

1: About Stephen Spender

Journals - has 12 ratings and 3 reviews. Elise said: Researching A Time to Cast Away Stones was an adventure I treasure. I ventured into a litt.

All sense of space. There were four hands, four eyes, A third mouth of the dark to kiss. Two people And a third not either: I entered with myself. I left with a woman. One who Within the element of endless summer, Like leaf in amber, petrified by light, Studied the root of action. One in a garret Read books as though he broke up flints. One, a poet, went babbling like a fountain Through parks. All were jokes to children. All had the pale unshaven stare of shuttered plants Exposed to a too violent sun. For the uncreating chaos descends And claims you in marriage: Whatever happens, I shall never be alone, I shall always have a fare, an affair, or a revolution. Whatever happens, I shall never be alone. I shall always have a boy, a railway fare, or a revolution. Of course, the entire effort is to put myself outside the ordinary range of what are called statistics Of course, the entire effort is to put myself Outside the ordinary range Of what are called statistics. A hundred are killed In the outer suburbs. Well, well, I carry on. The thought is obscene. Still, there are many To whom my death would only be a name, One figure in a column. Then horror is postponed For everyone until it settles on him And drags him to that incommunicable grief Which is all mystery or nothing. All England lies beneath you like a woman With limbs ravished By one glance carrying all these eyes. Men freeze and hunger. No one is given leave On either side, except the dead, and wounded. But the boy lying dead under the olive trees Was too young and too silly To have been notable to their important eye. He was a better target for a kiss. The world maintained its traditional wall Round the dead with their gold sunk deep as a well, Whilst his life, intangible as a Stock Exchange rumour, drifted outside. Consider his life which was valueless In terms of employment, hotel ledgers, news files. One bullet in ten thousand kills a man. Was so much expenditure justified On the death of one so young and so silly Lying under the olive tree, O world, O death? Your heart was loaded with its fate like lead Pressing against the net of flesh: To break out of the chaos of my darkness Into a lucid day is all my will. My words like eyes in night, stare to reach A centre for their light: My single pair of eyes Contain the universe they see; Their mirrored multiplicity Is packed into a hollow body Where I reflect the many, in my one. Here where I lie is the hot pit Crowding on the mind with coal And the will turned against it Only drills new seams of darkness Through the dark-surrounding whole. Our vivid suns of happiness Withered from summer, drop their flowers; Hands of the longed, withheld tomorrow Fold on the hands of yesterday In double sorrow. I wear your kiss like a feather Laid upon my cheek And then the heart in its white sailing pride Launches among the swans and the stretched lights Laid on the water, as on your cheek The other kiss and my listening Life, waiting for all your life to speak. Stones and rubble thrown upwards in a fountain Blasted sideways by the wind. Every sensation except loneliness Was drained out of your mind By the lack of any motionless object the eye could find. You were a child again Who sees for the first time things happen. But somewhere some word presses On the high door of a skull and in some corner Of an irrefragible eye Some old man memory jumps to a child "Spark from the days of energy. And the child hoards it like a bitter toy. Like rootless weeds the torn hair round their paleness. Like rootless weeds, the hair torn around their pallor. Surely, Shakespeare is wicked and the map a bad example With ships and sun and love tempting them to steal "For lives that slyly turn in their cramped holes From fog to endless night? On their slag heap, these children Wear skins peeped through by bones and spectacles of steel With mended glass, like bottle bits on stones. All of their time and space are foggy slum. So blot their maps with slums as big as doom. The public is necessary , but the private must not be abolished by it; and the individual must not be swallowed up by the concept of the social man. I am for neither West nor East, but for myself considered as a self "one of the millions who inhabit the earth If it seems absurd that an individual should set up as a judge between these vast powers, armed with their superhuman instruments of destruction I can reply that the very immensity of the means to destroy proves that judging and being judged does not lie in these forces. For supposing that they achieved their utmost and destroyed our civilization, whoever survived would judge them by a few statements. Thus I could not escape from myself into some social situation of which my existence was a mere product, and

my witnessing a willfully distorting instrument. I had to be myself, choose and not be chosen But to believe that my individual freedom could gain strength from my seeking to identify myself with the "progressive" forces was different from believing that my life must be an instrument of means decided on by political leaders. I came to see that within the struggle for a juster world, there is a further struggle between the individual who cares for long-term values and those who are willing to use any and every means to gain immediate political ends — even good ends. Within even a good social cause, there is a duty to fight for the pre-eminence of individual conscience. The public is necessary, but the private must not be abolished by it; and the individual must not be swallowed up by the concept of the social man. The Struggle of the Modern [edit] The prose method might be described as that where the writer provides a complete description of all those material factors in the environment which condition his characters. The poetic method sees the centre of consciousness as the point where all that is significant in the surrounding world becomes aware and transformed; the prose method requires a description of that world in order to explain the characteristics of the people in it. The hero of the poetic method is Rimbaud; of the prose method, Balzac. Visual artists and composers can disregard critics on the ground that the medium of verbal criticism bears so indirect a relation to the medium in which they make something. Poets are in a different situation. With the development of so-called scientific methods of criticism they are made ever conscious that criticism of poetry is in the same medium of work as the art which they practise. But for the poet there is the danger of disintegration of poetry into paraphrase, examination of technique, influences, all analysed in the language of criticism. The war dramatized for them the contrast between the still-idealistic young, living and dying on the unalteringly horrible stage-set of the Western front, with the complacency of the old at home, the staff officers behind the lines. In England there was violent anti-German feeling; but for the poet-soldiers the men in the trenches on both sides seemed united in pacific feelings and hatred of those at home who had sent them out to kill each other. Both Hopkins and Lawrence were religious not just in the ritualistic sense but in the sense of being obsessed with the word — the word made life and truth — with the need to invent a language as direct as religious utterance. Both were poets, but outside the literary fashions of their time. Both felt that among the poets of their time was an absorption in literary manners, fashions and techniques which separated the line of the writing from that of religious truth. Both felt that the modern situation imposed on them the necessity to express truth by means of a different kind of poetic writing from that used in past or present. Both found themselves driven into writing in a way which their contemporaries did not understand or respond to yet was inevitable to each in his pursuit of truth. Here of course there is a difference between Hopkins and Lawrence, because Hopkins in his art was perhaps over-worried, over-conscientious, whereas Lawrence was an instinctive poet who, in his concern for truth, understood little of the problems of poetic form, although he held strong views about them. Published in Journals , by Stephen Spender. Few poets have been more savagely reviewed. And none has nurtured a greater sense of inadequacy. This is the man who, having dismissed John Lehmann as a potential lover because he was a "failed version of myself", adds: John Sutherland in "A talent for friendship": The Authorised Biography in The Guardian 8 May In , Spender was renowned as a figure from the past — a poet of the nineteen-thirties — and his work was deeply out of fashion Most of us had been told in school that of all the thirties poets Spender was the one whose reputation had been most inflated. He was the one who had believed the slogans — "Oh young men oh young comrades" — and, after the war, the one who had recanted most shamefacedly. He was the fairest of fair game

2: Chicago Tribune - We are currently unavailable in your region

*Journals, [Stephen Spender] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. Drawn from the journals kept intermittently by the poet throughout his life, this volume is a chronicle of a revolutionary literary period.*

It is not that this perennial Englishman of letters strips himself naked. He is, he insists, "impelled not to be totally candid. Then, something happened; it is hard to say what. Perhaps, as with others of his countrymen, it took at least a decade for Spender to unburden himself with anyone or anything. In any case, his "Journals" were his companion for nearly 45 years until, like the proverbial worn tweeds, they became more like himself than he was. The "minor poet" reflection reveals a great deal. After charter membership in what he calls "The Thirties Racket" began to pall--one wrote proletarian poems with Oxford diction, was passionate about other young men, and did not get killed, if possible, fighting in Spain--Spender was marooned in a sense of literary inadequacy. The Parnassus has come to seem shorter itself, for that matter. All his life he kept hoping. At 70, he records a scheme to write four really important poems. As for the lady-in-waiting quote, it is also revealing. Spender, essentially a shore bird, kept making light tracks to wherever the wave was breaking. That is the unkind version, if you like. He explored himself and his times for nearly half a century with wit, sensitivity, malice and an oddly open heart and eye. By the end, he is perfectly willing to quote a Seattle airline attendant who remarks: Arguing with a friend as to whether the protagonist in T. The Great Man replied in high Eliotese that "he did not think it important to know. He writes about walking past the Payne-Whitney clinic in New York and seeing "a woebegone man with a look on his face which combined suffering with gentleness and sympathy, sitting on a trash can at the edge of the sidewalk. There is a piquant encounter with Louis Aragon, a fellow-guest at the Rothschild estate at Mouton. Aragon, one of the last cultural figures reliably available to the French Communist Party, confided that he really detested the Communists because they were liars. At another lunch, Spender asked Jacqueline Onassis what she considered her major achievement; an intrusive question that elicited a modestly eloquent reply: I am proud of that. There was a bond, but a good deal of prickliness, as well. Visiting him in Italy, Spender asked for lire in exchange for a pound note so he could buy cigarettes. Auden consulted the pound exchange rate in the paper, and announced triumphantly that it had gone down in his favor. The meanness stunned and infected. Spender ended up ahead, of course. To support his family, he spent years crisscrossing the United States, giving lectures and poetry courses. It was, to some extent, a matter of "Have Auden Will Travel. It could be painful as well as remunerative, but he seems to have been a perceptive and conscientious teacher. He grew warily fond of the United States but he could be caustic. Hearing a Bible Belt radio discussion about the kind of government Christ would run if he were President, Spender remarks that "it sounded extraordinarily like the present American administration.

3: Stephen Spender - Wikiquote

Given this background, it is not surprising that the prevailing tone of much of Spender's Journals, is one of self-reproach for not having devoted complete energy to the writing of.

On the death of his mother he was transferred to University College School Hampstead , which he later described as "that gentlest of schools. Spender said at various times throughout his life that he never passed an exam, ever. Perhaps his closest friend and the man who had the biggest influence on him was W. Auden , who introduced him to Christopher Isherwood. The earliest version of Poems written by Auden was hand-printed by Spender. He left Oxford without taking a degree and in he moved to Hamburg. Isherwood invited him to come to Berlin. Every six months Spender went back to England. Career[edit] Stephen Spender Spender began work on a novel in , which was not published until , under the title *The Temple*. Spender says in his introduction: In the late Twenties young English writers were more concerned with censorship than with politics For many of my friends and for myself, Germany seemed a paradise where there was no censorship and young Germans enjoyed extraordinary freedom in their lives Living in Vienna his convictions found further expression in *Forward from Liberalism* and in *Vienna* , a long poem in praise of the uprising of Austrian socialists , and in *Trial of a Judge* [5] , an anti-Fascist drama in verse. In he became a member of the Communist Party of Great Britain. In , during the Spanish civil war , the *Daily Worker* sent him to Spain. His mission was to observe and report on the Soviet ship *Komsomol*, which had sunk while carrying Soviet weapons to the Second Spanish Republic. Spender travelled to Tangier and tried to enter the country via Cadiz , but he was sent back. Spender was imprisoned for a while in Albacete. Because of medical problems he went back to England and bought a house in Lavenham. In he divorced. In he joined as a volunteer the fire brigade of Cricklewood and Maresfield Gardens. Spender met several times with the poet Edwin Muir. A member of the political left wing during this early period, he was one of those who wrote of their disillusionment with communism in the essay collection *The God that Failed* , along with Arthur Koestler and others. Auden , Christopher Isherwood , and several other outspoken opponents of fascism in the s, Spender did not see active military service in World War II. He was initially graded "C" upon examination due to his earlier colitis , poor eyesight, varicose veins , and the long-term effects of a tapeworm in However, he contrived by pulling strings to be re-examined and was upgraded to "B" which meant that he could serve in the London Auxiliary Fire Service. He was editor of *Encounter* magazine from to , but resigned after it emerged that the Congress for Cultural Freedom , which published the magazine, was being covertly funded by the CIA. Spender taught at various American institutions, accepting the Elliston Chair of Poetry [13] at the University of Cincinnati in In he became professor of rhetoric at Gresham College , London. You are men who in your "lives fought for life In a letter to Christopher Isherwood in September he said: This marriage broke down in This marriage lasted until his death. Their daughter Lizzie is married to the Australian actor and comedian Barry Humphries , and their son Matthew Spender is married to the daughter of the Armenian artist Arshile Gorky. Spender had many affairs with men in his earlier years, most notably with Tony Hyndman who is called "Jimmy Younger" in his memoir *World Within World*. Following his affair with Muriel Gardiner he shifted his focus to heterosexuality , [11] though his relationship with Hyndman complicated both this relationship and his short-lived marriage to Inez Pearn " His marriage to Natasha Litvin in seems to have marked the end of his romantic relationships with men, although not the end of all homosexual activity, as his unexpurgated diaries reveal. The following line was revised in a republished edition: I shall always have a boy, a railway fare, or a revolution. I shall always have an affair, a railway fare, or a revolution. The case was settled out of court with Leavitt removing certain portions from his text. On 16 July , Spender died of a heart attack in Westminster , London, aged

4: Stephen Spender (Author of *The Temple*)

Note: Citations are based on reference standards. However, formatting rules can vary widely between applications and fields of interest or study. The specific requirements or preferences of your reviewing publisher, classroom teacher,

institution or organization should be applied.

5: Richard Eder : Journals: by Stephen Spender (Random House: \$; pp.) - latimes

Journals by Stephen Spender, John Goldsmith. Oxford University Press. Paperback. GOOD. Spine creases, wear to binding and pages from reading. May contain limited notes, underlining or highlighting that does affect the text.

6: Journals Critical Essays - www.enganchecubano.com

*Journals [Stephen Spender, John Goldsmith] on www.enganchecubano.com *FREE* shipping on qualifying offers. A central figure in the political and cultural life of our time for over fifty years, Sir Stephen Spender has witnessed and participated in some of this century's most significant events and has known many of its most interesting and gifted individuals.*

7: Book sale: Stephen Spender - Journals - online (PDF) for free

Journals, by Stephen Spender. Random House. Hardcover. GOOD. Spine creases, wear to binding and pages from reading. May contain limited notes, underlining or highlighting that does affect the text.

8: - Journals, by Stephen Spender

Journals: - 1st Edition/1st Printing Stephen Spender, John Goldsmith A special Limited edition first edition/first printing preceding the trade edition in unread Fine condition, SIGNED by poet and essayist Stephen Spender.

9: Franklin Library For Sale - Columbia Books Inc.

Richard Eder: Journals: by Stephen Spender (Random House: \$; pp.) January 19, | RICHARD EDER To be a minor poet, Stephen Spender reflects in his "Journals," is to be like minor royalty.

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