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# oetry

## A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

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- Passages from a Poem: The New World  
Witter Bynner
- Venus Transiens—Solitaire—Red Slippers  
Amy Lowell
- Our Daily Bread  
Rita Benton
- Heartily Know—Erect—For a Map of Mars  
E. Preston Dargan
- On First Looking Into the Manuscript of  
Endymion  
Charles Hanson Towne
- Nineteen-fourteen  
Rupert Brooke
- Peace—The Dead—The Soldier.
- The Bird and the Tree  
Ridgely Torrence
- The Wayfarer I—IV  
Padraic Colum
- In the Orchestra  
Wilfrid Wilson Gibson
- Comments and Reviews  
The Shakespearean Motive—Miss Lowell's  
Discovery: Polyphonic Prose—Reviews.
- Correspondence  
The New Beauty—A Word from the Dial—  
Miss Lowell Not the Editor—Notes.

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PASSAGES FROM A POEM: THE NEW WORLD

I



CELIA was laughing. Hopefully I said:  
"How shall this beauty that we share,  
This love, remain aware  
Beyond our happy breathing of the air?  
How shall it be fulfilled and perfected?

If you were dead,  
How then should I be comforted?"

But Celia knew instead:

"He who takes comfort here, shall find it there."

A halo gathered round her hair.  
I looked and saw her wisdom bare  
The living bosom of the countless dead . . .  
And there  
I laid my head.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Again, when Celia laughed, I doubted her and said:  
"Life must be led  
In many ways more difficult to see  
Than this immediate way  
For you and me.  
We stand together on our lake's edge, and the mystery  
Of love has made us one, as day is made of night and night of  
day.  
Conscious of one identity  
Within each other, we can say,  
'I love you, all that you are.'  
We are uplifted till we touch a star.  
We know that overhead  
Is nothing more austere, more starry, or more deep to under-  
stand  
Than is our union, human hand in hand . . .  
But over our lake come strangers . . . a crowded launch,  
a lonely sailing boy.  
A mile away a train bends by. In every car  
Strangers are travelling, each with particular  
And unkind preference like ours, with privacy  
Of understanding, with especial joy  
Like ours. Celia, Celia, why should there be  
Distrust between ourselves and them, disunity?  
How careful we have been  
To trim this little circle that we tread,  
To set a bar  
To strangers and forbid them! Are they not as we,

Our very likeness and our nearest kin?  
How can we shut them out and let stars in?"

She looked along the lake. And when I heard her speak,  
The sun fell on the boy's white sail and on her cheek.  
"I touch them all through you," she said. "I cannot know  
them now  
Deeply and truly as my very own, except through you,  
Except through one or two  
Interpreters.  
But not a moment stirs  
Here between us, binding and interweaving us,  
That does not bind these others to our care."

The sunlight fell in glory on her hair;  
And then said Celia, laughing, when I held her near:  
"They who take comfort there, shall find it here."

So when the sun stood sharp that day  
Behind the shadowy firs,  
This poem came to me to say,  
My word and hers.  
"Record it all," said Celia, "more than merely this,  
More than the shine of sunset on our heads, more than a kiss,  
More than our rapt agreement and delight  
Watching the mountain mingle with the night . . .  
Tell that the love of two incurs



POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The love of multitudes, makes way  
And welcome for them, as a solitary star  
Brings on the great array.  
Go make a calendar,"  
She said, "immortalize this day."

II

"A stranger might be God," the Hindus cry.  
But Celia says, importunate:  
"The stranger must be God, and you and I."

III

Once in a smoking-car I saw a scene  
That made my blood stand still.  
The sun was smouldering in a great ravine,  
And I, with elbow on the window-sill,  
Was watching the dim ember of the west,  
When hushed and low, but poignant as a bell  
For fire, there came a moan: the voice of one in hell.

Across the car were two young men,  
French by their look, and brothers,  
Unhappy men who had been happy boys,  
And one was moaning on the other's breast.  
His face was hid away. I could not tell  
What words he said, half English and half French. I only  
knew



Both men were suffering, not one but two.  
And then that face came into view,  
Gaunt and unshaved, with shadows and wild eyes,  
A face of madness and of desolation. And his cries,  
For all his mate could do,  
Rang out, a shrill unearthly noise,  
And tears ran down the stubble of his cheek.

The other face was younger, clean and sad.  
With the manful, stricken beauty of a lad  
Who had intended always to be glad.  
The touch of his compassion, like a mother's,  
Guarded the madman, soothed him and caressed.  
And then I heard him speak:  
*"Mon frère, mon frère!*  
*Calme-toi!* Right here's your place."  
And, opening his coat, he pressed  
Upon his heart the poor wet face  
And smoothed the tangled hair.

After a peaceful moment there  
The maniac screamed, struck out and fell  
Across his brother's arm. Love could not quell  
His fury. Wrists together high in air  
He rose, and with a yell  
Brought down his handcuffs toward the upturned face . . .  
Then paused, then knelt—and then that sound, that moan,  
Of one forsaken and alone:

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

*"Seigneur!—le créateur du ciel et de la terre!—  
Forgotten me, forgotten me!"*  
And then the voice grew weak,  
The brother leaned to ease the huddled body. But a shriek  
Repulsed him: *"Non! Détache-moi! I don't care  
For you. Non! Tu es l'homme qui m'a trahi!  
Non! Tu n'es pas mon frère!"*

But as often as that mind would fill  
With the great anguish and the rush of hate,  
The boy, his young eyes older, older,  
Would curve his shoulder  
To the other's pain, and bind  
Their hearts again, and say: "Oh, wait!  
You'll know me better by and by.  
*Mon pauvre petit*, be still—  
Right here's your place."

The seeing gleam, the blinded stare,  
The cry:  
*"Non, tu n'es pas mon frère!"*

I saw myself, myself, as blind  
As he. For something smothers  
My reason. And I do not know my brothers . . .  
But every day declare:  
*"Non, tu n'es pas mon frère!"*

IV

I know a fellow in a steel-mill who, intent  
Upon his labors and his happiness, had meant  
In his own wisdom to be blest,  
Had made his own unaided way  
To schooling, opportunity,  
Success. And then he loved and married. And his bride,  
After a brief year, died.  
I went to him, to see  
If I might comfort him. The comfort came to me.

"David," I said, "under the temporary ache  
There is unwonted nearness with the dead."  
I felt his two hands take  
The sentence from me with a grip  
Forged in the mills. He told me that his tears were shed  
Before her breath went. After that, instead  
Of grief, she came herself. He felt her slip  
Into his being like a miracle, her lip  
Whispering on his, to slake  
His need of her. "And in the night I wake  
With wonder and I find my bride  
And her embrace there in our bed,  
Within my very being!—not outside.

"We have each other more, much more,"  
He said, "now than before.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

This very moment while I shake  
Your hand, my friend,  
She welcomes you as well as I,  
And laughs with me because I cried  
For her . . . . People would think me crazy if I told.  
But something in what you said made me bold  
To let you meet my bride!"

It was not madness. David's eye  
Was clear and open-seeing.  
His life  
Had seen in his young wife,  
As mine had seen when Celia died,  
The secret of God's being.

V

Celia, perhaps the few  
Whom I shall tell of you  
Will see with me your beauty who are dead,  
Will hear with me your voice and what it said!

*Witter Bynner.*

## VENUS TRANSIENS

Tell me,  
Was Venus more beautiful  
Than you are,  
When she topped  
The crinkled waves,  
Drifting shoreward  
On her plaited shell?  
Was Botticelli's vision  
Fairer than mine;  
And were the painted rosebuds  
He tossed his lady  
Of better worth  
Than the words I blow about you  
To cover your too great loveliness  
As with a gauze  
Of misted silver?

For me,  
You stand poised  
In the blue and buoyant air,  
Cinctured by bright winds,  
Treading the sunlight.  
And the waves which precede you  
Ripple and stir  
The sands at my feet.

SOLITAIRE

When night drifts along the streets of the city,  
And sifts down between the uneven roofs,  
My mind begins to peek and peer.  
It plays at ball in old, blue Chinese gardens,  
And shakes wrought dice-cups in Pagan temples,  
Amid the broken flutings of white pillars.  
It dances with purple and yellow crocuses in its hair,  
And its feet shine as they flutter over drenched grasses.  
How light and laughing my mind is,  
When all the good folk have put out their bed-room candles,  
And the city is still!

RED SLIPPERS

Red slippers in a shop-window; and outside in the street,  
flaws of gray, windy sleet!

Behind the polished glass the slippers hang in long  
threads of red, festooning from the ceiling like stalactites of  
blood, flooding the eyes of passers-by with dripping color,  
jamming their crimson reflections against the windows of cabs  
and tram-cars, screaming their claret and salmon into the  
teeth of the sleet, plopping their little round maroon lights  
upon the tops of umbrellas.

## *Red Slippers*

The row of white, sparkling shop-fronts is gashed and bleeding, it bleeds red slippers. They spout under the electric light, fluid and fluctuating, a hot rain—and freeze again to red slippers, myriadly multiplied in the mirror side of the window.

They balance upon arched insteps like springing bridges of crimson lacquer; they swing up over curved heels like whirling tanagers sucked in a wind-pocket; they flatten out, heelless, like July ponds, flared and burnished by red rockets.

Snap, snap, they are cracker sparks of scarlet in the white, monotonous block of shops.

They plunge the clangor of billions of vermilion trumpets into the crowd outside, and echo in faint rose over the pavement.

People hurry by, for these are only shoes, and in a window farther down is a big lotus bud of cardboard, whose petals open every few minutes and reveal a wax doll, with staring bead eyes and flaxen hair, lolling awkwardly in its flower chair.

One has often seen shoes, but whoever saw a cardboard lotus bud before?

The flaws of gray, windy sleet beat on the shop-window where there are only red slippers.

*Amy Lowell*



OUR DAILY BREAD

*On the "Hunger Parade" of the unemployed—Chicago,  
January 17th, 1915*

"Give us this day our daily bread—  
Give us our right," the hungry said.  
Walking along the darkening way,  
"Give us our daily bread," we say.

Hark to the tread of the sullen feet,  
Marching down the sleety street:  
Hunger staggers along the way.  
"Give us our bread and work—today!"

Swaying banners overhead—  
"Give us this day our daily bread."  
Masses of men and women throng—  
Living witness of living wrong.

"Work, not charity!" is the cry.  
Is it sincere—I know not, I!  
What can I give but some small dole?  
But—will that satisfy my soul?

Buffeting through the wind and the rain,  
They will pass again and again,

*Our Daily Bread*

Menacing all who are sleek and fed :  
"Give—or we'll take—our daily bread."

Reads like a story of long ago :  
"Driven by want, driven by woe,  
Peasants arose and began to slay :"  
But it all happened yesterday.

Reads like a tale from some far-off land,  
Countries we do not understand  
(Where there will be the devil to pay!)  
But— it all happened across the way.

*Rita Benton.*

HEARTILY KNOW

Hypatia the heathen, pearl among women, sings:  
"Zeus, Eros or Christ is only the vision that brings  
Balm for your bruises, shapens and clips your wings."

Sappho of Firedom, amorous-perfect, speaks:  
"I have been girdled by Eros for days and for weeks—  
Alas! . . . Blow on, thou dawn-wind that wasteth my  
cheeks."

There was also a modern, a mind of ten thousand, who wrote:  
"It is forbidden to name Jehovah. I vote  
For a God of the atom, the air, the unknowable.—Quote!"

And you who cling to the peerless puzzle, say—  
Will the God of to-morrow serve, or of yesterday?  
Something divine must descend, for such is the call of the  
clay?

The God is in *you*. (Will your idols never be gone?)  
Your firm and productive self is immortal as Avalon . . .  
Heaven and hell are old age; get off your knees and go on.

ERECT

One all against the world—  
One undismayed, intact.  
Shame when my flag is furled,  
Death when I break my pact!

Life when I lonely strive,  
Knowledge but of my own.  
One lives who is alive,  
One marches to the Throne.

FOR A MAP OF MARS

[The names are those commonly used by astronomers.]

When the Earth-king came to woo her,  
    Long after the Earth was one,  
Queen Phlargis, in Mars Planet,  
    Had treatied with the Sun.

She had riven the ice forever  
    Out of the Sirens' Sea,  
Had bridged the Hyberborean  
    And raised sky-towers three.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

At the door of her frozen palace  
Her heart was made as fire,  
And she fled through many races  
To the lands of broad Argyre.

Harold through all Arabia  
Followed the flying Queen,  
By the sands of Thimiamata,  
By Gehon's gardens green;

In the City of Many Mountains,  
'Twixt the Sun-Lake and Bay of Dawn,  
Their armies still invisible,  
Their souls together drawn,

They greatly grew in stature,  
They joined their royal hands,  
And the Earth's little ball became a thrall  
To the sway of mightier lands.

But they, in the far Phaetontis,  
Above the Sirens' Sea,  
Stilled in music and marble,  
Forgot the things to be.

*E. Preston Dargan*

ON FIRST LOOKING INTO THE MANUSCRIPT  
OF *ENDYMION*

*In Mr. Morgan's Library*

I dared not dream that this dream had come true:  
That I was bending over that yellow page  
Lit with his words—our boy, our poet, our sage—  
And that I touched the parchment, old yet new,  
Whereon his fingers once had been. I grew  
Strangely afraid, as if some heritage  
Of wonder from a distant, holy age  
Had suddenly fallen on me, like soft dew.

"A thing of beauty is a joy forever . . . ." There  
I read his lovely line, what time I dipped  
Into that hushed and haunted manuscript  
That love and time have made even lovelier.  
Oh, I could only dream; yea, dream and weep . . .  
Was it a vision?—Did I wake or sleep?

*Charles Hanson Towne*

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

NINETEEN-FOURTEEN

PEACE

Now, God be thanked who has matched us with his hour,  
And caught our youth, and wakened us from sleeping!  
With hand made sure, clear eye, and sharpened power,  
To turn, as swimmers into cleanness leaping,  
Glad from a world grown old and cold and weary;  
Leave the sick hearts that honor could not move,  
And half-men, and their dirty songs and dreary,  
And all the little emptiness of love!  
Oh! we, who have known shame, we have found release there,  
Where there's no ill, no grief, but sleep has mending,  
Naught broken save this body, lost but breath;  
Nothing to shake the laughing heart's long peace there,  
But only agony, and that has ending;  
And the worst friend and enemy is but Death.

THE DEAD

These hearts were woven of human joys and cares,  
Washed marvellously with sorrow, swift to mirth.  
The years had given them kindness. Dawn was theirs,  
And sunset, and the colors of the earth.  
These had seen movement, and heard music; known  
Slumber and waking; loved; gone proudly friended;



*The Soldier*

Felt the quick stir of wonder ; sat alone ;  
Touched flowers and furs, and cheeks. All this is ended.  
There are waters blown by changing winds to laughter  
And lit by the rich skies, all day. And after,  
Frost, with a gesture, stays the waves that dance  
And wandering loveliness. He leaves a white  
Unbroken glory, a gathered radiance,  
A width, a shining peace, under the night.

THE SOLDIER

If I should die, think only this of me :  
That there's some corner of a foreign field  
That is for ever England. There shall be  
In that rich earth a richer dust concealed ;  
A dust whom England bore, shaped, made aware,  
Gave, once, her flowers to love, her ways to roam,  
A body of England's, breathing English air,  
Washed by the rivers, blest by suns of home.  
And think, this heart, all evil shed away,  
A pulse in the eternal mind, no less  
Gives somewhere back the thoughts by England  
given ;  
Her sights and sounds ; dreams happy as her day ;  
And laughter, learnt of friends ; and gentleness,  
In hearts at peace, under an English heaven.

*Rupert Brooke*

THE BIRD AND THE TREE

Blackbird, blackbird in the cage,  
There's something wrong tonight.  
Far off the sheriff's footfall dies,  
The minutes crawl like last year's flies  
Between the bars, and like an age  
The hours are long tonight.

The sky is like a heavy lid  
Out here beyond the door tonight.  
What's that? A mutter down the street.  
What's that? The sound of yells and feet.  
For what you didn't do or did  
You'll pay the score tonight.

No use to reek with reddened sweat,  
No use to whimper and to sweat.  
They've got the rope; they've got the guns,  
They've got the courage and the guns;  
And that's the reason why tonight  
No use to ask them any more.  
They'll fire the answer through the door—  
You're out to die tonight.

There where the lonely cross-road lies,  
There is no place to make replies;

*The Bird and the Tree*

But silence, inch by inch, is there,  
And the right limb for a lynch is there;  
And a lean daw waits for both your eyes,  
Blackbird.

Perhaps you'll meet again some place.  
Look for the mask upon the face:  
That's the way you'll know them there—  
A white mask to hide the face.  
And you can halt and show them there  
The things that they are deaf to now,  
And they can tell you what they meant—  
To wash the blood with blood. But how  
If you are innocent?

Blackbird singer, blackbird mute,  
They choked the seed you might have found.  
Out of a thorny field you go—  
For you it may be better so—  
And leave the sowers of the ground  
To eat the harvest of the fruit,  
Blackbird.

*Ridgely Torrence*

THE WAYFARER

I

There is no glory of the sunset here!  
Heavy the clouds upon the darkening road,  
And heavy too the wind upon the trees!  
The trees sway, making moan  
Continuous, like breaking seas.  
O impotent, bare things,  
You give at last the very cry of Earth!  
I walk this darkening road in solemn mood:  
Within deep hell came Dante to a wood—  
Like him I marvel at the crying trees!

II

Christ, by thine own darkened hour,  
Live within me, heart and brain—  
Let my hands not slip the rein!

Ah, how long ago it is  
Since a comrade went with me!  
Now a moment let me see

Thyself, lonely in the dark,  
Perfect, without wound or mark!

III

To-morrow I will bend the bow :  
My soul shall have her mark again,  
My bosom feel the archer's strain.  
No longer pacing to and fro  
With idle hands and listless brain :  
As goes the arrow forth I go.  
My soul shall have her mark again,  
My bosom feel the archer's strain.  
To-morrow I will bend the bow.

IV

The drivers in the sunset race  
Their coal-carts over cobble-stones—  
Not draymen but triumphators :  
Their bags are left with Smith and Jones,  
They let their horses take their stride,  
Which toss their forelocks in their pride.  
Nor blue nor green these factions wear  
Which make career o'er Dublin stones ;  
But Pluto his own livery  
Is what each whip-carrier owns.  
The Caesar of the cab-rank, I  
Salute the triumph speeding by.

*Padraic Colum*

IN THE ORCHESTRA

He'd played each night for months, and never heard  
A single tinkly tune, or caught a word  
Of all the silly songs and sillier jests;  
And he'd seen nothing, even in the rests,  
Of that huge audience piled from floor to ceiling  
Whose stacked white faces sent his dazed wits reeling . . .  
He'd been too happy; and had other things  
To think of while he scraped his fiddle-strings . . .

But now, he'd nothing left to think about—  
Nothing he dared to think of . . .

In and out

The hollow fiddle of his head the notes  
Jingled and jangled; and the raucous throats  
Of every star rasped jibes into his ear,  
Each separate syllable, precise and clear,  
As though 'twere life or death if he should miss  
A single cackle, crow or quack, or hiss  
Of cockadoodling fools . . .

A week ago

He'd sat beside her bed; and heard her low  
Dear voice talk softly of her hopes and fears—  
Their hopes and fears; and every afternoon  
He'd watched her lying there . . .

A fat buffoon

In crimson trousers prancing—strut and cluck—

*In the Orchestra*

Cackling: "A fellow never knows his luck—  
He never knows his luck—he never knows  
His luck." . . . And in and out the old gag goes  
Of either ear, and in and out again,  
Playing at "You-can't-catch-me" through his brain:  
" 'Er knows his luck." . . .

How well they thought they knew  
Their luck, and such a short while since—they two  
Together. Life was lucky: and 'twas good  
Then, to be fiddling for a livelihood—  
His livelihood and hers . . .

A woman sang  
With grinning teeth. The whole house rocked and rang.  
In the whole house there was no empty place:  
And there were grinning teeth in every face  
Of all those faces, grinning, tier on tier,  
From orchestra to ceiling chandelier  
That caught in every prism a grinning light,  
As from the little black box up a height  
The changing limelight streamed down on the stage.  
And he was filled with reasonless, dull rage  
To see those grinning teeth, those grinning rows;  
And wondered if those lips would never close,  
But gape forever through an endless night,  
Grinning and mowing in the green limelight.

And now they seemed to grin in mockery  
Of him; and then, as he turned suddenly



POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

To face them, flaming, it was his own face  
That mowed and grinned at him from every place—  
Grimacing on him with the set, white grin  
Of his own misery through that dazzling din . . .  
Yet all the while he hadn't raised his head,  
But fiddled, fiddled for his daily bread,  
His livelihood—no longer hers . . .

And now

He heard no more the racket and the row,  
Nor saw the aching, glittering glare, nor smelt  
The smother of hot breaths and smoke—but felt  
A wet wind on his face . . .

He sails again

Home with her up the river in the rain—  
Leaving the gray domes and gray colonnades  
Of Greenwich in their wake as daylight fades—  
By huge dark cavernous wharves with flaring lights,  
Warehouses built for some mad London night's  
Fantastic entertainment: grimmer far  
Than Bagdad dreamt of—monstrous and bizarre,  
They loom against the night; and seem to hold  
Preposterous secrets, horrible and old,  
Behind black doors and windows.

Yet even they

Make magic with more mystery the way,  
As, hand in hand, they sail through the blue gloam  
Up the old river of enchantment, home . . .

*In the Orchestra*

He heard strange, strangled voices—he, alone  
Once more—like voices through the telephone,  
Thin and unreal, inarticulate,  
Twanging and clucking at terrific rate—  
Pattering, pattering . . .

And again aware

He grew of all the racket and the glare,  
Aware again of the antic strut and cluck—  
And there was poor old “Never-know-his-luck”  
Doing another turn—yet not a smile,  
Although he’d changed his trousers and his style.  
The same old trousers and the same old wheeze  
Was what the audience liked. He tried to please,  
And knew he failed: and suddenly turned old  
Before those circling faces glum and cold—  
A fat old man with cracked voice piping thin,  
Trying to make those wooden faces grin,  
With frantic kicks and desperate wagging head  
To win the applause that meant his daily bread—  
Gagging and prancing for a livelihood,  
His daily bread . . .

God! how he understood!

He’d fiddled for their livelihood—for her  
And for the one who never came . . .

A stir

Upon the stage; and now another turn—  
The old star guttered out, too old to burn.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

And he remembered she had liked the chap  
When she'd been there that night. He'd seen her clap,  
Laughing so merrily. She liked it all—  
The razzle-dazzle of the music-hall—  
And laughing faces . . . said she liked to see  
Hardworking people laughing heartily  
After the day's work. She liked everything—  
His playing even! Snap . . . another string—  
The third!

And she'd been happy in that place,  
Seeing a friendly face in every face.  
That was her way—the whole world was her friend.  
And she'd been happy, happy to the end,  
As happy as the day was long.

And he  
Fiddled on, dreaming of her quietly.

*Wilfrid Wilson Gibson*

## COMMENTS AND REVIEWS

### THE SHAKESPEAREAN MOTIVE



PROPOS of the statuesquely beautiful Hamlet of Sir Johnstone Forbes-Robertson, a few of us were discussing recently the Shakespearean motive. The littleness of man, his inadequacy, his inefficiency—this seems to have haunted Shakespeare's imagination. Man's impotence to will, to do, to achieve, in spite of intellect, beauty charm, goodness, in spite of all qualities which should make him powerful—the poet is haunted by this theme; he rings the changes on it in all the great tragedies, and pursues it in many of the comedies. Apparently he searched history and human life in vain, as Nietzsche did, for the throned and sceptred figure of the man of power. Not finding him in either Plutarch or Holinshed, or among Queen Elizabeth's courtiers and freebooters, he presented again and again, as the supreme tragedy of life, the pathetic figure of the weak man in a great place. Power unused, or inadequately or criminally used, was the universal spectacle on a chance-blown planet, the one central cause of all our woe, for Shakespeare as for Nietzsche. But the German poet-prophet, living after Darwin, would not despair of his hero. Non-existent today, the man of power might yet be evolved. So he set up, before the mind's eye of the struggling race, that ideal of the super-man which has already thrilled his people like

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

some ichor from the table of dead war-gods, and sent them forth to conquer the world.

Apparently Shakespeare did not believe that the race could ever produce the efficient man—for him it was not in the stars. Again and again he balks at the hero: he turns his back on Edward III and his warrior son, and makes of Henry V a picturesque stage monarch, a royal bravo with a Prince-Hal past, created as an attempt to satisfy the red-blood British patriotism of his day; and his Caesar is a pitiful weakling who gives the lie to history, and proves the poet's lack of faith in man's power to play a god-like role.

With what infinite variety, what deep tenderness of love and pity, Shakespeare studied human inadequacy, revealed human littleness, almost any of the plays may bear witness. But his favorite version of the theme, as pre-eminently in *Hamlet*, is the man on a throne, or near it, who cannot answer the summons of ironic destiny to be a leader, a ruler; the man who can see all around a deed, divining motives and consequences, yet who is powerless to prepare it and do it, powerless to act except on impulse. Again and again he found this inadequate king in Holinshed and the other chroniclers: in John, Richard III, Henry IV, Henry VIII, he read him as the half-great, foiled by his own lusts or ambitions, his muddled thought or misty vision; in Henry VI he was the well-meaning self-baffled theorist, motionless on a tumbling throne; and in Richard II he was the artist, the poet, absorbed in creating a refuge of beauty away from the mud-stained, blood-splashed world.



### *The Shakespearean Motive*

No doubt Mr. Frank Harris is right in thinking that Shakespeare was studying himself in his over-intellectualized, weak-willed heroes, though he rides his hobby to death when he argues that because Lear is mad the poet must himself have suffered insanity. His own inadequacy for action—this was the tragedy Shakespeare knew best, the tragedy which, in the *Sonnets*, humiliates him to the dust and poisons his pride of intellect. His imagination, searching the crowd, and history and legend as well, for his own kind, as we all do, found self-foiled lovers, dreamers, seers, in Richard II, Macbeth, Antony, Hamlet, Lear, as well as in a host of lesser characters, from Orsino to Prospero.

And he was merciless with himself; for, having probed to the secret source of his own inefficiency, he set it on a throne for all to see. He placed it where immediate and decisive action was continually required as the final fruit of noble and developed character, and showed how, without that, all subtlety of thought, fire of passion, desire of beauty, intuition of truth, became the source of chaos and confusion, and ended in blood and ashes.

Usually the poet drives his lesson home, at the end of the play, by leaving lesser men, second-rate in everything but will, to obliterate the hideous waste of life and restore the order of the world—as when Fortinbras takes the dead Hamlet's throne. Apparently he set a higher value on this power of action, which he had not, than on all the dreams and visions of his poet-heroes—their audacity of intellect, their unfailing

## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

beauty of speech, their tenderness and loving kindness, their heroic desires and ideals.

The weak man in a great place—the tragedy is re-enacted every day. If John D. Rockefeller, Jr., had been an all-round adequate man of action, would the Colorado strike situation have dragged along through weeks of horror? If William of Germany were more the king and less the stage-player at kingcraft, would Europe be at war today?

H. M.

### MISS LOWELL'S DISCOVERY: POLYPHONIC PROSE

During the past year something has happened in the sphere of the arts quite as important, in my opinion, as the European war in the sphere of politics and international relationships, or the discovery of radium in that of science. A new poetic form, equal if not superior in value to *vers libre*, has made its appearance in English. The discoverer is a woman. Had it been a man, we should probably all have heard by now of the richness of the find. Since there seems to be some danger that only a few will appreciate its significance, I venture to draw the public attention to it.

I do this the more willingly, because in her preface to *Sword-blades and Poppy Seed* Miss Amy Lowell, who is the true discoverer of this form, has modestly and mistakenly stated that it is not altogether her own invention, but was first employed by a French poet, Paul Fort. Now, for the uninitiated, I may say that M. Fort is a poet who possesses great facility in writing the alexandrine, the French



classic metre. Unsatisfied with the chill regularity of this measure, he has attempted to fit it to his temperament, which is that of an improvisatore or ballad-singer, by interspersing his poems with bits of prose, whenever his rhyme-invention flags. He thus gains a lightness, swiftness, and spontaneity of effect which have made him extremely popular among younger French poets. This popularity might have been greater had M. Fort printed his work as poetry interspersed with prose. Instead, he has chosen to print it as if it were prose alone, leaving the reader to determine the movement of the rhythm and the division into lines.

Upon this purely typographical device in M. Fort, Miss Lowell's imagination fastened itself. She is almost unique among present-day poets in possessing the ability of writing equally well in rhymed metre and in *vers libre*. She has practiced her art long enough to understand that the really great poetry which will survive, depends upon its sound quality and its substance quality, upon its appeal to the ear as well as to the eye. It seemed to her that there must be some way of fusing together unrhymed *vers libre* and rhymed metrical patterns, giving the rich decorative quality of the one and the powerful conciseness of statement of the other. In short, she was seeking some means whereby she might free herself, and other poets after her, from a constant and dogmatic adherence to a single metre throughout a single poem. In this respect, she was acting as the successor of Coleridge, Keats, Poe, who spent their lives trying to make English metre more flexible to

## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

mood and richer in sound effect. In M. Fort's work she found a gleam of suggestion to this end.

Miss Lowell had scarcely begun her attempt to follow Paul Fort before she realized that what she was doing consisted not so much in adapting a French form as in creating a new English one. For one thing, she was faced at the outset by the fact that the English language, since the break-up of blank verse, has no form which is standard, like the French alexandrine. She found it possible to vary the rhythm and metre of these strange new poems of hers almost at will, following the inner emotion of the thing she had to say. Swift-flowing metrical passages might be succeeded by *vers libre* recitatives; connecting links of prose could be used as a relief to the ear, and to lead up to some new metrical passage, and so on. In short, here was the opportunity, long sought, of displaying, within the limits of a single poem, all the resources of her art.

In my opinion, Miss Lowell has, in her latest examples of this peculiar form, resolved in a great measure the difficulties which confront all English poets who attempt to say something new today. The quandary which faces the earnest creator of poetry in the English-speaking countries is, that while he has at his disposal in the English language, the most superb instrument of sense and sound ever forged, he is utterly prevented from making use of its resources by the beggarly poverty of certain rhymes and metres which have been worn threadbare by generation after generation of poets, who could find no satisfying means of escape from them. What hope,

then, is there for the young poet who feels he has a new music to express, when the only recognized means of expressing it has been developed to its utmost capacity over three hundred years ago? He is like a man who would try to play Richard Strauss or Debussy, or any of the modern composers, on a harpsichord.

It is true that a few brave young spirits have tried to face this difficulty and to rid themselves of it by writing exclusively in an old form called *vers libre*, which is dependent on cadence, and not on rhyme or metrical pattern. But a critical examination of the work of the best of these young poets—Aldington, H. D., Flint, Pound—proves that their attempt has not been altogether successful. The art of poetry demands as great a mastery of sound-quality as of substance-quality. Intense and concise grasp of substance is not enough; the ear instinctively demands that this bare skeleton be clothed fittingly with all the beautiful and subtle orchestral qualities of assonance, alliteration, rhyme, and return.

This orchestral quality Miss Lowell has developed to the utmost. Therefore it seems fitting that a new name should be given to these poems of hers, which, printed as prose, or as prose and verse interspersed, display all the colors of the chromatic palette. The title that fits them best is that of Polyphonic Prose. Here are the Beethoven symphonies, the Bach fugues, the César Franck chorales, of poetry. It is an art most difficult of attainment, and not easy of appreciation. But it has come to English poetry, and its effect will be lasting and unmistakable.

## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Toscanelli drew a chart, but it needed a Columbus to make the voyage. Just so, Miss Lowell, with happy and characteristic daring, has essayed her voyage, and has found a new poetic continent in place of M. Fort's France, to which she at first thought she was steering. It is the old story of Whistler and the Japanese print over again. While a few connoisseurs scarcely dared to admire Japanese prints in secret, Whistler boldly made them the basis of a new art. Some day people will probably be saying that Miss Lowell was quite as important a figure for American art as Whistler. That is always America's little way of doing things. While Europe is jawing, and the American public remains supremely indifferent, some cheeky Yankee goes out and gets a thing done without anyone taking notice.

*John Gould Fletcher*

### REVIEWS

*Arrows in the Gale*, by Arturo Giovannitti: *Introduction* by Helen Keller. Hillacre Bookhouse, Riverside, Conn.

We Anglo-Saxon Americans are only vaguely aware that the nation so firmly founded on Plymouth Rock is slipping off that ancestral vantage-ground as surely in race as in creed. And still more vaguely do we appreciate the insidious advance of various European—even oriental—cultures, or kulturs, upon the stronghold of our inherited English traditions. How long will it be before some Garibaldi, or Kosciusko, or Epaminondas, ascends the chair of Washington and Lincoln



to remind us that the melting-pot has made us over into the most cosmopolitan nation in the world?

It may be that the future of the arts in America is in the hands of these immigrants and their variously intermarrying children; that they will endow us with that quick expressiveness, that enthusiasm for beauty, that warmth of passion, which have been chilled out of Angle-Saxon blood by ten centuries or more of British fog. Already we are reminded often of the impending change: by the fiery eloquence of some proletarian orator tearing the constitution to tatters, by the demoniac rhythms of certain figures modelled by a fierce young Slavic sculptor, by a burning poem sent to POETRY from a Syrian student of Columbia, or by this white-hot book of visions from the young Italian I. W. W. "agitator."

They are indeed agitating to the comfortable conservative, these visions. Such an one, seeking the solace of poetry beside his warm fire after a good dinner, will perhaps read no further than these lines of the *Proem*:

All that you worship, fear and trust  
I kick into the sewer's maw,  
And fling my shaft and my disgust  
Against your gospel and your law.

He would better read on, however, and then desert peaceful hearth and loaded table and go forth into the bitter world with this poet, this lover and hater of men. He would go to court and prison with him, he would sit with him all night on a Mulberry Park bench, he would look with him through a window at milady feeding her dog while a little newsboy starves in the storm, he would hear him preaching a

## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

*Sermon on the Common* and singing *The Last Oracle*; and always he would find himself in contact with a fiery spirit, whose poetry, as Miss Helen Keller says in her *Introduction*, "is the spiritualization of a lofty dream that he seeks to realize—the establishment of love and brotherhood and social justice for every man and woman upon earth."

In the presentation of his vision Mr. Giovannitti is fettered by the ordinary verse forms, while in the broader cadences of metrical prose he has plenty of room for his vivid imagery, and sets it forth, sometimes, with a magnificent gesture. One would scarcely know where to look for a nobler modern structure of wrath and despair than he builds up in *The Walker*:

Yet fearsome and terrible are all the footsteps of men upon the earth, for they either descend or climb. . . . .  
They descend and they climb, the fearful footsteps of men, and some limp, some drag, some speed, some trot, some run—they are quiet, slow, noisy, brisk, quick feverish, mad; and most awful is their cadence to the ears of the one who stands still. But of all the footsteps of men that either descend or climb, no footsteps are so fearsome and terrible as those that go straight on the dead level of a prison floor, from a yellow stone wall to a red iron gate.

In *The Cage* the play of imagery is phosphorescent in its richness of color and quickness of movement. *The Sermon on the Common* is less poetic, more preachy, *The Last Nickel* is more conscious and labored, and *Out of the Mouth of Babes* is more melodramatic, though all burn with the same passion. But in *The Walker* and *The Cage* the passion is fused to white-hot purity and beaten into beautiful forms of power.

H. M.

*Sonnets of a Portrait Painter*, by Arthur Davison Ficke. Kennerley.

Mr. Ficke is a brilliant sonneteer—it goes without saying that in this sequence of fifty-seven Shakespearean sonnets he has presented as many episodes of a love-story with technical precision and eloquent richness of phrase. Therefore, if we admit his ardor and his workmanlike skill, and yet attempt a closer analysis, it is in an effort to find out why this adept art is not wholly satisfying.

In the first place, it shows a certain monotony of rhythmic pattern. These sonnets all move too much alike, with the same *tempo*, line units, pauses, etc. Read any group of them aloud, and then any group of Shakespeare's sonnets, and you will be struck anew with the variety of cadence, phrasing and *tempo* in the latter. This may seem an unfair comparison, but on the contrary it is a compliment to find a young poet worthy of reminders from the masters. Perhaps, Mr. Ficke writes too rapidly, does not wait to be haunted for days and days by magic rhythms.

Another exception is to his diction—it is not simple enough, not true to modern speech. What Elizabethan ghost gave him such lines as these?—

Strange! to remember that I late was fain  
To yield death back my poor undated lease—

Of mid-night argent mad moon-archery—

Nay, all our longing compassed not such hope,  
Nor did we in our flame-shot passagings,



## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Push the horizon of our visions' scope  
To regions of these far entangled things.

He even says, "my rival—faugh!" "my soul's swift powers", "I yearned in vain", and other stock phrases of melodrama; and in general he chooses too often the so-called "poetic" phrase, instead of the simplest possible form of modern speech which will hold his meaning.

If we point out these difficulties, it is in the way of friendly warning to a poet far too richly endowed to permit himself any carelessness. He is tempted by his own facility, by his love of rich and honied words, of storied beauty and romance.

Yet, after all, there are sonnets in this series which move proudly in their knightly robes. One of the finest is the tenth:

Come forth; for Spring is singing in the boughs  
Of every white and tremulous apple-tree.  
This is the season of eternal vows;  
Yet what are vows that they should solace me?  
For on the winds wild loveliness is crying,  
And in all flowers wild joy its present worth  
Proclaims, as from the dying to the dying—  
"Seize, clasp thy hour of sun upon the earth!"  
Oh, never dream that fire or beauty stays  
More than one April moment in its flight  
Toward regions where the sea-drift of all days  
Sinks in a vast, desireless, lonely night.  
Away with eternal vows!—and give me breath  
Of one white hour here on the marge of death!

H. M.

*Children of Love*, by Harold Monro. The Poetry Bookshop, London.

The Poetry Bookshop is tempting the war-absorbed public with thin sheafs of verse ranging in price from twopence to sixpence—*Chap-books, Broadsides, Garlands*: sheafs so well printed and made up as to make the American publisher envious of British prices for paper, composition, etc. Mr. Monro's thirty-page pamphlet is one of these.

If this sheaf is a garland, it is winter gathered. Its mood makes me think of a garden near Yokohama which I once visited in December, for a mournful beauty pervades it, and it is swept by the futile winds of war.

To what end? of what use? whom do we follow? where do we go?—these and other dark questions wander like ghosts in this poet's brain.

To what God  
Shall we chant  
Our songs of battle?

he cries: and as he watches the soldier carelessly drinking his stirrup-cup, he tries in vain to beat thought back:

Every syllable said  
Brings you nearer the time you'll be found lying dead  
In a ditch, or rolled stiff on the stones of a plain.  
(Thought! Thought, go back into your kennel again:  
Hound, back!) Drink your glass, happy soldier, tonight.  
Death is quick; you will laugh as you march to the fight.  
We are wrong. Dreaming ever, we falter and pause:  
You go forward unharmed without Why or Because.

And it is no king's gleeman leading the hosts to battle who thus contemplates *Youth in Arms*:

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Happy boy, happy boy,  
David the immortal-willed,  
Youth a thousand thousand times  
Slain, but not once killed,  
Swaggering again today  
In the old contemptuous way;

Leaning backward from your thigh  
Up against the tinselled bar—  
Dust and ashes! is it you?  
Laughing, boasting, there you are!  
First we hardly recognized you  
In your modern avatar.

Soldier, rifle, brown khaki—  
Is your blood as happy so?  
Where's your sling or painted shield,  
Helmet, pike or bow?  
Well, you're going to the wars—  
That is all you need to know.

Graybeards plotted. They were sad.  
Death was in their wrinkled eyes.  
At their tables—with their maps,  
Plans and calculations—wise  
They all seemed; for well they knew  
How ungrudgingly Youth dies.

Mr. Monro paints vivid pictures of war in *Retreat* and *Carrion*, and of drabbest Britain in *London Interior*, *Suburb* and *Appointment*. In *Great City* one discovers a gleam, and *A Strange Companion* is a weird vision of dark sympathies between the two selves in a man's soul.

If this poet sees little light ahead, at least he does not shrink from the gloom.

H. M.

*Ernest Dowson*, by Victor Plarr. Elkin Mathews.

This is a most charming monograph. The first chapters are perhaps the best account of Ernest Dowson that has been written, or that will be written for that matter, since no one else will have known the younger Dowson so well, or will care so much about doing him justice. Symons wrote as an artist, Victor Plarr writes as a friend. And the book is worthy of Plarr as one finds him in the *Epitaphium Citharistriae* and in his half-forgotten book *The Dorian Mood*.

Perhaps he does not give "the whole Dowson," but at least he presents the phase of Dowson that some other writers have neglected. I have never been disappointed in a man whose work had first drawn me to him. I think, perhaps, the best praise we can give to a memoir of an author is to say that it "goes with his work"; that it leaves us with an impression of the man as we had found him already in his writings.

Certain people would rather think of Dowson in cabmen's shelters, or squabbling with drunken fishermen in Dieppe and the Breton towns. Certain people will rather remember the beautiful story of the French magistrate who had condemned Dowson for assaulting the local baker. Someone rushed into the court protesting that Dowson was a distinguished writer. "What, what, Monsieur Dowson, a distinguished English litterateur! Release M. Dowson—at once! Imprison the baker."

It may be myth, but it is also literature. It shows that in at least one country the arts are, or were, held in respect.

Some will resent what they will call Mr. Plarr's attempt to make Dowson more acceptable to people who live in three-story houses instead of in chambers and attics. They will say that even the gospels would lose a great deal of their force were their hero not represented with a taste for bohemian company.

Mr. Plarr has perhaps met people who regard Dowson with undue severity, and to correct their view he has written the charming first half of his book. For this he was the ideal biographer, not only because of friendship but because of a tradition which leaves him able clearly to objectify his friend while losing none of his sympathy: Dowson, a young Englishman enamoured of many things French; the young Plarr an Alsatian, half a refugee from the war of '70, a survivor of the senatorial families of Strasburg whose tradition is, "*On porte sa bourgeoisie comme un marquisat.*"

The memoir of this friendship is charming. It is of the days before the shadow, and perhaps Mr. Plarr is right, perhaps some writers have borne too heavily on the supposed luridity of Dowson's career, which was in all truth pastoral enough, a delicate temperament that ran a little amuck toward the end, an irregular man with nothing a sane man would call vices. At any rate Mr. Plarr dwells with some emphasis on the rarer, more delicate man, the man as he must have been really in order to write his verses. Some also will disagree with Mr. Plarr's judgment that the earlier poems are the best. The posthumous *Decorations* contains *De Amore*, the *Wine and Women and Song* villanelle, *Dregs* and



*Let us go hence.* One can not say that these poems show any decline of power, though perhaps, if one read as a friend and not as a stranger, one would find their sorrow too great.

In any case no one who loves his Dowson will go without this memoir, this book which is in part his own letters gathered by that friend of his youth to whom they were written.

E. P.

*Crack o' Dawn*, by Fannie Stearns Davis (Mrs. A. McK. Gifford). Macmillan.

This poet walks on the hills, loves the wind, and feels the eeriness of life. One discerns a fine free spirit in her, and now and then one hears a flute-like voice of singular sweetness and purity. But we begin to feel, in many of these poems, a certain straining of the note; we hear the same motive over and over, and detect a holding-on to naive childlikeness.

Of course I shall be reminded that the poet is lost indeed who loses his childlike freshness of vision. But this does not interfere with a poet's growing up when he comes to years of maturity, and facing life with an adult mind. Mrs. Gifford should be taken off her windy New England hills, should be racked and torn by the more searching winds of experience. At present her poetry needs enrichment—it is all up in the air. There is aspiration in this book, fancy, a wistful sense of wonder, but no reality, no rooted, growing, breathing passion of life.

Indeed, the poet confesses all this with engaging frankness in poems like *What if I Grow Old and Gray*, which

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

sees no life beyond youth; or *Restlessness*, in which "nothing life says comes clear," or this lovely one, *Escape*:

Now since I cannot make it out—  
Why people love and lose and die;  
Why there is agony and doubt,  
And so much cause to brood and cry:

Oh, since I cannot understand  
God's will for all the world, and me—  
I will go take the wind's cold hand  
And dance a little, foolishly.

We like also *The New House*, *The Unborn*, *The Storm Dance*, *Profits*, *As I Drank Tea Today*, and others, most of which strike wistfully the same note. H. M.

*Songs of the Outlands*, *Ballads of the Hoboes*, and *Other Verse*, by Henry Herbert Knibbs. Houghton-Mifflin Co.

The duly sophisticated critic may dispose of this book by labeling it Bret-Hartish or Kiplingesque. But this critic, who has listened to cow-boy yarns on the way to the Snake-dance, and to whom Arizona is a word of magic, finds in it the authentic free-range spirit, the authentic cow-boy cadence. It is, in short, the best verse of its kind which has been written in this century, or perhaps since Bret Harte himself.

Some of these ballads and lyrics of rangers and hoboes are too good to perish. I should say that *Out There Somewhere*, *Sunshine Over Yuma*, *Oliver West*, and the three hobo monologues—*The Sheep and the Goats*, *Ballade of the Boes* and *Along the Shore*, will surely be a part of that final small collection of dialect poems immortalizing the spirit of



our frontier life through a romantic period. They are masterpieces of familiar modern balladry—we wish we had space to quote them.

H. M.

*Bread and Circuses*, by Helen Parry Eden. John Lane.

This is a book of engaging light verse, which might be recommended safely to those two fellow-citizens, Eugene Field, of happy memory, and our present autocrat of the breakfast-table, Bert Leston Taylor. Like these two, this poet is not only a deft weaver of gay rhymes but something more. She has their gift of making friends for us, of presenting live people in her poems; and, like them and certain greater poets, she can say, now and then, grave things with a smile.

*New Poems*, by Robert Browning and Elizabeth Barrett Browning. Edited by Sir Frederick G. Kenyon. With two portraits. Macmillan.

It may be questioned whether the last rags of verse, wisely discarded by the living poet, should be published to encumber the works of the dead. Yet, as few editors have the discretion, or indeed the power, to burn them, perhaps only the poet is to blame for not doing so himself. It becomes the duty of erudition to take note of them, and new editions of *Collected Works* must be published to include them.

Most of these thirty-five poems and fragments were found among the papers of the late Robert Barrett Browning after his death, and, with other manuscripts and effects of the two poets, were sold by auction in London in May, 1913.

H. M.

## CORRESPONDENCE

### THE NEW BEAUTY

Dear Editor: I can but stand in bewilderment before the vast knowledge of Mr. Ezra Pound. Did ever Hindu, Chinaman, Brobdignagian, or Lilliputian, crook a finger at the muse, but straight some wireless has brought the message for final judgment to his study table? He is full of fust and ferment against those who are at ease in Zion. He is the apostle of discontent—I should say pope, infallible.

Does he not know that the same spirit of unrest, discontent, the same fust and ferment, was in the veins of Milton, driving him to Italy; of Wordsworth, driving him into the maelstrom of the French Revolution; of Tennyson, driving him over the Pyrenees on foot to get his heart cooled off? He thinks it the New Beauty; but it is in the veins of every colt that is turned loose in the paddock on a bright, frosty morning.

He might possibly remind me, could he become in any most distant way aware of me at all, that there is to be a new heaven and a new earth; and he might proceed to show that he is now building the new heaven and the new earth. But all new heavens and new earths—and there have been millions of them—are, like every new growth of the coral islands, simply rising out of and upon the old beauty, and the new beauty never shakes itself loose from the old.

“The kingdom of God cometh not by observation.”  
“Canst thou by searching find out God?”

I am provoked, not because Mr. Pound approves of those who fill us with discontent. I myself indulge in discontent, but I also believe in modesty in criticism. And I am not guarding the clothes of those who stone Milton, nor am I consenting unto his death.

Mr. Pound souses that "acquaintance" of his into eternal limbo, because he "deliberately says that mediocre poetry is worth writing." Without a vast field of mediocre poetry, we could have no literature. Mediocre poetry is the compost heap on which grow Shakespeares.

"Milton is the worst of poison." *Damn!* There!—have I got a dab of pure color on my palette at last?

"Whitman proclaimed himself 'a start in the right direction.' He never said, 'American poetry is to stay where I left it.'" Well, in the name of common sense!—who ever wrote, expecting poetry to stay put where he left it? Will Mr. Pound's imagists stay put where he leaves them? No, my dear sir, all poetry, all criticism, will be like the North Pole—every succeeding moment it will point in a new direction through a period of twenty-two thousand years, and then begin over.

"American poetry is of no use for the palette." Still, there is a wee bit of it that I'm going to smear over my palette right now:

Wal, it's a marcy we've got folks to tell us

The rights an' the wrongs o' these matters, I swow!—

God sends London critics an' other wise fellers

To start the world's team, when it gits in a slough;

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Fer Ezery P.—he—he—

Says the world 'll go right, when he hollers out *Gee!*

*Leroy Titus Weeks*

P. S. May I append these attempts at pure color?

ENTOMOLEGIACS

I—THE JIGGER

O marvel!  
How came his pinkness  
So snugly under the skin?  
He is after pure color.  
*En garde!*

II—THE CULEX

I wandered in Dreamland.  
I saw *her* radiant form Transfigured,  
Something had hummed in my ear . . . .  
And made me dream.  
Then bit me!  
I sent her my dream!

TOMMY ROT

A weaver sits at court.  
He has  
A  
Wonderful loom,  
With fruit of pure color.

None but the initiated may see the web?

The Queen  
And her maids of honor  
Stand about and praise:  
"The New Beauty!  
Behold!  
Old things are *p a s s e d a w a y*,  
And

All things  
Are become new!"  
The courtiers  
Tumble over themselves  
To get to it.  
"Wonderful!  
Wonderful!  
Wonderful!"

Huh!  
I can't see any web.  
There isn't any.  
But there is a mighty rattling of the loom!

I whip out my rapier, and slash the magic web.  
The jig is up. L. T. W.

A WORD FROM THE DIAL

Dear Madam: In your March issue, in a report of an "editors' night" at the Book and Play Club, I find it stated that "the editor of *The Dial* admitted his aversion from its conventionality"; and also that *The Dial*, along with other Chicago periodicals, "confessed bitter struggles to keep above water." I trust you will consider it only courteous to state in your next issue that the editor of *The Dial*, who happens to be the present writer, did *not* attend the meeting referred to, and so could not have made either the admission or the confession quoted above.

Faithfully yours,

*Waldo R. Browne.*

NOTE. Mr. Lucian Cary, who represented *The Dial* on the occasion referred to, was then associate editor, and he is no longer connected with the paper. The editor of *POETRY* regrets the unintended injustice to Mr. Browne.



## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

### MISS LOWELL NOT THE EDITOR

Dear Editor:—In one of your notes under *Our Contemporaries*, in the March number, you spoke of me as the editor of the little volume, *Some Imagist Poets*, to be published in Houghton Mifflin's *New Poetry Series*. I am not the editor of that volume. There is no editor, as is carefully stated in the preface. Each poet was the arbiter of his own verses, and the poets have been put alphabetically in order that no possible sort of preference might be suggested. My only function has been to see the volume through the press, as being the one of the group nearest the publishers. I realize perfectly that your note was written under a misconception, but knowing your anxiety for fair play, I beg you to publish this letter. Sincerely yours,

Amy Lowell.

### NOTES

Mr. Witter Bynner, of New York and Cornish, will soon bring out in book form *The New World*, from which our four episodes are taken. His latest publication is *The Little King*, a play in verse about Louis XVII.

Mr. Ridgely Torrence, of Ohio and New York, has written of late a number of plays of negro life. One of these, *Granny Maumee*, a two-act tragedy, was given last year in New York by Miss Dorothy Donnelley.

Mr. Padraic Colum is a well known young Irish poet who is now making a lecture tour in this country.

Miss Amy Lowell, of Boston, is well known to readers of POETRY. Also Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, of New York, who will soon publish a new book of verse. Also the English poets, Mr. Wilfrid Wilson Gibson, author of *Borderlands and Thoroughfares* (Macmillan); and Mr. Rupert Brooke, who is now in training to go to the war.

Mr. E. Preston Dargan, a young poet who has not yet published a volume, is a member of the faculty of the University of Chicago. Miss Rita Benton is also a young Chicagoan.

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