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oetry,
A Magazine of Verse
Edited by Harriet Monroe

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Molalla

MARCH, 1914

CHICAGO POEMS

CHICAGO

OG Butcher for the World,
Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,
Player with Railroads and the Nation's
Freight Handler;
Stormy, husky, brawling,
City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for I
have seen your painted women under the gas lamps
luring the farm boys.

And they tell me you are crooked and I answer: Yes, it
is true I have seen the gunman kill and go free to kill
again.

And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is: On the
faces of women and children I have seen the marks of
wanton hunger.

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And having answered so I turn once more to those who
sneer at this my city, and I give them back the sneer
and say to them:

Come and show me another city with lifted head singing
so proud to be alive and coarse and strong and cunning.
Flinging magnetic curses amid the toil of piling job on
job, here is a tall bold slugger set vivid against the
little soft cities;

Fierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action, cunning
as a savage pitted against the wilderness,
Bareheaded,
Shoveling,
Wrecking,
Planning,
Building, breaking, rebuilding,

Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing with
white teeth,

Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as a young
man laughs,

Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who has never
lost a battle,

Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the pulse,
and under his ribs the heart of the people,

Laughing!

Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of
Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog
Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player with
Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation.

JAN KUBELIK

Your bow swept over a string, and a long low note
quivered to the air.

(A mother of Bohemia sobs over a new child perfect
learning to suck milk.)

Your bow ran fast over all the high strings fluttering
and wild.

(All the girls in Bohemia are laughing on a Sunday after-
noon in the hills with their lovers.)

THE HARBOR

Passing through huddled and ugly walls,
By doorways where women haggard
Looked from their hunger-deep eyes,
Haunted with shadows of hunger-hands,
Out from the huddled and ugly walls,
I came sudden, at the city's edge,
On a blue burst of lake,
Long lake waves breaking under the sun
On a spray-flung curve of shore;
And a fluttering storm of gulls,
Masses of great gray wings
And flying white bellies
Veering and wheeling free in the open.

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THE HAMMER

I have seen
The old gods go
And the new gods come.

Day by day
And year by year
The idols fall
And the idols rise.

Today
I worship the hammer.

AT A WINDOW

Give me hunger,
O you gods that sit and give
The world its orders.
Give me hunger, pain and want,
Shut me out with shame and failure
From your doors of gold and fame,
Give me your shabbiest, weariest hunger!

But leave me a little love,
A voice to speak to me in the day end,
A hand to touch me in the dark room
Breaking the long loneliness.

In the dusk of day-shapes
Blurring the sunset,
One little wandering, western star
Thrust out from the changing shores of shadow.
Let me go to the window,
Watch there the day-shapes of dusk
And wait and know the coming
Of a little love.

LOST

Desolate and lone
All night long on the lake
Where fog trails and mist creeps,
The whistle of a boat
Calls and cries unendingly,
Like some lost child
In tears and trouble
Hunting the harbor's breast
And the harbor's eyes.

WHO AM I?

My head knocks against the stars.
My feet are on the hilltops.
My finger-tips are in the valleys and shores of universal
life.
Down in the sounding foam of primal things I reach my
hands and play with pebbles of destiny.

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I have been to hell and back many times.
I know all about heaven, for I have talked with God.
I dabble in the blood and guts of the terrible.
I know the passionate seizure of beauty
And the marvelous rebellion of man at all signs reading
"Keep Off."

My name is Truth and I am the most elusive captive
in the universe.

MOMUS

Momus is the name men give your face,
The brag of its tone, like a long low steamboat whistle
Finding a way mid mist on a shoreland,
Where gray rocks let the salt water shatter spray
Against horizons purple, silent.

Yes, Momus,
Men have flung your face in bronze
To gaze in gargoyle downward on a street-whirl of folk.
They were artists did this, shaped your sad mouth,
Gave you a tall forehead slanted with calm, broad wisdom;
All your lips to the corners and your cheeks to the high
bones

Thrown over and through with a smile that forever wishes
and wishes, purple, silent, fled from all the iron things
of life, evaded like a sought bandit, gone into dreams,
by God.

I wonder, Momus,
Whether shadows of the dead sit somewhere and look
with deep laughter
On men who play in terrible earnest the old, known,
solemn repetitions of history.
A droning monotone soft as sea laughter hovers from your
kindliness of bronze,
You give me the human ease of a mountain peak, purple,
silent;
Granite shoulders heaving above the earth curves,
Careless eye-witness of the spawning tides of men and
women
Swarming always in a drift of millions to the dust of toil,
the salt of tears,
And blood drops of undiminishing war.

THE ROAD AND THE END

I shall foot it
Down the roadway in the dusk,
Where shapes of hunger wander
And the fugitives of pain go by.

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I shall foot it
In the silence of the morning,
See the night slur into dawn,
Hear the slow great winds arise
Where tall trees flank the way
And shoulder toward the sky.

The broken boulders by the road
Shall not commemorate my ruin.
Regret shall be the gravel under foot.
I shall watch for
Slim birds swift of wing
That go where wind and ranks of thunder
Drive the wild processions of rain.

The dust of the travelled road
Shall touch my hands and face.

Carl Sandburg

LOVE SONGS

OLD LOVE AND NEW

In my heart the old love
Struggled with the new,
It was ghostly waking
All night through.

Dear things, kind things
That my old love said,
Ranged themselves reproachfully
Round my bed.

But I could not heed them,
For I seemed to see
Dark eyes of my new love
Fixed on me.

Old love, old love,
How can I be true?
Shall I be faithless to myself
Or to you?

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OVER THE ROOFS

I said, "I have shut my heart,
As one shuts an open door,
That Love may starve therein
And trouble me no more."

But over the roofs there came
The wet new wind of May,
And a tune blew up from the curb
Where the street-pianos play.

My room was white with the sun
And Love cried out in me,
"I am strong, I will break your heart
Unless you set me free."

DEBT

What do I owe to you
Who loved me deep and long?
You never gave my spirit wings
Nor gave my heart a song.

But oh, to him I loved,
Who loved me not at all,
I owe the little open gate
That led through heaven's wall.

SEPTEMBER MIDNIGHT

Lyric night of the lingering Indian Summer,
Shadowy fields that are scentless but full of singing,
Never a bird, but the passionless chant of insects,
Ceaseless, insistent.

The grasshopper's horn, and far-off, high in the maples,
The wheel of a locust leisurely grinding the silence
Under a moon waning and worn, broken,
Tired with summer.

Let me remember you, voices of little insects,
Weeds in the moonlight, fields that are tangled with
asters,
Let me remember, soon will the winter be on us,
Snow-hushed and heavy.

Over my soul murmur your mute benediction,
While I gaze, O fields that rest after harvest,
As those who part look long in the eyes they lean to,
Lest they forget them.

Sara Teasdale

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SONGS

WHO LOVES THE RAIN

Who loves the rain,
And loves his home,
And looks on life with quiet eyes,
Him will I follow through the storm;
And at his hearth-fire keep me warm;
Nor hell nor heaven shall that soul surprise,
Who loves the rain,
And loves his home,
And looks on life with quiet eyes.

THE CHILD'S QUEST

My mother twines me roses wet with dew;
Oft have I sought the garden through and through;
I cannot find the tree whereon
My mother's roses grew.
Seek not, O child, the tree
Whereon thy mother's roses grew.

My mother tells me tales of noble deeds;
Oft have I sought her book when no one heeds;
I cannot find the page, alas,
From which my mother reads.
Seek not, O child, the page
From which thy mother reads.

My mother croons me songs all soft and low,
Through the white night where little breezes blow;
Yet never when the morning dawns,
My mother's songs I know.
Seek not, O child, at dawn of day
Thy mother's songs to know.

COLOGNE CATHEDRAL

The little white prayers
Of Elspeth Fry
Float up the arches
Into the sky.

A little black bird
On the belfry high
Pecks at them
As they go by.

SKELETONS

*Gird thy warrior's armor on,
And fare thou forth thyself alone.*

Empty frame upon the wall;
Secret presence in the hall;
In the closets we abide
Of the whole green country side.

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Savage chief, who sold his wife,
Priest, who took a martyr's life.

Madman, raving of his gain;
Cruel pirate of the main;

Drunkard, fallen in her track;
Soldier, wounded in the back;

Scarlet letter, branded deep;
Just the tendency to sleep.

Empty frame upon the wall;
Secret presence in the hall;
In the closets we abide
Of the whole green country side.

STAR THOUGHT

I shall see a star tonight
From a distant mountain height;
From a city you will see
The same star that shines on me.

'Tis not of the firmament
On a solar journey bent;
Fixed it is through time and weather;—
'Tis a thought we hold together.

LITTLE PAGAN RAIN SONG

In the dark and peace of my final bed,
The wet grass waving above my head,
At rest from love, at rest from pain,
I lie and listen to the rain.

Falling, softly falling,
Song of my soul that is free;
Song of my soul that has not forgot
The sleeping body of me.

When quiet and calm and straight I lie,
High in the air my soul rides by:
Shall I await thee, soul, in vain?
Hark to the answer in the rain.

Falling, softly falling,
Song of my soul that is free;
Song of my soul that will not forget
The sleeping body of me.

Frances Shazo

EROS TURANNOS

She fears him, and will always ask
 What fated her to choose him;
She meets in his engaging mask
 All reasons to refuse him;
But what she meets and what she fears
Are less than are the downward years,
Drawn slowly to the foamless weirs
 Of age, were she to lose him.

Between a blurred sagacity
 That once had power to sound him,
And Love, that will not let him be
 The seeker that she found him,
Her pride assuages her, almost,
As if it were alone the cost.
He sees that he will not be lost,
 And waits, and looks around him.

A sense of ocean and old trees
 Envelops and allures him;
Tradition, touching all he sees
 Beguiles and reassures him;
And all her doubts of what he says
Are dimmed with what she knows of days,
Till even prejudice delays,
 And fades—and she secures him.

The falling leaf inaugurates
 The reign of her confusion;
The pounding wave reverberates
 The crash of her illusion;
And home, where passion lived and died,
Becomes a place where she can hide,—
While all the town and harbor side
 Vibrate with her seclusion.

We tell you, tapping on our brows,
 The story as it should be,—
As if the story of a house
 Were told, or ever could be;
We'll have no kindly veil between
Her visions and those we have seen,—
As if we guessed what hers have been
 Or what they are, or would be.

Meanwhile, we do no harm; for they
 That with a god have striven,
Not hearing much of what we say,
 Take what the god has given;
Though like waves breaking it may be,
Or like a changed familiar tree,
Or like a stairway to the sea,
 Where down the blind are driven.

Edwin Arlington Robinson

THREE IRISH SPINNING SONGS

I

A young girl sings:

The Lannan Shee*
Watched the young man Brian
Cross over the stile towards his father's door,
And she said, "No help,
For now he'll see
His byre, his bawn and his threshing floor!
And oh, the swallows
Forget all wonders
When walls with the nests rise up before."
My strand is knit.

"Out of the dream
Of me, into
The round of his labor he will grow;
To spread his fields
In the winds of Spring,
And tramp the heavy glebe and sow;
And cut and clamp
And rear the turf
Until the season when they mow."
My wheel runs smooth.

*The Lannan Shee is the Faery Mistress of Irish peasant romance.

Three Irish Spinning Songs

“And while he toils
In field and bog
He will be anxious in his mind—
About the thatch
Of barn and rick
Against the reiving autumn wind,
And how to make
His gap and gate
Secure against the thieving kind.”

My wool is fine.

“He has gone back
And I'll see no more
Mine image in his deepening eyes;
Then I'll lean above
The Well of the Bride,
And with my beauty peace will rise!
O autumn star
In a hidden lake,
Fill up my heart and make me wise!”

My quick brown wheel!

“The women bring
Their pitchers here
At the time when the stir of the house is o'er;
They'll see my face
In the well-water,
And they'll never lift their vessels more.

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For each will say
‘How beautiful—
Why should I labor any more!
Indeed I come
Of so fair a race
’Twere waste to labor any more!’ ”
My thread is spun.

II

An elder girl sings:

One came before her and said beseeching,
“I have fortune and I have lands,
And if you’ll share in the goods of my household
All my treasure’s at your commands.”

But she said to him, “The goods you proffer
Are far from my mind as the silk of the sea!
The arms of him, my young love, round me
Is all the treasure that’s true for me!”

“Proud you are then, proud of your beauty,
But beauty’s a flower will soon decay;
The fairest flowers they bloom in the Summer,
They bloom one Summer and they fade away.”

“My heart is sad then for the little flower
That must so wither where fair it grew—
He who has my heart in keeping,
I would he had my body too.”

Three Irish Spinning Songs

III

An old woman sings:

There was an oul' trooper went riding by
On the road to Carricknabauna,
And sorrow is better to sing than cry
On the way to Carricknabauna!
And as the oul' trooper went riding on
He heard this sung by a crone, a crone
On the road to Carricknabauna!

"I'd spread my cloak for you, young lad
Were it only the breadth of a farthen'
And if your mind was as good as your word,
In troth, it's you I'd rather!
In dread of any jealousy,
And before we go any farther
Carry me up to the top of the hill
And show me Carricknabauna!"

"Carricknabauna, Carricknabauna,
Would you show me Carricknabauna?
I lost a horse at Cruckmoylinn—
At the Cross of Bunratty I dropped a limb—
But I left my youth on the crown of the hill
Over by Carricknabauna!"

Girls, young girls, the rush-light is done.
What will I do when my thread is spun?

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THE SEA BIRD TO THE WAVE

On and on
O white brother!
Thunder does not daunt thee!
How thou movest!
By thine impulse—
With no wing!
Fairest thing
The wide sea shows me!
On and on
O white brother!
Art thou gone!

Padraic Colum

EDITORIAL COMMENT

VERS LIBRE AND METRICAL PROSE



IT IS the fashion today to call everything which is without metre *vers libre*. According to those who most use this term, *vers libre* fades imperceptibly into prose, and in some cases, indeed, to the lay mind, it actually is prose. The object of this article is to establish a division in the spectrum of word-values, and to show how the extreme of prose at one end changes to the extreme of poetry at the other, through the grades of "metrical prose," and "*vers libre*." Unless we adopt Mallarmé's definition that "all prose which has style is poetry," we must recognize the fact that there are at least two steps between pure prose and pure poetry.

The term *vers libre* originated in France, and was adopted to describe the revolt against the cut-and-dried rules of French versification. To a Frenchman of the classic tradition, almost all the poetry in the English language would be *vers libre*. In order to make this clear, let me state the principal rules of French classic verse. French is a language without accent, and the French "foot" is one sound or syllable. The classic French metre is the hexameter, so called although it consists of twelve feet. It has a marked caesura in the middle.

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Other metres are used, but although they each contain the requisite number of feet, as do our English metres, the feet can often be discerned only by counting them, so little does the stress appear. Mute syllables are pronounced before a consonant, not before a vowel, which again adds a certain stilted and unreal effect. It is imperative that the rhymes should alternate masculine and feminine endings, feminine endings being those words which finish with a mute syllable. It will be seen at a glance how difficult it is to escape monotony with such firm and inelastic rules.

The Frenchman, therefore, would consider all our verse *vers libre*, as it is so much freer, and permits of so much more change, than his. In trying to adopt his term we are led into a difficulty, because in endeavoring to be freer than we were, we often overstep and land in the division of metrical prose.

Metrical prose existed long before the term *vers libre* came into use. But many people consider the two phrases interchangeable, the latter being merely more up to date. As a matter of fact they are not. The French themselves have *prose rythmée*; it was this very prose which Mallarmé referred to when he spoke of *prose stylée*, or styled prose. It is in metrical prose that he did much of his work, for he caught its true cadence as few writers have done. But, true to his belief that styled prose is poetry, he confined to that his use of free metres, and did not employ *vers libre*, practically all of his verse being

written in the classic hexameter. Take this passage from *Frisson d'Hiver*:

Cette pendule de Saxe, qui retarde et sonne treize heures parmi ses fleurs et ses dieux, à qui a-t-elle été? Pense qu'elle est venue de Saxe par les longues diligences autrefois.

Now as an example of *vers libre*, let us take the following quotation from Fernand Gregh:

*Mais à mon tour j'aurai connu le goût chaud de la vie;
J'aurai miré dans ma prunelle,
Petite minute éblouie,
La grande lumière éternelle;
Mais j'aurai bonne joie au grand festin sacré;
Que voudrais-je de plus?
J'aurai vécu.
Et je mourrai.*

It is not the presence of rhyme in the one and the absence of it in the other, which makes the real difference. It is what one of POETRY's contributors has called "the divisions of rhythmic wave lengths." I prefer to call these wave lengths simply curves. And I wish to show that it is the length and sharpness of the curve, which makes the difference between *vers libre* and metrical prose.

The rhythm of prose is long and slightly curved, the rhythm of verse very much shorter, with a tendency to return back upon itself. For instance, this passage from *Julius Caesar*:

Then none have I offended. I have done no more to Caesar than you shall do to Brutus. The question of his death is enrolled in the Capitol; his glory not extenuated, wherein he was worthy, nor his offences enforced, for which he suffered death.

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The line of stress is long, and with no distinct harking back. On the other hand:

Yankee Doodle came to town
Riding on a pony;
Stuck a feather in his hat
And called it macaroni.

Here the curve is short and choppy, and returns on itself by the rhymes. The desire to return upon itself is one of the most characteristic traits of verse. To that is due the rhyme, the refrain (so usual in folk-poetry), and all the meaningless words of repetition like fol-de-riddle-lol, and the French *dondaine*. When there is very little metre and no rhyme, as in much oriental poetry, the return is effected by the repetition of certain words. So positive a characteristic of poetry is this, in all ages and in all countries, that the distinction between poetry and prose would seem to consist more in this quality of *return*, than in the lengths of the curve, or wave length. Sometimes the return is indicated more in idea than in absolute words, but in poetry it is always present in some form, to give the balance which produces the effect of music on the ear.

Now as prose is a long curve with very little return, and poetry is a much shorter curve with a very sharp return; so metrical prose may be considered as a slightly more curved line than is usual in prose, with a return beginning to be felt, and *vers libre* as curving still more markedly, and the return becoming pronounced.

To cite an example from Walt Whitman:

The migrating flock of wild geese alighting in autumn to refresh themselves, the body of the flock feed, the sentinels outside move around with erect heads watching, and are from time to time reliev'd by other sentinels—and I feeding and taking turns with the rest.

This is metrical prose. The curve is very long, but the return is quite evident.

On the other hand, Edward Carpenter in *Towards Democracy* has:

I look upon my life as from afar:
I hear its murmur, mark its changeful sheen,
(As one who from a high cliff marks the waves
He just now rode on),
Beautiful, gleaming, shot with hues from heaven,
With strange pale lustre—beautiful indeed,
O God, from this great eminence of Death.

which is distinctly *vers libre*. The curve is much shorter, and the return excessively marked.

French and English are interestingly differentiated in the fact that it is easier to find examples of *vers libre* in French, and of metrical prose in English. The unaccented French language instantly becomes *vers libre*, when it departs from the props and stays of classic tradition; while in English the distinction between free verse and metrical prose is so slight that it requires a very delicate ear to detect the difference. The great poets of the nineteenth and preceding centuries contain no example, so far as I know. It is a modern metre, and must be sought among the moderns.

Henri de Régnier is one of the greatest writers of *vers libre*. His *Le Vase* is a perfect example of the metre.

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To quote a stanza in the middle of the poem:

*Le vase naissait dans la pierre façonnée.
Scelte et pur il avait grandi
Informe encore en sa soeltesse,
Et j'attendis,
Les mains oisives et inquiètes,
Pendant des jours, tournant la tête
À gauche, à droit, au moindre bruit,
Sans plus polir la panse ou lever le marteau.
L'eau
Coulait de la fontaine comme haletante.
Dans le silence
J'entendais, un à un, aux arbres du verger,
Les fruits tomber de branche en branche;
Je respirais un parfum messenger
De fleurs lointaines sur le vent;
Souvent,
Je croyais qu'on avait parlé bas,
Et, un jour que je rêvais—ne dormant pas—
J'entendis par delà les prés et la rivière
Chanter des flûtes. . .*

Then there is an excellent example in English in Fiona Macleod's *The Founts of Song*:

"Oh, Poet," said the Pine,
"Thine
Is that song,
Not mine!
I have known it, loved it, long!
Nothing I know of what the wild winds cry
Through dusk and storm and night,
Or prophesy
When tempests whirl us with their awful might.
Only, I know that when
The poet's voice is heard
Among the woods
The infinite pain from out the hearts of men
Is sweeter than the voice of wave or branch or bird
In these dumb solitudes."

In both these cases there is rhyme. And the French almost always rhyme their *vers libre*, even when it is written as plain prose. For instance, Paul Fort's *Sur le Pont au Change*:

Sept heures vont sonner à l'horloge du Palais. — L'occident, sur Paris, est comme un lac d'or plein. Dans l'est nuageux gronde un orage incertain. L'air est chaud par bouffées, à peine l'on respire. Et je songe à Manon et deux fois je soupire. L'air est chaud par bouffées et berce l'odeur large de ces fleurs qu'on écrase. . . On soupire en voyant de frais courants violets s'étirer sous les arches du Pont-Neuf qui poudroie sur le soleil mourant.—"Tu le sais, toi, Manon, si je t'ai bien aimée!" L'orage gronde au loin. L'air est chaud par bouffées.

This is written as metrical prose, but on account of the constantly recurring rhyme it seems to be distinctly *vers libre*.

A remarkable example of unrhymed *vers libre* is Remy de Gourmont's *Litanies de la Rose*:

Fleur hypocrite,

Fleur du silence.

*Rose couleur de cuivre, plus frauduleuse que nos joies, rose
couleur de cuivre, embaume-nous dans tes mensonges,
fleur hypocrite, fleur du silence,—*

where the return is so happily got by the repetition of words. I am sorry that space forbids its quotation entire.

One more example of metrical prose from *The House of Usna*, by Fiona Macleod:

I am the voice of the House of Usna. I am the voice in the wind crying for ever and ever: "Kings shall lie in the dust: great princes shall be brought to shame; the champions of the mighty shall be as swordsmen waving reeds, as spearmen spearing the grass, as men pursuing and wooing shadows!"

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The question is so much a matter of ear, that it is only by examples that it can really be illustrated. But anyone who takes the trouble to read these quotations aloud and listen attentively will instantly feel the difference between them, and detect the subtle and delicate gradations by which they fade into poetry at one end and prose at the other.

Amy Lowell

HOMAGE TO WILFRID BLUNT

On Sunday, January 18th, a committee of poets—Messrs. W. B. Yeats, T. Sturge Moore, Frederic Manning, John Masefield, Victor Plarr, F. S. Flint, Richard Aldington and Ezra Pound—presented to Wilfrid Scawen Blunt “in token of homage,” a reliquary carved in Pentelican marble by the brilliant young sculptor Gaudier Brzeska, ornamented with a female nude recumbent and an inscription, “Homage to Wilfrid Blunt.”

Mr. Blunt is perhaps known in America rather for his various political martyrdoms than for his poems. His claims upon posterity would, however, be sufficiently established if he had written no more than the double sonnet *With Esther*:

He who has once been happy is for aye
Out of destruction's reach. His fortune then
Holds nothing secret; and Eternity,
Which is a mystery to other men,
Has like a woman given him its joy.
Time is his conquest. Life, if it should fret,
Has paid him tribute. He can bear to die,

Editorial Comment

He who has once been happy! When I set
The world before me and survey its range,
Its mean ambitions, its scant fantasies,
The shreds of pleasure, which for lack of change
Men wrap around them and call happiness,
The poor delights which are the tale and sum
Of the world's courage in its martyrdom;

When I hear laughter from a tavern door,
When I see crowds agape and in the rain
Watching on tiptoe and with stifled roar
To see a rocket fired or a bull slain,
When misers handle gold, when orators
Touch strong men's hearts with glory till they weep,
When cities deck their streets for barren wars
Which have laid waste their youth, and when I keep
Calmly the count of my own life and see
On what poor stuff my manhood's dreams were fed
Till I too learn'd what dole of vanity
Will serve a human soul for daily bread—
Then I remember that I once was young
And lived with Esther the world's gods among.

Mr. Blunt is about the last man who has been able to use the old-fashioned Elizabethan "grand style" effectively.

The reliquary contained the following verses of homage signed by the committee:

Because you have gone your individual gait,
Written fine verses, made mock of the world,
Swung the grand style, not made a trade of art,
Upheld Mazzini and detested institutions;

We, who are little given to respect,
Respect you, and having no better way to show it,
Bring you this stone to be some record of it.

Beneath this there was an interesting collection of manuscripts: Mr. Manning's *Koré*, Mr. Plarr's *Epita-*

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phium Cytheristriae from the first book of the old Rhymers' Club, Mr. Moore's *The Dying Swan*, an unpublished poem by Mr. Yeats called *When Helen Lived, The Return*, Mr. Masefield's *Truth*, Mr. Flint's *Third Poem in Unrhymed Cadence*, and Mr. Aldington's *In Via Sistina*.

Mr. Blunt said, in his speech of acceptance, that this was the first time in his life that any admiration of his poetry had been expressed to him; that he had been honored only as a politician and as a breeder of horses.

The committee had proposed a large dinner of honor, but Mr. Blunt pleaded age as an excuse, and preferred to receive the committee in private. This he did with great charm, regaling us with the roast flesh of peacocks at Newbuildings, a sixteenth-century defensible grange in Sussex.

Had he accepted the dinner he might have had about him all the reputable poets of England, save those who hold official positions; for he is a little Englander and has never ceased to protest against the tyrannies and swindles of the Empire, "a Semitic invention of Disraeli's." As it was, the committee may be considered representative of the present vitality of English verse, although there were, among the younger men, unavoidable omissions, as follows: Mr. D. H. Lawrence, who is in Italy; Mr. Padraic Colum, now in Ireland; Mr. James Joyce, in Austria; and Mr. Rupert Brooke, somewhere in the South Pacific. Still it was a fairly complete sort of tribute, representing no one clique or style but a

genuine admiration for the power behind all expression, for the spirit behind the writing.

Mr. Yeats, replying for the committee, summarized this admiration as follows:

When you published your first work, it was at the very height of the Victorian period. The abstract poet was in a state of glory. One no longer wrote as a human being, with an address, living in a London street, having a definite income, and a definite tradition, but one wrote as an abstract personality. One was expected to be very much wiser than other people. . . . The only objection to such a conception of the poet was that it was impossible to believe he existed. . . . Now instead of abstract poetry, you wrote verses which were good poetry because they were, first of all, fine things to have thought or to have said in some real situation in life. . . . We are now at the end of Victorian romance—completely at an end. One may admire Tennyson, but one can not read him. . . . If I take up today some of the things that interested me in the past I can no longer use them. They bore me. Every year some part of my poetical machinery suddenly becomes of no use. . . .

Stendhal said it some time ago, and said it rather better, for he was writing instead of speaking impromptu:

La poésie, avec ses comparaisons obligées, sa mythologie que ne croit pas le poète, sa dignité de style à la Louis XIV, et tout l'attirail de ses ornements appelés poétiques, est bien au-dessous de la prose dès qu'il s'agit de donner une idée claire et précise des mouvements du coeur; or, dans ce genre, on n'émeut que par la clarté.

It is poetry's job to catch up.

For an unabridged account of the speeches see *The Egoist* for February 1st.

Ezra Pound

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NOTES

Mr. Carl Sandburg, of Chicago, was born of Swedish parents in Galesburg, Illinois. He left school at the age of thirteen, and worked in brickyards, railroads, Kansas wheat fields, etc. He served as a private in Porto Rico in 1898. Of late he has worked for various newspapers, being at present an editorial writer for the *Day Book*.

Miss Sara Teasdale, of St. Louis, is the author of *Sonnets to Duse* (Poet-Lore Co., 1907), *Helen of Troy and Other Poems* (Putnam, 1911), and of many poems in magazines.

Frances Shaw (Mrs. Howard Shaw), of Chicago, has published little verse as yet.

Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, of New York, was born in Maine and educated there and at Harvard. His books of verse are *The Children of the Night* (Badger, 1897), *Captain Craig* and *The Town Down the River* (Scribner, 1902 and 1910).

Mr. Padraic Colum, the young Irish poet, is the author of *Wild Earth* (Maunsell) and of a number of plays for the Abbey Theatre, Dublin.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Uncommon Commoner*, by Edmund Vance Cooke. Dodge Publishing Co.
Beyond the Stars, and Other Poems, by Charles Hanson Towne. Mitchell Kennerley.
Brunelleschi, by John Galen Howard. John Howell, San Francisco.
Paul Verlaine, by Stefan Zweig; translated by O. F. Theis. John W. Luce.
Yale Book of American Verse, edited by Thomas R. Lounsbury. Yale University Press.
Oscar Wilde: Art and Morality, by Stuart Mason. Frank Palmer, London.
La Mauvaise Aventure, by A. M. Gossez. Georges Cres et Cie.
Home-Made Verse, by Dwight Burdge. Privately Printed.
Occasional Verses, by Arthur St. Clair Brooke. T. Fisher Unwin.
The Collected Poems of Margaret L. Woods. John Lane.
The Wine-Press, by Alfred Noyes. Frederick Stokes & Co.
Celtic Memories, by Norreys Jephson O'Connor. John Lane Co.
The Flight, and Other Poems, by George Edward Woodberry. Macmillan.
What Can Literature Do For Me?, by C. Alphonso Smith. Doubleday Page and Co.
English Lyrical Poetry, by Edward Bliss Reed. Yale University Press.
The Court of the King, by Margaret Benson. T. Fisher Union.
The Minor Poems of Joseph Beaumont, D. D., by Eloise Robinson. Houghton Mifflin Company.
The Foothills of Parnassus, by John Kendrick Bangs. Macmillan Co.

MAGAZINES 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*; *The Edison Monthly*; *The Colonade*.
Chicago: *The Dial*, *System*, *Drama*.
Philadelphia: *The Conservator*.
Boston: *The Print Collector's Quarterly*.
Portland, Maine: *The Bibelot*.
Woodstock, N. Y.: *The Wild Hawk*.
New Haven, Conn.: *The Yale Review*.
Tampa, Fla.: *The Poet and Philosopher*.

FOREIGN.

- Paris: *La Vie des Lettres*—Nicolas Beauduin, Directeur; *La Renaissance Contemporaine*; *Poème et Drame*; *Les Bandeaux d'Or*; *Mercure de France*; *L'Effort Libre*; *Les Poètes*; *L'Île Sonnante*.
London: *Poetry and Drama*, Harold Monro, editor; *Poetry Review*, Stephen Philips, editor; *Rhythm*; *The British Review*; *The Egoist*.
Wellington, New Zealand: *The Triad*.

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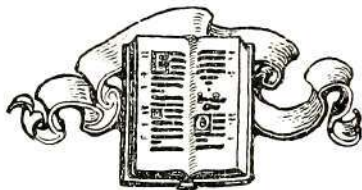
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VOLUME III
October-March, 1913-4

Edited by
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Errata:

Page 150, line 15—for *errors* read *error*.

Page 154, line 10—for *ears* read *longues*.

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