NOVEMBER, 1913

Magic
A Gray Sunset
To a Captive Crane
The Mountains are a Lonely Folk

Hamlin Garland

The Coming of Hippolytus, Margaret Sackville
The Procession

M. D. Armstrong

The Irish Fairies
The Puca

Joseph Campbell

“Passe Rosa”

Louise Driscoll

Poems

Ancora—Surgit Fama—The Choice—
April—Gentildonna—Lustra, I, II, III
—Xenia, I, II, III, IV, V, VI, VII

Ezra Pound

Editorial Comment

Rhythms of English Verse—A Confessional

Announcement of Prizes

Notes

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MAGIC

Within my hand I hold
A piece of lichen-spotted stone—
Each fleck red-gold—
And with closed eyes I hear the moan
Of solemn winds round naked crags
Of Colorado's mountains. The snow
Lies deep about me. Gray and old
Hags of cedars, gaunt and bare,
With streaming, tangled hair,
Snarl endlessly. White-winged and proud,
With stately step and queenly air,
A glittering, cool and silent cloud
Upon me sails.
The wind wails,
And from the cañon stern and steep
I hear the furious waters leap.
A GRAY SUNSET

She sits to watch the evening sun,
Her gnarled hands folded on her knees.
Upon her hair the river breeze
Lays light cool palm. Her work is done.
She rests as one who fears to rest.
With chin upthrust she seems to wait
A summons—some dread footstep at the gate—
Her breath scarce lifts her lean bent breast.

Her wayward sons are all afar;
Her daughters drudge for tired men.
Her husband's grave lies up the glen,
And she, the sport of some grim star,
Sits there alone with dim dull eyes.
Of what she dreams I cannot tell.
Her pains have fitted her for hell—
Her deeds should lift her to the skies.

It seems God cursed her at the start;
She was foredoomed to toil and pain.
She has no higher prize to gain
Than rest, and endless quietude of heart.
Hunger, and solitude, the agony of birth,
The numbing dulness of the daily task
She has not shunned; she does not ask
Her God to free her from the earth.
TO A CAPTIVE CRANE

Ho, brother! Art thou prisoned too?
Is thy heart hot with restless pain?
I heard the call thy bugle blew
Here by the bleak and chilling main,
(Whilst round me shaven parks are spread
And cindered drives wind on and on);
And at thy cry, thy lifted head,
My gladdened heart was westward drawn.

O splendid bird! your trumpet brings
To my lone heart the prairie springs.

THE MOUNTAINS ARE A LONELY FOLK

The mountains they are silent folk
    They stand afar—alone,
And the clouds that kiss their brows at night
Hear neither sigh nor groan.
    Each bears him in his ordered place
As soldiers do, and bold and high
They fold their forests round their feet
And bolster up the sky.

Hamlin Garland
THE COMING OF HIPPOLYTUS

Scene: A high Tower overlooking the sea.

Phaedra. The singing women move about the streets
With gold between their breasts, their garments sway
About them with little murmurs—as a wind
Murmurs through the deep heart of a forest,
Broken and fugitive and soft. Their song
Is but the wind's murmuring turned to song:
Nurse, is it happiness that bids them sing,
Who sing to welcome thus my lord's return?

The Nurse. Wilt thou not also greet King Theseus?

Phaedra. Nay, for the heat lies heavily upon me—
The white heat, the intolerable heat,
The heat which has sucked my soul away from me,
Which melts the stone even. See it lies
Palpitating along the balustrade.
I cannot raise my head to sweep away
This lock which presses heavily on my forehead;
I cannot turn my head, nor raise my eyes
Beyond the shadow on the further wall.
See the great golden banner, how it droops!
There is no veil betwixt the earth and sun.
How should I rouse myself to meet the King?

The Nurse. So shouldst thou show more fair in the
King's sight.

Phaedra. Let thy shadow fall between me and the
sun—
The Coming of Hippolytus

Speak not to me of Theseus. Am I not Phaedra, God's daughter? Is not my face white, Consumed and wasted as a funeral pyre? Because the blood beneath it burns it to ashes? Like flakes of fire my days are falling from me, Visibly one by one, since God has wrought Fearfully his being into mine. And what have I to do with mortal man?

The Nurse. Yet art thou wedded to Theseus, and his wife, And meet it is thy soul should bend to him.

Phaedra. Why did no god come to me? Am I then Less fair than my sister, who was loved of a god? Is not my heart wild enough, and my love— Are not its wings strong and tempestuous, Wide reaching and far roaming o'er hill and sea, Enough to satisfy any god's desire? Am I not too a goddess, half-revealed Through a close clinging veil of irksome flesh, Which tortures me, till I would fly beyond The furthest barriers of the confined world? Does not sharp fire sting me in hands and feet?

The Nurse. Thou art ever restless thus—yet turn thy gaze From the proud heavens which have no care for thee.

Phaedra. For me there is no comfort. I am wrought With doubtful blood; for me there is no rest— Not in heaven, nor yet among the shades;
Certainly not on earth. How amongst men
Or gods shall such as I find comfort? How
In whom the god's wars with the woman's blood,
Who even in death shall be a twofold thing?

_The Nurse._ Yet art thou Queen here; thy will made thee Queen.

_Phaedra._ It was the will of Theseus made me Queen—
Who, being blind, loved me; and I was blind
And saw only the gold shining round his brows,
And saw the brow beneath was calm as death,
And no ambiguous light in the calm eyes.
And I said his calmness shall be to my soul
As twilight soothing with grave hands the sea;
Now is my soul like a rag torn in shreds.

_The Nurse._ Lovest thou not King Theseus?

_Phaedra._ I can hate:
I can no longer love. And who am I
To be bound thus to the slow wheel of earth?
I can hate, as a god hates, whom men forget,
All men—all gods—but mostly my lord the King,
Who has brought me weary love and a dull heart.

_The Nurse._ This cup is evil, drink thou not of it.

_Phaedra._ This cup is evil—I will drink deep of it:
I am outcast from love. Let the sea rage
And the rain beat on the brown earth pitilessly,
It shall not rage nor be pitiless as I!

_The Nurse._ Thou art a child, whose quick and petulant speech
The Coming of Hippolytus

Scatters thy soul like sparks. Do I not know thee, And how thou wert ever thus?—yea, and wouldst spurn With thy uneasy hands, even my breast!

Phaedra. Oh peace! How weary am I of mortal speech!
And of the gods who love me not—but I Equally hate them. Nay, there is one I love, One goddess, Aphrodite; I have sought Her temples with white gifts and gifts of fire— Prayers which gushed forth like blood from a pricked wound. Yet she hears not—nothing she recks of me!

The Nurse. She is a dangerous goddess—speak not of her!

Phaedra. Why wilt thou tarnish life with thy grey tongue? Her only do I worship. I will go At once and offer sacrifice. Prepare Wine and spiced cakes and myrtle wreaths and flowers, For all my soul is eager to wait on her!

The Nurse. Yet canst not meet the King?

Phaedra. Let the King be: Nay but I am weary—nay I will not go. I tire of Aphrodite, even of her— And of all things, and of my most impotent heart, Which dares not stop from beating. Would I were Strong like that fierce-limbed Queen Hippolyta The King once loved, who rules the clamorous tribe

[43]
Of Amazons—gaunt women with one breast,
Who war with men and conquer. Yea and Theseus
Brings, does he not, even now from that far land
The son she bore him, grown a man to plague us?—
The gods alone know wherefore!

_The Nurse._

It may be
This son shall prove a son to thee and bring
Unto thy manifold heart comfort and love!

_Phædra._ To me shall he bring no comfort. How
should one
Sprung from King Theseus bring me comfort? Yet
Surely a strange soul must be his, conceived
In a womb not used to child-bearing, and reared
With dangers for his play-fellows since birth,
Among the forests and dark scattered rocks,
The winds with wings like shadows, and the fierce
Sun burning the highest pinnacles of the hills!

_The Nurse._ Behold, they come! and lo, King Thes­
eus' brow
Is cloudy, seeing thee not: crane forth thy head!

_Phædra._ [She advances to the balcony and looks over.]
Ah! he is straight as a young sapling, a tree
Shining white in a dark wood! I have seen his eyes
Once, in a wild dream I had once; and his lips
A little cruelly curved, like a drawn bow;
His hand, which would not spare though it should smite
Her he loved—yea deeper because he loved her

[44]
The Coming of Hippolytus

Would he smite, and no pity dim those eyes of his.
I hate him from the bottom of my soul!

_The Nurse._ Wilt thou not go to meet thy lord?

_Phaedra._ I hate
Him from the bottom of my soul. Give me
My veil and crown—I go to meet my lord.

_Margaret Sackville_
THE PROCESSION

Paven gray,
The triumphal way
Clove the plain like a javelin-head,
Circled the hill in a broad progression
And up to the white acropolis sped:
Waiting the feet of the great procession
It lay to the noonday sun outspread.

Ninety columns of rough-hewn granite
Edged the way in a lordly line—
   Rocks hewn down
   From a mountain-crown
In giant ages by kings divine:
Each—the leap of a man might span it—
   Towered as high as a forest pine.

   Dust looms gray
   Down the pillared way,
Foaming to gold where the sun breaks in.
They are coming. The noise grows deeper and duller:
See through the great blocks, out and in,
Flashes of sharp and insolent color
Leap through the crowd with the marching din!

The rumor thickens:—a fear! wonder!
Neighings and shouts and the tramp that casts
Like a smoking pyre
The white dust higher!
The pikes are clustered like harbor-masts,
The chariot-wheels on the pavement thunder,
And the horses leap at the trumpet-blasts.

The heralds troop
In a serried group;
The long bright shafts of their trumpets rise
Like sun-rays over a mountain shooting;
Fire on the bright brass flashes and flies,
Fierce as the raucous music bruiting
Triumph up to the holloing skies.

Banners wavered with lazy flappings
Over the tall crests dancing there.
Like beasts afraid
The long horns brayed
Harsh through the hot and dusty air,
And greens and scarlets of robes and trappings
Threaded the rocks with a sultry glare.

Now they strode
Up the mounting road,
Their rich barbaric music sounding
Tawny and fierce, till it shrank and paled,
As the carolling cohort dwindled, rounding
The curve of the hill, and its echoes hailed
Far, from the loftier crags rebounding.

[47]
Fires from the foundering sun-ship curdle
Westering cloud-banks. High and afar,
The marching lines
On the curved inclines
Gleam like a string of jewels that star
The breast of the towering hill they girdle
With emerald, ruby and golden spar.

In the phoenix-glow
Of the sunset, lo
A crown of fire was the far-seen crowd
High on the terraced summit swaying.
The hill that rose to the evening cloud
Stood like an altar where, after the slaying,
Flames of the offering leapt and bowed.

And over that ocean of men impassioned,
Men whom the current of life bore high,
In the great repose
Of godhead rose,
Throned august in the golden sky,
From the pure white splendor of marble fashioned,
The porch of the Temple of Victory.

M. D. Armstrong
THE IRISH FAIRIES

When Eber came to Kerry,
    When Guaire gave his gold,
Then were we young and merry
    Who now are old.

The green and the gray places,
    Then were they green and gray:
We saw but shining faces
    And open day.

We saw but shining faces,
    The sickle moon of night,
White queens in royal places,
    And jewels bright.

We heard but beauty spoken,
    Red war and passion sung,
Music on harp-strings broken,
    When we were young.

What is the morning plougher
    To us, whose ancient dream
Is as a fallen flower
    Upon a stream?
The glen travails with ploughing
That once was green and still:
The sower follows sowing
Over the hill.

THE PUCA

The Puca's come again,
Who long was hid away
In cave or twilight glen:
Too shy, too proud to play
Under the eye of day.

I saw him dance and skip
But now in the beech wood,
Wild rhymes upon his lip
And laughter in his blood.
I envied him his grip
Upon the sunny mood.

Then altered he his note
To one of weariness:
He shook his hairy coat,
The double of distress,
And cried deep in his throat
For gall and bitterness.

[50]
The Puca

The Puca's gone again
To sleep his wits away
In cave or twilight glen:
Too shy, too proud to stay
Under the eye of day.

Joseph Campbell

Note: The Puca seems essentially an animal spirit. Some derive his name from poc, a he-goat; and speculative persons consider him the father of Shakespeare's Puck. On solitary mountains and among old ruins he lives, "grown monstrous with much solitude," and is of the race of the nightmare.—W. B. Yeats. *Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry*.

"PASSE ROSA"

Cecelia del Balzo, wife of Amadeus IV, Duke of Savoy, was so called in the twelfth century throughout all Europe.

More beautiful than roses! Eight centuries have rolled Their hundred cycles o'er you, And still we may adore you, Reading the printed pages where your history is told.

More beautiful than roses! O lady, dear and dead, The daughters of a strange new race Ponder on your amazing grace, And picture your white hands and sunny head.
More beautiful than roses! You have been dead so long! Where is the sweet, white breast of you? And where the golden crest of you? And where the men who bled for you, fighting through right and wrong?

More beautiful than roses! Upon your grave today The violets that were your eyes Are smiling to Aosta’s skies, Eight hundred years ago you went that way.

More beautiful than roses! Sometimes your eyes were filled With bitter tears you might not shed, And now your griefs and you are dead. And yet, through Time, the crucible, your perfume is distilled.

Louise Driscoll
POEMS

ANCORA

Good God! They say you are risqué!
O canzonetti,
We who went out into the four A. M. of the world,
Composing our albas;
We who shook off our dew with the rabbits;
We who have seen even Artemis a-binding her sandals,
Have we ever heard the like! O mountains of Hellas!

Gather about me, O Muses!
When we sat upon the granite brink in Helicon
Clothed in the tattered sunlight,
O Muses with delicate shins,
O Muses with delectable knee-joints,
When we splashed and were splashed with
The lucid Castalian spray,
Had we ever such an epithet
Cast upon us!

SURGIT FAMA

Fragment from an unwritable play

There is a truce among the gods,
Korè is seen in the North
Skirting the blue-gray sea
In gilded and russet mantle.
The corn has again its mother and she, Leucoñoë,
That failed never women,
Fails not the earth now.

The tricksome Hermes is here;
He moves behind me
Eager to catch my words,
Eager to spread them with rumor;
To set upon them his change
Crafty and subtle;
To alter them to his purpose;
But do thou speak true, even to the letter:

"Once more in Delos, once more is the altar a-quiver.
Once more is the chant heard.
Once more are the never abandoned gardens
Full of gossip and old tales."

THE CHOICE

It is true that you say the gods are more use to you than fairies,
But for all that I have seen you on a high, white, noble horse,
Like some strange queen in a story.
Poems

It is odd that you should be covered with long robes and trailing tendrils and flowers;
It is odd that you should be changing your face and resembling some other woman to plague me;
It is odd that you should be hiding yourself in the cloud of beautiful women, who do not concern me.

And I, who follow every seed-leaf upon the wind!
They will say that I deserve this.

APRIL

Three spirits came to me
And drew me apart
To where the olive boughs
Lay stripped upon the ground:

Pale carnage beneath bright mist.

GENTILDONNA

She passed and left no quiver in the veins, who now—
Moving among the trees, and clinging in the air she severed,
Fanning the grass she walked on then—endures:

Gray olive leaves beneath a rain-cold sky.
I

O helpless few in my country,
O remnant enslaved!

Artists broken against her,
A-stray, lost in the villages,
Mistrusted, spoken-against,

Lovers of beauty, starved,
Thwarted with systems,
Helpless against the control;

You who can not wear yourselves out
By persisting to successes,
You who can only speak,
Who can not steel yourselves into reiteration;

You of the finer sense,
Broken against false knowledge,
You who can know at first hand,
Hated, shut in, mistrusted:

Take thought.
I have weathered the storm,
I have beaten out my exile.
II

The little Millwins attend the Russian Ballet. The mauve and greenish souls of the little Millwins Were seen lying along the upper seats Like so many unused boas.

The turbulent and undisciplined host of art students— The rigorous deputation from “Slade”— Was before them. With arms exalted, with fore-arms Crossed in great futuristic X’s, the art students Exulted, they beheld the splendors of Cleopatra.

And the little Millwins beheld these things; With their large and anaemic eyes they looked out upon this configuration.

Let us therefore mention the fact, For it seems to us worthy of record.

III  Further Instructions

Come, my songs, let us express our baser passions. Let us express our envy for the man with a steady job and no worry about the future.

You are very idle, my songs, I fear you will come to a bad end.
You stand about the streets. You loiter at the corners and bus-stops,
You do next to nothing at all.
You do not even express our inner nobility,
You will come to a very bad end.

And I? I have gone half cracked.
I have talked to you so much that I almost see you about me,
Insolent little beasts! Shameless! Devoid of clothing!

But you, newest song of the lot,
You are not old enough to have done much mischief.
I will get you a green coat out of China
With dragons worked upon it.
I will get you the scarlet silk trousers
From the statue of the infant Christ at Santa Maria Novella;

Lest they say we are lacking in taste,
Or that there is no caste in this family.

---

XENIA

I. The Street in Soho

Out of the overhanging gray mist
There came an ugly little man
Carrying beautiful flowers.
Poems

II

The cool fingers of science delight me;
For they are cool with sympathy,
There is nothing of fever about them.

III

Rest me with Chinese colors,
For I think the glass is evil.

IV

The wind moves above the wheat—
With a silver crashing,
A thin war of metal.

I have known the golden disc,
I have seen it melting above me.
I have known the stone-bright place,
   The hall of clear colors.

V

O glass subtly evil, O confusion of colors!
O light bound and bent in, O soul of the captive,
Why am I warned? Why am I sent away?
Why is your glitter full of curious mistrust?
O glass subtle and cunning, O powdery gold!
O filaments of amber, two-faced iridescence!

[59]
VI

Go, my songs, seek your praise from the young and from the intolerant,
Move among the lovers of perfection alone.
Seek ever to stand in the hard Sophoclean light
And take your wounds from it gladly.

VII *Dum Capitolium Scandet*

How many will come after me
   singing as well as I sing, none better;
Telling the heart of their truth
   as I have taught them to tell it;
Fruit of my seed,
   O my unnamable children.

Know then that I loved you from afore-time,
Clear speakers, naked in the sun, untrammelled.

*Ezra Pound*
MISCONCEPTION of this subject is so general that it may be useful to clear the ground by some consideration of its elements. Not only the school rhetorics, but textbooks of prosody like The Art of Versification, by J. Berg Esenwein and Mary Eleanor Roberts (Home Correspondence School), still insist, as a rule, that the rhythm of English verse is, as they put it, "accentual," in contradistinction to the rhythm of classic verse, which they pronounce "quantitative." Even Mr. George Saintsbury, in his ponderous three-volume History of English Prosody, refuses to take sides "in the battle of Accent versus Quantity," which is as if one should preface a treatise on astronomy with a refusal to decide whether the earth goes around the sun or the sun around the earth.

Since Sidney Lanier, musician and analyst as well as poet, wrote his Science of English Verse, there is no longer any excuse for persistence in the old error. Rhythm is rhythm, and its laws are unchangeable, in poetry, in music, in the motion of tides and stars, in the vibration of sound-waves, light-waves, or the still more minute waves of molecular action. Always and everywhere
rhythm is measured movement, a regular succession of time-intervals. English verse is as quantitative as Greek verse, because its primary rhythms depend quite as essentially upon the time-values of its syllables, upon its marshalling of long and short syllables in feet of a given length; while its secondary rhythms, its phrase-movements, mark off with larger curves longer time-intervals. The fact that in English the syllabic "quantities" are more changeable than in Greek and Latin makes no difference with this essential truth; our verse also is quantitative, even though the Greek ear may have demanded more exactness in length of syllables, while the English ear permits our poets greater liberty in making many syllables long or short at will. Nor does our use of accent, rhyme and other devices, some of them unnecessary to the Greek poet, make any difference. Accent is universal in human speech, though slight in certain languages; while rhyme, alliteration, etc., merely mark off and emphasize rhythmic intervals.

The best way of clearing our minds of error is to think of verse in terms of music. We have been told so persistently that an English foot consists of a given succession of "accented and unaccented syllables" that it becomes less confusing to discard the word foot altogether and use instead the musical term bar. Perhaps it would be a good thing if we could also discard the old terms iambic, trochaic, anapaestic, dactylic, etc., and classify poetic measures merely as three-time or four-time. For
this is the fundamental difference, and a recognition of it would make us free to analyze as many varieties of movement in each as there are in music. In modern poetry, as in modern music, the tendency is toward increasing freedom and variety of movement in both the bar and the phrase, involving closer and more extended intervals and subtler cadences. The music of Messrs. Debussy and d'Indy is paralleled by the poetry of Messrs. Vildrac, Romains and other young Parisians, and in English by that of the Imagists and others. But at present we are analyzing, not the new measures but the old, as the iambic should be studied before vers libre. Nor can the secondary rhythm, the grouping of bars together in phrases, be considered until the movement within the bar is clearly understood.

All English poetry is in either three-time or four-time—that is, each bar counts three beats or four; for the language does not admit of the five-beat measure found infrequently in oriental poetry. If we continue using the old terms, the three-time measures are: the iambic, each typical foot or bar consisting of a short and a long syllable, to be indicated by an eighth and a quarter note; the trochaic, the trochee reversing the iambus; and the trimbrach, consisting of three short syllables, represented by three eighth-notes. The four-time measures are: the anapaestic, each anapaest being two short syllables and one long; the dactylic, one long and two short; both these measures being varied by the spondee, a foot of two long
syllables. The long syllable consumes in utterance twice as much time as the short, and in English usually, though not always, it carries a slight stress or accent. All the above measures are varied by rests, inversions, etc., exactly as in music; and there are four-time measures, still unnamed, which may hardly be classed as either anapaestic or dactylic.

In a poem, as in a piece of music, the first technical point to be noted is the time: is the piece written in three-time or four-time? Does each bar count three beats or four? The musician is always informed, for the kindly composer states his time at the beginning of his opus as openly as he states his key; but the reader of poetry has to find out for himself whether a given poem is in three-time, thus belonging usually to the great iambic class, which includes probably ninety-nine hundredths of all English verse; or in four-time, so belonging usually to the much smaller anapaestic class.

Having discerned the measure of the poem, one may analyze the poet's lines exactly as the composer analyzes and writes down in notes the air which floats through his mind. One will need most of the musician's materials—that is, one will need quarter-notes and eighth-notes, and sometimes half-notes and sixteenth-notes; quarter rests and eighth-rests, dots, ties and triplets—almost every device, in short, used by the musician for expressing time. The expression of tune is not attempted here.
Let us select for analysis one of the most beautiful strains of music in English verse, Shakespeare's seventy-first sonnet. The typical bar is an iambus; for example the bar for me, in which the first syllable counts one beat and the second two. The voice discovers in each line five bars followed by a pause of one bar; the first two lines showing no variation from the iambic type, while others vary widely, as follows:

No longer mourn for me when I am dead
Then you shall hear the surlily sullen bell
Give warning to the world that I am fled
From this vile world, with vilest worms to dwell.
Nay, if you read this line remember not
The hand that writ it, for I love you so
That I in your sweet thoughts would be forgot
If thinking on me then should make you woe.
The fourteen lines of this beautiful sonnet show almost all the variations of which iambic pentameter is capable. A few others may be found in the first three lines of Hamlet's most famous soliloquy.

To be or not to be— that is the question

Whether 'tis nobler in the mind to suffer

The slings and arrows of outrageous fortune
In all these examples the voice pauses for the length of a bar at the end of each line, but this circumstance, though incidental in a large majority of lines, is by no means a rule for all. Blank verse, both epic and dramatic, often sweeps down line-boundaries, as in the following examples from Shakespeare and Milton:

Besides, this Duncan
Hath borne his faculties so meek, hath been
So clear in his great office, that his virtues
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against
The deep damnation of his taking off.

Of man's first disobedience, and the fruit
Of that forbidden tree, whose mortal taste
Brought death into the world and all our woe,
With loss of Eden, till one greater man
Restores us, etc.

In the common hymn measure, with lines of four and three feet, or bars, alternating, the voice always lengthens the short lines by a pause of one bar, as in "To the Cuckoo," by Wordsworth.

\[
\text{Oh blithe newcomer! I have heard}
\]
\[
\text{I hear thee and rejoice}
\]
\[
\text{Oh cuck-oo! shall I call thee bird,}
\]
\[
\text{Or but a wandering voice?}
\]
Readers will vary slightly from these formulae, of course, in minor details—for example, in the length of certain syllables; but in general they will follow them rather closely. Study of them will show that each bar, like a bar of music, takes the same amount of time for utterance as every other bar, except that the reader, like the musician, varies the tempo in phrasing; it will show that the succession of long and short syllables in these bars, and also the position of the stress, or accent, varies almost as widely in poetry as in music; that rests or pauses of varying lengths occur frequently, sometimes even at the point of usual stress, and more often than not, to the length of an entire bar, at the end of each line; that a long syllable sometimes bridges two bars, counting one beat in each; and many other points—too many to be mentioned.

Thus far we have studied only the iambic measure, which is so dear, so natural to the English ear that until the time of Shelley and Coleridge other measures were rare in English verse, being found only, I think, in early poems of the Piers Ploughman type and in certain ballads and Elizabethan songs. In a future article other measures will be discussed.

H. M.
A CONFESSIONAL


The most amazing feature of this small volume of poems is the preface. It is at once a gloss upon the text, and a confessional. At least without this gloss, the spiritual crises in the first poem, and a large share of the spiritual intention of the other two poems, might not be comprehensible; yet, to be exact, the preface gives us so much more insight into the poet's mind, that the poems are in reality a gloss upon the preface. I shall quote therefore from both. Mr. Woodberry says:

These three poems, though written without reference to one another, have a slight element in common which may perhaps excuse their being placed together, in that they are all poems of expectancy, in the mood of faith in the future. They have a touch of prophetic conviction, and that atmosphere of largeness of world-hope which is a trait of our time.

They are grounded in personal feeling and reality, and the first of them is charged with specific allusions to my own experience which may not be sufficiently self-explanatory. The editor who published it, for example, desired more light on what I meant by the "youth" in the Sicilian mine, whom he took to be a symbolical figure. I seldom deal in symbolism; if there be hidden meanings in my verses, they are there without my knowledge.

Mr. Woodberry then goes on to give us his explanation of the obscure passages in The Kingdom of all Souls, which explanation the editor of The Atlantic printed with the poem "in order to protect the reader from the pitfall which he had found." We follow his example:

In the stench and murk of Sicilian mines I lost my ways of light;
For a youth with a torch came gazing on me, with the
made archaic line
That I loved in the marbles of Athens, and the fire of
his soul sank in mine;

[69]
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The woe of his eyes, the want of his limbs, the intimate
look of his soul,—
Who shall measure the wave of passion that from spirit
to spirit may roll!
And, year after year, grew poverty dear; and thereat I
wondered then,
*That my soul issued first unto wan lives accurst in the*
*loveliest lands of men.*

What I actually saw is just what I say I saw. The incident made a deep
impression upon me. I went down into a sulphur mine in a remote corner of
Sicily. It was pitch-black except for our candles, it was very hot.
Then this youth came along the gallery with his torch and went by; but having
seen me he came back to get some soldi. He was naked, as the others were practi-
cally, and the light of his torch showed the figure in the darkness; he was eighteen
or less, I should say, and his pose as he held out his hand was as perfect as you can
imagine for a simple action in which his body, the place, all joined,— it was a
perfect expression of poverty. What struck me, however, was the extraordinary
resemblance the lines of his figure bore to the archaic Apollos at Athens (there is
one at Naples), in which the body seems stiffened in its material as if the artist
could not free the form from the stone. The living body was just the same, stif-
fened in its lines just so; and this youth so seen was as perfect a piece of archaic art
as I ever saw. It made an indelible impression on my eye — and on my heart, too.

The second obscure passage follows:

Then I said to my Spirit beside me tall: "I have fear —
this is some charm
That the Impish Ones have wrought upon me to do me
malignant harm.
That for the blood-wasted and beauty-blasted I lay
bright worship by,—
Hover above it — sink in it — love it,— 'tis some
charm of the Evil Eye.
But my Spirit beside me gathered height in his pride.
Then as a greater wonder arose.

Whereat my delicate being aloof with the horror thereof
froze.

For I saw in the den of a prison-pen, on a peak of
Argos' coast,
Men whom whips compel, mould as in hell the matrix of
the Host;
Murderers, thieves, and every brood of dark and
heinous sin
Forged in that shed the seal of God's Bread, that
stamps Christ's name therein.

At the state prison at Nauplia, in Greece, the convicts fabricate an iron stamp,
which is used to imprint the Christian symbol *IHS* on the Easter bread. I was
very much shocked by that.

The italics are not the poet's. They are used to
denote the state of partial salvation, the contradictory
experience, of a half-awakened soul. For the poem is obviously the tragic experience of a conventional soul facing unconventionality — life. The poet, apparently, has looked out upon life only through the eyes of others; has looked upon life through a form of life already made static through the creative art of others. And even the new shock of awakening consciousness is due less to individual experience than to the forceful suggestion of a master mind. Mr. Woodberry naively records this history, and we learn with astonished amusement how things which are commonly supposed to be a poet's birthright have been acquired in this instance through patient apprenticeship.

The thought toward the end of the poem, — "past the sensual, past the moral," — contains a Nietzschean element, which is found elsewhere in my later verse. I picked up a volume of Nietzsche, then unknown to me, quite by accident in a bookstore at Athens, eight years ago, and was so struck by it that I bought it. The translation was in Italian, La Gaia Scienza. I afterward bought and read all his works; and little sympathetic as I am with the doctrines of the Super-Man by which he is most known, there was much in his discursive mind which was kindred to my own solitary musing and brooding in those Mediterranean years. I felt him, like the call of a voice in the unknown before me. I am less one of the million "We Americans" than of the few "Us Europeans." I was always doubly conscious. Le Voyageur et Son Ombre; and my heart, at least, has knowledge Par delà le Rien et le Mal; Aurore might have served as the title of this little book; and if I have not talked with Zarathustra, there are those in our small company who have. Nietzsche was an original and powerful genius, perhaps with the eccentric, proud willfulness of a natural leader of men's minds. I know no modern thinker with such a fire-flow in him, the vital burst, la vie. I think of him as what I have found most rare in life, either among men or books,— a companion on my way. I dare say I should have found him, in real life, quite impossible; but, safely walled apart by time and space and death, we are friends in the spirit. From him, too, as you already observe, I took the title of the third poem.

Ah, those minds whom, in real life, one would doubtless have found quite impossible! One can not help wondering how Nietzsche, in real life, would have found Mr. Woodberry; or how, safely walled apart by time and
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

space and death, with what keen satiric zest he may not now view this naive token of kinship!

Not the least surprising thing about Mr. Woodberry’s book, apart from the unconscious humor of the preface, is the metrical echo of Edgar Allan Poe in the poems. Here, too, is a spirit whom, judging from Mr. Woodberry’s biography of Poe, he would doubtless have found quite impossible in life. But life shocks Mr. Woodberry—even though he turn to art to soften it; art that has been drawn, as it were, from the very entrails of life as it is always drawn. He does not realize, apparently that there are other men besides murderers and thieves—“men whom whips compel,” who “mould as in hell the matrix of the Host.”

A. C. H.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF PRIZES

The prize of two hundred and fifty dollars, offered by the guarantors of POETRY for the best poem published during the magazine’s first year, has been awarded to

Mr. William Butler Yeats,
for his poem The Grey Rock, published in the April number.

This award has been supplemented by a second prize offered by a few guarantors who prefer to remain anony-
Announcement of Prizes

This second prize of one hundred dollars has been awarded to

Mr. Nicholas Vachel Lindsay

for his poem, General William Booth Enters into Heaven, published in the January number.

In making these awards the committee has not considered translations or poems by deceased poets. This rule withdraws from competition The Woman, by the late William Vaughn Moody; To My Friend, by the late Francis Thompson; Mr. Tagore’s translations of his own Bengali lyrics, and Mr. Upward’s adaptations from the Chinese. Besides these, Mr. Arthur Stringer preferred not to submit for competition his poem, A Woman at Dusk; and four members of the committee, Miss Wyatt, Alice Corbin, Mr. Pound and Miss Monroe, withdraw their poems.

Honorable mentions in connection with these awards are as follows:

Sangar, by John Reed;
Swinburne, an Elegy, by Arthur Davison Ficke;
Teresina’s Face, by Margaret Widdemer;
Xopikos, by Richard Aldington;
Passing Near, by Witter Bynner;
Gloire, by Charles Vildrac;
To One Unknown, by Helen Dudley;
Dagonet’s Canzonet, by Ernest Rhys.

The prize of twenty-five dollars, offered for the best epigram by Mr. Ernest MacDonald Bowman, a guaran-
tor, cannot be awarded precisely according to its terms because no epigrams, strictly speaking, were contributed to POETRY during its first year. Mr. and Mrs. Bowman therefore award this prize, with the committee's concurrence, as a token of appreciation of a brief poem by a young poet, to MR. ROLLO BRITTEN, for his poem, *Bird of Passion*, published in the June number.

NOTES

Mr. Hamlin Garland, of Chicago, is better known as a novelist than as a poet. He has published one book of poems, *Prairie Songs*.

Lady Margaret Sackville, daughter of the Earl de la Warr, is the author of *Poems* (1901), *Hymn to Dionysus* (1905), and *Bertrud and Other Dramatic Poems* (1911).

Mr. Joseph Campbell, the well-known Irish poet, is the author of *The Rushlight*, *The Gilly of Christ* (Maunsel), and *The Man-Child* (Lock Press, London). Maunsel will soon publish another book of poems, *Irishry*.


Miss Louise Driscoll, of Catskill, N. Y., has published poems in various magazines.
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