimed for sacrifice to man
Draws near again, as fear-drunk millions wade
In shambles about altars. In this glade
Of grief is coursing the same stream that ran
In blood from Paradise. This way began
In Cain! The outcast hand must forge the blade
To pierce your side, the dark heart nail the cross,
The brute force conscience to mourn fatal loss,
Before, defeated, wretched and in pain,
Bereft in spirit call upon the slain,
The many die, and heavy oceans pour
Not tears, but chemicals, on waters dour.

Summer Storm
—1943—

Cool seethings move with subtle sheen
Among bewilderments of green:
Fog brings the distance close,
As farthest trees meet, statically, the spell
Of dreamy violence watering hell.
A nebulous encroaching space

Of heavens and storm-wracked earth embrace,
And to illimitable rusty sighing,
Roofs and gutters answer, crying,
With a frantic leap of javelins into air;
And as the walls of empty store-houses, grown thin,
Resound to a primeval din proclaiming flood,
The world takes on the meager color of drab human thought
That goes for naught . . .

And afterward, what awful peace,
As vacantly the downpours cease.
Then trapped like bitter, secret foes,
In ecstasy of rigid woes,
The broken land and swollen sky
Gaze fixedly, each from a stark, bared eye,
And out of rising mist and cloud,
Reweave, once more, a common shroud . . .

To the Artists of Every Land
—A.D. 400, A.D. 1941—

O, desert world, made bleak by fear and hate,
We are your ambushed, who know grief alone,
Like those lost Greeks whose sorrows gnawed the bone
In sea-bright solitudes, while, at the gate,
The Nubian war-cry ordained one blind fate
For all, and withered palms and sky to stone.
The ancient gods decayed, their works were gone:
Again the sands took Silence for a mate.

The painter of the Haz-Awarra school
Resigned, with freedom, the forbidden tool
Of art, and on this frontier of the brain,
The poet, wringing from his lyre his pain,
Heard each star singing, swanlike, through the night,
The proscribed word his pangs released to flight.

They Know Not What They Do
(For Charlotte Wilder)
—1941—

There is a hate born in the tender breast
The brute of sluggish caution never knows:
A gift of hope that hopelessness bestows,
Indriven by the hand that would be blest,
It goads the gentle to a fierce unrest,
Inflaming kindness with a pride that grows
Until abused benignance kindles snows
And crowns the meek heart with a fiery crest.

So on the winds of time is sown the seed
Of dragon's teeth, while force makes mercy bleed.
Mere glut of meat sates mobs protesting wrong,
But not sweet charity that suffers long,
As from wrath nourished by an outraged love,
Years rouse the eagle in the frenzied dove.

Blue Moon
—1937—

Blue moon, knocking at the window and the open door,
Your surging, storming stillness
Written on the bare boards of my floor,
And on the garden,
Where the ailanthus trees are cowering and dark,
And curse and chatter are flung in from the street,
Your holy threat spreads glacially
Among the blackened trees and to the empty park.

White beacon, shaking down this other-light
From frozen space, upon our tinsel gauds,
Be yet my death-pure refuge,
Signal of Creation's different and unchanging face.

No Boast!
—1943—

As prisoners when they toss from side to side
On dungeon straw, exiled from very day,
Still pursue thought's contracting way,—
So we, who see the darkness, like a beast, bestride
The agile reason it can never ride!
Stale oracle dense, cunning council lends
To pettiness for which it ordains shallow ends;
While rabble —fearing great, extolling small—
Dig deep new moats about a wailing wall,
And pray inconstant barricades grow tall,
And nail new Christs upon the Judas-tree
To stop the Voice that, with its softest plea,
Sends mad swine into an Eternal Sea.

Yet gross substantiality is slight
In grip on all it has accounted might!
Beyond cheap triumphs yawns, now, as before,
That ever-open and portentous door
Through which worm will return to worm, again—
No boast of immorality makes men,
But from defeat and grief we will arise,
The brain's clear light our path, our eyes!

Live!
—1942—

Pale print of nothing stamps this snowy world;
Enigma leaks from emptiness, and lost
Dusk fumbles insigificance the frost
Subdues. Obliteration's tendrils curled
About dim houses leave their windows purled
And feathered roofs moved, with one shove, almost
Into the void where kindred, love, the ghost
Of thought itself, submit to treason hurled
In white deceit upon an earth agape
For life's defeat and final, subtle rape
By chaos. Little man who will partake
So soon of Lethe, rouse now and awake!

O, nurse the ember! Though its flame be hell,
From it your all, your hope of Heaven as well!

Part IV

Survival
—1942—

We living have been banished
From the fish-cold wonders of the plan
To serve the lusting brute and slay the man,
And yet we dare to scan askance
An age apotheosized as it counts
Its angels, not on needle-points,
But upon girders, joists and joints,
Imprisoning nature in an empty span.
For caught within these metal toils
Is something false perfection cannot render *nil!*
Mute as Laocöon in these steely coils,
It proves itself in silence, still,
And even as these ugly times despoil the heart,
Bespeaks Creation, *Will!*

Poor Caliban
—1943—

Last month the west was like a vacant gate,
And nowhere loomed beyond the mangling glow
The shoddy shopfronts spilled on trampled snow
In streets gripped by constricting cold like hate.
The dark was deep as Stygian nights await:
Warm color had not yet begun to flow
Upon lands blenched by winter, war and woe,
And time's tides seemed forever turned too late.

Life was with human joys and griefs at odds,
And poetry met nemesis in graves.
Now small folk are again content as when
Nature was greater than o'er-weening men,
Though Christ's pale footprint on the somber waves
Alone survives a massacre of gods.

Archaic Art
—1940—

Sea-shell, iridescent,
Flushed inwardly with pink,
Plucked from the brink
Of salt and terrible infinity:
I hold you to my ear
And hear an empty roar.
Never will there be more than this!

Glossed feather,
Azured by the sky
Plumed in high soaring
And impressed on your symmetry,
I try with all my might
To grasp impulsive flight . . .
No urgency responds within.

Pure crystal,
Form outliving race
In a museum case,
In bright, mathematical austerity:
The abstract of my thought
But simulates perfection wrought
Ever, by incommunicable earth.

Philosophy
Of alienated mind,
Divorced from natural kind
And primal sources of thought's intricacy,
Builds, on a shrinking shore,
About a vacant core,
Temples never to be filled,

While Reason,
Like a suicide
Become Destruction's bride,
Married to chaos secretly,
Views frightfully, alone,
An enigmatic home,

Walls toppling to oblivion . . .

Frail feeling,
Grapples morbidly with rigorous brain,
As Abel strove with Cain,
To retrieve lost simplicity:
And constantly cries out in art,
From a despoiled heart,
Illusion's ceaseless harmony of dream.

Thus, Being
Exiled from your living origin,
Creation's labors rebegin:
Fastidious intelligence
Evolving will's design
From passions now no longer thine,
But newly springing from life's buried tree.

Convoy of 1944 Recollected
—1955—

Two weeks out of New York,
A moment came not to be staled by anguish,
When from water and stunning isolation,
Where battleship and hospital-ship
Alone kept open pace with the solitary troop-ship,
There emerged, as on the last Day,
From the rain-sooted torrent of sunset horizon,
Sail and funnel, streamline and tanker,
To possess, like ghosts sped from eons of shipping,
The colossus of empty ocean and wave.
And as the dying blaze on the sea
Became populous with a suddenly-revealed host,
What stood forth to us silently
Was as wonderful
As though the napkin laid over the Grail had been lifted;
And again we saw Power benign,
Even as in the dreams of the most ancient of mankind.
But with nightfall,
The fleet dropped behind
Into the smoky blue of stars and darkness,

In which lurked,
Beyond this final mirage of mariners,
Ten thousand years of Power betrayed . . .

The New City in Rain
—1955—

A sunken shaft of starlight marks each lamp,
Each bridge becomes a circlet of bright thorn,
As cars trail blood-drops round the city's horn,
And evening nebulously fades in damp.
The search-beam rocks above the night's dim swamp,
Now grown the lovelier for being lorn,
Where trembling rays, of crude refulgence shorn,
Brush the black docks, the liner, tug and tramp:
These phosphorescent tails like glinting whips
Great jellyfish throw about port-held ships,
While from more lonely land the quiet juts
In darkness, and the flashing door wind shuts,
Opens and shuts, again, on recalled pain,
Whence we arise from hell into clear rain.

Pagan Invocation to the Virgin
—1941—

Lampshine on asphalt swept by nimble snow
Turns streets to water with a troubled face:
A heckling angel speeds from place to place,
Dark thought, and windy flakes rush to and fro.
The flagellating storm has brought all low,
And dim day flees tormentedly a chase
By cold, outlawing men and all man's race:
Mere shades and wraiths survive this blow.

Yet with full morning, ocean's very waste
Becomes a mirror just to sky and breeze;
The air grows clement, the sun waxes bold,
And in an amplitude serenely chaste,

A Mystic Rose unfolds among bare trees,
Where are built Towers of Ivory and Gold.

Peace Pact
—1941—

Through phantom Eden's cloud-wrought gate,
We look past twisted time and place,
Into the stainless sky's awakening face,
At beauty long surrendered and now far.
At last unanguished by pride's flaming scar,
Untouched by restless envy, malice, hate,
In softly startled morning we await
Judgment at nature's great, impartial bar.
Fresh strength is in the ice-pure, crystal wind,
The day is partisan of sober mind;
And sweet as mercy runs the frigid rill
Toward lost horizons and that distant hill
Of philosophic paths none shall dare close
Until have been proscribed the leaf and rose.

Toward Home!
—1942—

As slowly, upon every lifting height,
Stand forth odd symmetries of rock and shale,
Down gilded valleys flows the fragrant gale,
And the ascending, many-petaled light
Again accords the mind the gift of sight;
While ponderings, by multitudes made stale,
Elude the blight of the repeated tale
And wrest from commonplace the unique right
To lands Villon, Verlaine and Heine knew.
Midst basking fields, all silver-sleek with dew,
Keats's batter'd casement is flung wide
On recent battle-ground and blood-soaked tide.
Alas, for ancient, chartless fairy foam—
How like a stranger's is our road toward home!

To the Mocked Romantics
—1955—

1

Your words, like dauntless, rushing pinions spread,
Still thunder dread,
And verity's relentless beams
Show every mountain height aghast and white,
As hosts like hail
With soaring thought and comet-locks
Ignite the gale.
Your stern and magisterial kiss
Is on the forehead of despair, Austere;
And we, with wonder-stricken sight,
Turn restively in our comfortless bed
Toward adumbrations of a withheld bliss.
You bring the magnanimity of space
Into this narrow place.
Descend your radiant armadas,
Smite the false with true,
Ere reason wither to that blindest root
Uniting man with brute,
And Silence answer questioning
With bone-cold lips.
Chaste hearts and intellects,
Offset the savagery of natural law.
May snowy flails beat back the dark,
And poetry become our Ark.

2

The profound stream is turbid, muddied, roiled,
Its font in an exacerbated wound
And fed with blood that wells from many a mound
Where lie those tyranny long since despoiled.
But while new hatreds leave its course turmoiled,
The suffering it floods is like known ground
Through which it sweeps toward freedom with a sound
As secret as the gift it bears, unsoiled,
Upon its breast: a thing greed reckons lost,
And will until some contemplative eye
Descries unransomed treasure's limpid ghost:
The pearl for which the generations die,

Shining from tranquil depths, unflawed and clear
As spirit not to be defiled by fear.

Pantheist's Paean
—1941—

The holy dawn,
In ice-blue ecstasy,
Is clamoring in me!
Though the wind move the tree
To the rage of the storm,
And the leaf's flight is wild,
Like the joy of the child
Is my thrill to the might that is free
Yet bound:
Its laws resounding
In the beat of the empty sea,
Traced in the poet's destiny,
The crystal's pattern and the clod!

O, let us,
On arousing to the daybreak's sweet disaster,
Give obeisance to man's natural master.
This shocked enchantment,
Frigid smell of brine,
And radiance climbing
Like a rosy vine, from gushing shadow,
Have provoked me to such gladness
That my heart and mind
—no less than lion and lamb!—
Exult contentedly, in gratitude,
I am! I am!
And marking, in a plume of surf along the shore,
The strand of Paradise,
And in pellucid depths above,
The Lake of Heaven,
Ask nothing more than to participate
In an accord
Like the hushed praise of the Jews' Lord.

A boat glides by on ruffling keel,

And surely beasts and creatures kneel,
As Light speaks, stilly and unheard,
The strangely simple, lucent Word
Of Order, silent and immense.
O, Liberate Omnipotence,
Could I, I would but live and die
In Thy serene and awful Eye;
Guided like cloud and wave on water,
I would again become Creation's daughter.

A Commentary on "The Gravestones Wept": "From hell into clear rain"

Evelyn Scott's third and last book of poetry, "The Gravestones Wept," is a collection of fifty-one poems begun in 1931 and completed in 1960. During those years she reshaped and edited the volume at least four separate times. Although it has never been published, it received the benefit of Scott's attention and thought over a longer period than many of her works which did see print. In it Scott continues her modernist investigations of themes and subjects which are present in her earlier books of poetry, *Precipitations* and *The Winter Alone*. "The Gravestones Wept," however, is more comprehensive and detailed in scope than her earlier books of poetry, perhaps because it evolved over a lengthier period of time. It is a book which reflects Scott's central concerns during the last three decades of her life.

Although throughout the time that Scott edited and revised "The Gravestones Wept," she concentrated her primary energies on fiction writing, her identity as a poet was important to her from her literary debut in 1918 until the end of her career. Scott initiated her career as a poet by publishing "Moon Cycle" from Brazil in *Poetry Journal*. This early appearance was followed by other poems in little magazines such as *Others, Poetry*, and *The Dial* in 1919 and 1920. These poems defined her as an Imagist whose primary subjects were subjectivity, sexuality, and the exotic Brazilian locales which catalyzed her writing from 1913 until 1919. Her Imagism, however, developed independently and in

isolation from that of Ezra Pound, H. D., T. E. Hulme, and others, since she began writing poetry while in Brazil, and differed in important respects. Her first published book, *Precipitations*, which appeared in 1920, included these early published poems, yet broadened her scope significantly with the inclusion of many more poems about the city, race relations, sexual politics, and nature. Scott's contribution to Imagism is that she did depend on the evocative power of intensely realized imagery, but she used the imagery in order to provoke the emotional responses of her readers in ways that referred beyond the poems themselves. Her project primarily centered on emotional play, which brings her closer to the expressionist than the imagist mode. Open forms, influenced by the work of D. H. Lawrence and William Carlos Williams, provided her with the freedom to experiment. When rhyme and rhythm appear in this early poetry, it is toward specific effects of juxtaposition rather than following form for form's sake.

Robert Welker, in his 1958 dissertation on Scott, outlines the theme of *liebstod*, or a "love of death," a theme he finds omnipresent in Scott's work, by first looking at Scott's early poetry. In Chapter Four, Welker describes *Precipitations* as "filled with verbal shocks, sudden shifts in meaning, and surprising images, sometimes confused, sometimes strained. . . . There is a complete avoidance of abstract statement and an extreme honesty of emotional expression."[1] He cites examples of what he sees as "pure Imagism" ("The Storm," "From Brooklyn," and "Ship Masts"), and he then emphasizes poems he sees as

[1] Robert Welker, "Evelyn Scott: A Literary Biography" (Ph.D. diss., Vanderbilt University, 1958), 149.

showing "an honest insight into terror and spiritual grandeur."[2] The theme of *liebstod* is developed, according to Welker, when these poems "offer the record of an insight into experience which unifies life and death":

> The victory over life and experience which these poems represent is the same victory, in essence, which may be called "Gothic," a term first applied to Evelyn Scott by Waldo Frank and repeated by Hildegarde Hawthorne. It represents a victory over life which, forever aware of human destiny in death, sees death as the ultimate goal. It sees the grinning head of a skull as a smile of joy and peace.[3]

In an explication of poems which are gathered from all sections of *Precipitations*, Welker shows this to be a major theme of Scott's. He concludes however that the volume is at war with itself; that Scott's examination of *liebstod* will require her to move from poetry to prose for its full expression. According to Welker, *Precipitations* is flawed because it provides only hasty and partial glimpses into Scott's meaning, and it strains when one attempts to unite all of the fragments into a single expression or philosophical viewpoint.

Mary Wheeling White's recent biography *Fighting the Current* first focuses on Scott's cycle poems published in periodicals prior to the publication of *Precipitations*.[4] She gives a lengthy treatment to *vers libre* poems dealing with gender, erotic imagery, female subjectivity, and identifies H. D. as a strong influence on Scott. She emphasizes Scott's use of imagery in these early poems:

> In 1920, Scott considered herself chiefly a poet (although she had written some drama while in Brazil) and sought out editors of little magazines whom she hoped

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[2] Ibid., 151.

[3] Ibid., 153.

[4] Mary Wheeling White, *Fighting the Current: The Life and Work of Evelyn Scott* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1998), 38-62.

> would continue to publish her work. That year, her set of thirteen poems entitled "Tropical Life" appeared in *Poetry*, the premier stage for new American and European verse. This cycle overflows with unencumbered, often witty impressions of the earthy life Scott had led in Brazil. Images of overripe decay in the midst of lush vegetative fecundity figure prominently and would continue to show up in her later literature. The presence of death in life intrigued Scott; unfortunately, it annoyed many readers, who found her literature too morbid to enjoy. (43)

White continues to develop these ideas in her discussion of *Precipitations*, where she notes a number of female archetypes developed in different poems throughout the volume (53). In addition, she finds evidence of Scott's southern roots in poems like "Nigger" and "Pride of Race" which deal with racial stereotypes (53).

Both Welker and White identify the interrelationship of life and death as a main concern of Scott's in *Precipitations*. Early reviewers pointed out similar aspects of her poetry for comment. Padriac Colum in *The New Republic* stated that Scott "takes us to a place where there are no shared possessions and where there are no springs of action" (305). He associates the isolation and experimentation in the poetry directly with "territory that the moderns have opened up" (305), although he also thought this territory more fruitful for novelists. The detachment with which a riot is described in her poetry, for example, in graphic detail and with concentrated accuracy, but without any sense of action, highlights the detachment of the emotional voice. Rather than remarking outrage, the distance of the persona in the poem allows Scott to represent a more objective voice. Mark Van Doren reviewed *Precipitations* for *The Nation*, describing Scott's poetry as radical impressionism, and finding Scott apprehending new subjects in new ways: "At no time do the walls of tradition serve her, either as mirrors or as sounding boards." Lola

Ridge, in reviewing *Precipitations* for *Poetry*, characterized Scott's poetic voice as "like an electric ray, that seems to focus—almost lovingly—upon decay and death, with a child's simplicity and eager response to every mood of earth" (334). She mentioned Scott's use of the moon as a way to render images in an unfamiliar light, and she emphasizes the clarity of Scott's vision. She identifies Scott as a modernist: "These poems show an astonishing and essentially modern awareness. . . . it is a consciousness that, while close to and keenly aware of instinct, has yet obtained its release; so that it watches, intent but calmly elect" (336-37). In total, the criticism following the volume shows attention to Scott's place as a modernist, her use of imagery, and her concentration on death as a subject interrelated with fecundity and life.[5]

The Winter Alone, published in 1930, shows the influence of Scott's travels to Bermuda and other places, such as Beziers, North Africa, much as *Precipitations* is unimaginable without Scott's Brazilian experience. The primary thematic development in *The Winter Alone* is a sustained investigation of the disillusionment of renewal in spring. Through this focus, Scott was able to continue to explore the interrelationship of life and death. In the first subdivision, "Bright World," poems describe the renewal of the world through generation, but that generation is characterized as a sluggish, reluctant resurrection of the earth after stagnancy and intertia. In developing this theme, Scott

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[5] Padriac Colum, "Two Women Poets," review of *Precipitations*, by Evelyn Scott, *The New Republic* 29 (November 2, 1921): 304-5; Mark Van Doren, "Sapphics," review of *Precipitations*, by Evelyn Scott, *The Nation* 112.2896 (January 5, 1921): 20; Lola Ridge, "Evelyn Scott: An Appreciation," review of *Precipitations*, by Evelyn Scott, *Playboy, a Portfolio of Art and Satire* 7 (1921): 24.

shows the influence of T. S. Eliot's *The Waste Land*, although narrative strategies such as dialogue, which are present in his poetry, are absent from her lyric poems. The speaker in the poems is an astute observer of her natural surroundings, and she is able to pick up intimations—although nothing more substantial than that—of the larger forces which animate nature. The speaker responds to new life, to the moon, to the ocean, and to her own body through the use of surprising identifications. The result is the representation in poetry of her imagination as it gently shapes experience.

There is an increase in *The Winter Alone* over *Precipitations* in the instances of direct address to the reader, in calls to action or to notice some thing, and in the use of exclamation marks, trends which continue in her later poetry. Scott uses these devices to create a more urgent, even a strident, tone. This tendency will eventually evolve into full-blown protest poetry in "The Gravestones Wept." In its formal aspects, the poetry in *The Winter Alone* may be characterized as mostly open; the use of rhyme is sparing, and when used it has a free deployment so as not to be a predictable feature. The poems are constructed to highlight through rhythm the juxtaposition of unlike concepts and surprising comparisons. The poems later collected in "The Gravestones Wept," on the other hand, tend to be much more conventional and rather less controlled works of art than those produced by the spare style in *Precipitations* and *The Winter Alone*.

The 1930 volume of poetry was not widely reviewed—there are mentions of it in newspapers such as *The New York Evening Post* (which noted that the author of *The Wave*

had come out with a volume of highly subjective poetry),[6] *The New York World,* and *The Boston Transcript.*[7] Lengthier treatments by Dudley Fitts, Eda Lou Walton and Babette Deutsch showed mixed to negative responses. In an intensely negative review Dudley Fitts declared that *The Winter Alone* would serve, "for the student of literary diseases [as] an unexcelled compendium of symptoms" (338). He found it to be derivative, diffuse, lacking in technique, chaotic, and banal.[8]

Eda Lou Walton's review in *The Nation* praises the subject matter of the poems, the "intricate emotional situations" and "vivid backgrounds" (350). She identifies a difficulty with intent in the poems, "a kind of looseness in rhythm and diffuseness in imagery which gives readers the impression that many of the poems are notes for longer poems rather than the fused immediate statements of lyrics" (350). She states, "the lyric intention is only now and then focused clearly enough to arouse the called-for emotion on the part of the reader. . . . Scott is too much inclined to walk into her scene and comment" (350). Babette Deutsch's reading of *The Winter Alone* also focused on its shortcomings. She sees the volume as not up to the standards that Scott had previously set for herself in others of her works. Deutsch acknowledges the strength of the poems lies in their insight, but that they are marred by an inability to make the reader share in the events they

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[6] William Soskin, "Other Notable Books," brief mention of *The Winter Alone, New York Evening Post*, Thursday, 26 March and Friday, 27 March 1930, 15.

[7] Review of *The Winter Alone*, by Evelyn Scott, *Boston Transcript*, 24 May 1930, 2; review of *The Winter Alone*, by Evelyn Scott, *The New York World*, 30 March 1930, 10m.

[8] Dudley Fitts, "The Verse of Evelyn Scott," review of *The Winter Alone*, *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* 36 (September 1930): 338-43. His reading loses some of its power when he misquotes a key line he is explicating from the poem "Low Tide."

describe: "there is a lack of selection in the heaped images. One knows what the poet saw, one knows what she feels seeing it, yet one stands outside of the event, not sharing it, because her vision is not single" (500). The qualified praise of Deutsch and Walton seems justified by the material. It is interesting to note that they both mention a diffuseness of purpose in the poetry. Scott continued to write poems in "The Gravestones Wept" which only incompletely persuade the reader to join the experience described.[9]

Mary Wheeling White connects *The Winter Alone* to themes of female subjectivity and gender developed in her discussion of *Precipitations*. White explains that Scott was pleased with *The Winter Alone,* and she told Lola Ridge it was "a kind of portrait of the author—like *Escapade* in poetry with factual sequences omitted" (132). White reports that Scott felt *The Winter Alone* received little support, and being the first work published after *The Wave*, it was vulnerable to critical misunderstanding and attack because it departed so much from the previous work:

> I'm getting all sorts of roasts, which only goes to show. Hal [Smith, publisher of *The Winter Alone*] did nothing to put this [*The Winter Alone*] across and if not told to like public won't. I'm now expecting all this year's admirers to recant. It's usually so. They get bullied into agreement and then there is a swing back and all the more joy in venting egos' spleen on easiest point of attack. (Quoted in White, 132)

White's analysis of Scott's poetry ends with mention of "The Gravestones Wept" as an unpublished manuscript, left among other unpublished and unfinished manuscripts.

Importantly, White refers to Scott's October, 1955 meeting with Louise Bogan,

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[9] Babette Deutsch, review of *The Winter Alone*, by Evelyn Scott, *New York Herald Tribune Books*, 27 April 1930, 20; Eda Lou Walton, "The Poetry of a Novelist," review of *The Winter Alone,* by Evelyn Scott, *The Nation* 131.3394 (23 July 1930): 2.

where we get a report on Scott from a third party in a position to review her work. Scott approached Bogan, the successful *New Yorker* poetry editor, with her poetry manuscripts to seek advice. Bogan would have been an important contact for Scott, because she still had an active career, was abreast of trends in poetry, had recently published her collected poems, and had been recognized with the Bollingen Prize for poetry in February of that year. Bogan's response, as reported to May Sarton in a letter, reveals a fear of identification as well as exasperation with Scott's manner:

> . . . I had a sad and rather eerie meeting, early this week, with poor old Evelyn Scott. I say *old* advisedly, since she really has fallen into the dark and dank time—the time that I used to fear so much when I was in my thirties. She is old because she has failed to grow —up, in, on. . . .So that at 62 she is not only frayed and dingy (she must have been a beauty in youth) but silly and more than a little mad. She met me only casually, years ago, with Charlotte Wilder, but now, of course, she thinks I can *do* something for her—so transparent, poor thing. She is not only in the physical state I once feared, but she is living in the blighted area of the West 70's, near Broadway: that area which absorbs the queer, the old, the failures, into furnished or hotel rooms, and adds gloom to their decay. It was all there! She took me out to a grubby little tea-room around the corner, insisted on paying for the tea, and brought out, from time to time, from folds in her apparel, manuscripts that will never see print. I never *was* able to read her, even in her hey-day, and her poetry now is perfectly terrible. Added to all this, she is in an active state of paranoia—things and people are her enemies; she has been plotted against in Canada, Hampstead, New York and California; her manuscripts have been stolen, time and time again, etc., etc. —We should thank God, that we remain in our senses! As you know, I really fear mad people; I have some attraction for them, perhaps because talent is a kind of obverse of the medal. I must, therefore detach myself from E. S. I told her to send the MS to Grove Press, and that is all I can do. "But I must know the editor's name!" she cried. "I can't chance having my poems fall into the hands of some secretary. . . ."[10]

This remarkable portrait of Scott, complete with a description of manuscripts of poems

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[10] Partially quoted in White 1998, 224. Quoted in full from Louise Bogan to May Sarton, 22 October 1955, in *What the Woman Lived: Selected Letters of Louise Bogan 1920-70*, edited by Ruth Limmer (New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, Inc., 1973), 300-01.

from "The Gravestones Wept" materializing from folds in her garments, graphically illustrates the nexus of difficulties Scott was experiencing in trying to see this manuscript into print.

During the years that Scott composed "The Gravestones Wept," she experienced perpetual economic hardship. During the late forties and fifties Scott felt that she must take advantage of any platform to tell her unfortunate story, and "The Gravestones Wept" presented no exception. The crux of her crisis was this: Scott found herself estranged first from her father, then her ex-husband, whom she still respected and admired after their divorce, and finally her son and his family. Scott wrote hundreds of letters to friends and colleagues telling her story, wrote an autobiographical "Précis" which was intended for use to supplement legal testimony, should a trial regarding the settlement of her father's estate ever arise, and published a lengthy "Preface" dealing with cultural and political issues and the artist in her novel *Bread and a Sword.*[11]

The last thirty years of Scott's life were indeed years of strife. Key events which play a part in the subject matter of the poems, and which are reflected in the supplemental material she included with various versions of it, include Scott's brief war-time conversion to Catholicism and subsequent separation from the Church, peregrinations from the United States to Canada to Britain to join her husband, John Metcalfe, an R. A. F. officer, disagreements and misunderstandings with her son, Creighton Scott, and his family, which would persist until the end of her life, and extreme, unrelenting poverty.

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[11] "Précis of events to be expanded into a third autobiography," Evelyn Scott Collection, Special Collections Library, University of Tennessee at Knoxville; "Author's Preface," *Bread and a Sword* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1937), vii-xxxi.

During a four year period living separately from her husband, in 1941-42, Scott sought solace in religious conversion. She had been born in Tennessee into the Episcopal faith, but her particular development tended more toward rationalism and philosophy than faith and religion. Her mid-life sojourn with God she later deemed a product of impulse and an effect of the war. She later broke with the church (after less than a year as a member), and she is at pains in her "Foreword" to "The Gravestones Wept" to make the circumstances absolutely clear.[12] In her desire to believe and then her resistance to faith we can see Scott striving for order and coherence in the face of chaos, but also rejecting answers that came to her, she felt, too easily. Scott began to link her unpleasant rift with the church to her inability to publish as she would like to. In fact, poems in "The Gravestones Wept" show evidence in earlier versions of being more concerned with religious issues than are the later, edited versions. But if the war drove her to the church, certainly it drove her artistic efforts as well. A key influence on poems in "The Gravestones Wept" is the fighting of World War II. Scott joined Metcalfe in London in June of 1944 where she experienced the last of the V-1 bombings and the full round of V-2 bombings, and her poems are

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[12] "Author's Foreword," in "The Gravestones Wept," Evelyn Scott Collection, University of Tennessee at Knoxville. Scott included forewords with each of three copies of the 1948 manuscript of "The Gravestones Wept," which were quite brief, and which informed the reader that the poems are arranged according to emotional content, that she assigned dates of composition to them for historical interest, and that the poems with religious content date from a brief period when she was Roman Catholic. These forewords are at the Humanities Research Center at University of Texas. Scott included an expanded version of the foreword with the 1951 typescript of "The Gravestones Wept," which is located in the Evelyn Scott Collection at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville. In addition to facts she relates in the earlier forewords, Scott goes into great detail to describe events which have seemingly little to do with the poems, but have much to do with her personal obsessions. The 1951 foreword is not included in this edition because Scott herself excluded it from the C and D groups of manuscripts.

colored by those experiences of war as well.

In addition to these vicissitudes, Scott's peace of mind through this time was complicated by paranoia. It worked against her as she tried to maneuver in the publishing world. Scott wrote voluminous correspondence, business and personal, and she became bewildered and angry as her list of unanswered letters grew ever longer and she became more impatient for responses to her queries. Stoking the paranoia was the fact that Scott really *was* having "trouble" with the mail—many of her correspondents were breaking contact with her because of emotional and monetary demands she made on them—but Scott was fueled by these circumstances to suspect foul play and third-party interference with the mail. There were many unfortunate consequences of Scott's increasing paranoia; for example, she so exasperated her literary agent for "The Gravestones Wept," Virginia Rice, with tales of her difficulties with the mail, that Rice backed off the project in November of 1949.[13] From that point on Scott had to represent "The Gravestones Wept" by herself, with the sometime-help of several literary friends in New York. This was additionally difficult for her because she had no money even for postage. For a time in London, Scott dropped out of circulation completely for want of anything to wear in public.[14]

Such was the scene when Scott began her attempts to publish "The Gravestones Wept." Her first efforts to collect the poetry she wrote after 1930 into a volume began in

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[13] Scott to Bernice Elliot, September 11, 1949, Evelyn Scott Collection, University of Tennessee at Knoxville.

[14] White 1998, 210.

January of 1948 and continued until May of 1960. Scott spared no effort in trying to place the volume. Her primary contact in the American publishing scene was William Rose Benét, brother of the poets Stephen and Laura, who was an associate editor for *The Saturday Review of Literature* from 1945 to 1950, and a contributing editor for many years before that. Benét took on a restricted and unofficial role as agent for Scott when in March of 1948 she began sending him poems which he then circulated to poetry reviews such as *The Phoenix, Harper's,* and *Tiger's Eye.*[15] She mentioned to him at that time that she had enough poetry for a volume, and in fact the earliest typescripts which contribute to the present edition date from 1948. While *The Saturday Review* eventually took several of Scott's poems, including "To Artists of Every Land," "Apocrypha," "She Dies," and "Survival," and Benét conscientiously circulated individual poems to magazines, he balked at the proposition that he read "The Gravestones Wept" entire.[16]

Scott experienced similar difficulties in many quarters trying to get "The Gravestones Wept" considered for publication. She reported in a letter to her friend May Mayers in December of 1948 that "since 1945 I have been trying to get Scribner's to read

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[15] Evelyn Scott to William Rose Benét, 13 March 1948, Evelyn Scott Collection, University of Tennessee at Knoxville.

[16] William Rose Benét to Evelyn Scott, 20 May 1949, Evelyn Scott Collection, University of Tennessee at Knoxville. Benét remarked after several written inquiries by Scott:

> In regard to reading your book of poems: I hate to seem unhelpful or unsympathetic. Certainly I am not the latter, but I also, frankly, feel this. You are an eminent writer fully established. You are also, I believe, a good judge of your own work. I do not think that my opinion upon your book of poems would be of any particular moment, both for that reason and because I now rank as one of the rather passé poets of America. Frankly, I should rather not read your book, because we might disagree upon some points in it and, knowing your intensity, I should not like to enter such a disagreement.

my volume of poems 'The Gravestones Wept,' and save for one occasion, when Max Perkins said, after the publication of novels Scribner's might publish it, its very existence has been ignored; though I haven't sent it elsewhere because [I have] no agent, and because I thought perhaps Max Perkins's advice was good—I don't think so now."[17] On January 8, 1949 Scott mailed "The Gravestones Wept" to Lewis Gannett, a long-time friend and publishing contact. In this letter she gives her reader some idea of the context of the manuscript, her hopes for it, and the scope of the book:

> These are poems accumulated between 1930 and the present and I think them both of intrinsic worth and interesting as I have dated them as a sort of emotional history of the last two decades. And certainly their publication would assist, not hinder, the placing of "Escape into Living," and though I had already asked Bill Benét for publishing suggestions, as he hasn't yet given me any, still if he inclines to read the volume and you think this good, he may yet have the necessary constructive idea. And though I was obliged, because of circulating the original here, to send you a carbon that, like the carbons of "Escape into Living," is faintish, I think it clear enough to be read. . . .[18]

Also on January 8, 1949, Scott wrote to Laura Benét to encourage her to read the poems Scott had sent to Bill Benét the previous summer. In a characteristic marginal note on her own carbon of the letter, Scott remarked in 1953, "They were not read by either, or if read, no comment."[19]

On the British side, Scott inquired of Frank Swinnerton where she might send

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[17] Evelyn Scott to May Mayers, 20 December 1948, Evelyn Scott Collection, Special Collections Library, University of Tennessee at Knoxville.

[18] Scott to Lewis Gannett, 8 January 1949, Evelyn Scott Collection, Special Collections Library, University of Tennessee at Knoxville.

[19] Scott to Laura Benét, 8 January 1949, Evelyn Scott Collection, Special Collections Library, University of Tennessee at Knoxville.

"The Gravestones Wept." On his advice, Scott sent the manuscript to Faber & Faber on February 5, 1949, where the poems were politely rejected. Geoffrey Faber cited the decline of the poetry market and previous commitments to writers already appearing with their firm.[20] Among the American firms that considered publication of "The Gravestones Wept" were Harcourt Brace, New Directions, and Yale University Press. While these presses responded politely, there is no evidence that any of them undertook a full reading of the volume.

After publishing *The Winter Alone,* and during the period of composition of "The Gravestones Wept," Scott returned to the novel as her primary form of expression. The years from 1930 onward are characterized by a slow decline in critical acclaim and public recognition. Although her novels continued to be reviewed well, Scott would never again achieve the recognition that she received with *The Wave* in 1929, and as the years wore on she had fewer and fewer financial and emotional resources with which to promote her work. In her novels *Breathe Upon These Slain* (1934), *Bread and a Sword* (1937), and *Shadow of the Hawk* (1941), Scott turned to a three-part examination of the plight of the artist in society, a theme in which she felt a keen personal interest. These novels, as well as her poetry of this time period, reflected an increasing tendency in Scott's work toward identifying injustice and voicing social protest in her content. For instance, in her 1937 "Author's Preface" to *Bread and a Sword*, Scott laments the ways in which art is used to promote politics. She states that in an age which doesn't promote artists or provide their

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[20] Geoffrey Faber to Scott 10 February 1949, Evelyn Scott Collection, Special Collections Library, University of Tennessee at Knoxville. Among poets on their list in the late forties were Louis MacNeice, Walter De la Mare, and W. H. Auden.

basic needs, they are then more likely to be desperate and bought or swayed as to their perception of truth. The artist who produces propaganda (and her definition of this term would be broad enough to include any art that has an insincere political dimension) is no longer an authority on his or her own work and becomes, instead, a "technocrat" (xiii), whose function is to promote the state's agenda. There are material rewards for producing art useful for the state. Furthermore, Scott maintains, the machine has become a model by which the success of everything else is measured. Even the pursuit of science has been shaped by commercial concerns such that the "free scope of [scientific] investigations" is curbed to promote profits (xv). Thus, in all realms of knowledge, truth is shaped by economic forces.

In our era, faith itself, according to Scott, has been transferred to machines; it is practically heretical, in her view, to remain skeptical about the effects of a technological age on human knowledge and perception. Furthermore, machines have reorganized how human beings perceive reality. She states: " . . . not only the ruthlessness of competition, but the steam-roller influence of the machine on our physical equipment, tend to deprive us of data for discrimination. We are losing all capacity for refinement of visual response, our hearing is being dulled as we instinctively protect our nerves from the jangle around us by refusing attention" (xvi). This defensive insensitivity is detrimental to the artist, who depends for his insight on the acuity of his perceptions:

> The functional value of art for the artist is contingent on the degree of such clarifications, which transmute what is of individual origin into what is, not merely morally and occasionally, but aesthetically, and, to all intents and purposes, eternally, a universal. And when those signs of acceptance he so desires are given him from without, the oddity of his temperament ceases

> to oppress him like some brand of Cain, and he is restored to harmony with surrounding society. Then his idiosyncratic relation with his environment is not a handicap, and his strong egoism, combined with imaginative endowments which will have fostered his insight in directions not commonly explored, may supplement race consciousness, as it could not did his vision of things only duplicate what is popular. (xxiv)

Art, then, depends on the full economic, political, and aesthetic freedom of the artist, according to Scott. The value of freely generated art for society is that it represents an unfettered interpretation of truth. The majority, however, as short sighted and self interested as it is, must preserve the rights of the artist jealously for this to take place. There are no obvious or immediate rewards for doing so.

Scott's explanations of some of the social and aesthetic theory behind *Bread and a Sword* directly relate to themes she explores in poetic form in "The Gravestones Wept." A narrative technique she develops in the novel also appears to have informed her poetic technique. Scott explains that the multivocality of *Bread and a Sword* is represented by a system of italicized and bracketed typefaces which indicate "various facets of personality struggl[ing] against each other for ascendency" (vii). Italicized speech represents thoughts or ideas that are both associative and resisted by the dominant or surface consciousness. In many of the poems of "The Gravestones Wept" similar types of multivocality are represented through the use of italics. Scott used this technique to portray the complexity of emotional reactions and thoughts of her personae.

Due to the length of time Scott worked on it, "The Gravestones Wept" is a work of maturity, long dwelt upon, written with the luxury of time and a careful combing by the artist of nuance and detail. This is a rare situation in Scott's work—she rarely had the

time (or the patience, perhaps) to dwell with a work before it went to press. Driven often by economic desperation, but at the same time fiercely intent on maintaining her artistic integrity, she lived out one of her major themes—the dilemma of a serious writer attempting to support a life of art in a world where the valuation of such work cannot be depended upon. "The Gravestones Wept" is first and foremost a child of this struggle, and in the ways in which it succeeds, it is a triumph over her adversity.

"The Gravestones Wept" is also a modernist work. In it, Scott attempts to diagnose and resolve the problem of fragmentation in modern life, whether it be the fragmentation resulting from her life choice to be a writer, the fragmentation of experience that she ascribed to technology, or the fragmentary view of human nature resulting from political totalitarianism. Each section in "The Gravestones Wept" explores aspects of this modern problem and points toward her quest for integration of the extremes of experience.

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"The Gravestones Wept" begins with a quotation from John Metcalfe's novel *Sally*. The quotation describes a young girl who lives among the graves and who is completely at home there. The gravestones weep a condensation from their humid environment—a completely natural and indifferent act, yet to say they weep is to say that they feel on some level. The gravestones, with their inscriptions, are the emblems of the dead; the imagination of the artist assigns them a closer kinship to what they represent than mere stone. The young girl living in the graveyard is alive, yet she walks among the dead. In this way, she is a more obvious type of the hybrid of life and death that we all are. This scene, provided as an epigraph to the volume, aptly indicates the major theme

and evokes the primary mood of these poems.

"The Gravestones Wept" is organized in four parts, labeled by Scott simply as Part I, Part II, Part III and Part IV. This is contrasted to *Precipitations* and *The Winter Alone*, where subdivisions of these books are given descriptive titles. With regard to the organization of the parts, Scott emphasized in her 1948 introduction that she was following their emotional content in placing them, rather than their chronological development. Although she included dates of composition of the poems, she explained that she did so for biographical interest only, because many of the poems were pertinent to her World War II experience. This reveals that she considered "The Gravestones Wept" of interest both as a record of her life and as an artifact of the history that she had lived. The dating of the poems also indicates she anticipated a special type of audience for this work—an audience interested in piecing together the fragments of her life into a coherent whole. These considerations place "The Gravestones Wept" in a different category from that of Scott's fiction, which she generally intended to stand alone for its internal narrative—not as it might reflect upon or explain the author's life or motivations. It instead links "The Gravestones Wept" in a category with both her previous poetry, lyric with reference to first hand experiences, and her memoir writing in *Escapade* and *Background in Tennessee.* The poems, as organized, stand as emblems of Scott's intellectual and emotional experiences. As arranged, they also indicate the final shaping and progress of her thought.

In "The Gravestones Wept" the pronouns "we" and "us" are used often, whereas "I" is used less often. When "I" is used, it appears most often in poems dedicated to a

loved one or personal friend and in the more straightforwardly autobiographical poems. There is a sense that "I," when it is used, shares many points of contact with the author herself. The use of "we" and "us" produces the effect of the persona speaking collectively for a group that strongly suggests the inclusion of the reader. We are invited to share in her protest, disillusionment, or celebration, and to experience the full emotional content of it. What emerges from this practice is a pronounced sense of audience in "The Gravestones Wept," but it comes forward with risks. The reader who resists being pulled into Scott's collectives will stand outside the emotional content of the poem and feel alienated by it. Therefore, the collective voice Scott employs draws those it speaks to closer together, but she also pushes some readers away.

Part I of "The Gravestones Wept" focuses on Scott's private evolution as a woman writer: her choices, the roles she played in her family, and the consequences of these choices. She shows sensitivity to social injustice and sets forth criticism of an impersonal society and how the devaluation of individuality determines meaning in people's lives. She seeks answers for these questions in powers that are larger and greater than she is. The central contrast is between solitude or solipsism and the appeal to some type of transcendence or escape from the world she inhabits day-to-day.

In poems such as "Woman Cycle" and "What Bourne?" Scott examines personal details of her life and the struggles she experienced as she tried to balance her conflicting responsibilities as wife, mother, and writer. The first section also contains many personal tribute poems to people dear to her. In "She Dies," "To Lola Ridge," and "Many Mansions," she remembers her mother, her best friend, and her grandfather. In addition to

these highly personal poems, the largest number of poems in the first section deal with Scott's critique of modernity: "Old American Stock," "Scientific Commonplace," "In Youth, Our Hope," "Pike's Peak," and "On Behalf of the Inarticulate," for examples.

Part I begins with "Woman Cycle," an autobiographical poem which details Scott's perceptions of her own childhood from the point of view of a forty-year-old woman (her age in 1933, which she assigns as its composition date). In many ways, "Woman Cycle" is the capstone of the entire volume. With slight variations and shifts in emphasis, it is a long, sequenced poem about Scott's life, from the time that she is an adolescent until the time of her maturity, looking forward into the future. Composed in unrhymed free verse, it emphasizes key images and ideas through line and strophe breaks. Scott captures her life as a thoughtful adolescent moving toward a disillusioned adulthood. It begins in her grandmother's garden, in the South, with Spring arrived early. The first image serves to set the tone for the poem:

> But the water in the fountain basin
> Was like brown autumn
> The year round.
> There six goldfish stagnated
> And delicately burned the shadows
> With their dreaming fins.

This is an image of a beautiful, decadent, stagnating, and meaningless life. The light of the goldfish is internal, inscrutable, and secret. The predominant imagery in the poem suggests that the young girl is alienated from others, specifically her family, and then, later, "the poor" who exist for the persona outside the gate of her grandparents' house. She is also alienated from nature, which is out of tune, seasons arriving early and the

moon of no comfort, and from herself as her body and mind mature and develop in inscrutable ways, making complex demands on her. Her home life with parents and grandparents is represented by the stagnating goldfish—it is an ornamental, forced, and closed system doomed to self-exhaustion and prone to self-delusion. "Woman Cycle" documents the young girl's struggle to find meaning independent from others, and chronicles her failure to do so.

The New Orleans of Scott's teenage years is evident in the poem. She mentions the "premature" Spring, the fiddler crabs near the port, and the masts of ships. She finds in her interactions with the poor a rejection of her position of privilege, and she yearns to turn that sense of guilt into some type of redemption, but she is unable to imagine the right course or does not have the resources to stick to a course which would set the record straight in her own mind. She plays with the idea that she is possibly being punished for faults not her own but those of her elders. She will not see her own responsibility in producing the guilt or in failing to act in appropriate ways.

In strophe 6 of "Woman Cycle," the persona's voice changes from a third person recounting of the girl's experiences, a stance which provided Scott with some distance from her subject and with some freedom to judge her own actions, to a third person choral voice which apostrophizes the fate of the girl to the moon:

> Quiet the young heart!
> Make it beat less!
> Will the girl be a slave forever?
> Is she bound to her nameless hopes?
> When dawn rises higher than darkness,
> Her elation leaps with it,
> In pain of delight!

The moon is heavy on the garden.
Foliage wastes, swamps smoulder,
The world is brass.
What is in her that refuses resignation?
She is tired of her body.
It might as well be given away.
Shall she consign it to mankind?
Or shall the business end with gas, a rope,
Her father's pistol?

Pity her, Moon,
As you shed your light
On forgetful Creation!
Deliver the too-alive!
Teach her for the last time.

The moon is a symbol for the way in which nature turns its face to the events in the girl's life. It provides continuity for her, but also it provides an implacable object upon which she may assign her interpretation of the world or events. Scott here falls into what may be seen as a pervasive tone in "The Gravestones Wept"—that of the apostrophe. Frequently she makes exclamations, for various purposes, but here they deliver urgency and evoke a sense of prayerful demand. Here they strongly evoke the girl's confusion about herself and surrounding events.

Scott was suicidal at various times in her life, and according to Mary Wheeling White, a suicidal tendency was what precipitated her escape to Brazil.[21] Within the context of the poem, she explains this suicidal period in her life as the precipitation of her first sexual experience, which she may have sought in order to make a connection with another in a time of debilitating depression and isolation. She recounts that this

[21] White 1998, 17, 92, 97, 230.

experience was unsatisfying, and she then turns in the poem to the solitary education of her mind, the study of philosophy. Intellectual pursuits evidently became a way of gaining power and confidence without being dependent on others for her means of affirmation.

"Woman Cycle" follows the patterns of the seasons. It begins in Spring; Summer and Autumn arrive in strophe 10, and it ends with a winter paean to Spring. The final question the poem asks is "Is this grassy hillock / Already a grave in flower? . . ." This comes after Scott's persona tells of the failure of her house, the hope that she placed in the man with whom she conceived a child, and her disappointment in her mate and her child. In Scott's work, this is a rare moment of clear-sighted frankness, but it comes within a context of veilings and obscurings. Of the experience of pregnancy (about which she says much more in *Precipitations* and *Escapade*) she states:

> Now, at last, she is with child,
> And with beauty in every part of her,
> Her heart, lungs, mind and belly together
> Are fashioning the infant she is to bear,
> And knowledge has become for her
> How to do what she must with perfection.

In contrast to this peaceful rising action toward the birth, the experience of birth and meeting her newborn elicits the following reaction:

> Whom did she affront in his birth?
> Were her agonies their revenge?
> Who was jealous of her pride and contentment?
> Whose tyranny has tortured her child into life?
> She would have had him emerge
> From her dream into the world,
> Smiling . . .
>
> Instead, they are like strangers,

Mutually alarmed,
Able only to mingle their cries of protest
Against an alien surrounding
Hostile to both.
And as his sucking lips
Drink avidly of her being,
She knows she has done him a wrong
For which her milk can be no compensation,
Though gentleness is at its source.

Scott maintained an unsentimental view toward her experience of motherhood all her writing life, and one supposes that the wrong mentioned in the poem committed by the mother against the child was the bestowal of life, and therefore the potential for suffering, in the first place. The description of the pregnancy as the source, for a while, of completion and purpose, is paralleled in *Escapade*, where the subtle coexistence of the mother and child is one of the primary subjects. The mother, who draws on instincts to care for her child, relinquishes to a degree reason and control for her actions, a situation that Scott represents as emotionally threatening.

In a reversal of the Wordsworthian proposition that poetry is emotion recollected in tranquility, Scott proclaims in "Woman Cycle": "The flesh has lied! / Joy, recollected, / Is like the memory of a crime!" The things in her life that were joyful were fleeting and involve emotional expense to recover and remember. The failure of the "house" that Scott wished to build, her betrayal (obliquely suggested) by her son and her first husband, and her fear that she will end up aged and completely alone lead to her final question. Even the Spring, it turns out, is a blooming from death and a prefigurement of the next cycle of death. From this recognition comes, for Scott, wisdom. The progress toward this wisdom

is confession.

"Woman Cycle" is unusual in the volume for its length (it runs to 262 lines), for its often transparently autobiographical subject matter, and for its free verse form. While there are many other free verse poems in the volume, there are also a surprisingly large number of metered and formal poems. Of fifty-one poems, seventeen of them are sonnets. Most of the poems employ end rhyme in unconventional variations. Also, several of the longer poems are narrative poems. At no time before "The Gravestones Wept" did Scott write narrative poems—her work in previous volumes is entirely lyric. Taken in light of her previous books of poetry, which were stridently, self-consciously avant garde, these developments are significant.

The presence of formal verse suggests a desire on the part of the poet for control, order, and stasis. The fact that sonnets predominate in the last section of "The Gravestones Wept" contributes to a sense that order is being sought and is achieved as a project of the work as a whole. Scott's need for order, evinced in the forms of the poetry, roughly follows a chronological development. The subject matter of many of these poems would add more evidence that she is concerned with the disorder of society, her lack of control over her own life, and what she perceived as the meaningless flux of the modern era. It would also coincide with her personal experiences of madness and spiraling poverty, which developed over time.

"What Bourne?," which recapitulates themes in "Woman Cycle," is the last poem of Part I. In it, she investigates the persona's being through her roles as mother, daughter, lover, and wife:

O, illusion of self adored in another,
Was myself the moment of love given—
The man loved, child loved, the mother, father, friend?
Has what I am now been wrenched from my flesh?
Is it I, bleeding, I tear up by its roots
From the ancient soil of the past,
With a wail of stricken senses,
Mine, yet mine no longer?

Something of what Kay Boyle noticed of Evelyn Scott in 1924 can be seen in this poem and in others in the volume. Scott diffused her energy and attention in multiple roles as writer, mother, wife, lover. Boyle wrote of Scott, in a memoir co-authored with Robert McAlmon entitled *Being Geniuses Together*, that her visit with Scott in Paris in the fall of 1924 was not an "easy visit" for the following reasons:

> One was aware at every instant of the nervous complexities of Evelyn's marital, and sexual, and professional lives, and in the smoke-filled, crowded hotel room I found it impossible even to hear what was being said. Perhaps I had lived too long in an almost unbroken inner silence, and now in my own confusion and insecurity I trembled for Evelyn's shattered depths. Was she wife, lover, mother, or none of these things, or all of them? It was difficult for me to determine, although all the elements and all the protagonists were there.[22]

Scott and Boyle's friendship lasted until the end of Evelyn's life, but it was a friendship mostly of letters. The pressures that were brought to bear psychologically on Scott as a writer, and as the protagonist in a complex series of layered relationships with (at the time of Boyle's meeting with her in Paris) Cyril Kay Scott, and Owen Merton, in addition to her responsibilities as mother to her son Creighton Scott, were crippling but probably also artistically invigorating. In this way Scott created energy for her work—by balancing

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[22] Kay Boyle and Robert McAlmon, *Being Geniuses Together: 1920-1930* (Garden City, New Jersey: Doubleday & Co., 1968), 151.

these roles but also in always defining herself in terms of others.

In a quest for stability, in light of this dilemma of being that her artistic fracturing engendered, Scott shifts to apostrophe in "What Bourne?":

> Wind of the morning,
> Rippling over the city roofs to the sea,
> Where dark salt fountains spurt and break,
> O, slake the thirsts of this mortality!
> Sweep us away
> From sight of house-tops, streets and throngs,
> To solitary shores
> Where rugged rock withstands the shock
> Of marbled, silvering attacks,
> As quaking mountains pile their snowy racks
> Upon ineffable graves!
>
> Let us enter nothing, not as meager bones and dust,
> But by spending ourselves upon annihilation generously,
> Like the turbulent, terrible waves!
> Here hope frets us to extinction:
> Better to be tossed, torn, rent with blows
> That wrest apart submissive mind and heart!
> These are not living who mere ignominy saves!

The move in "What Bourne?" from confusion about identity to a cry for annihilation is one which Scott returns to again and again in "The Gravestones Wept." If identity, if selfhood, fails, is rent, and cannot withstand the pressures placed upon it (as mother, wife, writer, artist), then there follows her collective call for the nothing. Only personal apocalypse can answer such a struggle. In terms of theodicy, it is significant that Scott calls to Nature to bring her a measure of fulfillment and justice. This version of "What Bourne?" has been edited by Scott from earlier versions which show that her cry previously went to God by name.

So, the first section of "The Gravestones Wept" deals with Scott's struggles of psyche; with her roles as writer, mother, lover, daughter; and with an emotional appeal for order and affirmation to a higher power (transcendental nature, previously God). Other poems in this first section emphasize philosophical issues such as the nature of evil ("To a Snake in Eden"), the validity of science as a world view ("Scientific Commonplace"), and the futility of modern life and the predicament of modern civilization ("Old American Stock," "On Behalf of the Inarticulate," and "Pike's Peak"). "Old American Stock" focuses on the character of a rustic who finds himself out of step with the times. Scott invokes as background the strident optimism of the 1939 World's Fair, which through its "Democracity" display was the first popular model for superhighways and suburbs.[23] In the poem, the World's Fair is contrasted (and loses in the contrast) to the county fairs with which the rustic would have been more familiar, and which emphasize the local rather than the global.

"Old American Stock" and "On Behalf of the Inarticulate" are poems from Part I which incorporate answering, privileged voices. The voices, denoted by italics in the poems, add a new dimension to the lyric style of these works. They appear to be voices of more authority than the questioning voices—they add an element of spiritual or transcendental involvement in the poems as they create a limited sense of dialogue. Many more poems, beginning in Part II and continuing throughout the volume, also incorporate similar answering voices, denoted by italics. The result of this practice is that poems which

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[23] David Gelernter, *1939: The Lost World of the Fair* (New York: The Free Press, 1995), 67.

might be only declarations of opinion become more complex. By using this device Scott suggests that there is an intelligence or will that stands beyond ordinary reality. This privileged voice suggests a larger coherence and order to the world. The closest identification of this power in Scott's work is Nature. Elsewhere she calls it Creation, Will, and finally, in the last poem in the volume, "Liberate Omnipotence."

In "On Behalf of the Inarticulate" Scott explains to the reader that this poem was written in response to research she performed for an article on socialism in health care. Several characters in the poem attempt to receive social assistance, and the observer/persona conveys that they fail to be considered as individuals by the system to which they appeal. In contrast, "Pike's Peak" brings yet another perspective to this same dilemma of the civilized modern. The towns at the base of Pike's Peak in the poem are dwarfed by the majesty of the mountain; even the achievement of climbing it, which the name of the peak commemorates, is as nothing compared to the scale of Nature itself. Scott goes so far as to express Nature's contempt for the towns by describing the town as "squatting" beneath the mountain, and by describing the homes as constructed from "treasure of degutted stone" (4, 9). The final note of the poem is that the scale of Pike's Peak renders it beyond good and evil, valuations which are only part of the petty and limited vision of human beings.

In contrast to Part I, which deals primarily with Scott's relationships with others, Part II is concentrated in a forceful critique of the modern, technological world. As opposed to things which are made or designed, Scott identifies that which emerges from itself as natural. The natural order, while neglected in our era, is where renewal and ultimate meanings reside. Apocalypse and disaster will result, she suggests, if we continue to

forsake the natural order. Industrialization has promoted conformity above individuality. This tendency toward normalization is devastating for artistic expression. Scott outlines the main conflicts in this section between nature and technology, creativity and conformity.

Behind this critique is a strongly romantic world view which seeks renewal through an apperception of Nature. For Scott, technology's effects can be seen in the way a large, industrial city dwarfs the individuals who live within it, or by the ways in which living in a machine age warps people's sense of their own autonomy and individuality. Living in an age of machines, according to Scott, separates one from Nature and from one's own ability to reflect. At the time that Scott was writing "The Gravestones Wept," especially during the 1940s, a credulous optimism for the saving power of machines and technology was strong and what we might now consider one-dimensional or even overblown. Rather than seeing an exaggerated faith in technology as merely foolish, Scott considered it a pernicious trend. The tendency of technology for Scott is to erase individual differences and promote conformity of action and thought. In such an atmosphere, she maintained, art cannot flourish. She decided to become an active critic through the poetry of "The Gravestones Wept" of what she saw as a way of life that blunted the abilities of individuals to create and to appreciate art. Every poem Scott included in Part II has to do with the conflicts between mankind and post-industrial society.

Part II begins with "Nineteen-Forty-One" (dated 1940 in several of the versions), a poem in which the cacophony of civilization is contrasted to the euphony of Nature. It is separated into two sections, and then an answering voice concludes the poem. In this poem, Scott sets forward two scenes. The first, "Street," describes an empty street and a brief

silence, punctuated by bird song. The bird note is a pure representation of nature. It brings to mind for the persona a "breath from wide, green living lands / A million miles and years away . . ." This remote, peaceful scene is contrasted to "Neighborhood," which may very well take place at the same location as "Street." "Street" refers to the landscape or locale. "Neighborhood" represents human inhabitation or community and is described as loud, disorganized, and annoying. Cats mewl, dogs bark, radios blare, children cry. The sunset reflected from windows is an "angry" hue, in contrast to the growing dusk. Overhead, we are told, "in a pellucid wilderness, / The ignored stars began to ripen." The primary contrast in this poem is between street and neighborhood, but a secondary contrast emerges and is emphasized through the final, answering stanza. The street exists above the neighborhood on the page. In addition, the stars are above, and below is the habitat of human beings. Finally, we are told by the privileged voice that above is the mystery that "no man can understand." Peace, tranquility, and purity are a "million miles and years away"—perhaps even light years away. Some answer, or some greater peace, lies outside of the meaning that human beings in their communities know. The fact of the angry-hued sunset, perhaps symbolic of the judgment of our own familiar star, suggests that a resolution of the affair may be imminent. Important themes which emerge from "Nineteen-Forty-One" are the seeking of peace from travail, the saving power of Nature, and an assertion that contained within Nature is mystery. The mystery is, according to Scott, both self-evidently extant, yet incomprehensible to the human mind. Themes introduced here that complement other poems in this group are prophecy, natural redemption, judgment, and mystery.

A failure of transcendence, the betrayal of some expected deliverance, is a

concomitant theme that Scott explores through this section. "Nineteen-Forty-One" is followed by "Deus ex Machina," written in 1939, another poem incorporating an answering and privileged voice. The poem depicts an apocalyptic city scape in which all things, human and divine, go awry. As in "Nineteen-Forty-One," darkness is an active force—here it "devours" the fields. The first forty lines of the poem describe a Christ story with a difference: the dead find no peace, the wise men find the star that was to lead them strangely darkened, the land is not fruitful, the shepherd forgets the wandering lamb, Mary loses her Child, and in general chaos and disaffection reign. The conclusion of this section is that "all now blindly die / As they were blindly born. . . ." Darkness is an active and a symbolic force—it extends from the night itself to a metaphysical blindness which is the failure to see enlightenment. The last section of the poem answers by bringing the scene up-to-date, from a windswept desert of Christ's time to the skyscrapers of a modern city:

> *At last, the morning!*
> *The sun rises late,*
> *And shines down searingly*
> *On vomitings of hate—*
> *On factory monoliths and city towers!*

The true source of the trouble, it is implied, is the type of life that human beings have chosen to live: separated from nature and isolated by a misplaced faith in machines. The sun rises late because it is too late to save humanity; the buildings of the city itself delay its presence, casting things in perpetual shadow. At the end of this apocalypse is a final judgment—the sun shines down "searingly" as a punishment and a final unveiling of what the city has wrought. Here Scott adopts the vatic mode in order to posit disaster, ecological and spiritual, as a final outcome of modern civilization. A *deus ex machina* would

traditionally mean a god or device contrived to resolve a plot; in this case, Scott emphasizes that no god can redeem mankind, and that the machines themselves have become the gods—that literally, God has been supplanted by the machines.

To continue these themes Scott placed the poem "City, Awaken!" after "Deus ex Machina." "City, Awaken!" is an exhortation which signals the absence of renewal and the presence of continual waste. The persona makes the repeated assertion that "we have forgotten." The phrase collects meaning to itself through repetition and ambiguity. We have forgotten "the young moon's thready gleam," "ripened autumn," the quiet of an evening and our own mortality (1-4). What we have forgotten, Scott implies, is beauty, peace, balance, and the redemptive value of the natural world. What we have in the place of these are "joyless animation," sorrow, and the inability to imagine or invent any alternatives. Here emerges a central trope for Scott explored in this section: one is either awake or numb; one is either aware or asleep. To be awake means to be alert to the meaning of the natural world. To be in the rut of mechanized life is to in some sense have become a machine. The tempered optimism of the poem is that a renewed memory of what was lost might return:

> Break heart and open iron eye,
> And let disorder's human cry
> Bespeak the flesh, the earth, the sky!
> Sinews grown taut as laboring steel
> Regain no pliancy upon the wrack and wheel;
> There nerves that flex no longer feel.
> We are the dead who are about to die!
>
> O, weep! Let tears reflecting blue
> Restore to heaven its candid hue,

That numbered coins be laid no more
Upon the drugged lids of futility.

Until we remember, Scott suggests we will live in ways that are somehow less than life; the description of people in this poem who need to awaken or arise suggests that they are cyborgs—half human, half machine; their perceptions and experiences of the world are mediated and controlled by the machines they use and which have subsequently become a part of their being. Thus, Scott's argument is that the way people have lived in relationship with technology has corrupted the quality of life itself. Through tears, feeling, and a loosening of the bonds of modern life, Scott suggests that one might again feel. In subsequent poems in this section she clarifies what one might hope to feel in such an awakened state.

"Escape from Industry: Jones Beach, 1940" follows "City, Awaken!" In "City, Awaken!" the act of mourning what was possible is a way of reconnecting with what is still possible in human life. In "Escape from Industry," one sees Scott's persona actively pursuing a path in which she tries to reconnect the present with the past. The poem describes a personal attempt at escape. It has an increasingly eerie and grim quality of tone and imagery which suggests suicide ideation. The poem begins with the persona and possibly a companion swimming out from the shore of Jones Beach on Long Island into the Atlantic. The companion is never named or described, and the pronouns "our" and "we" might just as well refer to a plural sense of self as to a companion. We are told that "the misery of the hour was such /As could not cure itself except with long sleep" (1-2). The sun has set and the lights of businesses are violently reflected in the water, "Like bright

discharges from a silent gun." The wish for long sleep, the depression, the description of the lights as discharges from a gun, and the solitary swim far from shore combine to produce the suggestion of a suicide attempt. We are told the starlight is no longer able to compete with the electric lights and the stars are "eyes that blink because they see no more," a phrase which continues this section's emphasis on blindness and death. The persona plunges in and begins her swim outward, "neither east nor west" but south:

> Upon a current of cold ecstasy:
> Before us, sky, so splendidly immutable,
> Behind us, land—
> *the changing land*
> *that sank away,*
> *already yielding*
> *in unnoticed sand!*
> Yet even at a quarter-mile from shore
> We caught a *husha-husha* sound
> *traveling,*
> *lost . . .*
> And as the night grew rankly still,
> There rose from it
> The pulse-beat of a living will—
> *At last! . . .*

The persona swims out half a mile to escape the light of the city, to achieve a new perspective on what she has left behind. She baptizes herself in the water, and undertakes to swim far away, which brings a broader understanding of the land she has left behind. Of interest here is the description of land and sea as having an indefinite border, or a constantly shifting liminality. The sound, "*traveling, / lost . . .* ," is a sound from the land which calls to the persona and characterizes the tenor of life on land. The night grows completely, or "rankly," silent, and the persona hears "the pulse-beat of a living will—/ *At last! . . .*" (25-26). There is the suggestion of a fade-to-darkness. The living will refers to a type of power

or being which encompasses what is known to humans, engulfs them, and goes beyond them to incorporate the All. Perhaps, Scott implies, death is the most complete union possible with Nature.

Following "Escape from Industry" is "Apostasy," composed in 1942—presumably after Scott's renunciation of religion. In it we find a bitter and angry summary of her feelings about the expectation of religious deliverance and once again Scott represents the difficulty lying at the heart of the modern human condition as that of misplaced faith in technology. This is the angriest screed in the volume against both technological bankruptcy and blind faith in God. Scott renounces any hope she may have previously held in God as a savior or the church as a vehicle for peace. God is portrayed as a silent and uncaring witness to what he has set in motion. Scott draws a distinction in these poems between God, an anthropomorphized deity, and a higher or transcendent power, to which she makes repeated appeals. The "bloody cord" Scott cries should be cut is representative of mankind's futile allegiance to an interventionist God. In "Apostasy," human beings have reduced themselves to the status of insects unable to imagine a life apart from their parasitic, rather than symbiotic, relationship with the earth. The things themselves have supplanted any sense of a higher power. The answering voice which ends the poem asserts that built into machine age technology is a vulnerability to corrosion which will transfer even to the people behind the machines. Time and the elements, as it turns out, will work against machines and promote human values.

"Opus Ten Billion," which follows "Apostasy," begins with a wish. The title perhaps refers to a projected world population—a number whose density would affect the

quality of every individual's life. This poem resembles in some ways Wallace Stevens' poem "The Man on the Dump," which describes a figure thoughtfully seeking truth through an examination of garbage. In Scott's poem, the persona wishes for a means of escape: "If I could build me an arc in the blue / Where the sounds of the city fly under / Like lost birds screaming through a dark forest—"(1-3). This arc would leave the city behind and provide separation and solace from what is depicted as chaos below. The persona states that unlike Ulysses, we are not free to roam; instead we are like "dustmen turning over rubbish" in our search for truth, value, and beauty. The hope expressed at the end of the poem is that through our disappointment and disillusionment the knowledge of death might afford a glimpse of these higher and obscurer things. Perhaps, Scott asserts, grief and frustration might turn into hate and anger, providing strength and purification of the soul. Immolation is the purest outcome of the struggle that life presents. A choral prayer concludes the poem:

> Let us be deliberate, O, gods!
> Let intention be writ upon our foreheads!
> Our births were taken out of our hands–
> Let us gird ourselves for death
> *Knowingly!* . . .

This call to the next life is for relief, either through a better knowledge of the world or release from the desire to know. This prayer for a clear-eyed and knowing death provides the climax of the themes in this section.

The energy of "Opus Ten Billion" is followed by a sonnet entitled "The Evening Came," which describes a subjective perception of the evening as a figure of mourning. Once again sunset is the frame of the thought. Chiaroscuro tempers the mood of things as they are seen. Objects participate in both elements, light and darkness, the end of day and

the beginning of night, at once. The poem focuses on God's disappointment with creation and his own death:

> God's last look on the world
> Was like a mighty flag unfurled,
> Then joy in all creation died,
> And evening crept on us and cried
> Like a child who weeps as it sleeps,
> Or like a soul bereft of Grace,
> And anguished for the morning's unimpassioned face.

Those on earth, whose lives are separated from the life of all living things united, are left to experience a world without any joy. This poem acts as an effective whimper after the "bang" of "Opus Ten Billion."

"Lost World: The First Defeat," which follows "The Evening Came," acts in part as an answer to the first poem in "The Gravestones Wept," "Woman Cycle." In "Woman Cycle," composed in 1933, Scott expresses a sense of her youthfulness as an excitement and a joy about being alive. She states in "Woman Cycle":

> In the strong hush of morning,
> She awakens to the sun as to a welcome,
> And the scales of her blindness
> Are the silver of cloud.
>
> She has finished with people,
> And trusts only an animal speechlessness
> She seems to share.
> Still, as she breathes,
> She does ecstatic justice to the air . . . (123-32)

Scott's 1937 response in "Lost World" to these ideas is quite grim; for her, time is the element which defeats youthful enthusiasm and idealism:

> Slow Time, the python-strangler of the heart,
> Has crushed this thought to dust.

My senses have been shed as husk,
Where was life here? What joy, what bane,
Stirred in me grandeur that ennobled death?
What made of the very transience of my breath
A paradoxical sublimity?

Wisdom and peace, Scott maintains, do not come with age. In fact, the wisdom of age is that "The old are delusion consummate" (18). She asks God to "Say why the generations are new-born / To question and to end as we, / Forlorn?" (22-24). An important intertext to this poem is Wordsworth's "The world is too much with us; late and soon." In that poem, Wordsworth describes an alienation people experience from Nature when they are absorbed in "getting and spending"; he so advocated a unified life that he exclaims he would "rather be / A Pagan suckled in a creed outworn" than have a fractured view of Nature. Scott's poem departs from Wordsworth's in the respect that she does not advocate superstition, even though it might present a type of reconciliation between life, thought, and belief. Instead, she wishes to find a new location of and perception of the divine:

Let us outdistance desecration!
Let us, who are the voiceless, celebrate the spirit's wakening,
And rededicate the mystery around us
Who are but textbooks on matter,
Whose mathematics multiply extinctions!
O, God, we ask that when they seek us in the morning
And we are not there,
We may be everywhere . . .

In her call for distance to analyze her spiritual situation, Scott again returns to a desire to escape into the holy through death. The final note of the poem is to "rededicate the mystery around us" by opening oneself to the truth that remains hidden in illusions.

Following "Lost World" is "Ennui," written in 1933, a poem composed earlier than

most of this group. It is a study of the numbness which Scott associated with bankrupt, mechanized existence. What is bright in the world is illusion, mere matter, a wasteland. The poem reads as pastiche; it is broken into four sections, each with different composition histories (in the 1948 and 1951 manuscripts each section appeared separately, with separate titles). The second section is a scene of genteel horror combining nursery rhyme with death's head skulls. In addition, there are strong echoes of Eliot's *The Waste Land* and Wallace Stevens's "Sunday Morning." "Religion is an afterthought to roast and dessert," for instance, comments directly on the incidental place of faith in modern life. We see a puzzling and seemingly out of place reference to *"the Communists"* (32), which reflects one of Scott's persistent obsessions of this time with totalizing political viewpoints. Death is characterized by white, inviting gates, and as a type of peace. Life is characterized by hunger, ennui, illusions, and a never-ending cycle of futile, consuming appetites.

The last poem in this section, "A Serious Parody: Retort to W. H. Auden" (1939), appears to be a response to Auden's famous "September: 1939," published in the *New Republic* on October 18, 1939. Auden's poem, which is set in New York City, commemorates the German invasion of Poland which initiated World War II. In her parody, Scott does a good job of mimicking Auden's style, but her overall purpose for the parody is obscure. She seems to be critiquing Auden's conspiratorial and apocalyptic tone in this poem; however, as we have seen, Scott is clearly a poet who quite often uses the same techniques. Scott's poem, set in London, and rich in the details of that locale, evokes a strong sense of conspiring historical forces. By repeating the phrases "they tell us" and "they say," Scott indicates that she felt the matter of historical determinism, as expressed in

his poem, was oversimplified by Auden. Another apocalyptic vision ends the piece; the true sign of total annihilation, according to Scott, is the failure of a civilization to produce poets.

Part II as a whole provides a tight nexus of themes central to "The Gravestones Wept." Although she is never explicit regarding what exactly troubles her about modern life, she does communicate a strong condemnation of what she saw as an overwhelming tendency to exclude art, and more primarily, spiritual truth, from life. Conformity seems to result from technology. She shows evidence in this group of poems of being located securely within her own time and place, involved in the moods and the issues of the modernist moment, if finding herself tragically implicated by them.

Part III enlarges further upon themes, images, and symbols developed in Parts I and II. Totalitarianism is pervasive and is the political realization of industrial paradigms. The human spirit suffers restrictions due to the promotion of conformity through political systems. All human events and urges are part of an eternal pattern of human history—redemption can perhaps be achieved through feelings of loss or sadness. Feeling regret and loss is better, for Scott, than feeling nothing. We get a clearer idea of Scott's cosmology through her depiction of the relationship between chaos and order in her poems about Nature. Although Part III is a less tightly organized unit than Parts I and II, in it Scott places historical events she lived through in a larger context of cyclical, dispensational time, and she includes poems which, while altered from the original versions, directly refer to her conversion to Catholicism during 1941. Scott achieves through this section a sense that all particular human events are part of an eternal dialectical cycle; to this she brings a Hegelian

sense of pre-determined historical culmination.[24] Although all events are part of an endless resounding of the same, for Scott these experiences build toward a cataclysmic final event.

Part III begins with "Wax Works." The title suggests figures in the poem are like figures in a wax museum, that they themselves are transitory, as if made of wax, or that their accomplishments on earth are as transient as are works made of wax. The poem has a manic, kaleidoscopic tone which presents Chamberlain, Hitler, Roosevelt, and Stalin as players on a stage where their actions are determined and tempered by chaos and confusion. The farcical tone of the piece enhances the sense of the overall meaninglessness of the actions of the players. Each historical figure is shown in cartoon relief, doing something or behaving in some way broadly characteristic of him. For instance, Chamberlain is seen sporting an umbrella during a rain of bullets, Roosevelt beams a false smile to the public, and Stalin is shown as a figure brooding over revenge. Hitler is depicted as a Gabriel figure, blowing the "horn of morning," but this portrayal is followed by the privileged voice who indicates that the call of Hitler is not unique to his time and place but is a music that has been heard eternally. To develop further the sense that all history is a repetition and a continuity, Scott describes that overhead, the "bloody ball" (the sun) has projected its light on similar tragicomic events throughout human history.

Scott depicts soldiers of World War II on land, sea, and air behaving in "Wax Works" as soldiers have always behaved, as drones of the hive. German soldiers replicate in some fundamental way Caesar's march on the Rubicon and Hannibal's contemplation of

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[24] We know from "Woman Cycle" that Scott was widely read in philosophy (144-51). Regardless of whether she ever tackled Hegel specifically, her references to Absolute and Spirit call to mind the treatment of these subjects in his writing.

Rome. The privileged voice enters once more with a broader perspective:

But from ten thousand Greeks,
And from the twenty thousand at Verdun
There rises still, orchestrally, the moan of time,
And of an earth grown colder at its core, aborting rhyme.
There is something here not spoken by those others
Who have split the atom, but who cannot make men brothers.
There is something here for the listening ear
That will outlast the rasping gusts of human fear—
Something for tomorrow to outlast death
In a regathering of all this wasted human breath.

Several things are of note here. The ancient Greek army and soldiers of World War I are mentioned in a single breath. For Scott, these elisions of events and time illustrate that all war was testament to the same elementary human struggles. The "moan of time" and the "rasping gusts of human breath" refer to the eternal rustling of human history. Scott indicates that the climate she describes is hostile to poetry, "aborting rhyme." The voice says there is "something" here, however, which can be accepted as wisdom, something to outlast death. The indefiniteness of this something is an essential component of the hope. The overall effect of invoking this indefinite and remote hope is to experience suffering as deferred meaning in one's life. The reward is not present but forever anticipatory. From Scott we have the promise that pain leads somewhere, although Nature is aloofly indifferent to the affairs of men. The "something," we are told, may be perceived by one receptive to its message. Receptivity depends upon readiness to perceive and an awareness of the phenomena.

"Since Freedom Died," which follows "Wax Works," is a poem in which Scott laments restrictions that she perceived were in place against free thought and expression in

her own time. Separation exists between life as it is lived in our era and a life in which dreams, thought, poetry, and "irrational speech of heart" (20) can thrive. Scott mentions that "might of many, [has] become tyranny of One" (6). This became an increasing concern for Scott—that the forces of power and constriction in the world were totalitarian and united in a cause to promote fear, conspiracy, and silence for artists. The chimeras and hints which Scott saw became coherent and organized plots in her mind against the plight of artists. What she saw resulting from these restrictions was an endless deferral of artistic possibilities:

> But from the idiot's monotony with which it is still said
> Men will be men again when they are fed,
> We shall yet rally to the whisper of the spirit.
> And to the poor who profit in the moment only,
> And to the rich who can lose merely what they lack,
> Freedom—covert now, beyond the brazen door!—
> Will come forth as before
> To flower in day's liberal wind.

The whisper of the spirit, like the moan of time and wasted human breath, seems to refer to an ageless susurrus of human life. The Marxist concerns for economic liberation take a back seat in Scott's mind to the more primary concern for artistic liberation. Freedom, Scott suggests, will break through the barriers and flourish in a renewed liberalism in spite of the local and petty concerns that preoccupy people.

Not only has art suffered from a lack of freedom—Scott identifies aspects of science which suffer as well. "Pure Science," a sonnet dedicated to Charles Darwin and John Tyndall, commemorates what Scott considered to be a lost spirit of free inquiry in science. What has been sacrificed to the goal of efficacy is a sanction to investigate Nature freely

according to the dictates of the imagination. Scott suggests that theories developed by naturalists of the Victorian era are being used to further specific and narrow personal and political agendas. Scott portrays Darwin and Tyndall as noble pioneers whose voyages have yielded to opportunism by those who took up their mantles.

In a more far-reaching diagnosis, "Our Era," written in 1937, describes a world in which freedom has died, and the spirit itself, once as free as birds are, has been chained. Scott's use of the term Spirit, in this poem and in others, has strongly Hegelian overtones. For Hegel, Spirit represented the positive and negative becoming of being as human history. For Scott, Spirit carries this meaning and can further represent the way in which individuals participate in the Absolute evolution of history. In our era, Scott diagnoses the Spirit as diseased; we are as cattle pressing down a narrow path, to use her image, presumably to our own slaughter. The highest actualization of Spirit for Scott is in artistic production, and in our era even the imagination itself "mutely drudges" (10), a slave to baser purposes. We are reduced to "birth, copulation, and death" (to use Eliot's formulation); Scott states:

> And as the worm, the bat, the tiger
> Forage, mate and die,
> So I and my diminished race.

In these lines Scott closely echoes Eliot's *Four Quartets*:

> Below, the boarhound and the boar
> Pursue their pattern as before
> But reconciled among the stars. ("Burnt Norton," 1935)

For Eliot, the altered perspective revealed in these lines from "Burnt Norton" would ultimately lead to peace: far removed and above the specifics of life is a perceivable pattern, a reconciliation. For Scott, the larger perspective does not lead to peace but to judgment.

"Spirit can scarce crawl" (5), "These are the saddest days of all" (9), and members of the human race are no more than animals in their pursuit to meet their basic needs. "Our Era" is a poem centered in the human perspective with no intervening voice of hope or unity to moderate it.

The word "Apocalypse" literally means a revelation or an uncovering. For Scott, in her poem by that title, it also carries with it the accreted meaning of Armageddon, that final conflagration described in the Revelation to St. John the Divine. By placing "Apocalypse" after "Our Era" Scott indicates the direction of man's fate. Scott begins the poem by saying that a long anticipated hour has arrived. It describes a life which is lived in anticipation of death, and the collective voice of the poem speaks as if from the grave:

> We had waited for this hour
> To reach the secret end of ourselves
> And go on . . .
> It was the beginning, and we knew it
> While we went toward death
> As children mount a golden stair.
> We had never been at home down there!
> This light would be the cold white blade
> That severed us from our despair,
> For now we understood
> The strange indifference of the Good.

The wisdom which comes from death is a knowledge of the totality or the Absolute, which, in containing both positive and negative aspects of being, seems indifferent to any individual's particular struggle. We are told by the proleptic voice that human memory abides with the dead for a while; love eventually dissolves; and that the final hope as Spirit verges on the abyss is that we become totalized as an inanimate component of Nature. The collective "we" and "our" used in the poem suggest the collective deaths and return to

matter of all the human race throughout history.

An interesting idea presented in this poem is that in death one understands "the strange indifference of the Good." Life on earth is presented as profoundly alienating because so much which is incomprehensible occurs. The Good, which characterizes being, includes all things on earth, whether perceived as good or as evil. Evil presents itself to human beings as such because of their partial perspective. The Good aligns itself with the Whole, or Absolute, and therefore cannot concern itself with any particular individual or part. The freedom mentioned in the poem is expressed as a liberation from individuality, and for Scott the individual in all his or her particularities is the core aspect of the artist. As earth recedes, so do the struggle and consciousness that define the artist. Death, therefore, presents itself as the final and absolute means of escape for Scott.

"War," dated 1943, is a sonnet in which the war one presumes she is referring to is not specified by name or through details. Rather, war as a whole, as a force of Spirit, is described. If any specific war is invoked, it is that of the *Iliad*, with references to the unmistakably Homeric "rose-crowned, unexpected dawn" (9). It is about the role of war in the totality. In apostrophizing the earth, Scott is grateful that no matter what men do to each other, the fundamental expectation of a new morning can not be disappointed. In the face of immanent annihilation, the sure fact of a tomorrow, she notes, is a blessing. An allusion to Christ's teaching that one might have more hope of passing a camel (a type of rope made of camel's hair) through the eye of a needle than bringing riches into heaven is used to suggest man's isolation from comfort, peace, and God. This poem was written within proximity to Scott's own harrowing experiences of World War II in London, and as a result of this, is

remarkable for its abstraction and distanced tone.

"Good Friday Poem," dated 1941, and exhibiting numerous alterations for content, is a poem describing the sadistic pleasure of the mob in crucifying Christ. The record of Scott's alterations shows that she removed a number of capitalizations referring to God and Christ which would have given it a more devout tone. Overall, it is a fairly unimaginative depiction of the familiar historical scene, with the cravenness of the crowd winning out over Perfection, and with Love personified by Christ. The privileged voice extolls Mary to "weep / For unseen things and deep," which is an interesting foregrounding of Mary's ennobling emotional experience of the crucifixion.

"Last Words" springs forth from the page as Scott's message to those who would read her poetry after her death. "Last Words" has a haunting tone not unlike Keats's lines from "This Living Hand" where the persona holds out a ghostly hand from the grave toward the reader.[25] This poem reveals that Scott anticipated a hostile, even a selfish, audience for her books. She also claims to have written for "a few gentle ones who are gone" (14-15). It is not clear who that would be in 1937, a year when many of her principle friends, family, and confidantes were still alive. Nevertheless, one could take this as an anticipatory statement to mean any who were beloved and sympathetic to her who would be dead when the poem was read at a future time. The message of the poem, its poetic being, is symbolized by the figure of the dove, used elsewhere in the volume to symbolize Spirit itself. The page is identified as dark and obscure, whereas the message of the poem, its

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[25] Scott notes in *Escapade* that she left the US for London with two books of poetry in her possession, a volume of Keats and one of Shelley. Both poets remained major influences on her work. *Escapade* (Charlottesville, Virginia: Univ. of Virginia Press, 1995), 2-3.

essence, is represented as the bright-feathered dove which flies free of the page itself.

Other than the information given about World War II in the title of "Winter Front, 1942: German versus Russian," there are no other specific details that would associate the scene described with that time or place. This could be any scene of battle. Rather, war is a backdrop for death and suffering in general. The battleground, covered with anonymous, rotting corpses, is described as a "bleak nursery of souls," a terrible harvest, and a launching point to oblivion. Scott, never reluctant to create the gruesome image, has the snow-filled eye sockets of the dead staring up at the void of the sky. The persona asks the question of these dead if victory will matter when winter turns into spring and the dead themselves become a nursery for spring's greening.

In "The Throng on Calvary" Scott returns to a religious theme. A cyclical pattern of history, which includes Christ's crucifixion, is drawing close for a repeat of those events again. The world we live in, Scott suggests, was set in this motion from the beginning; however, the nature of the present crisis seems to be an ecological one, based on the final line of the poem: "Not tears, but chemicals, on waters dour." The throng represents the totality of the human community which delights in a lustful destruction of the good. This poem underwent alterations to tone down its devoutness; nevertheless, its original flavor remains intact. The deterministic tone of the events reveals that there is a broader field in which to judge the specifically evil acts described.

Continuing the eschatological themes, the landscape of "Summer Storm" is an apocalyptic and dramatic crashing of lightning, thunder and rain. The first fourteen lines form a sonnet, which is followed by an octet focusing on the aftermath of the storm. The

sky and land, after a fierce battle or erotic coupling [both are implied— "heavens and storm-wracked earth embrace" (7)], lie together in a truce of death and/or the *petit mort* of orgasm:

> And afterward, what awful peace,
> As vacantly the downpours cease.
> Then trapped like bitter, secret foes,
> In ecstasy of rigid woes,
> The broken land and swollen sky
> Gaze fixedly, each from a stark, bared eye,
> And out of rising mist and cloud,
> Reweave, once more, a common shroud . . .

The repose after the storm is an unsatisfying denouement to the cataclysmic coupling. This poem may be offered as a metaphor for the artistic process itself—for Scott, a movement toward cataclysm punctuated by an eventually empty and unsatisfactory experience of release. The artist, too, must return to the drab world of the everyday after a frustrating experience of production, just as after the storm earth and sky must renegotiate their co-existence.

Following "Summer Storm," "To the Artists of Every Land" is a poem which combines the themes of religious and artistic freedom. After the title, Scott adds: "A.D. 400, A.D. 1941," details which help to make historical sense of the events described. At about 400 A.D. Carthage, a leading Roman city in Northern Africa, was captured by the Germanic nomad tribe named the Vandals. Carthage, in interior North Africa, was in fact vulnerable because the barbarians were on the march throughout the Roman Empire, which was facing its last days. Carthage was also the ancient city where the wandering Aeneas was shipwrecked, according to Virgil, and where he met Dido, the traditional founder of the city. Scott observes that like the lost Trojans, epitomized by Aeneas, we are alienated from

a home which is ransacked by barbarians. The Vandals were known for—well, vandalism—particularly of Catholic churches and art works, being members themselves of a radical variant sect of Christianity. Scott implies that once again, artists' endeavors are being ransacked, just as the heart of the Roman Church was ransacked. In the face of this chaos, the artist experiences particularly harsh challenges. Just as in Scott's "Last Words," the words of the poet, presumably Virgil's, "wringing from his lyre his pain," are likened to birds emerging from the page in flight.

"They know not what they do," as a phrase uttered by Christ, is an expression of forgiveness. In Scott's poem by that title, which follows "To the Artists of Every Land," and was dedicated to her good friend Charlotte Wilder, also a poet, the phrase becomes judgmental and accusatory. In 1941 Charlotte Wilder was incarcerated in a mental institution for her erratic behavior.[26] Scott maintained to the end of her life that Charlotte had been deposited unjustly in mental hospitals, and in 1948 she wrote repeatedly to Charlotte's siblings Thornton, Isabel, and Amos protesting the lobotomy that Charlotte received in January of that year. The poem describes the anger which has to grow out of ill treatment. Even the meek, Scott argues, must rage at repeated injustice. The final sestet of the sonnet argues that injustice is the sowing of dragon's teeth which will emerge as armies, and may eventually be met with fierce struggle. At the end of the poem, the eagle emerges phoenix-like from the figure of the dove, birds often used to represent different aspects of Spirit. The poem promises retribution and justice for wrongs committed and places

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[26] D.A. Callard, *Pretty Good for a Woman: The Enigmas of Evelyn Scott* (New York: Norton, 1985), 164.

Charlotte in the role of a sacrifice as was Christ.

Following "They Know Not What They Do, " "Blue Moon," making its well-known rare appearance, becomes a symbol of otherness, difference, and altered realities. The moon is a repeated trope in Scott's poetry. It represents an identification with a nether side or darkened soul; the strange light of the moon transforms reality and makes it more receptive to subjective perception. It is also a constant presence, and at that time it was seemingly remote enough from human contamination. During the time that Scott wrote the poem the moon still seemed remote, untouchable, and uncontaminated by human will.

"No Boast!" follows "Blue Moon." It is a poem about the state of mortality and what wisdom it may offer. Written in 1943, it presents a less sentimental view of Christ than some of the other poems in this group. The experience of mortality is likened to being in prison and awaiting execution. In futile hope of avoiding death's inevitability we:

> . . . nail new Christs upon the Judas-tree
> To stop the Voice that, with its softest plea,
> Sends mad swine into an Eternal Sea.

In spite of all we do to cheat death, it yet "yawns" beyond the open door—the doorway being that liminal space that exists between life and death for Scott. The hope expressed in the poem is that through this very defeat and inevitability come clarity and knowledge.

The last poem of this group extolls the reader to "Live!" in the face of a world characterized by betrayal, deceit, and chaos. We, who will die soon anyway, are told to:

> . . . rouse now and awake!
> O, nurse the ember! Though its flame be hell,
> From it your all, your hope of Heaven as well!

All there is of meaning must be wrested from the very human and overwhelming tendency

to forget the immediacy of the moment. An awareness of the emptiness and bankruptcy seems necessary in order to feel in a way which does justice to experience.

Parts II and III for the most part focus on dark, seething moods and speculation about the poet's place in the universe and the state of modern society. Part IV provides a brief (and not entirely convincing) release from the brooding tone of the poems in earlier sections. Part IV has only nine poems in all, but each focuses on hope, rebirth, reconciliation, and renewal. This renewal and restoration of human freedom and diversity comes from unexpected sources. Poetry, Scott indicates, is a powerful resource to deliver humanity from the eternal struggle between reason and feeling. It is able to do this because it preserves the individual vision of the poet and draws on both aspects of mind to be created and understood. Furthermore, poetry participates in and acknowledges the higher powers that integrate disparate aspects of being. The central conflict in this section, then, is the forces of integration as opposed to disintegration and fragmentation. Poetry is seen as a way to overcome the tendencies of a machine age which promotes conformity. After the dark night of the soul, Scott suggests, comes the morning, affording freshness and new perspective. The uplift in mood of these last poems does not provide easy closure to the volume. In these poems Scott introduces a qualified faith and hope for wisdom which may not adequately supplant the questions that she has so far raised.

Following the command to "Live!" at the end of Part III, we find Part IV beginning with a poem entitled "Survival," as if in answer to the previous poem. "Survival" is a sonnet about exile and banishment. "We living," Scott explains, are forever separated from an understanding of "the plan" or the principles which order our universe. We want

desperately to know, however, and our hubris expresses itself in the manufacture of "girders, joists and joints," mechanized degradations of and attempts to subsume the natural world. In the summative sestet Scott mentions Laocöon, a resident of ancient Troy who was punished by Posiedon for being skeptical of the famous Greek gift of the wooden horse. When Laocöon expressed his doubts about bringing the horse into the city, Posiedon sent two enormous serpents to strangle him and his two sons. In Scott's version, Laocöon must struggle with the serpent-like coils of machines, brought forth as if to strangle his skepticism. Her message is that skeptics of the new age are punished as Laocöon was, by the very things they cry out against. Some natural order, perhaps even on the molecular level, "proves itself in silence" within "these steely coils" (11-12). Technology, however, obscures the sense of creation or an underlying will ordering the universe. "Survival," then, means bare living in exile from nature's truth and an awareness that mechanized human endeavors obscure and sully natural order.

"Poor Caliban" follows "Survival." The title refers to the character Caliban in Shakespeare's *The Tempest*, but the connection of the play to this poem is obscure. The poem claims that something has radically changed. A transformation has taken place so that people are now content, whereas before the world was characterized by "constricting cold like hate," "winter, war, and woe" (4, 7). The focus is on the change in weather and mood from winter to spring, from dusk to morning. Christ's pale footprint on the water, we are told, is the last holy vestige in a world where the gods have fled. "Life," in its totality, is identified as an entity which may be estranged from individual human lives as they are lived. Once again we see that the dark times are times when "poetry met nemesis in graves"

(10). The disorder is the result of "overweening men" who try to supplant Nature. Christ's pale and fading footprint on the water is in fact a bleak sign to ward off the encroaching chaos. It is not clear if this poem is an expression of Scott's faith or of her doubt about the efficacy of faith in such a time. Caliban has been taken as a doomed figure of Nature and passion, pitted against Prospero's rationality and order. As such, he must subjugate himself to reason and rule because his own strengths are rendered superfluous by the hegemonic order which has supplanted him. Perhaps this is why Scott feels pity for him. In his role as representative of Nature, he is defeated and co-opted for use before he has a chance to compete.

In "Archaic Art," which follows "Poor Caliban," there are several examples of the presentation of complexity in Nature, to which, the persona explains, there is no analogue in the soul. First, Scott describes a sea shell, feminine and sexual in its unfolding depths. The privileged voice in this poem is nihilistic, suggesting that humans' propensity to find meaning in the sound heard within the sea shell is futile and empty. Second, Scott describes a feather, a symmetrical and intricate symbol of flight and freedom. The persona finds it similarly empty of means or correspondence in her own experience. Then the crystal is offered as a permanent monument to mathematical abstraction, but in the end that perfection is a sham that does not represent the order of Nature. Finally, philosophy is characterized as a barren, abstract endeavor because it fails to consider the alternative states of existence, such as the emotions, which cannot be subsumed by reason. Like Cain and Abel's struggle with one another, Reason and Feeling are in turmoil for control of the self. The privileged voice signals that out of this conflict and the failure of meaning will spring a new beginning

truer to the natural order than the present one. The poem moves toward renewal and rebirth through the struggle to integrate reason and feeling.

"Convoy of 1944 Recollected," written in 1955 (one of the latest composition dates in the volume), is about some of the darkest days of World War II as seen from the point of view of the Allies. Written from Scott's perspective in England, the US ships, which accomplished the storming on June 6th of Omaha Beach and Utah Beach along Normandy's shore now known as D-Day, arrived like figures of salvation and mystery. Upon the arrival of Eisenhower's troops from the west:

> There emerged, as on the last Day,
> From the rain-sooted torrent of sunset horizon,
> Sail and funnel, streamline and tanker,
> To possess, like ghosts sped from eons of shipping,
> The colossus of empty ocean and wave.
> And as the dying blaze on the sea
> Became populous with a suddenly-revealed host,
> What stood forth to us silently
> Was as wonderful
> As though the napkin laid over the Grail had been lifted;
> And again we saw Power benign,
> Even as in the dreams of the most ancient of mankind.

In 1955, the composition date of the poem, Scott lived in New York, the point of origin of the convoy. The last section of the poem sets the convoy in the perspective of ten thousand years of history. As if in answer to the betrayal of Power throughout that time, the arrival of those troops in 1944 seemed like a deliverance and a sanctification of Power. An interesting note to this poem is Scott's description elsewhere of arriving from New York on her voyage to England along side this miliary convoy in 1944:

> . . . as "The Rangatiki" neared her destination (it was Liverpool, but it might have been anywhere between Orkney and Devon), it was chiefly with a feeling of intense

> aesthetic gratification that I watched our convoy (hitherto apparently consisting of no more than a dozen ships) heave into view over the afternoon horizon; its numbers, as the sun sank, so rapidly multiplied, the ocean's dun and gilded vastness seemed abruptly to be inhabited by half the hosts of earth. . . . these were divulged as the harbingers, not alone of military victory, but of a return to civilized and normal living and a normal re-engrossment in cultural pursuits.[27]

"The New City in Rain," "Pagan Invocation to the Virgin," "Peace Pact," and "Toward Home" are sonnets which follow, in that order, "Convoy of 1944." All of these poems offer brief glimpses into the themes of renewal. "The New City in Rain" focuses on an evening rainstorm in New York. There is traffic, the harbor's bridges, phosphorescent trails in the water where tugs and ships have crossed. Thunder and lightning are imaginatively described as a "flashing door" that "wind shuts, / Opens and shuts, again, on recalled pain" (12-13). The sonnet ends with the freshening of everything that the rain brings. The title evokes New York itself as well as intimating that it is a new version of itself after the storm. It is suggested, through the glistening scene of the city, that the people in it might themselves "arise from hell into clear rain" (14). Similarly, "Pagan Invocation to the Virgin" focuses on a winter evening snowstorm scene which turns to a morning of warming and renewal. The snowstorm is represented as alienating to the sun and warmth as well as peace, "outlawing men and all man's race" (7). The final sestet shows a calming reintegration of man and Nature. In previous versions of this poem it was entitled "Invocation to the Virgin" and had a more devotional tone:

> The morning, rising at slow, swanlike pace,
> From snowy seas of cloud toward tender blue,
> Is for the stricken, sorrowing like You;—

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[27] Scott, "Preface" to "Escape into Living," Evelyn Scott Collection, University of Tennessee at Knoxville, 12-14.

O, Stainless Door of Heav'n, through which this race
Looks longingly past twisted time and place
Into pellucid depths of thought as true
And pure as the translucent, holy hue
That gives awakening sky its flow'ry face.

At such an hour, the very ocean's waste
Becomes a mirror just to dawn and breeze.
The air is clement; and as sun grows bold
In gentle amplitude, serene and chaste,
A mystic Rose unfolds among the trees
And light builds tow'rs of ivory and gold.

In this earlier version the imagery is more clearly linked to conventional images of the Virgin Mary. The later version is dated elsewhere as composed in 1950, which would perhaps represent the period during which Scott retooled the poem to its more "pagan" overtones. Spring is embodied in the "Mystic Rose" which is the first bloom of the season.

"Peace Pact," which follows, describes a day of judgment where those who undergo trial are freed from things that consumed them on earth. In death, it is suggested, the competing areas of Nature and mankind are at peace. In earlier versions, "Peace Pact" and "Toward Home" are two sections of a single poem, entitled "Toward Home." "Toward Home" draws on imagery from "Ode to Psyche" and "Ode to a Nightingale" to describe the path of the wanderer toward peace. In earlier versions of the poem (the A group of 1948, and the B group of 1951), its title "Overseas Service —R. A. F." suggests that it was written specifically for her husband's homecoming from the War. Written in 1943, one certainly imagines that the "recent battle-ground and blood soaked tide" to which the poem refers is World War II without the aid of any specific references to her husband.

Scott continues to acknowledge her debt to the Romantic poets with "To the

Mocked Romantics." It is Scott's attempt to honor Spirit as encapsulated in their poems, which, she felt, were neglected in the modernist period. In a previous version this poem was more bluntly entitled "To Shelley." She looks back at a time that she perceived was ruled by feeling and poetry as being much truer to the natural world than is her own time. There was a general critical neglect of Romanticism that followed naturally out of the tendencies of modernism. Something of the will of the Romantics survives in their poetry, she suggests, available to lend strength to us. The persona speaks as though to the words of the poet themselves, asking them to come and unite reason and feeling:

> You bring the magnanimity of space
> Into this narrow place.
> Descend your radiant armadas,
> Smite the false with true,
> Ere reason wither to that blindest root
> Uniting man with brute,
> And Silence answer questioning
> With bone-cold lips.
> Chaste hearts and intellects,
> Offset the savagery of natural law.
> May snowy flails beat back the dark,
> And poetry become our Ark.

The final sonnet-stanza of the poem expresses that something precious and true resides in the neglected words of these poets. Coming as the penultimate poem in the volume, the subject and content of this poem help to put some of Scott's perspective into focus. In her most positive frame of mind, her position might be characterized as a Romantic one in that she believed that Nature was transcendent and offered coherence to those who try to grasp it. Nature is infinitely complex, yet it is governed by laws; it exists beyond good and evil; and it gathers into it the lives of individuals and connects them with the Whole. "To the

Mocked Romantics" is a straightforward expression of gratitude to important influences in her outlook and work.

"Pantheist's Paean," the final poem in the volume, recalls the natural patterns in "Archaic Art," which were described then to be intriguing yet ultimately devoid of significant meaning beyond themselves. For instance, crystals, in their structure, are free to grow, yet bound by their pattern—a pattern which is the essence that identifies them as what they are. The sense of Nature's meaningful chaos, contrasted with its meaningless order, is expressed strongly:

> Though the wind move the tree
> To the rage of the storm,
> And the leaf's flight is wild,
> Like the joy of the child
> Is my thrill to the might that is free
> Yet bound:
> Its laws resounding
> In the beat of the empty sea,
> Traced in the poet's destiny,
> The crystal's pattern and the clod!

A poem to morning, praising nature, this poem celebrates the poet's Being, a higher power she names "Liberate Omnipotence," and the reconciliation of mind and spirit. It is a poem which successfully communicates the persona's at-oneness with the surrounding environment and her own competing aspects. The prayer to this higher entity ends with Scott submitting to it in the role of a daughter—a role that she returned to in her life in relationships with men she perceived as powerful and worthy. The entry of this type of relationship at this point in "The Gravestones Wept" suggests that if Nature, the Absolute, Spirit, or "Liberate Omnipotence" had a gender it would be male, and if it is personified,

then it is a dominant, paternal presence. Scott's submission to it parallels her temporary submission to the church, and may be related to her reliance in this volume on formal poetry. In each case Scott seeks order, release, peace, and structure.

"The Gravestones Wept," then, documents Scott's thinking about herself as a poet, the role of the poet in society, the impact of technology and the modern world on art, the relation of art to the Spirit, the artist's relation to history, and history itself. Overall, it is Scott's attempt to reconcile fragmentation in modern life as she experienced it through a movement toward transcendence, whether that be death, the integration of reason and emotion, or a surrender to a higher power. Scott clearly had both a strong need to turn away from death and an irresistible urge to meditate upon it; it offered escape and closure to the questions and concerns which plagued her. The conflicts that she sets up in "The Gravestones Wept" do not, however, lend themselves to easy resolution. Perhaps the gravestones among which Sally resides weep with sentiment, or perhaps it is simply condensation. In any case, the artist imposes her own meaning on the natural phenomenon and finds meanings and associations where before there were none. In "The Gravestones Wept" we see Scott trying to reconcile, for example, the natural emergence of things with the artificial manipulation of nature by machines, her romanticism and her modernism, reason and emotion, conformity and individuality. The successful management of these dichotomies, she seems to explain, must come through the free play of the artistic imagination—anything less, and one accepts slavery.

Manuscript Information

The manuscripts of "The Gravestones Wept" reside in two major collections. The earliest extant typescript and its two carbons are housed at the Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center at the University of Texas at Austin. They are from the year 1948 and were circulated as finished in 1948-49. They are in binders which Scott purchased in London, and have been named A^1, A^2, and A^3, with A^1 being the original and A^2 and A^3 the carbon copies. The remaining eight copies are housed at the Special Collections Library of the University of Tennessee at Knoxville. They can be organized into three groups and have been assigned letters in reference to this project to indicate their relationship and chronology. The earliest, B^1, B^2, and B^3, were typed in 1951, with B^1 being the original and B^2 and B^3 the carbon copies. At the time that she completed them she labeled them "final copy" and placed them into binders which she bought in New York on her way to the Huntington Hartford Foundation in California where she stayed with John Metcalfe, her husband, in 1953. The second set of the Tennessee group, C^1, C^2, and C^3, comprise the original and two carbons of the volume as it was typed by Scott in 1956 and 1957. She began typing on August 19, 1956 and finished typing on May 10, 1957. There are poems which she included in this version which do not appear in earlier versions because they were written after 1951. The final group is D^1, D^2, and D^3; D^1 is

the original, and D^2 and D^3 the two carbons, of a version of the volume completed on May 17, 1960. Almost no handwritten alterations are made in D^1, D^2, or D^3, and while D^1 has served as the proof text of this volume, in cases where readings were difficult or questions arose, D^2 and D^3 (identical to each other and bound in the same notebook) served as a secondary proof text. There are no typed copies of the poems of "The Gravestones Wept" collected later than 1960.

At the time of Scott's death in 1963, she was survived by John Metcalfe, also a writer, and her son and his family, who were living in Nova Scotia. A doctoral degree candidate in English at Vanderbilt named Robert L. Welker had completed a dissertation on Scott in 1958 and was currently teaching as an assistant professor at the University. He had cultivated a friendship with the authors over the years of his dissertation work, becoming quite close to both Scott and Metcalfe. It was Welker's intention to write a biography of Scott for publication, and with this project in mind, Metcalfe gave all of the papers that Scott possessed at her death to him. These papers, which included unpublished manuscripts, carbons of letters she had sent, as well as many letters received, family photographs and correspondence, and notes for her last, unfinished novel, were shipped from New York to Nashville where Welker continued to work at Vanderbilt for a time. Welker brought these papers to his next and final teaching position at The University of Alabama at Huntsville, and he gave them to the University of Tennessee at Knoxville in 1996.

It was also Metcalfe's intention to give a group of papers to Welker that the couple had stored in London, in order to unite and complete the collection for the

biographer. A large collection of materials which date from before the author's final return to the United States in 1952 remained behind due to the financial hardship of shipping it to the U.S. Metcalfe and Welker arranged to meet in London for the purpose of making the exchange in 1968. Fatefully, during the week of their meeting, before the exchange could actually take place, Metcalfe fell down a flight of stairs and died a few days later. The papers remained where they were.

The papers in London that Metcalfe intended to give to Welker eventually found their way to Paula Scott, surviving spouse of Creighton Scott, Evelyn's only child. Paula Scott became Evelyn Scott's literary executor. Those papers were acquired by the University of Texas at Austin and represent material from earlier in Scott's career than those of the Tennessee collection; they were papers which she deemed could stay behind when she traveled to the U.S. Not included in the London/University of Texas group were personal items such as a large group of her mother's letters, Scott's marriage license and divorce papers, and the bulk of family photographs: things one might assume had primary sentimental importance to the author. These she managed to take with her to the U.S. and they are now in Knoxville.

The following is a key to the names and approximate dates of typing for the manuscripts used in this edition:

Texas Manuscripts:
A^1 1948 original
A^2 1948 1st carbon
A^3 1948 2nd carbon

Tennessee Manuscripts:
B^1 1951 original

B^2 1951 1st carbon
B^3 1951 2nd carbon
C^1 1956-57 original
C^2 1956-57 1st carbon
C^3 1956-57 2nd carbon
D^1 1960 original — proof text
$D^{2\&3}$ 1960 1st and 2nd carbons

The group of manuscripts later in time, the Tennessee manuscripts, predictably reveal more finished copies. In examining the manuscripts of the Tennessee collection to determine which is the copy that appears to be the most "finished," that is, the closest to the author's final intention, several details become important. Copies B^2 and B^3 are carbons of B^1. Copy B^3 is the cleanest copy, not incorporating handwritten revisions that Scott made to B^1 and B^2. All three of these are marked on the binder: "Final Copy 1951," with B^1 adding "Original"–meaning, presumably, original typescript, not a carbon. At one time or several, it seems, it is likely that B^3 was sent to publishers, since B^1 and B^2 continued to be the copies that Scott amended with what are fairly minor aesthetic revisions.

Copies C^1, C^2 and C^3 share similar characteristics. The author indicates that she began typing on August 19, 1956 and finished May 10, 1957. Overall, these appear to be copies in which Scott did some of her workshop activities. They follow the B group's table of contents' organization. C^1 reflects author revisions that were included in handwriting in the typescripts of the B group, so this fact corroborates the assumption that it is a later version of "The Gravestones Wept." There are extra copies of poems, extraneous material, and the author's street address on the pages of many of the poems, which may indicate that she removed individual poems from time to time for separate

publishing consideration in journals. Her publishing record, which includes individual publications of poems into the 1950s, reflects this practice.

Despite the author notation on copies in the B group that they are "final copies," copy D^1 is the best candidate for the finished version of the volume for several reasons. It is a typescript which includes author emendations from groups B and C, as well as author's proofreading marks, and poems that were composed later than 1951. Several of the poems are marked "1955," and the author's dating of the manuscript on the back page is May 17, 1960. The table of contents is remarkably altered from that of the B group and the C group. In addition, this version seems the most aesthetically polished version of the eight copies. D^2 and D^3 are comprised of the two carbons of D^1's typescript original. It includes extremely few alterations from D^1.

Textual Notes

Woman Cycle

A^1: Identical to copy A^3 except for the following:
5 [synonym]
12 ~~turn~~ from her > turn from her
14 (no synonyms or crossouts–ed.)
104 ~~You cast~~ > You cast
A^2: Identical to copy A^3 except for the following:
102-6 Pity her, Moon,
As you shed your light
On forgetful Creation!
Deliver the too-alive!
Teach her for the last time. >
Moon, rising, pity her!
Deliver the too-alive!
~~You cast~~ your unasked light
On forgetful creation:
Teach her, too—for the last time!
115 He > ~~This~~ [He]
116 He > ~~It~~ [He]
117 reconnoitres > ~~admired~~ [synonym]
124 awakens > ~~rose~~ [synonym]
166-70 Autumn, to one so tender,
Is a cold hell.
And as winter blesses with oblivion,
Its ravishment of white fields
Becomes too bitter-beautiful to be endured.>
Sternness came on the fields the snow blessed to ~~extinction!~~ [synonym]
In the midst of winter,
She felt she dared not ~~face~~ [synonym]
Another ravishing of the air by white blossoms!
178 A mission to mankind > A mission to ~~mankind~~.
195 Saying, "I will take your gifts." > Saying, thankfully, *I* will take your offering.
227 And feeling he would ~~turn~~ from her, in the end,
229 Before life became as ~~empty~~ as her womb.

246-8 Let her wrench these bones apart,
And set them over the new ~~gateway!~~ [synonym]
Let her ~~cast this pain~~ [synonym]

A^3: Part I, 9th poem. Dated 1933.

1 garden > garden,

2 South, > south,

3 came early, > came too early;

10 wall was adamantly high.> walls were high and adamant:

11 The girl > She

13 moon.> moon!

14 rose up > came up

16 From > Of

19 a > by

24 In the freshness of morning > In the early morning

25 sand was > sands were

26 fiddler crabs > fiddler-crabs

32-44 In piney corridors along the shore
Were twenty-thousand masts of ships,
Casting leagues of shadow,
For their anchorage,
Deep into the dainty silence
Of the sea.

At night,
The girl slept restlessly,
Dreading the visions
That betrayed, to her, reality—
A reality so much her own,
But tenuous,
The manifests as yet too frail . . . >
There were twenty-thousand masts of ships,
In piney corridors along the shore.
The fishing fleets cast leagues of shadow
For an anchorage
In the deep, dainty silence of the sea.
Those were the days when she slept fearfully,
And dreaded dreams, lest these betray reality,
So much her own, and yet so frail!

46 silken belly, > hollowed hips,

47 Hollowed hips, and white-stemmed legs.> Her silken belly, and her white-stemmed legs.

48 this > the

49 stealthily, > stealthily:

50 an Unknown sacred to her, > the sacred stranger,
51 Whom she dared not quite approve.> She dared not approve.
53 effigies? > images?
54 of her ignorance > of her ignorance had they,
55 Impelled them to reject her? > That made her cast her out?
56 Their brute words of insult > By their brute words of needed insult,
57-9 Left her accused of her unlikeness to them,
And this,
With the sin of her grace, >
They left her accused;
And her unlikeness to them,
With the sin of her grace,
61 father > father,
63 their need? > them?
64-71 Because her grandfather was lavish with trinkets,
Must she deny him, who, of all, was the most kind?
Should an old man be broken
Because of destitution somewhere?
Was life, for her, to be an atonement
For lacks in her elders? >
Or her grandfather?
Her grandfather was, of them all, most kind!
Because he had given her trinkets and dresses,
Must she deny him?
Should an old man's life be broken,
Because some were poor?
Was her life an atonement
For the lives of her elders?
73 her dissimilarity, > their difference,
75-85 Coveting her love,
Begrudging her the love of others,
Her grandmother, also, died;
While, for a space,
Haunting her in the eyes of her mother,
Whom her father did not love,
And who loved her daughter
With disappointed passion,
Until death
Removed life's sting,
And the meager thing she had relinquished
Became the larger
That it was renounced. >
Her father lived and did not love her;

Her mother, loving with such meagerness,
Clung always more to love;
And dead and living were misunderstanding,
And misunderstood.

86 the young > her

88-92 Will the girl be a slave forever?
Is she bound to her nameless hopes?
When dawn rises higher than darkness,
Her elation leaps with it,
In pain of delight!>
Is she bound to this hope which has no name?
Will she be a slave forever?
Dawn rises higher than darkness;
Then something in her leaps beyond it:
Pain of delight!

93 The > When

93 garden.> garden,

96 is there in > is in

97 her > this

99 consign it to mankind?> bestow it on mankind?

100 business > thing

102-6 Pity her, Moon,
As you shed your light
On forgetful Creation!
Deliver the too-alive!
Teach her for the last time. >
Moon, rising, pity her!
Deliver the too-alive!
You cast your unasked light
On forgetful creation:
Teach her, too—for the last time!

109 much,> much—

110 someday she will be thirty—forty! > some day she will be thirty, forty!

111 to the years. > to die with the years!

113 him.> him!

114 moment. > moment!

115 He > This

115 loins. > loins:

116 He > It

117 reconnoitres > admired

118 And resents her, > Resenting her,

119 Since she wants > Because she wanted

121 lips, > mouth,

122 Can offer her in tribute. > Could offer anyone:/He being but a make-shift Pan.
123 hush > silence
124 awakens > rose
126 Are the silver of cloud. > Were the silver of clouds.
127 has > had
128 trusts only an animal speechlessness > trusted only what was speechless,
129 She seems to share. > Like herself.
130-262 [Ed.—This portion is reprinted here entire due to numerous changes:]

Yet when she breathed,
She did ecstatic justice to the air;
To attain to mid-day, was a progress.
She spent herself humbly, with the light,
And lay down with the shade,
Under those sad colors of dusk
Which sweeten remorse.
Even gnats and mosquitoes,
Travelling their lives,
Belonged where they were;
And her greed to be with the world,
And be everything in it,
Declined, happily,
To a last empty moment,
When, before night fell,
It was pleasure to be nothing at all.

8

The young hunger,
And she went to libraries to read.
Youth starved in a coffin
She was to break!
She was everything youth had been and was to be!
She sat in awe and disappointment with the Lord Buddha.
She learned from Plato,
And Spinoza told her much beyond her knowledge.
She was up to Berkeley, Hume, the last century;
And was still a ghost, contemplating its shadow.

Wherever thought was shaped delicately out of living,
She had found life:
But she was not cured.
Had some sickness of the planets
Given her birth?
Spring teased her with promises;

Summer filled every lap but hers:
And for one so tender,
Autumn was a cold hell.
Sternness came on the fields the snow blessed to extinction!
In the midst of winter,
She felt she dared not face
Another ravishing of the air by white blossoms!
On moonlit nights, with their vast sculptures,
Echoes from her own footsteps overwhelmed her!
A tree surprised in chill sun, could break her!

But there had been a carpenter in Nazarus,
As untaught as she was,
Who had not despised women;
And though the education of her reason
Had taken his godhead from him,
She wanted to be like him;
Making of her passions
A mission to mankind.
She would be a Socialist, or a radical of some sort,
And die, if need be, for humanity's sake!
And she longed for the holocaust
In which her own mortality,
So poisoned with thought,
Would be burned away.

9

She had tried!
It was bread they wanted.
And she would have given them bread,
Had she more than herself to offer.

It was not enough:
Though she gave, with this,
Everything that had made her sing,
The tears she had wept,
And every smallest wonder of her life!
She had flung herself into the flame,
But it was a fire from which no phoenix arose.
And she was grateful to Him who came
Saying, thankfully, I will take your offering.

10

She was with child,
And beauty, at last, in every part of her,
Going into this making.
Her heart, lungs and belly together
Were fashioning the child to come forth,
And to her, knowledge had become how to bear him.

11

Whom did she affront in his birth?
Was the pain a revenge?
Who was jealous of her pride and happiness?
Whose tyrrany tortured her child to life?
She would have had him emerge smiling,
Out of her dream into her own world;
And they were, instead, like strangers,
Able to mingle only their cries of protest
Against their alien surroundings;
And she knew she had done him who blessed her
A very great wrong,
For which her milk was inadequate consolation,
Avid though his dumb, sucking lips were.

12

She was still young,
When time began to deal with her stealthily;
And her blood crept slowly;
As she remembered how soon satiate with tenderness
Was her child;
Whose boldness she had forged from her own entrails,
That the knife she had made for his hand
Be ready for her heart.

Once she had been without guile;
But as she went on weaving for him
The garment he must wear in the world,
Her existence became twisted to a purpose;
And feeling he would turn from her, in the end,
She considered, again, bargaining with a father,
Before life became as empty as her womb.

Was it thus, she asked herself, women first began to deceive?

13

What gods give absolution for the sin of loving too many?
Her arms are filled, again,
But her thoughts, despite her, linger with her first-born;
And the father who has sown these seeds at random,
Is apart in his youth and strength.
Did hands of children build the house
In which she was content to live?
Joy remembered has become a crime!
The flesh has lied!
Amidst this lewd and lean humanity,
Who reverences the truth?
Chant with her raucously, O winds!
Shout last obscenity!
For lie as they may,
Time tells implacably, without a word!

14

Let her wrench these bones apart,
And set them over the new gateway!
Let her cast this pain
Among the fertile things of death!
From the dead love springs wisdom,
And perhaps something fresh will take root here!

Little first child,
Wanderer—hail!
Is this grassy hillock her grave already in flower?

B^1: Last of Part I, 11th poem. Identical to B^3 except for:
163 Fill > ~~Could overwhelm~~ Filled
B^2: Part I, 11th poem. Identical to B^3 except for the following:
85 That it was renounced. > ~~With~~ [For] her gesture of renunciation.
B^3: Part I, 11th poem.
20 road > road,
25 sand > sands
26 fiddler crabs > fiddler-crabs
32-37 In piney corridors along the shore
Were twenty-thousand masts of ships,
Casting leagues of shadow,
For their anchorage,
Deep into the dainty silence
Of the sea. >
There were twenty-thousand masts of ships
In piney corridors along the shore.

The fishing-fleets, for anchorage,
Cast ~~their~~ leagues of shadow
Into the deep, dainty silence of the sea.

38/39 At night,/The girl slept restlessly, > At night she slept restlessly,

40-41 Dreading the visions/That betrayed, to her, reality—> Dreading the visions that betray reality—

43/44 But tenuous,/The manifests as yet too frail . . .> Yet tenuous, its manifests so frail . . .

45 glass, > glass

46/47 She had surprised her silken belly,/Hollowed hips, and white-stemmed legs. > She had surprised her hollowed hips,/Her silken belly, and her white-stemmed legs.

51 quite > yet

52/53 What carved the faces of the poor/Into such bitter effigies?> What carved such bitter effigies/Of the faces of the poor?

56 Their > By their

58/59 And this,/With the sin of her grace, > And this, with the sin of her grace,

63 need? > needs?

64 trinkets, > trinkets

66 old man be > old man's life

77 mother, > mother

78 her father > he

81 Until death > Until, with death,

82 Removed life's sting, > Life's sting, for her,/Was removed,

83 she had > she

85 That it was renounced. > With her gesture of renunciation.

102 Moon,> Moon!

103-5 As you shed your light/On forgetful Creation!/Deliver the too-alive! > Deliver the too-alive!/As you shed your light on forgetful Creation

109 much, > much—

116 door, > door

117 reconnoitres > reconnoitred

121 lips, > mouth,

122 her in tribute. > as make-shift.

128 animal speechlessness > animal-speechlessness

130 Still, as she breathes, > Yet when she breathes

131 air, > air;

132 progress, > progress;

133 afternoon, > afternoons,

139 happily, with > happily with

146 Buddha > Lord Buddha

147 Plato, Aristotle and Spinoza > They, Plato, Aristotle, and Spinosa

148 hers > hers.

150 The eighteenth, then the nineteenth century, > The nineteenth, then the eighteenth

century,
156 is > was
157 senses life. > sensed life;
158 So > Yet
159-60 And she can be wrecked, as ever,/By trees surprised in brilliant bloom. > And she could be wrecked by trees/Surprised in brilliant bud.
162 Vast in isolated sculpturing, > Vast in their blackened, isolated sculpturing,
163 Fill > Filled
164 can > could
165 light tread > footsteps
167 hell.> hell!
168 And as winter blesses with oblivion,/And as sternness stole on fields blessed by oblivion,
169 Its ravishment of white fields > By white blossoms
170 Becomes too bitter-beautiful to be endured. > Which was too bitter beautiful/To be endured.
171 But there has been a carpenter in Nazarus > But there had been, in Nazarus,
172 As untaught as she was, > A carpenter as untaught as she,
174 And though her reason > And though the education of her reason
176 wishes > wished
178 A mission to mankind. > A mission to the human race.
180 sort— > sort!—
181-2 And sacrifice herself/For humanity's sake! > And sacrifice herself for humanity's sake!
183 longs > longed
185 Will be consumed. > Would be burned away . . .
186 She would have squandered every smallest wonder
195 Of her young existence,
Her urge to song, the tears she wept,
Her blood—!

This was not enough!
They wanted bread.
She had flung herself into the fire
From which no phoenix arises,
And she is grateful to him who comes
Saying, "I will take your gifts." >

She had tried,
And since it was bread they wanted,
She would have given them bread!

Her *largesse*, however, was her blood,

And it was not enough,
Though with it went her every impulse to song,
The tears she had wept,
And each smallest wonder of her young existence.

She had flung herself into a fire
From which no phoenix ascended;
And she was grateful to him who came
Saying, with equal thankfulness,
"I will take your offering."

196 is > was
199 Are > Were
199 is > was
200 has > had
202 his > this
203 their > a
205 has > had
206 emerge > emerge with her
209 are > were
211 only to mingle > to mingle only
214 And as his sucking lips > And as his dumb, sucking lips
215 Drink > Drank
216 knows > knew
217 can be no compensation > was no commensurate consolation,
218 gentleness is > human kindness was
219 is > was
220 the years > time
221 weaves for her son > wove for her child
222 is > was
223 She remembers how soon she, also, > And remembered how soon she, too,
224 Grew > Had been
225 And it seems to her she forges > It seemed to her she forged
226 very > own
227 to > for
229 was > had been
230 will > would
231 is > was
232 considers bargaining again > considered bargaining, again,
234 existence can become > her life became
237 —she asks— > —she asked herself—
238 deceived > began to deceive
243 has sowed > sowed
244 She has been building her children a home > Her children were building the

house
245 Foreordained to dissolution . . . >
Which begins to crumble,
Where her thoughts, despite her,
Linger oftenest with her first-born.
247 Joy, recollected, > Joy recollected
249 Amidst these lewd and lean of spirit, > Among these lewd and lean
251 O, winds > O winds!
252 Shout last obscenity! > Shout life as last obscenity!
253 you > they
254-5 Time tells implacably/Without a word . . . > Time tells implacably without a word!
256-62 Little first child,
—wanderer—
Hail!
From the dead love comes wisdom,
And perhaps wisdom will take root here.
Is this grassy hillock
Already a grave in flower? . . >

Let her wrench these bones asunder
And set them over the new gateway!
Let this defeat be tossed
Among the fertile things of death!
From the dead love comes wisdom,
And perhaps wisdom will take root here.

Little first child,
—wanderer!—
Hail —!
Is this grassy hillock
A grave already in flower?
C^1: Part I, 1st poem.
1 garden > garden,
3 early, > early.
7 stagnated > stagnated,
24 morning > morning,
26 fiddler crabs > fiddler-crabs
32 shore > shore,
44 The manifests as yet too frail . . . > Its manifests, as yet, too frail . . .
45 glass, > glass
48 image > image,
77 Haunting her in the eyes of her mother,/Whom her father did not love, >

Her father lived on,/Haunting her in the eyes of her mother,/Whom he did not love,

102 Moon, > Moon!

103-4 As you shed your light/On forgetful Creation! > As you shed your light on forgetful Creation,

106 time. > time!

109 much, > much—

110 Yet someday > Yet, some day,

117 reconnoitres > reconnoitred

122 her in > [her] as

128 animal speechlessness > animal-speechlessness

133 afternoon > afternoons

146 Buddha > Lord Buddha

150 The eighteenth, then the nineteenth > The nineteenth, then the eighteenth

156 is > was

157 senses > sensed

159 can > could

160 bloom > bud

163 Fill > Filled

164 can > could

167 Is > Was

168-70 And as winter blesses with oblivion,
Its ravishment of white fields
Becomes too bitter-beautiful to be endured. >

And as sternness stole on fields blessed by oblivion,
Winter's ravishment by white blossoms
Became too bitter-beautiful to be endured.

171 has > had

174 her reason > the education of her reason

175 Has > Had

176 wishes > wished

180 sort— > sort!—

181-2 And sacrifice herself/For humanity's sake! > And sacrifice herself for humanity's sake!

183 longs > longed

185 Will be consumed. > Would be seared away.

186-7 She would have squandered every smallest wonder/Of her young existence, > She would have squandered/Every smallest wonder of her young existence,

192 the > that

194 she is grateful to him who comes > she was grateful to him who came

195 Saying, "I will take your gifts." > Saying, with equal thankfulness,/"I will take your gifts."

196 is > was
199 Are fashioning the infant she is to bear, > Were fashioning the infant she was to bear,
200 has > had
202 his > the
205 has > had
206 emerge > emerge with her,
207 dream > dream,
209 are like strangers, > were like strangers
212 surrounding > surrounding,
214 sucking lips > dumb, sucking mouth
215 Drink > Drank
216 knows she has > knew she had
217 can be no compensation > was no commensurate consolation
218 is at > was
219 is > was
221 weaves for her son > wove, for her son,
222 is > was
223 remembers how soon she, also, > remembered how soon she herself
224 Grew > Had grown
225 seems to her she forges > seemed to her she forged,
229 was > had been
230 will > would
231 is > was
232 considers > considered
234 can > could
235 As her womb > As empty as her womb.
237 asks > asked
238 first deceived > began to deceive
241 replentished > replenished
244 She has been building her children a home > Her children have been building her a house
245 Foreordained to dissolution . . . > Foreordained to crumble,/And her thoughts, despite her,/Linger oftenest with her first-born.
247 Joy, recollected, > Joy recollected
251 winds > winds!
254 implacably > implacably,
256-ff > Let her wrench these bones asunder
And set them over the new gateway!
Let her leave defeat
Among the fertile things of death!
257 wanderer— > wanderer!—
258 Hail! > Hail—!

C^2: Part I, 1st poem.
1 garden > garden,
7 stagnated > stagnated,
26 fiddler crabs > fiddler-crabs
32 shore > shore,
44 The manifests as yet too frail . . . > Its manifests, as yet, too frail . . .
45 glass, > glass
78 her father > he
84 Became the larger > Became the ~~larger [smaller]~~ [the larged]
102 Moon,> Moon!
103-4 As you shed your light/On forgetful Creation! > As you shed your light on forgetful Creation,
106 time. > time!
109 much, > much—
110 Yet someday > Yet, some day,
117 reconnoitres > reconnoitred
122 her in> [her] as
128 animal speechlessness > animal-speechlessness
133 afternoon > afternoons
146 Buddha > Lord Buddha
148 Hume,> ~~tries~~ Hume,
150 The eighteenth, then the nineteenth > The nineteenth, then the eighteenth
156-238 Note regarding sections 10-15: [restore past tense]
156 is > ~~was~~ [is]
157 senses > sense~~d~~ [s]
158 has > ha~~d~~ [s]
159 can > ~~could~~ [can]
160 bloom > bud
163 Fill > Fille~~d~~
164 can > could
167 Is > ~~Was~~ [Is]
168-70 And as winter blesses with oblivion,
Its ravishment of white fields
Becomes too bitter-beautiful to be endured. >

And as sternness st~~o~~le [eals] on fields blessed by oblivion,
Winter's ravishment by white blossoms
Beca[o]me[s] too bitter-beautiful to be endured.
171 has > had
174 her reason > the education of her reason
175 Has > Had
176 wishes > wishe~~d~~[s]
180 sort—> sort!—

181-2 And sacrifice herself/For humanity's sake!> And sacrifice herself for humanity's sake!
183 longs > longed[s]
185 Will be consumed. > ~~Would~~ [Will] be seared away.
186-7 She would have squandered every smallest wonder/Of her young existence,> She would have squandered/Every smallest wonder of her young existence,
192 the > that
194 she is grateful to him who comes > she was grateful to him who came
195 Saying, "I will take your gifts." > Saying, with equal thankfulness,/"I will take your gifts."
196 is > ~~was~~ [is]
199 Are fashioning the infant she is to bear, > ~~Were~~ [Are] fashioning the infant she ~~was~~ [is] to bear,
200 has > had [s]
202 his > the
205 has > had [s]
206 emerge > emerge with her,
207 dream > dream,
209 are > ~~were~~ [are]
214 his sucking > his dumb, sucking
215 Drink > Dr~~a~~[i]nk[s]
216 She knows she has done him a wrong > She kn~~e~~[o]w[s] she had[s] done him a wrong
217 can be no > ~~was~~[is] no commensurate
218 is at its source. > ~~was~~[is] its source . . .
219 is > ~~was~~[is]
220 begin > beg~~a~~[i]n
221 weaves for her son > ~~wove~~ [weaves], for her son,
222 is > ~~was~~ [is]
223 she, also, > she herself
224 Grew > Had[s] grown
225 seems to her she forges > seemed[s] to her she forged[s]
229 was > ~~had been~~[was]
230 will > ~~would~~ [will]
231 is > ~~was~~ [is]
232 considers > considered[s]
234-5 can become as empty/As her womb. > ~~could~~ [can] become/As empty as her womb.
237 asks > asked[s]
238 Women first deceived?> Women first began to deceive?
243 She has been building her children a home > Her children have been building her a house
244 Foreordained to dissolution . . . > Foreordained to crumble,/And her thoughts,

despite her,/Linger oftenest with her first-born.
247 recollected,> recollected
251 winds > winds!
256-ff ~~Let her wrench these bones asunder~~
~~And set them over the new gateway!~~
~~Let her leave defeat~~
~~Among the fertile things of death!~~
257 wanderer—> wanderer!—
258 Hail!> Hail—!
Note: New final verse? I was being incited unknowingly to a dictator creed of relinquishment, when my own is nearer Christian.
C^3: Part I, 1st poem.
1 garden > garden,
3 early,> early.
7 stagnated > stagnated,
24 morning > morning,
26 fiddler crabs > fiddler-crabs
32 shore > shore,
44 The manifests as yet too frail . . . > Its manifests, as yet, too frail . . .
45 glass, > glass
48 image > image,
77 Haunting her in the eyes of her mother,/Whom her father did not love, > Her father lived on,/Haunting her in the eyes of her mother,/Whom he did not love,
102 Moon, > Moon!
103-4 As you shed your light/On forgetful Creation!> As you shed your light on forgetful Creation,
106 time. > time!
109 much, > much—
110 Yet someday > Yet, some day,
117 reconnoitres > reconnoitred
122 her in > [her] as
128 animal speechlessness > animal-speechlessness
133 afternoon > afternoons
146 Buddha > Lord Buddha
149 Hume, > ~~tries~~ Hume,
150 The eighteenth, then the nineteenth > The nineteenth, then the eighteenth
151-204 Missing in this manuscript
206 emerge > emerge with her,
207 dream > dream,
209 are > were
214 his sucking > his dumb, sucking
215 Drink > Drank

216 She knows she has done him a wrong > She knew she had done him a wrong
217 can be no compensation, > was no commensurate consolation,
218 is at its source. > was its source . . .
219 is > was
220 begin > began
221 weaves for her son > wove, for her son,
222 is > was
223 she, also, > she herself
224 Grew > Had grown
225 seems to her she forges > seemed to her she forged,
229 was > had been
230 will > would
231 is > was
232 considers > considered
234-5 can become as empty/As her womb. > could become/As empty as her womb.
237 asks > asked
238 Women first deceived? > Women first began to deceive?
243 She has been building her children a home > Her children have been building her a house
244 Foreordained to dissolution . . . > Foreordained to crumble,/And her thoughts, despite her,/Linger oftenest with her first-born.
247 Joy, recollected, > Joy recollected
251 winds > winds!
254 implacably > implacably,
256-ff > Let her wrench these bones asunder
And set them over the new gateway!
Let her leave defeat
Among the fertile things of death!
257 wanderer—> wanderer!—
258 Hail!> Hail—!
D^1: Proof text
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1 except for the following:
Part I, 1st poem.
51 [Whom]~~Which~~ > Which
94 smoulder, > smoulder;

Previous publication information: *American Poetry Journal*

To a Snake in Eden

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part I, 6th poem. Dated 1934.
4 nest > nest;
9 forgetful, > forgetful!
15 So you who are the very shape of unbelief, > So you,/Who are the very shape of unbelief,
17 Eden! > Eden.
19 silence, > silence;
20 itself perhaps been > itself, perhaps, been
21 body > body,
B^1: Part II, 13th poem. Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Part II, 13th poem. Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part II, 13th poem
9 forgetful, > forgetful!
10 home. > home!
12 sun > sun!
C^1: Part I, 2nd poem
9 forgetful, > forgetful!
10 home. > home!
12 sun > sun!
15 very > ~~very~~
C^2: Part I, 2nd poem
9 forgetful, > forgetful!
10 home. > home!
12 sun > sun!
15 very > ~~very~~
20 perhaps > ~~perhaps~~
C^3: Part I, 2nd poem. Identical to copy C^1.
D^1: Proof text
$D^{2\&3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Previous publication information: "To a Snake in Eden." *Nation* 138 (2 February 1934): 225.

Scientific Commonplace

A^1: Part I, 1st poem. Dated 1939. Identical to A^3, except for:
5 diaphragm > diaphra[g]m,
10 labyrinthine > lab[y]r[i]nthine

23 hides, > hides,
30-1 mystery > mystery[ies]
A^2: Identical to Texas copy A^3 except that in the margin next to the second stanza (lines 14-20) Scott has written [flesh must].
A^3: Part I, 1st poem. Dated 1939.
2 fluoroscope, > fluoroscope:
4 the lift of > a lifting
5 While > And
5 diaphragm > diaphragm,
6 The trapped heart struggles > The heart is trapped,
7 lost > lost,
7 lamb. > lamb;
8 paces and > paces, and
8 pound, > pound
9 Speeding the thought that may outlast its time > To trace the thought which may outlast its time.
10 the > these
11 Invisibly continue to proclaim the will, > Continue to proclaim, invisibly, the will,
12 brain from > brain, from
12 sprang > sprang,
13 dust, > dust;
16 as > where
19 crumbled, > crumbled;
19 fruit/Are > fruit are
22 abide, > abides,
23 rapture and ambition hide, > joy, and all ambition hides,
24 cruel, cryptic knife, each vein, > cryptic, cruel knife, each vein,
25 mere > but
25 left,/—a > left—a
27 If > Though
27 remain be but a mangled and misshapen thing, > remains is mangled, nameless and misshapen
28 Of this is miracle: > It is yet miracle!
29 living immanent > living, immanent
30-1 Death present indeflectibly/In every transient human breath! > Death wrapped in mystery of transient, human breath.
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Part IV, poem 7. Dated 1939. Identical to copy B^3 except for the following:
30 Death present indeflectibly > Death wrapped immutably /In mysteries ~~of transient~~
Note: [NB cap In with final line]
B^3: Part IV, poem 7 (1939)

4 hope; > hope,
5 diaphram > diaphram,
9 Speeding the thought that may outlast its time > Tracing the thoughts that may outlast their time,
10 And > And,
16 must; > must,
17 hands outspread > hands/Outspread
22 joy and tenderness > tenderness and joy
24 cryptic > enigmatic
24 each vein,/Until mere ligaments are left, > Each vein, until mere ligaments are left
27-8 If what remain be but a mangled and misshapen thing, > Though what remain/Be but a mangled and misshapen thing,
28 miracle: > miracle! —
29 Dark power of living immanent in death! > Dark pow'r of living/Immanent in death!—
30 Death present indeflectibly > Death wrapped immutably in mysteries ~~of transient~~
31 In every > Of
C^1: Part 2, 19th poem. Dated 1941.
11 will, > will;
16 fallen > fallen,
17 hands outspread > hands/Outspread
24 cryptic > enigmatic
28 miracle: > miracle; —
29 living > living,
30 Death present indeflectibly > Death present ~~and immutable~~ indeflectibly
C^2: Part 2, 19th poem (1941)
11 the > ~~a~~ [the]
11 will, > will;
16 fallen > fallen,
17 hands outspread > hands/Outspread
24 cryptic > enigmatic
28 miracle: > miracle;—
29 living > living,
30 Death present indeflectibly > Death present ~~and immutable~~ indeflectibly
C^3: Part 2, 19th poem (1939)
5 diaphragm > diaphragm,
8 paces > paces,
9 Speeding > Tracing
11 the > a
17 hands outspread > hands/Outspread
22 joy and tenderness > tenderness and joy

24 cryptic > enigmatic
28 miracle: > miracle!—
29 power > pow'r
30 Death present indeflectibly > Death present and immutable
31 every > ev'ry
31 breath! > breath! . .
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\&3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Old American Stock

A^1 Identical to A^3, except for the following:
43 *from Mother Hubbards* > Where ~~calico~~ "Mother-Hubbards"
A^2 Identical to A^3 except for:
3 build > [re-]build
A^3 Part III, 15th poem.
1 apple-barrel > apples barrel
2 jackknife > jacknife
5 "Please hurry! > "Please, hurry!
7 And he stretched himself at length > And stretched himself to muse, instead,
8-9 To muse, instead, upon some vis-à-vis/Among the stars . . . > About his vis-à-vis among the stars.
11 have all vanished > he remembered have all vanished
11 shrouds, > shrouds;
12 Where once rustling > And where, once, rustling
13 Nightly, caught > Caught
13-4 windows/Of the general store > windows of the general store.
15 door; > door,
16 And now there are other trials > There are now other trials,
17 gasoline, > gasoline;
19 cellophane. > celophane,
20 And at the World's Fair, nineteen-thirty-nine, > And at the "World's Fair",
21 The neon > Neon
22-3 fronts of pharmacies/Of years ago; > fronts of pharmacies of years ago;
24-5 And nixies burble,/From loud-speakers by the lake, > And nixies burble, from loud-speakers, by the lake,
26 Of late and modish cures for stomach-ache, > Of other, later, patent cures for stomachache;
27-8 Or brawl,/From the veranda of the Hickory Bacon Palace, > Or brawl, from the veranda of the "Hickory Bacon Palace"
29 In praise of Nibbly Candies, > About "Nibbly Candies" that, in manufactury,
30 That, by model manufactury, translate Alice > Translate "Alice" into a "fresh

Wonderland,"

31-2 Into a fresh Wonderland/And a vernacular not at the old man's command. > And a vernacular the old man would not understand.

33-5 *–among cracker-boxes, gingersnaps and farming-tools,*
his defunct cronies sat and cogitated,
sighed and spat . . . >
(Once, among cracker-boxes, gingersnaps, and farming tools,
The cronies sat and cogitated, sighed and spat.
And left the rest to fools . . .)

36-47 Today, an amazed crowd gapes at the Duffield Dairy Cows;
The Red Queen, standing on a soap-box, vows
Hand-milking poisons.
Here patent milkers pump depravity from herds
Subdued by scientific words
Unknown to elk and buffalo . .
—still we detect a smell combined of starch and calico
from Mother Hubbards dangling in a row,
like ghosts of female suicides, escaping Hell
and returned to deride male counterparts,
alive and yet despised,
outcast from modern, liberal arts . . >
Today, a crowd, amazed, gapes at the "Duffield Dairy Cows"
The "Red Queen", standing on a soap-box, vows
Raw milk is poison; and patent milkers
Pump depravity from herds subdued by scientific words
Unknown to elk and buffalo.
(Still we detect a smell combined of starch and calico,
Where ~~calico~~ "Mother Hubbards" dangle in a row
From rafters, osscillating to a knell,
Like ghosts of female suicides escaping hell,
And returned to deride male counterparts,
Who, like despised, outcast from liberal modern art

48-9 Perisphere,/In mystic gloom, > "Perisphere", in mystic gloom,

50 rondures > rondure

51 on > on,

53 *–or rather radio, that gives our folk-ways punch and go– > (Or rather radio, which gives our folk-ways punch and go!)*

54 the march of > our marching

55 time-proof roofing > samples of a roofing

56 Not procurable before . . > Never purchased in a country store.

57 *–and > (And*

58-83 *shake to a thud of horses' hooves;*
a stranger, cynosure of philosophic eyes,

stamps in, slaps snowflakes from his thighs,
and pulls the gum-drop stopper
from the coal-oil tin . .

around, the furtive drifts shift to and fro,
and winter listens as men think,
tilt up the cider-jug and drink,
and are unmindful of the opera-bouffe
soon to immortalize with truth
the uniting of comrade Stalin
and the advertising boss . . .

For the old man on the apple-barrel
Shut his jackknife and lay down
When they began to build the town,
And had small use for him;
And he was thankful for a bed,
And for the spotless coverlid December spread
Above him . .
And when spring broke earth's crust,
He was glad of his dust,
As the earth was a thing he understood,
And his coffin, at least, was authentic good wood.
He was simple and plain,
His wants never vain, .
—he has no wish to live again— >

Shake to the thud of horses' hooves . .
A wagon, squeaking, halts . .
A stranger –cynosure of philosophic eyes!—
Comes in, slaps snowflakes from his thighs,
And takes the gum-drop stopper from the keg of kerosene;
Around, the winter listens, as men think,
Tilt up the cider-jug and drink,
And furtive drifts shift to and fro . .)

And none are mindful of the opera *bouffe*
That will immortalize the truth
Uniting Comrade Stalin with the advertising man!

For the old man on the apple barrel
Closed his jacknife and lay down
When they began to build the town;

And had no use for him,
Whose careful meditativeness obstructed vim.
And he was thankful for a bed,
And for the coverlid December spread
Benignantly above him.
And when spring broke its crust,
He was glad of the dust.
For the earth was something he understood,
And his crumbling coffin showed good wood.
He was simple and plain.
His wants were not vain.
He has no wish to live, again.

B^1: Part I, 5th poem. Identical to copy B^3 except:

73 And had small use for him; > And had small use for him,/Whose careful meditativeness obstructed vim! [seemed whim]

Note: [Published in The Poetry Review London—published by the Poetry Society of London 1951 bt June and end of year. John Gawsworth then editor.]

B^2: Part I, 5th poem. Identical to copy B^3 except:

53 Note: no italics

B^3: Part I, 5th poem.

11 people have all vanished > people he remembered have all vanished
12 Where once > And where, once,
13 Nightly, caught > Caught, nightly,
14 general store > general-store
15 vials next door; > vials/Next door,
16 And now there are > There are now
17 gasoline, > gasoline,—
19 celophane. > celophane!
20 World's Fair > "World's Fair"
23 years ago; > ~~long~~ years ago!
27-8 Or brawl,/From the veranda of the Hickory Bacon Palace, > Or brawl—from the veranda of the "Hickory Bacon Palace"—
29 Nibbly Candies > "Nibbly Candies"
30 That, by model manufactury, translate Alice > That —in manufactury—translate "Alice"
31 Wonderland > "Wonderland",
32 not at the old man's command. > the old man would not understand.
33 *—among > Here, among*
34 *his > The*
36 Duffield Dairy Cows; > "Duffield Dairy" cows!
37 Red Queen > "Red Queen"
38 Hand-milking poisons. > Raw milk is poison, and patent milkers
41 buffalo . . > buffalo. . .

42 *calico* > *calico,*
43 *Mother Hubbards* > *"Mother Hubbards"*
46 *alive and yet despised,* > *Alive and yet despised,*
47 *outcast from modern, liberal arts . .* > *outcast from "liberal" modern "arts!"*
48 with the Perisphere > within the "Perisphere",
52 spheres > spheres—
53 *—or rather radio, that gives our folk-ways punch and go-* > *Or rather radio,/Which gives our folk-ways punch and go!*
54 About the march of youth, > About our "marching youth",—
55 offers time-proof roofing > offers samples of a roofing
56 Not procurable before . . > Not to have been purchased in a country store!
57 *—And* > ~~*And*~~ *[There]*
57 *grooves,* > *grooves*
59 *cynosure of philosophic eyes,* > *—cynosure of philosophic eyes —*
60 *stamps in* > *Comes in*
61 *gum-drop* > *gumdrop*
62 *coal-oil tin . .* > *keg of kerosene.*
63-9 *around, the furtive drifts shift to and fro,*
and winter listens as men think,
tilt up the cider-jug and drink,
and are unmindful of the opera-bouffe
soon to immortalize with truth
the uniting of comrade Stalin
and the advertising boss . . . >

Around, the winter listens
As men think,
Tilt up the cider-jug
And drink . . .
And furtive drifts shift to and fro.
And none are mindful of the opera bouffe
That will immortalize the truth
Uniting "Comrade" Stalin and the advertising man!
71 Shut > Closed
73 him; > him,/Whose careful meditativeness obstructed vim!
75 And for the spotless coverlid December spread > And for the coverlid December spread
76 him . . > him.
77 earth's > its
78 his > the
79 As the earth was a thing he understood, > For the earth was something he understood,
80 wood. > wood!

82 wants never vain, . > needs were not vain.
83 —*he has no wish to live again*—- > He has no wish to live again.
C^1: Part I, 10th poem.
11 people have all vanished > people he remembered have all vanished
12 Where once > Where, once,
13 Nightly, caught > Caught, nightly,
14 store > store,
16 And now there are > And there are now
20 World's Fair > "World's Fair"
23 ago; > ago!
26 stomach-ache, > stomach-ache;
28 Hickory Bacon Palace > "Hickory Bacon Palace"
29 Nibbly Candies > "Nibbly Candies"
30 Alice > "Alice"
31 Wonderland > "Wonderland"
32 not at the old man's command. > the old man would not/ Understand. . .
36 Duffield Dairy Cows; > "Duffield Dairy" cows
37 Red Queen > "Red Queen"
38 Hand-milking poisons. > Raw milk is poison;
40 words > runes and words
41 buffalo . . > buffalo. . .
42 *calico > calico,*
43 *Mother Hubbards > "Mother Hubbards",*
46 *alive and yet despised, > alive, yet, nonetheless, despised,*
47 *outcast from modern, liberal arts . . > as outcasts from the modern "liberal arts"!*
48 with the Perisphere > within the "Perisphere",
50 the > its
52 spheres > spheres;
55 roofing > roofing,
58 *hooves; > hooves . . .*
62 *coal-oil tin . . > keg of kerosene . .*
64 *listens > listens,*
66 *opera-bouffe > opera bouffe*
68 *comrade > "Comrade"*
73 him; > him!
75 coverlid December spread > coverlid/December spread . .
77 earth's > its
78 dust, > dust;
79 As the earth > The earth
81 plain, > plain;
82 never > were not
C^2: Part I, 10th poem.

11 people have all vanished > people he remembered have all vanished
12 Where once > And where, once,
13 Nightly, caught > Caught, nightly,
15 door; > door,
16 And now there are > There are now
20 World's Fair > "World's Fair"
23 ago; > ago!
26 stomach-ache, > stomach-ache;
28 Hickory Bacon Palace > "Hickory Bacon Palace"
29 Nibbly Candies > "Nibbly Candies"
30 Alice > "Alice"
31 Wonderland > "Wonderland"
32 not at the old man's command. > the old man would not understand.
36 Duffield Dairy Cows; > "Duffield Dairy" cows!
37 Red Queen > "Red Queen" (quotations hand canceled)
38 Hand-milking poisons. > Raw milk is poison;
42 *—still > Still,*
43 *Mother Hubbards > "Mother Hubbards",*
46 *alive and yet despised, > Alive and, nonetheless, despised,*
47 *outcast from modern, liberal arts . . > Outcast among the "liberal" modern "arts!"*
48 Perisphere > "Perisphere"
50 the > its
55 time-proof roofing > samples of a roofing
56 Not procurable before . . > [Not procurable ~~before~~ in 1894]
57 *lanterns > lanterns,*
58 *hooves; > hooves . . .*
59 *stranger, cynosure of philosophic eyes, > stranger—cynosure of philosophic eyes—*
62 *coal-oil tin . . > keg of kerosene . . .*
66 *and are unmindful > Unmindful*
67 *soon to > Yet to*
68 *comrade > "Comrade"*
70 down > down,
72 him; > him.
77 earth's crust > its crust
78 his dust, > ~~his~~ [the] dust!
80 authentic > authentic,
82 vain, . > vain . . .
83 *—he has no wish to live again— > He has no wish to live again.*
C^3: Part I, 10th poem.
11 people have all vanished > people he remembered have all vanished
12 Where once > And where, once,

13 Nightly, caught > Caught, nightly,
16 And now there are > There are now
20 World's Fair > "World's Fair"
23 ago; > ago!
26 stomach-ache, > stomach-ache;
28 Hickory Bacon Palace > "Hickory Bacon Palace"
29 Nibbly Candies > "Nibbly Candies"
30 Alice > "Alice"
31 Wonderland > "Wonderland",
32 not at the old man's command. > the old man would not understand.
33 *—among > Among*
36 Duffield Dairy Cows; > "Duffield Dairy" cows!
37 Red Queen > "Red Queen"
38 Hand-milking poisons. > Raw milk is poison;
41 buffalo . . > buffalo. . .
42 *—still > Still,*
42 *calico > calico,*
43 *Mother Hubbards > "Mother Hubbards",*
46 *alive and yet despised, > Alive, and, nonetheless, despised,*
47 *outcast from modern, liberal arts . . > Outcast among the "liberal" modern "arts!"*
48 with the Perisphere > within the "Perisphere",
50 the > its
51 on > on,
52 spheres > spheres,
53 (No italics)
55 time-proof roofing > samples of a roofing
57 *—And lanterns > And lanterns,*
58 *hooves; > hooves . . .*
59 *stranger, cynosure of philosophic eyes, > stranger—cynosure of philosophic eyes—*
62 *coal-oil tin . . > keg of kerosene . . .*
63 *around, the > Around, the*
66 *opera-bouffe > opera bouffe*
68 *comrade > "Comrade"*
71 down > down,
73 him; > him.
77 earth's > its
78 dust, > dust!
79 As the earth > The earth
80 authentic good > authentic, good
83 *—he has no wish to live again— > He has no wish to live again.*
D^1: Proof text

$D^{2\&3}$: Part I, 4th poem. Text identical to copy D^1.

Previous publication information: "Old American Stock." *London Poetry Review* 42 (London 1951).

In Youth, Our Hope: Youth Movement
—1938—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3 except for the following:
10 stone; > stone;
11 heart, > heart[;]
A^3: Part II, 2nd poem. Titled "In Youth Our Hope" Dated 1938; "The Lecturer Reflects on 'Modern' Education", dated 1938, is Part II, 3rd poem:

"In Youth Our Hope"

O, Young, invulnerable, impervious,
I watch your midges' dance about the brink,
As you turn on the radio, to chatter, or to drink!
You are our automatic generation,
We are rearing carefully, to "save the nation!"
Pneumatic bosoms heave illusory sighs,
And from the vacancy of modishly mascarred eyes,
Slip tears pneumatic griefs expell,
Europas, bound fast to the wheel of speed,
You shriek with every revolution,
Certain in your knowledge that you cannot bleed;
Or else, at Junior Prom, in metal-furnished rooms,
Meet those who will assist the preparation
For the harvests of your tinny wombs.

Ah, Juliet! Ah, Marguerite!
You did not die at sweet-sixteen:
Your deaths were terrible and slow.
They happened long ago!
You died at six, or ten, perhaps!
Or in that earliest period of infant naps!

On campus, poor Ophelia's distraught glance
Would be too living, to provoke other than derision,

For her love-lorn trance.
No, *you* will never feel to madness,
Kiss love-poisoned lips reflected in a college lake,
And drown of thirsts not even an unsalted pool can slake!

How greener than mere reeds and grass,
Are rushes made of wire and paint
By the dramatic class!
Where pulse-beats are a brazen drum,
Spring—that is grief and glory!—
Has refused to come!
It is the loveliest season,
But its compounding of gossamer joy
And Delphic woe,
Is not for little goddesses
Of men who run the dynamo! . . .

"The Lecturer Reflects on 'Modern' Education"

Great Dead, tormented, crucified,
For sublime visions,
By the mobs who lied,
Look out of Hades!
Beat those burning, broken wings
Against this wall,
Here are housed fillies in a stall!

Let Socrates his hemlock sip;
Still they drink sodas,
With, perhaps, a quip on Tolstoy.
"We read *Anna Karenina*
In our novel course, last year,"
They say. "We have Dostoievski
To our credit count—but was he
'Metro-Goldwyn' or a 'Paramount"?
And as for Christ—now superstition's done!—
Our sociology cancels His martyrdom!"

Great Dead, whose foretold future
Was perfected retrospect,
You sow no seed in virgin wombs!
Yet maybe in some dreary pub,
An aged drab, above her beer,

Broods on the rim of thought,
And scans, with timeless eyes
Life writ in agonies,
As you have writ yourselves.
She drinks her fill,
And suddenly, her cup is sweetened,
And you have your audience still!
Wisdom is rooted in such old, scathed arteries.

B^1: Identical to copy B^3.

B^2: Identical to copy B^3.

B^3: The poem appears as two significantly altered poems. "In Youth Our Hope" is Part II, 1st poem, and follows the form included in the Texas manuscripts except for the following changes; "The Lecturer Reflects on 'Modern' Education" is Part II, 5th poem, which also follows the form included in the Texas manuscripts:

"In Youth Our Hope"

1 impervious, > impervious—
3 chatter, or > chatter and
4 generation, > generation
5 carefully, > carefully
6 Pneumatic > And as pneumatic
7 eyes, > eyes
8 expell. > expell,
9 Europas, bound > Europas bound
9 speed, > speed
10 You shriek with every > Shriek ecstatically with ev'ry
10 Certain in your knowledge that you cannot bleed; Assured that they cannot bleed;
12 will assist > socially assist
13 your > their
14 Juliet! > Juliet —!
14 Marguuerite! > Marguerite —!
15 sixteen: > sixteen;
16 slow. > slow,
17 They happened long ago! > And began long ago!—
18 You died at six, or ten, perhaps! > At six or ten perhaps,
19 that earliest > an earlier
21 living, to > living/To provoke other than derision
23 No, *you* > No —*you*
25 not even an unsalted pool can slake! > the clearest of unsalted pools/Can never slake!
26 mere reeds > mere growing
30 Spring—that is grief and glory!— > Spring that is grief and glory

31 come! > come.
32 It is > Spring is
33 season, > season—

"The Lecturer Reflects on 'Modern' Education"

2 visions, > visions
3 lied, > lied,—
4 of > on
6 wall, > wall!
8 sip; > sip,
9-10 Still they drink sodas,/With, perhaps, a quip on Tolstoy. > While they drink sodas with a quip/On Tolstoy . . .
13-14 credit count/but was he > To our credit-count—/But is he 'Metro-Goldwyn' or a 'Paramount"?
15 And as for Christ—now superstition's done!—? > And as for Christ —/Well —superstition's done,
16 Our > And
18 retrospect. > retrospect —
19 wombs! > wombs;
21 above > communing
23 scans > cogitates
24 agonies, > agonies
25 yourselves. > yourselves!
28 suddenly, > suddenly
29 still! > still.
30 is rooted in such old, scathed arteries. > abides in ~~just such~~ old, scathed arteries. . .
C^1: Part I, 11th poem. Title: "In Modern Education, Hope"
1 young > Young
3 drink. > drink!
4 convene > convene,
4 rooms > rooms,
6 Of > For
8 vacant > vacantly
9 Lustrously mascarraed eyes. > From your too-lustrous and mascarred eyes.
10 Juliet! Ah, Marguerite! > Juliet —! Ah, Marguerite —!
11 sixteen: > sixteen—
17-8 Like new Europas,/Rebound to the wheel of speed, > Like new Europas, bound ~~to no bull, /But~~ to the wheel of speed,
19 revolution, > revolution
23 season, > season—
25 dynamo. > dynamo!
27 crucified > crucified,

28 For steadfast vision, > For inner vision,
29 By the multitude who lie, > While the mobs have lied —
35 But was he > And wonder whether he's a
35 Paramount? > Paramount!
36 They're Christian misses, though > They're highly "Christian", but with
37 Their sociology annulls all risk of martyrdom. > Since sociology annulls the risk of Christian martyrdom!
40 retrospects, > retrospects—
41 wombs, > minds and wombs;
42 Yet maybe in some dreary pub > Yet maybe, in some dreary pub,
50 old, scathed arteries. > such old, scathed arteries!
C^2: Part I, 11th poem. Title: "In Modern Education, Hope"
1 young > Young
3 drink. > drink!
4 convene > convene;
4 rooms > rooms,
6 Of > For
8 vacant > vacantly
9 Lustrously mascarraed eyes. > From your too-lustrous and mascarred eyes.
10 Juliet! Ah, Marguerite! > Juliet —! Ah, Marguerite —!
11 sixteen: > sixteen—
17-8 Like new Europas,/Rebound to the wheel of speed, > Like new Europas, bound to ~~no bull,/But~~ to the wheel of speed,
19 revolution, > revolution
20 you, you > you;you
23 season, > season—
25 dynamo. > dynamo!
27 crucified > crucified,
28 For steadfast vision, > For ~~inner~~[sublime] vision [s],
29 By the multitude who lie, > ~~While the mobs~~ [that] have lied—
35 But was he > And wonder whether he's a
35 Paramount? > Paramount!
36 They're Christian misses, though > They're highly "Christian", but with
37 Their sociology annulls all risk of martyrdom. > Since sociology annulls [all] risk of ~~Christian~~ martyrdom!
40 retrospects, > retrospects—
41 wombs, > wombs;
42 Yet maybe in some dreary pub > Yet maybe, in some dreary pub,
50 old, > ~~such~~ old,
C^3: Title: "In Modern Education, Hope"
Part I, 11th poem
1 young > Young
3 drink. > drink!

4 convene > convene,
4 rooms > rooms,
6 Of > For
8 vacant > vacantly
9 Lustrously mascarraed eyes. > From your too-lustrous and mascarred eyes.
10 Juliet! Ah, Marguerite! > Juliet—! Ah, Marguerite—!
11 sixteen: > sixteen—
17-8 Like new Europas,/Rebound to the wheel of speed, > Like new Europas, bound to ~~no bull, /But to~~ the wheel of speed,
19 revolution, > revolution
23 season, > season—
25 dynamo. > dynamo!
27 crucified > crucified,
28 For steadfast vision, > For inner vision,
29 By the multitude who lie, > While the ~~mobs have~~[multitude has] lied—
35 But was he > And wonder whether he's a
35 Paramount? > Paramount!
36 They're Christian misses, though > They're highly "Christian", but with
37 Their sociology annulls all risk of martyrdom. > Since sociology annulls the risk of ~~Christian~~ martyrdom!
40 retrospects, > retrospects—
41 wombs, > minds and wombs;
42 Yet maybe in some dreary pub > Yet maybe, in some dreary pub,
50 old, scathed arteries. > ~~such~~ old, scathed arteries!
D^1: Proof text
$D^{2\&3}$: Part I, 5th poem
Text identical to copy D^1.

All is Vanity, Sayeth the Preacher
—1943—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part I, 2nd poem. Dated 1942
1 water, and > water in
1 jade, > jade;
2 As once more little humans wake to sip > And little humans have awaked to sip
4 steel green, > steel-green,
5-8 Its surging calm like lakes where children wade,
The burnished grain pours on the mountain's hip
A fertile torrent without seam or rip,
From fields man's stressful springtime labors made. >

These fields their painful springtime labours made,
In fertile torrent without seam or rip,
Pour burnished grain against the mountain's hip,
In surging calm, like lakes where children wade.
10 Who fear to taste of Lethe in today! > Who taste of Lethe when they savour day!
11 quickly, then, lest tyrant mind, > quickly, or the jealous tyrant, mind,
12 become unkind, > will grow unkind;
13 brew > brew,
14 such > this
14 dew. > dew!

B^1: South wind is water in a cup of jade, [y]
And little humans have awaked to sip [x]
The vessel that has snow upon its lip [x]
And overflows with steel-green, knife-cool shade. [y]
These fields[, by]a springtime's labours made[,] [y]
Pour burnished grain against the mountain's hip [x]
In fertile torrent without seam or rip, [x]
~~Its~~ [Their] surging calm like lakes where children wade. [y]
This is illusion's season, those will say
Who taste of Lethe when they savour day!
Drink quickly, or the jealous tyrant, mind,
Forever aping God, will grow unkind
And leave your senses but a bitter brew
Compounded of this summer dawn and dew!

B^2: Identical to copy B^3.

B^3: Part I, 1st poem
[1942]
South wind is water in a cup of jade,
And little humans have awaked to sip
The vessel that has snow upon its lip
And overflows with steel-green, knife-cool shade.
These fields a springtime's labours made
Pour burnished grain against the mountain's hip
In fertile torrent without seam or rip,
~~Its~~ [Their] surging calm like lakes where children wade.
This is illusion's season, those will say
Who taste of Lethe when they savour day!
Drink quickly, or the jealous tyrant, mind,
Forever aping God, will grow unkind
And leave your senses but a bitter brew
Compounded of this summer dawn and dew!

C^1 Part I, 8th poem. Dated 1955.
4 steel green > steel-green
5 Its > In
5 like > of
6 pours > pours,
6 hip > hip,
7 torrent > torrent,
11 tyrant mind, > jealous tyrant-mind,
14 dew. > dew!
C^2: Part I, 8th poem. Dated 1955 [first version 1943]
4 steel green > steel-green
5 Its > In
5 like > of
6 pours > pours,
6 hip > hip,
7 torrent > torrent,
11 tyrant mind, > jealous tyrant-mind,
14 dew. > dew!
C^3: Part I, 8th poem. Dated 1942.
2 As once more > As, again,
4 steel green > steel-green
5 Its > In
5 like > of
6 hip > hip;
7 torrent > torrent[,]
10 to taste > the taste
11 tyrant mind, > jealous, tyrant mind,
13 leave > leaves
14 dew. > dew!
D^1: Proof text
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Pike's Peak

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part I, 12th poem. Reprinted in its entirety due to numerous changes:

Pike's Peak

The clouds are filaments of moss, bleached white;

The shell-frail sky but wanly holds
The great, sad sagging of the mountain's pleats:
It's sumptuous, arid, granite folds,
Still hiding,
    (under crusts of purple ice,
     charred reaches of old forests,
     and twinkling specklings
     that are ornaments of cold)
Unyielded gold.

Below, the trite town squats,
Commemorating purile man!
Yet better no despising word be spoken,
As the bare trees, in a quick divinity of nakedness,
Flash on the melting rapture of the west;
Where sun, dwelling, at last, in mist,
Is rosy as a robin's breast.

Smoke from chimneys slimes up chalkily,
Along the yellow soil of a hill;
And silly motor-cars, on silken ribbons of paved streets,
Shoot by, between the stucco villas,
Aimless in a tawdriness
Contrived from treasure of degutted stone.
But majesty that will not sneer
    (so mild it is,
     so terrible,
     so near)
Beams kindly on the name of Pike!
And high, high, high,
Are drooping haunches of the shriveled earth,
Refusing birth
To less than greater worlds than ours.

Out of the mountain's chill, residual hue
Of grape-dark mourning, signals dusk;
And lamps in houses are like grave-sweat dew,
As all our day flies swift, from the abysmal edge,
To saturate one alabaster ledge.

Goodnight to Pike!
For there is neither death nor life up there:
No evil, and no good, no cowardice, no bravery!

Too utter for these late comparatives,
Such swollen grandeur of rock chastity!

Come, storm, dragging shadow over the ambered glitter,
On the roads where motors twitter! 45
Come, great sorrowless sorrow of the evening!
We salute the life that was before the living,
And the cruelty which antedated crime.

Soon time will fade, too, in that angry blue,
And the bitter silver of the snow.
The land has spoken! We need never speak, again!
It has all been said, for ourselves and the dead:
This peak is end, and it will take no future imprint,
Save from glimmers of the passing stars.

B^1: Identical to Tennessee copy B^3, but with the following changes:
[1932]
13 Yet > [But]
24 But > [Let]
27 so > [yet so]
28 Beams > Beams
29 And > [For]
39 For > [Up] ~~For~~
39 neither death nor life up there; > neither [no] death nor [no] life ~~up there;~~
47 which > [that] ~~which~~
53 Save from glimmers of the passing stars . . . > Save ~~from~~ [in]glimmers ~~of the~~ [cast by] passing stars . . .

B^2: Identical to Tennessee copy B^3.

B^3: Part IV, 15th poem. Identical to Texas copy A^3 with the following changes:
1 white; > white,
4 folds, > folds
5 hiding, > hiding
6 (under > —under
9 cold) > cold—
13 spoken, > spoken
14 west; > west,
15 mist, > mist
17 chalkily, > chalkily
20 Shoot by, between > Shoot by between
23 (so > —so
25 near) > near—
27 high, high, high, > high, high, high
37 there: > there;

38 No evil, and > No evil and
39 comparitives, > comparatives
41 glitter, > glitter
44 living, > living
45 antedated crime. > anteceded crime!
46 blue, > blue
48 speak, again!speak again!
49 ourselves > us
50 imprint, > imprint
51 stars. > stars . . .
C^1 Part I, 5th poem.
5 man, > man!
7 by > by,
7 villas, > villas
13 dwelling at last > dwelling, at last,
20 Where > Where,
23 ours. > ours!
25 dusk, > dusk;
26 dew > dew,
35 on > in
36 Come, vast > Come, vast,
37 living > living,
38 a > the
38 anteceded > ante~~dat~~[ced]ed
40 snow. > snow!
42 said > said,
C^2: Part I, 5th poem.
5 man, > man!
7 by > by,
7 villas, > villas
13 dwelling at last > dwelling, at last,
20 Where > Where,
23 ours. > ours!
25 dusk, > dusk;
26 dew > dew,
35 on > ~~in~~ [on]
36 Come, vast > Come, vast,
37 living > living,
38 a > the
38 anteceded > ante~~dat~~[ced]ed
40 snow. > snow!
42 said > said,

C^3: Part I, 5th poem. Identical to copy C^1.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\&3}$: Part I, 7th poem. Identical to copy D^1 except for the date "1937" typed in at the top under the title.

Previous publication information: "Pike's Peak." *Contempo* c.1932.

Apocrypha

A^1: Identical to copy A^3 except for the following:
24 By waters, > By waters;
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part II, 5th poem. Dated 1939.
5 upon song > by your song,
6 home. > home!
7 Great Wings > great wings
12 Grace > grace
14 river murmuring > river, murmuring
17 Sister > sister
19 Brother > brother
21 Roll Jordan! > Roll, Jordan!
25-6 Will never waken to the piercing, mild/Encouragement of Gabriel's horn, > Will never waken/To the piercing, mild encouragement/Of Gabriel's horn;
27 mud > mud,
29 Eternity becalms . . . > eternities becalm.
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part III, 1st poem. "To Negro Poets Dead and Living"
7 Great Wings > great wings
29 Eternity becalms > eternities becalm
C^1 Part I, 6th poem. Identical to copy D^1 with one change. Under the title she has typed: "To those negroes who are poets".
C^2: Part I, 6th poem. Identical to copy D^1.
C^3: Part I, 6th poem. Identical to copy "B".
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\&3}$: Identical to copy D^1 except:
16 drownéd > drowned

Previous publication information: "Apocrypha: To all Negro Poets Now Alive." *Saturday Review of Literature* 21 (17 February 1940): 8.

Innocent Life
—1934—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part I, 7th poem. Dated 1934. Only Part I is included in this group.
1 before! > before:
2 These pines, bewildering the afternoon > This evening when pines bewilder light
3 cloud; > clouds.
4 These leaves, stirring so recollectingly > The leaves upon the vines,/Stirring so recollectingly,
6 some > a
7-16 In this moment of terrible plentitude,
—of grass, seed, rich foliage and ripe pod,
all drunken in forgetful sun—
The generations of indignant are absent,
And the flesh is no longer accused . . .

Oh, well I know how little it counts
Who wrenches fruit from boughs over-loaded!
Yet the hour is one for mortal love—
The least, best thing sprung from summer,
And doomed —*gloriously*! >

Hills lie in dust rising from the spent earth,
In this moment of terrible plentitude,
With seed, grass, full pod and rich trees:
All drunken in forgetful sun.
The generation which is indignant
Is not here.

Away from steel and iron girders,
Aching bellies and bowed backs,
The flesh is no longer accused;
And I may even say *'darling!'*
To what is unanswering.
I know well how little it counts
Who wrenches fruit from boughs overloaded;
Yet this hour is for mortal love:
The least, best thing sprung from summer,
And doomed —*gloriously!*
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.

B^3: "Innocent Life": Part I, 2nd poem; "Winter": Part I, 10th poem.

"Innocent Life"
—1934—
This happened before:
This evening when pines bewilder light
With sad, dark clouds!
The leaves upon the vines
Stirring so recollectingly
Were in a former place.
Hills lie in dust rising from the spent earth.
In this moment of terrible plenitude,
—Of seed, grass, full pod and rich trees,
all drunken in forgetful sun—
The generation which is indignant
Is not here . . .

Away from steel and iron girders,
Pinched bellies and aching backs,
The flesh is no longer accused,
And I may even say, *"Darling!"*
To what is unanswering.
I know well how little it counts
Who wrenches fruit from boughs over-loaded,
Yet this hour is for mortal love:
The least, best thing sprung from summer,
And doomed — *gloriously!*

"Winter"
—1938—
Pure-limbed hills,
Stark to winter rain-tears,
Snow like some melted accretion of antiquity
Dappling your flanks—
You are but bared of deception.

Here, where roads are brands
On dead flesh,
Brooks lie limp and austere,
Frozen ponds are pools of sugar,
Sleek rooves of farms
Drip over unpeopled houses,
And deer running these uplands

Tread with hoof-beats leaf-mould beds
So that their wild flight is sombre,
Like silence itself.

Here child and man could weep as one,
Both emptied of years meanings:
Yesterday's griefs forgotten,
Or gathered with tomorrow's,
Kindly, kindly . . .
As those are kindly
Who do not cease to speak of death.

C^1 Part I, 9th poem.
2 pines, > pines
3 cloud; > cloud,
5 vines, > vines—
10 absent, > absent. . .
11 accused . . . > accused.
17 flesh, > flesh.
18 The brooks > Brooks
18 austere, > austere.
19 sugar, > sugar.
21 Drip crystal above > Drip above
23 hooves > hoof-beats
23-4 leaf-mould beds/Soundlessly, >
leaf-mould/Beds soundlessly;
29 flanks > flank
30 antiquity, > antiquity—
31 deception. > deception!
33 years' meanings; > years meaning;
C^2: Part I, 9th poem.
2 pines, > pines
3 cloud; > cloud,
5 vines, > vines—
10 absent, > absent. . .
11 accused . . . > accused.
17 flesh, > flesh.
18 The brooks > Brooks
18 austere, > austere.
19 sugar, > sugar.
21 Drip crystal above > Drip above
23 hooves > hoof-beats
23-4 leaf-mould beds/Soundlessly, >
leaf-mould/Beds soundlessly;

29 flanks > flank
30 antiquity, > antiquity—
31 deception. > deception!
33 years' meanings; > years meaning;
C^3: Part I, 9th poem. Identical to copy "B".
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

On Behalf of the Inarticulate

A^1: Identical to copy A^3 except for the following:
113 phantasies, > phantasies ;.
125 begets all light . . ." >*begets all light . . .*"
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part II, 6th poem. Titled "Reviewing Justice on Behalf of the Inarticulate" with the following subtitle: (Commemorating a rejected article on medicine, and a visit to the New York Parole Board Office, in quest of information on hospital strikes —1939-40)
1 the > a
1 sky > sky,
2 In which > Where the
3-4 Can venture speculatively/Only a little way; > Can venture, speculatively, but a brief way:
5 Inside > Inside,
5 artificial day > manufactured day,
6 Supplied to > Arranged for
6 who compute joys > computing joys
8 on > of
9 The > A
9 the model prison > a "model prison",
10 State last fall > State, last fall,
11-2 On land whereon the heart itself/Is over-trodden ground. > And standing upon land/Whereon the heart itself is over-trodden ground.
14 concentrate, unwillingly, > concentrate unwillingly
15 life, > life.
17 *—with > (with*
18 *eyes— > eyes!)*
19 thick, beaded lashes, > mascarra-ed lashes,
20 on > from
23 *since > (since*
23 *racket— > racket)*
24 Resigns herself to worlds in which there can be nothing kind. > resigns

herself/To worlds in which there will be nothing kind;
25 fountain in a corner > fountain,/In a corner, whispers
26 Whispers through the close, submissive air, > Through the close, submissive air,
27 that > which
30 through > to surmount
32 Who stand > Who wait
32 door, > door;
35 And she minces off > And minces off,
37 And the Carib, hugging to his chest the letter that he cannot read, > And the Carib, hugging to his chest the letter/Which he cannot read,
38 chair > chair;
40 stares— > stares . . .
41 *remembering > (remembering*
42 *by > or*
42 *thicketing > thicketings*
43 *its gaping > And shadowy*
44 *wide to a blinding swell of sea? > beside a blinding swell of sea? . .)*
45 Rivera again watches > Rivera watches
46 fist > fist,
48 ago > ago,
50 *—and you cannot rebegin— > (and you cannot re-begin)*
51 take it on the chin! > take it!
52 jewelry > jewelry,
53 brewery, > brewery;
54 *—in > (in*
54 *removed > removed.*
56 *candle-light > candlelight*
58 *clothes . . . > clothes)*
61 The job is done. You are too late! > The ~~past~~ [job] is gone! You've come too late!
62 "Be here next week. Don't let ambition flag, but wait," > But come again! Ambition mustn't flag! You ~~wait~~!" [synonym]
63 officialdom > officialdom,
64 Within > Inside
65 Whence issues the rapacious > From whence is issuing the rapacious
65 clock > clock;
67 beer. > beer!
67 clutches tight > clutches at
67 Rosary > rosary . . .
68 *—-and > (and*
69 *in a raft's sail, > in the rafts['] sail . .*
70 *feet on wet, lashed logs > feet, on wet, lashed logs,*

72 *as morning trumpets from the water-spout* > *and morning trumpets from the water spout,*
73 *and* > *[as] and*
74 *waves . . .* > *waves . .)*
75 glasses > glasses,
76 asses > asses,
77 cuspidor, > cuspidor;
78 spit with sated worldiness, > spit profusely and with sated worldliness,
79 it all > all this
82 *—and a freighter,* > *(while a freighter,*
86-7 *shaking from apathy*/the wandering forlorn in Battery Park . . . > shaking from apathy the wandering forlorn/In Battery Park . . .
88 *ripped* > *ripped,*
89-91 *constellations faint and far/slip through/from vistas unattainably remote and blue . . .* > *a star or two slips through/from vistas unattainably remote and blue)*
92 The Carib looks about in innocent amaze, > The Carib looks about him/In innocent amaze,
95 Surmises how > Wonders how
96 pain in being here, > pain at being here,
97 She steels > Must steel
97 a last cigarette, > a ~~last~~ [synonym] cigarette,
98 tip-toes to the fountain > tip-toe to the fountain,
99 from a new, sterile paper cup. > And select a sterile paper cup;/Imbibing, like a Circe/Driven to Ulysses' potion.
101 five > five,
102 one. > one!
103 kicking! > kicking;
104 Yes, the > And the
106 himself exactly as at first, > himself, again, since he came out,
107 hasn't either hat or overcoat!" > hasn't got an hat or overcoat,"
108 explodes, > explodes;
109 With belly-laughter testifying to his rational doctrine. > His belly-laughter testimony to his deity of reason.
111 "He hangs on, anyhow, to his damn Cross! > So he hangs on to his damn Cross. . .
112 sense. > sense!
113 Some folks like you have fantasies I call immense." > Some of you folks have phantasies, I call immense!"
115 nods, > nods;
117-8 Woman,/Despite intervening acres of red-tape > *Woman,*despite intervening acres/Of red-tape.
120 Confronts familiarly, in mood insane, > Confronts, familiarly, again,

121 Man . . . > ~~Man~~
122 *and if the whitening glimmer on dark water > [But] (the white glimmer of the water*
123 *is as constant as the grief man brought her, > is as constant as your grief, my daughter!*
124 *thus does splendid night > and the splendid night*
125 *beget all light . . .* > begets all light . . .")

B^1: Part III, second poem. "Reviewing Justice on Behalf of the Inarticulate"
Subtitle: Commemorating a rejected article on medicine which occasioned a visit to the New York Prison Parole Board in quest of information on hospital strikes
Identical to copy B^3 except for the following:

99 from a new, sterile paper cup. > And select a sterile paper cup;~~/Imbibing from it like a Circe/Driven to Ulysses' potion.~~
109 With belly-laughter testifying to his rational doctrine. > His belly-laughter testimony to [his rationality] ~~a "rational" deity.~~ [god]
122 *and if the whitening glimmer on dark water > [And] the white glimmer of the water*
123 *is as constant as the grief man brought her, > ~~is as~~[becomes] constant ~~as your grief, my~~ daughter![like her grieving over slaughter]*
125 *beget all light . . . > begets all light*!—
[~~though~~ the white glimmer of the water
Has become as constant with her
As her grieving over slaughter
~~thus will~~ yet does the splendid night
beget ~~her~~ all light

If the white glimmer of dark water
~~has become~~ is as constant to ~~her~~ god's daughter
as her ~~grief~~~~ving over slaughter~~
~~Still~~ Thus, ~~for God's daughter,~~
~~Will Does the~~ thus splendid night
Begets for her all light
~~For her, "God's daughter" . . .~~]

B^2: Part III, second poem. "Reviewing Justice on Behalf of the Inarticulate"
Subtitle: Commemorating a rejected article on medicine which occasioned a visit to the New York Prison Parole Board in quest of information on hospital strikes
Identical to copy B^3 except for the following:

109 With belly-laughter testifying to his rational doctrine. > His belly-laughter testimony to a "rational"~~ deity.~~ [view]

B^3: Part III, second poem. "Reviewing Justice on Behalf of the Inarticulate"
Subtitle: Commemorating a rejected article on medicine which occasioned a visit to the New York Prison Parole Board in quest of information on hospital strikes

1 sky > sky,

2 In which > Where the
3-4 Can venture speculatively/Only a little way; > Can venture speculatively but a brief way.
5 Inside > Inside,
5 artificial day > manufactured day,
6 Supplied to > Arranged [for]
8 on > of
9 the model > a "model"
9 prison > prison,
10 fall > fall,
11-2 On land whereon the heart itself/Is over-trodden ground. > And standing upon land/Whereon the heart itself is over-trodden ground.
15 life, > life.
19 thick, beaded lashes, > mascarraed lashes,
20 on > from
21 jacket, > jacket
23 *since* > *—since*
24 Resigns herself to worlds in which there can be nothing kind. > Resigns herself to worlds/In which there can be nothing kind;
25 fountain in a corner > fountain,/In a corner, whispers,
26 Whispers through the close, submissive air, > Through the close, submissive air,
27 that > which
30 through > to surmount
31 meek > meek,
32 Who stand > Who ~~wilt~~ [stand]
32 door, > door;
35 And she minces > And minces
37 And the Carib, hugging to his chest the letter that he cannot read, > And the Carib, hugging to his chest the letter/Which he cannot read,
38 chair > chair,
42 *by* > *or*
44 *wide to a blinding swell of sea?* > *beside a swell of blinding sea?—*
48 ago > ago,
50 *rebegin—* > *rebegin!—*
52 jewelry > jewelry,
53 brewery, > brewery;
57 *candle-light* > *candlelight*
59 *clothes . . .* > *clothes—*
60 back, > back;
61 done. You are too late! > gone! You've come too late!
62 "Be here next week. Don't let ambition flag, but wait," > You come again! Ambition mustn't flag! —you wait!"

63 officialdom > officialdom,
64 Within > Inside
65 Whence issues the rapacious > From whence is issuing the rapacious
65 clock > clock;
67 beer. > beer!
67 clutches tight > clutches at
67 Rosary > Rosary . . .
69 *sail,* > *sail* . . .
70 *feet on wet, lashed logs* > *feet, on wet, lashed logs,*
76 asses > asses,
77 cuspidor, > cuspidor;
78 spit with sated worldiness, > spit profusely and with sated worldliness,
79 it all > all this
81 And presently, > And, presently,
86-7 *shaking from apathy/the wandering forlorn in Battery Park . . .* > *shaking from apathy the wandering forlorn/In Battery Park . . .*
88 *ripped* > *ripped,*
89-90 *constellations faint and far/slip through* > *a constellation,~~here~~ [faint] and ~~there~~ [far], slips through*
92 The Carib looks about in innocent amaze, > The Carib looks about him/In innocent amaze,
93 And starting > And, starting,
95 Surmises how > Wonders how
96 pain in being here, > pain at being here,
97 She steels > Must steel
98 tip-toes > tip-toe
99 from a new, sterile paper cup. > And select a sterile paper cup;/Imbibing from it like a Circe/Driven to Ulysses' potion.
101 five > five,
102 one. > one!
104 Yes, the > And the
106 himself exactly as at first, > himself, again, since he came out,
107 hasn't either hat > hasn't got an hat
108 explodes, > explodes;
109 With belly-laughter testifying to his rational doctrine. > His belly-laughter testimony to a "rational" deity.
111 "He hangs on, anyhow, to his damn Cross! > So he hangs on to his damn Cross.
112 sense. > sense—
113 Some folks like you > Some of you folks
113 immense. > immense!
117 Woman, > *Woman,*
118 red-tape, > red-tape;
120 Confronts familiarly, > Confronts, familiarly,

122 *and if the whitening glimmer on dark water* > *—the white glimmer of the water*
123 *is as constant as the grief man brought her,* > *is as constant as your grief, my daughter!*
125 *beget all light . . .* > *begets all light*!—
C^1 Part I, 12th poem. Identical to copy C^2 except for the following:
Subtitle: Commemorating a Rejected Magazine Article on Hospitalization
~~1939~~ [1940]
9 model > "model"
61 done. You are too late! > gone!You [a]re ~~here~~ too late!
C^2: Part I, 12th poem.
Subtitle: "Commemorating a Rejected Magazine Article on Hospitalization". Dated 1939.
1 sky > sky,
3-4 venture speculatively/Only a little way; > venture, speculatively, only a little way.
5 Inside > Inside,
5 day > day,
9 model > "model"
10 fall > fall,
11-2 On land whereon the heart itself/Is over-trodden ground. > On land whereon the heart itself is over-trodden ground.
15 life, > life.
17 *shadowed* > *shadowed,*
25 fountain in a corner > fountain, in a corner,
26 Whispers > Whispers,
28 time. > time. . .
32 door, > door;
37 And the Carib, hugging to his chest the letter that he cannot read, > And the Carib,/Hugging to his chest the letter that he cannot read,
38 chair > chair,
44 *wide to a blinding swell of sea?* > *open ~~toward~~ blinding swells of sea?*—
45 Miss Rivera again > Miss Rivera, again,
47 ago > ago,
50 *rebegin*— > *re-begin* —
52 jewelry > jewelry,
53 brewery, > brewery;
55 *removed* > *removed,*
57 *candle-light* > *candlelight*
60 back, > back;
61 done. You are too late! > gone!You~~'re here~~ [are] too late!
62 "Be here next week. Don't let ambition flag, but wait," > You come next week! Don't let ambition flag —but wait!"
63 officialdom > officialdom,

67 beer. > beer!
67 Rosary > Rosary—
68 *—and > and*
70 *feet > feet,*
70 *logs > logs,*
72 *water-spout > water-spout,*
77 cuspidor, > cuspidor;
79 it all > all this
82 *—and > and*
85 *horn, > horn;*
86-7 *shaking from apathy/the wandering forlorn in Battery Park . . . > shaking from apathy the wandering forlorn/in Battery Park . . .*
88 *ripped > ripped,*
89 *constellations faint and far > constellations, faint and far,*
90 *slip through > slip through,*
92 The Carib looks about in innocent amaze, > The Carib looks about him/In innocent amaze,
97 She steels > Must steel
98 tip-toes > tip-toe
99 from a new, sterile paper cup. > ~~there~~ from a [new,]sterile, paper cup.
101 five > five,
103 kicking! > kicking,
104 Yes, the > And the
106 as at first, > as before,
109 With belly-laughter testifying to his rational doctrine. > His belly-laughter testimony to a rational doctrine.
110 loss, > loss—
111 damn > dern
112 sense. > sense—
113 Some folks like you > Some of you folks
118 red-tape, > red-tape;
122 *and if the whitening glimmer on dark water > and if the whitened glimmer of dark water*
C^3: Part I, 12th poem. Identical to copy "B", except for the following:
Subtitle: Commemorating a Rejected Magazine Article on Hospitalization. 1939
34 sigh > sigh[—]
66 wasted > wast~~ed~~[ing]
106 as at first, > as ~~before,~~ [?]
113 Some folks like you > Some of you folks [often]
114 And though > And ~~though~~
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Portrait in a Cafeteria

A^1 Identical to A^3.
A^2 Identical to A^3 except the poem has been struck out by the author.
A^3 Part V, 10th poem. Titled "Old Man" and dated 1939.
2 You ache > Aching
2 will never state > can never state;
3 Of griefs and joys beyond you to translate: > Your griefs and joys enigma to translate;
4 Your pulse beats now upon a muted note, > You dwell with silence, and exist by rote./ Your pulse beats now upon a muted note;
5 speculate, > speculate.
6-7 Seeing, in death ahead, deceitful fate,/The single certainty in worlds afloat. > Surmise has ceased to sway your traitor fate,/And death, alone, seems sure, midst worlds afloat.
8 You think it cannot matter what you say, > It cannot, you think, [you think it cannot] matter what you say!
9 And fix > You fix
9 way: > way;,
10 Cast from you are > And cast aside
11 dreams, once > dreams once
12 anguish at > anguish, at
13 insists again on *more.* > insists, again, on *more!*
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part IV, 11th poem. "Old Man" —1939—
6 Seeing, in death ahead, deceitful fate, > Seeing in death ahead your traitor's fate—
9 way: > way!
11 dreams, > dreams
11 preach! > preach.
13 insists again on *more.* > insists, again, on more.
C^1 Part I, 14th poem. "To an Old Man [Portrait in a Cafeteria] ~~1939~~ [1955]
1 throat, > throat—
2 state > state,
3 translate: > translate.
5 speculate, > speculate;
6 deceitful fate, > ~~your traitor's~~ [deceitful] fate,
7 in > midst
9 way: > way!
11 dreams, > dreams
11 preach! > preach,
13 insists again on *more.* > insists, again, on *more.* . . .
C^2: Part I, 14th poem. "To an Old Man: Portrait in a Cafeteria" —1955—

2 state > state,
6 deceitful fate, > betraying Fate:
7 in > midst
9 your feet > tir'd feet
11 dreams, > dreams—
13 insists again on *more*. > insists, again, on *more*! . .
C^3: Part I, 14th poem. "To an Old Man" —1939—
1 throat, > throat—
2 state > state,
3 translate: > translate.
5 speculate, > speculate;
6 deceitful fate, > your traitor's fate,
7 in > midst
9 way: > way!
11 dreams, > dreams
11 preach! > preach,
13 insists again on *more*. > insists, again, on *more*. . . .
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Part I, 11th poem. Identical to copy D^1.

She Dies
—to my mother, Maud Thomas Dunn, died 1940—
—1940—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part III, 14th poem.
3 Remolding from > Remoulding, from
3 commonplace > commonplace,
6 more;—these > more: these
6 lie! > lie;
8 sky! > sky.
9 mounts, until > mounts until
10 fill, >fill
11 last, and > last; and
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part II, 15th poem.
6 more;—these > more: these
6 lie! > lie;
8 sky! > sky.
9 mounts, until > mounts until

C^1 Part II, 9th poem —1941—
6 more;—these > more: these
C^2: Part II, 9th poem —1941—
6 more;—these > more: these
C^3: Part II, 9th poem. —194~~1~~[0] [correct date]
6 more;—these > more: these
D^1: Proof text
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Previous publication information: "She Dies." *The Saturday Review of Literature* 32 (29 January 1949):10.

To Lola Ridge: Poet
—died, 1942—

A^1 Identical to copy A^3.
A^2 Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part V, 11th poem.

Remembered eyes, indomitable, calm;
Celestial mariners whose stars none see
Must ponder mortals as you mused on me,
And yet your look was of the earth, and warm;
And you, the weaker, you, the ill, laid balm
Upon the wounds of health; for you could be
Selfless and of all paltry caution free;
Your spirit our immunity to harm.

From stranger features, in a room of pain,
Those eyes, so lucent, luminous and grave,
Still out-gaze time and change; their gallant mood
Eternal; yours no more, though yours, again:
The eyes of vision, steadfast, peaceful, brave!
O, valiant eyes! The very eyes of Good!

Portions of "To Lola Ridge" appear in a poem titled "To Charlotte Wilder", dated 1940:

No furtive pang of loneliness can lure
To lies, a heart that knows no grudging mood;
A mind that, with a sweet exactitude,
With the humility the saints endure,
In openness like skies none can immure,
Broods, with impartial love of good,

On woes of creatures, and on field and wood,
With vision burning and precise and pure.

Her art knows sorrow in the taste of iron;
Its amplitude embraces sage and child
With the aloof compassion of the simple great
Whose pity outbraves anger like a lion.
Strange there are those in whom her tender, mild
Solicitude for human fate, stirs hate!

Portions of "To Lola Ridge" appear in a poem titled "To Charlotte Wilder." Dated 1948. Part V, 12th poem.

Too frank for consort with the meek,
Her frugal feast was wisdom's bone.
Her small heart's wares were spread on wayside stone;
And there ripped by a cruel, harpy beak.
Envied the staunchness with which she surprised
The truth in poetry, the character in fictioned eyes;
She was begrudged the modest joy hers in a life alone;
And her obscurity became the crime for which she must stone.
She limned integrity that has her brow.
An outraged child, how great her stature now!

B^1: Identical to copy B^3, except for the following emendations:
1 calm!— > calm![,]—[,]
1 see > see[,]
5 warm! > warm![,]
6 harm! > harm![,]
8 Upon ~~the~~ health's self-invited wounds, > Upon [robust] ~~the~~ health's ~~self-inflicted~~ [ego centric] wounds,
9 Your prodigality of paltry caution free. > ~~Your prodigality of~~ [heart unresting and unreckoning, ~~and~~ so of paltry caution free] paltry caution free.
14 eternal,— > eternal;—
15 again; > again; [;]

B^2: Identical to copy B^3, except for a handwritten indication to close the gap between lines 9 and 10.

B^3: Part IV, 14th poem. "To Lola Ridge"
Remembered eyes, indomitable, calm!—
Celestial mariners whose stars none see
Must ponder mortals as you meditated me,
Nun-lover of the earth, aloof yet warm!
Child-sage whose spirit was immunity to harm!
So you, gay and unasking-giver, ill yet strong,
Poured forth self inexhaustibly like balm

Upon ~~the~~ health's self-invited wounds,
Your prodigality of paltry caution free.

And now, from stranger features,
In another room of pain,
Those eyes so lucent, luminous and grave,
Still out-gaze time and change,
Their gallant mood eternal,—
Yours no more but yours again†
The eyes of vision, steadfast, peaceful, brave!
O, valiant eyes! Such are the very eyes of Good!

C^1 Identical to copy C^2.

C^2: Part II, 14th poem. "To Lola Ridge, Poet-Critic—died 1942
—1955—

2 me. > me—
5 Child-sage whose spirit was immunity to harm. > Child-sage, your spirit our immunity to harm!
9 pure. > pure!
11 Her wisdom's feast was spread on wayside stone > Your feast of wisdom, spread on wayside stone,
12 beak. > beak;
13 She embraced simply sorrow's taste of iron . . > And yet you embraced Sorrow simply,/Though you tasted iron . . .
14 Her eyes, > Your eyes,
16 eternal: > eternal,—

C^3: Part II, 14th poem. "To Lola Ridge, Poet"
2 me. > me,—
4 Nun-lover of the earth, > Nun-lover-of-the-earth,
5 harm. > harm!
16 eternal: > eternal—
17 vision, steadfast > vision—steadfast
18 eyes— > eyes!—

D^1: Proof text.

$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Many Mansions

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.

A^2: Identical to copy A^3, except for the following:
2 Its aisles > ~~Its aisles~~ [altar]

A^3: Part III, 10th poem ([written] 1941):

My [F]father's house,
Its aisles agleam with candles
Lit for humble shades,
Is starry with a vernal frost,
And brimming with the sound of prayer:
Its aisles, like stone-wreathed paths
Along a sacred wood,
Invoking, as the autumn fades
Into November's drear,
A memory of the graves
Of the forgotten good.

And I remember–
oh, so late!—
An old man, selfless,

Reticent and kind,
Whose spirit withstood bitterest fate;
And do not find his home-spun ghost
Amiss among the host
Comprising André, Bridget, Edward, Albert
Saint Denis and countless martyred great,
Not even though these are companioned
By the glories of the Papal State;
Since he, no less than the exalted here,
Forgave the world that had betrayed
His generous cheer,
Yet judged himself with an inexorably clear mind.

B^1: Identical to copy B^3, with the following handwritten marginal note:
[This poem should be deleted as it is inferior to the others as poetry—sentiment tempted me to leave it in]
In the right hand margin across from lines 3-5 Scott has handwritten [stet]

B^2: Identical to copy B^3.

B^3: Part II, 16th poem.
To My Grandfather, the Late Oliver Milo Dunn
—Recalled on All Souls' Day, 1941—
My Father's house
—altars agleam
with candles lit
for humble shades—
Is starry with a vernal frost
And brimming with a sound of prayer:
Its aisles

—like stone-wreathed paths
along a sacred wood—
Envoking
—-as the autumn fades
into November's drear—
Memories of graves of the forgotten Good.
And I remember poignantly
—-how late!—
An old man, selfless, reticent and kind,
Whose spirit withstood ev'ry onslaught
Of embittering fate;
And do not find the presence
Of his homespun ghost
Amiss among a worshiped host
Comprising André, Bridget, Edward, Albert,
Saint Thérèse and countless martyred great
—-not though these are companioned
by the glories of the Papal State!—
Since he
—-no less than the exalted here!—
Withstood the world's betrayals
And refused to fear,
Refrained from judging others,
And yet judged himself with an inexorably clear mind.

C^1 Part II, 10th poem. "—To my grandfather, Oliver Milo Dunn, died 1922—"
—1942—
1 My Father's house > ~~My Father's~~ [God's] House
1 frost > frost,
3 aisles > aisles,
6 good; > Good.
7 recall again —how late!— > recall-again — how late!—
12 these, > they,

C^2: Part II, 10th poem. "—To my grandfather, Oliver Milo Dunn, died 1922—"
—1942—
1 frost > frost,
6 good; > Good.
7 recall again —how late!— > recall-again — how late!—
12 these, > they,

C^3: Part II, 10th poem. "—To my grandfather, Oliver Milo Dunn, died 1922—"
—1942—
1 frost > frost,
3 aisles > aisles,
6 of the graves > of graves

6 good; > Good.
7 recall again —how late!— > recall-again — how late!—
12 these, > they,
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy "G."

What Bourne?

A^1: Identical to copy A3, except for the following:
From "O, Self":
15 *Mine, but no longer mine! > Mine, but no longer mine?*
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: The lines that compose "What Bourne" appear in three different poems in this series. The first is titled, "City Daybreak" (1937) which appears in Part II as the thirteenth poem; the second is titled, "O, Self" (1937) which appears in Part II as the twentieth poem; and the third is "Nature and a Fourth Dimension" (1944) which appears in Part V, third poem. Each is reprinted here in its entirety due to numerous alterations from the copy text.

City Daybreak
Wind of the morning,
Rippling over the city rooves to the sea,
Where dark salt fountains spurt and break,
O, slake the bitter thirst of this mortality!
Sweep us away,
From sight of house-tops, streets and throngs,
Toward solitary shores,
Where rugged rocks withstand the shocks
Of marbled, silvered, pearled attacks,
As quaking mountains pile their snowy racks
Upon ineffable graves.

Let us enter nothing, not as meager bones and dust,
But in spending ourselves upon annihilation generously,
Like the turbulent, terrible waves!
Here hope frets us to extinction.
Better to be tossed, torn, rent with blows
That wrest apart such futile palpitance of mind and heart!
These are not living, whom ~~very~~ [mere] ignominy saves!

O, Self
Was myself the moment of love given?

The man loved, the child loved,
The mother, father, friend?
Has what I am now been wrenched from my flesh?
Is it I, bleeding, I tear up by the roots
From ancient soil,
As I think of the past?

O, illusion of self, adored in another,
And become merely weeping eyes, and husky voice;
Were you more than this wail of stricken senses?
Is the clamour in me to pour forth to God,
The reflection, again, of what leaves empty hands,
So that God Himself may some day groan,
To one a stranger to us both,
Mine, but no longer mine!
O, Beauty, flawless, pure and good,
In us, and near us, still misunderstood!

Nature and a Fourth Dimension
Snow merely adumbrates a further purity.
However sable night, beyond it, other nights abound!
And though we have exceeded our tensed senses,
And detect a sound remoter than the bat's cry,
It may yet prove but the Cosmic hush
Arising, as of yore, from terrible, familiar ground.

B^1: Identical to copy B^3.

B^2: Identical to copy B^3.

B^3: In this copy "What Bourne?" appears as two poems, "What Bourne?" (1944) and "O Self!" (1937). Part III, 6th and 9th poems.

What Bourne? —1944—
Snow only adumbrates a further purity.
However sable night, always, beyond it, deeper nights abound,

And though we have exceeded our tensed senses
And detect a note remoter than the bat's shrill,
It may not be revealed as but the ancient Cosmic hush
Ascending, as before, from terrible, familiar ground.

O Self!
-1937-

Was myself the moment of love given?

The man loved, the child loved,
The mother, father, friend?
Has what I am now been wrenched from my flesh?
Is it I, bleeding, I tear up by the roots
From ancient soil
As I think of the past?

O, illusion of self, adored in another,
And become merely weeping eyes and husky voice!—
Were you ever more than this wail of stricken senses?
Is the clamour in me to pour forth to God
The reflection, again, of what leaves empty hands,
So that God, too, will someday groan,
Mine, yet mine no longer?
Where now is Beauty, flawless, pure and good?
Was I, all the while, misunderstanding?
Or was I the misunderstood?

C^1 Identical to copy C^2.

C^2: Part II, 18th poem. Part III of the poem is indicated as 1944.

1 another, > another!—

2 given — > given?

3 The man loved, child loved, the mother, father, friend? > The man loved, child loved,/The mother, father, friend?

15 To solitary > Toward solitary

17 attacks, > attack,

18 racks > rack

22 turbulent, terrible waves! > turbulent waves!

23 extinction: > extinction.

27 purity, > purity;

29 abound. > abound!

30 senses > senses,

33 horrible, familiar ground. > terrible, familiar ground. . .

C^3: Part II, 18th poem. Identical to copy C^2 except for:

22 turbulent, terrible waves! > turbulent [terrible] waves!

D^1: Proof text.

$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Nineteen-Forty-One

A^1: Part I, "Street", appears in Part II, 11th poem. It is titled "Largesse" and dated 1940:

Largesse

-1940-
To us who had sought long
For prophecy or song
To mute the mutter of machines,
There came,
In the small silence of an empty street,
A bird note. It was sweet!
And there flowed in upon us, once again, that day,
A breath from wide, green, living lands,
A million miles and years away!

Part 2, "Neighborhood", appears in Part II, 9th poem. It is titled "Flashlight" and dated 1937:

Flashlight
-1937-
The linaments of dark
Are in the waning blue,
As windows leap forth,
Blazoned to an angrier hue,
And folk scream, chatter, shout,
And radios blare sterterously;
Dogs bark with irritation,
Cats complain, antiphonally,
Cars blast the canyon streets
With sound, off key;
While overhead, in a pellucid wilderness,
The ignored stars begin to ripen.

Conniving, secret, this below!
But there above, in roiling snow,
Lies open, bare as your own hand,
The mystery no man may understand!

A^2: Identical to copy A^1.
A^3: Identical to copy A^1.
C^2: This poem appears as part 2, "Neighborhood" in the poem "Escape from Industry: Jones Beach, 1940" in copies C^2, C^1, and C^3.

2
Neighborhood
The lineaments of dark
Were in the blue.
The windows leaped forth,

Lighted to an angrier hue.
Folk chattered, screamed and shouted.
The radios blared sterterously.
Dogs barked with irritation.
Cats complained antiphonally, off-key,
Cars blasted canyon streets with sound,
As overhead, in a pellucid wilderness,
The ignored stars began to ripen.

Conniving, secret, all below—
But there, above,
Midst roiling snow,
Lay open,
Bare as your own hand,
The mystery no man may understand!

D^1: Proof-text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Deus Ex Machina
—1937—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part III, 16th poem.
1 fields, > fields;
2 heaven, > heaven;
3 rock and sway and shake > rock, and sway, and shake,
4 earthquake. > earthquake!
5 glow in which the dead > glow, in which the dead,
6 Grope from > Grope upward from
7 bed > bed,
9 barns and low afar, > barns, and low, afar;
10 birds like mice are flittering in panic-ecstasy. > birds, like mice, are flittering,/In panic-ecstasy.
11 A cock crows thrice! But wise men, > A cock crows thrice;/And wise men,
13 storm-racks > storm wracks
14 such > this
15 drought, > drought;
17 sea, > sea;
20 plain > plain,
21 beast, > beast!
22 camels in > camels, in
23 wedding-feast > wedding-feast,

24 snarl with > snarl, with
24 roars, > roars;
26-7 fire/Sinks into ash; > fire sinks into ash;
28 While > And
28 bleat > bleat,
29 And the shepherd who forgets the wandering lamb > While the shepherd, who forgets the wandering lamb,
31 thorn-bush > thorn-bush,
32 root, > root;
33 As > And
35-9 Mary searches for her child,
And Joseph laments a mortal grief
The Unknown Friend, so mighty and so terrible,
Can never mend, since all now blindly die
As they were blindly born . . . >
Perceives Mary, searching for the Child;
And Joseph, lamenting ~~with~~ a moral grief,
His Unknown Friend, so Mighty and so Terrible,
Can never mend; since all [blindly] now die,
~~Even~~ [A]as they were born.
45 *factory monoliths and city towers! > factories, girders, steely towers!*
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part III, 3rd poem.
2 heaven, > heaven;
4 earthquake. > earthquake!
5 glow > glow,
6 Grope from > Grope upward from
7 bed > bed,
9 barns and low afar, > barns, and low, afar;
10 And birds like mice are flittering in panic-ecstasy. > And birds like mice are flittering/In panic-ecstasy. A cock crows thrice,
11 A cock crows thrice! But wise men, > And wise men, stumbling forth to scan the sky,
12 Stumbling forth to scan the sky, > Learn from it only what the storm-wracks tell of rain.
14 yet such > yet this
15 drought, > draught,
17 sea, > sea;
23 feast > feast,
27 ash; > ash,
28 While flocks, like drifting snowfalls, bleat > And flocks like drifting snowfalls, bleat,

29 And the shepherd who forgets the wandering lamb > While the shepherd who forgets the wandering lamb,
32 bush > bush,
33 root, > root;
34 As > And
35 Mary searches for her Child, > Perceives Mary searching for the Child,
36 And Joseph laments mortal grief > And Joseph lamenting a mortal grief
37 The Unknown Friend, so mighty and so terrible, > His Unknown Friend—so mighty and so terrible!—
38 mend, > mend;
40 *last, > last*
41 *late, > late*
44 *On factory monoliths and city towers! > On factories, girders, steely tow'rs!*
C^1 Identical to copy C^2 except 1937 [39 correct]
C^2: Part I, 13th poem.
1 fields, > fields.
2 heaven, > heaven.
3 shake > shake,
4 earthquake. > earthquake!
6 Grope from their graves > Grope upward from old graves,
7 bed > bed,
9 low afar, > low, afar,
10 birds like mice > birds, like mice,
13 storm-racks > storm-wracks
20 plain > plain,
23 feast > feast,
28 bleat > bleat,
29 lamb > lamb,
32 bush > bush,
37 Friend, so mighty and so terrible, > Friend—so mighty and so terrible!—
C^3: Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text. Dated 1939.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

City, Awaken!
—1940—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part III, first poem. Changes are noted from Copy C, Tennessee Manuscripts. Part II, 19th poem. Dated 1937.
1 gleam > gleam,

3 bitter-dry > bitter-dry,
6 autumn > autumn,
8 farm > farm,
14 animation less > animation, less
16 artifice with leaden feet! > artifice, with leaden feet.
18 sorrow, > sorrow;
22 heart and > heart, and
24 flesh and > flesh, and
28 die . . . > die!
30 grief heav'n's candid hue, > grief, heaven's candid hue;
32 futility. > futility!

B^1: Identical to copy B^3.

B^2: Identical to copy B^3.

B^3: Part III, 14th poem. "Awake!" —1937—

We have forgotten the young moon's thready gleam
Across the mild, scarred dusk.
From springs of gall gone bitter-dry
We drink, with metal lips awry,
Our wormwood and aoesfediti.
We have forgotten ripened autumn
And the harvest-symbol rising, waxen-warm,
Above the evening quiet of a farm
Where cattle kneel in leafy rust,
And haze aspiring from the tempered dust
Of our mortality.
We have forgotten,
While these carrion woods resound
With joyless animation less than life;
And harried multitudes still pound
The swards of artifice with leaden feet!
There have been left to us
These lees of sorrow,
Yet we give no calming look
Toward welcoming ground.
Such stridence is our anodyne!

Break heart and open iron eye,
And let disorder's human cry
Rend flesh and marry it with sky!
These sinews, braced to labouring steel,
May regain pliancy upon the wrack and wheel;
Then nerves will flex that cannot feel.
We are the dead who are about to die . . .

O, weep! Let tears, reflecting blue,
Restore to grief heav'n's candid hue,
That their numbered coins be laid no more
Upon the drugged lids of futility.

C^1 Part II, 7th poem. "City, Awake!" ~~1937~~ [1955]
2 Across the mild, starred dusk. > Across mild, gilt-scarred dusks.
3 autumn > autumn,
4 When the harvest's symbol waxes round and warm > And the harvest's symbol waxing warm
5 of each farm > on a farm,
6 rust, > rust
7 Amidst haze risen from the tempered dust > And haze arisen from the tempered dust
9 forgotten— > forgotten,
10 and half-dry > bitter-dry,
13 And ever-travelled roads resound > And carrion make the roads resound
14 life, > life.
15-19 While calloused multitudes still pound
The swards of artifice on leaden feet.
There are left to us these lees of sorrow,
Yet we give no look toward welcoming ground.
Such stridence is our anodyne. >

There are left to us the lees of sorrow,
While the calloused multiudes still pound
The swards of artifice, with leaden feet;
And yet we give no look toward welcoming ground.
Such stridence is our anodyne!
22 Bespeak the flesh, the earth, the sky! > Speak flesh and marry it with sky!
24 Regain no pliancy upon the wrack and wheel; > May regain pliancy upon the wrack and wheel;
25 There nerves that flex no longer feel. > Then nerves will flex that cannot feel.
26 die! > die . . .
27 tears reflecting blue > tears, reflecting blue,
28 heaven > heav'n
29 That numbered > That these numbered
30 futility. > futility . . .
C^2: Part II, 7th poem. "City Awaken".
2 starred > scarred
3 autumn > autumn,
4 When the harvest's symbol waxes round and warm > And the harvest's symbol waxing round and warm

10 half-dry > half-dry,
13 ever-travelled > over-traveled
14 With joyless animation less than life, > With joyless animation/Less than life;
16 artifice on > artifice, on
18 ground. > ground!
24 wheel; > wheel:
25 There nerves that can flex no longer feel. > Nerves cannot flex when they no longer feel.
27 tears > tears,
27 blue > blue,
28 heav'n > heaven
30 futility. > futility . . .

C^3: Part II, 7th poem. "City, Awake!" 1937

2 starred dusk. > gilt-scarred dusks.
3 autumn > autumn,
4 When the harvest's symbol waxes round and warm > And the harvest's symbol waxing warm
5 of each farm > on a farm,
6 rust, > rust
7 Amidst haze risen from the tempered dust > And haze arisen from the tempered dust
9 forgotten— > forgotten,
10 and half-dry > bitter-dry,
13 And ever-travelled roads resound > And carrion make the roads resound
14 life, > life.
15-19 While calloused multitudes still pound
The swards of artifice on leaden feet.
There are left to us these lees of sorrow,
Yet we give no look toward welcoming ground.
Such stridence is our anodyne. >

There are left to us the lees of sorrow,
While the calloused multiudes still pound
The swards of artifice, with leaden feet;
And yet we give no look toward welcoming ground.
Such stridence is our anodyne!

22 Bespeak the flesh, the earth, the sky! > Speak flesh and marry it with sky!
24 Regain no pliancy upon the wrack and wheel; > ~~May~~ regain [no] pliancy upon the wrack and wheel
25 There nerves that flex no longer feel. > ~~Then~~ [Where] nerves ~~will~~ [are] flex[ed they] ~~that~~ cannot feel.
26 die! > die . . .
27 tears reflecting blue > tears, reflecting blue,

28 heaven > heav'n
29 That numbered > That these numbered
30 futility. > futility . . .
D^1: Proof-text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Escape from Industry: Jones Beach, 1940

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Differences are noted from Tennessee Copy A^3. Part II, 14th poem. Dated 1939.
2 feet. > feet;
6 immutable > immutable,
7 waves and > waves, and
8 –the > (the
9 sand!– > sand!)
10 plunged with > plunged, with
10 breasts > breasts,
12 ecstasy, > ecstasy;
14 wand'ring > their
15 crashed like > crashed, like
15 guns > guns,
16 floor, > floor;
17 lights, > light,
18 more. > more;
20 except > unless
22 sound, > sound
23 *–traveling, > (traveling . . .*
24 *lost– > lost . .)*
B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for the following:
26 ~~There rose~~ [We felt]
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part III, 10th poem. Jones Beach: Escape from Industry —1939—

The dusk deliberately became the tide,
Unraveling lines of white about our naked feet.
Before us was the black,
Behind, the world had sunk away,
And we were left the bending sky,
So splendidly immutable
Above the shifting waves and changing land.
—the land that was already yielding
in unnoticed sand!—

We plunged with darkness on our breasts
And struck out, neither east nor west,
Upon a current of cold ecstasy,
While neon signs, usurping day's departed suns,
Pursued with wand'ring gleams,
And swift reflections crashed like silent guns
Upon the ocean's floor,
And stars, when momently delivered to electric lights,
Were eyes that blink because they see no more.
For the misery of the hour was such
As cannot cure itself except with a long sleep.

Yet even at a quarter of a mile from shore,
We heard a *husha-husha* sound,
—traveling,
lost—
And as the night grew rankly still,
There rose the pulse-beat of a *living* will—
At last! . . .

C^1 Identical to copy C^2 except the date at the top: [1939-40]

C^2: "Escape from Industry" ~~1939 [40]~~ [1941]. Part I, 4th poem. Cf. "Nineteen Forty- One".

1

Street

To us who had sought long
For prophecy or song
To mute the mutter of machines,
There came,
In the small silence of an empty street,
A bird note! It was sweet!
And there flowed in upon us, once again, that day,
A breath from wide, green living lands
A million miles and year[s] away!

2

Neighborhood

The lineaments of dark
Were in the blue.
The windows leaped forth,
Lighted to an angrier hue.
Folk chattered, screamed and shouted.
The radios blared sterterously.
Dogs barked with irritation.

Cats complained antiphonally, off-key,
Cars blasted canyon streets with sound,
As overhead, in a pellucid wilderness,
The ignored stars began to ripen.

Conniving, secret, all below—
But there, above,
Midst roiling snow,
Lay open,
Bare as your own hand,
The mystery no man may understand!

3

[Jones'] Beach
The misery of the hour was such
As could not cure itself except with a long sleep!
The neon signs had usurped day's departed sun.
Their swift reflections crashed the water's floor
Like bright discharges from a silent gun,
And stars delivered to electric light
Were eyes that blink because they see no more.

Then dusk's deliberation became tide,
Unraveling lines of white about our naked feet,
And as we plunged, deep dark on breast,
We struck out neither east nor west,
Upon a current of cold ecstasy:
Before us sky, so splendidly immutable;
Behind us, changing land
—*the land that sank,*
already yielding
in unnoticed sand!
Yet even at a quarter-mile from shore,
We caught a *husha-husha* sound,
—*traveling,*
lost!
And as the black grew rankly still,
There rose in us the pulse-beat of a living Will,
—*at last!*

C^3: Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Apostasy
—1942—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part III, 19th poem.
1 Lord > Lord,
3 gnats > gnats,
5 Word. > Word!
6 Thought > thought
6 and > and,
6 angel's > angels
7 the reenactors of man's fall! > the blind who re-enact man's fall.
9 his Holy Temple– > His Holy Temple!
11 the varied human voice! > our varied human voice.
12-13 Duplicity has slain the age,/And now, like bee and ant in muted drill, > The age has slain with boredom,/And like bee and ant in muted drill,
14 hill, > hill:
16 parasites have led the way > parasites, with an "atomic ray,"
17 And invade nature and insult the day, > Invade all nature, and insult the day;
18 While Golom's hypocrites beguile the silenced multitudes, > While Golom hypocrites beguile/The silenced multitudes
19 hope of Heaven > hopes of heavens
20 By methods subtle, vile, > methods, subtle, vile;
21 And debased Christians supplicate their Molochs. > And debased Christian supplicate/Their Moloch.
23 *abode.* > abode!
24 *song* > song,
25 *over-long:* > over-long!
27 *liberty.* > liberty!
B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for:
16 Industrious parasites ~~, with an atomic ray,~~ [who lead the way]
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part III, 5th poem
3 call, > call
4 Creation, > Creation
5 prayer, from > prayer from
5 Word. > Word!
7 reenactors > re-enactors
9 Temple— > Temple!
14 hill, > hill:
16 Industrious parasites have led the way > Industrious parasites, with an "atomic ray",

17 And invade nature and insult the day, > Invade all nature and insult the day;
18 While Golom's hypocrites beguile the silenced multitudes, > While Golom's hypocrites beguile/The silenced multitudes
19 Heaven > Heav'n
20 vile, > vile;
21 Molochs. > Moloch.
23 *abode. > abode!*
24 *song > song,*
25 *over-long: > over-long!*
27 *liberty. > liberty!*
C^1 Part III, 3rd poem. Identical to copy "A".
C^2: Part III, 3rd poem.
3 gnats > gnats,
3 call, > call
5 Word. > Word!
6 and > and,
6 sword > sword,
7 reenactors > re-enactors
14 hill, > hill:
16 way > way,
17 day, > day;
18 While Golom's hypocrites beguile the silenced multitudes, > While Golom's hypocrites beguile/The silenced multitudes
19 Heaven > Heav'n
20 vile, > vile;
23 *abode. > abode!*
24 *song > song,*
25 *over-long: > over-long!*
27 *liberty. > liberty!*
C^3: Part III, 3rd poem. Identical to Copy "A".
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy "G."

Opus Ten Billion
—1938—

A group: "Opus Ten Billion" was not included in this series.
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part IV, 4th poem. Dated 1939.
3 forest— > forest!
4 again! > again . . .

7 Are punished . . . > Must be punished . . .
11 forbidden us, > forbidden us . . .
14 silences > silences,
17 offal, > offal
18 bosom, > bosoms,
19 blaze > blazes
27 up > up,
31 flame. > flame . . .
C^1 Identical to copy C^2, except for handwritten emendations on the first line and lines 14-15 of C^2.
C^2: Part III, 12th poem, dated 1939.
1 build me an arc in the blue > build [me an arc] in the blue
4 again! > again . . .
10 days > days;
11 forbidden us, > forbidden us . . .
14-5 For the remnants of our silences/And the though discarded >
For ~~the remnants of our silences,~~ > ~~And~~ the thought discarded
17 offal, > offal
18 bosom, > bosoms,
30 flame. > flame . . .
C^3: Part III, 12th poem. Dated 1939.
1 build me an arc in the blue > build in the blue
4 again! > again . . .
10 days > days;
11 forbidden us, > forbidden us . . .
14 silences > silences,
17 offal, > offal
18 bosom, > bosoms,
31 flame. > flame . . .
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\&3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Previous publication information: "Opus Ten Billion." *North Georgia Review* 4 (Autumn 1939):42.

The Evening Came
—1941—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part II, 27th poem. Titled "Evening Came".

1 still > still,
3 bright > bright,
9 unfurled, > unfurled.
10 creation > Creation
11 cried > cried,
12 who > that
14 And anguished for the morning's unimpassioned face. > And anguished for the morning's/Unimpassioned face.

B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part IV, 1st poem.
6 were, > were
9 unfurled, > unfurled.
10 creation > Creation
11 cried > cried,
13 Grace, > Grace
14 And anguished for the morning's unimpassioned face. > And anguished for the morning's/Unimpassioned face.

C^1 Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part I, 15th poem.
1 still > still,
3 bright > bright,
6 were, > were
9 unfurled, > unfurled!
10 creation > Creation
11 cried > cried,
12 as it > though it
C^3: Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Lost World: The First Defeat

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3, except for the following:
5 husks. > husks:

A^3 Part III, 3rd poem. Titled "Lost World."
1 lonely, > lonely!
1 men. > men!
2 God again. > God, again!
3 Time > time
5 husk, > husks.
6 bane, > bane

7 grandeur > grandeurs
8 made of > made, of
8 breath > breath,
10-11 Wound me, lash me, / That I may be mad who am too sane, > Wound me, lash me, that I may be mad, / Who am too sane.
12-13 And see our midnight / Only by the cold illumination of abstractive brain! > And see our midnight, only by the cold illumination / Of abstractive brain!
14 blood— > blood,
16 word > Word
16 mouth. > mouth!
18 since in them is > since, in them, is
19 granite > granite,
20 From whom eons roll away > And from Whom eons roll away,
21 day— > day;
22 new-born > new-born,
23 question and > question, and
25 coaxed forth spring with charms, > teased forth spring / With charms,
26 centaurs and >centaurs, and
27 We reject oracles, > We heed no oracles,
27 in > by
28 alchemist, no spell of witch by sea-ruled dunes; > alchemists, chant no more spells by moonlit dunes [witch ruled];
29 ignored is > ignored, is
30 decay. > decay!
32 wakening, > wakening;
33 us > us,
35 multiply > multiplies
36 that when > that, when
36 morning > morning,
38 everywhere . . . > everywhere! . . .
B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for:
32 wakening, > wakening! [,]
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part III, 11th poem. Titled: "Lost World".
1 lonely, > lonely!
1 men. > men!
2 again. > again!
5 husk, > husk.
6 bane, > bane
7 grandeur > grandeurs
11 sane, > sane
14 blood— > blood! —
15 drought, > drought

16 mouth. > mouth!
21 day— > day;—
24 Forlorn? . . > Forlorn! . . .
25 spring with charm > springs/ With charms,
27 We reject oracles > We need no oracles
28 alchemist, no spell of witch by sea-ruled dunes; > alchemists, chant no more spells by witch-ruled dunes
31 outdistance > out-distance
32 us, who > us who
32 voiceless, celebrate > voiceless celebrate
32 wakening, > wakening!
35 multiply > multiplies [y]
36 that when > that, when

C^1 Part I, 3rd poem. Titled: "After Forty". Identical to copy C^2 except for the following:

2 I try to speak to God again. > I try to speak ~~to God~~ [~~of~~ to God] [~~myself~~] again!

C^2: Part I, 3rd poem. [First Defeat] ~~After Forty~~ [1937]

1 lonely, > lonely!
1 men. > men!
2 again. > again!
4 dust. > dust;
5 husk, > husk.
8 made of > made, of
8 breath > breath,
16 mouth. > mouth!
17 The old are > In the old [is]
17 consummate, > consummate!
18 Rebuking youth, > They rebuke youth,
19 granite > granite,
21 day— > day,—
24 Forlorn? . . > Forlorn! . . .
26 centaurs and > centaurs, and
28 alchemist, no > alchemists, or
29 Yet flesh ignored is > Yet flesh, ignored, is
31 outdistance > out-distance
34 matter, > matter
36 that when > that, when

C^3: Part I, 3rd poem. "Lost World".

1 lonely, > lonely!
1 men. > men!
2 again. > again!
5 husk, > husk.
8 breath > breath,

14 blood— > blood!—
15 drought, > drough
24 Forlorn? . . > Forlorn! . .
28 alchemist, no spell > alchemists, or spell
29 Yet flesh ignored is > Yet flesh, ignored, is
31 outdistance > out-distance
36 that when > that, when
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Ennui
—1933—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3 .
A^3: The four parts of "Ennui" appear separately in this group of manuscripts. All four appear in Part I of the book. Part 1 is titled "Ennui" and appears in Part I, 20th poem. Part 2 of "Ennui" is titled "Ancient and Modern" and appears in Part I, 17th poem. Part 3 of "Ennui" is titled "Invocation to the Moon" and appears in Part I, 13th poem. Part 4 of "Ennui" is titled "Progress" and appears in Part I, 10th poem.
1 old > old,
2 gold: > gold.
4 now . . . > now.
5 Not a bush, not a taut bough, > Not a taut bough, not a bush,
7 ray, > ray
8 grey, > grey;
9 them shaped > them is shaped
10 This > The
11 hue. > hue!
12 most, > most.
13 rest is > rest, is
14-5 Long lives pass in the fear of hunger/And of death . . . > Long lives pass/In the fear of hunger and of death.
16 fathoms > fathoms,
19 are > is
21 Petal-picking > Daisy-picking
22 corpses . . > corpses
23-5 —*he loves me,*
he loves me not,
he loves me not— >
(he loves me, he loves me not.

he loves me!);
26 a decorative theme > a theme
26 painters, > painters;
27 And on Sundays, > And on Sundays, religion
28 Religion is an afterthought > Is the afterthought
29 it is like > it's like
30 whitening the beaches, > whitening beaches?
32 —*there are, beside, the Communists!*— > (there are, beside, the Communists!)
33 silver-fringed > silver-fringed,
36 silently > silently,
38 are still wide > opening on the silence
39 In invitation: > Are still ajar in invitation:
41 Up the pure path spread > On the pure path/Spread
42 mountain-top. > mountain top,
43 Among extinct craters, > Across dark waters./Among extinct craters,
44 Paradise still flutter icy wings. > Birds of paradise/Still flutter icy wings . . .
45 cold. > cold . . .
46 A generation of lovers forgets hunger, > A generation of lovers/Forgets hunger;
47 And a hungry generation scoffs at its own loves, > And a hungry generation/Scoffs at its own loves.
48 Yet hunger fed grows again into hunger unappeased, > Yet hunger, fed,/Grows into hunger unappeased;
49 want > want,
50 appetites. > appetities!
51 So is freedom built with the crust > Freedom is built with a crust,
52 That, once devoured > And that, devoured,
53 Supplies for fresh enslavements! > Gives strength for a fresh enslavement.

B^1: Identical to copy B^3.

B^2: Identical to copy B^3 except that "Invocation to the Moon" is dated [1937].

B^3: The four strophes which make up "Ennui" in copy D^1 appear as four separate poems in this volume:

1-15 "Ennui" Part I, 3rd poem (dated 1933)
16-37 "Ancient and Modern" Part I, 4th poem (dated 1933)
46-54 "Progress" Part I, 6th poem (dated 1934)
38-45 "Invocation to the Moon" Part I, 9th poem (not dated)
2 gold: > gold!
5 bough, > bough
6 breath. > breath!
8 withered > wither'd
8 grey, > gray;
11 hue. > hue!
12 most, > most—

13 rest is > rest, a
14-5 Long lives pass in the fear of hunger/And of death . . . > Long lives pass in the fear of hunger and of death . . .
19 There are . . . > There is . . .
20 ladies > ladies,
21 Petal-picking > Daisy-picking
25 *loves me not— > loves me—*
26 a decorative theme > a theme
26 painters, > painters;
28 Religion is an afterthought to roast and dessert. > There is, also, religion,/As an afterthought to roast and dessert.
29 it is > it's
32 *Communists! > Communists!—*
36 silently > silently,
38-45 Those wide gates opening on silence
Are still wide in invitation:
There lies the way of peace,
Up the pure path
Spread from garret to mountain-top,
Across dark waters.

Among extinct craters,
Birds of Paradise
Still flutter icy wings . . .
Yes, age is mild and cold . . .
47 loves, > loves;
49 of one drunken > of a single drunken
50 appetites. > appetites!
51 So is freedom > Freedom is
53 Supplies > [~~Merely~~] Supplies
53 enslavements! > enslavements! . .
C^1 Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part I, 7th poem. Assembled with the last strophe in copy D^1 placed second and labeled "2".
2 gold: > gold!
6 breath. > breath!
8 withered > wither'd
8 grey, > gray;
11 hue. > hue!
12 most, > most—
13 rest is > rest, a
16-23 (labeled 2, 1934)
A generation of lovers forgets hunger,

And a hungry generation scoffs at its own loves;
Yet hunger, fed, grows again into hunger unappeased,
And from the sating of one drunken want
Spring a thousand new appetites.

So is freedom built with the crust
That, once devoured,
Supplies strength for fresh enslavements!

24-54 Correspond to 16-45 of copy D^1.
28 ladies > ladies,
29 Petal-picking > Daisy-petal picking
33 *loves me not—* > *loves me—*
34 painters, > painters;
47 invitation: > invitation.
50 mountain-top. > mountain-top!
53 Birds of Paradise still flutter icy wings. > Birds of Paradise/ Still flutter icy wings . . .
54 cold. > cold . . .
C^3: Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\&3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Previous publication information: "Ancient and Modern." *The Windsor Quarterly* c. 1933; "Ennui." *Pagany* 1,2 (April-June 1930): 65.

A Serious Parody: Retort to W. H. Auden
—1939—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3, except for the following:
48 Of Reason Absolute; and an > Of Reason Absolute; ~~and~~ an
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part IV, 2nd poem. Titled "Body or Spirit?" [(Retort to Auden)] [A Serious Parody].
1-4 Britain, they say, is acquisitive and vile,
Is evil, and, like every evil, old;
Yet the man with the sheepdog tramps the wold;
And still the heather covers moors with purple elegies.
5 Britain—they say— > Britain, they say,
5 grey, > grey;
6 And the milling > And milling
6 thousands swarming > thousands, swarming
6 Hill > Hill,

7 puppets propelled > puppets, propelled
8 bourgeoisie > bourgeoisie,
9 waves far > waves, far
10 And far beyond the draw that lets the > Where the draw goes up, and
11 The fog, as it steals portions > The fog that steals a portion
12 plains—they say— >plains, they say,
12 druid stones > Druid stones,
13 But mark the sacrifices > Mark sacrifices
13 thousand generations > million generation's
14 winters when > winters, when
14 amidst > between the banks of snow, / And the sun dwindled to an angry midge;
16-18 Though evening, like the grapes' bloom,
Settles, with deceptive peace, on St. James' Park,
We are urged to remember Britain's policies
Were ever devious and dark!
19 Big Ben > "Big Ben"
19 they tell us— > (they tell us!)
19 hour! > hour;
22 the prams > prams
22 walks > paths
23 Kensington and Kew; > Kew and Kensington.
24 death > death,
27 And her cathedral spires are toppling upon graves. > And Salisbury's spire is toppling on a grave.
28 Islington, will > Islington will
29 Nelson on > Nelson, on
29 his pediment will > his ~~Trafalgar~~ pediment,
29 low, > low;
31 Gate. > gate;
33-5 Through Soho's restaurants, and rank tombs at Kensal Green
Have ceased to mean what they do now,
The buses will be tumbled beside Holborn Viaduct, in an abandoned heap,
36-8 And the swans, fled like the deer from Richmond's slopes,
Will quit the Serpentine, and wing on South;
Beyond the reach of flood and famine,
Gunfire, pestilence and drought.

The rest of this poem is reprinted due to numerous changes:

For disaster will, by then, have swept the coast.
Shattered the ships, and quenched each beacon light;
And as the "Wolf" and "Bishop" subside with the surf,
So will subside, forever, Britain's might!

Then the golden bowl will be a sherd,

And from the bosom of the perished bard, will spring,
The race that cannot sing;
And from Thames to Seine, they say,
There will begin the desperate reign
Of Reason Absolute; and an eternal end of pale, damp May

They say—!
Yet rouse the spirit though the body dies!
"No prophecy but is a tree wherein nest lies,
And songs are not yet prophecied."

B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part II, 2nd poem. Titled: "A Serious Parody" —retorting to Auden, 1939—
1-4 Britain—they say —is acquisitive and vile,
Is evil, and, like ev'ry evil, old;
Though the man with the sheep-dog tramps the wold,
And still the heather covers moors with purple elegies.
5 —they say— > —so they say!—
5 grey, > gray;
6 And the milling > And milling
6 thousands swarming > thousands, swarming
6 Hill > Hill,
7 puppets propelled > puppets, propelled
8 bourgeoisie > bourgeoisie,
11 The fog, as it steals portions > The fog that seals a portion
12 —they say— > —they say!—
13 But mark the sacrifices > Mark sacrifices
13 thousand generations > million generations'
14 winters when > winters, when
14 amidst > between
16-18 And however often evening settle, like the grape's bloom,
With deceptive peace, on St. James Park,
We are urged yet to remember
Britain's policies are devious and dark!
19 Big Ben > "Big Ben"
19 tell us— > tell us!—
20 flower, > flow'r
22 the > their
22 walks > paths
28 Islington, will > Islington will
29 low, > low;
31 Unroofed, with > Unroofed with
31 Gate. > Gate;

33-5 Through Soho's restaurants, and rank Tombs at Kensal Green
Have ceased to mean what they do now,
The buses will be tumbled beside Holborn Viaduct in an abandoned heap,
36-8 And swans, fled with the deer, from Richmond's slopes,
Will quit the Serpentine and wing on south,
From reach of flood and famine, gunfire, pestillence and drought;
41 Wolf and Bishop > "Wolf" and "Bishop"
41 with surf, > with the surf,
42 vanish > subside
44 *bosoms of her perished bards > bosom of the perished bard*
46 *sing; > sing,*
48 *Absolute— > Absolute!—*
49 *An eternal > An[d] eternal*
C^1 Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part II, 1st poem. Titled: "Retort to Auden: A Serious Parody"
1 wold > wold,
4 every > ev'ry
5 grey, > grey;
13 generations > generations'
14 amidst > between
18 yet urged > urged yet
18 dark. > dark!
20 flower, > flow'r,
24 death > death,
28 Islington, will > Islington will
29 low, > low;
31 Unroofed, > Unroofed
31 Gate. > Gate!
34 Will cease > Have ceased
34 now. > now,/The buses will be tumbled beside Holborn Viaduct in an abandoned heap;
37 drought; > drought.
39 with surf, > with the surf,
C^3: Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Wax Works
—1939—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part IV, 1st poem. Titled "Contemporary Wax Works."

1 Heart > Heart,
2 part. > part!
5 furls or opens it again, > furls, or opens it, again,
6 Though somehow bullets always rain. > Though, always, somewhere, bullets rain.
7 manufactury >manufactury,
8 each computation of the careful actuary! > the computations of each actuary!
10 sleep, yet > sleep; yet
11 As Hitler blows > As blows

[The rest of the poem is reprinted due to numerous variations]

Heil Hitler! Hand on hip,
Damp forelock leonine, and on his upper lip,
The brave insignia of Charlie Chaplin!
Blow horn, while every winding height
Is blazoned with immortal light!
This is a music we have heard!
From it, the genesis of Word!
This is a song mankind had sung,
Long before Absalom was hung!

The sun which now ascends at noon,
Burns mystery from Pharoh's tomb;
And shines benignly upon Franklin D.,
Whose public smile (for you and me!)
Warns pressmen of the hour;
While Mrs. Roosevelt, at his heel,
Broods like an ardent female seal;
And Stalin ponders, with slow, cunning thought,
Of one whose labours went for nought
Under the Czar, the heards his imagination scant
Prepares, with resolution adamant,
As implements for his revenge;
And overhead, the bloody ball,
Ten thousand centuries have not let fall,
Rolls onward to the end of destiny.

And up, through cold embroideries of space,
Toward blankness graven with Creation's face,
The aviators fly; their twenty years accustomed
To thus rocketing above a dwindled hive
They see, afar, as half alive,
Their joy vacant, as they turn due West
Into gardens of the blest Hesperides:
And other lads, familiar with the ocean scene,

Pass over Rubicon in German green,
In an aquatic night, they see with crooked eye,
As Hannibal saw Rome grow larger than his sky.

But from ten thousand Greeks,
And from the handful at Thermopyle,
And from the twenty-thousand at Verdun,
There rises still orchestrally the moan of time
And of an earth grown [illegible] abortive rhyme;
And with it, something else not spoken yet,
By poets, or by you or me, or by those others
Who have tried to split the atom,
Though they have not made us brothers!
There is something here, for the listening ear,
That will outlast the rasping gusts of human fear!
Something for tomorrow, after death,
That will re-gather all this wasted breath!

B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for the following:
12-3 Hand on hip and forelock leonine/Despite a trembling upper lip. > *Heil Furcher!*—hand on hip,/Damp forelock leonine and trembling upper lip /Bristling with Charlie Chaplin's brave insignia!
31 To implement revenge, > To ~~become~~ implement~~s of his~~ revenge;
35 And up > ~~And~~ [As] up
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part II, 8th poem. Titled: "Contemporary Wax-Works".
1 Heart > Heart,
2 constellations play > constellations, play
2 part. > part!
6 Though somehow bullets always rain. > Though always, somehow, bullets rain!
7 manufactury > manufactury.
8 And > It
8 each computation > the computations of each
10 men > on
12-3 Hand on hip and forelock leonine/Despite a trembling upper lip. > *Heil Furcher!*—hand on hip,/Damp forelock leonine and trembling upper lip/Bristling with Charlie Chaplin's brave insignia!
14 every> >ev'ry
16 all > we
16 heard, > heard!
17 Midst strife > From this,
17 word! > Word!
18 Sing now the songs already sung > ~~Here is a~~ [These are the] song[s] mankind had sung

20 ascending to full noon > which now ascends at noon
22 delightfully on > benignly upon
24 Presages reportorial hours > Warns of the reportorial hour;
25 When Mrs. Roosevelt at his heel > While Mrs. Roosevelt, at his heel,
26 Will brood successes like some ardent female seal, > Broods like an ardent female seal,
27 While Stalin > And Stalin
27 slow cunning thought > slow, cunning thought,
28 Of > As
31 To implement revenge, > To become implements of his revenge;
34 destiny, > destiny.
35 chill > cold
36 Through > Toward
37 fly, > fly;
37 years > years accustomed
38-9 Accustomed to this rocketing/Above a dwindled hive, > To thus rocketing above a dwindled hive
40 as insignificant > afar as merely
41 west > West
41 Hesperides, > Hesperides;
43 over > across
44 In aquatic > In an aquatic
46 ten thousand Greeks, > ~~the~~ ten-thousand Greeks,/And from the handful at Thermopyle
47 twenty thousand > twenty-thousand
47 Verdun > Verdun,
50 There is something here not spoken by those others > And there is something here not spoken yet by poets,
51 Who have split the atom, but who cannot make men brothers. > Or by us, or any of those others/Who have tried to split the atom/Though they have not made us brothers.
53 fear— > fear!—
54 tomorrow to outlast > tomorrow, and beyond
55 In a regathering of all this wasted human breath. > That will re-gather all this wasted breath . . .
C[1] Part II, 2nd poem. Titled: "Contemporary Wax Works".
1 Heart > Heart,
2 constellations play > constellations, play
5 it again, > it, again,
6 Though somehow bullets always rain. > Though always, somehow, bullets rain!
7 manufactury > manufactury,
8 each computation > the computations
11 morning, > morning!

12 Hand on hip and forelock leonine > *Heil Furher!*—hand on hip, your forelock leonine,
13 lip. > lip,/Where bristles Charlo's brave insignia.
14 *every* > ev'ry
16 *all* > we
16 *heard,* > heard—
17 *Midst strife* > From it,
17 *word!* > Word!
18 *Sing now the songs already sung* > These are the songs mankind had sung
20 *sun* > sun,
20 noon > noon,
21 Pharoh's tomb > Pharoh's ~~very~~ tomb,
22 delightfully on > benignly upon
24 hours > hours,
25 Roosevelt at his heel > Roosevelt, at his heel,
26 Will brood successes like some ardent female seal, > Will brood behind him,/Like some ardent female seal;
27 ponders with slow cunning > ponders, with slow, cunning
29 imagination scant > imagination, scant,
31 revenge, > revenge;
34 onward to > onward ~~toward~~
34 destiny, > destiny;
35 And > As
36 graven with > enigmatic as
37 fly, > fly;
37 their twenty years > their twenty years accustomed
38 Accustomed to this rocketing > To thus rocketing above a dwindled hive,
39 half-alive, > half-alive;
40 west > West
41 Hesperides, > Hesperides;
44 In aquatic > In an aquatic
46 ten thousand > ten-thousand
47 twenty thousand > twenty-thousand
47 Verdun > Verdun,
48 rises still, > rises yet,
49 core, aborting rhyme. > core,/Aborting rhyme.
50 There is something here not spoken by those others > For there is something here not spoken by the poets,
51 Who have split the atom, but who cannot make men brothers. > Or by ~~the~~ [those] others who have tried to split the atom,/And who cannot make us brothers.
53 fear— > fear!—
54 to outlast > that will outlast
55 regathering > re-gathering

55 this wasted human breath. > this wasted breath! . . .
C^2: Part II, 2nd poem. Titled: "[Retrospect] Wax Works of 1939".
1 Heart > Heart,
2 constellations play > constellations played
5 furls > furled
5 opens > opened
6 Though somehow bullets always rain. > Though always, somehow, bullets rained!
7 presses > pressed
8 confounds each computation of the careful actuary! > confounded every computation by each [careful]actuary!
9 Message > Message,
9 breast > breast,
10 Insists men > Insisted mankind
10 can > could
11 blows > blew
14 *every* > *ev'ry*
16 *heard,* > *heard—*
17 *strife the* > *strife ~~began~~ [was once] the*
17 *word!* > *Word!*
20 sun ascending to full noon > sun, ascending to full noon,
21 Burns > Was burning
21 tomb > tomb,
22 And shines delighfully on > Yet shone benignly upon
24 Presages reportorial > Presaged the reportorial
25 Roosevelt at his heel > Roosevelt, at his heel,
26 Will brood sucesses like some ardent female seal, > Would brood successes /Like some ardent female seal;
27 While Stalin ponders with slow cunning thought > While Stalin pondered/With slow, cunning thought
30 Prepares, > Prepared,
31 revenge, > revenge;
32 overhead > overheard
34 Rolls > Rolled
34 destiny, > destiny;
37 fly, > flew;
38-9 Accustomed to this rocketing/Above a dwindled hive, > Accustomed to thus rocketing above a dwindled hive
41 head due west > headed West
42 Hesperides, > Hesperides;
45 In aquatic > In an aquatic
46 As Hannibal saw Rome grow larger than his sky. > [As] ~~Like~~ Hannibal [saw]~~the~~ Rome grown larger than his sky.

55 tomorrow to > tomorrow, to
56 regathering > re-gathering
56 all this > ~~so much~~
C^3: Part II, 2nd poem. Titled: "Contemporary Wax Works". Identical to copy C^1.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Since Freedom Died
—1939—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part II, 8th poem.
2 Is colder, > Seems colder;
3 lucent > lucid
5 are. > are;
6 of many, become tyrrany of One, > of many —still the tyrrany of *one!*
7 over to > over, to
9 long > long,
10 corpse, > corpse;
13 that gives such muteness tongue. > giving this muteness tongue!
14 verdict— > verdict:
16 That poetry has no reprieve, > That poetry has no reprieve,/And Midnight hangs by her own hair.
18 law > law,
21 Is disallowed. > Has been proscribed.
22 said > said,
23 men again when they > men, again, when men
24 rally > rise,
24 spirit. > spirit!
27 Freedom— > Mercy—
28 before > before,
29 To flower in day's liberal wind. > In a dawn flowering with a liberal wind!
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part IV, 11th poem.
2 Is colder, > Seems colder!—
3 breast. > breast!
5 are. > are;
6 might of many, become tyranny of One, > many —still the tyranny of one!—
13 such > this

16 reprieve, > reprieve/And midnight hangs by her own hair!
21 Is disallowed. > Has been proscribed.
23 men again when they > men, again, when men
24 rally > rise
24 of spirit. > of the spirit!
25 in the moment only, > but a moment,
26 can lose merely what they lack > merely lost[e] what they already lack,
27 Freedom— > Mercy—
27 now, > now
29 To flower in day's > In a dawn flow'ring with a
C^1 Part III, 8th poem. Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part III, 8th poem.
2 colder, > colder—
3 breast. > breast!
5 are. > are;
6 many, > many—
6 One, > One—
10 corpse, > corpse;
16 That poetry has no reprieve, > That poetry has no reprieve/And midnight hangs by her own hair!
23 Men will be men > Men become men
24 of spirit. > of the spirit;
26 can lose merely what they lack > can but lose what they already lack,
27 covert now > covert, now,
27 door!— > door—
28 Will come forth as before > Will emerge, as before,
C^3: Part III, 8th poem. Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\&3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Pure Science
(To Darwin and Tyndall)
—1942—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part IV, 4th poem. Titled "To Darwin and Tyndall."
1 rudder and > rudder, and
2 Argo > Argos
2 reached promised land: > reach promised land.
3 scattered sand. > scatter'd sand!
5 reason, > reason;
6 are the rabble's > are a rabble

8 curse, and > curse; and
10 to see > and see
13 swerve, > swerve
14 Or yield, automatized, to rule of nerve! > To the command of automatic nerve.
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part II, 3rd poem. Titled: "To Darwin and Tyndall"
2 Argo > Argos
2 promised land: > Promised Land.
3 scattered > scatter'd
5 reason, and where wise men kneel, > reason! Where the wise would kneel
6 the rabble's brand. > a rabble brand.
8 curse, and > curse! And
13 swerve, > swerve
14 nerve! > nerve.
C^1 Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part II, 16th poem. Titled: "To Darwin and Tyndall"
2 promised land: > Promised Land.
3 scattered > scatter'd
5 and where > and, where
8 curse, and > curse! And
C^3: Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Our Era
—1937—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part V, 1st poem.
2 chained the dove, > curbed the dove;
4 sky; and mind's flight is no longer high. > sky! And mind's flight is no longer free and high!
5 since spirit > since the spirit
6 shrinks to dwarf, once proud and tall, > is a dwarf, that grew so tall;
7 press like cattle > press, like cattle,
7 path > path,
8 And there > Where we
9 all. > all!
10 drudges > drudges,
11 fancy merely trudges, > fancy, merely trudges;
12 sense met intellect on pinnacles of space > flesh met intellect, upon a pinnacle of

space
13-4 barrenly / From vacant time and foolish place. > emptily, from vacant time and foolish place;
15 tiger >tiger,
16 mate and die, > mate, and breed and die,
17 I and >I, and
B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for the following changes:
12 on pinnacles of space > upon a pinnacle[s] of space,
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part I, 7th poem.
2 chained > curbed
4 The sky; > The sky!
4 no longer high. > no longer free and high!
5 Now, since > Now —since
5 crawl, > crawl—
6 Hope shrinks to dwarf, once proud and tall, > Hope is a dwarf, though once so tall;
8 And there > Where we
9 all. > all!
10 drudges > drudges,
11 winged > wing'd
11 fancy merely > fancy, merely
12 on pinnacles of space > upon a pinnacle of space,
13-4 barrenly/From vacant time and foolish place. > emptily from vacant time and foolish place;
17 race. > race . . .
C^1 Part III, 1st poem. Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part III, 1st poem.
3-4 foreswear his love,/The sky; and mind's > foreswear the sky, his love!/And mind's
4 no longer high. > no longer free and high!
5 Now, > Now—
5 crawl, > crawl—
6 Hope shrinks > Hope is
6 once proud and tall, > though once so tall,
8 And there forget > Where we forget
9 all. > all!
10 drudges > drudges,
11 fancy merely trudges, > fancy, merely trudges;
12 on pinnacles of space > upon a pinnacle of space,
13-4 The wind blows barrenly/From vacant time and foolish place. > The wind blows barrenly from vacant time and foolish place,
17 So I and my diminished race. > So I—and my diminished race!

C^3: Part III, 1st poem. Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Apocalypse
—1937—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3 except for the following:
24 By waters, > By waters;
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part II, 17th poem.
3 waves, > waves;
7 ourselves > ourselves,
9 It was the beginning, and we knew it > It was the beginning, / And we knew it,
14 That severed us from our despair, > To sever us from our despair;
16 Good. > good!
17-24 Though memory followed us a pace
And briefly traced a wound in space,
And Love—always the last to die—
Looked heavenward with a stricken eye,
Above pale garlands spread upon our graves,
Where water joined land to land
In cycles of forgetfulness,
Our hopes, like our fears and lusts, >
Though memory followed us a pace,
And thought briefly traced
A wound in space;
And love, that was the last to die,
Gazed heavenward with a stricken eye,
Across ~~white~~ [pale] garlands spread upon our graves,
By waters, joining land to land,
In cycles of forgetfulness;
We no longer called men brothers.
Our hopes, like our savage lusts,
25 vanished in > vanished, in
25 spark, > spark;
26 poised upon > poised; upon
26 dark, > dark;
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part III, 13th poem.
7 ourselves > ourselves,
9 It was the beginning, and we knew it > It was the beginning,/And we knew it,

13 cold white > cold, white
14 That severed > To sever
16 indifference of the Good. > indiff'rence of the good.
18 And briefly traced a wound in space, > And thought briefly traced/A wound in space,
19 Love—always the last to die— > love, that was the last to die,
20 Looked > Gazed
21 Above pale > Across pale
21 graves, > graves
22 Where water joined > By waters joining
23 In cycles of forgetfulness, > In cycles of forgetfulness,/We no longer called men brothers.
24 fears and lusts, > savage lusts,
25 flickering > flick'ring
26 dark, > dark:

C^1 Part II, 3rd poem. Identical to copy C^2 except for:
4 of > ʊf [in]

C^2: Part II, 3rd poem. Dated ~~1941~~ [1939]
9 It was the beginning, and we knew it > It was the beginning,/And we knew it,
13 cold white > cold, white
14 despair, > despair—
16 indifference > indiff'rence
17 pace > pace,
18 And briefly traced a wound in space, > And briefly traced/A wound in space,
19 Love—always the last to die— > Love—always the last to die!—
20 Looked heavenward > Gazed heav'nward
21 Above pale > Across pale
21 spread > ready-spread
26 dark, > dark;

C^3: Part II, 3rd poem. Dated 1937.
1 come > come,
9 It was the beginning, and we knew it > It was the beginning,/And we knew it,
13 cold white > cold, white
14 That severed > To sever
14 despair, > despair—
17 pace > pace,
18 And briefly traced a wound in space, > And briefly traced/A wound in space,
19 Love—always the last to die— > Love, that was the last to die,
20 Looked > Gazed
21 Above pale > Across pale
21 graves, > graves
22 Where water joined > By waters joining
25 flickering > flick'ring

26 dark, > dark;
28 dust, then emptiness— > dust, emptiness—
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

War
—1943—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part III, 8th poem. Titled "Resolution." Dated 1941.
O, unassisted leaf and tree,
O, unanticipated sky and sea,
O, unexpected, rose-crowned dawn,
O, grass that pastures worm and fawn;
I, too, have earth for winding sheet,
So kindly dark, so deeply sweet!
And for this, I thank God, again,
Who trusted pitiably in men.
I thank Him that, from scheming stress,
Will come no world of harsh duress;
And man's ambitions, plans and sorrow
Will bring but starlight and tomorrow!

Part IV, 5th poem. Titled "With Due Respect." Dated 1948.
From dawn-wracked fringes of this void called sky,
Time clamors that a long-beloved face,
A breast that is a blind abiding place,
Be summoned through the needle's narrow eye.
[Once more] ~~Again~~, descends, through man to ape, to fly,
The Cause; still dwindling with retiring space
Toward its exclusion from the vast embrace
With which abstraction breaks the human tie.

Let false humility impose its yoke
Of order nascent in a tyrant's mind;
Will ~~still~~ exceeds the laws it can invoke!
From darker lair's than day's blows brighter wind!
And still, at evening, it is soothing sweet
To tread on ground unbruised by ~~human~~ [synonym] [armored feet] feet.
B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for a handwritten question mark [?] in the right margin.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.

B^3: Part II, 11th poem. Titled "War Cycle".
1 called sky, > called, sky,
5-6 The First Cause dwindles with retiring space,/As it descends from man, to ape, to fly, > Once more descends, from man to ape, to fly,/The Cause; still dwindling with retiring space
9-14 O, earth of rose-crowned, unexpected dawn,
Still pasturing unassisted worm and fawn,

Thankful am I that out of scheming stress
And worlds built harshly upon brute duress,
Can come, despite ambition, struggle, sorrow,
Only the starlight and unmarked tomorrow. >

Let false humility impose a yoke
Nascently perfect in a tyrant's mind,
Will triumphs over Laws it can invoke!
From darker lair's than day's blows brighter wind!
Life has become a stir of men in dreams,
Unburdensome to them as snow on streams . . .

C^1 Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part II, 4th poem.
3 abiding place, > abiding-place,
6 man, to ape, to fly, > man to ape and fly,
9 O, > O.
10 fawn, > fawn—
11 stress > stress,
13 come, despite ambition, struggle, sorrow, > come —despite ambition, struggle, sorrow—
14 tomorrow. > tomorrow . . .
C^3: Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Good Friday Poem
—1941—

A^1: Identical to A^3 except for the following:
16 Being small. > Being small!
68 break; > break; [Scott changed the semicolon to a comma–ed.]
A^2: Identical to A^3.
A^3: Part III, 18th poem. Titled "Good Friday."
They will deny Him,

And will feed,
Upon his sufferings
With brutal greed.

Yes, they will curse Him,
Taunt and goad,
Till he takes up His load,
Of pity
For a crew
That are but felon,
Knave and shrew,
And mock

The memory of his gentle knock.
They unforgivingly recall
His very wants reproached them,
Being small.

They will deride Him,
To them He resigned His coat!
Hence itching hates are still alert
And they will gloat!

And when He thirsts,
Will offer to Him gall,
And as the living font runs dry,
Exult to see Him fall!

The sickest hour approaches
When the lewd and grim
Shall seize upon the cream of cruelty
To skim;

And scourge Him,
Press on Him and dote!
The starving wolf within them
Is about to grip His throat!

They will flay Him,
As they flay the beast.
Its blood, less precious,
Makes no equal feast!

They will strip Him,
Avid to unclothe their God,
That Truth and Mercy, beaten down,
May quiver to the rod.

This is the time to nail him High,
Before satiety dulls pleasure!
Lust, at last, is banqueting
In over-flowing measure.

A sign above will mark him "King"!
Consigned to greatness, and alone,
He will compassionate,
Though he cannot condone.

Prepared to tender Him the sponge:
Their sluggish pulses will no longer creep!
To the delights of torment,
Even dullest brains must leap!

Those earth has banished
Turn toward sky,
And were He less,
It might be sweet to die!

There will be one among them,
Pierced, as always, by so iron a fear,
He will exchange this life for death,
And drive home the relentless spear!

So it will go with Love,
—Again!—though cravenness itself abide,
All done,
By blood and water from a riven side!

They thirst! They hunger!
Wickedness is everywhere at stake;
And having read the writing on the wall,
The human spirit they have sworn to break;

Though they, his murderers,
Self-accused,
Will fail, with the Perfection

They have so abused!

O, Mary, weep,
For unseen things and deep!
Such tears, wrung by the centuries,
From brave and pure,
Lave blossoms flowering in fortitude,
And these endure . . .

B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for the following:
5 Shall scourge him > [Shall] ~~And~~ scourge Him,
14 a god, > ~~a~~ [their] God,
25 he > He
32 he > He
40-1 Must needs still fail/With the Perfection > Must fail[/] With the Perfection
43 So it will go with > ~~So it~~ [Thus] will [it] go with
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part III, 15th poem. Titled "Good Friday".
4 skim! > skim,
5 Shall scourge him, > And scourge Him,
6 him > Him
8 throat! > throat.
9 him > Him
13 him, > Him,
14 god, > God,
18 him > Him
20 Lust and avarice, at last, are > Lust, at last, is
21 measure! > measure.
22 him King > Him, "King"!
23 sacrifice, and thus alone, > greatness and alone,
26 him > Him
28 delights > delight[s]
29 leap! > leap.
32 less > less,
38 While they, his murderers, > Though they, His murderers,
40-1 Must needs still fail/With the Perfection > Must fail with the Perfection
42 have ruthlessly abused. > have so abused.
44-5 Though cravenness, all said,/Abide > Though cravenness itself abide/—All done!—
46-7 By blood and water/From a riven side! > By blood and water from a riven side.
49 *deep.* > *deep!*
51-2 *Wrung through the centuries/From steadfast pure,* > *Wrung by the centuries from brave and pure,*
54 *endure.* > *endure . . .*

C^1 Part II, 6th poem. Listed in the table of contents as: ~~Idealist~~ [Good Friday Poem]. Dated 1951.
22 King. > *King.*
44 cravenness, all said, > cravenness, all said and done,
49 *deep.* > *deep!*
54 *endure.* > *endure . . .*
C^2: Part II, 6th poem. Listed in the table of contents as: Idealist . Dated ~~1939~~ [~~1940~~] [1951].
22 King. > *King.*
44 cravenness, all said, > cravenness, all said and done,
49 *deep.* > *deep!*
54 *endure.* > *endure . . .*
C^3: Part II, 6th poem. Titled "Idealist".
11 blood, less precious, > blood—less precious—
14 a > their
22 King. > great:
23 sacrifice, > sacrifice
29 leap! > leap.
40 Must needs still fail > Still fail
44-5 Though cravenness, all said,/Abide > Though cravenness itself abide/—All done!—
46-7 By blood and water/From a riven side! > By blood and water from a riven side.
49 *deep.* > *deep!*
51-2 *Wrung through the centuries/From steadfast pure,* > *Wrung by the centuries from brave and pure,*
54 *endure.* > *endure . . .*
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Part III, 7th poem.
14 a > their
21 over-flowing > overflowing
22 mark him King. > ~~write~~ [mark] him *King.*
23 sacrifice, > sacrifice
25 Where > Since
36 break; > break,
37 While > As
39 Must needs still fail > Still fail
41 ruthlessly > callously
43 all said, > all done,
48 *Mary, weep* > *Mary weep*
51 *centuries* > *centuries,*

Last Words
—1937—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3 except for the following:
6 This cry, > [My] ~~This~~ cry,
13 a lurid hue. > a [its proper] lurid hue.
A^3: Part II, 15th poem. Dated 1937.
2 read until > read, until
2 dead: > dead!
3 them then, > them, then,
6 My > This
6 hollowly, > hollowly
7 lost, > lost;
8 leer > leer,
9 this with > this, with
10 wise, > wise;
11 rustied > rusted
12 two > two,
13 a proper lurid > a lurid
14-5 But I have written for a few gentle ones/Who are gone, > But I have written/For a few gentle ones who are gone.
16 And let it be if any turn toward me > And let it be that when these turn, again,
17 And my past age, > To scan the age,
21 page . . . > page!
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part III, 8th poem.
2 dead: > dead!
3 then, > then
7 lost, > lost;
14-5 But I have written for a few gentle ones/Who are gone, > But I have written/For a few gentle ones who are gone,
16 And let it be if any turn toward me > And let it be that when these turn again
17 And my past age, > To scan this age
21 page . . . > page.
C^1 Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part II, 13th poem.
2 dead: > dead.
7 lost, > lost;
10 wise, > wise;
14 gentle ones > gentle
15 gone, > gone;
16 And let it be if any turn toward me > And let it be that when these turn again

17 And my past age, > To review a past age,
C^3: Part II, 13th poem.
2 dead: > dead.
7 lost, > lost;
10 wise, > wise;
14 gentle ones > gentle
15 gone, > gone;
16 And let it be if any turn toward me > And let it be that when ~~these~~ [a stranger] turn[s] ~~again~~
17 And my past age, > To ~~review a past~~ [scan this] age,
20 Mild and kind as they, > Mild and kind ~~as they;~~
21 of this page . . . > of ~~this~~ [my] page . . .
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Winter Front, 1942: German vs. Russian

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part IV, 7th poem. Titled "Russian Front."
1 souls! The > souls: here
3 Perfection's sheet. > perfection's sheet!
5 glimmering walls of change > glimm'ring walls of change,
6 Where > When
7 Though subtle skeins of air are mingling, sweet, > Though bright'ning skeins of air are mingling sweet,
8 strange . . . > strange.
9-14 O, graves obscured, will victory still sting
When platitudes of rainfall gently sluice
The clean-stripped bone and earth and sky sign truce?
Will anonymity be roused to sing
A greening ardor in the blades of spring,
Or feel the serpent's fang in verdant juice? >
O, graves, obscured, how will thy vict'ries ring
When platitudes of rainfall gently sluice
The clean-stripped bone? Will God with man sign truce?
Will uncommorated death still sting,
Or anonymity be healed by spring,
With the green flow of ardent sap and juice?
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part II, 9th poem. Titled: "Russian Front" and dated 1942.
1 souls! The winds > souls!—here winds

3 Perfection's > perfection's
5 glimmering > glimm'ring
5 change > change,
6 Where snow-tamped > When white-tamped
7 mingling, sweet, > mingling sweet,
11 clean-stripped bone and > clean-stripp'd bone, and
14 verdant > sap and
C^1 Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part II, 15th poem. Titled: "Russian versus German, Front".
1 souls! The winds > souls—there winds
3 Perfection's > perfection's
3 sheet. > sheet!
5 glimmering > glimm'ring
5 change > change,
6 snow-tamped > white-tamped
11 clean-stripped bone and > clean-stripp'd bone, and
14 verdant > sap and
C^3: Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

The Throng on Calvary
—1942—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part III, 17th poem.
1 Bright > bright
1 now > though
2 bent > turned
3 victim > Victim
3 man > man,
4 Draws near again, > Draws near, again;
5 altars. > altars!
7 blood from Paradise. > blood, through Paradise!
9-14 To pierce your side, the dark heart nail the cross,
The brute force conscience to mourn fatal loss,
Before, defeated, wretched and in pain,
Bereft in spirit call upon the slain,
The many die, and heavy oceans pour

Not tears, but chemicals, on waters dour. >
To pierce Your side; the dark heart nail the Cross;
The brute force conscience to mourn fatal loss;
Then, after triumphs, in defeat and pain,
Man's bereft spirit call upon the slain!
Just rage is brief, but in this throng
Warped hatred covers wrong with wrong!

B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part III, 4th poem.
1 now > though
2 bent > turned
3 victim > Victim
4 near again, > near, again;
5 altars. > altars!
7 from > through
7 Paradise. > Paradise!
9 your > Your
9 cross, > Cross,
10 conscience > Conscience
10 loss, > loss;
11-14 Before, defeated, wretched and in pain,
Bereft in spirit call upon the slain,
The many die, and heavy oceans pour
Not tears, but chemicals, on waters dour. >

Then —after triumphs—in defeat and pain,
Man's bereft spirit call upon the Slain!
Just rage is brief, but in this gilt-stained throng
Those warped by hatred cover wrong with wrong!

C^1 Identical to copy C^2 except for the following:
11 Before, defeated, wretched and in pain, > Before[,] =defeated, wretched, and in pain=
C^2: Part II, 8th poem.
1 shade, > shade,—
4 near again, > near, again;
5 altars. > altars!
7 from > through
7 Paradise. > Paradise!
9 side, > side;
10 loss, > loss;
11 Before, defeated, wretched and in pain, > Before—defeated, wretched, and in pain—

12 slain, > slain!
C^3: Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Summer Storm
—1943—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part V, 4th poem.
1 move with > move, with
1 sheen > sheen,
2 of green: > of swaying green;
5 dreamy violence watering > dreaming violence, watering
6 nebulous encroaching > nebulous, encroaching
7 heavens >heav'ns
8 illimitable rusty > illimitable, gusty
10 a frantic leap of javelins > a leap of frantic javelins
12 din proclaiming > din, proclaiming
16 vacantly the downpours cease. > vacantly, the downpours cease!
17 trapped like > trapped, like
20 stark, bared eye, > bared, bleak eye;
22 Reweave > Re-weave
22 shroud . . . >shroud.
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Part II, 10th poem. Identical to copy B^3 except for the following author's note: [Alternate title "Flood"]
B^3: Part II, 10th poem.
2 green: > green.
5 dreamy violence > dreaming violence,
6 nebulous encroaching > nebulous, encroaching
7 heavens > heav'ns
8 illimitable rusty > illimitable, rusty
8 sighing, > sighing
12 din proclaiming > din, proclaiming
16 As vacantly > As, vacantly,
16 cease. > cease!
17 Then trapped > Then, trapped
17 foes, > foes
22 Reweave, once more, > Re-weave once more
C^1 Identical to copy C^2, except the author's emendation to title is not present.

C^2: Part III, 11th poem. ~~Summer Storm~~ [Flood]
2 green: > green;
5 dreamy violence > dreaming violence,
7 heavens > heav'ns
8 sighing, > sighing
15 peace, > peace;
16 cease. > cease!
C^3: Identical to copy C^1.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Part III, 11th poem
2 green: > green.
5 dreamy violence > dreaming violence,
6 nebulous encroaching > nebulous, encroaching
8 sighing, > sighing
10 air; > air,
13 on the meager color > on the color
16 cease. > cease,
17 Then trapped > And trapped,
18 rigid > muted
22 a common shroud . . . > their common shroud.

To the Artists of Every Land
— A.D. 400, A.D. 1941—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part II, 12th poem.
2 alone, > alone;
6 stone. > stone:
7 gone: > gone!
8 Again the sands took Silence for a mate. > Again, the Sphinx took silence for her mate!
11 art, and > art; and
12 lyre his > lyre, his
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part III, 7th poem.
2 alone, > alone;
6 withered > wither'd
7 gone: > gone!

8 Again the sands took Silence for a mate. > Silence, again, became the desert's mate!
11 art, > art;
C^1 Part II, 11th poem.
2 ambushed, who > ambushed who
2 alone, > alone;
4 solitudes, while, > solitudes; while,
6 withered > wither'd
7 gone: > gone!
8 Again the sands took Silence for a mate. > Silence, again, became the desert's mate!
11 art, > art;
14 word > words
C^2: Part II, 11th poem.
2 ambushed, who > ambushed who
2 alone, > alone;
4 solitudes, while, > solitudes; while,
6 withered > wither'd
8 Again the sands took Silence for a mate. > Silence, again, became the desert's mate!
11 art, > art;
14 word > words
C^3: Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Previous publication information: "To Artists of Every Land." *Saturday Review of Literature* 31 (22 May 1948): 20.

They Know Not What They Do
(For Charlotte Wilder)
—1941—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3, except for the following:
11 quells > ~~quells~~ [sates]
13 born > ~~born~~ [nourished]
A^3: Part IV, 8th poem. Dated 1943. See also notes for "To Lola Ridge."
1 breast > breast,
4 Indriven < In-driven
5 unrest, > unrest;

6 that >which
7 snows > snows,
9 time is > time, is
11 sates > quells
12 long, > long;
13 nourished by > born of
B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for the following:
13 As from a wrath nourish'd by [an] outraged love,
B^2: Identical to copy B^3 except for the following:
13 As from a wrath nourish'd by [an] outraged love,
B^3: Part II, 6th poem. Dated "1943".
3 bestows, > bestows.
4 Indriven > In-driven
9 winds of time > wind of time
10 bleed. > bleed!
13 wrath nourished by an outraged > a wrath nourish'd by outraged
C^1 Part II, 12th poem. Dated "1943".
4 Indriven > In-driven
9 winds of time > wind of time
10 bleed. > bleed!
11 prostesting > protestings
C^2: Part II, 12th poem. Dated "1943". [To Charlotte]
4 Indriven > In-driven
9 winds of time > wind of time
10 bleed. > bleed!
11 prostesting > protestings
C^3: Identical to copy C^1.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\&3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Blue Moon
—1937—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part II, 16th poem. Titled "Blue Moon."
1-2 window and the open door, / Your surging, storming stillness > window / And the open door; your surging, storming / Stillness
3 Written on the bare boards of my floor, > Stillness written on the bare boards / Of my floor,
4 And on the garden, > Of my floor, and on the garden,
6 street, > street:
8 trees and to the empty park. > leaves, and through the empty park!

9 other-light > other light
11 refuge, > refuge:
12 Signal of Creation's > Lovely signal of creation's
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part IV, 18th poem. Titled "Ivory Tower."
1-4 Blue moon, knocking at the window and the open door,
Your surging, storming stillness
Written on the bare boards of my floor,
And on the garden, >
Blue moon, knocking at the window
And the open door; your surging, storming
Stillness written on the bare boards
Of my floor, and on the garden
5 Where the ailanthus > Where ailanthus
5 dark, > dark
8 to the empty park. > through the empty park!
11 refuge, > refuge:
12 Signal of Creation's different > Lovely signal of creation's diff'rent
C^1 Part II, 20th poem. Identical to copy C^2 except for the following handwritten emendations:
6 flung [in] from the street,—
11 my death[ly] pure[ify] [my] refuge;
C^2: Part II, 20th poem. Titled "Ivory Tower."
1 the window > my window
5 Where the ailanthus trees > Where ailanthus boughs
6 flung in from the street, > flung from the street,—
8 park. > park!
10 gauds, > gauds,—
11 refuge, > refuge;
12 different and unchanging face. > diff'rent and unchanging face!
C^3: Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Previous publication information: "Ivory Tower." *The Poetry Review* (London) 42 (Sept.-Oct. 1951):283.

No Boast!
—1943—

A^1: Identical to A^3.
A^3: Part IV, 6th poem. Titled "Quo Vadis?"

1 toss > turn
2 On > In
3 way,— > way,
4 So we, who see > We see
5 agile > nimbler
5 ride! > ride.
6-28 Stale oracle its council lends
To petty means, ordaining shallow ends;
And harried rabble, great and small,
Dig each a moat about a wailing wall;
And pray inconstant barricades grow tall,
And nail their Christs upon the Tree,
To stop lips that, with softest plea,
Despatch mad swine toward an eternal sea.

Poor sicklied evil's batt'ning greed,
Become insatiate, needs must feed
On Beauty's self; suck, from warm lips, the breath
That masks, with living, hollow death;
For music, pluck Pan's rotted reed,
And sow, from famine's harvest, starving seed,
Of fig and weed, and laurel for the wreath.

O, gross substantiality, how slight
Your grip on all you count as might!
Deride your betters, as you have before—
For you, still yawns the cryptic door
Beyond which worm returns to worm, again!
No boast of immortality can make you men,
And from this grief we will arise!
The brain's clear light, our path, our eyes!

B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for the following author emendations:
3 contracting way,— > contracting, ~~torturous~~ way,
7 pettiness for which it ordains shallow ends; > petty means ordaining shallow[er] ends,
7-8 (in margin) [those/ whose]
14-20 ~~Poor sicklied evil's stealthy, batt'ning greed,~~
~~Become insatiate, needs, once more, must feed~~
~~Upon Truth's self, suck from warm lips the breath~~
~~That masks with living's semblance, hollow death,~~
~~For music, pluck Pan's rotted, toneless reed,~~
~~And sow from famine's harvest, starving seed~~
~~Of fig and weed and laurel for the wreath.~~

15 needs, once more, > ~~once more, needs,~~
bottom of page [see 24]
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part IV, 8th poem. Titled "After 'Victory"'.
2 straw, exiled from very day, > straw—exiled from very day!—
3 contracting way,— > contracting, torturous way,
4 we, who see the darkness, like a beast, bestride > we—who see dark like a beast bestride
5 agile > nimbler
7 pettiness for which it ordains shallow ends; > petty means ordaining shallow ends,
8 small— > small!—
9 Dig deep new moats > Yet dig new moats
9 wailing wall, > wailing-wall,
11 new > their
11 Judas-tree > Judas-Tree
12 Voice > voice
12 that, with its softest plea, > that with its softest plea
13 Eternal Sea. > eternal sea.
14-20 Poor sicklied evil's stealthy, batt'ning greed,
Become insatiate, needs, once more, must feed
Upon Truth's self; suck from warm lips the breath
That masks with living's semblance, hollow death;
For music, pluck Pan's rotted, toneless reed,
And sow from famine's harvest, starvling seed
Of fig and weed and laurel for the wreath.
16 yawns, now, as before, > yawns now as before
17 portentous > portent'ous
18 will > must
18 worm, again— > worm again!
21 The brain's clear light our path, our eyes! > —The brain's clear light shall be our path, our eyes!
C^1 Part IV, 7th poem. Dated 1948. Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part IV, 7th poem. Dated 19~~48~~ [43].
1 prisoners > prison'rs
4 the darkness, > dark,
7 pettiness for > pettiness, for
7 ends; > ends,
9 wailing wall, > wailing-wall,
10 tall, > tall;
13 Eternal Sea > eternal sea
17 portentous > portent'ous
C^3: Part IV, 7th poem. Dated 1941.

1 prisoners > prison'ers
4 darkness, like a beast, bestride > dark like a beast, bestride
7 pettiness for which it ordains shallow ends; > petty means ordaining shallow ends,
9 wailing wall, > wailing-wall,
10 tall, > tall;
11 new > their
11 Judas-tree > Judas-Tree,
13 Eternal Sea > eternal sea
17 portentous > portent'ous
19 men, > men!
20 arise, > arise—
21 clear light our path, > clear light shall be our path,
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Live!
—1942—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part V, 7th poem. Dated 1941.
1 world; > world:
2 emptiness, and > emptiness; and
3 fumbles > gropes at
3 insignificance the > insignificance, the
5 houses leave their windows purled > houses, leave their windows purled,
6 And feathered > Their feather'd
7 void where > void, where
8 treason > treach'ry
9 deceit upon > deceit, upon
10 life's defeat and final, subtle >its defeat, and subtle, final
12 man who > man, who
14 all, your hope of Heaven > all——your hope of heav'n
B^1: Identical to copy B^3.
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part IV, 10th poem. Dated 1941.
1 world; > world.
4 Subdues. > Subdues . . .
4 tendrils curled > tendrils[,] curl'd
5 houses leave > houses, leave
5 purled > purl'd,

6 And feathered > Their feather'd
8 treason hurled > treach'ry hurl'd
10 final, subtle rape > subtle, final rape
11 chaos. > chaos . . .
11 man who > man, who
14 all, your hope of Heaven as well! > —your hope of heav'n as well.
C^1 Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part II, 17th poem. Dated 1941.
1 world; > world.
4 Subdues. > Subdues . .
5 houses leave > houses, leave
5 purled > purled,
6 And feathered > Their feather'd
7 void where > void, where
11 chaos. > chaos . .
14 all, your hope of Heaven as well! > —your hope of heav'n as well.
C^3: Part II, 17th poem. Dated 1941.
1 world; > world.
4 Subdues. > Subdues . .
5 houses leave > houses, leave
5 purled > purled,
6 And feathered > Their feather'd
7 void where > void, where
9 deceit upon > deceit[,] upon
11 chaos. > chaos . .
14 all, your hope of Heaven as well! > —your hope of heav'n as well.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Survival
—1942—

A^1: Identical to A^3, except for:
11 Laocoon > Laöcoon
A^2: Identical to copy A^3, except for the following:
8 That prison > ~~That prison~~ [Imprisoning]
A^3: Part V, 8th poem. Dated 1943.
3 slay the man, > slaughter man;
4 scan askance > scan
5 apotheosized as > apotheosized, as
7 girders, joists and joints, > bracers, girder, joints,
8 Imprisoning > That prison

10 *nil!* > nil!
11 Laocoon > Laocoon,
12 still, > still;
13 as these ugly times despoil > as ꝺıſ [this] ugly time [spoils]
14 *Will!* > Will!
B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for the following author emendations:
13 [And even as these ugly times despoil the heart,
14 Bespeaks Creation, *Will!*]
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part IV, 19th poem. Dated 1941.
3 man, > man;
7 joints, > joints
13 as these ugly times despoil the heart, > as the heart is desecrated/By these ugly times,
C^1 Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part III, 4th poem. Dated 1941.
3 man, > man;
C^3: Identical to copy C^2.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\&3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Previous publication information: "Survival." *Saturday Review of Literature* 36 (6 June 1953):13.

Poor Caliban
—1943—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part I, 3rd poem. Dated 1943. Reprinted here in its entirety:

The morning's cup is silver-cool,
And crowding at dawn's ruddied pool,
Trees stir in thoughtful solitude:
The dew-sleek fields, the basking stones,
Are leaping with a living light,
As recollections, freshened by the night,
Revive a thousand hours like this,
That smile to feel Creation's kiss.

No bird, nor beast, but takes its fill,
With man, of draughts each wood and hill

Shares, from the lavish and reposeful hand
That strokes a vast, kind, candid land,
And soothes the windy boughs;
Its signature, without a cloud,
Upon a world where very hush is loud
With what endures beyond mean human things.

The well of blue, brimming above,
Has sources in a billion silent springs!
The stars, whose limpid ghosts still blaze the west,
Are less pellucid than the sky's clear breast,
From which is shed the serene ray,
Mounting toward calm, unsullied day.

In azure, amber, snow and rose,
The tranquil revelation grows!
No malice, envy or unrest
May steal this potion—timeless, blest!
Ajar to all who toil and wait,
This phantom Eden's pearl-wrought gate:
It's open secrets set forth free
For any goodly company,
Whose order, chosen, is without constraint.

Such bright, intrepid moments wed
The soul and sense, in a green bed,
Bringing a quickening even to the dead.
O, yield up mind, and flesh, and heart
To *life*—in which we all have part!

Part IV, 9th poem. Titled "War Vignette." Dated 1942.
The west stands open, like a vacant gate,
As nowhere looms beyond the mangled glow
The shoddy shop-fronts spill on evening snow.
This April falters, and it will be late,
To the small town, where rigid cold, like hate,
Grips life, yet pallid from a wint'ry blow.
Time's tides must alter, ere warm colors flow
On blenched lands, stunned by an ambiguous fate.

Then little folk, pursuing humble ways,
May fill with tasks, their uneventful days;
Then little minds will be content, as when

The gods were greater than o'er-weening men;
Then earth will green, at last, in dark and rain,
And temp'rate seasons replace burgeoning pain.

B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for the following:

9-11 cancelled by author

29 And yet > ~~And~~ [while] yet

30 This > ~~The~~ [This]

33 cancelled by author

36 cancelled by author

B^2: Identical to copy B^3.

B^3: Part IV, 13th poem. Titled "Imperishable Renewal". Reprinted here in its entirety due to numerous variants (lines 14-19 appear in "Peace Pact")

1 Last night the west was like a vacant gate
2 And nowhere loom'd beyond the mangl'd glow
3 The shoddy shop-fronts spill'd on ev'ning snow
4 In streets gripped by a tight'ning cold like hate.
5 Now dawn, fastid'ous, breaking on clean land,
6 Gives flake-damp'd rooves a softly startled look.
7 The sky, retrieved to sparrow, wren and rook,
8 Expands in unbarred space, pink-pearl'd and bland,
9 And earth re-welcomes man with open hand,
10 While time's tides turn and warmer colors flow
11 Upon lives blenched by winter, war and woe,
12 And small folk seem content again as when
13 Nature was greater than o'er-weening men.
14 We drink fresh strength from ice-pure, crystal wind!
15 Day is the partisan of sober mind,
16 And sweet as mercy runs the frigid rill
17 Toward lost horizons and that distant hill
18 Of philosophic paths none shall dare close
19 Until have been proscribed the tree and rose!

Note: Under the title "'Poor Caliban!'—a day's respite, 1943—" (Part IV, 17th poem) appears the following:

The morning's depths are silver-cool,
And crowding round dawn's frigid pool,
Trees stir in thoughtful solitude.
The dew-sleek fields, the basking rocks,
Leap suddenly with living light;
And recollection —freshened by the night—
Revives a thousand hours like this
That smile to feel Creation's kiss

Upon a countryside across which bird-flocks pass
Like shadows in a radiant glass,
Speeding, in fleet staccato, toward a verge
Where strange beginning and the unknown merge.

The well of blue brimming above
Has sources in unnumber'd silent springs!
The stars whose dazz'ling wraiths still blaze the west,
Are less pellucid than the sky's own breast,
From which is shed the serene ray
Mounting toward calm, unsullied day.
In azure, amber, snow and rose,
The tranquil revelation grows,
As blood and sinews, nerve and bone,
Exultantly praise twig, branch, stone,
And with the anonymity of air and sea,
Re-chant the miracle it is to *be*!
No malice, envy or unrest
Can steal such potions —timeless, blest!

Raise no high altars to the gods whose sun
Will fail man, once his race is run,
And yet ajar to those who wait
This phantom Eden's pearl-wrought gate;
Its open secrets set forth free
To any goodly company
Whose choice is order and without constraint,
These bright, intrepid moments wed
Spirit and sense in one green bed
And bring a quickening to the very dead.
O, yield up mind and flesh and heart
To mortal life of which each is the natural part!

C^1 Identical to copy C^2 except dated 1945.

C^2: Part III, 2nd poem. Titled "Poor Caliban in Springtime". Dated ~~1944~~ [1943].

1 Last month > That year

2 mangling > mangled

3 shopfronts > shop-fronts

4 constricting > a tight'ning

5 The dark was deep as Stygian nights await: > Each dusk was such as Styg'an nights await!

6 Warm color had not yet begun > Spring-color'd warmth had not begun

7 lands > lives

10 graves. > graves!

11 are again content as when > are content, again, as when
12 men, > men;
14 gods. > gods . . .
C^3: Part III, 2nd poem.
2 mangling > mangled
3 shopfronts > shop-fronts
3 trampled > ~~dirty~~ [trampled]
4 constricting > a tight'ning
5 deep as Stygian nights await: > that all Styg'an nights await!
7 lands > ~~lives~~ [lands]
9 was with > was, with
9 griefs at > griefs, at
10 graves. > graves!
11 Now small folk are again content as when > Yet small folks are content, again, as when,
12 men, > men;
14 gods. > gods . . .
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Archaic Art
—1940—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part V, 9th poem. Dated 1939. No italics used in this version.
4 infinity: > Infinity:
6 roar. > roar . . .
7 *this!* > this.
9 the sky > a sky
10 high soaring > high/Soaring,
11 symmetry, > symmetry;
12 try with > try, with
12 might > might,
16 race >race,
18 austerity: > austerity;
24 kind > kind,
25 thought's > its
28 *filled,* > filled . . .
29 While Reason, > And Reason, reckless,
32 Married to chaos secretly, > And married secretly,
33 Views > Scans

34 An > Its
35 *oblivion . . .* > oblivion.
36-49 Frail feeling, morbid
Grapples with the rigorous brain,
As Abel strove with Cain,
To retrieve lost simplicity;
And cries forever out in art,
From the despoiled heart,
Illusion's ceaseless harmony of dream.

Being exiled
From your living origin,
Creation's labors re-begin;
Fastidious intelligence exquisitely
Evolving its design
From passions now no longer mine,
But grave-flow'rs on the tombs of buried free . . .
B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for the following emendations:
22 Philosophy > Philosophy;
49 *But newly springing from life's buried tree.* > *But grave[r] flow'~~rings~~[s] of ~~Truth's~~ eternity!*
B^2: Identical to copy B^3.
B^3: Part I, 8th poem. Dated 1939.
4 infinity: > Infinity:
6 roar. > roar . . .
9 the sky > a sky
10 high soaring > high/Soaring
11 symmetry, > symmetry;
20 wrought > wrought,
21 *earth.* > *earth . . .*
22 Philosophy > Philosophy,
25 thought's > its
28 *filled,* > *filled . . .*
29 While Reason, > And Reason, reckless,
35 *oblivion . . .* > *oblivion.*
36 feeling, > feeling
37 brain, > brain
40 art, > art
43 *Thus, Being* > Being exiled
44 *Exiled from your* > From a
45 *rebegin:* > re-begin;
46 *intelligence* > intelligence exquisitely
47 *will's* > Will's

48 *thine,* > mine
49 *But newly springing from life's buried tree.* > *But grave-flow'rings of Truth's eternity!*
C^1 Part III, 14th poem. Dated ~~1951~~ [1940]. (Placed before this version is another copy of "Archaic Art" with slight differences.)
4 infinity: > Infinity;
6 roar. > roar . . .
10 high soaring > high/Soaring
20 wrought > wrought,
21 *earth.* > *earth* . . .
25 thought's > its
28 *filled,* > *filled* . . .
29 While Reason, > And Reason, reckless,
33 Views frightfully, > Views, frightfully,
36 feeling, > feeling
39 simplicity: > simplicity;
43 *Thus, Being* > Being,
44 *Exiled from your* > From a
45 *rebegin:* > re-begin;
46 *intelligence* > intelligence/Exquisitely
47 *will's* > Will's
48 *From passions now no longer thine,* > From passions now no longer mine,
49 *But newly springing from life's buried tree.* > *But re-sprung from the buried Tree.*
C^2: Part III, 14th poem. Dated 1951. (Placed before this version are 3 more copies of "Archaic Art" with slight differences.)
4 infinity: > Infinity;
6 roar. > roar . . .
10 high soaring > high/Soaring
20 wrought > wrought,
21 *earth.* > *earth* . . .
25 thought's > ~~its~~ [mind's]
28 *filled,* > *filled* . . .
29 While Reason, > And Reason, reckless,
33 Views frightfully, > Views, frightfully,
36 feeling, > feeling
39 simplicity: > simplicity;
43 *Thus, Being* > Being,
44 *Exiled from your* > From a
45 *rebegin:* > re-begin;
46 *intelligence* > intelligence/Exquisitely
47 *will's* > Will's
48 *From passions now no longer thine,* > ~~From~~ [Where] passions ~~now no longer~~

~~mine~~, [none can countersign] [stet]
49 *But newly springing from life's buried tree.* > ~~*But*~~ *[Are] re-sprung from* ~~*the*~~ *[life's] buried Tree.*
C^3: Part III, 14th poem. Dated 1939.
4 infinity: > Infinity;
6 roar. > roar . . .
9 the sky > a sky
10 high soaring > high/Soaring
11 symmetry, > symmetry:
20 wrought > wrought,
21 *earth.* > *earth* . . .
25 thought's > its
28 *filled,* > *filled* . . .
29 While Reason, > And Reason, reckless,
33 Views frightfully, > Views, frightfully,
35 *oblivion* . . . > *oblivion.*
36 feeling, > feeling
39 simplicity: > simplicity;
43 *Thus, Being* > Being exiled
44 *Exiled from your* > From a living origin,
45 *rebegin:* > re-begin;
46 *intelligence* > intelligence/Exquisitely
47 *will's* > Will's
48 *From passions now no longer thine,* > From passions now no longer mine,
49 *But newly springing from life's buried tree.* > *But re-sprung from a buried Tree.*
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Convoy of 1944 Recollected
—1955—

B^1: Does not appear.
B^2: Does not appear.
B^3: Does not appear.
C^1 Part II, 5th poem. Titled "Convoy Recollected".
2 anguish, > anguish;
3 When from > When, from
4 Where battleship > Where a battleship
15 the napkin laid over the Grail > a napkin laid over a Grail
18 But with > But, with
C^2: Part II, 5th poem. Titled "Convoy [of 1944] Recollected".

2 anguish, > anguish;
3 When from > When, from
4 Where battleship > Where a battleship
15 the napkin laid over the Grail > a [the] napkin laid over a [the]Grail
18 But with > But, with
C^3: Part II, 5th poem. Titled "Convoy Recollected".
2 anguish, > anguish;
3 When from > When, from
4 hospital-ship > hospital-ship,
5 Alone kept > Alone, kept
6 last Day, > Last Day,
8 tanker, > tanker;
15 the napkin laid over the Grail > a napkin laid over a Grail
16 And again we > And, again, we
17 Even as > As
17 mankind. > mankind;
18 But with > ~~Until~~, [But] with
22 Beyond this > On the heels of this
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

The New City in Rain
—1955—

B^1: Does not appear.
B^2: Does not appear.
B^3: Does not appear.
C^1 Part III, 10th poem.
1 lamp, > lamp;
4 And evening > While ev'ning
6 Now grown > That grows
7 of crude refulgence > from skies and planets
8 tramp: > tramp,
9 These phosphorescent tails like glinting whips > With glinting tails like phosphorescent whips
10 Great jellyfish throw about port-held ships, > Wound by great jellyfish o'er port-held ships;
11 While from more lonely land > As from far, lonely land,
12 darkness, > darkness;

C^2: Part III, 10th poem.
1 lamp, > lamp;
4 And evening > While ev'ning
6 Now grown > ~~That~~ [It] grows
7 of crude refulgence > from skies and planets
8 tramp: > tramp,
9 These phosphorescent tails like glinting whips > With glinting tails like phosphorescent whips
10 Great jellyfish throw about port-held ships, > Wound by great jellyfish o'er port-held ships;
11 While from more lonely land > As from far, lonely land,
12 darkness, > darkness;
C^3: Part III, 10th poem. Titled "The 'New' City in Rain".
1 lamp, > lamp;
3 round the city's horn, > 'round the river's horn,
6 Now grown > ~~Which~~ [Now] grows [n]
8 tramp: > tramp;
9 These > The
12 darkness, and > darkness, as
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Pagan Invocation to the Virgin
—1941—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part III, 12th poem. "Early Mass During Storm." Dated 1941.

Lampshine on asphalt swept by nimble snow,
Turns streets to water with a troubled face;
As if some harrying angel sped from place
To place, dark thought, and rushed it to and fro;
And but man's shadow had survived the blow
Giving Creation to another race;
His very day in flight before the chase
Of flagellating cold, that brings all low.

Still the hushed spirit, in the House of God,
Finds nourishment in Sacramental Food,
And under storm, man's meditations spread,

About the Tree a living, tenuous thread,
Seeking for sustenance, with mind apart,
Until calm fills and over-wells the heart.

B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for the following emendations:

4 ~~this~~ [your] race

Note: [Pagan Hymn to the Virgin]

B^2: Identical to copy B^3.

B^3: Part III, 18th poem. Titled: "Hymn to the Virgin" and dated 1940:

The morning, rising at slow, swanlike pace,
From snowy seas of cloud toward tender blue,
Is for the stricken, sorrowing like You;—
O, Stainless Door of Heav'n, through which this race
Looks longingly past twisted time and place
Into pellucid depths of thought as true
And pure as the translucent, holy hue
That gives awakening sky its flow'ry face.

At such an hour, the very ocean's waste
Becomes a mirror just to dawn and breeze.
The air is clement; and as sun grows bold
In gentle amplitude, serene and chaste,
A mystic Rose unfolds among the trees
And light builds tow'rs of ivory and gold.

C^1 Identical to copy C^2, except dated [1950].

C^2: Part III, 6th poem.

1 swept by nimble > nimbly swept by
3 speeds from > speeds, from
4 windy > early
5 storm > cold
6 day flees > dawn flees
6 a chase > its chase,
7 By cold, outlawing men and all man's race: > Outlawing men, their works, the human race:
8 Mere shades and wraiths survive this blow. > Mere panic-shadows survive winter's blow!
9 ocean's very > very ocean's
11 bold, > bold;
14 Towers > Tow'rs

C^3: Part III, 6th poem. Dated 1940.

2 face: > face.
3 speeds from > speeds, from
5 storm > cold
6 day flees > dawn flees

7 By cold, outlawing men and all man's race: > Outlawing men, their works, and all their race,
8 Mere shades and wraiths survive this blow. > As though but shadows could survive ~~this~~ [its] blow.
10 breeze; > breeze.
11 clement, the sun waxes bold, > clement; and the sun more bold.
12 serenely chaste, > serene and chaste,
14 Towers > Tow'rs
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Peace Pact
—1941—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3, except for the following:
3 Retrieving > Retrieving [alter?]
11 frigid > frigid [synonym?]
A^3: Part V, 6th poem. Lines 9-14 correspond with "Imperishable Renewal," reprinted here in its entirety. Also, see notes to "Poor Caliban."

Fastidious morning, breaking on clean land,
Gives snowy rooves a softly startled look,
Retrieving sky to plover, wren and rook;
As earth re-welcomes man with open hand,
And, like unbarred, rose-tinted space, is bland
With rays that permeate each shadowed nook:
Night's secrets plain to read as outspread book,
Sheer truth converting common into grand.

So we drink strength from ice-pure, crystal wind,
As day becomes the partisan of sober mind;
And sweet as mercy runs the frigid rill,
Where looms the lost horizon, and the hill
Of philosophic paths, none shall dare close
Until have been proscribed the tree and rose!

B^1: Does not appear.
B^2: Does not appear.
B^3: Does not appear.
C^1 Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part III, 9th poem. "Peace Pact" is part II of "Toward Home". Dated 1955.
2 look past > look, once more,
3 Into the stainless sky's awakening > Beyond the stainless sky's awak'ning

4 At beauty long surrendered and now far. > On things surrender'd, beautiful and far.
5 At last unanguished > Unanguished
6 Untouched by restless envy, malice, hate, > The softly-startled morning we await,
7 In softly startled morning we await > As if before some great, impartial bar.
9 wind, > wind;
10 The day > Such air
14 proscribed the leaf and rose. > proscribed bud, leaf and rose.

Note: line 6 in the proof text does not appear in this version.

C^3: Part III, 9th poem. "Peace Pact" is part II of "Toward Home". Dated 1955.
1 Eden's cloud-wrought > Eden's [pearly] cloud-wrought
2 look past > look, once more,
3 Into the > Beyond the
4 At beauty long surrendered and now far. > On things surrender'd, beautiful and far.
5 At last unanguished > Unanguished
6 by restless envy, malice, hate, > by envy, restless malice, hate,
8 Judgment at nature's great, impartial bar. > ~~Our~~ [~~Man's~~] judgment at a great, impartial bar. [Judgment at nature's great impartial bar]
9 wind, > wind;

D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Toward Home!
—1942—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: Part V, 2nd poem. Titled "Overseas Service." Dated 1943. Reprinted here in its entirety due to many changes:

While gradually, on every lifting height,
Stand forth odd symmetries of rock and shale,
Through gilded valleys flows the sweetened gale
Of morning; as the many-petaled light
Accords the heart the gift of sight;
And thought ten million minds made flat and stale,
Escapes the tolls of the repeated tale,
And wrests from dawn, the modest, unique right
To meditate, in virgin bath of dew,
The ancient lands Verlaine and Heine knew,
And Keats, whose battered casement opens wide
On stress and storm, wrecked ships, and blood-soaked tide

How far are we from chartless fairy foam!
How drear the sands, marking this strange path home!

B^1: Identical to copy B^3 except for the following change:

7 Elude > ~~Escapes~~ [Eludes]

B^2: Identical to copy B^3.

B^3: Part II, 12th poem. Titled "Overseas Service" —R.A.F. 1943—

1 every > ev'ry

3 Down > Through

3 fragrant gale, > sweetn'd gale

4 And the ascending, many-petaled light > Of morning, and the many petal'd light

5 Again accords > Accords

6 While ponderings, by multitudes made stale, > While thought the millions have made flat and stale

7 Elude > Escapes

8 wrest > wrests

8 commonplace > platitude

9-14 To lands Villon, Verlaine and Heine knew.
Midst basking fields, all silver-sleek with dew,

Keats's batter'd casement is flung wide
On recent battle-ground and blood-soaked tide.
Alas, for ancient, chartless fairy foam—
How like a stranger's is our road toward home! >

To meditate, amidst dawn's virgin dew,
Those ancient lands Verlaine and Heine knew,
And fling Keats's batter'd casement wide
Even on storm, wreck'd ships and blood-soaked tide.

Alas! —how far from chartless fairy foam
Drear sands that mark for us the strange path home!

C^1 Part III, 9th poem. "Toward Home!" is part I of a two sonnet poem which includes "Peace Pact". Dated 1955.

1 every > ev'ry

3 Down > Through

3 gale, > gale;

7 tale > tale,

9 knew. > knew!

10 Midst basking fields, all silver-sleek with dew, > Midst tousel'd fields, limp-weighted, still, with dew,

11 is flung wide > is, at last, flung wide

13 Alas, for > Alas for

C^2: Part III, 9th poem. "Toward Home!" is part I of a two sonnet poem which includes "Peace Pact". Dated 1955.
1 every > ev'ry
3 Down > Through
3 gale, > gale;
7 tale > tale,
9 knew. > knew!
10 Midst basking fields, all silver-sleek with dew, > ~~Midst tousel'd~~ [Above the] fields, limp-weighted, still, with dew,
11 is flung wide > is, at last, flung wide
13 Alas, for > Alas for
C^3: Part III, 9th poem. "Toward Home!" is part I of a two sonnet poem which includes "Peace Pact". Dated 1955.
1 every > ev'ry
3 Down > Through
3 fragrant gale, > scentless gale;
4 many-petaled > many-petal'd
7 tale > tale,
9 knew. > knew!
10 all silver-sleek with dew, > sleek-weighed with grass in dew,
11 is flung wide > is, at last, flung wide
12 tide. > tide!
13 Alas, for > Alas for
13 chartless fairy > chartless, fairy
14 like > much
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\&3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

To the Mocked Romantics
—1955—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.
A^2: Identical to copy A^3.
A^3: The last two lines of the poem " A View of Angels" (1941) correspond roughly to the final version, lines 23-24.
May snowy flails beat back the dark,
And poetry become our Ark. >
Completed in that other sphere, where snowy flails beat back the dark!
God be our ark!
Part V, 15th poem. Titled "Of Great Price . . ." Undated. Corresponds to the last fourteen lines of "To the Mocked Romantics."
25 The profound > O, profound
25 stream is turbid, muddied, roiled, > stream, now muddied, turbid, roiled,

26 Its font in > Your font is
27 wells > welled
28-9 Where lie those tyranny long since despoiled.
But while new hatreds leave its course turmoiled, >
Weak, wanton tyrrany, long since, despoiled.
Good dead have choked your course; yet, though turmoiled
31 it sweeps > you sweep
32 it bears, > you bear,
33 its > your
34 until some contemplative eye > until, again, some seeking eye
36 generations > generation's
37 Shining from tranquil depths, unflawed and clear > Unflawed, in tranquil depths of thought as clear
38 As spirit not to be defiled by fear. > As spirit ~~shining, submerged but still near.~~ [infusing and calming fear.]
B^1: Does not appear.
B^2: Does not appear.
B^3: Does not appear.
C^1 Identical to copy C^2.
C^2: Part III, 5th poem. Part II is titled ["To Freedom"].
2 dread, > dread;
4 every > ev'ry
4 mountain height > mountain-height
5 hail > hail,
6 comet-locks > coment-locks,
7 gale. > gale!
9 despair, Austere; > Despair, Austere!
11 bed > bed,
15 armadas, > armadas!
16 the > this
19 Silence > silence
20 lips. > lips!
22 savagery of natural law. > savag'ry of natural law!
24 poetry become > poetry, again, become
24 Ark. > Ark! . .
25 roiled, > roil'd;
26 It's > Its
29 But while new hatreds leave its course turmoiled, > Its course, choked by old hatreds, is turmoil'd,
30 The suffering it floods is like known ground > And yet it floods a suffering like known ground
32 unsoiled, > unsoil'd,
34 until some contemplative > until, at last, some questing

35 Descries > Discerns
36 generation's > generations
37 Shining from > Revealed in
37 depths, unflawed and clear > depths as spirit-clear
38 As spirit not to be defiled by fear. > As childhood, undefiled by suspect fear.
C^3: Part III, 5th poem. Dedicated "—Shelley, 1941—", and part two is dated [1942].
2 dread, > dread;
4 Show every > Leave ev'ry
5 hail > hail,
6 comet-locks > comet-locks,
7 gale. > gale!
9 despair, Austere; > Despair, Austere!
11 bed > bed,
14 place. > place!
15 armadas, > armadas!
16 the > this
19 Silence > silence
20 lips. > lips!
22 law. > law!
23 back the dark, > back the gathering dark,
24 poetry become > poetry, again, become
24 Ark. > Ark! . .
25 roiled, > roil'd;
26 It's font in an exacerbated wound > Its font is an exacerbated wound,
28 despoiled. > despoil'd.
29 But while new hatreds leave its course turmoiled, > Its course, choked by old hatreds, is turmoil'd,
30 The suffering it floods is like known ground > And yet it floods a suffering like known ground
32 unsoiled, > unsoil'd,
34 will until some contemplative > will, until, at last, some questing
35 Descries > Discerns
36 generation's > generations
37 Shining from tranquil depths, unflawed and clear > Revealed in tranquil deeps as [of] spirit clear
38 As spirit not to be defiled by fear. > As childhood['s], undefiled by suspect fear.
D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2 \& 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

Panthiest's Paean

—1941—

A^1: Identical to copy A^3.

A^2: Identical to copy A^3, except for the following:

16 Who awaken > Who ~~awaken~~ [on arousing]

39 I would but live and die > [Could I,] I would but live and die

A^3: Part III, 6th poem. Titled "Paen."

3 clamoring in me! > clamoring of Thee, my God!

4 move > moves

5 To the rage > With the rush

6 wild, >wild;

7 child > child,

8 Is my thrill to the might that is free > Is the thrill in me / To the Might that is free,

9 bound: > bound;

10 laws > Laws

12 Traced in > And traced in

13 clod! > clod.

15 On arousing to the daybreak's sweet disaster,> Who awaken to the daybreak's sweet disaster,

16 Give obeisance to man's natural master. > Give obeisance to the Master!

19-20 climbing / Like a rosy vine, from gushing shadow, > climbing like a rosy vine, / From gushing shadow,

21 me to such > such

21 gladness > gladness,

22-32 That my heart and mind
—no less than lion and lamb!—
Exult contentedly, in gratitude,
I am! I am!
And marking, in a plume of surf along the shore,
The strand of Paradise,
And in pellucid depths above,
The Lake of Heaven,
Ask nothing more than to participate
In an accord
Like the hushed praise of the Jews' Lord. >
The soul, no less than the lion and the lamb,
Is content,
And cries out mutely, in its gratitude, *I am!*
And seeing, in a plume of surf along the shore,
The strand of Paradise,
And in the blue above, the Lake of Heaven,
Asks nothing more than to participate in an accord
Which is the hushed praise of the Lord!

31 on > with
33 Light > light
37 immense. > immense!
38 Could I, I would > I would
40 Eye; > Eye!
41 Guided like cloud and wave on water, > Guide me, like breeze and wave on water,
42 I would again become Creation's daughter. > That I may become Creation's daughter!

B^1: Does not appear.

B^2: Does not appear.

B^3: Does not appear.

C^1 Part III, 13th poem. Titled "Pantheist Paen Commemorating a First Reading of Spinoza, 1908".
5 To the > With the
6 wild, > wild;
8 Is my thrill to the might that is free > Is my thrill/To the Might that is free
10 laws resounding > laws, resounding
16 master. > master!
19 climbing > climbing,
20 Like a rosy vine, from gushing shadow, > Like some rosy vine,/From gushing shadow,
21 provoked me to such > provoked from me such
28 depths above, > azure overhead,
29 Heaven, > Heav'n,
32 Jews' Lord. > Jew's Lord!
36 lucent > lucid
40 Eye; > Eye!
41 Guided like cloud and wave on water, > Guided, like cloud, sun, tempest, water,
42 I would again become Creation's daughter. > I would, again, become Creation's daughter!

C^2: Part III, 13th poem. Titled "Pantheist Paen ~~Commemorating a First Reading of Spinoza, 1908~~".
5 To the > With the
6 wild, > wild;
8 Is my thrill to the might that is free > Is my thrill/To the Might that is free
10 laws resounding > laws, resounding
16 master. > master!
19 climbing > climbing,
20 Like a rosy vine, from gushing shadow, > Like some rosy vine,/From gushing shadow,
21 provoked me to such > provoked from me such
28 depths above, > azure overhead,
29 Heaven, > Heav'n,

32 Jews' Lord. > Jew's Lord!
36 lucent > lucid
40 Eye; > Eye!
41 Guided like cloud and wave on water, > Guided, like cloud, sun, tempest, water,
42 I would again become Creation's daughter. > I would, ~~again,~~ become Creation's daughter!

C^3: Part III, 13th poem. Titled "Pantheist Paen, In Memory of Spinoza, 1908".
5 To the rage > With the rage
10 laws resounding > laws, resounding
16 master. > master!
19 climbing > climbing,
20 Like a rosy vine, from gushing shadow, > Like a rosy vine,/From gushing shadow,
21 provoked me to such > provoked in me such
29 Heaven, > Heav'n,
32 Jews' Lord. > Jew's Lord!
36 lucent > lucid
41 Guided like cloud and wave on water, > Guided, like cloud, and wave, and water,
42 I would again become Creation's daughter. > ~~And~~ [I would,] again[,] become Creation's daughter!

D^1: Proof text.
$D^{2\ \&\ 3}$: Identical to copy D^1.

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