

CHAPTER I

Introduction

I

'But all this beauty is exactly what does not exist', says the creature in Kafka's 'Der Bau', 'and I must get to work'.¹ The creature has been speculating about the form his burrow could have taken, the happiness he could have had, and now he resolves to work on the burrow again, to implement another plan and so attempt another form of happiness. The creature's resolution pivots from a contrast between the world he can imagine and the world as it is, to a contrast between the world as it is and the world he can make. Probably he cannot make a burrow as beautiful as the burrow he can imagine, though they both oppose the state of things, and possibly such beauty is only ever what does not exist. Possibly the thought of such beauty is oppressive. At the beginning of the story the creature had seemed pleased: 'I have established my burrow, and it seems to be a success.'² But that beauty exceeds this success, and he must get to work.

Imagine the creature's resolution as a motto for the great labours of modernity, aesthetic and political, from modernism to socialism: the tremendous effort to get to work because of what exists. Kafka's creature must work precisely with what exists, including the burrow he has made for himself, and the burden of that work is part of what makes the present world ugly and unhappy. But the burrow he creates and recreates, a work in perpetual progress, is a refuge from the world which proves no refuge at all. It offers an allegory for the isolations and anxieties of modern life, and for a labour of thinking which can never rest, which incessantly dissatisfies. The burrow seems an allegory for Kafka's story too, and more broadly for the work of art: a part of the world which promises a refuge from that

¹ Franz Kafka, *Kafka's Selected Stories*, trans. and ed. Stanley Corngold (New York: W. W. Norton, 2007), p. 180.

² Kafka, *Kafka's Selected Stories*, p. 162.

world. The creature's resolution is a model for the projects of modernity in this, that with a simple enigmatic conjunction ('and') it holds together art and the world, imagination and work. These oppositions do not coincide, for art means both imagination and work, and so does the world which art opposes. The friction between the oppositions generates the energy, the compulsion, the 'must'. Even art fails the beauty which does not exist, or not yet.

It seems to me that modernism could not but resolve to redeem or transform a new world of ugliness, suffering, and injustice, and at the same time reflect on its failure or its inability to do so. In 1929, looking back on the renaissance which had promised so much, and having helped to edit the *Little Review* for more than a decade, Jane Heap remarked that the 'actual situation of art today is not a very important or adult concern'.³ 'Art is not the highest aim of man', she says; 'it is interesting only as a pronounced symptom of an ailing and aimless society'. Heap speaks without melodrama of 'the passing of the arts'; the transformations required today are just 'too big a job for art'. Others believed that those very transformations would eliminate the need for art. If modernist aesthetics were the symptom of a 'historically unstable form of society and an undecided epoch, in which drastically variable futures were lived as immediately possible – among them, saliently but not exclusively, socialist revolution'⁴ – then the advent of one or more of those futures promised not just the passing of modernism, but the passing of the aesthetic. Were life 'ever to be ordered within the perfect state', Nietzsche prophesied, 'there would no longer exist in the present any motive whatever for poetry and fiction'.⁵

This book is about modernism as the art of an imperfect or fallen world, and modernity as a world in which art is imperfect or fallen. Most of all, this book is about poetry. I want to argue that modernist poetry responds to these dilemmas with power and insight when it understands itself as a fallen art in a fallen world. The poems I read here bring their complicity to self-consciousness; they present their complicity and implicate poetry as such. They do so by confessing their participation in some other compromised category, as for instance when *The Waste Land* (1922) represents the ruin of civilisation and represents itself as a product of civilisation, or when *Anglo-Mongrels and the Rose* (1923, 1925) represents learning language as

³ Jane Heap, 'Lost: A Renaissance', *Little Review* 12.2 (May 1929): 5–6 (p. 6).

⁴ Perry Anderson, *A Zone of Engagement* (London: Verso, 1992), p. 53.

⁵ Friedrich Nietzsche, *Human, All Too Human*, trans. R. J. Hollingdale (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1996), p. 112.

a fall into the semiotic, and so damns itself for using language. More importantly, these poems do so by implicating in that world of ugliness, suffering, and injustice precisely what distinguishes them from short stories, philosophical treatises, political speeches, and casual conversations: the verbal devices, cultural expectations, and aesthetic values which make them poetry. For these poems, whatever hope, happiness, or consolation poetry offers, poetry is also and as a consequence wretched, unhappy, and unconsoling.

Yet Matthew Arnold hoped that poetry could save us,⁶ and more recent theorists sometimes call poetry ‘a form of utopia’, since poetry ‘invents within language new ways of being with oneself, others, and the world’.⁷ Whether in the poems of today or of the past, some critics find a poetics ‘capable of birthing a new, and newly redemptive, culture’.⁸ Poetry’s ‘complex testing operations’ represent ‘an anxious utopianism’,⁹ or a particular poetic movement, such as Objectivism, is driven by an ‘aesthetic-political utopian impulse’.¹⁰ If this is true for the poems I discuss, it is only because they know they cannot redeem themselves and cannot redeem the world. Their promise is negative. Writing in the *Dial* in 1920, Maxwell Bodenheim called the poet ‘brilliantly futile’, even as she makes a ‘daring attempt to show men the potentialities which forever slumber within them’.¹¹ Bodenheim’s ‘forever’ forecloses utopia; his ‘futile’ makes it possible. Although art ‘is compelled toward absolute negativity’, compelled to oppose the fallen world, ‘it is precisely by virtue of this negativity that it is not absolutely negative’.¹² But it must be unremittingly negative, even towards itself, and even the poems I have chosen probably fail that imperative. I do not therefore make the sociological argument that, despite appearances, poetry serves capital or power or the existing state of things. Art is social, says Adorno, it participates in the social world,

⁶ Matthew Arnold, *The Complete Prose Works of Matthew Arnold*, ed. R. H. Super, 11 vols (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1960–1977), 9.63.

⁷ Gabriella Bedetti and Henri Meschonnic, ‘Interview: Henri Meschonnic’, *Diacritics* 18.3 (Autumn 1988): 93–111 (p. 106).

⁸ Julie Carr, *Surface Tension: Ruptural Time and the Poetics of Desire in Late Victorian Poetry* (Champaign: Dalkey Archive, 2013), p. 26.

⁹ Joel Nickels, *The Poetry of the Possible: Spontaneity, Modernism, and the Multitude* (Minneapolis: University of Minnesota Press, 2012), p. 19.

¹⁰ Ruth Jennison, *The Zukofsky Era: Modernity, Margins, and the Avant-Garde* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 2012), p. 90.

¹¹ Maxwell Bodenheim, ‘Modern Poetry’, *Dial* 68.1 (January 1920): 95–8 (p. 96).

¹² Theodor W. Adorno, *Aesthetic Theory*, ed. Gretel Adorno, Rolf Tiedemann, and Robert Hullot-Kentor, trans. Robert Hullot-Kentor (London: Continuum, 2004), p. 305.

not only because of its mode of production, in which the dialectic of the forces and relations of production is concentrated, nor simply because of the social derivation of its thematic material. Much more importantly, art becomes social by its opposition to society, and it occupies this position only as autonomous art.¹³

The autonomy is complicit. Modernist works engage with their social world through ‘forms of relative autonomy’, contingent upon and compromised by their historical situation.¹⁴ ‘The detached observer is as much entangled as the active participant’, and ‘the only advantage of the former is insight into his entanglement’.¹⁵

So certain modernist poems bring their complicity to self-consciousness, and they do so by implicating poetry in the ‘fallen society’ of modernity,¹⁶ ‘the fallen world of the here and now’.¹⁷ The features which, for these poems, distinguish the art of poetry, and on which my readings focus, are sometimes technical and sometimes conceptual. They range from lineation to the desire for every element or aspect of a poem to be necessary and significant. But no criterion for poetry is secure or binding, and in the first decades of the twentieth century, every criterion was contested. ‘If we speak of a work like the *Orlando Furioso* as a poem’, reasoned Richard Aldington in 1920, ‘can we deny that praise to a work like *Du Côté de Chez Swann*, which contains beauties, perceptions, and thoughts of which Ariosto was incapable?’¹⁸ Metre and rhyme may define verse, or may have defined it once upon a time, but they do not define poetry. Technical distinctions thus seem to yield to conceptual identities. ‘Even if you make poetry a matter of verbal harmony’, Aldington continues, ‘there are in M. Proust’s book finer cadences, more lovely conjunctions of sound, more original rhythms’.¹⁹ And yet Aldington derives even these criteria from works categorised by other criteria. He cannot call *Du Côté de Chez Swann* (1913) a poem without thinking of *Orlando Furioso*.

Many other modernists sought to define the matter of poetry, and the way that poetry matters or no longer matters, and they did so in many

¹³ Adorno, *Aesthetic Theory*, p. 296.

¹⁴ Andrew Goldstone, *Fictions of Autonomy: Modernism from Wilde to de Man* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2013), p. 2.

¹⁵ Theodor W. Adorno, *Minima Moralia: Reflections from Damaged Life*, trans. E. F. N. Jephcott (London: Verso, 2005), p. 26.

¹⁶ Fredric Jameson, *A Singular Modernity* (London: Verso, 2012), p. 178.

¹⁷ Fredric Jameson, *Archaeologies of the Future: The Desire Called Utopia and Other Science Fictions* (London: Verso, 2007), p. 23.

¹⁸ Richard Aldington, ‘The Art of Poetry’, *Dial* 69.2 (August 1920): 166–80 (p. 167).

¹⁹ Aldington, ‘The Art of Poetry’, pp. 167–8.

other ways. The problem remained a source of fascination, a spur to experiment, and the cause of some anxiety; I shall return to it repeatedly. The situation of poetry, for modernism, was one of acute crisis. ‘Modern civilization seems to demand that the poet should justify himself not only by writing poems’, observe Laura Riding and Robert Graves, ‘but furthermore by proving with each poem the contemporary legitimacy of poetry itself.’²⁰ This tension between the instance and the idea, between poems and poetry, is crucial. It means that, as Peter Nicholls puts it, ‘the exemplary modernist poem deliberately invites the question “Is it poetry?”’²¹ Each work had to earn the name of *poetry* anew, as classification or evaluation. Descending to the particular, it could try to do so by employing techniques of versification. Ascending to the universal, it could try to do so by epitomising the concept of art. Yet neither those techniques nor that concept are eternal laws; they are the measures of a historical moment. In modernism, poetry opposes a necessary other at every level: prose, narrative, the novel, the world. It opposes science, religion, and capitalism. It opposes mechanical reproduction: ‘A prose kinema, not [. . .] the “sculpture” of rhyme’, writes Ezra Pound in 1920,²² before criticising a passage in the drafts of *The Waste Land* as mere ‘photography’.²³ Given this situation, poetry vanishes in a cloudy abstraction or crumbles into that contingent set of verbal devices, cultural expectations, and aesthetic values. At every level, poetry is a refuge which proves no refuge. My argument is that modernist poetry engages powerfully with the fallen world when it reflects on its peculiar falls or failings, and so this book attends to some of those distinguishing features.

II

The labours of modernity are not separate. Both the notion that poetry is a form of utopia and the notion that poetry is complicit in an imperfect

²⁰ Laura Riding and Robert Graves, *A Survey of Modernist Poetry* (London: William Heinemann, 1927), p. 260.

²¹ Peter Nicholls, ‘The Poetics of Modernism’, in Alex Davis and Lee M. Jenkins, eds, *The Cambridge Companion to Modernist Poetry* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2007), pp. 51–67 (p. 52).

²² Ezra Pound, *Hugh Selwyn Mauberley* (1920), in *Personae: The Shorter Poems of Ezra Pound*, ed. Lea Baechler and A. Walton Litz (New York: New Directions, 1990), pp. 183–202 (p. 186).

²³ T. S. Eliot, *The Waste Land: A Facsimile and Transcript of the Original Drafts*, ed. Valerie Eliot, rev. edn (London: Faber and Faber, 2010), pp. 10–11. Hereafter abbreviated as *F*. For discussion of modernist poetry’s productive antagonisms with film, photography, and other technological media, see Susan McCabe, *Cinematic Modernism: Modernist Poetry and Film* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005); and Julian Murphet, *Multimedia Modernism: Literature and the Anglo-American Avant-Garde* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2009).

world involve aesthetic work in politics. In the first decades of the twentieth century, political work involved aesthetics, too, and it involved poetry in particular. This, like the crisis concerning the nature of the art, characterised its situation. To a surprising degree, social criticism and political comment turned to poetry in order to understand fallen modernity. So as to appreciate what is at stake when, in 1922 or 1925, a poem implicates poetry in the present state of things, I want to spend some time working through these contemporary arguments. For socialists and conservatives alike, whether in London or in New York, the problem was to decide whether poetry only imagines a beauty which can never exist, or instead makes a beauty which has not yet existed.

When A. R. Orage and Holbrook Jackson relaunched the *New Age* on 2 May 1907, the magazine appeared under a new subtitle: 'An Independent Socialist Review of Politics, Literature, and Art'. The first editorial then set out the magazine's guiding concept of socialism. Just as 'Religion is the will of the individual towards self-perfection', the editors declare, so socialism is 'no less than the will of Society to perfect itself'.²⁴ Orage and Jackson thus invert Oscar Wilde's claim, in 'The Soul of Man under Socialism' (1891), that socialism works towards the perfection of the individual.²⁵ (In that same first issue, Jackson calls for a cheap reissue of Wilde's 'important essay' as 'a matter of urgency'.²⁶) But like Wilde, the editors of the *New Age* develop their argument by comparing socialism to religion. In order to span politics, literature, and art, the editorial paints its programme in the broadest of brush-strokes. The new magazine did address specific political and economic issues. Its very first pages treat the purpose and the fate of the British Empire, then being debated at the Colonial Conference in London; the budget recently delivered by Asquith, Chancellor of the Exchequer; and major reforms to the British Army about to be passed through Parliament. In each case, the magazine offers direct judgements and specific recommendations. 'The Socialist objection to the army is that it is a class army', and the only remedy is 'to make the army national and democratic and transfer its control from a class to the whole people'.²⁷ But the socialism of the *New Age* always had one eye on the stars: a beauty beyond shadowed the work being done today.

²⁴ Anonymous, 'The Future of the "New Age"', *New Age* 1.1 (2 May 1907): 8.

²⁵ Oscar Wilde, 'The Soul of Man under Socialism', *Fortnightly Review* 49.340 (February 1891): 292–319.

²⁶ Holbrook Jackson, 'Book Notes', *New Age* 1.1 (2 May 1907): 13.

²⁷ Anonymous, 'The Outlook', *New Age* 1.1 (2 May 1907): 1–2 (p. 2).

Over the next fifteen years, the *New Age* featured prominent articles and regular columns by Orage, Florence Farr, G. K. Chesterton, Ramiro de Maeztu, T. E. Hulme, Hilaire Belloc, and Edwin Muir.²⁸ H. G. Wells and Bernard Shaw argued vigorously against private property. Katherine Mansfield and Wyndham Lewis published short stories, F. S. Flint published poems and reviewed others' poetry, and Pound reviewed art and music, provided countless articles on sundry other topics, and published his own poetry too. The magazine quickly found a new subtitle, becoming simply 'A Weekly Review of Politics, Literature, and Art'. Many of its contributors set about analysing the failures of modern Britain and, more broadly, of modernity, and Orage gave space to conflicting opinions and approaches. But balancing the emphasis on modern life was a sense that life's imperfection was older or more permanent. On 3 October 1907, in the first instalment of a series entitled 'Towards Socialism', Orage wrote that

Most great men have had to build for themselves an imaginary heaven in the skies as a retreat from the condition of men on earth. All the angels and isles of Avilion conceived by poets and philosophers are no more than a tragic testimony to the inadequacy of earth. The worse earth the better heaven must be imagined!²⁹

Tennyson has King Arthur depart for 'the island-valley of Avilion',³⁰ and the long history of such dreams of the otherworld implies that our earthly condition is fixed, but in fact Orage heralds an imminent and drastic change. Where poets had failed, socialists could succeed: 'at last, our great men are venturing to fix their heaven upon earth. We desire, said one of them recently, that the heaven which men expect after their death shall be attained on earth during their life.'³¹ Like Heap, Orage subordinates art to social transformation, but he lacks her disillusionment. The urgent task was twofold. It was crucial to imagine the perfection towards which society should aim, and it was crucial to imagine that perfection is possible. It was as if to say, 'all this beauty is exactly what does not exist, and we

²⁸ For recent accounts of Orage's time as editor, see Ann L. Ardis, 'Democracy and Modernism: *The New Age* under A. R. Orage (1907–22)', in Peter Brooker and Andrew Thacker, eds, *The Oxford Critical and Cultural History of Modernist Magazines, Volume 1: Britain and Ireland 1880–1955* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2009), pp. 205–225; and Paul Jackson, *Great War Modernisms and The New Age Magazine* (London: Continuum, 2012).

²⁹ A. R. Orage, 'Towards Socialism', *New Age* 1.23 (3 October 1907): 361–2 (p. 361).

³⁰ Alfred Tennyson, 'Morte d'Arthur' (1842), line 259, in *The Poems of Tennyson*, ed. Christopher Ricks, 2nd edn, 3 vols (Harlow: Longman, 1987), 2.3–19 (p. 18).

³¹ Orage, 'Towards Socialism', p. 361.

must get to work to bring it into existence'. 'We must kill the force in us that says we cannot become all that we desire', Farr counselled in the same issue, 'for that force is our evil star which turns all opportunity into grotesque failure'.³²

Across the Atlantic, social and cultural critics in New York made comparable arguments. Take, for example, the magazine *Seven Arts*, founded in 1916 by James Oppenheim.³³ *Seven Arts* published work by D. H. Lawrence, Sherwood Anderson, Amy Lowell, and Alfred Kreymborg, and though Pound criticised the magazine's compromise with popular taste, he did offer Oppenheim the manuscript of Ernest Fenollosa's essay on 'The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry' (1919).³⁴ Perhaps the essay seemed, as Pound suspected it would, too 'exotic', for it was declined. Oppenheim's attention was turned to more immediate matters, for in the July 1917 editorial he announces 'the coming of a new heaven and a new Earth'.³⁵ The good news of this redemption had been 'heard in France during the Terror', had been 'heard by such different spirits as Karl Marx and Nietzsche', and had most recently resounded in revolutionary Russia: 'we see Russia now as that hopeful chaos, that confusion of the nebula, out of which a new world shapes itself'. The February Revolution had erupted but four months earlier, and the October Revolution would soon follow. That April, caught by the fervour of epochal change and hailing Jefferson, Lincoln, and Whitman as America's 'national poets', Oppenheim demands a twentieth-century successor, someone to lead the United States towards its heaven on earth: 'A new poet must appear among us.'³⁶

So whereas Orage envisions socialism superseding poetry, Oppenheim's grandiloquence conflates the two. Max Eastman took a third approach during his tenure as editor of the socialist magazine the *Masses*, choosing to juxtapose poetry with politics as parts of a common project. Just as at the *New Age*, Eastman and his contributors 'addressed a variety of issues' beyond the strictly political and economic: 'suffragism, free love, birth

³² Florence Farr, 'Our Evil Stars', *New Age* 1.23 (3 October 1907): 358–9 (p. 358).

³³ For a good, summary account of *Seven Arts*, see Victoria Kingham, "'Audacious Modernity": *The Seven Arts* (1916–17); *The Soil* (1916–17); and *The Trend* (1911–15)', in Peter Brooker and Andrew Thacker, eds, *The Oxford Critical and Cultural History of Modernist Magazines, Volume II: North America 1894–1960* (Oxford: Oxford University Press, 2012), pp. 398–419.

³⁴ Ezra Pound, letter to John Quinn, 10 January 1917, in Ezra Pound, *The Selected Letters of Ezra Pound to John Quinn, 1915–1924*, ed. Timothy Materer (Durham: Duke University Press, 1991), p. 93.

³⁵ James Oppenheim, 'Editorial', *Seven Arts* 2.3 (July 1917): 340–43 (p. 342).

³⁶ James Oppenheim, 'Editorials', *Seven Arts* 1.6 (April 1917): 627–30 (pp. 629, 630).

control, religion, race relations'.³⁷ In a 1913 essay, having distinguished between genuine revolution and mere reformism, 'between the party of the people and the parties of the people's money', Eastman pauses to consider the state of contemporary poetry.³⁸ He scorns 'the connotations and the music of ancient phrases' and instead urges poets to 'go down to the street, and out into the fields and quarries and among the sips [sops?] and chimneys, the smoke and glory of living reality'. Other issues of the *Masses* featured Eastman's own poems, including a ballad for Wat Tyler,³⁹ and in his 1913 critical study, *Enjoyment of Poetry*, Eastman proclaims the poet a 'restorer' and a 'prophet'.⁴⁰ 'All creeds and theories serve' the poet, he writes, for the poet imparts to us 'the spirit of bounteous living'. But Eastman never argues that the poetry of fields and quarries will deliver revolution; instead he makes poetry one aspect of a broader social and cultural project. In a similar vein, many contributors to the *Masses* aligned socialism with religion or framed socialism in religious terms. The May 1912 issue featured essays on Christian charity by Will Irwin and on the temptation of Jesus by Charles P. Fagnani, professor at Union Theological Seminary. Moses is 'the class-conscious hero of the Hebrews', Fagnani writes, and Christ 'the supreme class-conscious hero of humanity': 'Without class-consciousness we cannot be saved.'⁴¹ So, too, in January that year the magazine's founder, Piet Vlag, attacked the American Federation of Labor for compromising with capital. Mere 'individualists', its members have 'no dream of a better world'.⁴² Their 'heaven is a fair day's work for a fair day's pay *for themselves*', Vlag protested, not a new earth for and through the collective. 'What is Socialism?' asked Frank Stuhlman in October 1911: 'Socialism is Salvation!'⁴³

Such conjunctions of politics, religion, and art were more than passing rhetorical ploys. At the *New Age*, Orage 'promoted the need for a cultural revolution to sit alongside revolutionary political change',⁴⁴ and in general British socialism tended 'to evoke the socialist future not through conventional political declarations or detailed policy formulations but through

³⁷ Benoît Tadié, 'The Masses Speak: *The Masses* (1911–17); *The Liberator* (1918–24); *New Masses* (1926–48); and *Masses & Mainstream* (1948–63)', in Brooker and Thacker, eds, *The Oxford Critical and Cultural History of Modernist Magazines, Volume II*, pp. 831–56 (p. 836).

³⁸ Max Eastman, 'Knowledge and Revolution', *Masses* 4.4 (January 1913): 5–7 (p. 6).

³⁹ Max Eastman, 'To Wat Tyler – A Ballad', *Masses* 8.2 (December 1915): 18.

⁴⁰ Max Eastman, *Enjoyment of Poetry* (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons, 1913), p. 198.

⁴¹ Charles P. Fagnani, 'The Temptation of Jesus', *Masses* 3.5 (May 1912): 10.

⁴² [Piet Vlag], 'Brains or Bombs?', *Masses* 3.1 (January 1912): 5–7 (p. 5).

⁴³ [Horatio Winslow and Frank Stuhlman], 'What Is Socialism?', *Masses* 1.10 (October 1911): 15.

⁴⁴ Jackson, *Great War Modernisms*, p. 25.

aesthetics, myth, Christian symbolism and idioms, metaphor and other forms of literary embellishment, dreams and various kinds of utopian imagining'.⁴⁵ Many radical and progressive American writers did so, too. But these analogies and tropes introduce conceptual complications. Christianity teaches that salvation is impossible without God's grace, however much an individual may will it, and for some writers socialism was similarly limited by our earthly condition. 'We know that individual interests and raw temperaments will always clash', Eastman warns in October 1916.⁴⁶ To believe 'that anything remotely approaching a Brotherhood of Man', he then continues, 'can be engendered in a race with our hereditary nature, is as utopian a dream as it is unexciting'. In the November 1907 issue of the *New Age* Cecil Chesterton remarks that the abolition of class would be 'as near an approach to justice as we are likely to get in this imperfect world'.⁴⁷ But for Orage such arguments betray an entrenched conservatism, the conviction that things 'will never improve, and there is no salvation'.⁴⁸ Instead, true socialism aims at nothing less than 'the re-creation of Eden'. Seizing on this second way, Orage rises to a Pelagian proclamation: 'Men must redeem themselves, and they must redeem the world.' And yet in time Orage's convictions changed. In October 1918, more than a decade after calling for a new Eden and a few weeks before the armistice, he laments the decline of the religious spirit, since religion is 'the study and practice of perfection', but rather than heralding perfection as an imminent future, Orage now calls it an 'impossible and infinite aim'.⁴⁹ Women and men must work to redeem themselves, knowing that they never will.

In this way, though these magazines' various contributors analysed poverty, labour, class, and gender, they often addressed what Jackson called 'the more remote and philosophic aspects of Socialism'.⁵⁰ Hulme was no socialist, but it was in the *New Age* that he elaborated his opposition of romanticism and classicism, recasting Orage's early distinction between socialism and conservatism. Classicism, Hulme explains in October 1915, means

the conviction that a man is by nature bad or limited, and can consequently only accomplish anything of value by disciplines, ethical, heroic or political. In other words, it believes in Original Sin. We may define Romantics, then,

⁴⁵ Thomas Linehan, *Modernism and British Socialism* (Basingstoke: Palgrave Macmillan, 2012), p. 4.

⁴⁶ Max Eastman, 'Towards Liberty. III. The Aim of Agitation', *Masses* 8.12 (October 1916): 23–5 (p. 23).

⁴⁷ Cecil Chesterton, 'The Problem of Equality', *New Age* 2.4 (21 November 1907): 69.

⁴⁸ Orage, 'Towards Socialism', p. 361.

⁴⁹ R. H. C. [A. R. Orage], 'Readers and Writers', *New Age* 23.27 (31 October 1918): 429–30 (p. 429).

⁵⁰ Jackson, 'Book Notes', p. 13.

as all those who do not believe in the Fall of Man. I believe this to be the most fundamental division that can possibly be made in the region of thinking about society.⁵¹

Two months later, Orage countered that, though an insistence on original sin may be necessary, the ‘complementary doctrine of the Redemption’ was ‘equally in need of affirmation’.⁵² Hulme believed humanity to be ‘radically imperfect’,⁵³ while Orage urged that ‘there are no base instincts, no evil tendencies’.⁵⁴

On the one hand, such arguments obscure pressing problems of political economy with an old theological conundrum, with appeals to an unchanging human nature. On the other hand, the recovery of old theological, mythological, and philosophical solutions was itself a symptom of the moment. These debates emerged out of well-established nineteenth-century controversies. Nietzsche, for instance, had chastised the ‘paradisiac prospect’ envisioned by socialism, its demand for the rights of ‘Man in his original goodness’.⁵⁵ But the unprecedented catastrophe of the Great War gave these debates new urgency, as did the revolution in Russia. In February 1916 Hulme argued that pacifists foolishly rely on the goodness of human nature, confident that progress will of its own accord deliver a harmonious society. War is necessary, Hulme counters, not because it will achieve some ‘great *liberation* of mankind’, but ‘merely in order that bad may not get worse’.⁵⁶ Hulme calls this a ‘quite *abstract* matter’, but the problem of the condition of women and men on earth was inseparable from the problems of contemporary society. The war gave the theory its concrete occasion, making its abstractions possible and valuable. The same

⁵¹ T. E. Hulme, ‘The Translator’s Preface to Sorel’s “Reflections on Violence”’, *New Age* 17.24 (14 October 1915): 569–70 (p. 570). For the later version that appeared with Hulme’s translation of Sorel, slightly altered and with additional footnotes, see *The Collected Writings of T. E. Hulme*, ed. Karen Csengeri (Oxford: Clarendon, 1994), pp. 246–52 (p. 250). For further discussion of Hulme’s theory of original sin, see C. D. Blanton, ‘The Politics of Epochality: Antinomies of Original Sin’, in Edward P. Comentale and Andrzej Gasiorek, eds, *T. E. Hulme and the Question of Modernism* (Aldershot: Ashgate, 2006), pp. 187–208.

⁵² R. H. C. [A. R. Orage], ‘Readers and Writers’, *New Age* 18.8 (23 December 1915): 181–2 (p. 181). Ardis notes that some of the contributions signed ‘R. H. C.’ may not be by Orage (‘Democracy and Modernism’, p. 209, n. 12), but though this piece was not included in Orage’s later collection of articles from the column, *Readers and Writers* (1922), the insistence on redemption seems characteristic of him.

⁵³ T. E. Hulme, ‘A Notebook’, *New Age* 18.13 (27 January 1916): 305–7 (p. 305); Hulme, *The Collected Writings*, p. 444.

⁵⁴ A. R. Orage, ‘Towards Socialism. II’, *New Age* 1.24 (10 October 1907): 375.

⁵⁵ Friedrich Nietzsche, *The Birth of Tragedy and Other Writings*, ed. Raymond Geuss and Ronald Speirs, trans. Ronald Speirs (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1999), p. 91.

⁵⁶ North Staffs [T. E. Hulme], ‘War Notes’, *New Age* 18.15 (10 February 1916): 341–2 (p. 341); Hulme, *The Collected Writings*, p. 397.

logic allowed Hulme to herald the return to an austere and geometric aesthetic, proposing an art conscious of human limitation as the art of the new century,⁵⁷ and it allowed Maeztu to protest that liberal democracy merely caters to humanity's inherent hedonism.⁵⁸ Having abandoned his early socialism, Maeztu first diagnoses the progress of civilisation as the development of self-consciousness and self-interest, and then, rather paradoxically, calls that development 'the apple that Adam and Eve ate in the Garden of Eden'.⁵⁹ An ahistorical condition thus figures a historical process. Maeztu laments that the 'ideal of perfection has almost disappeared in modern men', and deduces that this 'is why the consciousness of original sin has also become so weak'.⁶⁰ It is as if modernity had newly fallen from the Fall.

On the contrary, said Muir: 'The belief in Original Sin – that was itself Man's original sin.'⁶¹ Muir stridently opposed Hulme and Maeztu. 'A battle in which victory is impossible', he complained in 1917; 'a contest in which man has to climb continually in order not to fall lower; existence as the tread mill: that is what is meant by Original Sin'.⁶² Later that year, Matthew Walker Robieson warned that to 'drag the doctrine of Original Sin into politics suggests a day of humiliation in which we all in a general confession admit that we are miserable criminals'.⁶³ The 'modern problem' therefore needs 'a new solution', Muir argues, not a reversion 'to the old dogmas'.⁶⁴ He blames 'the aridity of modern life' on familiar culprits:⁶⁵ 'man appears as the helpless appendage of a machine too mighty for him',⁶⁶ 'Religion has dried up',⁶⁷ and 'Art has decayed from an idealisation of life into a reflection of it.' Muir ties the fate of art to the fall into modernity, but he also ties society's hope to art's resurrection: after religion, only art can envision society's proper perfection. If Arnold conceives of culture as 'the study and pursuit of perfection',⁶⁸ Muir proclaims that 'in the ideal

⁵⁷ T. E. Hulme, 'A Notebook', *New Age* 18.6 (9 December 1915): 137–8 (p. 138); Hulme, *The Collected Writings*, pp. 426–7.

⁵⁸ Ramiro de Maeztu, 'More Disconnected Connections', *New Age* 18.24 (13 April 1916): 561–2 (p. 561).

⁵⁹ Ramiro de Maeztu, 'Disconnected Connections', *New Age* 18.20 (16 March 1916): 466–8 (p. 466).

⁶⁰ Ramiro de Maeztu, 'A Reflection upon Sin', *New Age* 19.1 (4 May 1916): 9–10 (p. 10).

⁶¹ Edward Moore [Edwin Muir], 'We Moderns', *New Age* 20.17 (22 February 1917): 401–2 (p. 402).

⁶² Edward Moore [Edwin Muir], 'We Moderns', *New Age* 20.12 (18 January 1917): 280–82 (p. 280).

⁶³ O. Latham [Matthew Walker Robieson], 'An Apology for the Liberty of the Person. VII', *New Age* 22.9 (27 December 1917): 166–7.

⁶⁴ Edward Moore [Edwin Muir], 'We Moderns', *New Age* 20.7 (14 December 1916): 160–61 (p. 161).

⁶⁵ Edward Moore [Edwin Muir], 'We Moderns', *New Age* 20.14 (1 February 1917): 327–8 (p. 328).

⁶⁶ Edward Moore [Edwin Muir], 'We Moderns', *New Age* 20.3 (16 November 1916): 63–5 (p. 64).

⁶⁷ Edward Moore [Edwin Muir], 'We Moderns', *New Age* 20.20 (15 March 1917): 470–71 (p. 471).

⁶⁸ Matthew Arnold, *Culture and Anarchy and Other Writings*, ed. Stefan Collini (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1993), p. 61.

society of the future everyone will be a poet'.⁶⁹ When Orage launched the *New Age* he had hoped that socialists might achieve what poets had only dreamt about. Writing in October 1921, less than a year before Orage left the magazine, Muir declares that perfection would consist in practising 'life as an art'.⁷⁰ He gazes from an imperfect world and its imperfect art to a heaven in which the world and art are perfected, reconciled. Still, Muir probably did not imagine life in that society to be like the poems published alongside his article. In the same issue, for example, Maurice Reckitt put new words to the tune of the old Scottish song 'Bonnie Dundee' and gave the refrain to a 'Chorus (of Real Creditors)':

*So fill up your forms with a carbon beneath,
To check all your figures we're armed to the teeth;
For never a scrap of efficiency's lost,
And the cost of the costing will go into cost.*⁷¹

Satire in support of Social Credit seems a far cry from art's idealisation of life, but in dreaming of the ideal society Muir idealised poetry.

Seven Arts held out equally high hopes. In its inaugural issue, Romain Rolland hailed the 'writers and thinkers of America': 'You must make of your culture a symphony that shall in a true way express your brotherhood of individuals, of races, of cultures banded together. You must make real the dream of an integrated and entire humanity.'⁷² The issue's editorial then prophesied an American renaissance, in which the arts would 'become not only the expression of the national life but a means to its enhancement'.⁷³ And whereas the editorials of this and other early issues featured Oppenheim's rousing prose, those of the final three issues rhapsodised in verse. In the August 1917 editorial Oppenheim cries out for a 'prophet of the proletariat', apostrophising 'holy Russia':

Rise, ever higher, more splendid,
Be as the divine dawn sending the rays of thy promised
joy into the wilderness of madness,
Call us with thy clear lips,
Call us to the Day of Man, to the Planet of Humanity,
Call us into thy triumphing Revolution.⁷⁴

⁶⁹ [Muir], 'We Moderns' (16 November 1916): 64.

⁷⁰ Edward Moore [Edwin Muir], 'New Values', *New Age* 29.26 (27 October 1921): 306–7 (p. 306).

⁷¹ Maurice Benington Reckitt, 'Counting the Cost', *New Age* 29.26 (27 October 1921): 304.

⁷² Romain Rolland, 'America and the Arts', trans. Waldo Frank, *Seven Arts* 1.1 (November 1916): 47–51 (p. 50).

⁷³ [James Oppenheim and Waldo Frank], 'Editorials', *Seven Arts* 1.1 (November 1916): 52–6 (p. 52).

⁷⁴ James Oppenheim, 'Editorial', *Seven Arts* 2.4 (August 1917): 489–92 (pp. 490, 491).

Here, political idealism undoes poetic triumph or success. Indeed, the pretensions of idealistic poets and the conflation of poetry and politics were ripe for satire. In the January 1916 issue of the *Masses*, William Rose Benét mocks the substitution of art for action: 'It is easy to preach Revolution', he sings, 'But if ever it came to an uprising of the people, / How many pale poets would stand in the leaders' shoes?'⁷⁵

Nevertheless, the fate of society was regularly bound to the fate of poetry. When Harold Monro launched *Poetry Review*, two years before the war and ten years before *The Waste Land*, he reflected in a preface that 'the best poetry of the time is the poetry of despair, a cry of the lost'.⁷⁶ In the past, however, there had 'been periods when labour was joyful and beautiful, and the poet sang because the community required his song'. Monro's simple conjunction, his 'and', makes the poetry of the present a product and an expression of life under capital: the alienation and division of labour, the ideology of the individual, and the antagonism of art and society. Monro recognised that the cry of the lost was better, now, than deceived or disingenuous cries of joy: 'the expression of our joy has fallen into the hands of literary tinkers and pedlars, or it is muffled in the roar of cities'. But Monro dreamt of a future when poetry would again 'become natural and keen', when 'there will be *improvisatori* again, who will lavish us their poems carelessly, like a plant its flowers'.⁷⁷ 'In its final majestic simplicity', Monro concludes, poetry 'will flower into natural and perfect language, bright with dreams and tense with meaning'. The substance of this stirring call to quills is typical: both Mallarmé and Pound dreamt of perfect languages. It is the resolution of a writer who understands what exists, including the poetry of his time, and yet who also, caught in the dialectic of that time, imagines the beauty which does not exist to involve poetry too.

III

The debates pursued in these little magazines are the background of my picture, and the figures in the foreground are the subjects of each chapter: Ford Madox Ford, T. S. Eliot, Mina Loy, Wallace Stevens, and Joseph Macleod. Eliot did read the *New Age*, which published a letter by Ford in 1911.⁷⁸ Ford's essay on literary Impressionism appeared in Monro's second

⁷⁵ William Rose Benét, 'Revolution', *Masses* 8.3 (January 1916): 24.

⁷⁶ [Harold Monro], preface to *Poetry Review* 1.1 (January 1912): 3–5 (p. 3).

⁷⁷ Harold Monro, 'The Future of Poetry', *Poetry Review* 1.1 (January 1912): 10–13 (p. 13).

⁷⁸ Ford Madox Ford, 'Woman's Suffrage', letter to the editor, *New Age* 8.15 (9 February 1911): 356–7.

journal, *Poetry and Drama*, while Eliot published essays and poems in Monro's third journal, the *Chapbook*. I return to Hulme's theories in particular in my chapter on Eliot. When Oppenheim launched *Seven Arts* Loy had recently arrived in New York, and when Vlag launched the *Masses* Stevens was working there as a lawyer, though many years later, despite describing himself as 'headed left', he dismissed 'the ghastly left' of the *New Masses*.⁷⁹ But the little magazines matter because they represent common preoccupations, not because they were decisive influences on or sympathetic forums for these poets. In 1907, when Orage proclaimed from London that men must redeem themselves and the world, Loy moved from Paris to Florence and Eliot was studying at Harvard. In 1912, when Monro envisioned poetry's final majestic simplicity, Macleod was still a boy. Moreover, only Macleod became a socialist, and many modernists drifted instead towards fascism, or hurtled towards it. Socialism and poetry were names for work which resists the state of things, but the temptation of the time was to conflate politics and art too swiftly, to force their relation, to make an analogy a programme.⁸⁰ Still, Orage separates the impotent speculation of poets from the real work of socialists, even as he proposes their common dream, and Eastman makes poetry but one part of a broader social and cultural revolution. Not even Monro promises that poetry alone will solve the problems of political economy, only that, those problems solved, poetry will be magnificently transformed. These little magazines respond to the pressing problems of their historical moment, and they do so by thinking about the situation and the nature of poetry. This book is about the response of poetry itself: the ways in which some modernist poems, rather than idealising life or reflecting the fallen world of the here and now, probe their part in that world.

One of the most powerful aesthetic values at this time was, as we have seen, the idea of poetry as ideal. In the happy society of the future, Muir muses, everyone will be a poet. In reading Ford's 'On Heaven' (1914) I examine conflicts between this ideal and the ideal of heaven, both in its orthodox theological forms and in its secular adaptations. These conflicts place Ford's poetry in an impossible position, caught between metaphysics and materialism, leisure and labour, sincerity and satire, the poetic and the prosaic. I then argue that these contradictory imperatives bring both the poem and its heaven down to earth; poetry itself becomes fallen,

⁷⁹ Wallace Stevens, *Letters of Wallace Stevens*, ed. Holly Stevens (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1996), p. 286.

⁸⁰ I owe much of my thinking about this relation to T. J. Clark, *Farewell to an Idea: Episodes from a History of Modernism* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 2001), pp. 8–10.

incapable of marrying aesthetic success and heavenly bliss. In my reading of Stevens's *Harmonium* (1923, 1931) I turn to conflicts between happy order and joyless necessity, cruel chance and blissful accident. Here, too, modernist poetry responds to contemporary preoccupations, from anxieties about mechanical causality, through the monotony of the modern working day, to the enduring notion that the poem is 'a world ideal in its harmony and its permanence'.⁸¹ In a poem, that is, every element should be deliberate and significant. I show how Stevens's first volume reworks this aesthetic value by conceiving of accident as another form of happiness, and that this bliss thus remains beyond both the art of poetry and the mundane world of necessity and routine.

My readings of *The Waste Land* and *Anglo-Mongrels and the Rose* turn instead to prosodic techniques which, believed by some to be quintessential to poetry, were the subject of intense debate: the verse line and phonemic repetition. In order to understand how Eliot involves lineation in the wretchedness of modernity I place his work in the context of the politics of the 1920s, of the belief in original sin, and of contemporary arguments about free verse. The movement of Eliot's lines, continually determining and negating each other, both represents and participates in the antagonisms of an ugly, unhappy, unjust world. To show that Loy's phonemic repetition condemns poetry to this world too, I consider her work in relation to Freud's theory of verbal wit and to her contemporaries' theories of rhyme, alliteration, assonance, and other forms of patterned sound. Exceeding every customary justification for such devices, the sounds of her poem prove more than satiric or beautiful; they are also indifferent to the fallen world of which the poem speaks, and they thereby confess poetry's inability to redeem that world.

Eliot's and Loy's poems involve prosodic techniques in a broader tensing of poetry, taut between the existing state of things and a transformed state of things, between the present and the future. This invokes an age-old cultural expectation, the idea of poetry's powers of prophecy, to which I turn, finally, in reading Macleod's *The Ecliptic* (1930). Structured according to the sequence of the zodiac, Macleod's long poem narrates the birth, life, and death of the modern subject, fractured within and isolated without. Though the use of the zodiac implies cosmic determinism and secure foresight, in fact Macleod's complex constellations of astrological, literary, and linguistic signs mean that each of its prognostic or revolutionary signs

⁸¹ Lascelles Abercrombie, *The Theory of Poetry* (1924; London: Martin Secker, 1926), p. 23.

only ever delivers another sign. Thus, whereas Oppenheim happily uses verse to celebrate imminent revolution, Macleod's poetry refuses to imagine a new heaven and a new earth, suggesting instead that every dream of an integrated society forestalls its realisation.

In this way, even as these various features distinguish poetry as an art, crystallising its opposition to the fallen world and promising happiness, they betray the poems and their distinction to that world. In attending to these features, my readings keep low to the ground, though I do also offer accounts of contemporary aesthetic debate, of social context, and of political history. I take this approach, not because phonemic repetition is intrinsically wretched or guilty, but because the poems themselves frame such features as complicit. This, then, is a formalist argument about poems negating themselves, and it is a historical argument about the meaning of those forms and negations at a particular time.

My book concentrates on a brief but important moment in the history of poetry in English, from about 1914 to 1930 or so. This period put poetry under a pressure different from that which, for example, drove W. B. Yeats's struggles to emerge from the 1890s, and from that which spurred the most interesting developments of the 1930s, whether in the work of W. H. Auden or Muriel Rukeyser, Charles Madge or Louis Zukofsky. Each chapter examines a particular poem or volume. Though I sometimes make comparisons with other works from this period, from *The Hollow Men* (1925) to the poems of Edith Sitwell, I rarely discuss the later works of the writers in question, wonderful as are Loy's last poems, written in the Bowery, or *Notes Toward a Supreme Fiction* (1942) and *The Rock* (1954). My chronology follows Tyrus Miller's suggestion that something different takes hold towards the end of the 1920s, a development he calls late modernism.⁸² David Trotter has recently repeated this argument, thinking in particular of the scientific and technological advances which emerged on the scene in or around 1927, and of their rapid impact on literary experiment.⁸³ Even at the time, there seemed something distinctive about the poetry which was written between the beginning of the Great War and the General Strike of 1926, or between December 1910, when, as Virginia Woolf famously put it, 'human character changed', and

⁸² Tyrus Miller, *Late Modernism: Politics, Fiction, and the Arts between the World Wars* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1999).

⁸³ David Trotter, *Literature in the First Media Age: Britain between the Wars* (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 2013), p. 37.

the Wall Street Crash of October 1929.⁸⁴ In 1928 Riding diagnosed the situation of her contemporaries as

a short and very concentrated period, already nearly over, of carefully disciplined and self-conscious poetry. It is almost just to say that at the present moment there is no poetry but rather an embarrassing pause after an arduous and erudite stock-taking. The next stage is not clear.⁸⁵

This is the period or pause or crisis on which I focus.

But I should explain my unlikely choice of poets. The story I have to tell about poetry's complicity is only one of the stories of modernism. Some writers shared the hope that poetry could herald or deliver the beauty that does not exist. Pound once poked fun at Henry Newbolt for defining poetry as 'man's universal longing for a world more perfect', but that is a rather good account of *The Cantos*, Pound's poem on and for a *paradiso terrestre*.⁸⁶ In 1924 Lascelles Abercrombie wrote that 'Every poem is an ideal version of the world we most profoundly desire; and that by virtue of its form.'⁸⁷ Yet I do not mean to insist on strict divisions. The works I discuss implicate poetry in an imperfect world with particular force and rigour, but other works by other writers do so, too, and other works by Ford, Eliot, Loy, Stevens, and Macleod do not. I have also tried to balance major and minor writers, partly in order to question that distinction, and I have tried to balance writers for whom poetry was their major form with writers who worked successfully in other literary forms and other arts. Though there were long periods in which he wrote no poetry, Stevens was centrally a poet, but Loy trained as a painter, wrote novels and short stories, and constructed found-art assemblages. In 1917, while living in New York, she appeared in the *Evening Sun* as the epitome of the 'modern woman'; if Loy was modern throughout her career, poetry was only one of many arts open to her, and in this her work measures the possibilities of poetry.⁸⁸ So, too, Macleod wrote novels as well as poems, and for a time he worked as an actor, director, and playwright. Perhaps Eliot seems pre-eminently a poet, though he spent much of his career as an essayist and editor, and eventually

⁸⁴ Virginia Woolf, *The Essays of Virginia Woolf*, 6 vols, ed. Andrew McNeillie and Stuart Nelson Clark (London: Hogarth, 1986–2011), 3.421.

⁸⁵ Laura Riding, *Contemporaries and Snobs*, ed. Laura Heffernan and Jane Malcolm (Tuscaloosa: The University of Alabama Press, 2014), p. 55.

⁸⁶ Ezra Pound, 'Books Current', *Future* 2.8 (July 1918): 209–210 (p. 209). Newbolt's formula appears in Henry Newbolt, *A New Study of English Poetry* (London: Constable, 1917), p. 75.

⁸⁷ Abercrombie, *The Theory of Poetry*, p. 215.

⁸⁸ Anonymous, 'Do You Strive to Capture the Symbols of Your Reactions?', *Evening Sun*, 13 February 1917, p. 10.

turned from poetry to the theatre, while we tend to think of Ford as a novelist and editor who also penned memoirs and dabbled with poems. Ford sometimes encouraged that judgement. To understand the situation of poetry it can help to look from the outside.

So the differences between these figures, and the different ways in which they approached poetry, are instructive. In these chapters I read the works of an American in England, an Englishwoman on the Continent, a Scot in England, an American, and an Englishman. The poems in question were published during the heyday of modernism, or of high modernism, though it is notoriously difficult to define modernism in any secure or stable fashion. One could argue either that 'On Heaven' represents an early modernism alongside *Cathay* (1915), or that it anticipates a modernism soon to arrive, a precursor to *A Draft of XVI. Cantos* (1925). In either case, arguments about Ford's and Pound's formal experimentation would necessarily involve some biographical account of their mutual influence: the modernism would lie both in the works and in the histories of their production and reception. At the same time, one might argue that Thomas Hardy's *Winter Words in Various Moods and Metres* (1928), one of the great volumes of this period, is contemporary with but independent of modernism.⁸⁹ For my purposes, it is helpful to think of modernism neither as a label for everything written between two dates nor as the life-long commitment of particular writers, but as an available mode or moment. Hope Mirrlees is a good example, publishing the audaciously experimental poem *Paris* in 1919 and never again repeating the experiment. At least according to some definitions, Macleod never published so modernist a work as *The Ecliptic*, moving later to a socialist and documentary poetics spliced with a prosody adapted from the Gaelic. Perhaps the path from *The Waste Land* to *Little Gidding* (1942) is, if less drastic, comparable. Works like *Paris* and *The Ecliptic* may measure modernism as well as *Geography and Plays* (1922) or *Spring and All* (1923). They represent modernist aesthetics passing through writers who do not quite belong, or not yet: poets who could like a seismograph register the impact of the earthquake, and poets whose impacts we might still register.

⁸⁹ For discussion of an alternative tradition of poets who, like Hardy and Edward Thomas, 'read, reviewed and wrote in the context of modernism, but who remained unconverted' (p. 2), see Peter Howarth, *British Poetry in the Age of Modernism* (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 2005).