I Sing of My Life
The Syrian Lover in Exile—Alma Mater—
After Vespers.
To Rupert Brooke I-V
Arthur Davison Ficke
Lord of Morning—Noon . Bliss Carman
La Rue de la Montague Sainte-Genevieve
Dorothy Dudley
Sonnets . . . . Georgia Wood Pangborn
The Walk on the Moor—Morning on the
Beach.
Woodwinds . . . . William Griffith
Hadleyburg—Little Songs of the Forest.
Songs of Hunger . . Skipwith Cannell
The Crown, the Plate and the Bowl—The
Temple of Hunger—A Riddle—The Lean
Gray Rats.
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock . . .
T. S. Eliot
Comments and Reviews
The Death of Rupert Brooke—Hark to Sturge
Moore—Reviews.
Our Contemporaries—Correspondence—Notes

543 Cass Street, Chicago
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Annual Subscription ...$1.50
JUNE, 1915

"I SING OF MY LIFE WHILE I LIVE IT"

THE SYRIAN LOVER IN EXILE REMEMBERS THEE,
LIGHT OF MY LAND

ROSE and amber was the sunset on the river,
Red-rose the hills about Bingariz.
High upon their brows, the black tree-branches
Spread wide across the turquoise sky.
I saw the parrots fly—
A cloud of rising green from the long green grasses,
A mist of gold and green winging fast
Into the gray shadow-silence of the tamarisks.
Pearl-white and wild was the flood below the ford.
I ran down the long hot road to thy door;
Thy door shone—a white flower in the dusk lingering to
close.
The stars rose and stood above thy casement.
I cast my cloak and climbed to thee,
To thee, Makhir Subatu!

... ... ... ... ...

Naked she stood and glistening like the stars over her—
Her hair trailed about her like clouds about the moon—
Naked as the soul seeking love,
As the soul that waits for death.
White with benediction, pendulous, unfolding from the dark
As the crystal sky of morning, she waited,
And leaned her light above the earth of my desire.
Like a world that spins from the hand of Infinity,
Up from the night I leaped—
To thee, Makhir Subatu!

... ... ... ... ...

Pearl-bright and wild, a flood without a ford,
The River of Love flowed on.
Her eyes were gleaming sails in a storm,
Dipping, swooning, beckoning.
The dawn came and templered over her;
Gray-arched and wide, the sanctuary of light descended.
It was the altar where I lay;
And I lifted my face at last, praying.
I saw the first glow fall about her,
Like marble pillars coming forth from the shadow.
I raised my hands, thanking the gods
The Syrian Lover in Exile

That in love I had grown so tall
I could touch the two lamps in heaven,
The sun and moon hanging in the low heaven beneath her face.
How great through love had I grown
To breathe my flame into the two lamps of heaven!

O eyes of the eagle and the dove,
Eyes red-starred and white-starred,
Eyes that have too much seen, too much confessed,
Close, close, beneath my kisses!
Tell me no more, demand me no more—it is day.
I see the gold-green rain of parrot-wings
Sparkling athwart the gray and rose-gold morning.
I go from thy closed door down the long lone road
To the ricefields beyond the river,
Beyond the river that has a ford.

I came to thee with hope, with desire. I have them no longer.
Sleep, sleep; I am locked in thee.

Thus the exile lover remembers thee, Makhir Subatu!
ALMA MATER

The Immigrant at Columbia

Gajor, richest of the Syrians, is my friend. He sends me to the vast school, Where the great square-winged houses circle And call the young men in. "Come! Come, beyond our pillars and our fountains! Come from the restless, spending city, Passionate and cold. Her blistered mouth would drink you dry Ere your eager hopes had found a soil and a sun To draw them to a high bursting fragrance and a white, white bloom, Roofing the world! Come behind my gray-brown walls— Even, strong, sober walls without towers. Like a warm, still wine in the cup of youth, Lift up your young blood here To the lips of learning!"

O Alma Mater: From the red, red dust, the long dead dust Of ancient Syria, I come To lie between thy feet of lasting bronze And look up—and look up! To see thy laureled head—

[110]
Alma Mater

Massive, calm, with gloried brow—
Flame before the open portals of the House of Books;
Where the thoughts of noble men—
Dressed in all habits, speaking all tongues,
Gathered from all ages of time—
Meet like pilgrims at one shrine,
For the worship of service to thy sons.
O mother, thy brow shines loftily
Above the endless sullen roar of heavy whips
In the unmastered market of slaves!
What light is on thy face, brighter than the dawn?
It is the wide-flung beauty of her Torch—the Other Woman,
Who stands upon the sea as thou upon the land,
And lifts her light,
Beckoning the sons of weeping centuries
Out of their long dead dust, across the ten great seas,
Into this harbor!

Ay, into this harbor have I come,
Where white sails of the world, like strings of a pearled lute,
Chant Liberty—and Liberty—and Liberty,
In the crashing wind of her lifted arm!
(Oh, chords from the smitten silver of light!)—
Mother, thy breast is bared and beating high to catch that song!
AFTER VESPERS

The singers are all hushed and gone
From the chapel.
Dreaming, I linger here alone,
Ever unsatisfied, yearning.
Softly the gray Silence enters, and sits beside me.
Her palms are flushed
From the brow of the passionate city.
She laid them there for a cool blessing of peace;
Now, their touch quivers me.
She is shod with unworded prayers.
Violets from the spring twilight are her eyes,
Deep with desire.

Ajan Syrian
TO RUPERT BROOKE

Died before the Dardanelles, April, 1915

I

You too, "superb on unreturning tides,"
Pass; and the brightness dies out of the air.
Our life itself seems dreamlike, waiting where
The desert of no paths forever hides
Your hates and longings, your revolts and prides,
The secret miracle that your songs declare—
As these few reliques to our eager care
And long delight your stricken hand confides.

   Beautiful lover of beauty!—child of the sea,
   Sunlight, and mysteries of the evening foam!
   Though sleep shall heal the feet too far a-roam,
   Are you at peace now as you longed to be?—
   Or beauty-hungered does your soul go free
   Out of the harbor of its mortal home.

II

It was enough, that common men had died
In this vast horror of the shaken world
Where life's primeval hate broadcast is hurled
To crush the age's generous youth and pride

[113]
In flame and anguish; proving how we lied
Who dreamed a nobler banner now unfurled
Over mankind—while bitter smoke-wreaths curled
Up from the Moloch-lips we had denied!

But you not as this age’s sacrifice
Should have gone down; you were foredoomed to be
Not of the age, but of all time a light.
This hour has grief—too much!—but you are price
That the race pays for its apostasy,
Its hour of madness in the abysmal night.

Song lingered at your lips—delicate song,
Whose flowing waters in the golden day
Bore from the hill-lands of the far-away
The dews of rarer heights for which men long.
But when the tawdry baseness of the throng
Opposed to that fair stream its dull delay,
Your words leaped skyward into stinging spray,
A scornful challenge to the powers of wrong.

When you sang of beauty, Beauty’s self came down,
Blue-robed and shining, to the courts you laid
Where the heart walks at evening, hushed and free.
But when you touched the dullard and the clown,
To Rupert Brooke

The jangled keys of your tense spirit made
Discords, that were your prayer to harmony.

IV

Clear level light across the English hills
Where garden-shadows track the afternoon;
Dusk under willows where a summer moon
Its long cascades of ghostly silver spills
Down pools of silence; a refrain that fills
The heart with sense of some forgotten tune;
The trembling white limbs of youth's night of June
When life's whole perfume up the wind distils:

These drift out of the regions that enfold you,
And from my memory almost smooth away
The picture of your known and mortal face,—
As though the lineaments could no longer hold you
Their prisoner, nor the earthen lamp betray
With dust the flame that there had dwelling-place.

V

The song is ended, but the years have set
No boundary to your memory; you have done
A young man's miracles; your dreams have won
Some little of fadeless wonder from the fret

[115]
And torture of the days; your eyes have met
The eyes of the Archangel of the Sun;
And your lips cried, in brief last orison,
A gleam and glory men will not forget.

The rest is silence . . . your smile of swift delight
Shall flash to ours no more, nor shall the hand
Bring the heart’s greeting as you come again.
Only an echo from the silent land—
Only a gleam sometimes through summer rain—
“A width, a shining peace under the night.”

Arthur Davison Ficke
LORD OF MORNING

Lord of morning, light of day,
   Sacred color-kindling Sun,
We salute thee in the way—
   Roadside pilgrims robed in dun.

For thou art a pilgrim too,
   Overlord of all our band;
In thy fervor we renew
   Quests we do not understand.

At thy summons we arise,
   At thy touch put glory on,
And with glad unanxious eyes
   Move into the march of dawn.

NOON

Behold, now, where the pageant of high June
Halts in the glowing noon!
The trailing shadows rest on plain and hill;
The banded hosts are still;
While over forest crown and mountain-head
The azure tent is spread.
The song is hushed in every woodland throat;
Moveless the lilies float;
Even the ancient ever-murmuring sea
Sighs only fitfully;
The cattle drowse in the field-corner's shade;
Peace on the world is laid.

It is the hour when Nature's caravan,
That bears the pilgrim Man
To the far region of his hope sublime
Across the desert of time,
Rests in the green oasis of the year,
Its journey's end drawn near.

Ah, traveler, hast thou nought of thanks or praise
For these fleet halcyon days?—
No courage to uplift thee from despair
Born with the breath of prayer?
Then turn thee to the liled field once more!
God stands in his tent door.

Bliss Carman
LA RUE DE LA MONTAGNE SAINTE-GENEVIEVE

I have seen an old street weeping—
Narrow, dark, ascending;
Water o'er the spires
Of a church descending;
The church thrice veiled—in rain,
In the shadow of the years,
In the grace of old design;
Dim dwellings, blind with tears,
Rotting either side
The winding passage way,
To where the river crosses
Weeping, under gray
And limpid heavens weeping.
Gardens I have seen
Through archèd doors, whose gratings
Ever cry the keen
Dim melodies of lace
Long used and rare, gardens
With an old-time grace
Vibrating, dimly trembling
In the music of the rain.
Roses I have seen drip a faint
Perfume, and lilacs train
A quivering loveliness

[119]
From door to arched door,  
Passing by in flower carts;  
While waters ever pour  
O'er the white stones of the fountain,  
Melting icily away  
Half way up the mountain;  
Where to mingle tears with tears,  
Their clothes misshapen, sobbing,  
Two or three old women,  
In wooden sabots hobbling,  
Meet to fill their pitchers,  
From the stream of water leaping  
Through the lips, a long time parted,  
Of a face grotesquely weeping—  
A carven face forever weeping.

Dorothy Dudley
SONNETS

THE WALK ON THE MOOR

"Tonight is many-sorrowed," said the moon:
She and the clouds were whirled above the moor;
Small as a glow-worm shone my cottage door.
"Cometh the morning late or over-soon
The night is sorrow's measure," ran her rune.
Do ye not hear forgotten littlenesses,
Mother, whose kiss lies warm on children's tresses?
Hear, then, the soundless rush of elfin sooth,

Feet that are but the wind across the grass—
How long ago they passed to women's wailing!
Women whose ancient sorrow leaves you this,
Ye that have borne!—that not a breeze shall pass
Across your hair but 'tis small fingers trailing,
And tears shall sting you at your children's kiss.

MORNING ON THE BEACH

Some brighter thing than sunlight touched the sea
And out of dawn arose a wind of joy:
They woke and chirped—my girl, and then my boy—
Like birds that have not learned what fears there be.

[121]
"And now," I thought, "there dawns a day to me:
One day, at least, defies moon-prophecies;
One day shall call the old world sorrows lies,
So let us now be happy utterly!"

Then we had playmates in the grains of sand—
I heard them, many-laughing, by the water;
The sweet air thrilled to speech without a tongue.
They met my boy and led him by the hand
To venturous depths; they showed my little daughter
How children built on sand when time was young.  

Georgia Wood Pangborn
WOODWINDS

HADLEYBURG

Hadleyburg was the most honest and upright town in all the region round about.—Mark Twain.

John Barleycorn he said the town
   Was half a knave and half a clown,
Nor saner than the law allowed:
   With all its stiff restraints and prim
Observances, the place, he vowed,
   Had too much starch in it for him;
And kept itself upon the jump
   To whip the devil round the stump.

That crooked souls and crooked knees
   Distinguished men from walking trees,
Was sagely then and there agreed:
   But, bent on laughing them to scorn,
Mad John, denying them a creed,
   Resolved to stray amid the corn,
And eavesdropping from stalk to stalk,
   To hear some goblin money talk.

And, peeping from behind a bee,
   He fell into a reverie,
Beholding them so smugly housed;
   And pondered what would happen had
Some sudden thunder been aroused!

[123]
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Thinking of which the silly lad
Collapsed beside a brawling brook,
And laughed until the welkin shook.

LITTLE SONGS OF THE FOREST

Spring Song
Softly at dawn a whisper stole
Down from the Green House on the Hill,
Enchanting many a ghostly bole
And wood song with the ancient thrill.

Gossiping on the countryside,
Spring and the wandering breezes say
God has thrown heaven open wide
And let the thrushes out today.

Serenade

The Moon puts on her silver veil
And shawl of lace: and with far lutes
And violins in many a dale
The thrushes blow their woodland flutes.

Oh, and with many a ghostly cheer,
Under the moon the forest heaves
And sways with ecstasy to hear
The eerie laughter of the leaves.

[124]
Canticle

Devoutly worshiping the oak
Wherein the barred owl stares,
The little feathered forest folk
Are praying sleepy prayers:

Praying the summer to be long
And drowsy to the end,
And daily full of sun and song,
That broken hopes may mend.

Praying the golden age to stay
Until the whippoorwill
Appoints a windy moving-day,
And hurries from the hill.

Autumn Song

Once more the crimson rumor
Fills the forest and the town;
And the green fires of summer
Are burning—burning down.

Oh, the green fires of summer
Are burning down once more;
And my heart is in the ashes
On the forest floor!

[125]
Interlude

Since yesterday has been no word,
Nor voice of anything
To thrill the forest: and no bird
Has any heart to sing.

Since yesterday has been no track
Of Pan nor any power,
To lure the gypsy summer back,
And fool a single flower.

Requiescat

Gray are the sentry leaves and thinned
That whisper at my cabin door,
Sighing and mourning as the wind
Worries and walks the forest floor.

O leaves, O leaves that find no voice
In the white silence of the snows,
To bid the crimson woods rejoice,
Or wake the wonder of the rose!

William Griffith
SONGS OF HUNGER

THE CROWN, THE PLATE AND THE BOWL

You'll crown my head with a silver crown
    You'll bring me food on a golden plate,
    You'll offer me drink from a carven cup—
If only I bow me down.

But the crown was wrought by a wanton trull,
    The gold was wrung from an harlot's hire,
    The wine is blood, and the bowl you bring
Was carved from an human skull.

THE TEMPLE OF HUNGER

There's a temple, dark and silent,
    Littered with dust and bone,
Where the countless hoards of the starving
    Bow at the Lean God's throne.

In the chilling gloom by the altar,
    Whence even hatred has fled,
Sits the God of Hunger gloating
    Over tribute of starven dead.
Before him, and beaten and bitter,
    From eastern and western lands,
Cringe the people the God of Hunger
    Will crumple between his hands.

Silent they crouch and hopeless;
    Each with a look that sees,
Each one but a stricken shadow,
    Its forehead between its knees.

A RIDDLE

Bitter as tears
That for years
    Are unshed;
Ashen and gray
As a day
    That is dead;
Evil and ill,
    With a chill
    O' the vault;
Barren as beaches
God leaches
    With salt;
Hopeless as morrows
In sorrows
    Immersed;
A Riddle

Desolate, grim,
Like a hymn
Of the cursed;
Lone as a cry
From the sky
Or the sea:
Answer my saying
In praying—
For me.

THE LEAN GRAY RATS

The lean gray rats of hunger
Have gnawed my soul in twain;
Till cursing the God that made it,
The good half died in pain.

The ill half lived and prospered,
Waxed brutal and strong and fat;
But the good half died and was eaten
In hell by a lean, gray rat.

Skipwith Cannéll
Let us go then, you and I,
When the evening is spread out against the sky
Like a patient etherized upon a table;
Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,
The muttering retreats
Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels
And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:
Streets that follow like a tedious argument
Of insidious intent
To lead you to an overwhelming question . . .

Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"
Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window panes.
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

Let fall upon its back the spot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

And indeed there will be time
For the yellow smoke that slides along the street,
Rubbing its back upon the window panes;
There will be time, there will be time
To prepare a face to meet the faces that you meet;
There will be time to murder and create,
And time for all the works and days of hands
That lift and drop a question on your plate:
Time for you and time for me,
And time yet for a hundred indecisions,
And for a hundred visions and revisions,
Before the taking of a toast and tea.

In the room the women come and go
Talking of Michelangelo.

And indeed there will be time
To wonder, “Do I dare?” and, “Do I dare?”—
Time to turn back and descend the stair,
With a bald spot in the middle of my hair—
(They will say: “How his hair is growing thin!”)
My morning coat, my collar mounting firmly to the chin,
My necktie rich and modest, but asserted by a simple pin—
(They will say: "But how his arms and legs are thin!")
Do I dare
Disturb the universe?
In a minute there is time
For decisions and revisions which a minute will reverse.

For I have known them already, known them all:
Have known the evenings, mornings, afternoons,
I have measured out my life with coffee spoons;
I know the voices dying with a dying fall
Beneath the music from a farther room.

So how should I presume?

And I have known the eyes already, known them all—
The eyes that fix you in a formulated phrase.
And when I am formulated, sprawling on a pin,
When I am pinned and wriggling on the wall,
Then how should I begin
To spit out all the butt-ends of my days and ways?

And how should I presume?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—
Arms that are braceletled and white and bare
(But in the lamplight, downed with light brown hair!)
Is it perfume from a dress
That makes me so digress?
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

Arms that lie along a table, or wrap about a shawl.
And should I then presume?
And how should I begin?

Shall I say, I have gone at dusk through narrow streets,
And watched the smoke that rises from the pipes
Of lonely men in shirtsleeves, leaning out of windows? . . .

I should have been a pair of ragged claws
Scuttling across the floors of silent seas.

And the afternoon, the evening, sleeps so peacefully!
Smoothed by long fingers,
Asleep . . . tired . . . or it malingers,
Stretched on the floor, here beside you and me.
Should I, after tea and cakes and ices,
Have the strength to force the moment to its crisis?
But though I have wept and fasted, wept and prayed,
Though I have seen my head (grown slightly bald) brought
in upon a platter,
I am no prophet—and here's no great matter;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and
snicker,
And in short, I was afraid.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
After the cups, the marmalade, the tea,
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Among the porcelain, among some talk of you and me,
Would it have been worth while
To have bitten off the matter with a smile,
To have squeezed the universe into a ball
To roll it toward some overwhelming question,
To say: "I am Lazarus, come from the dead,
Come back to tell you all, I shall tell you all"—
If one, settling a pillow by her head,
   Should say: "That is not what I meant at all;
   That is not it, at all."

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the sunsets and the dooryards and the sprinkled streets,
After the novels, after the teacups, after the skirts that trail
   along the floor—
And this, and so much more?—
It is impossible to say just what I mean!
But as if a magic lantern threw the nerves in patterns on a
screen:
Would it have been worth while
If one, settling a pillow or throwing off a shawl,
And turning toward the window, should say: "That is not it at all,
   That is not what I meant, at all."

. . . . . . .

No! I am not Prince Hamlet, nor was meant to be;
Am an attendant lord, one that will do
[134]
The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock

To swell a progress, start a scene or two,
Advise the prince: withal, an easy tool,
Deferential, glad to be of use,
Politic, cautious, and meticulous;
Full of high sentence, but a bit obtuse;
At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—
Almost, at times, the Fool.

I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
I shall wear the bottoms of my trowsers rolled.

Shall I part my hair behind? Do I dare to eat a peach?
I shall wear white flannel trowsers, and walk upon the beach.
I have heard the mermaids singing, each to each.
I do not think that they will sing to me.

I have seen them riding seaward on the waves,
Combing the white hair of the waves blown back
When the wind blows the water white and black.

We have lingered in the chambers of the sea
By seagirls wreathed with seaweed red and brown,
Till human voices wake us, and we drown.

.......

T. S. Eliot

[135]
T is fitting to pause a moment over this symbol of the waste of war. The young poet who died of sunstroke on an English cruiser in the Dardanelles was the finest flower of the race. He was not only a poet of high achievement and higher promise, but a rare spirit; not only a rare spirit, modest, noble-minded, but, in Mr. Yeats' phrase, "the most beautiful young man in England." One of the men fittest to survive and give his strength and beauty to the race is cut down in his proud youth by that ruthless gigantic harvester, modern war. One fallen soldier more, one of millions fallen or doomed, that mediaeval-minded monarchs may try out their illusions with embattled armies.

A year ago Rupert Brooke passed through this country on his way home from the south seas. I remember my first sight of him. For some foolish reason one hardly dares speak of a living man as beautiful, but when death stiffens flesh to marble no casual smile can mock at the word or deny the thrill. Here was "lyric Apollo" indeed, as if freshly made at the dawn of time, and sent to our modern world with a message from the old gods.

However, he was quite unaware of any special divinity; indeed, a somewhat wide acquaintance with poets has rarely shown me one who rated himself and his work so modestly. In July he sent from England the poem, Retrospect, which
The Death of Rupert Brooke

Poetry printed last October, and the final lines of which now seem premonitory:

O haven without wave or tide!  
Silence, in which all songs have died!  
Holy book, where hearts are still!  
And home at length under the hill!  
O mother quiet, breasts of peace,  
Where love itself would faint and cease!  
O infinite deep I never knew,  
I would come back, come back to you,  
Find you, as a pool unstirred,  
Kneel down by you, and never a word,  
Lay my head, and nothing said,  
In your hands, ungarlanded;  
And a long watch you would keep;  
And I should sleep, and I should sleep!

Then came the war. In October the poet, who had joined the second naval brigade, wrote from the royal naval barracks, Chatham:

I'm afraid I shan't do anything more while the war lasts; and we expect it to go on at least a year more, probably two. Afterward I hope to start again. I've been having a great time (and a terrible one, in a way). We, the Naval Brigade, went to Antwerp for the last part of the siege. I'll never forget the sight of hundreds of thousands of refugees,—white, desperate, stunned creatures. There can never have been a nation so wronged and tortured in European memory.

Shelter the refugee muses for a time. Europe is no place for them.

Good luck to you!

The next letter brought the war sonnets printed in our April number. "One, perhaps two, are goodish," the poet wrote; "I doubt if I have time to write any more before I go out again."

In printing the sonnets I felt some regret that they celebrated the old illusions. War, to this young poet-soldier, [137]
was glorified by the romantic glamour which, as it has been made mostly by the arts, must be stripped off by the arts if war is to become as archaic and absurd tomorrow as duelling is today. So long as men think war beautiful, nations will arm and fight; and since, from the dawn of time, the arts have taught that war is beautiful, so from this hour of the most deadly and unjustifiable of wars, they must begin to teach the world the glory of heroic life, the beauty of persistent and devoted service, and the infinite generosity of modern science, modern civilization, in the multiform opportunities it offers for heroism.

However, all the pathetic beauty of the old ideal was incarnate in this young poet and ensainted by his death. He is archetypal of the millions upon millions of proud young men who have gone singing to their death on the world's battlefields, obscure pawns in mighty games played for ends they never questioned. That he died of sunstroke is perhaps the more symbolic; it allies him the more closely with those Homeric heroes whom some god wrapped in golden mist and bore from the bloody field. And so on his fair young brow let us place the ancient laurel, and bear him, "like a soldier," to his tomb.

Young, beautiful, he went singing to the wars,
But the bright sungod would not have it so:
While dreadnoughts hurled the iron bolts of Mars,
Apollo called—how could he choose but go?

H. M.
MR. STURGE MOORE'S last book, a triologue between three nice men in tweed suits concerning the nature of style and the beautiful, is, so far as I am concerned, a mere annoyance, and I will therefore refrain from reviewing it. *Hark to These Three,* by T. Sturge Moore—Elkin Mathews. Good poets are too few and the exacerbations of life are too many. Let me rather remind the reader that Sturge Moore is the author of *The Vinedresser and Other Poems,* of *The Defeat of the Amazons,* and a dozen or so classical plays that will never be popular; and that the best of his work is, I think, permanent for those who know the "Mareotic juice from Coecuban."

I am, reader, tired, as you are also, I doubt not, of the New York school of reviewers who will be forever sizing up poems by gross tonnage, discovering each week a "new Shelley" or a "new Keats" or a "new Whistler." (I even remember one lady who said her husband was known as "the American Whistler.""

Also I am dead tired of a criticism that is forever making comparisons of "magnitude" and never definitions of quality. A pox upon all editors, upon all uniforms and upon the present publishing system. A pox!—are we to have no more individuals!

I have been reasonably meticulous, in these pages, in defining my idea of the classic, in indicating my preference for a straight-running speech, and I may therefore be par-

[139]
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

doned for expressing an idle, unharnessed and unprofessional enjoyment.

The essential thing in a poet is that he build us his world. It may be Prospero's island, it may be the tavern with Falstaff, or the stripped world of Candide, or Florence which has spread its futile reputation into the nether reaches of hell; or it may be the burlesque of Hudibras; but some such reality, or some such phantasm, the author must rear up about us. And after one has sunk one's personal differences, or even made up one's mind that one's personal differences with Mr. Sturge Moore are everlastingly unsettlatable, the fact of his magic remains. In the Chorus of Dorides, in a dozen other places, it remains:

Dead, dead, hale youth is dead;
Broken, bruised, broken, bathed in spray.
See, see, the hair, the wealth of his head,
With spoilt wreath-tendrils wed!
Limp as a dress once gay,
Which on the shore is found
Where bathing a child has drowned,
So lies he white as the spray;
So white Adonis lay
Before his whimpering hound;
So white on mid-sea lone
Rocked by the billows lay
Fallen Icarus—Phaethon fallen,
Through flaming forest, prone,
Deaf to the wail at dawn,
To houseless nymph and fawn—
Deaf where the leaves were ashes,
All lifeless, white; and so
Lay Hyacinth, his pillow
Tragic with purple splashes,
Deaf to left-handed Woe,
Hark to Sturge Moore

Where breezes through the willow
On beds of blue-bells blow.
Were these not kissed?—not washed with tears?
Did any fond name at their ears
Fail to plead vainly?

Dead, dead, poor short-lived lover,
Wasted, wrecked, wasted; day by day
Two careless tides will cover
And roll thee in their spray.
When peacemeal grow thy frail bones white,
Wilt thou through thy worn skull by night
Hear shore-wind sighing?

Sturge Moore is more master of cadence than any of his English contemporaries. If Mr. Yeats has perfect mastery in Red Hanrahan’s Song About Ireland, and in the verse of The Wind Among the Reeds, even his most fervent admirers must grant that Moore has the greater variety of cadences in his quiver, and that he excels his friend in onomatopoeic aptness; in varying and fitting the cadence to its subject emotion.

Lacedaemon, hast thou seen it?
Lacedaemon, Lacedaemon!
From Taygetus the forests
Slope from snows raised far above them!
Lacedaemon rich in corn-lands,
With the grand hill shoulders round them
Blue as lapis in the twilight.

That is both a good and a bad example. It is the Spanish redondilla cadence that we know in Rio verde, rio verde. He has not escaped rhythmic monotony in these seven lines, but I have quoted the whole seven for the sake of the imagistic vividness in the last one.
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

He will never be popular in America because of the small-town or "smart-Alec" sense of the superficially comic which pervades that continent. Who with this ever-present "smartness" could get beyond such an opening line as:

We maidens are older than most sheep.

Yet that line opens a quite beautiful poem, and on the whole they are the words most suited for conveying their portion of the effect of the whole. Again the microscopical mind of any reviewer will not be expected to pass over cockney rhymes, whereof there are several most flagrant in this book called The Vinedresser: ought and sort in one place, short and ought in another. Such things are like the gritting of a slate-pencil and are no more to be passed over lightly than are the obvious surface faults in Poe's Helen. You forgive a poet his sins for the sake of his virtues, "because he hath loved much." But it is a consummate slovenliness of general criticism to see no flaw in the idol merely because numen inest.

It is because of the prevalence of slovenly praising, in prefaces, in histories of literature, and by college professors, that we get no fine age of verse. Countless young poets, hearing older authors spoken of always with adulation, get drunk with their beauty, copy their faults, and the art in general suffers.

Mr. Sturge Moore's "beautiful world" is not unlike the world of "H. D."—hellenic, vivid in color; and this despite the fact that they write almost in different tongues, in utterly different metric, and that there is no influence one way or

[142]
Hark to Sturge Moore

the other, seeing that Mr. Moore is of an earlier generation (The Vinedresser appeared in 1899), and that “H. D.” has, to my almost certain knowledge, never read a single line of Sturge Moore. A least she had not when his poems first appeared. So much for future philologists.

As for an audience, I am always at war with the motto on the cover of this magazine. Let me consider Moore’s audience. Six years ago Mr. Lawrence Binyon said to me, “Have you ever read Sturge Moore?”, and I went back to the British Museum reading room and read the Defeat of the Amazons, which I have never forgotten. Though I can remember few phrases, I have the scene and some memory of the rhythm, especially that speech of the running faun beginning

Aie, aie, aie!
Laomedon!

Then there was Maurice Hewlett three years since contending that Moore was the best poet in England, and besides that there is the constant admiration of two such different artists as Mr. W. B. Yeats and Mr. Wyndham Lewis. And that is perhaps public enough for any man in his life-time. At least I should so suspect Mr. Sturge Moore of considering it, for I have never known a man less aware of the circumjacent vulgarity and of the general stew of the world, the “world of letters,” etc.

WOODSTOCK MAZE
A crown in her lap; all proud of her bower;
A woman become a child from using power
Her beauty gave her, bounteous gave; and thence

[143]
Renewed in petulence and lucky faults;
So fresh, her whole life breathless halts
To see a star fall through immense
High arch'd twilight—
Rosamund peaceful sat and sang,
While the woods lay still and their echoes rang
To the song *Love loves the night*.

A captive to innocence, held there, to wait
Pale, where the paths all led, whence none led straight
Or could help flight, until the queen came up
And told her in a whisper she must die,
Hated, beneath the quiet sky.
Slowly she drained the deep-stained cup,
And still grew white
Slowly, there, where she sat and sang,
While still the wooded echoes rang
To the song *Love loves the night*.

It is our curse to know we are heard. The charm of first books, the reason why poetry is of youth and prose of middle-age, is that despite their faults in execution, the young are for the most part without an audience; they write for their own ears, they are not spoiled by knowing there will be an audience. After a man has a public there is always the curse, the venom, as soon as he has written his verse; and if the gods have no pity the very middle of his thought is interrupted with the thought that too many must hear it. Only the gods' darlings escape this. And Sturge Moore has in this vein at least been greatly favored. *Odi... et arceo*—was ever a boast more vain, or an irritated outburst more filled with true aspiration, than this opening of urbanest Horace plagued with all the devils of metropolitan, sycophant praises and auditors! *Arceo!* The foxes and eagles had the better of him. Is there any eyrie so remote, any heart so
hermetic, that it is not reached by the persistent echoes of braying!

Let us then close with a couple of platitudes: Sturge Moore's work is more like to itself than to anybody else's—and that is always an advantage. If The Vinedresser is at times reminiscent, it is reminiscent of Blake and of Browning, who are respectively the soundest core of their eras.

Row till the sea-nymphs rise
To ask you why
Rowing you tarry not
To hear them sigh.

Ezra Pound

REVIEWS

Spoon River Anthology, by Edgar Lee Masters. Macmillan.

The other day I was in a little Illinois town on the old canal, and I was surprised to find how much imaginative life had been added to the place by Mr. Masters' Spoon River Anthology. Deserted by the tide of progress that followed the building of the new canal, there was an air of memory and regret about the place; a provincial richness and a sense of desolation. The square stone houses, built of lime-stone quarried from the hills, and the old frame houses of the pioneer colonial pattern, seemed to hold in hiding the secret lives of the people of whom Mr. Masters had written. This is the service that Mr. Masters has performed for us—he has given an intensely vital meaning to our immediate human environment. He has done for us what the young Irish writers have done for Ireland.
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Not long ago certain English poets were complaining that we had no poets, except Whitman, essentially American in spirit or reflecting American life. But American literary tradition, a tradition more indigenous than that of the colonial New England school, is still in the making. Men like Mr. Robert Frost and Mr. Masters, and like Mr. E. A. Robinson, who may be said to have been the pioneer in this particular field, are contributing to it. It is a significant fact that Mr. Frost has made the characters of a New England community, and Mr. Masters the characters of a little Illinois town, live for us as no American novelist has done since Hawthorne. They have created not "types," but human beings. This is the secret of Mr. Masters' method. In revealing the crisis of each individual life in Spoon River, he reveals the soul of the community.

Of course we have had writers and poets who were distinctly racial in a sense that would appeal to the Londoner—Bret Harte, Mark Twain, Joaquin Miller, or Lowell; but were these men not steeped in that very romanticism the lack of which Mr. Floyd Dell laments in Mr. Masters? And isn't it just this romanticism that has kept the American from expressing the heights or depths of experience? I can not help but feel relieved by the general sense of tragedy that pervades Mr. Masters' book. There is nothing unhealthy or morbid or hopeless about it as there often is about that of European writers. It is simply the sense of the tragedy of broken and wasted lives—of unnecessarily wasted lives. For in spite of death and defeat, Mr. Masters makes
life seem precious. Humorous, squalid and noble at the same time, an affair of broken wings, splendid hopes, drag-gled aspirations, and smothered beauty, life is yet too amaz-ingly vital to be discarded even by those who have themselves taken the final step to discard it! These people who are dead love life and remember it with regret. Not all of these people, indeed, as one shrewdly suspects, have yet gained the secure repose of the hill at Spoon River! In many cases the tragedy is individual—the defeat of ambition through per-sonal short-sightedness or limitation. But often through the individual histories of these men and women, touched with humor, sarcasm, beauty, pity and terror, Mr. Masters touches also upon larger issues, and a stronger note is struck in the hint of final fulfilment of causes for which the individual perished. Back of the sense of tragedy is a flaming idealism not entirely masked by the cover of sarcastic irony.

I don't know why it is that American people are so averse to satire. The Spoon River Anthology reflects American life not in a superficial, but in a deeper, sense. It is deeply rooted in the soil, and a part of its power to move us is in the associations of the past generation that it calls up. But an ample vision of the future beyond the scope of this gener-ation is also presented. We find Mr. Masters' own faith and doubt for the future variously recorded in several of the poems. Both are suggested in this composite picture formed in the brain of Rutherford McDowell, the village photog-rapher:
They brought me ambrotypes
Of the old pioneers to enlarge.
And sometimes one sat for me—
Someone who was in being
When giant hands from the womb of the world
Tore the republic.
What was it in their eyes?—
For I could never fathom
That mystical pathos of drooped eyelids,
And the serene sorrow of their eyes.
It was like a pool of water,
Amid oak trees at the edge of a forest:
Where the leaves fall,
As you hear the crow of a cock
From a far-off farm house, seen near the hills
Where the third generation lives, and the strong men
And the strong women are gone and forgotten.
And these grand-children and great-grand-children
Of the pioneers!
Truly did my camera record their faces, too,
With so much of the old strength gone,
And the old faith gone,
And the old mastery of life gone,
And the old courage gone,
Which labors and loves and suffers and sings
Under the sun!

And here is the epitaph of Lincoln's law partner, William H. Herndon, to place beside Mr. E. A. Robinson's fine portrait, The Master:

There by the window in the old house
Perched on the bluff, overlooking miles of valley,
My days of labor closed, sitting out life's decline.
Day by day did I look in my memory,
As one who gazes in an enchantress' crystal globe;
And I saw the figures of the past,
As if in pageant glassed by a shining dream.
Move through the incredible sphere of time.
And I saw a man arise from the soil like a fabled giant

[148]
And throw himself over a deathless destiny,
Master of great armies, head of the republic,
Bringing together into a dithyramb of recreative song
The epic hopes of a people;
At the same time Vulcan of sovereign fires,
Where imperishable shields and swords were beaten out
From spirits tempered in heaven.
Look in the crystal! See how he hastens on
To the place where his path comes up to the path
Of a child of Plutarch and Shakespeare.
O Lincoln, actor indeed, playing well your part,
And Booth, who strode in a mimic play within the play,
Often and often I saw you,
As the cawing crows winged their way to the wood
Over my house-top at solemn sunsets,
There by my window,
Alone.

The first appreciation of the *Spoon River Anthology*,
then running in the St. Louis Mirror, appeared in the
October, 1914, number of *Poetry*. Mr. Ezra Pound in
*The Egoist* and Mrs. Eunice Tietjens in *The Chicago Evening Post* were quick to second our praise; but we are now
told by our credulous newspapers that Mr. Powys discovered
this "aboriginal genius," the author of *Spoon River*! It is
pleasant to have one's own opinion ratified, and yet to realize
that the initial recognition of an American author was not
in this case left to an English critic!  

*A. C. H.*
Although POETRY is ignored in the preface to this volume, our readers will recognize the finest entries of its six poets—covering thirty of the book’s seventy-seven printed pages—as having appeared in this magazine, many of them during our first year when no other publisher would look at them. It is pleasing to see so honorable a house as the great Boston firm falling into line behind us, but we should appreciate the compliment more deeply if our primacy were more definitely acknowledged.

Nor do readers of POETRY need that information of the imagistic creed and technique which is now, in scarcely recognizable form, going the rounds of a bewildered press. Over two years ago Messrs. Pound and Flint defined for us the “direct treatment,” the stripped and exact word, the “sequence of the musical phrase,” the “clear image” as opposed to abstractions; and offered *A Few Don’ts by an Imagist* in an effort to bring back poetic technique to that “best tradition” exemplified in Sappho, Catullus, Villon.

This new anthology represents a smaller group of poets than *Des Imagistes* of last year, which also quoted lavishly from POETRY; indeed, its title shows that it does not pretend to include all the imagists. Of the poets so classed in the earlier pamphlet, we miss Messrs. Pound, Cannéll, Williams and Cournos (American), and Messrs. Hueffer, Upward, and Joyce (British). And Mr. D. H. Lawrence is a new entry. The term Imagism becomes somewhat blurred in the
present collection; it loses something of that hard "clear outline" dear to the true imagist.

But all this is preliminary. Having cleared the ground, let us consider the book for what is in it, not for what is out of it. The most authentic and indubitable note of passion, passion fused and fixed in a form of sternly sculpturesque art —like a bas-relief by Bourdelle—is in *A Woman and her Dead Husband*, by Mr. Lawrence. And if this great poem expresses tragic love, not less beautifully does *Fireflies in the Corn* express a dancing passion of delight in fireflies, cornstalks and other ecstasies of nature, and of fantastic mockery as the woman contrasts these with her lover's dullness. Both these poems, which must not be broken by quotation (they were in *Poetry* for January, 1914)—both these poems rhyme, and in other respects they may not be quite in accord with imagistic practice; but this is of little consequence except to lovers of labels. They are some of the finest poetry written in this century, and they are of a new kind in that they could not have been written in any other century. Mr. Lawrence gives us his own fire, and cares not whether it respects rules or fuses them. And this fire is in every one of his seven poems, even that brief little "image* Green."

I do not mean that Mr. Lawrence is the only impassioned poet represented in this volume, or that tragic love is the only emotion which can stir an artist to the depths. Is there not passion in Corot's landscapes, wreathed with dancing nymphs like embodied raptures of nature? Are not Blake-
lock's autumnal sunsets filled with flaming passion too deep for tears? In the same way there is passionate sympathy with nature in Mr. Fletcher's Blue Symphony, in Mr. Aldington's The Poplar, in H. D.'s Oread and The Garden. These poems are not "parlor fire-works," as the mercurial Mr. Floyd Dell suggests in The New Republic, but vividly imaginative landscapes, painted with rich lights and shadows, and fused with profound feeling.

Indeed, these are mostly painter poets. Painters of the human figure, indoors or out, are suggested by such poems as Miss Lowell's beautiful Venus Transiens or Mr. Flint’s poignantly intimate Accident. The Venus makes me think, not of Botticelli, whom it mentions, but of a modern painter of sun-lit sea-foamy nudes, Mr. Childe Hassam. Both artists give us the sparkling iridescence of nature's joy. And Mr. Flint paints the girl in the railway carriage with dark strokes sharply lit, like Mr. Jerome Myers.

In some of the poems the imagistic ecstasy is strained by self-consciousness or blurred by prosiness. Mr. Aldington's Childhood is touching and true, but there is little reason, either of rhythm or imagery, for not printing it as prose. So also Miss Lowell's "polyphonic prose" in The Bombardment remains for me scientific and artificial, an interesting experiment rather than a new poetic form. And while Mr. Fletcher's Blue Symphony is Corot in one of his most lyric moods, London Excursion gives the effect of an effort to do too much, a picture unachieved.
Perhaps the very essence of imagism is presented in the poems of H. D. She is less disturbed than her companions by merely human feeling; she stands, in god-like aloofness, for the austerities of art, and one or two of her vivid little drawings rank almost with certain brief and beautiful images achieved by Mr. Pound in his most magical moments, or by Mr. Allen Upward in his Scented Leaves from a Chinese Jar. Such things are the butterfly's wing—fugitive, delicate, shot with color, visible a mere instant against the blue.

H.M.


_Poems_, by John Rodker. Printed by the Author, 1 Osborn Street, Whitechapel.

_Sing-Songs of the War_, by Maurice Hewlett. The Poetry Bookshop.

When the inteligencia of London are hit with a new fashion in art, they are hit hard. They live with it—they think it, dress it, eat it; one may almost imagine the Nude Descending the Stair in ice-cream. Pre-Raphaelitism spread its bane over walls, cupboards, chairs, and invented the seam­less dresses worn by lank women. Now it is post-impressionism, vorticism, or whatever may be the latest coinage of terms for the new movement.

Mr. Rodker's book has a tasteful spray of ganglia on the cover, designed by Mr. David Bombey, and Mr. Hueffer's
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

poem an arrangement of forked diagonals, and a soldier represented by the sharp onward thrust of lines. Yet what a relief these are after the perpetual pretty-girl covers of our books and magazines! Unfortunately it is not possible to reproduce the very appropriate head-piece for the middle section of Mr. Hueffer's poem—a poem of great beauty which I wish it were possible to quote in full. I think I have had more lasting enjoyment from this poem than from any that I have seen on the war.

III

For the white-limbed heroes of Hellas ride by upon their horses
Forever through our brains.
The heroes of Cressy ride by upon their stallions;
And battalions and battalions and battalions—
The Old Guard, the Young Guard, the men of Minden and of Waterloo—
Pass, forever staunch,
Stand forever true;
And the small man with the large paunch,
And the gray coat, and the large hat, and the hands behind the back,
Watches them pass
In our minds forever . . .
But that clutter of sodden corses
On the sodden Belgian grass—
That is a strange new beauty.

IV

With no especial legends of marchings or triumphs or duty,
Assuredly that is the way of it,
The way of beauty . . .
And that is the highest word you can find to say of it.
For you cannot praise it with words
Compounded of lyres and swords,
But the thought of the gloom and the rain,
Reviews

And the ugly coated figure standing beside a drain,
Shall eat itself into your brain:
And you will say of all heroes: "They fought like the Belgians!"
And you will say: "He wrought like a Belgian his fate out of gloom;"
And you will say: "He bought like a Belgian
His doom."
And that shall be an honorable name;
"Belgian" shall be an honorable word,
As honorable as the fame of the sword,
As honorable as the mention of the many-chorded lyre;
And his old coat shall seem as beautiful as the fabrics woven in Tyre.

Much of Mr. Rodker’s verse I am frankly quite unable to fathom. It is futuristic—I use the word to describe a certain mingling of the subjective and objective, to which one must submit oneself to get the value of the poems. In other words, the reader must attempt to place himself in the same subjective attitude, and indulge in the same white heat of concentration, upon which the ephemera of the objective world will burst with an importance quite disproportionate to the normal sense. A painter would detect here many variations of the after-image—not necessarily visual however. It is the instability of Mr. Rodker’s image that I find confusing. But one reader may find the path easy where another stumbles. The Mercury Vapor Lamps gives an impression in verse that might well be conveyed in music by one of the new composers. London Night, included in the volume, was published in the December number of Poetry.

My own reaction to Mr. Rodker’s verse might be said to be expressed in his Item:
You said
your heart was
pieces of
strings
in a
peacock blue satin
bag.

Mr. Hewlett's booklet includes a group of songs very much in the nature of broad-sheet ballads, for they give the familiar homely touch of pathos and humor characteristic of such popular lyrics. Naturally they are enthusiastically pro-British.

A. C. H.

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

ONCE MORE THE MERCURE DE FRANCE

It is a pleasure to record that the Mercure de France resumed publication April 1st. The silence of this enlightened review since the beginning of the war has been a serious loss to international letters, and we welcome once more its fortnightly appreciations of all that is most vital in modern literature.

This first number, naturally, is devoted largely to topics suggested by the war, one of them, on La Faillite de la "Kultur," being contributed by Mr. Henri de Régnier, and a brief word, Mon Retour à Paris, by M. Remy de Gourmont. Besides these we have a poem, Les Baigneuses de Rubens, by M. Émile Verhaeren, tributes to Charles Péguy and Charles Muller, two French poets killed in battle, and the usual chronicles and criticisms.
CORRESPONDENCE

TO POETRY

On Reading the April number in Exile

With what unseemly, ravenous haste
Time beats at my reluctant heels,
And, where our ways once interlaced,
The breach reveals!

So late it was I worked with you
And was a part of what you were!
I knew the keen, brave dream you knew;
I felt you stir

Like some live thing beneath my hand.
Now gray time thickens in the breach,
And, as self fails, I understand
Your upward reach.

The work goes on, the dream goes on!
We are the tide-waves, nothing more;
Our separate lives beat and are gone
Upon the shore.

The dream goes on! Past peace, past war,
Past life or death, past fate,
Mounts beauty like a virgin star
Inviolate.

Eunice Tietjens

A REJOINDER

Editor of POETRY: Mr. Leroy Titus Weeks (vide Correspondence for April) mistakes my meaning because, like many other people, he "goes off" before he has applied
himself diligently to understand what he reads. It is his function, as he says in one place, to “stand bewildered,” or as he says in another, “to smear,” but he mistakes when he uses metre, and mistakes even more gravely when he accuses me of optimism, the vulgarest of American vices, saying that I expect the world to go right when I say “Gee!” That is an error. I am boring my little hole in the adamantine stupidity of England, America, New Zealand and a few places elsewhere. I even enjoy the job. The effects are seen even in Mr. L. T. W.’s vers libre, for his words are in the normal order. True, his parodies are unimportant as parodies, and I could, in general, advise him and the rest of the American parodists of my work to leave off until they have studied the very excellent parodies made by Mr. Richard Aldington. Mr. Aldington is himself a poet, he knows something about imagism, he has taken the art seriously and made a study of various poets and periods; whereas my American parodists have for the most part studied neither me nor anyone else.

_Tanti ringraziamenti!_  
_Ezra Pound_

NOTES

Of the poets represented in this number, Messrs. Carman, Ficke and Cannell are well known to our readers. Mr. Carman’s latest book is _Earth Deities and Other Rhythmic Masques_, written in collaboration with Mrs. Mary Perry King; and Mr. Ficke’s is _The Man on the Hilltop and Other Poems_: both volumes being published by Mitchell Kennerley. Mr. Cannell is now living in New York, having returned with his family from Paris at the outbreak of the war.
NOTES

Mr. William Griffith, of New York, now editor of the National Sunday Magazine, is the author of *The House of Dreams* and *City Views and Visions*.

Georgia Wood Pangborn (Mrs. H. L.), of Caldwell, N. J., has contributed much verse to magazines, but has not yet published a volume.

Of the three poets who make their first appearance, Dorothy Dudley (Mrs. Henry B. Harvey), of Chicago, who is a sister of Miss Helen Dudley, an earlier contributor, has published nowhere else as yet. This is true also of "Ajan Syrian," who, born twenty-eight years ago on the Syrian desert, has studied at Columbia University, and is now the adopted son and employee of Mr. Gajor M. Berugjian, of Brooklyn. Mr. T. S. Eliot is a young American poet resident in England, who has published nothing hitherto in this country.

The editor regrets to record a misprint in the May number. The young German poet, whose recent death in battle Mr. Stork informed us of, was Georg Trakl, not Frakl.

Also, Mr. Pound has just discovered a misprint in his second *Renaissance* article in the March number. Page 284, line 10, *most dependent* should read *least dependent*.

BOOKS RECEIVED

_Original Verse:_
*Cathay*, by Ezra Pound. Elkin Mathews.

*The Winning Fan*, by Lawrence Binyon.
*Japanese Lyrics*, Translated by Lafcadio Hearn.
*Some Imagist Poets, An Anthology*.

[159]
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse


Warp and Woof, by L. Pierce Clark. Hillacre Bookhouse.


Poems, by Brian Hooker. Yale University Press.

Lands Across the Sea, Sonnets in Praise of King Albert and His Belgians. Printed at the Industrial School for Crippled Children, 241 St. Botolph St., Boston.


The King of the Jews, A Sacred Drama, From the Russian of The Grand Duke Constantine of Russia, by Victor E. Marsden, M. A. Funk & Wagnalls Co.

Anthologies:


Translations:

The Divine Comedy, Translated by Henry Johnson. Yale University Press.

Biographies and Essays:


The Need For Art in Life, by I. B. Stoughton Holborn. G. Arnold Shaw.

[160]
The Bibelot

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