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Marya Zaturenska's Depression Diary, 1931- 1932

Mary Beth Hinton
Syracuse University

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Marya Zaturenska's Depression Diary, 1931–1932

INTRODUCTION BY MARY BETH HINTON

ALTHOUGH SHE won a Pulitzer Prize for her 1937 book *Cold Morning Sky*, most people have never heard of Marya Zaturenska (1902–1982). Her husband, Horace Gregory (1898–1982), the poet, critic, and translator, is somewhat better known. Yet, for her lyric poetry and for her life—her passion for knowledge and beauty, her integrity, endurance, and depth of feeling—she deserves to be remembered.

Born in Kiev, Russia, Marya Zaturenska moved to New York City at the age of eight. To help support her family, she dropped out of public high school and held various jobs in a factory, a publishing house, and a bookstore. By taking night courses she managed to complete high school. Meanwhile, she wrote poetry, some of which appeared in national magazines such as *Poetry*, and made literary friends. Willa Cather secured a fellowship for her at Valpariso University. A year later, through *Harriet Monroe,¹ she obtained a scholarship to attend the University of Wisconsin–Madison. Marya Zaturenska would in time publish eight books of poetry and a biography. With Horace Gregory she wrote *A History of American Poetry, 1900–1940* (1946) and edited six poetry anthologies.

Her poems have been praised for their “delicacy and grace” and their “exquisite poetic accuracy.”² They are often described as quiet, mystical, and subtle. In a 1977 interview with *Robert Phillips, she said, “I write my poems as if I were writing a song. My poems are mainly, I think, in the tradition of early Italian and early English music.”³ Indeed, by listening to their music, one discovers the beauty of Zaturenska’s poems.

1. See the end of the article for brief biographical information about Harriet Monroe and others whose names have an asterisk.

2. Barbara Guest, “Bright Passions,” in *New York Times Book Review* (28 November 1965); and Chad Walsh, in an October 1965 clipping from an unidentified source. Horace Gregory Papers, Syracuse University Library.

3. “The Real Thing,” *Modern Poetry Studies* 9, no. 1 (Spring 1978): 33–47. Robert Phillips was like a son to Horace and Marya. Her many letters to him, written between 1968 and 1979, are now among the Robert Phillips Papers in Syracuse University Library. During the 1960s and early 1970s he facilitated the acquisition, in installments, of Horace and Marya’s papers by Syracuse University Library.

Although she did not see herself as a true scholar, her biography of Christina Rossetti is a fine work of scholarship. She wrote half of *A History of American Poetry, 1900–1940*, which was considered to be a highly competent and objective book—except by some of the poets treated therein.⁴

The papers of Marya Zaturenska reside in Syracuse University Library's Department of Special Collections, as part of the Horace Gregory collection. Her papers consist of manuscripts of her books, a series of essays,⁵ several diaries, holographs of poems, and correspondence, along with newspaper clippings and other memorabilia.

Horace Gregory's upbringing was more privileged than his wife's, if not less challenging. The son of a successful Milwaukee businessman, he grew up surrounded by books and literary conversation. However, a childhood illness left him partially paralyzed for life. He graduated from the University of Wisconsin–Madison in 1923—two years before Marya, who heard about him from their mutual advisor, *William Ellery Leonard. Marya and Horace met and married in 1925 in New York, where he had begun his long struggle to survive as a writer. He wrote movie reviews and real estate advertisements at first and, for many years, book reviews, while making time to read deeply and broadly and to write poetry. Horace Gregory would write nineteen books—ten of poetry and nine of prose (one with Zaturenska)—edit or coedit eleven, and translate three books from the Latin.

It seems that Marya and Horace were never financially secure and never in robust health. The depression years were especially difficult for them—although they did not have much to lose. They were rich in their love for each other and for their children: Joanna, born in 1926, and Patrick, in 1931. They were also privileged to know many of the finest writers and artists of their time.

Following are selections from a diary that Marya kept from early 1931 to the spring of 1938. The book itself has a hand-sewn cover of red, flower-printed cloth, now dingy after six decades. Newspaper and magazine clippings line the inside covers, including a photograph of T. S. Eliot and various poems. Between two middle pages lies a glittering lock of reddish gold hair that must have belonged to their infant son. The diary

4. Robert Phillips to the editor, telephone conversations in 1995 and 1996. Marya was "absolutely frank." For example, she wrote that Louise Bogan's tone of voice, in *The Sleeping Fury*, resembled that of a lady "Commando."

5. Several of these essays were written for a book that was to be called "A Gallery of Poets." When the Vanguard Press returned her typescript, Marya abandoned the project (letter from Robert Phillips to the editor, 10 February 1994).



Marya Zaturenska. Photograph by Lotte Jacobi, New York.

entries reveal a mother's love, a wife's fierce devotion to her husband, a poet's frustrated yearning for self-expression, a sensitive young woman's reflections on herself and her world. Complaints of loneliness are interspersed with comments about their many literary friends—and enemies.

The selections below are from 1931 and 1932. Later passages tell of their meeting with the young *Muriel Rukeyser and their friendship with her, as well as *Louis Adamic, *Van Wyck Brooks, *Robert Hillyer,⁶ and *Bryher, who invited them to visit her in England in the summer of 1934. There they met with T. S. Eliot, *Dorothy Richardson, *Herbert Read, *Violet Hunt, and, during a trip to Ireland, *Gogarty.⁷ That year Horace got a lectureship at Sarah Lawrence College, and Marya published her first book, *Threshold and Hearth*.

In 1935, during a summer stay at Yaddo,⁸ they met *John Cheever, among others. Horace suffered a “stroke of paralysis” and Marya had “paralysis of the optic nerve due to nervous exhaustion.” She sent off the manuscript of *Cold Morning Sky* in September 1936, with a prayer: “God be good to me, and to my book. . . .” In the last entry, dated 5 May 1938, she writes of a phone call from Columbia University, informing her that she had won the Pulitzer award for poetry: “Wild excitement—telephones—telegrams—champagne and roses. . . .” Joanna acting as secretary. . . . Pat firing off his toy pistols without knowing what it was all about.”

To return to 1931: Marya and Horace were living in Sunnyside, a model housing development for people in low-income brackets, located on the outskirts of Long Island City.⁹

6. In 1963 Robert Hillyer’s widow gave Syracuse University Library a large collection of his papers and a bequest with which, in 1974, the Hillyer Room was established on the sixth floor of Bird Library.

7. For Horace Gregory’s account of their trip, see *The House on Jefferson Street* (New York: Holt, Rinehart and Winston, 1971), 212–56.

8. Yaddo is a large estate in Saratoga Springs, New York, that belonged to Spencer and Katrina Trask. After the Trasks lost their children, they decided to make the estate available as a retreat for artists. Yaddo was incorporated in 1922, with Elizabeth Ames as executive director. The mansion was opened for guests in 1926.

9. Some corrections in spelling and punctuation have been made to improve the readability of the diary entries.

Marya Zaturenska's Depression Diary, 1931–1932

14 January 1931

Horace and I both laid up last week with bad illnesses. Too weak to move around, we were both irritated at the fatal limitations of our too-delicate physiques. Ah why weren't we born with greater energy. There is so much to be done before the sun goes down. I am frightfully obsessed by death, the passing of time, the passing of youth. The housework fritters away my days in little routine jobs; there is no time left for anything but sleep.

19 February

Saw Harriet Monroe a few weeks ago, looking frail but indomitable and full of gossip. She says there is a rumor that *Vachel Lindsay committed suicide. Of course she did not believe it. She told us that she was on the Guggenheim Committee and I sensed a pride and maliciousness in the sense of power she wielded; a word from her and a year of comparative opulence and financial security would be the lot of some fortunate poet. We were glad to tell her that we hadn't tried for the Guggenheim award—we were too sensitive about competing for prizes.

Horace went to a Harcourt Brace party given for *Matthew Josephson and *Kenneth Burke.¹⁰ He said that Van Wyck Brooks was there looking fat and flabby and vacant-eyed. *Kreymborg, shabby, whining, complaining that no magazine would take his poetry. *Carl Van Doren looking like a battered red wolf, a dreadful comment on the American literary life. *Paul Rosenfeld talking in high falsetto ran up to Horace and denounced him for not praising *Phelps Putnam in his *New Republic* review, and *Lewis Gannett ran up to him and accused him of praising Kenneth Burke too much. At a party at Chard Powers Smith's, *Padraic and Mary Colum turned hostile glances at him and made a few sneering remarks about T. S. Eliot, which were obviously pointed at Horace. Horace afterwards remembered that he had written a polite but unenthusiastic review about Colum's latest book of poems in the *New Freeman*.¹¹ Enemies spring up from the ground and obstacles everywhere. Yet Horace says, "All my life I have learned to turn my handicaps to advantage, and I must do it now. Even hostility can arouse courage."

10. See John Crowley's comments on Burke on pages 35 and 36.

11. The *New Freeman* journal commenced publication on 15 March 1930, but lasted only until 13 May 1931.

Joanna was 5 years old on the 21st. I told her I was too unwell to give her a birthday party, so she borrowed some cookies, candies, and one horn, invited some of the children from the neighborhood, spread out a little table of goodies very nicely and all by herself arranged a most successful little party in the cellar! The coats were carefully placed in her old baby carriage, and after the party she even got some of the children to help her clean up the mess. I am so proud of her I can burst.

8 March

We saw the *Lewis Mumfords the other day. Both he and Sophia were cordial and very nice. I am beginning to respect and admire Lewis as a human being a lot. He has a code of good living, and an honest sense of values, and more social sophistication than anyone I've known.

A vicious attack on Horace in the *Modern Quarterly*.¹² We found out later that it was done by *Calverton under a nom-de-plume. . . . Calverton praises Horace in public and attacks him in private—and not only that, he plagiarizes passages from Horace's reviews and never gives him credit and that after such vile attacks. I get shaken with illness and horror when I think of Horace so clean, so honest, so gentle up against such swine. We can fight an honest open battle but this is like fighting in the dark or being caught suddenly by a stiletto in the back—the dog—the louse—oh give us strength to rise above such dogs. Horace's position is still so precarious, so weak.

23 March

Tomorrow my little boy Patrick Bolton will be 5 weeks old. He was born en-route to the Nursery and Childs' Hospital in a taxicab. . . . There was an unbearable stab of pain, and a flood of something; "the waters" had burst. It was a cold, cold night and the taxicab we had ordered had come and gone before I was able to go down the stairs again. I sat in the cold half dead with pain till we got another cab. In the city, the labor pains, the cold night, the theatre traffic are all confused into some sort of weird nightmare. I remember screaming and then a sensation of sitting on something soft, squirming and warm. It was the baby, and in a few minutes I heard its squeaks, something that sounded like a cold frightened kitten. Horace lifted it up and said, "poor kid," and even had the presence

12. The *Modern Quarterly* was a magazine of literary radicalism founded by Victor Francis Calverton in 1923. It became the *Modern Monthly* in 1933 and lasted until 1938.

of mind to find out that it was a boy. I forgot to say that Horace by some miracle unentangled the baby from the umbilical cord. He was a miracle of level-headedness, calmness, good-sense. No one need speak of him as an impractical poet! We wrapped the baby in a shawl I was wearing and arrived in the hospital where my blood-drenched clothes were removed and oh what a relief to rest! . . .

My father in bad straits—out of work—my stepmother has been asking for help and how I can meet her demands heaven knows. I rack my brains thinking, scheming as to what I can do to help, and with our expenses doubled, my helplessness which has made me obliged to call in a woman to help me with the housework—our savings low and rapidly dwindling, it is unbearable to think of—and the misery of all those around us is a veritable Golgotha. The depression has now hit everyone—no one has escaped it, unemployment, suffering, fear all around us and no one knows where it will end. This affects me so that I can't eat or sleep. The word "unemployment" has been the terror of my childhood and my adolescence, my whole life, and now it looms like a black flag everywhere. I feel ready to collapse.

20 April

Reviewing rotten and at a standstill. Competition has become so severe that in the places where only one cent a word is paid the review offices are crowded with men and women eagerly begging for work. And the review sections are cut in half. . . .

Horace delivered an address at the *John Reed Club¹³ on [Carl] Sandburg, *[Edgar Lee] Masters, and [Vachel] Lindsay from the point of view of Revolutionary Poetry. He spoke of them as representative of Jeffersonian democracy. Their failure was due to the fact that their philosophy was inadequate to meet a changing world.

Horace was asked whether it is possible for a Communist to write love

13. Syracuse University Library has a substantial collection of primary and secondary John Reed material that can be found among the papers of Reed's biographer, Granville Hicks. Reed helped to form the Communist Party in America. In *Part of the Truth* (New York: Harcourt, Brace & World, 1965), Hicks wrote: "From the first [Reed] had been a symbol of the revolutionary spirit, and in the early thirties, such symbols were beginning to be cherished. So, with the leftward swing of young writers and other would-be artists, John Reed Clubs were founded in the larger cities" (124-5). The clubs were established by, and served as fronts for, the Communist Party.

poetry? a funeral dirge for General Pershing? whether Proletarian Poetry (whatever it is) could not best be written in the ballad form, if bourgeois art should not be abolished altogether, etc. etc. However, he says his address was received with cheers, which was a great relief. He expected a [hostile?] reception since he started out by saying that there is no proletarian Art, in America at least. *Babette Deutsch who talked afterwards was severely heckled and booed. She made a dreadful faux pas by saying that the origins of poetry lay in religion.

7 June

Patsy will be 3 months old soon. Such a dear little boy; when he smiles he shows two adorable dimples. Only my love for my babies keeps me inwardly alive these days, and yet they sap my courage too. For in these terrible times, I look at them as "hostages to fortune." Indeed even in prosperous days neither Horace nor I had the gift of earning our own livings and now these two darling beautiful ones so dependent on us give me at least an added misgiving. Our tiny little income has been cut by Horace's family as business is bad in Milwaukee as elsewhere. Appalling poverty, depression and panic has hit everyone. People walk about as if the end of the world has come—no one knows what will happen next. The corruption of the government, the lack of indignation by the people who are plundered and betrayed is enough to make an angel despair. As long as H. receives the little subsidy that keeps us alive, he will never make any unusual efforts to support us himself. His is not an energetic nature, and he lets opportunities slip in a way that maddens me. But then he has never felt the dreadful penalties of poverty as I did, in my childhood. The hot choking summers in the slums, the pain of tramping heavy terrifying streets looking for jobs at an age when one should have been playing and dreaming like other children, the body worn out before it has had a chance to develop. I want to spare my darlings that. But H., though kind and delicate and subtle, can not understand this. Of course—it is too much out of his experience. I have become so passionately interested in his career that the acceptance of a poem of his by a magazine, the mention of his name in a review is one of the very few things that stirs my heart to any feeling of pleasure. I am no longer interested in any letter addressed to myself; it is his work that matters, the recognition of *his* talent that I live and pray for. There was a time when I had my own ambitions—I feel that I was unwise to have let them go out like this, for I feel that my ambition for H. is not quite healthy or wise for either of us—

Poetry, Harriet Monroe's magazine, may go under soon. It's as if part of my life will go out with it. There are very few places now where a poet can send his poems and be paid for it. Horace's literary agent says that publishers are not only frantic because people are not buying books but that they cannot even get good manuscripts to publish. No one is writing books of any value; the writers themselves are paralyzed by the depression.

The murder of the Lindbergh baby, with its dreadful social implications, the death of Hart Crane, who felt that there was no place for poetry in our civilization, all this has affected both Horace and myself deeply.

29 June

Difficult, difficult times. Horace is finding it more and more of a struggle to get reviews; the competition has become narrow, violent and intense. We keep awake from worry and Horace cannot write, though he sits from morning till midnight trying to get some work done. We feel that somehow, sometime that typewriter will help to bring us to that high impossible place where success lies or where the soul and the mind can breathe without terror.

Horace has written a magnificent poem called "Homage to an Ancestor" that he finds almost impossible to place. *Cowley promised to take the poem and fight for it with *Ridgley Torrence, who is the poetry editor of the New Republic . . . [but] the poem was returned. Oh if we had only *one* powerful friend to fight for Horace, we are so alone so lonely so much like whisperers in the dark.

22 August

I have been too busy to write. The very sight of a typewriter or pen and ink fills me with a psychopathic nausea. All the poems I want to write are written inside my head. I do not dare to give them life on paper.

*Margery Latimer died last Tuesday after having given birth to a daughter. She had married *Jean Toomer only a year ago and had seemed happy in a flood of newspaper publicity and real domestic life after the torturous Bohemianism of her love affair with *Kenneth Fearing. Horace was as much moved as he could be. If anything, she represented the most alive period in both of our lives. . . .

Nothing happens. I try desperately to keep up and budget and save my pennies, but it's a hopeless and losing fight. Try as hard as we may we can never save more than \$200 and I see no hope of ever having more.

My dreams of leisure to write, to walk by the sea and grow vigorous and fresh again, that long, long-prayed-for trip to Europe is becoming more of a mist, more of a dream than ever.

Our wedding anniversary yesterday. A wasted lonely day as usual. Horace sat at his desk all day and wrote nothing. For me the customary drudgery that lasts 7 days a week and no escape!—no escape—no escape. And loneliness!!!!

Horace is out tonight making a speech at a Sacco-Vanzetti memorial meeting.

12 September

My birthday. I no longer care to stop, to ponder over the day; let the days pour over me, unknowing, unseeing.

Mildred Gilman Wolforth visited us lately. . . . We talked about Margery Latimer. We try not to think of her but her death troubles us morning and evening.

*James Farrell said that her marriage to Toomer aroused a great deal of prejudice, that his agent Maxim Lieber said that when he tried to sell a story of hers to Harper's, one of the editors said, "Why do you handle stories by that woman? Don't you know she is married to a Negro?" Horace has found it difficult to place a story on her in any magazine, running across similar expressions of prejudice.

27 October

Yesterday Horace handed in the manuscript of his book after laboring over it for a year with mingled despair, passion, exhaustion, hatred and love. . . . Pearce of Harcourt took the title from his last poem, "No Retreat." And so we send another boat upon the mysterious seas. May it return with treasure!

12 November

The tea we gave for Harriet Monroe and Lewis Mumford came off

very well, though as usual I did not have enough tea cups to match and I felt limp with nervousness. . . .

Harriet turned down H.'s interesting new poem and attacked his article on Lindsay, Masters, and Sandburg in a rather nasty way in the November issue of her magazine. We felt rather blue about it. . . . Horace plucked up courage and talked to her about the poem "Valediction to My Contemporaries" and she suddenly decided that she wanted the poem again; she apologized for the attack on the article. . . . Horace has been her only staunch champion in New York; in attacking him she is attacking one of her best friends. . . .

But the *Zabels, the *Winters[es] and the *Tates with their narrow sterile souls, their desperate and uncreative jealousies . . . have hurt Poetry . . . [and poets] by narrowing and sterilizing what should be free and all-embracing, fruitful and fructifying to the souls of all men. It is only through poetry, I feel now, that the spirit can be redeemed today and truly interpreted. . . .

A party at Dr. Wagner's house at the Rockefeller Institute. . . . We introduced him to *Eda-Lou Walton. He was quite taken with her. It *would* be nice if Eda-Lou was in a practical mood, but underneath her quiet, placid reserve, I know that she is as ardent, and reckless, and romantic as Edna Millay and that in love she would never do the sensible, the practical thing.

I spent last Thursday (election day) with Clara Stillman and Alex Byer. It was a great joy to have a day off. Poor Clara expects so much from her book, that it is painful. . . . To put 20 years of one's life into a book, and then to be satisfied with lukewarm and careless praise. That is the best most authors can expect. . . .

15 November

We visited *Lola Ridge and her husband David Lawson this Sunday. They still live in the top story of an old, run-down office building in a cold, large loft made livable by many books and simple hand-made furniture.

Lola still looks like a corpse, galvanized by a passionate and immortal spirit; it is as if her body was dead, and the spirit alone survived.

Lawson is equally unwordly, equally eerie. They make us think of two innocents alone in this nightmare, this jungle of a city.

On the small sum of \$150 dollars Lola suddenly made up her mind to

visit Baghdad, Babylon and Arabia because the scene of her next poem was to be placed there. She starved, and became ill in remote places, but saw every place she wanted to see and returned triumphant. In one city she told of how she found a cheap room in such a nice hotel! It seemed that the bubonic plague had struck the town and so they let her have the room for almost nothing! And this from a woman who seems so frail that one feels as if at any moment she will dissolve before your eyes. I remember when I first met Lola at a poetry reading in the village, about 12 years ago when she and Edna Millay were guests of honor. The future of the 2 women could have been foreseen by simply watching their performances. Edna, pretty, gay, graceful, kittenish, dressed all in silver gray, walked in followed by a troupe of love-sick boys who hardly took their eyes off her. She recited some of her love sonnets in her pretty, well-trained voice; she coquetted with the audience; the facile beauty of her poems moved easy tears. I was a mere child then. She excited me, I wanted to be like her, she became my Ideal. I resented Lola who came after her, tall, sorrowful, gaunt, emaciated with starvation, and loneliness. Nobody seemed to listen to Lola. Everybody kept their eyes glued on Edna, who sat poised, graceful, surrounded by adorers. Yet I swear Lola's poems would have meant more for me today and in a sense they were better poems than Edna's. Yet Edna had that miraculous, indefinite touch that made her most trivial poem or gesture seem more significant than it really was.

14 January 1932

A few days before Christmas, on Dec. 21st to be exact, Horace went down to Cambridge to visit T. S. Eliot. It took a large part of our little savings, for it's an expensive trip, but Horace came back so full of excitement, elation and hero-worship that we felt the money well-spent. Horace described Eliot as very tall, with very large hands and feet, which he had learned to control gracefully, very remarkable intelligent eyes, his hair graying—very much like pictures of Matthew Arnold. When he took off his glasses and had had a few shots of home-made gin, he suddenly became young, vivid and gay in a quiet way and looked like his pictures.

He questioned Horace about the N.Y. literary scene. What did he think of Calverton (he found the latter's book ridiculous and bad)? *Max Eastman? Edmund Wilson? Horace asked him about the new English poets MacLeod, Auden, Spender. Eliot has great confidence in the first two. . . . He spoke of himself as a middle Westerner rather than a New Englander, which may have been a delicate way of putting Horace at his ease. He spoke of his 8 years' work in a bank, "as a nightmare because I

was not very efficient” and of his few years of teaching as a failure. His room was crowded with undergraduates whom he treated with a gentle and exhausted courtesy. He seemed genuinely pleased to have Horace alone with him and treated him so generously so kindly so delicately always referring to “our work,” or “the kind of work we are doing.” Such kindness, such goodness, such encouragement left him inarticulate with gratitude; he has had so little of it.

His attitude towards Pound was very generous and kind, though H. knows that Pound and his satellites had been unmerciful in their attacks on him. In fact H. says Eliot gave him the impression of being a worldly and wise anchorite, saintly and yet alert, remote from the world and yet aware of it. Of his conversion to the Anglican church he said nothing. In fact he said that the literature he found most interesting lately was the writing being done by the radicals. He found *Mike Gold’s book “fascinating” and “an excellent social document, if not literature.” Horace stayed overnight with him and in the morning left the proofs of “No Retreat” with him.

11 February

We visited the Kenneth Burkes some time ago. A wild large miscellaneous party was there. Burke talked like a house afire; he is the greatest talker in New York. His daughters, pale, tense, precocious little girls who seemed to despise the loud, drunken assortment of talky guests, were interesting. At another evening we called on the Burkes hoping to find him alone. He was out and Mrs. Burke received us, a tired woman, broken by poverty and too many children, with some remains of beauty and intelligence but all crumbling somewhere into a tired gallantry and a little subtle malice.

A political meeting at Malcolm Cowley’s house.¹⁴ *Waldo Frank was there sitting with his hand on his hip and talking in a thin feminine little voice. . . . Next to him sat *Anita Brenner [and] the *Lionel Trillings to whom I was rather rude, but my nerves were on edge at the coolness and unspoken hostility I felt around us (God knows why) and the way Cowley like an absolute monarch was distributing fat jobs to his favorites. *Robert Cantwell is the coming power in the Cowley group, with the result that he is fawned on, flattered, encouraged in his work no matter how shoddy and given jobs, money, influence everything. . . . Cowley announced that Cantwell would get a Guggenheim this year.

14. See John Crowley’s comments on Malcolm Cowley on pages 34 and 35.

We've been invited to Yaddo again, such a stroke of luck, I'm so happy.

4 March

We went to Joe Gould's¹⁵ party last Wednesday, a sad affair in a village loft on Jones St. Malcolm Cowley and his wife Muriel, Kenneth Burke and his wife showed up. . . . Cowley asked me to dance. I did. He filled me with stage fright, and as usual I uttered terrible, stupid, half-witted inanities to him. He spoke little of course.

Am reading Ezra Pound's beautiful XXX Cantos. I don't understand them all, but the beautiful music, the sensitive language, the images sunny and liquid are haunting. It is as great as *The Wasteland* [*Waste Land*], though as a person Pound has degenerated into a silly and nasty old man. But the Good Lord gives his gifts to strange creatures. The virtuous and the wise often beg in vain.

Inaugural day and a bank moratorium declared; gloom and panic all around.

10 March

The bank holiday has filled everyone with gloom and fear. One feels as if the end of the world has come. We are paralyzed at the insecurity of everything. Is it worth while to save desperately for one's children, one's old age, to provide insurance against disaster if in one day they can all be wiped out through no fault of one's own? We were left with one dollar in our pocket in cash. . . .

3 May

The spring has come on very slowly this year. . . . We have spent so many springs in Sunnyside, and yet each year the place becomes more alien. It is as if my feet never really touched the solid earth here. How can one love the empty lots strewn with tin cans, the changing and ugly advertising billboards, the houses each the exact replica of the other. . . . There is no spot to love, nowhere in which the soul, the heart, the mind

15. In the 1930s Joe Gould was an occasional contributor to the *New Republic*. The painter Alice Neel writes: "Joe was compiling an oral history of the universe. He was just a little off his rocker, of course." See Patricia Hills, *Alice Neel* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, 1983), 49.

can take roots in and grow; all becomes thin now, sterilizing and lifeless in one.

Horace [had] dinner with *Horace Kallen and T. S. Eliot two weeks ago, also Eliot's brother Henry and his wife whom he liked immensely. After the dinner Eliot went to the New School and delivered his lecture, reading his own poems which H. said he did beautifully. The place was jammed, not a bit of room to spare.

Today is the day of the burning of Jewish and radical books in Germany. It is so barbarous that merely thinking of it makes one feel as if one were living in a nightmare. For the first time in my life I feel acutely the dark wave of racial hatred and distrust that every Jew must someday know; it's like a black mist that is hidden for a time but every once in a while suddenly shows itself in all its gloom.

Horace signed a contract . . . to do a critical study of D. H. Lawrence for the Viking Press.

26 June

Returned late yesterday afternoon from a visit to Milwaukee. The city is as lovely as ever, the lake front silver and shining, a delight, but all was nervousness, depression, worry. Little Patrick was a great hit; everyone seemed to be charmed by him. My own pleasant (really pleasant) experience was a trip Horace and I took to the World Fair at Chicago. We visited Poetry office and had dinner with Morton Zabel and Harriet Monroe, the former a nice, quiet, attractive young man, reserved and intelligent. He does everything for Harriet. I see why in spite of differences of opinion she persists in holding on to him. He's invaluable to her, like a good and affectionate and slightly humorous son. Harriet took us to the World Fair, a glorified cross between Luna Park, Coney Island and Broadway at night. Horace liked the Hall of Science. I liked the Fort Dearborn exhibit. We saw a Belgian city of the Middle Ages, Hollywoodish but jolly. Miles and miles of tramping. Harriet inexhaustible and indomitable, more tireless, more energetic than either of us. She thought we ought to get ice-cream cones which we did and then we sat around and gossiped. She had just received a \$5,000 grant from the Carnegie Foundation which will enable her to continue Poetry. She was as excited as a child. She is a remarkable person, young, sophisticated, intelligent and wise in heart—I adore her. It is hard to believe that she is over 70.

Saw an old classmate of mine at the Wisconsin Library School, an Augusta Morrison. . . . [She] said that . . . my favorite teacher at the library school said to her a year or so ago, "Marya should have let you girls have the children and continued with her writing." Well—I don't exactly agree—but I wanted to cry over this—I don't know why. Somebody believed in me once—how strange!

We're going to Yaddo Saturday. . . . I am going to Heaven Saturday, to the one home where I've had something that approached Love, Beauty, Comfort, Peace.

2 July—At "Yaddo"

It feels as if I had been suddenly lifted from a long death to a glorious resurrection, for I am at beloved, beautiful Yaddo again. . . . Horace feels the same way; he became inarticulate with emotion on seeing the massive entrance to the mansion, the heavy door, its opening, the drawing room, the people in it—Alex Byer's kind face, *Evelyn Scott's charming face, *John Metcalfe, and in the evening Clara Stillman!!!

I have Mrs. Trask's room here on the very top floor. . . . It's a beautiful room in white, and old; rather fanciful with a medieval balcony spired like a Gothic cathedral.

4 July

From my tower study I can see the hills and the full sweep of this orderly and exquisite landscape. . . .

Had a few talks with Evelyn Scott. Remarkable tact, charm, wit, ease. . . .

To carry disillusion secretly in one's heart is to feel one's tissues being slowly eaten away by a slow poison. But no cross lasts forever. I shall always believe that evil is less evil when it is not put into concrete thoughts, words, or images. I do not agree with the Freudians that it is best to bring the secret fear, the dreaded thought out in the open. Let them die in the darkness where they were born, and let your pain be known to no one but yourself.

6 July

At night we sit in the music room, mystical in red, gold, and marble

splendor, and the portraits of the two dead Trask children looking down on us—the jolly rosy cheeked little girl in riding habit, her long brown hair falling down her back, the little boy with his golden hair, standing straight and serious—and listened to the music played on the beautiful victrola. Two bronze angels with slender trumpets seem to blow and fly through the rooms. They are poised above the portraits of the children.

9 July

The Saturday heat dissolved in a big shower and the evening was cool and damp. The rain falling on the beautiful lawns of Yaddo at night gives a feeling of Gothic mystery to the place, a healing musical feeling.

Dreadful nightmares every night, however. I wake up with frightful backaches, pains in my womb. It has been that way since Patsy was born. The doctor told me I was underweight, undernourished, anemic, etc. But that *can't* be it. The nightmares come on every night; last night (Saturday) they made me wake up in horror. Here is one of the dreams.

I dreamed that I was in a beautiful city and that (it's funny I suppose) somebody told me it was Philadelphia, where I've never been. Horace had gone to look for a job there from a person I barely know and rather distrust—*Edwin Seaver. I loved the city and felt sure that H. would get the job and I felt sad and relieved, sad because I kept repeating to myself, "I shall never be able to use this beauty to make it really *alive* in any art form." Then H. came to me and said that he hadn't gotten the job after all, since Seaver hadn't wanted him for the job, and I was both relieved and upset, relieved because I wouldn't have to live in this beautiful city that showed me my own sterility, and upset because I knew we would go on living in the same terrible loneliness and insecurity as before.

18 July

The day opened with a burst of golden sunshine and I couldn't rest till I had walked out in the sun. It's a miracle to be here. I can't quite grasp the fact and so cannot quite enjoy a *pure* happiness. My mind is still cluttered with shreds of city-worries, torments as to whether Mrs. Ames will ask us to stay for another month, etc. I had intended to take Yaddo this year with the gay, pure, untroubled heart of a child.

19 July

In the evening Horace and I took a long walk to town from Yaddo.

The racing season is beginning; the town had an air of gayety and excitement that moved Horace who is infatuated with Saratoga. We went into a movie and saw Reunion in Vienna with John Barrymore, one of the wittiest, gayest, and most romantic plays I've ever seen. Even Horace who doesn't usually like that sort of thing was carried away by it. . . .

On coming home from the movies, an overwhelming spell of worry, uneasiness, and depression came over me. I cannot relieve my mind from torment, from worry, from wordless uneasiness.

Mrs. Ames asked us to stay through September. . . .

A warm friendly letter from Malcolm Cowley and an equally warm, encouraging letter from Pat Covici¹⁶ made yesterday start hopefully and joyfully. A hand of encouragement, a whisper of hope, and we feel as if we can climb mountains.

Here is a quotation from Enid Starkie's Life of Baudelaire which can apply to the work of Horace Gregory and which a just posterity will in some such form repeat. "It was one of his greatest merits, never to have made concessions to the spirit of his times in order to gain popularity. All his life he fought against false reasoning and the false taste of his contemporaries, against all the futile enthusiasms that have dated so much. He had the courage always to proclaim the shortcomings of those with established reputations. *He belonged to no school and no creed*, he copied no one, but he used everyone that suited him, *making what he had taken his own, and something new.*"

Sunday evening I dressed up in my gold dress and gold earrings. I rouged my lips a little, keeping my skin, which has become lovely again (due to the few weeks of rest, and good food, I suppose, and care), pale. I had on my gold metal beads, black, high-heeled pumps, and had my hair brushed soft and smooth, with a bang across my forehead. Everybody told me how pretty I looked. It was such a *nice* experience. . . .

Jacob Getler Smith who is rather crude and not given to idle compliments told me that I had the most beautiful hands he had ever seen. It was

16. One of Horace Gregory's publishers was Covici-Friede. Presumably, Pat Covici was writing on behalf of the company.

such a long time since I've heard things like that. I blushed like a school-girl.

31 July

Four composers here to arrange the Yaddo music festival. Aaron Copland, tall, young, very Semitic-looking, an elderly *Mr. Riegger, who is amiable, talkative and quite *gallant* to me. . . .

Mrs. Ames told us that she had received a letter from Van Wyck Brooks in which he had said that though he disagreed with Horace from time to time, he considered him "the *most* brilliant and promising of the younger men of letters today."

A terrible, unholy, midnight, thunder, lightning and despair, quarrels with H. which left me weak with sleeplessness and remorse this morning as I know it was all futile, and worthless. Ill this morning. Have a dreadful feeling that the whole world knows everything. I feel as if God has forsaken me. I don't know how to make peace with my soul or the world, and yet neither Horace nor I were wrong. There are moments when we both go mad with worry. I have resolved to let Horace do whatever he damn well pleases and if his conduct ruins us all—well, it is better than torturing oneself in futile quarrels that eat like acid into the flesh and soul.

1 August

I showed my Yaddo poems to Evelyn and to Clara Stillman, and they both were lovely in their praise, but afterwards as I went up the stairs with my skimpy little note book full of polished little poems, I felt as if I had opened all my secret drawers and showed everything good I ever had—and that it wasn't really good enough.

2 August

Aaron Copland left after a short stay. He had a quiet monosyllabic way of talking that was quite effective. Sometimes, one didn't know whether it was humor, wit, boredom or just plain talk.

Horace is writing an answer to Allen Tate's attack on romantic poetry and on Shelley which appeared in the *New Republic* this week. He is calling it a "Defense of Heresy" and seems to be walking on flames, shaken as he is by anger, passion, and evangelical fervor to defend the human spirit against the new guise which Humanism has taken under the name of regionalism. From now on there will be no professional cour-

tesy—it is war to the death, and open warfare with Tate, who has openly boasted that he would use every means to exterminate those who didn't agree with him. It's sickening. What has that got to do with poetry? It is true that Horace must fight for his work, and his own point of view, since no one seems to contradict Tate. They don't realize what he is saying, and how dangerous it is to leave him unanswered.

7 August

I've written a little poem which is too sentimental to go in my red poetry notebook, and perhaps it's a little silly, and it's not as good a poem as I would have wished it to be, but it's on Patrick and I want to preserve it somehow.

This face of golden light,
These eyes so wide and pure,
Grave stars that make the night
Lovely, serene, secure

This face, which I behold
Mind, mine, in sacred trust
Until the heart grows cold
till the warm senses rust.

Till the warm senses flee,
Till all delight is fled,
My dearest joy will be
This little golden head.

9 August

Zabel arrived last evening in time for dinner. It was nice to see him. He seemed to be much impressed by the beauty of the place. James Daly came, an old beau of mine. When I saw him again I drew a breath of relief and said to myself—"There but for the grace of God." Weak looking, wild wandering eyes, and soft soft—soft inside, when just breathing and keeping alive in this world at present requires strength and courage.

For the first time I begin to appreciate some of Wordsworth's best work, and Robert Frost, and to see how much profundity, beauty and vision can be wrung from nature alone.

10 August

Yesterday I felt at my worst, a kind of spiritual dis ease, and a sudden

agony of worry. We have received no mail of any consequence and we depend on it so much. No books have been sent to H. for review since he's been here and we suddenly realized how tenuous one's hold on one's means of livelihood is, "out of sight, out of mind," and after so much work, there is still no security.

My mind feels scattered and my soul muddled and unclean. I am afraid of becoming insincere and ugly and stupid. I find that at times I can find nothing to talk about, and I realize how limited my interests have become. When there is no inner strength, no core of integrity burning hard and clear inside, one cannot keep up anything but a sham face to the world, a shifting and disquieting face and eventually a repulsive one.

I have a silly, sneaking worldly ambition rankling in me, an ambition I will never realize and it hurts to think of it. I want, for a short while at least, to be beautiful, carefree and gay. It is dreadful for a woman to have to admit before she dies that she has never been beautiful, or gay, and now I know that I have had moments but they were never the real thing.

14 August

Long talks with Zabel about poetry, and life (such as he knows it—not much!). He is cultivated, intelligent but—why are all men of his type so sterile? It is as if they had developed their critical and esthetic senses so highly that they have almost eliminated everything—they are so fastidious that nothing pleases them—they patronize Shakespeare and nod at Homer—nothing gives satisfaction. At last one spends one's days in dainty trifles, the perfect amateur, the perfect connoisseur. Their prayer ought to be in the words of a favorite poem of mine from Gerard Manley Hopkins; no doubt I'm misquoting very badly.

(something) strains but not I strain,
Times eunuch and awakes
No word that breeds—Thou oh Thou, Lord of Life,
send my roots rain!¹⁷

Jim Farrell amusing everyone with wild, incredible, Rabelaisian stories

17. For the complete text, see W. H. Gardner and N. H. Mackenzie, eds., *The Poems of Gerard Manley Hopkins*, 4th ed. (London: Oxford University Press, 1967), 106. The lines in question are: ". . . birds build—but not I build; no, but strain / Time's eunuch, and not breed one work that wakes / Mine, O thou lord of life, send my roots rain."

of tough life in Chicago, and the sideshow of the Chicago fair. I see Z. shudder with fastidious pain as Jim's voice rises in his rich, loud *argot*.

I bought a very beautiful string of glass beads of a mysterious violet-greenblue shade, a turquoise blue, but even deeper, for one dollar. I had a desire to buy something pretty and frivolous for myself; it's so long since I've bought anything for my own use, and the first thing I bought in years for myself that gave me any pleasure in buying and owning.

18 August

Tried to read a book of Virginia Woolf's—her *First Common Reader*—but the delicate style, the exquisite perception—the utter sensibility—were too much—all raw nerves—shimmering and quivering—all soul and no sinews and warm blood and body—it made me feel quite hysterical; so I picked up John Stuart Mill's memoir of his life, and began that. He represents a slightly tougher world.

Dreadful, disturbing thoughts. No matter where I move, or walk, or lie down, they follow me. I don't know how to evade them.

The Lawrence book [*Pilgrim of the Apocalypse: A Critical Study of D. H. Lawrence*] is almost finished. It's beautifully, warmly, brilliantly written. How will any one be so obtuse as not to see its obvious merits; its subtleties may be discovered later. It is a book that Horace may well be proud to see among his published works.

Morton Zabel told me something that expresses most beautifully the fantastic lengths to which Marxian literary criticism can go. He said that Morris Schappes, a critic, is writing a Marxian interpretation of Emily Dickinson! Schappes, he said, considers Emily a test case.

Danced with the Austrian artist Herchenblochner, who took me up in his arms and spun me around in the air. Dizzy but rather exciting.

Danced with Jimmy Farrell who was excellent. He had learned his dancing in tough Chicago dance halls, with the result that he dances with more style and dash than anyone else.

Horace and Zabel had a talk over his (Horace's) Shelley article, Z. of course disagreeing. But I watched the argument with interest. Horace has passion, insight, creative fervor, and right instinct. Z. has a mind clear,

clean, logical and just, so that even in a futile argument it was interesting to listen.

If I had learned mental and moral discipline, if I had been taught honor and reserve as a child, if I had made better use of my time to make myself fine and strong I would not have been unprepared for any difficulty that arose. I would have summoned dignity, and breeding, and strength and they would have sufficed. I think I would rather gain respect alone than love without respect; for without moral dignity, love itself is without flavor or value.

1 September

An agony so deep, so intense for the last few weeks that it seems as if all the strength, courage, decency that I have tried to build up in the last few years have crumbled down entirely. And deeper than ever the old feeling of frustration and despair. I find that I can't write poetry (my only outlet) and that I can't face reality and that I can't make or keep friends and I have almost no desire or joy in life and yet for the children's sake. . . . If I could only respect myself.

Horace and I so frantic with worry and fear that we are going a little crazy. Letters from Milwaukee that break our heart and pride; stupid, intolerant—and we are so dependent on them—and no escape. Oh God—how can I live through the strain, stupid, impotent, and weakling that I am.

6 September

I'm trying as hard as I can to get very strong and energetic so as to face life in Sunnyside without torture. . . . [Talked to] *Charlotte Wilder . . . tense, and so introverted that her conversation sounds as if it were torn out of her mind in anguish; strange, disconnected sentences with a weird literary flavor, a sort of inarticulate Emily Brontë; surely the most interesting of the Wilder clan.

Tortured by persecution complexes, hatreds, disillusionments, and above all fears—terrible fears. They no longer have a name. I can no longer see them plainly; they hover over me like an indefinite thunder storm.

Oh save me, save me!

18 September

The trees are beginning to flame into deep red and orange; from my tower window the hills shine violet-gray. I feel as if I have not fully appreciated the beauty of Yaddo. I must go and look at it again and again, so it will remain in my mind forever.

29 September

I *must must* get well. There is Horace, there are the babies so lovely and still so little. . . . I want to write. I feel as if slowly, painfully, quietly, I'm finding my medium. And for the first time in years I do not feel hopeless and ashamed of my own poetry; a slow feeling of creation and achievement is coming into my blood, and I feel as if I am discovering a pure articulate line that will be good if I can only keep on developing and writing.

2 October

The Yaddo music festival the last two days. I don't know a great deal about music, but was impressed by Aaron Copland's executive ability in handling the crowds, in rounding up the composers, in the enthusiastic reception accorded *Walter Piston's "New World String Quartet." *Roy Harris interested me. He looks somewhat like Vachel Lindsay. His music seemed fresh and genuine. And George Antheil, fat and short and dynamic, and rosy, with a little mustache; and *Dante Fiorillo's lovely delicate lyrics sung by Ada (Mrs. Archibald MacLeish), and Ada MacLeish not at all what I hoped the wife of such a glamorous poet *ought* to look like, short, very fat, dressed in baby blue, with a baby pretty face and fuzzy blonde hair. . . .

We Yaddoites sat in the balcony looking and feeling very select. . . .

The view from my tower window is inexpressibly beautiful. A static eternal loveliness, of gold, and russet, and brown-gold-green—it is so beautiful, and I feel as if I should somehow translate this beauty into a living art, before it all melts and flows away under my hands, and from my heart leaving me empty again.

4 October

Beginning to think of New York with a terrified eagerness, mingled fear and hope. My life at Yaddo now reads like an epitaph: "Glad did I come, and as gladly go." But no—I'm a little wavering, my feet tremble—I want to stay—I want to go. . . .

SELECTED LIST OF NAMES MENTIONED IN THE TEXT

Unless otherwise stated, the following individuals are American. In most cases, only one example of a work is given.

- Adamic, Louis (1898–1951), author, born in Yugoslavia. Wrote *The Native's Return* (1934).
- Antheil, George (1900–1959), composer and pianist. Wrote *Ballet Mecanique* (1926) and an autobiography, *The Bad Boy of Music* (1945).
- Brenner, Anita (1904–1974), writer, rancher, and editor, born in Mexico. Wrote *The History of the Mexican Revolution, 1910–1942* (1943, 1971).
- Brooks, Van Wyck (1886–1963), critic and biographer. Wrote *The Flow-ering of New England* (1936; Pulitzer Prize).
- Bryher (pen name of Annie Winifred Ellerman Macpherson, 1894–1983), English historical novelist. Wrote *The Fourteenth of October* (1951).
- Burke, Kenneth (1897–1992), critic, philosopher, and poet. Wrote *Counter-Statement* (1931; rev. 1968).
- Calverton, Victor Francis (pen name of George Goetz, 1900–1940), left-wing critic and editor. Founded the *Modern Quarterly* (1923). Wrote *The Awakening of America* (1939).
- Cantwell, Robert Emmett (1908–1978), editor and author of short stories and novels. Wrote *The Land of Plenty* (1934).
- Cheever, John (1912–1982), short-story writer and novelist. A *New Yorker* writer, his stories were later published in *The Enormous Radio* (1953) and other books.
- Colum, Padraic (1881–1972), Irish poet and playwright who, after 1914, lived in the United States. Wrote *Wild Earth* (1907) and, with his wife, Mary, *Our Friend James Joyce* (1958).
- Cowley, Malcolm (1898–1989), critic and poet. Wrote *Exile's Return* (1934; rev. 1951). Wrote book review column for the *New Republic*.
- Deutsch, Babette (1895–1982), poet, novelist, critic, and educator. Wrote *Animal, Vegetable, Mineral* (1954).
- Eastman, Max (1883–1969), editor and writer. Founded *The Masses* (1913–18) and *The Liberator* (1919–21), left-wing little magazines. Wrote *Enjoyment of Poetry* (1913; rev. 1951).
- Farrell, James T. (1904–1979), novelist. Wrote the *Studs Lonigan* trilogy.

- Fearing, Kenneth (1902–1961), poet and novelist and pseudonymous pulp-magazine writer. Wrote *Angel Arms* (1929).
- Fiorillo, Dante (1905–), composer. Wrote *Prelude* for string orchestra.
- Frank, Waldo David (1889–1967), writer. Founded *The Seven Arts* magazine (1916–17). Author of *Our America* (1919).
- Gannett, Lewis Stiles (1891–1966), journalist. Literary critic of the *New York Herald Tribune*. Wrote *Young China* (1926).
- Gogarty (Oliver Joseph St. John, 1878–1957), Irish physician and writer of memoirs, essays, and poetry. Wrote *As I Was Going Down Sackville Street* (1937).
- Gold, Michael (1893–1967), born Itzok Granich to Jewish immigrant parents. Wrote the autobiographical *Jews Without Money* (1930).
- Harris, Roy (1898–1979), composer. Wrote *Folk Fantasy for Festivals* (1956).
- Hillyer, Robert (1895–1961), poet, novelist, translator, and professor of English at Yale. Wrote *The Collected Verse of Robert Hillyer* (1933; Pulitzer Prize).
- Hunt, Violet (1866–1942), English biographer and novelist. Wrote *Tales of the Uneasy* (1910, 1925).
- Josephson, Matthew (1899–1978), editor and author. Wrote *The Robber Barons* (1934).
- Kallen, Horace Meyer (1882–1974), philosopher, educator, social activist, and author. Wrote *Zionism and World Politics* (1924).
- Kreymborg, Alfred (1883–1966), poet, editor, dramatist, and critic. Founded the little magazine *Others* (1917). Wrote *Man and Shadow: An Allegory* (1924).
- Latimer, Margery (1898?–1932), novelist and short-story writer. Wrote *We Are Incredible*.
- Leonard, William Ellery (1876–1944), educator, poet, and translator of Lucretius. Wrote *Two Lives* (1925).
- Lindsay, Vachel (1879–1931), poet, known for his dramatic readings. Wrote *Adventures While Preaching the Gospel of Beauty* (1914).
- Masters, Edgar Lee (1868–1950), poet. Wrote *Spoon River Anthology* (1915).
- Metcalfe, John (1891–1965), English novelist and Royal Air Force captain. Wrote *Arm's Length* (1930).

- Monroe, Harriet (1960–1936), poet and editor. Founded the magazine *Poetry* in 1912. Wrote *Valeria and Other Poems* (1892).
- Mumford, Lewis (1895–1990), social philosopher, writer, and teacher. Wrote *The Culture of Cities* (1938).
- Phillips, Robert (1938–), poet, fiction writer, critic, and, currently, professor of creative writing at the University of Houston. Wrote *Break-down Lane* (1994).
- Piston, Walter (1894–1976), composer. Wrote *The Incredible Flutist* (1938).
- Putnam, Howard Phelps (1894–1948), poet. Wrote *Trinc* (1927).
- Read, Sir Herbert (1893–1968), English poet, art critic, and literary critic. Wrote *The Meaning of Art* (1931).
- Reed, John (1887–1920), journalist, poet, and radical leader. Contributor to *The Masses* magazine. Wrote *Ten Days that Shook the World* (1919).
- Richardson, Dorothy Miller (1872–1957), English novelist and pioneer of the stream of consciousness technique. Her twelve novels are known collectively as *Pilgrimage*.
- Ridge, Lola (1873–1941), poet. Wrote *The Ghetto, and Other Poems* (1918).
- Riegger, Wallingford (1885–1961), composer. Wrote *Third Symphony* (1946–7).
- Rosenfeld, Paul (1890–1946), music and art critic. An editor of *The Seven Arts* magazine and music critic of *The Dial* magazine. Wrote *Musical Portraits* (1920).
- Rukeyser, Muriel (1913–1980), poet. Wrote *Theory of Flight* (1935). Also wrote children's books and film scripts.
- Scott, Evelyn (1893–1963), novelist. Wrote *The Wave* (1929).
- Seaver, Edwin (1900–) novelist and critic. Founded *1924*, a little magazine. Wrote *The Company* (1920).
- Smith, Chard Powers (1894–1977), writer of poetry, fiction, history, and biography. Wrote *Artillery of Time* (1939).
- Tate, Allen (1899–1979), poet and critic. Edited *Hound and Horn* (1931–34) and *The Sewanee Review* (1944–46). Wrote *Mr. Pope, and Other Poems* (1928).
- Toomer, Jean (1894–1967), writer of the Harlem Renaissance. Wrote experimental plays, poems, and stories, notably *Cane* (1923).
- Torrence, Ridgely (1875–1950), author and editor. Wrote *The House of a Hundred Lights* (1900).

- Diana Trilling (1905–1996), fiction critic for *The Nation* (1942–49).
Wrote *Claremont Essays* (1964).
- Trilling, Lionel (1905–1975), critic and professor at Columbia University.
Wrote *The Liberal Imagination* (1957).
- Van Doren, Carl Clinton (1885–1950), writer and professor at Columbia University (1911–30). Literary editor of *The Nation* (1919–22) and other journals. Wrote *Benjamin Franklin* (1936; Pulitzer Prize).
- Walton, Eda Lou (1896–), educator and author. Wrote *Jane Matthew, and Other Poems* (1931).
- Wilder, Charlotte (1898–1980), writer of poems and children’s literature.
(Thornton Wilder was her brother.)
- Winters, Ivor (1900–1968), poet and critic. Wrote *Primitivism and Decadence: A Study of American Experimental Poetry* (1937).
- Zabel, Morton Dauwen (1901–1964), critic and scholar. Associate editor, then editor, of *Poetry* magazine. Wrote *The Romantic Idealism of Art in England* (1933).