Poetry, A Magazine of Verse

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POLONIUS AND THE BALLAD SINGERS

GAUNT-BUILT woman and her son-in-law—
A broad-faced fellow, with such flesh as shows
Nothing but easy nature—and his wife,
The woman's daughter, who spills all her talk
Out of a wide mouth, but who has eyes as gray
As Connemara, where the mountain-ash
Shows berries red indeed: they enter now—
Our country singers!

"Sing, my good woman, sing us some romance
That has been round your chimney-nooks so long
'Tis nearly native; something blown here
And since made racy—like yon tree, I might say,
Native by influence if not by species,
Shaped by our winds. You understand, I think?"
"I’ll sing the song, sir."

To-night you see my face—
    Maybe nevermore you’ll gaze
On the one that for you left his friends and kin;
    For by the hard commands
Of the lord that rules these lands
On a ship I’ll be borne from Cruckaunfinn!

Oh, you know your beauty bright
    Has made him think delight
More than from any fair one he will gain;
    Oh, you know that all his will
Strains and strives around you till
As the hawk upon his hand you are as tame!

Then she to him replied:
    I’ll no longer you deny,
And I’ll let you have the pleasure of my charms;
    For to-night I’ll be your bride,
And whatever may betide
It’s we will lie in one another’s arms!

"You should not sing
With body doubled up and face aside—
    There is a climax here—‘It’s we will lie’—
Hem—passionate! And what does your daughter sing?"

“A song I like when I do climb bare hills—
    ’Tis all about a hawk."

No bird that sits on rock or bough
Has such a front as thine;
Polonius and the Ballad Singers

No king that has made war his trade
Such conquest in his eyne!
I mark thee rock-like on the rock
Where none can see a shape.
I climb, but thou dost climb with wings,
And like a wish escape,
She said—
And like a wish escape!

No maid that kissed his bonny mouth
Of another mouth was glad;
Such pride was in our chieftain's eyes,
Such countenance he had!
But since they made him fly the rocks,
Thou, creature, art my quest.
Then lift me with thy steady eyes,
If then to tear my breast,
She said—
If then to tear my breast!

"The songs they have
Are the last relics of the feudal world:
Women will keep them—byzants, doubloons,
When men will take up songs that are as new
As dollar bills. What song have you, young man?"

"A song my father had, sir. It was sent him
From across the sea, and there was a letter with it,
Asking my father to put it to a tune
And sing it all roads. He did that, in troth,
And five pounds of tobacco were sent with the song
To fore-reward him. I'll sing it for you now—
*The Baltimore Exile.*

The house I was bred in—ah, does it remain?
Low walls and loose thatch standing lone in the rain,
With the clay of the walls coming through with its stain,
Like the blackbird's left nest in the briar!

Does a child there give heed to the song of the lark,
As it lifts and it drops till the fall of the dark,
When the heavy-foot kine trudge home from the paurk,
Or do none but the red-shank now listen?

The sloe-bush, I know, grows close to the well,
And its long-lasting blossoms are there, I can tell,
When the kid that was yeaned when the first ones befell
Can jump to the ditch that they grow on!

But there's silence on all. Then do none ever pass
On the way to the fair or the pattern or mass?
Do the gray-coated lads drive the ball through the grass
And speed to the sweep of the hurl?

O youths of my land! Then will no Bolivar
Ever muster your ranks for delivering war?
Will your hopes become fixed and beam like a star?
Will they pass like the mists from your fields?

The swan and the swallows, the cuckoo and crake,
May visit my land and find hillside and lake.
And I send my song. I'll not see her awake—
I'm too old a bird to uncage now!

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"Silver's but lead in exchange for songs,
But take it and spend it."

"We will. And may we meet your honor's like
Every day's end."

"A tune is more lasting that the voice of the birds."

"A song is more lasting than the riches of the world."

Padraic Colum

Note. The last stanza in the first ballad sung is a fragment of
an old country song; the rest of it, with the other two ballads, is
invented. But they are all in the convention of songs still sung
by strolling ballad-singers. I have written the common word for
pasture-field "paurk" so as not to give a wrong association: it
might be written "park," as Burns, using the word in the same
sense, writes it. "Paurk" or "park" is Gaelic for pasture field, and
is always used in Irish country speech in that sense. The two last
lines spoken are translations of a Gaelic phrase which has been
used by Dr. Douglas Hyde as a motto for his collection of Con-
nacht love songs.

P. C.
THE RAGPICKER

The Ragpicker sits and sorts her rags:
Silk and homespun and threads of gold
She plucks to pieces and marks with tags;
And her eyes are ice and her fingers cold.

The Ragpicker sits in the back of my brain;
Keenly she looks me through and through.
One flaming shred I have hidden away—
She shall not have my love for you.

THE BECKONING MOON

I went to the hills for courage,
But the hills have made me weak;
I went to the hills for high resolves
And the wisest words to speak.

There were bonfires down in the valley,
And a beckoning moon in a tree;
So I sped a flame-winged messenger
To call you back to me.

THE CITY LIGHTS FROM A SKYSCRAPER

From my high window at the fall of night,
I see the low-hung firmament of light:
The City Lights from a Skyscraper

Like port-holes of a ship afloat in space
Or danger signals in a hidden place;

An iridescent serpent with black jaws;
A banner tattered in a giant’s cause;

A sun-touched river winding through the gloom;
Wild writing on the heavens of a doom;

Or just the cottage-candles in a wood
Where children play together and are good.

THE HARP OF THE WIND

My house stands high—
Where the harp of the wind
Plays all day,
Plays all night;
And the city light
Is far away.

Where hangs the harp that the winds play?—
High in the air—
Over the sea?

The long straight streets of the far-away town,
Where the lines of light go sweeping down,
Are the strings of its minstrelsy.
And the harp of the wind
Gives to the wind
A song of the city's tears;
Thin and faint, the cry of a child,
Plaint of the soul unreconciled,
A song of the passing years.

THE ORGAN ANGELS

They gather the winds that they may sound
His greater glory through the vaulted sky;
They make soft melodies to flow together
Before God, a mighty stream.

SILENT ONES

I like silent people.
I like to hear them speak,
Because their voices come from the silences
Of their own souls.
I seem to hear the sound
Of windless forests
And of still waters,
Which wrapt the earth before the day of man.
They know not, however, what they speak;
But I, who dwell in the roar of many streets—
I who listen, hear.
THREE VOICES

The Tree:
A wind of pain and longing
Strips my boughs of their spring-time.
I bow, and rock, and sweep the ground;
Then, in the silence, hold me listening.
  Is this the after-calm in life,
  Or is it death?

The Spirit Within:
I loved a warrior once,
And gave my heart in the spring-time.
Lonely I sought the whole world o'er
For one glance more. Unseeing, he passed by,
And then I laid me down within this tree
  And slept.

The Wind:
Bow, bow your branches, O tree,
And sigh exceedingly that the Spirit within
May have memories of me.
  For I am he who passed her by
In the spring-time.

Frances Shaw
O BROTHER TREE

O brother tree! O brother tree! Tell to me, thy brother,
The secret of thy life,
The wonder of thy being.

My brother tree, my brother tree,
My heart is open to thee—
Reveal me all thy secrets.

Beloved tree, beloved tree,
I have shattered all my pride.
I love thee, brother, as myself.
Oh, explain to me thy wonders.

Beloved one, adored one,
I will not babble of it among fools—
I will tell it only to the unspoiled:
Reveal to me thy being.

I have watched thy leaves in sunshine,
I have heard them in the storm.
My heart drank a droplet of thy holy joy and wonder,
One drop from the ocean of thy wonder.

I am thy humble brother—I am thine own.
Reveal thy life to me,
Reveal thy calm joy to me,
Reveal to me thy serene knowledge.
THE BIRD

From a branch
The bird called:

I hold your heart!
I wash it,
And scour it
With bits of song
Like pebbles;
And your doubts
And your sorrows
Fall—drip, drip, drip—
Like dirty water.
I pipe to it
In little notes
Of life clear as a pool,
And of death
Clearer still;
And I swoop with it
In the blue
And in the nest
Of a cloud.

Max Michelson
HAUNTED REAPING

Out we go in the dusk of morn
Over the hills to the reaping.
Our sickles crash on the golden corn
When the rest of earth is sleeping.
Bending and bowing, bending and bowing,
Gathering in and striking free,
Gripping the sheaf with the sickle and knee
And laying it down for the tying.

The dim, dark hills are all around,
The silence breeds a sullen dread,
Our sickle strokes like shrieks resound
In chambers of the murdered dead.
But one dull star stays overhead,
The waning moon seems all awry.
The dying night is loth to die
Though in the east the mists are red.

Over the stubble chill winds creep
Like breaths from a dead world blowing,
God! it is awesome so to reap
With such strange fancies growing.
Bending and bowing, bending and bowing,
Gathering in and striking free,
Gripping the sheaf with sickle and knee,
And laying it down for the tying.
Haunted Reaping

My father reaps six feet before
With hairy arms as hard as steel.
I hear the corn as oft of yore
Before his whirling sickle reel;
And, God, what wild, mad horrors steal!—
Bidding me take too long a stride,
And drive my sickle in his side,
And grind his face beneath my heel.

I dread this brooding, awful morn
With its haunted hush dismaying—
It seems as though pale souls newborn
Our curved wet blades were slaying.
Bending and bowing, bending and bowing,
Gathering in and striking free,
Gripping the sheaf with the sickle and knee
And laying it down for the tying.

My father's beard is grizzled gray—
It trails like mist in heavy wind.
He was three-score yesterday,
And yet I reap six feet behind.
Lean he is, and bent, and lined,
And he has held me many years;
And still I toil in hate and tears,
And still he swears that he is kind.

Ah, God, will morning never break?
I know he is old and loving,
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Yet I hear with every stroke I make
A demon with me moving;
Bending and bowing, bending and bowing,
Gathering in and striking free,
Gripping the sheaf with sickle and knee
And laying it down for the tying.

At last! The morning comes at last:
The hills are rich with filtered gold,
And through the vales a glory vast
In glowing might is swiftly rolled.
And hard my father's hand I hold,
And, standing 'midst the gleaming corn,
With him thank Heaven for the morn—
With lips that still are gray and cold!

THE MUSE IN CHURCH

The gates of brass are closed
That guard the ivory altar;
The great arched rafters frown on thee
Who art the harlot's daughter.
With lips like a carmine rose,
With robes like orchids rare,
With breath like spices delicate
That languorous pagans bear;
With thy petal cheeks aglowing,
The Muse in Church

And with thy white knees showing,
And shy, soft eyes that falter—
Go hence, enticing demon child,
Thou hast not beads nor psalter.

Leyland Huckfield

THE RETURN

Back to the voice that sang me,
Back to the breath of birth;
Back to the bells that rang me
From heavenly heights to earth;
Back to the hand that wrought me;
Back to the primal sod;
Back to the mind that thought me—
Home to the breast of God.

Louise Ayres Garnett
ECCE MYSTERIUM

The voice of the city:
Boy, there in the candle light
Take your silver flute and sing.
See! Outside the lamps are bright
Burning, flashing, rioting.

Sounds are in the city street—
Take your silver flute and sing!
Music of a million feet,
Plodding, dancing, faltering.

The boy takes up his flute and points toward the river:
Passers-by, O passers-by,
Come to the rim of the windy sky!

See you the silver, shimmering street
Where the bricks and river meet?
There's the path I go to follow—oh, to follow!
Up the dusk-dimmed mountain's hollow,
Where little roads lead higher, higher,
Into the white, white heart of fire.

Passers-by, O passers-by,
Do you hear the sob in the wind-wide sky?

A hurdy-gurdy plays between the tenements, and a balloon
man passes with bright red, blue and orange balloons
tugging at their strings. The voice of the city—roaring:
Boy, snuff out your candle light,
Bid your flute now cease to sing.
See!—outside the lamps are bright—
Blazing, flashing, rioting.

Rebecca Park Lawrence
Pale fire of snow had lit the dusk for me:
Astray with mind half-consciously intent,
I had not thought the wood so imminent.
Those lofty trees upstanding wearily,
Darker than sleep, more mute with mystery
Than far-off death, where questing dreams are spent
With stars and winds, appeared they as I went
Therein, and paused in old expectancy.

Pale fire of snow had lit the dusk for me;
But the black stillness held where once the wind
Had parted boughs in music, that the gleam
Of stars might enter. All was strangely blind,
More dull than midnight 'neath the middle sea;
Filled with the silence of a perished dream.

IN THE WIND

Lo, in the wind what legions pass,
Phantom, innumerable, fleet!
Watching, I dream their pauseless feet
Are lights that run upon the grass.

Clark Ashton Smith
COTTON FIELDS

Like nets of brown, by fisher folk
   Spread out to dry in wind and sun,
While in the harbor idly wait
   The boats for schools of fish to run:

So lie the ripened cotton fields
   Along the slopes. The sun has browned
And curled their leaves; the rows stretch out
   Enlaced with knots along the ground.

Above the rough red field of earth
   Soft flecks of white droop from the bolls.
Far off the groups of pickers loom
   Like burdened, disembodied souls—

Detached but not released, who haunt
   The fields and hover near the soil:
Gray gleaners in the weary rows,
   Entangled in an endless toil.

Madeline Yale Wynne
EARLY MORNING AT BARGIS

Clear air and grassy lea,
    Stream-song and cattle-bell—
Dear man, what fools are we
   In prison-walls to dwell!

To live our days apart
    From green things and wide skies,
And let the wistful heart
   Be cut and crushed with lies!

Bright peaks!—And suddenly
    Light floods the placid dell,
The grass-tops brush my knee:
A good crop it will be,
    So all is well!
Oh, man, what fools are we
   In prison-walls to dwell!

Hermann Hagedorn
High streaks of cottony-white cloud fill the sky. The sun slips out of the swamp, swinging his heavy-jewelled mace before his face as he plays with the ripples that gurgle under the rotting cypress-knees. The breeze lifts the Spanish moss an instant, and then is still. The sun tosses dew over the ragged palmetto-leaves. Aslant on a gust of warm breeze from the broiling savannah, the song of a mocking-bird floats, a fierce scurry of notes, through the air. The sun seems to be kindling a flare at every point of the horizon. Grasshoppers, crickets, cicadas, everything that flits or skims, tunes and trills its shrill violin. Butterflies flutter, broken motes of color; humming-bird and dragon-fly dart green streaks through the quivering sky.

The river rolls boiling and frothing through the lowlands. It is weary of the dull stiff mud-banks that flake away before it in sticky chips; weary of the turbid masses of mud that it must scour away to make its path down to the sea. It gulps and seethes horribly with hungry angry lips, fretting first one bank, then another, as it goes sliding and flopping down the long twisted bends in the fierce glare of morning; deceived no longer at each marsh-outlet and creek and bayou-mouth into thinking that here and not further south must be the clear blue water it seeks, where its heavy burden may fall in peace. The river goes slapping, lapping, rustling the canes.
of the brake and the motionless cypress trees. A mocking-bird’s song floats down before it in the breeze.

It is noon, and the carnival, king of fools, rules the city. A beautiful woman, her face cold, haughty, expressionless, the fire in her eyes half hidden, goes dancing down the street with a man whose shape is like an ape. Her feet stir the dust, and it glitters as it settles in streams over her shoulders, like slipping confetti-showers. She is a flower over-weary of the sun. Her perfume is almost gone, and the fever will soon snap her from her stalk and toss her into the tomb. Brass drums toll to her tripping movement. Her skirts sway. Amid their flickering spangles plays a satyr grinning at the multitude. He tears off her frills, and flings them into the gutter choked with filth. Her half-naked form writhes and recoils like a tree before the storm.

The river frowns and lours, for a heavy, fuming dull blue shower races gloomily above it from the southward. As it goes, it throws out at the trees tentacles of curled coppery lightning that enlace and line the branches, and send them crashing downwards with dull powdery explosions of muffled thunder. The river lashes itself into fits, smashing the bank with maddened fists, as it spins the quivering steamer around and nearly sends it reeling aground. It growls, it howls, it shouts its terror of the forest, whose broken logs topple into it with a great splash, swirling and whirling, sucked and crashing in sudden black somersaults,
while the storm roars and grumbles away with spattered hail-bullets and noise of affray. Now the forest groans and drips and shrieks with rain that whistles through its branches. Every trickle, every pool, every creek is full. The choked-up torrent overflows, and covers miles on miles of furrows and woods with endless glaring wastes of water. A gaunt pine falls with a sigh and a splash.

Slowly the river resumes its patient march through the lowlands. Now autumn comes, and afternoon seems throwing gray filaments of haze from tree to tree. The old plantation sleeps, for it has nothing else to do. Live oaks are towered about it, drooping heavily, weary of holding up lusty green leaves from year to year. In graves under the live oaks many are sleeping. They have slipped from the dream of life to the dream of death. Perhaps they died for a woman's sake, for a sigh, a chance word, a look, a letter, for nothing or for a song that men sing. What matter? Life is a dream; to-day, tomorrow, yesterday, it is the same. Along old floors, underneath mouldering doors, blow light gusts of wind stirring the dust. A mouse cheeps in a corner. Old age creeps upon us and life is gray. The old plantation moulders, day on day. Soon there will be gaps in the floors, and the doors will swing open to all. Let us doze on the levee and feel the breeze as it slips down the river racing past us.

The river runs very fast, for it is bearing sodden logs, like broken lives. The sleepy vultures line the gray cotton-
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woods that tower above its banks. To them, too, life is a
dream. This morning they tore the rank carrion of a dead
horse that floated down to them. Death does not matter, for
life is defeat, but it is very sweet to have plenty to eat and
to sleep in the sunlight. Sleeping and waking, and sleeping
again, that is how one learns to live without pain. Let
autumn throw dim filaments of regret from tree to tree.
Leaves may drop slowly, but the live-oak which drops not
its leaves at all is the tree that is planted on graves.

Immortal death is very sweet
When brown leaves fill the dripping gap
Of a broken vault, and the frightened feet
Of mice pit-patter, and owls flap
Out to the cool moonshiny night—
Which scatters crushed jewels down the river,
Where trees, dumb-stricken ghosts in flight,
Chatter and shake against each other.

Tinkle-tinkle-drop—the rain that filters through the
leaky roof. Under the colonnade, where slaves were sold
and bars clinked with gold, runs a tiny stream of water
through the dust. Was that a door slamming, or only a
torn hanging that flapped? Who knows? Perhaps it was
two ghosts who chattered together through agued lips and
rattling teeth. Not a dusty bottle in the bar. Marks of
muddy boots on the smashed marble. Wind that laughs in-
sanely up the spiral stairways, down the floorless corridors.
Let us go, for rain is dropping and the roof is leaking, and I
seem to hear a gray frog hopping, while yonder door is

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creaking as if someone were locked behind it and were whispering to get out. Let us go, for the ceiling sags and will soon be falling, and a black spider is crawling past my face, and rags are drifting about on the floor. Let us go, for a crazy deaf woman, with a bent stick, threatens us in quavering voice, declaring she will strike us for daring to enter her palace. Let us go, and not come back any more. The dead are best dead and forgotten.

The river rolls through fields blossoming with cotton day after day. In a crazy cabin someone is crooning a song. The sun lifts his long jewelled mace an instant, in careless, lazy fingers before his face, and lets it slip away again. Aslant on a chill scurry of rain floats a mocking-bird's jangled song. It dies away and leaves only silence, half-enclosing the monotonous drone of a sad hymn of despair which a sleepy negro is humming to himself from nowhere.

NEW YORK

To Richard Aldington

Out of the black granite she is rising surprising as sunrise over the head of the Sphinx, glittering towers coated in linked scales that seem as if they might melt away—they are so pale—but that day pours multitudes about them to smile and to threaten, to sin and to 'scape the reckoning, to coagu-
late in iron knots against fate, to blot out life’s misery with rejoicing, to clamor and to pray.

Restless hammers are carving new cities from the stagnant skies.

Beneath, the earth is propped and caverned; monstrous halls drop with vaulted echoing roofs dripping and sorrowful far below; the bells toll and the trains start slowly, clanging, shaking the earth and the sad towers above them as they go banging their cargo of lost ones towards the secret gates of the sea; falling, falling with thunder and flame roaring and crawling, shooting and dying away.

Restless hammers are carving new cities from the stagnant skies.

Aloft, red girders of riveted steel hang motionless over the abyss. Down below the traffic slides, and from precipitous sides unroll golden threads, like spiders contriving, carrying their freight. Men with hammers are striving to hack new projections on the edifice: and from the last impenetrable overhanging beam, a man is dangling on his belly guiding the weight. The clouds explode in hissing ripples of snow about him; the skies are dim and the stream of life falls through them sighing, like wheat that crashes into the hopper. But the last pinnacles eat into the clouds and from their bronze sides pours down the day, sweeping away the sordid flood of men in streams of weeping glory.
New York

Restless hammers are carving new cities from the stagnant skies.

Screaming and flickering, like loosened floods of blue flame, the streets run together amid the houses that huddle and leap and lower over them. The houses quiver with rage and heat from heads to feet; the façades seem wavering, toppling, tearing with their weight: the glaring panes bulge outwards, and the bent red girders ooze away beneath them. But above it all, above all the chaos, the struggle and the loss, the clouds part. Ivory and gold, heart of light petrified, bold and immortally beautiful, lifts a tower like a full lily stalk, with crammed pollen-coated petals, flame calyx, fretted and carven. White phoenix that beats its wings in the light, shrill ecstasy of leaping lines poised in flight, partaker of joy in the skies, mate of the sun.

Restless hammers are carving new cities from the stagnant skies.

John Gould Fletcher
That delightfully whimsical anthologist, Mr. E. V. Lucas, has recently stated that contemporary England has produced but two singers whose verse may be called magical—Walter de la Mare and Ralph Hodgson. Yet there is a nest of singing birds in England before whom Mr. De la Mare and Mr. Hodgson, being wise and accomplished poets, bow humbly. And every year about twenty new voices swell their number. If the essential magic of poetry is to be found anywhere, it is in these unpremeditated verses:

Dark and dreary was the night,
Not any star did gleam,
But over the hills a mysterious light
Came like a fearful dream.

And you could hear the maiden singing,
A sweet and old, old song,
And the rafters of the hall were ringing
While she was singing long.

And now there came an ancient knight
A-riding up the hill,
And he would stop and think of the fight
That the maid was singing still.

Donald Turner, being only twelve years old, is wiser than Wordsworth. He has no need to ask self-consciously: “Will no one tell me what she sings?” He knows. He casually tossed off these lines without assistance one day in ten minutes. It was suggested that he should write a poem on the word Hall, which is the surname of one of his playmates, and as a recreation from study he produced these quite magical lines.

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The Younger Bards

His friend, Donald Wakeling, who is also twelve years old, and who has never read Blake, was prompted by the word Cloudland to write a poem which no anthologist in the future can afford to overlook:

High up in cloudland,
Ever so high,
You hear the birds whistle,
And the lark his cry.

High up in cloudland,
Ever so high,
You hear the wind howl,
And the old moon sigh.

Who taught this little boy to hear “the old moon sigh?”

These lyrics, chosen as representative rather than exceptional, are the work of small boys in the Perse Grammar School at Cambridge, England. They are the result of systematic encouragement on the part of a teacher who believes that every child is a poet until he outgrows his childhood, and that the only spur needed to produce creative work is the encouragement of the imagination and of a boy’s faith in his own creative powers.

The experience of Mr. H. Caldwell Cook, the teacher of these boys, has been that every boy is a potential poet;
that if left to his own devices until his poem is finished, it will be a better poem than if he is interrupted; and that no little boy can correct the faults in his poem, but that he can write a new poem in which these faults tend to disappear. The poems which I have quoted have undergone no revision by the master. It is also Mr. Cook’s experience that when his boy poets outgrow their childhood the majority lose their poetic faculty. The important minority, however, have found their vocations early, and developed many years sooner than would otherwise have been the case.

Mr. Cook advocates a minimum of technical instruction in prosody, for the best work is done with the simplest rhythms and vocabulary. He encourages the composition of poetry in the spirit of play, and it is his belief, founded on results, that intuition is at least of equal value with tuition.

The best of these poems are the normal play of normal matter-of-fact boys. That their intuitions have no background of experience is the most wonderful fact about their work. Adrian Tuffield, with all the sage wisdom of his twelve years, can feel intuitively what he tells you in the last couplet of *The Skylark*:

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He clears his voice with a sip of the dew
That lies on the grass when the day is new;
Then spreads his wings and soars on high,
Till he’s naught but a speck in the vast blue sky.

His musical notes come fast and free,
In a strain of sweetest melody;
He pours them out so rich and clear,
That this thrilling song the world may hear.
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To guard the nest his mate must stay,  
But her heart is cheered by his roundelay;  
When sunset comes with its rosy glow,  
He'll leave his heaven for his love below.

And Douglas Simmonds, who claims eleven years, sings disillusionment with consummate artlessness in this Envoy which we cannot call a Song of Experience because of the author’s tender age.

The sun’s last ray has left the sky,  
The red has vanish’d fast,  
And now to rest the birds skim by—  
These are the very last.

The wind moans through the trees all bare  
Playing a mournful tune,  
And now comes out with icy stare  
Night’s mistress, Lady Moon.

It is this very foreknowledge of childhood which we have been permitting to slip away.  
Edward J. O’Brien,

To emphasize Mr. O’Brien’s conclusions, the editor offers also the following two groups of poems by children. Alice O. Henderson, the daughter of William P. and Alice Corbin Henderson, of Chicago, dictated her imagistic poems, in exactly their present form, between her sixth and eighth years. In the poems of Richard Untermeyer, who is now seven, some of the phrases were transposed, and rhymes added, by his father, Mr. Louis Untermeyer.

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AS TO HEAVEN

Well, Heaven's hard to understand—
But it's a kind of great big land
All full of gold and glory;
With rivers green and pink and red,
And houses made of gingerbread
Like in the fairy story.

The floors they use are made of clouds;
And there are crowds and crowds and crowds
Who sing and dance till seven.
But then they must all keep still because
God and the Dream-man and Santa Claus
Sleep in the big House of Heaven.

God, he sleeps on the first two floors,
And the Dream-man sleeps above him and snores,
A tired out story-teller;
And Santa Claus, who hates the noise,
He sleeps on the roof with all of his toys;
And the angels live in the cellar.

Now, the angels never sleep a wink;
They're much too busy to stop to think
Or play on harps and guitars.
They're always cleaning the sun at night,
And all day long, to keep it bright,
They polish the moon and the stars.

They clean the streets and they tidy the rooms,
And they sweep out heaven with a million brooms,
And they hurry each other when they nod.
And they work so fast that they almost fall—
But God just sits and never works at all;
And that's because he's God!
As to God

Well, God does nothing all day long
But he sits and sits in his chair.
His face is as silver and big as the moon,
And he wears all the stars in his hair.
He's very large and happy and he's very, very old;
And half his hair is purple and the other half is gold.

He wears no crown, but a big tall hat
With feathers three miles high;
And they have a hundred colors that are far more bright
Than all the other colors in the sky.
And they're tied to his hat with a kind of velvet rag—
And right in the middle of them all he wears a great, big, American flag.

AS TO TRUTHS

They always said the moon was far away,
A hundred miles or more up on the skies;
They said he never could come down to play;
They said a lot of things that sounded wise:
But they were lies.
So when they said the moon is dead
I did not even shake my head;
I only laughed because I know
It isn't so.

Only the other night
I watched and saw how light
He leaped down from the skies.
And then, with crinkling eyes,
That seemed to say, "I'm coming,"
He danced and started humming
So gaily and so brightly
That Wendy, who sleeps lightly,
(She's our canary) woke
And scolded when she spoke.
But on he came—so near
That he could almost peer

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Into my room and see
Wendy, the toys and me.
Closer he came, until
His hands were on the sill—
They stretched and tried to get
My pail, my soldier set,
And, as he touched my broom,
He jumped into the room.
I knew then right away
He had come down to play—
And so without a word
(For mother might have heard),
Making no talk or noise,
We played with all my toys.
I never had such fun
Before with anyone.

After awhile he had to go—
I tired him, I'm afraid;
And then I knew why I liked him so
When he played.

For his face—as fat as a face could be—
Was jolly, and powdered white;
And I knew why the stars had to wink when he
Laughed all night.

I saw him dancing along a wall,
And jumping lightly down—
And I knew he wasn't a moon at all,
But a clown!

So when they tell me corn-starch makes you strong,
And sitting still is good for tired eyes;
I think that very likely they are wrong;
And lots of other things that sound so wise
Are only lies.
I think about the way they said
The moon was far away—and dead;
And then I laugh because I know
What isn't so!

Richard Untermeyer
Ribbons in the Sun

RIBBONS IN THE SUN

I

The flowers are growing,
And every day I see them.
My heart is growing.
Like the chimney I see a lot of smoke;
I bet it's hot in the house.
I know I see you.

Musical day, music is going to be at the fair—
With Masquerinis in it,
And lots of people at the jostra;
The people sit in it.

More I see is flowers—
The pictures all around the house.
It's Christmas tonight,
And won't I be dressed, though, pretty?
And happy days will come around
Through one week.

II

The moon I see—
And how pretty the trees are growing.
One man was walking along the beach—
He was lovely dressed in a beautiful, beautiful trouser-suit,
Roses on where the buttons come.
Flowers all around in one big circle—
People sat on chairs—and a bonfire—

How pretty the moon is tonight!
And happy days I see.
Pictures all around the house—
And I am dressed the prettiest way.
My mother's got a blue and white sashed dress,
And she looks lovely.
My friends all have pink dresses with pink sashes,
And the men are all dressed
In black suits.

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III
How beautiful the Lake is!
Blue lake,
And pretty sunset
Shining out,
And pretty trees all around
That are green.

IV
I am singing to thank you, Jesus Christ,
For all the lovely things you did for us,
For all the clothes and things,
And all the good fathers and mothers.

V—[Written Oct. 15th, 1914]

War
The war kills little children always—
Who started the war did not care.
I think if I was the man that started the war
I think that I never would have started it into such a war
To kill poor little children.

How They Burned Houses Down
They make all feel sorry,
And hope to send enough for them
To make them live again and not to die—
They want warm, they want to be hot.
They make all cry for they burn houses—
When they started I was not uncertain what they would do,
I knew they would hurt my whole heart.

Breaking Down Beautiful Churches
I never wished that they were broken
When so many men took all their time to make them beautiful.
Now they are down and will never be beautiful again.
Make them stop! They ought to be careful where they are dropping bombs.
If they drop another bomb on a beautiful place like this,
They will make me cry for years and years.

Alice Oliver Henderson
The minister read the *Thanatopsis* at the memorial service in honor of Herbert Stuart Stone, whose gallantry in death on the Lusitania wrung the hearts of his friends and of all who read of it. It was Herbert Stone who, back in the nineties, first gave Chicago the lead in progressive publishing, by offering to the astonished American public beautiful editions of Bernard Shaw’s plays, Richard Hovey’s fine translation of Maeterlinck and Miss Hall’s of Verlaine, besides many most interesting American and English poets of the day. And the young firm’s little magazine, *The Chap-book*—too short-lived, alas!—was not only witty and clever beyond all its contemporaries, but it led them all in literary discernment and distinction.

The *Thanatopsis* carried me still further back—a century of American literature passed in review. When the poem first appeared, about the time of Waterloo, it was also a shock to the conservatives, for it challenged the prevalent pieties by its acceptance of nature’s processes in life and death. A century of discoveries and revolutions has not killed it; even today its mood is significant and its rhythmic march has a stately beauty.

As the minister’s sonorous voice rolled out the lines, I was reminded suddenly of something which happened during the last years of Bryant’s long life. A lady who cherished a deep
respect for poets was talking with a member of a famous New York firm of publishers. "Oh, Bryant!" said this gentleman flippantly, "we call him 'the great national tone imparter'; his name on the title-page of a book, with a picture of his venerable head opposite, will sell anything."

"Do you mean that he sells his name as the author of books he doesn't write?" said the shocked respecter of poets.

"As author or editor—even so," said the publisher. And he mentioned Bryant's History of the United States, Bryant's Collection of Poetry and Song, and other good sellers, as works to which the poet had given nothing but his name.

This story always comes back to me when I make a détour from Fifth Avenue to see the beautiful rear façade of the New York Public Library. Here a throned figure of the venerable poet faces the park named in his honor, and offers us his life as a high inspiration to American youth. To whose memory was the statue erected—the poet of the Thana-topsis or the "great national tone-imparter?" If the former, are we not honoring too much the man who did his best work at nineteen?—and if the latter, are we not honoring too much the man who sold out?

To have done one's best work in youth is proof that one has lived downward rather than upward. Long is the roll of artists who, beginning with more genius than character, shuffle off their glory like a rich garment and sink down in rags—or broadcloth—to a sordid feast. Indeed, so often does the world watch this spectacle that the early death of the inspired one seems the only sure consecration.
There is only one code of honor for an artist—to be true to his vision. Bryant preferred to lead a comfortable life, and be a good journalist rather than a poet, and so he descended from the serene nobility of the *Thanatopsis*, to the puerile pieties of the *Hymn to the Sea*, *The Future Life*, *The Crowded Street* and many other truly orthodox utterances. Even *The Forest Hymn*, perhaps the best of these, says merely the proper and expected thing, offering bland counsels of moderation:

```plaintext
But let me often to these solitudes
Retire, and in Thy presence reassure
My feeble virtue. Here its enemies,
The passions, at Thy plainer footsteps shrink
And tremble, and are still.
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If the passions were indeed the enemies of this poet’s “feeble virtue,” they never got the upper hand. At least they do not appear in his poetry. It is said that Mr. Bryan pronounces *To a Waterfowl* the finest American poem—a preference which marks the limitation of his reading or taste; but this, which is no doubt Bryant’s best lyric, is also marred by the ever-present and expedient moral. The famous “Truth crushed to earth” quatrain from *The Battlefield* is the only bit of his poetry, after the *Thanatopsis*, in which his religiosity rises for a moment to higher ground and assumes something of prophetic dignity.

Bryant was, in short, a man born to be a poet who sacrificed the muse, not to those violent enemies, the flesh and the devil, but to that more insidious one, the world—or, in other words, comfort and respectability. Now and then a brief
flash of inspiration disturbed his placidity, but gradually the light went out, until, in his tone-imparting old age, he could not even see that he was sitting in darkness.

Let us be careful whom we honor with monuments. Build one to Poe, who was true to his art whether drunk or sober; to Whitman, who never sold out even to pay his debts; to Whistler, whom neither wrath nor ridicule could swerve from his purpose; to any starveling who keeps faith with the muse and scorns a respectable old age: but not to the deserter, the wearer of ribbons, the tone-imparting.

H. M.

POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Paul Claudel is a difficult author who has written three or four books that are easy to read; and yet, although these are less arduous of approach than the rest of his work, properly to understand them, as with the other books, requires calm, leisure, and meditation. Georges Duhamel, I think, in order to write his essay in the Mercure de France, retired into the country, so that he might be alone with his author, and undisturbed. Jacques Rivière's two studies in Études bear all the marks of a lonely meditation; and after this statement at the end of the first:

Et maintenant il faut recourir au silence, il faut tout obliger de cette analyse simplement destinée à faciliter la lecture. Voici que dans le secret l'œuvre de Claudel se reforme, se rassemble, se condense, et nous apparaît soudain dans sa terrible beauté:

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he finishes with a prayer, to such a point of spiritual freedom had his study brought him.

If there are two things that are super-eminent in the work of Claudel they are: imagination and religion; the imagination being of that kind which sets up innumerable bridges of metaphor between man and the sensible universe; the religion, Catholic in form, but, combined with the imagination, infinite in its extensions. If you conceive a man profoundly devoted to the Catholic Church, whose mind is like a torch moving in the metaphysic darkness of the world, whose five senses are ever alert and quick in their responses to the radiations that impinge upon them, whose memory is an infallible storehouse of rich sensation, you have some idea of a poet who is only obscure when his conceptions are greater than human expression, and who is bright with the clarity of fresh and pristine emotions, when he is rendering what you and I might also see and, perhaps, feel. Taking this passage, for instance, from *Le Cocotier*, in *Connaissance de l'Est*:

La nuit, revenant le long de la plage, battu avec une écume formidable par la masse tonitruante de ce léonin Océan Indien que la mousson du sud-ouest pousse en avant, comme je suivais cette rive jonchée de palmes pareilles à des squelettes de barques et d'animaux, je voyais à ma gauche, marchant par cette forêt vide sous un opaque plafond, comme d'énormes araignées grimper obliquement contre le ciel crépusculaire. Vénus, telle qu'une lune toute trempée de plus purs rayons, faisait un grand reflet sur les eaux. Et un cocotier, se penchant sur la mer et l'étoile, comme un être accablé d'amour, faisait le geste d'approcher son cœur du feu céleste.

Or this, again, from *Le Promeneur*, in the same book:

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Aux heures vulgaires, nous nous servons des choses pour un usage, oubliant ceci de pur, qu’elles soient ; mais quand, après un long travail, au travers des branches et des ronces, à Midi, pénétrant historiquement au sein de la clairière, je pose ma main sur la croupe brûlante du lourd rocher, l’entrée d’Alexandre à Jerusalem est comparable à l’énormité de ma constatation.

You see that in the first passage you have a perfect image, complete in poetic detail; but in the second you have this and something more: you have the sudden shock of a mind that has the faculty of absolute virgin experience, behind which, too, is knowledge of things worn and obliterated by use; so that, out of the torpor of the one state, and because of it, comes, because of that faculty of poetic readjustment and vision, the enormous sensation of the world seen for the first time.

The bulk of Claudel’s work is dramatic in form. Four volumes of his Théâtre have been published by the Mercure de France, and another by the Nouvelle Revue Française, two publishers who divide his other works as well. In addition to this dramatic work there are: Cinq Grandes Odes suivies d’un Processional pour saluer le siècle nouveau; Deux Poèmes d’Été, containing La Cantate à Trois Voix and Protée drame satyrique; odes and hymns that have, so far, appeared only in reviews; translations from Poe, Chesterton and Coventry Patmore; and an Art Poétique, wherein Claudel treats of his conception, his representation, of life. Connaissance de l’Est, already mentioned, is a collection of short essays or poems in a prose of extraordinarily lucid imagery and of singular metaphorical richness, recording
Claudel's impressions of the East, where he was for many years a French consul.

This book could serve as an introduction to his work, to be followed by L'Otage, a drama of the French Revolution, though this is not stated; L'Echange, a play of which the scene is laid on the eastern shore of America; L'Annonce faite à Marie, mystère, which takes place in a Moyen Age de Convention, and which can be compared with its first version, La Jeune Fille Violaine. So far, no difficulty: the plays are clear, with passages of great beauty, a verbal magnificence, and a poignancy of human drama in them; in two, L'Otage and L'Annonce, such a sense of French traditions as reveals to men the principles they have been groping for: these two, the only plays immediately presentable on the stage. L'Annonce, indeed, was produced in Paris in December, 1912, and was received with great enthusiasm by those critics whose opinion matters eventually (and even by the others). André du Fresnois, the critic of La Revue Critique, a royalist organ (he has since disappeared, engulfed by the war), said of it that it “is wholly steeped in poetry, wholly animated by faith, but also wholly sustained by a just notion of the realities of the earth. It has sprung, incomparably fresh and young, from a secular tradition and from the very deeps of French Catholic consciousness. It is sublime and familiar, popular and mystical.” L'Otage has been produced by the Théâtre du Vieux Colombier. It is impossible to say more here of these plays, or of La Ville, Tête-d'Or, and Le Repos du Septième Jour. These last, with the Odes, the Cantate and
the *Art Poétique*, will only be tackled by the earnest student. Much good is said of *Partage de Midi*, but it is unobtainable. *Protée*, in *Deux Poèmes d'Été*, is a délassement de poète, and very diverting.

Claudel, in his dramas, owes much, perhaps, to Shakespeare and Æschylus; for the form of his verse he is, apparently, indebted to Whitman. He has himself defined this form in the words given to *Cœuvre* (*La Ville*):

> O mon fils! lorsque j'étais un poète entre les hommes, J'inventais ce vers qui n'avait ni rime ni mètre, Et je le définissais dans le secret de mon cœur cette fonction double et réciproque Par laquelle l'homme absorbe la vie, et restitue dans l'acte suprême de l'expiration Une parole intelligible.

And again in the *Odes*:

> O mon âme impatiente, pareille à l'aigle sans art? comment ferions-nous pour ajuster aucun vers? à l'aigle qui ne sait pas faire son nid même? Que mon vers ne soit rien d'esclave! mais tel que l'aigle marin qui s'est jeté sur un grand poisson. Et l'on ne voit rien qu'un éclatant tourbillon d'ailes et l'éclaboussement de l'écume! Mais vous ne m'abandonnerez point, O Muses modératrices.

In the *Art Poétique*, he has also said that his art is based on la métaphore, le mot nouveau, l'opération qui résulte de la seule existence conjointe et simultanée de deux choses différentes. And the whole of his work is upheld by the intensity of his visual imagination constantly creating new metaphors that have the power of primitive sensations.  

*F. S. Flint*

This "book of literary devotions," though by an admirer of "the grand style," is wilfully formless, detached, ragged—a kind of crazy-quilt in which bits of old brocade or rich modern gros-grain are inextricably mixed up with calico in an empirical arrangement, innocent of pattern or law. Its various essays read like stenographic reports of Mr. Powys' talks; but whereas on the lecture platform the talk is unified and harmonized by the magnetic personality of the speaker, in cold print it becomes exclamatory and falls apart for lack of style. It needs shaping and carving, planning for the whole scheme with its dues of balance, emphasis and climax.

It is a pity, because Mr. Powys shows not only intelligent appreciation of his favorite masters, but the rarer quality of imaginative sympathy. Milton, "the incarnation of the Nietzschean ideal . . . less of a Christian than any European writer since the Gospel appeared;" Shelley's "ice-cold austerity of mind—necessary if one has to detach oneself entirely from the idols of the market-place;" Whitman, who "holds open by main gigantic force that door of hope which Fate and God and Man and the Laws of Nature are all endeavoring to close;" Nietzsche, whose "spiritual contest" was the "deliberate self-inflicted crucifixion of the Christ in him, as an offering to the Apollo in him;" Shakespeare's "aching rhythms," Shakespeare of the "melancholy skepticism,"
with its half-humorous assent to the traditional pieties”; in these and other instances he shows a comprehension born of love.

These papers are fragmentary studies of aspects and temperaments. They scorn to be “constructive,” or exhaustive, or in any sense complete; but they are personal and sincere, and now and then they shake out rainbow lights, offer hints of glory. Our concern at present is with the nine poets among the author’s nineteen literary heroes; among these he is most incisive with Shakespeare, Shelley, perhaps Whitman, and most obvious with Keats and Arnold. But the whole book is a rhapsody of praise for the “grand style,” of which he says: “It announces and commands; it weeps and it pleads; it utters oracles and wrestles with angels. It never apologizes, it never rationalizes, and it never explains.”

H. M.

Earth Deities and Other Rhythmic Masques, by Bliss Carman and Mary Perry King. Kennerley.

I own to lack of interest in this kind of artificial and fanciful little out-door plays, and to a wonder whether our poets can not give a more significant and modern answer to the many out-door clubs through the country who wish to present sylvan plays in the woods. The Bohemian Club of San Francisco perhaps set the fashion during the nineties, and many other clubs have followed it, but as yet, so far as I am aware, nothing has been done which will endure beyond the day’s entertainment.

Recently I was one of the judges in a competition for two prizes, of one hundred dollars and of fifty dollars, offered
Reviews

for such plays by the Friends of Our Native Landscape, a Chicago out-door club. Such an offer of prizes is an urgent call to American poets, showing a real need. Yet nearly all the plays sent in were, like the masques in this book, a highly attenuated working-over of classic myths. And the prizes went, faute de mieux, to masques of this character, though the first-prize poet at least preserved a modern diction.

Is there no one who can put some life into this kind of thing? Can we not have a vital and beautiful response to a vital and beautiful demand? H. M.


Dr. Carus, backed by the Open Court Publishing Company and its quarterly magazine, *The Monist*, now edited by Mr. Edward C. Hegeler, has for many years devoted his rare intelligence to the search for the higher truth, the contemplation of the higher spiritual life. *K'ung Fu Tze*, which is a dramatic presentation of the Confucian ideal, and such poems as *The Overgod*, in the current *Monist*, are to be regarded not as poetry so much as a metrical paraphrase of certain philosophic ideas. The high serenity of the man speaks through them, and they present a contemplative spirit's understanding of the riddle of the universe. H. M.


Mr. Binyon’s war poetry is the work of a writer whose every instinct is for prose, and whose phrasing, when in
desperate search for a rhyme, is sometimes piteous in its agonized appeal for mercy. How is it that a man, whose studies of oriental art show a certain discrimination, can perpetrate such a quatrain as the following?

And there, upon the pavement stretched,
   The German wounded groan
To see the dropping flames of death
And feel the shells their own.

And the long Ode for September, while full of amiable sentiments, never lapses into poetry. In fact, only twice or thrice, in the course of the books, are we surprised by a few good lines. Perhaps the best instance is this quatrain, in To the Belgians:

Still for your frontier stands
The host that knew no dread,
Your little stubborn land's
Nameless, immortal dead.

H. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

TWO NOTES ON GERMAN POETRY

Editor of Poetry: The following facts concerning German art seem to demand repetition in connection with Reginald H. Wilenski's interesting articles on German poetry in two winter numbers of your magazine:

On page 178 Mr. Wilenski makes this statement: "German culture is the exclusive possession of a small class."
Of all nations Germany registers the lowest percentage of illiteracy and the amazing quantity and quality of German publications of all kinds fully confirms this fact.

A first class literary or art journal cannot flourish without adequate public support. It follows inevitably, from the beauty, number and size of German literary and artistic publications, that the class which supports them is not relatively small. From an artistic point of view our American publishing world would be a barren desert were it not for European, and particularly German, importations. Our spiritual hunger cannot feed on business, baseball or gasoline. And every serious American or English magazine that attempts to free itself for the sake of truth and beauty has a hard time of it.

Again on page 179: “German savants have absolutely no humor.”

Humor is not the chief asset of a savant anywhere. Does Mr. Wilenski expect the great and venerable Ernst Haeckel to crack jokes about Darwin and evolution? For true German humor let us turn to Beethoven’s eighth symphony, to the beloved Jean Paul, to Hugo Wolff’s songs, to Ernst von Wolzogen, Fritz Reuter, Wilhelm Busch, or to the world-famous Jugend, Simplissimus and Fiegende Blätter.

“Since the days of the Gothic, Germany’s painting has been negligible, and the modern revival has produced singularly uninspired results.”

This is truly staggering. Modern German art is notable for its universal appeal. The curious, restless, life-devouring
and life-creating mind of modern man, clothing primitive passions with undreamt-of refinements, has found in Germany masterly interpreters.

On page 180: "A poet would be inevitably influenced by this (German military) environment;" and—"Poor, ailing creatures with pale fingers and sunken cheeks."

Was Keats influenced by the Napoleonic Wars? Was Francis Thompson influenced by the London slums? Were Leconte de Lisle or Carducci influenced by Christian civilization? Were Whitman, Poe, Lanier, influenced by Yankee opinions? No! No poet, great or small, is necessarily influenced by his environment. A great poet makes his environment; he would rather die in the attempt, like John Davidson, than allow the environment to make him. No one will ever understand poets or poetry who does not understand this. Environment may furnish him material and occasions, but not the inspiration; that comes from within—always. Modern German poets, who, like Hugo von Hofmannsthal and Hauptmann, belong to that select company who really enlarge the soul's horizons, are by no means obsessed by militarism. Even Liliencron does not always sing of soldiers. Why not quote his sunny and dithyrambic Ich war so glücklich or his charming Ideal Sparziergang?

Since Swinburne's Songs before Sunrise are still in the dark, we need other torch-bearers who, like Arturo Giovannitti, are able with genius to carry on the flame, and one of these is undoubtedly Richard Dehmel. Dehmel has not, as Mr. Wilenski states, "stuck to tradition." He is a
Two Notes on German Poetry

socialist poet, and fortunately he dares to say things which certain unctuous persons find "regrettable"—a word, by the way, which is almost as threadbare as the well-worn "suggestive." His Verwandlungen der Venus is the work of a true poet. The fact that some librarians hide it is almost evidence enough.

To characterize German poets as "ailing, pale, with sunken cheeks," is ludicrous. Otto Julius Bierbaum, Hartleben, Herman Bahr, Liliencron, etc.—those robust vikings ailing? It would make a sturdy Teuton roar with laughter. Also Liliencron undoubtedly would have resented the ecclesiastical title of high-priest. He was noted for his simple, warm humanity.

Finally, let me suggest that the dreadnoughts of England and the howitzers of Germany have nothing to do with poetry. The greatest events of to-day are merely a running accompaniment to that immortal melody which surges forever through the universe. How many critics know it when they hear it?

Ernest W. Nelson

The following letter comes from one of the assistant professors of German in Vassar College:

Dear Editor: I have been reading the articles on German poetry in your winter numbers. Having been for a number of years a student of contemporary German poetry, I have been impressed over and over by the beauty of it, by the many new themes and forms. It seems to me that the writer of the article can not possibly have read this poetry widely,
or in any sense without prejudice. The Kondor is, I think, an interesting collection; its poets, some of whom I have met, are earnest in purpose, and although I dislike the crassness and café atmosphere, I find beautiful as well as interesting things in the book.

Mr. Wilenski also says that Heine is the first lyricist since Walther von der Vogelweide! Heine's was a narrow and cynical lute compared with Goethe's, surely, and I can not understand how anyone could fail to recognize Goethe's broad unmelancholy genius.

Also it may interest you to know — à propos of your note on universities and contemporary poetry—that at the University of Munich, for instance, one professor lectures on contemporary German poetry, and has evenings once a week, in connection with these courses, at which contemporary poets read to the students from their works. At this University another professor lectures on art since Cézanne, with slides illustrating all kinds of futurists and cubists, and he holds seminars in the secessionist and post-secessionist exhibits. It was a great inspiration to me to come in touch with these interesting activities there last summer.

Louise Kueffner
NOTES

Mr. Padraic Colum, the Irish poet who is now lecturing in this country, is the author of various tales and plays, and of *Wild Earth* and *Broad Sheet Ballads* (Norman Remington, Baltimore).

Mr. John Gould Fletcher, a young American poet, born in Arkansas, lived abroad from 1908 until last autumn, and is now sojourning in northern Michigan. In 1913 he published, through four London firms, five small books of verse, and the Houghton-Mifflin Co. have just printed his *Irradiations*, most of which first appeared in *Poetry*. He is represented in *Some Imagist Poets*, and he now offers our readers two rhapsodies in "polyphonic prose."

Mr. Clark Ashton Smith, a young poet of Auburn, Cal., has published *The Star Treader and Other Poems* (Robertson, San Francisco).

Frances Shaw (Mrs. Howard Shaw), of Chicago, was introduced by *Poetry* last year. She has not yet published a volume. Of the poets not hitherto represented in the magazine, Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, of Fairfield, Conn., is well known as the author of *The Troop of the Guard* and *Poems and Ballads* (Macmillan).

Mr. Leyland Huckfield, born near Stratford-on-Avon in 1882, and a wage-earner at thirteen, has roughed it in Canada and Minnesota since 1906. After almost starving while ill and out of work, he got a job as a florist and is still in that business. His first book is *Legend of the Rose and Other Poems* (1911).

Mr. Max Michelson, who makes his first appearance as a poet, was born in Russia and has lived in Chicago since his childhood.

Mrs. Madeline Yale Wynne, of Deerfield, Mass., has published prose tales, but little verse. Louise Ayres Garnett (Mrs. Eugene H.), of Evanston, Ill., has published many songs with music.

Miss Rebecca Park Lawrence, of Galesburg, Ill., is a Vassar graduate of 1913.

Our "younger bards" have but little biography.

Mr. F. S. Flint's admirable reviews of French verse in *Poetry and Drama* have been sadly missed since that quarterly had to suspend because of the war. He will contribute now and then to *Poetry* brief articles on that subject.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

Original Verse:
The Contemplative Quarry, by Anna Wickham. Poetry Bookshop.
Spring Morning, by Frances Cornford. Poetry Bookshop.
Songs, by Edward Shanks. Poetry Bookshop.
The Poet in the Desert, by C. E. S. Wood. Privately printed, Portland, Ore.
The Unveiling, A Poetic Drama in Five Acts, by Jackson Boyd. Putnam′s.
Macbeth, translated into Lithuanian by Kleofas Jurgelionis. Privately printed, Chicago.
The Masque of Marsh and River, by Howard Mumford Jones. Printed by the La Crosse State Normal School.

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