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INCARNATIONS . . STEPHANE MALLARME
REVIEWS—CORRESPONDENCE

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I

Over the green and yellow rice fields sweep
the shadows of the autumn clouds, followed
by the swift-chasing sun.

The bees forget to sip their honey;
drunken with the light they foolishly hum
and hover; and the ducks in the sandy riverbank clamour
in joy for mere nothing.

None shall go back home, brothers, this morning, none
shall go to work.

We will take the blue sky by storm and plunder the
space as we run.

Laughters fly floating in the air like foams in the flood.
Brothers, we shall squander our morning in futile
songs.

II

Keep me fully glad with nothing. Only take my
hand in your hand.
In the gloom of the deepening night take up my heart and play with it as you list. Bind me close to you with nothing.

I will spread myself out at your feet and lie still. Under this clouded sky I will meet silence with silence. I will become one with the night clasping the earth in my breast.

Make my life glad with nothing.

The rains sweep the sky from end to end. Jasmines in the wet untamable wind revel in their own perfume. The cloud-hidden stars thrill in secret. Let me fill to the full my heart with nothing but my own depth of joy.

III

My soul is alight with your infinitude of stars. Your world has broken upon me like a flood. The flowers of your garden blossom in my body. The joy of life that is everywhere burns like an incense in my heart. And the breath of all things plays on my life as on a pipe of reeds.

IV

O you mad, you superbly drunk!
If you kick open your doors and play the fool in public;
If you empty your bag in a night, and snap your fingers at prudence;
If you walk in curious paths and play with useless things;
Reck not rhyme or reason;
If you break the rudder in two unfurling your sails before the storm:
Then I will follow you, comrade, and be drunken and go to the dogs.

I have wasted my days and nights in the company of steady wise neighbors.
Much knowing has turned my hair grey, and much watching has made my sight dim.
For years I have gathered and heaped all scraps and fragments of things;
Crush them and dance upon them, and scatter them all to the winds!
For I know 'tis the height of wisdom to be drunken and go to the dogs.

Let all crooked scruples vanish, let me hopelessly lose my way.
Let a gust of wild giddiness come and sweep me away from my anchors.
The world is peopled with worthies, and workers useful and clever;
There are men who are easily the first, and men who come decently next:
Let them be happy and prosperous, and let me be foolishly futile.
For I know 'tis the end of all works to be drunken and go to the dogs.

[83]
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I swear to surrender this moment all claim to the ranks of the sensible.
I let go my pride of learning and judgment of right and of wrong.
I'll shatter the vessel of memory, scattering the last drop of tears;
With the foam of the ruby red wine, I'll bathe and brighten my laughter.
The badge of the proper and prim I'll tear into shreds for the nonce.
I'll take the holy vow of being worthless, and be drunken and go to the dogs.

V

Leave off your works, bride. Listen, the guest has come.
Do you hear, he is gently shaking the fastening chain of the door?
Let not your anklets be loud, and your steps be too hurried to meet him.
Leave off your works, bride, the guest has come, in the evening.

No, it is not the wind, bride. Do not be frightened.
It is the full-moon night of April, shadows are pale in the court-yard, the sky overhead is bright.
Draw your veil over your face if you must, take the lamp from your room if you fear.
No, it is not the wind, bride; do not be frightened.
Have no word with him if you are shy, stand aside by the door when you meet him.
If he asks you questions, lower your eyes in silence, if you wish.
Do not let your bracelets jingle, when, lamp in hand, you lead him in.
Have no word with him if you are shy.

Have you not finished your works yet, bride? Listen, the guest has come.
Have you not lit the lamp in the cowshed?
Have you not got ready the offering basket for the evening service?
Have you not put the auspicious red mark at the parting of your hair, and done your toilet for the night?
O bride, do you hear, the guest has come?
Have you not finished your works yet?

VI

Come as you are, tarry not over your toilet.
If your braiding has come loose, if the parting of your hair be not straight, if the ribbons of your bodice be not fastened, do not mind.
Come as you are, tarry not over your toilet.

Come with quick steps over the grass.
If your feet are pale with the dew, if your anklets slacken, if pearls drop out of your chain, do not mind.
Come with quick steps over the grass.

[85]
Do you see the clouds wrapping the sky?
Flocks of cranes fly up from the further riverbank and
fitful gusts of wind rush over the heath.
The anxious cattle run to their stalls in the village.
Do you see the clouds wrapping the sky?

In vain you light your toilet lamp; it flickers and goes out
in the wind.
Surely, who would know that with lamp-black your eye­
lids are not touched? For your eyes are darker than
rain clouds.
In vain you light your toilet lamp; it goes out.

Come as you are, tarry not over your toilet.
If the wreath is not woven, who cares? If the wrist-chain
has not been tied, leave it by.
The sky is overcast with clouds; it is late.
Come as you are, tarry not over your toilet.

VII

Sing the song of the moment in careless carols, in the
transient light of the day;
Sing of the fleeting smiles that vanish and never look back;
Sing of the flowers that bloom and fade without regret.
Weave not in memory's thread the days that would glide
into nights.
To the guests that must go bid God-speed, and wipe
away all traces of their steps.
Let the moments end in moments with their cargo of
fugitive songs.
With both hands snap the fetters you made with your own heart chords;
Take to your breast with a smile what is easy and simple and near.
Today is the festival of phantoms that know not when they die.
Let your laughter flush in meaningless mirth like twinkles of light on the ripples;
Let your life lightly dance on the verge of Time like a dew on the tip of a leaf.
Strike in the chords of your harp the fitful murmurs of moments.

VIII

Lest I should know you too easily, you play with me.
You blind me with flashes of laughter to hide your tears.
I know, I know your art;
You never say the word you would.

Lest I should prize you not, you elude me in a thousand ways.
Lest I should mix you with the crowd, you stand aside.
I know, I know your art;
You never walk the path you would.

Your claim is more than others; that is why you are silent.
With a playful carelessness you avoid my gifts.
I know, I know your art;
You never accept what you would.
Amidst the rush and roar of life, O beauty, carved in stone, you stand mute and still, alone and aloof. Great Time sits enamoured at your feet and repeats to you:

"Speak, speak to me, my love; speak, my mute bride!"

But your speech is shut up in stone, O you immovably fair!

Tell me if this is all true, my lover?

tell me if it is true.

When the eyes of me flash their lightning on you, dark clouds in your breast make stormy answer;

Is it then true

that the dew drops fall from the night when I am seen, and the morning light is glad when it wraps my body?

Is it true; is it true, that your love travelled alone through ages and worlds in search of me?

that when you found me at last, your age-long desire found utter peace in my gentle speech and my eyes and lips and flowing hair?

Is it then true

that the mystery of the Infinite is written on this little brow of mine?

Tell me, my lover, if all this is true!
XI
I asked of Destiny, "Tell me who with relentless hand pushes me on?"
Destiny told me to look behind.
I turned and saw my own self behind pushing forward the self in front.

XII
With a glance of your eyes you could plunder all the wealth of songs struck from poets’ harps, fair woman!
But for their praises you have no ear; therefore do I come to praise you.
You could humble at your feet the proudest heads of all the world;
But it is your loved ones, unknown to fame, whom you choose to worship; therefore I worship you.
Your perfect arms would add glory to kingly splendor with their touch;
But you use them to sweep away the dust, and to make clean your humble home; therefore I am filled with awe.

XIII
We both live in the same village and that is our one piece of joy.
The yellow bird sings in their tree and makes my heart dance with gladness.
Her pair of pet lambs come to graze near the shade of our garden.
If they stray into our barley field I take them up in my arms.
The name of our village is Khanjuna, and Anjana they call our river;
My name is known to all the village and her name is Ranjana.

Only one field lies between us.
Bees that have hived in our grove go to seek honey in theirs.
Flowers launched from their landing stairs come floating by the stream where we bathe.
Baskets of dried kusm flowers come from their fields to our market.

The name of our village is Khanjuna, and Anjana they call our river;
My name is known to all the village and her name is Ranjana.

The lane that winds to their house is fragrant in the spring with mango flowers.
When their linseed is ripe for harvest, the hemp is in bloom in our field.
The stars that smile on their cottage send us the same twinkling look.
The rain that floods their tank makes glad our Kadam forest.

The name of our village is Khanjuna, and Anjana they call our river;
My name is known to all the village and her name is Ranjana.

[90]
XIV

I found a few old letters of mine carefully hidden in thy box—a few small toys for thy memory to play with. With a timorous heart thou didst try to steal these trifles from the turbulent stream of time which washes away planets and stars, and didst say, “These are only mine!” Alas, there is no one now who can claim them—who is able to pay their price; yet they are still here. Is there no love in this world to rescue thee from utter loss, even like this love of thine that saved these letters with such fond care?

O woman, thou camest for a moment to my side and touched me with the great mystery of the woman that there is in the heart of creation—she who ever gives back to God his own outflow of sweetness; who is the eternal love and beauty and youth; who dances in bubbling streams and sings in the morning light; who with heaving waves suckles the thirsty earth and whose mercy melts in rain; in whom the eternal one breaks in two in joy that can contain itself no more and overflows in the pain of love.

Rabindra Nath Tagore
TO MY FRIEND

When from the blossoms of the noiseful day,
Unto the hive of sleep and hushed gloom,
Throng the dim-wingèd dreams, what dreams are they
That with the wildest honey hover home?
O they that have, from many thousand thoughts,
Stolen the strange sweet of ever blossomy you—
A thousand fancies in fair-coloured knots
Which you are inexhausted meadow to.

Ah, what sharp heathery honey, quick with pain,
Do they bring home! It holds the night awake
To hear their lovely murmur in my brain,
And sleep's wings have a trouble for your sake.
Day and you dawn together; for, at end,
With the first light breaks the first thought—my Friend.

Francis Thompson
PEACE ON EARTH

The Archer is wake!
The Swan is flying!
Gold against blue
An Arrow is lying.
There is hunting in heaven—
Sleep safe till tomorrow.

The Bears are abroad!
The Eagle is screaming!
Gold against blue
Their eyes are gleaming!
Sleep!
Sleep safe till tomorrow.

The Sisters lie
With their arms intertwining;
Gold against blue
Their hair is shining!
The Serpent writhes!
Orion is listening!
Gold against blue
His sword is glistening!
Sleep!
There is hunting in heaven—
Sleep safe till tomorrow.

[93]
SICILIAN EMIGRANT'S SONG:
In New York Harbor

O—eh—lee! La—la!
Donna! Donna!
Blue is the sky of Palermo;
Blue is the little bay;
And dost thou remember the orange and fig,
The lively sun and the sea breeze at evening?
Hey—la!
Donna! Donna! Maria!

O—eh—li! La—la!
Donna! Donna!
Grey is the sky of this land.
Grey and green is the water.
I see no trees, dost thou? The wind
Is cold for the big woman there with the candle.
Hey—la!
Donna! Donna! Maria!

O—eh—li! O—la!
Donna! Donna!
I sang thee by the blue waters;
I sing thee here in the grey dawning.
Kiss, for I put down my guitar;
I'll sing thee more songs after the landing.
O Jesu, I love thee!
Donna! Donna! Maria!
POSTLUDE

Now that I have cooled to you
Let there be gold of tarnished masonry,
Temples soothed by the sun to ruin
That sleep utterly.
Give me hand for the dances,
Ripples at Philae, in and out,
And lips, my Lesbian,
Wall flowers that once were flame.

Your hair is my Carthage
And my arms the bow,
And our words arrows
To shoot the stars
Who from that misty sea
Swarm to destroy us.

But you there beside me—
Oh how shall I defy you,
Who wound me in the night
With breasts shining
Like Venus and like Mars?
The night that is shouting Jason
When the loud eaves rattle
As with waves above me
Blue at the prow of my desire.

[95]
PROOF OF IMMORTALITY

For there is one thing braver than all flowers;
Richer than clear gems; wider than the sky;
Immortal and unchangeable; whose powers
Transcend reason, love and sanity!

And thou, beloved, art that godly thing!
Marvelous and terrible! in glance
An injured Juno roused against Heaven’s King!
And thy name, lovely One, is Ignorance.

William Carlos Williams

CONTRAST

Vesuvius
A crown of smoke, a crumbling cone of dust,
And at her feet a curve of azure sea:
So stands Vesuvius angry and august,
Last of her fiery race in Italy.

Pontifex Maximus
A palace, and a garden, and a dome,
All that remain of Empire far and free;
An old man exiled in an alien Rome
Wearing a crown of smoke in Italy.

Harrison S. Morris
THE WIFE

I am young, O shaggy mountains; I am young and you are old;
    You are mighty, brooding pines, and I am small;
And your great, gaunt shadows crush me with a horror still and cold,
    And your sullen silence holds me like a pall.

Just today I went for water to a little silver spring
    Where the air was sweet and scarlet berries grew;
And my dreams came flocking homeward and my haunting fears took wing
    Till the night crawled forth to meet me. Then I knew.

I am stranger to your silence; I am alien to your might;
    I am longing for a little, laughing world
Where the days went dancing past me, for my heart was very light,—
    And from many friendly hearths the smoke upcurled.

Yet he loves you, lonely mountains, and he says he loves me too,
    And his cabin nestles trusting at your feet;
But my heart is torn with longing for the gentle land I knew—
    And the careless hours when life was very sweet.

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Will you always frown upon me through the weary, weary years
Till my dream-home fades to silence and to night?
I was gay, O brooding mountains, till you taught me pain and tears.
I am alien to your solitude and might.

Helen Cowles Le Cron

BIRD OF PASSION

Leave the lovely words unsaid;
For another thought is fled
From my dream-entangled mind.
Bird of passion, unenshrined,
I can never phrase thee quite—
So I speed thee on thy flight,
Unembodied thus forever,
Floating in a mist that never
May be raised. Thou art one
Of the black-winged birds that run,
With uncomprehended flight,
Unimpeded down the night.

Rollo Britten
SIMAETHA

Thou art wine, Simaetha! When mine eyes drink thee
My blood flames, with the golden joy thou art
Bewildering me, until thy loveliness
Is veiled in its own light; nor know I then
Pure brows, and placid lips and eyes, and hair
With wind and sunlight glorious: but all
Are mingled in one flame. Oh thou in me
Art shrined, as none hath seen thee, as gods live
Whom Time shall not consume; nor rusts thy gold
Ever, so hath my soul enclosed thee round
With its divine air. Yea, thy very life,
Which flows through all the guises of thy moods,
Escaping as they die, and laughs and weeps
And builds again its beauty, have I set
Beyond the jeopardds of rough time: yea, all
Thine ivory, imperilled loveliness,
And winey sanguine, where the cheek's curve takes
Light as a bloom upon it, not to pass,
So there be God.

Thy praise hath made speech song:
And song from lip to lip flies, and black ships
Bear it from sea to sea; and on some quay
Where rise tall masts, and gay booths flank the ways
A tumbler sings it; and an alien air
Trembles with thee, while strange men wonder, dumb,
To see thee pass: thou being all my song.
AT EVEN

Hush ye! Hush ye! My babe is sleeping.
Hush, ye winds, that are full of sorrow!
Hush, ye rains, from your weary weeping!
Give him slumber until to-morrow.

Hush ye, yet! In the years hereafter,
Surely sorrow is all his reaping;
Tears shall be in the place of laughter,
Give him peace for a while in sleeping.

Hush ye, hush! he is weak and ailing:
Send his mother his share of weeping.
Hush ye, winds, from your endless wailing;
Hush ye, hush ye, my babe is sleeping!

FROM DEMETER

The Faun's Call

Korè, O Korè! where art thou fled,
Now that the spring blows white in the land?
Shake out the honied locks of thy head,
Plunder the lilies that lie to thy hand—
Dew-laden lilies, loved of the bees,
Murmuring in them till shadows grow long,
With quickening silence under the trees;
Ere break the voluptuous thrillings of song,
From the brown-throated, sweet harbourers there,
Raptured, and grieving, under the stars!

Frederic Manning

[100]
BEING an editor involves a few surprises. It seems a cold enterprise at first, an adventurous reaching out into mysterious voids and distances, a groping with empty hands. But soon one's finger-tips tingle with spirit touches, psychic manifestations of life afar. Documentary evidence of this life comes rushing in white-winged—messages of sympathy, messages of protest. Human eyes stare through the veil, human hands reach in through one's isolation, human souls tell their most sacred secrets, flaunt the colors of their most darkly besieged dreams.

Printed books soon begin to seem unresponsive to an editor, strangely remote and cold. For manuscripts, even the modern kind beaten into type, are alive; each one is charged with personality, it comes hot from the author's hand. Sometimes the queer ones are the most poignant of all—the ragged epic, the stodgy tragedy, the plodding lyric, on which some lonely but adventurous fellow-creature has staked his hope of fame. Yes, the most poignant these, for each, whatever its content, is a tragedy; the stake is lost, the midnight oil has been burned in vain.

And now and then some dimly imagined figure takes shape, some half-heard voice becomes definitely audible,
some signer of manuscripts becomes a poet incarnate, who walks into one's office like any beggar or king, any queen or milkmaid, of this ever various world. For the present editor the first of these incarnations was the serenely noble laureate of Bengal who honors us this month with a group of lyrics. Here, manifestly, was the ideal poet, the prophet aware of his world and now great-heartedly adopting ours; the Ambassador Extraordinary from East to West, bearing no passports from king to president, but speaking with supreme authority from race to race, writing a brave chapter in that epic of human brotherhood which must be sung around the world when locomotives and swift steamers, when traders, travellers, teachers, warriors, shall have opened wide the gates.

Not the antagonism but the sympathy between the two vast branches of the Aryan stock was the important revelation in this great Hindoo's visit. He had lived essentially our life, and won from it spiritual exaltation which each of us, in however slight degree, must aspire to now and then. His sense of humor was as quick as ours, his judgment as shrewd; he understood us better than we, being prejudiced, could understand ourselves, and so his journey around the world must avail for more intimate knowledge. As he has brought something of India to us, he will carry something of ours back to his people.

A few young men, beginning as far-away voices, have taken bodily form before our very eyes. The first of them was Arthur Davison Ficke, whose latest book,
Twelve Japanese Painters, betrays his oriental sympathies through its delicately toned rhyme-pictures in honor of the masters of the Ukiyo-e. The next to emerge was Witter Bynner, from classic Cornish, whose fearsome tragedy in the May Forum, springing from dark depths of human pity, achieves a kind of stark, stripped, ruthless poetry, fit for the imaging of that iron cross on which millions of women have been crucified. Then came Alfred Noyes, reading his buccaneer ballads so wittily that we were almost transported back into the slashing days of good Queen Bess or sad King Charles. And now, as the spring grows warm, comes from Lincoln's own country a poet of Lincoln's own breed, Nicholas Vachel Lindsay.

A big breezy cheerful troubadour is this young man, who accepts without complaint the modern world's refusal to pay its poets a "living wage," quite simply takes us at our word, and turns beggar that he may effect a free exchange of rhymes for bread. Wholly sturdy and high-hearted is his faith in himself and his town, his brave resolve to leaven our whole lump with a bit of yeast in Springfield. Some day the rich collectors will bid high for those enlivening "war bulletins" of his, and for that free magazine whose "first and last number," with its stirring prophecies and symbolic decorations, preaches the gospel of beauty to the new age.

There is something of the crusaders' spirit in the Rhymes for Bread, which may be bought for a song or a
dinner, or even a two-cent stamp. That this crusader’s sword is sharp, Mr. Lorimer, whom it scarred, can testify; also its edge and temper are proved by Galahad, The Trap, The Soul of the Spider, and the lofty and beautiful poem in honor of the late Governor Altgeld, Sleep softly, Eagle forgotten, under the stone.

But often our crusader sheathes his sword and deserts the highways for the meadows, to sing in perfect happiness of The King of Yellow Butterflies, The Wizard Wind, or even The Grave of the Righteous Kitten. Not since Riley wrote his gay lyrics has any poet touched familiar subjects with such high and illuminating comedy, or set them off with such fragrance and sparkle of imagery.

Mr. Lindsay is the real thing. And with this latest visitor ends, for the present, the tale of the editor’s adventures.

H. M.

STÉPHANE MARLARMÉ

The other night, at Covent Garden, we saw the incomparable Nijinsky mimic the Faun in Stéphane Mallarmé’s delightful poem, with music by Debussy. When, years ago, I had those memorable talks with the poet, I little thought the day would come when The Afternoon of a Faun would receive a baptism of inspired music at the hands of the most gifted musician of his kind, and a stage portrayal by the greatest choreographic artist living.

The performance at Covent Garden was a triumph for three—the poet, the composer, and the dancer. The circle is now complete.
Where and how did the "Parnassian" school begin? At the salon of the Marquise de Ricard during the last years of the wonderful Second Empire. Here the members of the new group were wont to meet, take counsel together, and read aloud certain of their poems. No other salon in all Europe could offer such a galaxy of rising poetic genius. The magic circle on this particular evening included Sully Prudhomme and François Coppée, both future Academicians; Catulle Mendès, the brilliant young leader of the Parnassians, Villiers de l'Isle-Adam and his friend Stéphane Mallarmé, the two most daring and original spirits of the celebrated movement.

When I arrived in Paris in 1869 this new school was firmly established, with Leconte de Lisle as the recognized master. One evening the Marquise de Ricard was seated in her famous room, adjoining the grand salon, surrounded by guests who belonged to the inner circle, all the others having taken their departure. The hostess and the favored ones, now en petit comité, were ready for the event of the evening, or rather the morning, for it was long past midnight. The room had a romantic aspect with its warm, soft colors, its long, heavy curtains, and its thick tapis de moquette. The hostess announces the great event—Villiers de l'Isle Adam, who is a follower of Beaudelaire and Poe, is about to read his unpublished drama, Morgane . . . . . . It is four o'clock when he ceases reading, and when the guests leave the house all are under the potent spell. Mallarmé has been pro-
foundly impressed. He and the author of *Morgane* become close friends.

Villiers de l'Isle Adam declared that "genius is essentially silent," and that whatever revelation it makes is by suggestion instead of by direct expression. In one word, genius should never explain anything. And this was also Mallarmé's method of thought and work. This is why hardly one Frenchman in a thousand could understand Mallarmé's prose, while it was necessary one day for Catulle Mendès to explain one of Mallarmé's poems to a group of literary friends.

Stéphane Mallarmé is now almost popular, and popularity is what he most dreaded. Yet even in his own time he had a distinguished and powerful following. I can see them now, sitting almost in silence, puffing at cigarettes in the little room, while the host stood at a corner of the fire-place, waiting for the next idea, or a remark from some guest, all without hurry or excitement. The evenings were quiet and at certain moments quaker-like; the visitors entered into no discussion, having too much respect for the host. There was no loud talk. Some of the guests sat the whole evening without uttering a word. When I wanted to talk with Mallarmé intimately I saw him alone. At such times we talked of Whitman, Verlaine, Beaudelaire, but of Poe most of all. Mallarmé had published a volume of translations from Poe, and his admiration for the American poet had no limits. He insisted that Poe was an Irish poet who had nothing of the Anglo-American.

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Villiers de l’Isle Adam was a gifted musician and sometimes improvised macabre melodies on the piano while he recited some verses of his own. Mallarmé was a passionate lover of the best music, and his one ambition was to make his verse musical, to suggest in words what music might suggest in sounds. He did not care whether people understood him or not. François Coppée was the least musical of all the Parnassians. Probably that is why I never cared for his poetry. As for my gifted friend, Sully Prudhomme, his poetic mantle fell off when he became didactic, which was towards the close of his life; but then Sully Prudhomme was one of the greatest psychological analysts the French Academy has possessed during the past hundred years.

Many of the young visitors to Mallarmé’s salon are now celebrities. Henri de Regnier, whom I often met there, is now an Academician. Francis Grierson.

REVIEWS

The Youth Replies and Other Verses, by Louis How. Sherman, French & Co.

There is a quality of freshness in this book, a breath of ideas; but the poet is too easily satisfied with the commonplace word and with unexpert rhythms—the minor accents being too pronounced for the larger major rhythms. For this reason the shorter poems are more successful than the longer ones. A Factory Girl, Too Late, To a Young Poet Who is Modern, and several of the small poems single
themselves out for appreciation. Mr. How's sonnets have a pattern rather metrically exact, yet they say more than the average modern sonnet.

*The Queen of Orplede*, by George Wharton Stork. J. B. Lippincott Co.

Facile verse, exhibiting a lyric quality that might be perfected by a more precise and discriminate choice of words. This poem is typical:

```plaintext
Scent of the wild, wet marshes,
And lisp of the lazy sea,
And a mouldering wreck 'mid the coarse green flags
Looming dismally.

Scent of the dank, dark marshes,
And boom of the lonely sea,
And a screaming sea-gull sweeping by
Like a startled memory.
```

*Songs Before Birth*, by Isabelle Howe Fiske. The Mosher Press.

Expressing the emotion of expectant maternity and the sorrow of bereavement, these poems have a graceful and delicate lyric charm, but the personal note is inevitably the most poignant.


Poems with the swinging movement of the dynamic ballad pattern, of sufficient force and vitality to compete with Mr. Noyes, Mr. Service and other modern balladists.

```plaintext
The red-sailed barges stagger where the seething vapours crawl,
The towering clippers pierce the fog beyond the dim dock wall,
And the steamers each to each,
Cry out in strident speech,
And the liners hoot and bellow through the murk of Limehouse Reach
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According to an English critic, “Mr. Kaufman plays no stringed instrument; he beats upon the drum of life.” Upon the ear-drums would have been nearer. These are distinctly poems of purpose. Why Are You Weeping, Sister? and The Waiting Woman are propagandist treatises on the social evil, and many of the other poems remind one of boxers, prize-fighters and similar heroes, whose only apparent mission in life is to be strong. And Mr. Kaufman’s poems are victimized by this excessive gymnastic exercise—they are essentially muscle-bound. The spirit of them is strenuous, to say the least. It is representative of a tendency of many minds who picture Evil, Injustice, Wrong, as if it lived in some definite, given place; and they are going out to find this bearded creature crouching in its lair and fight it, by St. George, with naked hand. But the search is inevitably fruitless; the glory is in the shouting and the arming for battle. And to this militant spirit is added the aggressive, progressive insistency of modern America. This is your Hour belongs distinctly to the DO IT NOW school of commercial optimism.

This is your hour — creep upon it!
Summon your power, leap upon it!
Grasp it, clasp it, hold it tight!
Strike it, spike it, with full might!
If you take too long to ponder,
Opportunity may wander.
Yesterday’s a bog of sorrow;
No man ever finds tomorrow.
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The Great River, Poems and Pictures, by Frederick Oakes Sylvester, Chicago, 1911.

These poems celebrate the Mississippi River as the haunt of boyhood and companion of maturity. The verse is obviously that of a beginner; but there is a certain homely sincerity in it, and a genuine feeling for nature, not glossed with sentimentality.

The best thing in the book is the description of the town by the river,

Where quaint old-fashioned houses
Behind the fir-trees hide,

but now changing:

A fatal thing she nourishes, for lo!
She gives an alien child her breasts to nurse,
Whose lips are iron and whose heart is brass,
And, dreaming, does not realize nor know
Its very touch a menace is and curse.

A Walled Garden and Other Poems, by Margaret Root Garvin. The Mosher Press.

Some of the poems in this volume are very charming. An occasional inversion mars direct expression, but the general lyric quality is exceptionally good. The following triplet contains, in eight lines, what most Memorial Day orators take forty minutes to expound.

On their swords the red rust,
On their graves the red roses:
Like old Hate, turned to dust,
While Love blooms as it must;
So this day-dawn discloses
On their swords the red rust,
On their graves, the red roses.

The Night Watch and The Narcissus Pool are two other poems that might be quoted.

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Miss Lowell's volume contains sonnets and lyrics, chiefly reflective and contemplative, somewhat remote and approaching a tonal twilight, but rhythmic in quality and exhibiting purity of taste and an instinct for artistic selection.

This book, the little volume by Mrs. Fiske, that by Miss Garvin, and other recent publications of feminine authorship, justify a rather interesting characterization: that is, that in this day and generation, in our country, it is the women who sing.

The lyric note, the pure song-quality, is very largely sheltered by feminine wings. By their ministration is the Cavalier music prolonged, and the half-forgotten Elizabethan kinship between verse and the stringed instrument. This is no small contribution, certainly; for the idea that delicacy and strength may not be synonymous is one that especially needs negative emphasis in this day of the confused sense of correspondence between the brutal and the strong. The observation is made casually, but there are many voices to sustain it. The singing man, it may be, is out of fashion; but we regret the loss of the lute-player as well as the lute.
Sir:—

I have little Tuscan and no Provençal, but I seem to discern in your verse a slap at this "generation of the thoroughly smug." Therefore it was with pained surprise that I discovered you had taken some lines of mine as text for your phillipic, Pax Saturni. At first it seemed funny, then it seemed unfair; and finally I made up my mind that it was simply stupid.

My lines were ironical, you know. Of course you know what irony is, because you descend to it yourself in Pax Saturni; though I may be mistaken. How would you like it if I were to amputate

Say there are no oppressions,
Say it is a time of peace,
Say that labor is pleasant,
Speak of the American virtues,

and clap it at the head of an ode entitled President Taft? Wouldn't it seem ridiculous to you?

No, Mr. Aggressively Contemporary Pound, here in America very few people indeed believe that these are "fair, peaceful, happy days." And of course the event which I symbolize occurred very recently—Lincoln Steffens' magnificent try for peace during the trial of the McNamaras. Perhaps I wrong you, but no one else misunderstood my lines.

If your criticism had been one of poetic form, I should have respected it, at any rate.
Correspondence

I am glad you and Walt Whitman are friends. You ought to have known each other long ago.

John Reed.

LINES TO W. B.

What do we write of but the petty treasuries of little men?
Boxes of buttons for shirt-fronts and links for the sleeves,
Cigarette-puffs of sentiment, cigarette-cases of silver,
Gardens and streams that abound on the tables of restaurants
And mountains that amass in pigeon-holes!

Or we lie supine in a hammock
Humming fastidious news of the future,
Doubts of the present and hopes of antiquity,
Changes of passion as real as the rote of an actor,
Professions of fellowship wooden and stale as a pulpit.

We are evaders and strummers.
Our words are the popping of corks
And our lives go to settle the payment;
But there's something we call Greek, which we take like cloves for the breath.

And whom shall we call on, pray, to heed and to hurry our message,
But opera-chairs, limousines, and their occupants,
Women who earnestly nod over nonsense,
Heavy academies canting
And coteries wearing soft collars,
The elite and the slums of illusion!

Show me a forehead shining with a star,
And let me hear a voice whose breath
Has not been tempered by electric-fans,
Nor manufactured in a squeaking doll,
But driven by the inner whirr of forces elemental and
alive and true,
And I will show you such an audience
Of common sense
As grows in these new times
To alter taste with honesty
And be the human dwelling of a poet.

Witter Bynner.

ON FIRST OPENING THE LYRIC YEAR

It is a certain satisfaction to overlook a cemetery,
All the little two-yard-long mounds that vary
So negligibly after all. I mean it brings on a mood
Of clear proportions. I remember once how I stood
Thinking, one summer's day, how good it must be to spend
Some thousand years there from beginning to the end,
There on the cool hillside. But with that feeling grew
the dread
That I too would have to be like all the other dead.
That unpleasant sense which one has when one smothers,
Unhappy to leave so much behind merely to resemble others.
It's good no doubt to lie socially well ordered when one has so long to lie,
But for myself somehow this does not satisfy.

W. C. W.

NOTES

Mr. Rabindra Nath Tagore, poet and musician, was born in Calcutta in 1861. His first work of importance, an opera written at eighteen, was followed by plays, stories, novels and poems, culminating in the Gitanjali or Song Offerings, six lyrics from which, in Poetry last December, introduced this great Bengal poet to American readers.

A year ago Mr. Tagore left India, and after a few months in England, came to this country last autumn for a half-year's sojourn. Much of this time he has spent in translating his poems, his knowledge of English being sensitive and profound. Also he has written directly in our language a series of lectures on the religion of India, and given them at the Universities of Harvard, Chicago, Illinois, Wisconsin, and elsewhere.

Mr. Tagore's lyrics are sung throughout Bengal by the people, and many of them form part of the simple ritual of the Brahma Somaj church, of which Maharshi (Saint) Devendra Nath Tagore, father of the poet, was a
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founder. Many members of the family have been distinguished in India; a close relative of the poet is now director of the National School of Art in Calcutta, which has done so much to revive the old Indian tradition. Articles on the poet have recently appeared in The North American (May Sinclair), The Fortnightly (Ezra Pound), The Hibbert Journal (T. W. Rolleston), The Nation (Evelyn Underhill), Current Opinion and elsewhere; and Mr. W. B. Yeats wrote an eloquent introduction for the Gitanjali, recently published by Macmillan.

Francis Thompson (1859-1907), whose Hound of Heaven and many other poems are as familiar in America as in England, left a few almost illegible manuscripts in the hands of his literary executor, Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, through whose courtesy the sonnet To a Friend is now published.

Mr. Harrison S. Morris, of Philadelphia, was for some years editor of Lippincott's, and for a longer period director of the Pennsylvania Academy of Fine Arts. His latest book of verse is Lyrics and Landscapes.

The other poets represented in this number are all young, most of them having published no volume as yet. Mr. Frederic Manning, the only Englishman among them, is the author of Scenes and Portraits, and The Vigil of Brunhilde, a narrative poem. Mr. William Carlos Williams has lived mostly in or near New York, where he practices medicine. A few of his poems were first published in English magazines five years ago.
Notes

Mrs. Helen Cowles Le Cron, born in Iowa, was graduated from Northwestern University in 1908. Marrying soon after, she lived five years in Wyoming, but returned recently to Des Moines.

Mr. Rollo Britten, now editor of a paper in Manistee, Michigan, was born in Nebraska in 1889, and graduated from Harvard in 1912.

BOOKS RECEIVED.

Tales of the Mermaid Tavern, by Alfred Noyes. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Helen of Troy, and Other Poems, by Sara Teasdale. G. P. Putnam's Sons.
A Duet With Omar, by Albert J. Edmunds, with a supplement by James E. Richardson. Innes & Sons.
A Legend of the Rose and Other Poems, by Leyland Huckfield. Privately printed.
Ode to Morning, by Hiram Powers Dilworth. Privately printed.
A Summer Idyl, by Mary Leedy Flanigan. The Cosmopolitan Press.
To the Lost Friend, by Auguste Angellier. Translated by Mildred J. Knight and Charles R. Murphy. Sherman, French & Co.
To Bliss Carman, a Little Anthology by Four Admirers who dwell in the Canadian Homeland. Privately printed.
First Flights in Verse, by Maxwell Edgar. Privately printed.
The Art of Versification, by J. Berg Esenwein and Mary Eleanor Roberts. The Home Correspondence School.

PERIODICALS RECEIVED.

UNITED STATES.
New York: The Century; The Forum; Scribner's Magazine; Current Opinion; The Literary Digest; The Nation; The International; The Survey; The Woman's Home Companion.
Philadelphia: The Conservator.
Portland, Maine: The Bibelot.
Woodstock, N. Y.: The Wild Hawk.
New Haven, Conn.: The Yale Review.

FOREIGN.
Paris: La Vie des Lettres (No. 1)—Nicolas Beauduin, Directeur; La Renaissance Contemporaine; Poeme et Drame; Les Bandeaux d'Or; Mercure de France; L'Effort Libre, Les Poetes; L'Hee Sonnante.
London: Poetry and Drama (No. 1)—Harold Monro, editor; Poetry Review (new series), Stephen Phillips, editor; Rhythm.
Wellington, New Zealand: The Triad.
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