

direct and often dramatic power that few of our most expert craftsmen can equal.

"In her more austere and formal lines, Miss Millay is almost as authoritative. Genius, not a mere pretty talent, burns through them. Her sonnets, with the phrasing cut down to the glowing core, exhibit the same sensitive parsimony that one finds in the best of the Imagist poems plus a far richer sense of human values." — *Louis Untermeyer* in "*The New Era in American Poetry*".

EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY

Renascence and Other Poems. KENNERLEY.
Second April. KENNERLEY.

Sensitive, poignant, passionate, singing, yet by no means sentimental, Edna St. Vincent Millay in her lyrics and in her sonnets is a poet of great feeling and of peculiar magic of phrase. Her fancy is cut by an occasionally almost savage irony. Her mind often turns to youth's disillusionment. She sees truly and clearly. If her sentiments are at times unconventional, so are her poems original. They are fresh, stimulating, clear cut, often inspired. They have the flavor of champagne rather than milk and honey.

So little of New England is to be found in Miss Millay's personality or in her work that it is a surprise to find she was born at Rockland, Maine, in 1892. Slim, with a face that is beautiful rather than pretty, with large eyes, dreaming mouth, slender expressive hands, she has a presence that is at once wistful and compelling. She was graduated from Vassar College in 1917. Since then she has spent much of her time in Greenwich Village, where she was associated with the Provincetown Players. She acted in their company and they first presented her superb one act satirical fantasy, "Aria da Capo". Having spent three years traveling abroad, Miss Millay has returned to New York City. She is a striking combination of the wide eyed child and the subtle, sophisticated woman. Her prose, often written under various pseudonyms, has a quality of impish cleverness that is not so frequently found in her poetry. She is said to be about to publish a first novel.

"It would seem difficult to find a less literary language than Miss Teasdale's, yet in the poems of Edna St. Vincent Millay one finds more untutored simplicity accompanying an indefinable magic. Because of her very naïveté, her pages vibrate with a

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