The nursery fire burns brightly, crackling in cheerful little explosions and trails of sparks, up the back of the chimney. Miniature rockets peppering the black bricks with golden stars, as though a gala flamed a night of victorious wars.

The nodding mandarin on the bookcase moves his head forward and back, slowly, and looks into the air with his blue-green eyes. He stares into the air and nods—forward and back. The red rose in his hand is a crimson splash on his yellow coat. Forward and back, and his blue-green eyes stare into the air, and he nods—nods.

Tommy's soldiers march to battle,
Trumpets flare and snare-drums rattle.
Bayonets flash, and sabres glance—

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How the horses snort and prance!  
Cannon drawn up in a line  
Glitter in the dizzy shine  
Of the morning sunlight.  
Flags  
Ripple colors in great jags.  
Red blows out, then blue, then green;  
Then all three—a weaving sheen  
Of prised patriotism.  
March  
Tommy's soldiers, stiff and starch,  
Boldly stepping to the rattle  
Of the drums, they go to battle.

Tommy lies on his stomach on the floor and directs his columns. He puts his infantry in front, and before them ambles a mounted band. Their instruments make a strand of gold before the scarlet-tunicked soldiers, and they take very long steps on their little green platforms, and from the ranks bursts the song of Tommy's soldiers marching to battle. The song jolts a little, as the green platforms stick on the thick carpet. Tommy wheels his guns round the edge of a box of blocks, and places a squad of cavalry on the commanding eminence of a footstool.

The fire snaps pleasantly, and the old Chinaman nods—nods. The fire makes the red rose in his hand glow and twist. Hist! That is a bold song Tommy's soldiers sing as they march along to battle.

Crack! Rattle! The sparks fly up the chimney.
Tommy's army's off to war—
Not a soldier knows what for.
But he knows about his rifle,
How to shoot it, and a trifle
Of the proper thing to do
When it's he who is shot through.
Like a cleverly trained flea,
He can follow instantly
Orders, and some quick commands
Really make severe demands
On a mind that's none too rapid—
Leaden brains tend to the vapid.
But how beautifully dressed
Is this army! How impressed
Tommy is when at his heel
All his baggage wagons wheel
About the patterned carpet, and,
Moving up his heavy guns,
He sees them glow with diamond suns
Flashing all along each barrel.
And the gold and blue apparel
Of his gunners is a joy.
Tommy is a lucky boy.
Boom! Boom! Ta-ra!

The old mandarin nods under his purple umbrella. The rose in his hand shoots its petals up in thin quills of crimson.

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Then they collapse and shrivel like red embers. The fire sizzles.

Tommy is galloping his cavalry, two by two, over the floor. They must pass the open terror of the door and gain the enemy encamped under the wash-stand. The mounted band is very grand, playing allegro and leading the infantry on at the double quick. The tassel of the hearth-rug has flung down the bass drum, and he and his dapple-gray horse lie overtipped, slipped out of line, with the little lead drumsticks glistening to the fire's shine.

The fire burns and crackles, and tickles the tripped bass drum with its sparkles.

The marching army hitches its little green platforms valiantly, and steadily approaches the door. The overturned bass-drummer, lying on the hearth-rug, melting in the heat, softens and sheds tears. The song jeers at his impotence, and flaunts the glory of the martial and still upstanding, vaunting the deeds it will do. For are not Tommy's soldiers all bright and new?

Tommy's leaden soldiers we,
Glittering with efficiency.
Not a button's out of place,
Tons and tons of golden lace
Wind about our officers.
Every manly bosom stirs
At the thought of killing, killing!—
Tommy's dearest wish fulfilling.
We are gaudy, savage, strong;
And our loins so ripe we long
First to kill, then procreate,
Doubling so the laws of Fate.
On their women we have sworn
To graft our sons. And overborne
They'll rear us younger soldiers, so
Shall our race endure and grow,
Waxing greater in the wombs
Borrowed of them, while damp tombs
Rot their men. O glorious War!
Goad us with your points, Great Star!

The china mandarin on the bookcase nods slowly, forward and back—forward and back—and the red rose writhes and wriggles, thrusting its flaming petals under and over one another like tortured snakes.

The fire strokes them with its dartles, and purrs at them, and the old man nods.

Tommy does not hear the song. He only sees the beautiful, new, gaily-colored lead soldiers. They belong to him, and he is very proud and happy. He shouts his orders aloud, and gallops his cavalry past the door to the wash-stand. He creeps over the floor on his hands and knees to one battalion and another, but he sees only the bright colors of his soldiers and the beautiful precision of their gestures. He is a lucky boy to have such fine lead soldiers to enjoy.
Tommy catches his toe in the leg of the wash-stand, and jars the pitcher. He snatches at it with his hands, but it is too late. The pitcher falls, and as it goes he sees the white water flow over its lip. It slips between his fingers and crashes to the floor. But it is not water which oozes to the door. The stain is glutinous and dark, a spark from the firelight heads it to red. In and out, between the fine, new soldiers, licking over the carpet, squirms the stream of blood, lapping at the little green platforms, and flapping itself against the painted uniforms.

The nodding mandarin moves his head slowly, forward and back. The rose is broken, and where it fell is black blood. The old mandarin leers under his purple umbrella, and nods—forward and back, staring into the air with blue-green eyes. Every time his head comes forward a rosebud pushes between his lips, rushes into full bloom, and drips to the ground with a splashing sound. The pool of black blood grows and grows, with each dropped rose, and spreads out to join the stream from the wash-stand. The beautiful army of lead soldiers steps boldly forward, but the little green platforms are covered in the rising stream of blood.

The nursery fire burns brightly and flings fan-bursts of stars up the chimney, as though a gala flamed a night of victorious wars.
The scent of hyacinths, like a pale mist, lies between me and my book;
And the South Wind, washing through the room, Makes the candles quiver.
My nerves sting at a spatter of rain on the shutter, And I am uneasy with the thrusting of green shoots Outside, in the night.

Why are you not here to overpower me with your tense and urgent love?

Through the spring-thickened branches I see it floating, An ivory dome Headed to gold by the dim sun.

It hangs against a white-misted sky, And the swollen branches Open or cover it, As they blow in the wet wind.
MAY EVENING IN CENTRAL PARK

Lines of lamp-light
Splinter the black water,
And all through
The dim park
Are lamps
Hanging among the trees.
But they are only like fire-flies
Pricking the darkness,
And I lean my body against it
And spread out my fingers
To let it drift through them.
I am a swimmer
In the damp night,
Or a bird
Floating over the sucking grasses.
I am a lover
Tracking the silver foot-prints
Of the moon.
I am a young man,
In Central Park,
With Spring
Bursting over me.

The trees push out their young leaves,
Although this is not the country;
And I whisper beautiful, hot words,
May Evening in Central Park

Although I am alone,
And a few more steps
Will bring me
The glare and suffocation
Of bright streets.

ALIENS

The chatter of little people
Breaks on my purpose
Like the water-drops which slowly wear the rocks to powder.
And while I laugh
My spirit crumbles at their teasing touch.

STRAIN

It is late
And the clock is striking thin hours,
But sleep has become a terror to me,
Lest I wake in the night
Bewildered,
And stretching out my arms to comfort myself with you,
Clasp instead the cold body of the darkness.
All night it will hunger over me,
And push and undulate against me,
Breathing into my mouth

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And passing long fingers through my drifting hair.  
Only the dawn can loose me from it,  
And the gray streaks of morning melt it from my side.  
Bring many candles,  
Though they stab my tired brain  
And hurt it.  
For I am afraid of the twining of the darkness  
And dare not sleep.

THE PAINTER ON SILK

There was a man  
Who made his living  
By painting roses  
Upon silk.

He sat in an upper chamber  
And painted,  
And the noises of the street  
Meant nothing to him.

When he heard bugles, and fifes, and drums,  
He thought of red, and yellow, and white roses  
Bursting in the sunshine,  
And smiled as he worked.
The Painter on Silk

He thought only of roses,
And silk.

When he could get no more silk,
He stopped painting
And only thought
Of roses.

The day the conquerors
Entered the city
The old man
Lay dying.
He heard the bugles and drums
And wished he could paint the roses
Bursting into sound.

Amy Lowell
FATHERLAND

There is no sword in my hand
Where I watch oversea.
Father's land, mother's land,
What will you say of me,
Who am blood of your German blood,
Through and through,
Yet would not, if I could,
Slaughter for you?
What will you say of one
Who has no heart
Even to cheer you on?
No heavens part,
No guiding God appears
To my strained eyes.
Athwart the fog of fears
And hates and lies,
I see no goal, I mark
No ringing message flying;
Only a brawl in the dark
And death and the groans of the dying.

For you, your men of dreams
And your strong men of deeds
Crumble, and die with screams,
And under hoofs like weeds
Are trampled; for you,

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Fatherland

In city and on hill
Voices you knew
And needed are still.
And roundabout
    Harbor and shoal
    The lights of your soul
Go out.
To what end, O Fatherland?
    I see your legions sweep
Like waves up the gray strand.
    I hear your women weep.
And the sound is as the groaning
    Swish of the ebbing wave—
A nation's pitiful moaning
    Beside an open grave.
Ah, Fatherland, not all
Who love you most,
Armed to triumph or fall,
    March with your mighty host.
Some there are yet, as I,
Who stand apart,
    And with aching heart
Ponder the Whither and Why
Of the tragic story,
    Asking with bated breath,
Which way lies glory,
    And which way, death?

Hermann Hagedorn
AGLAVAINE

Aglavaine came to the inn:
    They gave him the foulest room.
He, with a heart to win
    Love like the rose for bloom,
Slept with the rustling straw for bed
    And cobwebbed rafters overhead.

Aglavaine's red-faced host
    Kept revel all night long.
The bar-maid was their toast,
    The devil's flings their song.
Still through the noise he heard the leaves
    Tossed in the wind against the eaves.

Aglavaine heard the choir
    Chant in the church unseen,
Then, with a heart of fire
    For beauty fine and clean,
Ate where a clown might loathe to dine,
    While all his fellows reeled with wine.

Aglavaine came to the inn:
    Short was their speech and curt.
He of the tender chin,
    Lonely and worn and hurt,
Saw through his window-round of sky
    God's pageantry of stars go by.

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Aglavaine sang in the sun,
   Taking the morning road.
His was the course begun,
   His but the firstling load.
They travel far and sup with sin
   Who find good quarters at an inn.

DRIFTWOOD

Like driftwood burning in the grate—
   Salt with the boundless sea,
Glowing with all the changing fate
That drove it far and held it late—
   Broken and beaten you may be,
But sad experience leaps and flies
   To light and color in your eyes.

Like wreckage tossing with the tide,
   Borne from we know not where,
The wildness of the waves you ride,
However much your face may hide,
   Has left its mark of foul and fair;
And brave experience leaps and plays
   About my dreams of your dead days.

Like love before a driftwood fire,
   I watch the colors warm

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Paint on your cheeks each old desire,
Make you a thing I might aspire
    To hold and shelter from the storm.
This is your lure, to drift wind-tossed,
Compass and soul and rudder lost.

The firelight dies. Our fancies part.
I, with the world, must shut my heart.
Poor wasted beauty! It must be—
The changing tide sweeps out to sea.

*Lewis Worthington Smith*

You are born; you are no more mine:
I have let you go forever.
Demoniac or divine,
You shall sail by sea and river;

You shall walk by road and track;
You shall fly through wind and weather;
But nevermore come back,
That our hearts may laugh together.

*Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne*
POEMS

THREE GUESTS

She whispered, "Love is dead."
She saw the raven hearse go down the street,
And closed her door.

Then Passion rose and pled,
Even more wild, even more fiery-sweet
Than Love, before;

And lingered in the room,
Out of an anguished moment to coerce
Dreams that had been:

Till forth into the gloom
Passion went following the raven hearse.
And Peace came in.

AT DAWN

They were all around me.
Soft as petals shaken,
Summer faces bound me
In a balmy zone.
I find it strange to waken,
And be alone.

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Outer sounds pierce coldly.
Day begins her battle.
Wheels come—faintly, boldly,
Crunching through the ice;
And the milk-jars rattle,
Like frozen dice.

Let me turn a moment,
One more dream to number;
Seek the warm bestowment
Of the flowers that mass...
Drain the dregs of slumber...
Let the dawn pass!

LONG DISTANCE LINE

More wonderful than all my joy of heart!—
To know the sudden nearness of his mood,
That for a little moment we, apart,
Together stood.

That same low voice across my garden-aisles
Might not have reached my ear, for wind or bird.
But it has spoken across a thousand miles!
And I have heard!

Agnes Lee
DISCORDANTS

I

Music I heard with you was more than music,
And bread I broke with you was more than bread.
Now that I am without you, all is desolate,
All that was once so beautiful is dead.

Your hands once touched this table and this silver,
And I have seen your fingers hold this glass.
These things do not remember you, beloved:
And yet your touch upon them will not pass.

For it was in my heart you moved among them,
And blessed them with your hands and with your eyes.
And in my heart they will remember always:
They knew you once, O beautiful and wise!

II

My heart has become as hard as a city street:
The horses trample upon it, it sings like iron;
All day long and all night long they beat—
They ring like the hoofs of time.

My heart has become as drab as a city park:
The grass is worn with the feet of shameless lovers,
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A match is struck, there is kissing in the dark,  
The moon comes, pale with sleep.

My heart is torn with the sound of raucous voices,  
They shout from the slums, from the streets, from the crowded places;  
And tunes from a hurdy-gurdy that coldly rejoices  
Shoot arrows into my heart . . .

O my belovèd, sleeping so far from me,  
Walking alone in sunlight, or in blue moonlight,  
Are you alive there, far across that sea?—  
Or were you only a dream?

III

Vermilioned mouth, tired with many kisses,  
Eyes, that have lighted for so many eyes,  
Are you not wearied yet with countless lovers,  
Desirous now to take even me for prize?

Draw not my glance, nor set my sick heart beating,  
Body so stripped, for all your silks and lace!  
Do not reach out pale hands to me, seductive,  
Nor slant sly eyes, O subtly smiling face!

For I am drawn to you, like wind I follow,  
Like a warm amorous wind; though I desire
Discordants

Even in dream to keep one face before me—
One face like fire, and holier than fire.

I walk beneath these trees, and in this darkness
Muse beyond seas of her from whom I came,
While you, with cat-like step, steal close beside me,
Spreading your perfume round me like soft flame.

Ah! should I once stoop face and forehead to you,
Into and through your sweetness, a night like this,
In the lime-blossomed darkness feel your bosom,
Warm and so soft, and find your lips to kiss,

And tear at your strange flesh with crazy fingers,
And drink with mouth gone mad your eyes' wild wine,
And cleave to you, body with breathless body,
Till bestial were exalted to divine—

Would I again, O lamia silked and scented,
Out of the slumberous magic of your eyes,
And your narcotic perfume, soft and febrile,
Have the romantic hardihood to rise,

And set my heart across great seas of distance
With love unsullied for her from whom I came? . . .
With cat-like step you steal beside me, past me,
Leaving your perfume round me like soft flame.

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Dead Cleopatra lies in a crystal casket,
Wrapped and spiced by the cunningest of hands.
Around her neck they have put a golden necklace,
Her tatbebs, it is said, are worn with sands.

Dead Cleopatra was once revered in Egypt—
Warm-eyed she was, this princess of the south.
Now she is very old and dry and faded,
With black bitumen they have sealed up her mouth.

Grave-robbers pulled the gold rings from her fingers,
Despite the holy symbols across her breast;
They scared the bats that quietly whirled above her.
Poor lady! she would have been long since at rest.

If she had not been wrapped and spiced so shrewdly,
Preserved, obscene, to mock black flights of years.
What would her lover have said, had he foreseen it?
Had he been moved to ecstasy, or tears?

O sweet clean earth from whom the green blade cometh!—
When we are dead, my best-beloved and I,
Close well above us that we may rest forever,
Sending up grass and blossoms to the sky.
Discordants

V

In the noisy street,
Where the sifted sunlight yellows the pallid faces,
Sudden I close my eyes, and on my eyelids
Feel from the far-off sea a cool faint spray,

A breath on my cheek,
From the tumbling breakers and foam, the hard sand shattered;
Gulls in the high wind whistling, flashing waters,
Smoke from the flashing waters blown on rocks.

And I know once more,
O dearly beloved, that all these seas are between us—
Tumult and madness, desolate save for the sea-gulls;
You on the farther shore, and I in this street.

Conrad Aiken
BOKARDO

Well, Bokardo, here we are;
Make yourself at home.
Look around—you haven't far
To look—and why be dumb?
Not the place that used to be,
Not so many things to see;
But there's room for you and me.
And you—you've come.

Talk a little; or, if not,
Show me with a sign
Why it was that you forgot
What was yours and mine.
Friends, I gather, are small things
In an age when coins are kings;
Even at that, one hardly flings
Friends before swine.

Rather strong? I knew as much,
For it made you speak.
No offense to swine, as such,
But why this hide-and-seek?
You have something on your side,
And you wish you might have died,
So you tell me. And you tried
One night last week?
You tried hard? And even then
    Found a time to pause?
When you try as hard again,
    You'll have another cause.
When you find yourself at odds
With all dreamers of all gods,
You may smite yourself with rods—
    But not the laws.

Though they seem to show a spite
    Rather devilish,
They move on as with a might
    Stronger than your wish.
Still, however strong they be,
They bide man's authority:
Xerxes, when he flogged the sea,
    May've scared a fish.

It's a comfort, if you like,
    To keep honor warm,
But as often as you strike
    The laws, you do no harm.
To the laws, I mean. To you—
That's another point of view,
One you may as well indue
    With some alarm.

Not the most heroic face
    To present, I grant;

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Nor will you insure disgrace
By fearing what you want.
Freedom has a world of sides,
And if reason once derides
Courage, then your courage hides
A deal of cant.

Learn a little to forget
Life was once a feast;
You aren't fit for dying yet,
So don't be a beast.
Few men with a mind will say,
Thinking twice, that they can pay
Half their debts of yesterday,
Or be released.

There's a debt now on your mind
More than any gold?
And there's nothing you can find
Out there in the cold?
Only—what's his name?—Remorse?
And Death riding on his horse?
Well, be glad there's nothing worse
Than you have told.

Leave Remorse to warm his hands
Outside in the rain.
As for Death, he understands,
And he will come again.

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Therefore, till your wits are clear,
Flourish and be quiet—here.
But a devil at each ear
   Will be a strain?

Past a doubt they will indeed,
   More than you have earned.
I say that because you need
   Ablution, being burned?
Well, if you must have it so,
Your last flight went rather low.
Better say you had to know
   What you have learned.

And that's over. Here you are,
   Battered by the past.
Time will have his little scar,
   But the wound won't last.
Nor shall harrowing surprise
Find a world without its eyes
If a star fades when the skies
   Are overcast.

God knows there are lives enough,
   Crushed, and too far gone
Longer to make sermons of,
   And those we leave alone.
Others, if they will, may rend
The worn patience of a friend

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Who, though smiling, sees the end,
   With nothing done.
But your fervor to be free
   Fled the faith it scorned;
Death demands a decency
   Of you, and you are warned.
But for all we give we get
Mostly blows? Don't be upset;
You, Bokardo, are not yet
   Consumed or mourned.
There'll be falling into view
   Much to rearrange;
And there'll be a time for you
   To marvel at the change.
They that have the least to fear
Question hardest what is here;
When long-hidden skies are clear,
   The stars look strange.

Edwin Arlington Robinson
WHEN the English language was in the making—the English language, which the Germans call “the bastard tongue,” “the insignificant pirate dialect,” in comparison with their own throaty and mouth-filling speech; when English was taking unto itself Saxon strength, Norman splendor, and a touch of the more southern Latin grace, to become that powerful, flexible, and richly tuned organ which was to be heard around the world; even in those half-articulate and illiterate centuries the shaping influences were yet more or less conscious, and more or less incarnate in human beings of differing minds. The singers who wandered from castle to castle, or from hamlet to hamlet—ambassadors and news-mongers to the lords and the folk—chanted their sagas and romances in forms derived from Norse, Teutonic or French tradition, and fought on English soil the war of kultur even then.

It was fitting, and singularly dramatic, that the final battle of this war should have been delivered over to two such sturdy champions as Chaucer and Langland. The time was the militant and imaginative fourteenth century of Edward the Third, of his knightly son the Black Prince, and his work-hating, beauty-loving grandson Richard the Second; the fourteenth century of amazing contrasts—extravagance and starvation, beauty and loathsomeness, jewelled em-

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broderies and vermivorous rags. And the scene was mostly London—London of the Norman court and the Saxon people, of lords and starvelings, castles and hovels, pageants and pests; little London, already rising into glory out of the slime of the river Thames.

Not that the two champions consciously faced each other in their intellectual lists. Neither may have known of the other's existence; or, if they ever met in those narrow mud-ways, no doubt the courtly Chaucer smiled when surly "Long Will" refused to make way for him, or take off his ragged cap to this retainer of kings. Neither suspected, probably, that the future of England, or at least of English, lay between them, that one or the other of them was molding a world-encircling language and cutting the patterns of an immortal art.

Of course all the odds were with Chaucer; then, as now, he was irresistible. Well born, well reared, learned in three or four languages, a cosmopolite who had carried his king's messages to Italy—Italy, then mothering the Renaissance—and withal, one of the most engaging and sympathetic beings who ever took human shape—it was no wonder that Chaucer had it all his own way, and that English poets have done his will for centuries. Reared in the Norman court, chanting French romances from childhood, he naturally preferred rhyme and the three-time iambic measure to the alliterations and assonances, and the harsh irregularities, of the pounding four-time measure derived from that Saxon tradition which was still dear to the hearts and sweet to the ears of the com-

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Chaucer and Langland

mon people. Indeed, it was a proof of Chaucer’s broad sympathy, of his strong mind and big heart, that he did not abandon English altogether, that he, like Dante, loved his “dames tongue,” and insisted on writing his poems in it instead of in courtly French or learned Latin. It was a fortunate day for us all when Chaucer said:

Let clerks enditen in Latin, for they have the property of science and the knowinge in that faculty; and let Frenchmen in their French also endite their quaint terms, for it is kindly to their mouths; and let us show our fantasies in such words as we learneden of our dames tongue.

So, while Chaucer did not introduce the French forms into the new combination language, it is not too much to say that he domesticated them. He made rhyme, and the iambic measure, as much at home in English as they ever have been in the romance tongues, and he opened the way for some of the greatest rhythmists who ever lived—Shakespeare, Spenser, Milton, Coleridge, Shelley, Swinburne and others—whose verse-structure, however varied, is almost entirely based upon the three-time iambic foot or bar, their four-time experiments being comparatively slight and incidental.

Thus Langland was left far behind, Piers Plowman was forgotten except by scholars. From his time until Shelley’s, four-time measures were almost abandoned, being found only in a few Elizabethan songs, in parts of Dryden’s two music-praising odes, and in a few other experiments. The iambus “reigned supreme,” usually in the five-footed line which Chaucer’s fine instinct had preferred to the French hexameter as better suited to the genius of the new language. And

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even when Coleridge—in the *Ancient Mariner* and a few other poems, Shelley—in *The Cloud, The Skylark*, and others, and Byron—in *There be none of beauty's daughters*, and one or two other songs, began to vary the music of English verse with four-time measures, their experiments bore little relation to Langland, or to the earlier Saxon bards. And while Swinburne's varied rhythms wove with infinite delicacy new renaissance patterns, they never went back to the stern old Gothic motive.

The first great modern poet, no doubt, to put aside altogether the renaissance patterns was Whitman. In doing so, he did not consciously return to the music of the sagas—the Gothic motive, as it may be called—yet his free verse is more allied to Langland than to Chaucer; it has more in common with the old Anglo-Saxon bards than with Shakespeare or Milton or Swinburne. It does, in short, remind us once more of the older tradition—older, that is, in English poetry—though the reminder is far-away and indefinite, a matter of feeling and flavor and general rhythmic pace, rather than of form or tune.

But in the impetus toward free verse which Whitman led, and which is evident in so much modern poetry—French and Italian as well as English—it is possible that Langland and his Old-English predecessors will have increasing influence. Indeed, we have evidences of this—in such modern presentations of mediaeval music as Mr. Ezra Pound's truly wonderful paraphrase, *The Sea-farer*, for example. Those old poets will be studied, not from the point of view of
academic scholarship, but from that of immediate beauty and fecundity. We shall have a new realization of their power of imagination and of the splendor and variety of their rhythms.

And thus Langland, after more than five centuries, may come into his own at last. The world may rediscover that modern socialist, anarchist, anti-militarist, who in the king-ruled, monk-ridden, war-lorded fourteenth century, lifted up his prophet's voice for the brotherhood of man, and was called crazy for his pains. Chaucer took his world as it was, and left us a Holbein portrait-gallery of the people he saw around him; loving the processional pageantry of the life of lords and commons, and ignoring the invisible and inarticulate miseries of the forgotten remnant—the poor who froze and starved in hovels, and died in battles and periodic plagues. Langland, on the contrary, felt these miseries of the poor as the only fit subject for tragic passion: a great democrat, he made the crowd the subject of his epic; a great seer, he looked forward to the end of their miseries, not through mythical compensations in heaven, but through increase of justice on earth.

The urbane Chaucer for five centuries has led the poets his successors: in motive as well as technique they have been mostly of his mind, accepting his aristocratic point of view, his delight in the upper-class pageant, and almost entirely ignoring the burden-bearing poor. But perhaps Langland is like to bridge the centuries and clasp hands with the poets of the future, the prophets of the new era, toward which the
world is marching through blood and fire, through faith and dreams.

**ITS INNER MEANING**

Mr. Conrad Aiken seems to be "all het up" over the Imagists. In the *New Republic*, in the *Poetry Journal*—maybe elsewhere—he accuses them of a dark and piratical conspiracy to "revolutionize poetry," and of nameless crimes like "myopia," "synaesthesia," "super-refinement," "over-civilization." They are "absurdly artificial," "singularly inhuman"; they are "tea-tasters," they "have no sense of tragedy"; they "forbid word-magic," (forsooth and forfend!) they don't know the difference between the "denotative" and the "connotative," they are guilty of a "tremendous limitation which entirely annuls their declaration for absolute freedom in choice of materials." In short, they are prosers instead of poets, and the sooner they are put firmly in their place, and the lid screwed down over them, "the better it will be for all concerned."

Why all this excitement? Can it be possible that Mr. Aiken has taken a "culture" from the imagistic poison, and is feeling some discomfort until it gets into his system? How otherwise may we account for the difference between the pseudo-Masefieldian narratives of the earlier Aiken, and the more athletic lyricism which the later Aiken may hope for if he keeps advancing in the direction of his offering to our readers in this issue? Has he not gained in "hardness" and "clarity," in "precision" and "concentration"; in a feel-

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ing for "plain speech," for "tactile" values, for "delicate
detail"—in short, for most of the qualities he accuses the
imagists of fighting for? And has his growth in these quali­
ties interfered with his use of poetry to express human emo­
tion—has he not grown also in "intensity of feeling," or
at least in the ability to give poetic form to his feeling?

The truth is that none of our poets illustrates more pre­
cisely than Mr. Aiken the need and the value of the kind of
work the imagists are doing, work which he—not they, so
far as I remember—calls "revolutionary." What is a revolu­
tion? The word comes from "re, (again, back) and volvere
(to roll)," and means, according to the omniscient Webster,
"return to a point before occupied." Thus the term is
exactly and most fortunately descriptive, for the imagists,
says Mr. Aiken, "take certain elemental—or elementary—
laws of good writing, and proclaim them as the well-chosen
principles of a new and difficult art." As their critic would
cry out to their discredit, "they have only taken what has
been a characteristic of all the best Anglo-Saxon poets, and
made it a principle." By "Anglo-Saxon poets" we infer
that he means poets using the English language, and he might
have gone further and included the best poets of all lan­
guages.

For the point which Mr. Aiken criticizes is precisely the
one he should praise—that the imagists are trying to remind
us of first principles. If, in this reminder, he finds "a note
of defiance, an air of doing something bold and outrageous,
and of doing it in the face of old and powerful enemies," is

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not that usually the way in any revolution—small or great, aesthetic or political—in any effort to "roll back," to "return to a point before occupied"? In these loud times, especially, one must shout in order to be heard.

And there are "old and powerful enemies" in the shape of long-established precedents and practices. Certain metric forms and rhyme tunes have been followed by so many generations of English poets that the modern world has come to think them fundamental instead of incidental, "elemental" instead of derived. And these forms and tunes have been covered over with ornaments and excrescences; the Victorian tradition especially has burdened them beyond endurance, until we need to "return to the point before occupied," to go back to first principles, and remind ourselves that the art of poetry existed before ever Shakespeare, or Chaucer, or even Homer, was born, and that it will exist when English is a dead language.

Imagism is by no means the last word, as Mr. Pound, or Mr. Flint, or Miss Lowell, would be the first to acknowledge. But in so far as it is a protest against narrow-mindedness and provincialism—against myopia, in short—it is a good word, and a word that needs to be uttered. In so far as it tries to break through barriers which for centuries have walled-in the arts in the "tight little island"—barriers which we colonials long accepted with sentimental loyalty—it is a healthy and vigorous movement, to be studied in its motives and principles, and its highest achievements, and not saddled with the weaknesses of its advocates or imitators.

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Mr. Aiken complains in one breath that the imagists "forbid word-magic," and in the next that they are so pre-occupied with such "delicate details" as words as quite to omit "passion." If he finds no "word-magic" in the best of these poems, there is nothing to do about it, for it is the fault of his instinct and ear. And if he finds no "passion," one is moved to ask what he means by that much-abused word. We have "passion" ad nauseam in the illustrations of popular magazines, showing the Gibson youth and maid in postures of ecstasy or agony. Are some of our critics so dulled by that kind of thing that they can not feel passion in H. D.'s Oread of Mr. Fletcher's Blue Symphony? If so, again there is nothing to do about it.

This is a cosmopolitan age, in spite of separative and mediaeval wars. Imagism is perhaps, in the last analysis, the beginning of a search for the Chinese magic, and this search will probably go on as we dig deeper into that long-hidden, far-away mine of jewels, in spite of Mr. Aiken and other belated and provincial Victorians. More than half a century has passed since occidental painting and sculpture began to feel the subtly regenerative influence of oriental art. The great art of poetry has been shut in more than these by narrow boundaries of race and language; but like these it must come out in the open, lift its voice over the seas, and spread its wings to all the winds of the world. H. M.
WHAT IS POETRY?

Recently I looked into all the definitions of poetry I could find. Macaulay, Dr. Johnson, Coleridge, Shelley, Plato, Watts-Dunton and Poe, besides many others, essayed to define what poetry is. Some of these substituted the poetical effect for the thing that produces it; some seized upon indicia as the thing itself. Some called poetry invention, while it is clear that discovery better connotes the creative act which brings to light hidden thoughts and emotions. But whether we call the creative act invention or discovery, the definition of poetry as either does not distribute all the qualities, and all the causes and effects, of a poetical production. Neither is poetry rhymed or rhythmical language, as some of these thinkers believed. Neither is it the rhythmical creation of beauty, as Poe declared. Dancing may be the rhythmical creation of beauty; so is this true of music. No definition of poetry has ever been made which would not exclude poems of confessed greatness; and many of the definitions include compositions which do not make the poetical appeal. In spite of this contrariety in analyzing the substance of poetry, the judgment of generations of poets and others informed in the subject, is united upon certain works. Not only is this true, but the average mind concurs in this judgment. Hamlet and Othello will enthrall a crowd taken from the street. The Psalms, Ecclesiastes, Isaiah, Proverbs, the Gospels, Revelations and many other books of the Bible are of almost universal acceptance. And they are poetry. The songs of Burns
What Is Poetry?

interest and inspire the common man. The catalogue need not be extended to make the point. It may require a cultivated taste to enjoy the choruses of Aeschylus, or the dramatic works of Browning, or the luxurious imagery and music of Swinburne; but poetry is still a question of substance; it is a question of form only so far as form is necessary to convey the idea in its entirety.

The matter of substance as regards poetry is what the re-actionaries of this day cannot see. There may be revolutionists who are advocating a complete recasting of our inherited ideas of form; futurists who are striving to encompass ideas hitherto escaping from the material of words; vorticists whose emotions whirl without re-action and without falling and rising. But to my mind the complete artist must accept whatever forms are necessary to achieve the poetical effect. I see no reason for neglecting the sonnet, or the old French forms, or the rhymed lyric, if those forms best express the emotion and the idea. And, for like reason, where the idea and the emotions will be mutilated by the use of any of these forms I favor free handling, free verse. After all those who contend for the regular forms exclusively are under the delusion that poetry means a sonnet, or blank verse, or some of the standard measures. They do not see that poetry is the orientation of the soul to conditions in life, and that like great waters it may murmur or ripple or roar. If it ripples, use a villanelle; if it roars, give us words so used that the roar is not lost. And in addition to this these sticklers for the old ways forget that the old forms were [307]
themselves innovations at one time. What was before the dactylic hexameters of Homer? and before the blank verse of Surrey? And how does the free verse of Theocritus justify itself against Homer; or the prose and verse mixed together in Shakespeare’s plays justify itself against the classic verse of the French drama?

A poem comes out of the vibrations of the soul—the rhythmical vibration of the soul. For all vibration is rhythmical. And this is the vibration which by its dynamic comes up into words, and effects subtle and inherent cadence even where no definite rhythm is attempted. Out of this statement someone may construct a definition of poetry—a definition that will include all poetry worth including and will exclude all writing which is only verse.

_Edgar Lee Masters_

**REVIEWS**


In certain of his poems Mr. Markham’s democracy bridges the gulf between rhymed eloquence and poetry. In _The Man with the Hoe_, especially, the passion for social righteousness fuses into a white heat and is molded by the poet into a pure form of austere beauty. Here, as with Isaiah and Ezekial, social righteousness becomes spiritual beauty, and thus a lofty poetic motive.

But when the muse, jealous of other passions, deserts her over-burdened votary, the verse, however noble in mo-
tive, loses poetic magic. This is the trouble with *The Chant of the Vultures*, *Love's Hero-World*, *The Jews*, *Freedom*, and other poems suggested by the great war or other problems of modern politics. It is the trouble also with Lowell's *Commemoration Ode*, which may stand as our most conspicuous American example of a noble poem *manqué*—social passion not quite fused into a form of perfect art, and achieving therefore merely rhymed eloquence instead of poetry.

Two or three of Mr. Markham's best quatrains in this manner may serve to emphasize the point. The first is from *Freedom*:

Man is the conscript of an endless quest,
A long divine adventure without rest.
Each hard-earned freedom withers to a bond:
Freedom forever is beyond—beyond.

The second is from *The Fear for Thee, My Country*:

I fear the vermin that shall undermine
Senate and citadel and school and shrine—
The Worm of Greed, the fatted Worm of Ease,
And all the crawling progeny of these.

And here is the most eloquent quatrain from *Virgilia*, which is in the same class with the others, though its motive is personal rather than social passion:

One thing shines clear in the heart's sweet reason,
One lightning over the chasm runs—
That to turn from love is the world's one treason
That darkens all the suns.

The present volume contains many poems of this kind—a kind not without honor, even though the honor be not
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the muse's own award. The *Six Stories* are excellently told; they move with a light swinging gait, from a heart full of sympathy and humor. *The Shoes of Happiness* is perhaps the best of these—at least it is the gayest; but in *How Oswald Dined with God* and *How the Great Guest Came* the motive of social righteousness is expressed in tales poignant and beautiful. Mr. Markham knows when to stop in telling a story; all his tales end with a good climax.

But the book has more magical moments—poems or parts of poems, which prove once more that Mr. Markham is a poet. *At Friends with Life* contains this fine stanza:

> There on the Hills of summer let me lie  
> On the cool grass in friendship with the sky.  
> Let me lie there in love with earth and sun,  
> And wonder up at the light-foot winds that run,  
> Stirring the delicate edges of the trees  
> And shaking down a music of the seas.

The brief poem, *San Francisco Falling*, is one of the best in the book, its eighth line being especially beautiful:

> A groan of earth in labor pain,  
> Her ancient agony and strain;  
> A tremor of the granite floors—  
> A heave of seas, a wrench of shores,  
> A crash of walls, a moan of lips,  
> A terror on the towers and ships;  
> Blind streets where men and ghosts go by;  
> Whirled smoke mushrooming on the sky;  
> Roofs, turrets, domes, with one acclaim  
> Turned softly to a bloom of flame;  
> A thousand dreams of joy, of power,  
> Gone in the splendor of an hour.
And in *Wind and Lyre*, perhaps the finest of his lyrics, Mr. Markham gives us an impassioned and beautiful prayer-song:

Thou art the wind and I the lyre:
Strike, O Wind, on the sleeping strings—
Strike till the dead heart stirs and sings!
I am the altar and thou the fire:
Burn, O Fire, to a snowy flame—
Burn me clean of the mortal blame!

I am the night and thou the dream:
Touch me softly and thrill me deep,
When all is white on the hills of sleep.
Thou art the moon and I the stream:
Shine to the trembling heart of me,
Light my soul to the mother-sea.

*The Poet in the Desert*, by Charles Erskine Scott Wood.
Privately printed: Portland, Oregon.

Mr. Wood's special distinction is that he really "enters into the desert," that his poetry really presents something of the color and glory, the desolation and tragedy, of this wonderland at our western gates. Thus the best of this poem is its *Prologue*, which is a desert rhapsody, rather than its fifteen-hundred lines, more or less, of dialogue between the Poet and Truth.

I do not mean that such an arraignment of present-day injustices, and such ardor for true social democracy, is beyond the range of poetic art, but merely that this poet's mind as yet minglest too much propaganda with its motive. Like Mr. Markham, he is in danger of alienating his muse by becoming an exhorter for social righteousness. To be sure there
are many fine lines, and passages of true poetry, mingled with the splendid and glowing eloquence of the dialogue. Its motive is big, and of a high nobility:

I have pushed aside the curtains of the universe
And looked in; and there,
In a desolation never to be broken,
Brooded my soul, in a great loneliness.
I said to myself, “I will carve godhood
“Out of manhood;

“Joy and Beauty are the breath of Creation,” and all life is to be fulfilled in them:

I know that the slow-moving streams
Which press through the streets of the cities
Ought to sing their cantata of joy,
As well as the brooks which warble past
The knees of the great fir trees.

And toward that fulfilment of joy the crowds are marching:

They are not going down into the pits.
They are not marching to the factories.
They are not going to the furnaces.
Nearer, more near; stronger; louder; more strong;
They come, and the mutter of their lips is

To a man thus afire for a cause, poetry, or the lack of it, in his message may seem a matter of minor importance. But it should be his immediate concern, for the poetry of his message is its life, and Mr. Wood proves himself a poet not only by the sweep and power of his vision, but by the rich imagery and rhythmic beauty of his free verse at its best. On almost every page one finds fine lines, like this, of Nature:

She holds the suns lightly between her fingers.
Or these:

I shod my spirit with the winged slippers of the wind.

The pools of evening
Wherein the stars dance, and along the border of which runs the liquid moon.

Also these lines to Truth:

Your face is pale, like the earliest dawn, before the birds have awakened.
Your feet are like lilies by the rim of a pool,
And your wings the mist of a cataract wherein the sun plays,
Making a delicate glory; fleeting; iridescent.

But in the Prologue no ardor for a Cause gets between the poet and his muse. Therefore, knowing and loving the desert, he gives us something of its varied magnificence in vivid passages of more sustained poetic beauty. His song of praise is a chant which needs amplitude; we can hardly do justice to its impassioned beauty by brief extracts.

Never have I found a place, or a season, without beauty. Neither the sea, where the white stallions champ their bits and rear against their bridles,
Nor the Desert, bride of the Sun, which sits scornful, apart.
Like an unwooed Princess, careless; indifferent.
She spreads her garments, wonderful beyond estimation,
And embroiders continually her mantle.
She is a queen, seated on a throne of gold
In the Hall of Silence.
She insists upon meditation.
She insists that the soul be free.
She requires an answer.
She demands the final reply to thoughts which cannot be answered.
She lights the Sun for a torch
And sets up the great cliffs as sentinels.
The morning and the evening are curtains before her chambers. She displays the stars as her coronet.

The poet is as sensitive to the desert's delicacy as to its majesty. He feels the incredible pathos of

The little delicate flowers of the desert,
Which . . . catch at the hem of Spring, and are gone.

The flowers bloom in the Desert joyously.
They do not weary themselves with questioning;
They are careless whether they be seen or praised.
They blossom unto life perfectly and unto death perfectly, leaving nothing unsaid.
They spread a voluptuous carpet for the feet of the Wind
And to the frolic breezes which overleap them, they whisper:
"Stay a moment, brother; plunder us of our passion;
Our day is short, but our beauty is eternal."

Perhaps this is enough to prove that the Far West has produced a poet who, though somewhat overburdened with his message, is capable of rapture; a poet of large vision, of profound sympathy and faith, whose free verse sometimes attains orchestral richness.

H. M.
OUR CONTEMPORARIES

I

Mrs. Blanche Shoemaker Wagstaff, who has recently become one of the editors of the Boston Poetry Journal, asks us to delete from our advertisements the phrase “The only magazine devoted exclusively to this art.”

The suggestion is timely—we shall try to remember to oblige her. Indeed, this field, this wilderness, in which we were so recently a lonely pioneer, will soon be dotted with shacks, perhaps even with palaces. Almost from the first the Poetry Journal offered us the high honor of imitation; indeed, we had to hasten our first number in order to protect our title from the Bostonian invader. For over two years the Journal’s appearance was as fitful as the typical poet’s inspiration, but now, under Mrs. Wagstaff’s influence, no doubt it will become less temperamental, and give us a steady job, either as friend or enemy.

Now also there are others, or rather, there is Others, for Others is a small monthly magazine published in Grantwood, New Jersey, and devoted to “the new in poetry.” If the Poetry Journal is more conservative than Poetry, Others is perhaps more radical; at least its young editor, Mr. Alfred Kreymborg, proclaims himself a dyed-in-the-wool radical by putting a yellow cover on his magazine.

Others began in July, and its first two numbers present six of Poetry’s poets: Miss Lowell, Messrs. Cannell,
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Holley, Johns, Wallace Stevens and W. C. Williams. Its other contributors, thus far, are Mesdames Davies and Loy, Messrs. Hartpence, R. C. Brown, and Kreymborg. And we are promised not only Messrs. Fletcher, Eliot and Bodenheim, but a number devoted entirely to "John Rodker and the Choric School." Thus far Peter Quince at the Clavier is the most exciting thing in Others, for Mr. Stevens has a sense of words, of rhythm and color, and better still, of things underneath which these reveal. Mr. Orrick Johns' epigrams, labelled Olives, might perhaps better be called Pickles. And the love-songs of Miss Nina Loy, though caviare to such conservatives as we, are no doubt the newest of the new.

Then there is Rogue, that "light cigarette of literature," which appears now and then with clever verse, and drawings somewhat Beardsleyish. And there are the Bruno Chapbooks, "edited by Guido Bruno in his garret on Washington Square." And there is Two-ninety-one, a periodic stroke of lightning dealt on a reeling world by that friendly anarchist in the arts, Mr. Alfred Steiglitz.

Success to them all! It is the little magazines which should be encouraged and subscribed for. The great magazines are mostly engaged in the same game—that of getting a million readers. But each little magazine represents someone's enthusiasm for a cause or an art. It represents self-sacrifice, courage, some vital principle. The Liberator, beginning in a garret, ended by freeing the slaves. POETRY
Our Contemporaries

or one of these others, beginning in a dream, will end by freeing American literature. 

H. M.

II

We are indebted to the June number of the London Egoist for the following bit of history. It appears as a letter to the editor of that paper, which was the first to reprint Mr. Upward's Scented Leaves from a Chinese Jar after their appearance in Poetry in September, 1913.

THE DISCARDED IMAGIST

O thou unborn historian of literature—(if you ever mention my name spell it better than F. S. Flint, please!)

Do not believe a single word

That others have written about me.

In the year nineteen hundred a poet named Cranmer Byng brought to my attic in Whitehall Gardens a book of Chinese Gems by Professor Giles—

Eastern butterflies coming into my attic there beside the Stygian Thames;

And read me one of them—willows, forsaken young wife, spring.

Immediately my soul kissed the soul of immemorial China:

I perceived that all we in the West were indeed barbarians and foreign devils,

And that we knew scarcely anything about poetry.

I set to work and wrote little poems,

Some of which I read to a scientific friend

Who said, "After all, what do they prove?"

Then I hid them away for ten or twelve years—

Scented leaves in a Chinese jar—

While I went on composing the poem of life.

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I withstood the savages of the Niger with a revolver:
I withstood the savages of the Thames with a printing-press:
Byng and I, we set up as publishers in Fleet Street, and pro­duced the Odes of Confucius, and the Sayings.

My own poems I did not produce:
They were sent back to me by the Spectator and the English Review.
I secretly grudged them to the western devils.

After many years I sent them to Chicago, and they were printed by Harriet Monroe. (They also were printed in The Egoist.)
Thereupon Ezra Pound the generous rose up and called me an Imagist. (I had no idea what he meant.)
And he included me in an anthology of Imagists.

This was a very great honor.
But I was left out of the next anthology.
This was a very great shame.

And now I have read in a history of Imagism
That the movement was started in nineteen hundred and eight
By Edward Storer and T. E. Hulme.

(Poetry the crystal of language,
Passion frozen by art,
Fallen in love with its likeness!)

Evil is the advice of Horace
That poems should be given nine years to fix,
Evil in the day of swift movements—(for I hear that already Imagism is out of date.)

O thou divine soul of China
Brooding over millenniums of perfect art,
May you never be troubled by the impertinences of the West!

And thou unborn literary historian (if you ever mention my name)
Write me down an imitator of Po Li and Shakespeare,
As well as of Edward Storer and T. E. Hulme.

Allen Upward

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Dear Poetry: It is very delightful to read you. Not only for the good poetry which I almost always find in the front of you, but for the expert criticism which I always find in your back pages. It is refreshing, to one who like myself finds the present tendencies not only a little startling but even at times a little bewildering, to come in contact with robust temperaments to whom all this newness is as bread and butter, a familiar article, understood to the full and capable of being rated with precision. In contrast, my own views must seem, as you call them, "mercurial." I confess to not knowing any more what poetry is going to be like after the burst—I intended to write "burst," but let it go at that—of imagism, polyrhythm, blastism, etc., has done its work, than I know what the world is going to be like after this war. (Not that I think these things a comparable calamity, or indeed a calamity at all.) But I strongly suspect that both poetry and the world will be much what they were before. And meanwhile I cannot help liking beauty wherever I find it—in imagism, polyrhythm, blastism, and "conventional verse." Whenever I find a poem that seems beautiful to me, I want to quarrel with everybody who would deny its beauty either on the ground that it is "not poetry" or that it is "too old-fashioned." And when I don't find beauty in the quarter where it has been heralded, I want to
quarrel with those who would put it there by definition. Thus my views must seem chaotic to those who know what beauty is, by what laws it is produced, who are in fact the *entrepreneurs* of the enterprise. Now while the absence of beauty seems to me a thing easy to explain, beauty always appears to me in the light of a miracle. I dissemble my awe in descriptive phrases, I make an attempt to relate this miracle to that miracle, but I do not conceive my remarks to be in the nature of a chemical analysis of the product before me. Thus I tried to convey what was really a deep admiration for the *Spoon River Anthology* of Edgar Lee Masters, and I am sorry that it left you with the impression that I wanted him to do it over again. Nor, when I expressed the feeling that if this poet had had more of our American romanticism he might have given a completer representation of American life, I did not mean that I wanted him to be another O. Henry. I merely meant that the ironic view of life is not the comedic view of life, and that *some* aspects of our American scene retain more of their own color if presented comedically—or so it seemed to me. But you do me too much honor to take my statement so seriously. It is merely true, and probably not at all important. Only let me subscribe myself to your own enthusiasm—for I too have been one of the *Anthology's* admirers from the beginning.  

Floyd Dell
NOTES

Of the contributors to the present number, Miss Amy Lowell, of Brookline, Mass., needs no introduction to readers of Poetry. Miss Lowell's experiments in "polyphonic prose" have attracted much attention ever since last April, when Poetry published the extravaganza Red Slippers. Lead Soldiers is the longest and most serious work she has thus far attempted in that manner. Miss Lowell will soon publish through the Macmillan Company, a book of essays on modern French poets.

Mr. Hermann Hagedorn, of Fairfield, Conn., "Agnes Lee," of Chicago, and Mrs. Elizabeth Gibson Cheyne, of Oxford, England, have also appeared before in Poetry. Mr. Hagedorn's latest book, Poems and Ballads, was published in 1912 by the Houghton-Mifflin Co. Mrs. Cheyne is the author of The Way of the Lord and other books of verse and prose. The latest book of Agnes Lee (Mrs. Otto Freer) is The Sharing (Sherman, French & Co.).

Mr. Edwin Arlington Robinson, of New York, is well known as the author of Children of the Night, Captain Craig, and The Town Down the River. A new edition of Captain Craig was published last spring by Macmillan.

Mr. Lewis Worthington Smith, professor of English at Drake University, Des Moines, Iowa, is the author of a small volume of poems, In the Furrow, and a contributor to numerous magazines.

Mr. Conrad Aiken, of Boston, is the author of Earth Triumphant, Macmillan Co., New York.
BOOKS RECEIVED

Original Verse:

Hands Across the Sea, Sonnets in Praise of King Albert and His Belgians, by Isabelle Howe Fiske. Privately printed.

Loose Leaves, 1, 2, and 3, including Helen, a Lyrical Drama, by Edward Storer. Privately printed.


Symbolical Poems of William Blake, edited by Frederick E. Pierce, Ph.D. Yale University Press, New Haven.

Essays:

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Errata:
Page 126, last line, for William Griffi read William Griffith.
Page 207, line 11, for King read K'ung.
Page 215, last line, for éy through made waters read fly through mad waters.

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To have great poets there must be great audiences too.
—Whitman.