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The Book-Lover.

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The "Voice" recognizes the power of poetry. It is a real factor in national life. Indeed, in no country, has a prose penman, journalist or other, any permanent influence upon human thought unless he (or she) has the feelings of a poet, except, of course, in the dry-as-dust sphere of science, and the like. Nobody can move humanity except through emotion. The great poets are, of course, those who see most deeply into the heart of reality, and, by some gift of the gods, are capable of utilizing words, in some sort of rhythmical measure, to suggest some immortal illusive thought, or ever-enduring deep feeling, in precisely the same way as music. The "man in the street" has though these things, has felt them, from time immemorial, but never finds a formula to enable him to express them until some poet puts his thought or feeling into words or music, at least as far as definition can be given to the indefinable. All poetry, even the lightest verse, must have some beauty of form, and also "say something" if it is to rank at all. And poetry is much more popular, and "of the people" than a great many suppose. A few months ago the London "Sunday Review" initiated a "Poet's Corner" in its columns under the capable Editorship of **Victor B. Neuburg**. It is proving itself a "best seller" and the quality of verse submitted week after week is surprisingly high. This London paper's Poets' Corner has, in fact, very rapidly grown into one of the most interesting features in modern journalism.

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