

trigues; and he didn't like his aunt. He put it at the back of his mind until business was slack. He took his cap from the table. "Well . . . be moving on." He slid to the door.

"I suppose, Artie —"

"What?"

"You never thought to bring your aunt a little present. Things is terrible bad just now. Work falling off, 'nerv-erything."

He leaned against the open door, and grinned. "The fruits of wrongdoing, old girl? You do surprise me." He became serious. "Next money I ever give you will be to buy the kid proper clothes. See? I know where your money goes. There!" He pointed to the table. "You won't get none from me fer that. So don't think it."

Mrs. Greenspan's eyes went smoky. "Don't you talk to me like that, boy. I know too much about you. You be respectful. Else —"

"Else what?"

She stood erect, dominant and fierce. Then, remembering that she was not dealing with Connie, she deflected.

"Now come on, Artie. Things reely is bad. I know you can spare it. Wicked as you are, and ill gotten as your — If I had enough work I'd die rather than touch yer money. But loaves and fishes don't grow, and —"

"Oh, cut it out. So long! So long, kid!"

He was gone, and so lightly that his feet made no sound on the steps.

(To be continued)

CORPSE

By Louis Kronenberger

MOVEMENT and warmth have trod an end.
Chill flesh alone preserves its mold;
The supine body cannot bend,
The straight arms cannot fold.

But this is not finality:
Times carves as clean as blood or breath;
These hands and shoulders will not be
Immutable in death.

The eyes have been deprived of light;
— Theirs the eventual fate of stone.
The eyelids and the lips are tight;
— They loosen, leaving bone.

This man like transient marble lies
For Time and Nature to adjust:
Like marble that the darkness dries
And fractures into dust.

CONTEMPORARY SOUTHERN POETRY

I: THE AUDIENCE

By DuBose Heyward

IN discussing contemporary regional art, we are confronted by the task of fixing boundaries. This is comparatively simple in New England, which has developed steadily within its recognized geographical lines, and has advanced without interruption out of its traditional past. But in the west, and more especially the south, definitions become more difficult. For artistically the south of today cannot be limited to the former Confederate States of America, the last definite fixation of the sectional boundary.

"Southern", in the current interpretation of the term, means a certain state of mind, an attitude toward life which is the rule, not only in the former Confederacy, but in the border states of Maryland, Tennessee, Kentucky, to a slightly less degree perhaps Arkansas and Oklahoma, and, because of its old Spanish flavor, even New Mexico. Running the line for the purposes of this article, we would commence in the east at Baltimore with Lizette Woodworth Reese, pass far enough north to touch Cale Young Rice at Louisville, then tie the western corner with the colony at Santa Fe.

In the wide area lying to the south of this imaginary line, there is at the present time under way a well defined and regionally self conscious revival in the arts, especially that of poetry. The movement is significant for the large number of writers who are producing technically good and emotionally sincere work. The new order

cannot yet show a Poe, probably not a Lanier, but it has several poets who have done better work than Timrod and Hayne, and a number of distinct promise. It is still young. It is endowed with enthusiasm, vigor, and sincerity; and, at the present time, it is producing more poetry of a high level than has appeared at any similar period in the literary history of the section.

That the southern poetry movement is, as John McClure has suggested, merely an outgrowth of the renewed national activity, which with the characteristic leisureliness of the region has arrived five years late, is not likely. The causes which produced the long postwar (Civil) silence, and then precipitated the awakening, are too evident and convincing.

Those who can still remember Sherman's march, and the period of the reconstruction, know well why the arts languished. Life was a heart breaking struggle for the necessities of its perpetuation. Energy was at a low ebb, and was entirely consumed by the battle for existence. Art is dependent for its creation upon the excess emotional energy of a people. The south had no excess energy to expend. Shortly after the close of the Civil War Henry Timrod, dying of privation and resulting tuberculosis, wrote to Hayne: "I can embody it all in a few words — beggary, starvation, death, bitter grief, utter want of hope."

That was literally the despairing