

# Prize Awards

VOL. VII Price 15 cents NO. II

1000

# oetry,

## A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

NOVEMBER, 1915

The Conversation—Arabel . Edgar Lee Masters  
November in the Park . Dorothy Dudley  
Songs for a Violin I-IV

Glenn Ward Dresbach  
Refugees—The Little Rose Is Dust, My Dear  
Grace Hazard Conkling

War . . . . . Catherine Wells  
Charcoals . . . . . Maxwell Bodenheim

A Man to a Dead Woman—The Crucifixion  
— Thoughts while Walking — Streets — The  
Steam-Shovel.

Alone—Song at Night—Beethoven . . . . .  
John Hall Wheelock

The Housemother . . . . . Karle Wilson Baker  
The Charwoman—Birth

Marguerite Wilkinson  
November Sun . . . . . J. C. Chadwick

Sunday Morning I-V . . . . . Wallace Stevens  
Editorial Comment

A Nation-wide Art—A Poet's Declaration of  
Rights—Reviews.

In Memoriam—Our Contemporaries  
Announcement of Awards—Notes

543 Cass Street, Chicago

Copyright 1915 by Harriet Monroe. All rights reserved.

Annual Subscription . . . \$1.50

PR 500

- P7

v. 7

1915-1916

inc.

c. 5

Malapa





Poetry  
A Magazine of Verse

VOL. VII  
No. II

NOVEMBER, 1915

---

THE CONVERSATION

*Man:*



YOU knew then—starting, let us say, with  
ether—  
You would become electrons? out of whirling  
Would rise to atoms? then as an atom resting,  
Till through Yourself in other atoms moving,  
And by the fine affinity of power,  
Atom with atom massed, You would go on,  
Over the crest of visible forms transformed,  
Would be a molecule, a little system  
Wherein the atoms move like suns and planets  
With satellites, electrons? So, as worlds build  
From star-dust, as electron to electron,  
The same attraction drawing, molecules  
Would wed and pass over the crest again  
Of visible forms, lying content as crystals,  
Or colloids: ready now to use the gleam

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Of life? As it were, I see You with a match,  
As one in darkness lights a candle, and one  
Sees not his friend's form in the shadowed room  
Until the candle's lighted—even his form  
Is darkened by the new-made light, he stands  
So near it! Well, I add to all I've asked  
Whether You knew the cell born through the glint  
Of that same lighted match could never rest—  
Even as electrons rest not—but would surge  
Over the crest of visible forms, become,  
Beneath our feet, life hidden from the eye,  
However aided—as above our heads,  
Over the Milky Way, great systems whirl  
Beyond the telescope!—become bacilli,  
Amœba, star-fish, swimming things; on land  
The serpent, and then birds, and beasts of prey,  
The tiger (You in the tiger), on and on,  
Surging above the crest of visible forms  
Until the ape came?—oh, what ages they are—  
But still creation flies on wings of light!—  
Then to the man who roamed the frozen fields,  
Neither man nor ape?—we found his jaw, You know,  
At Heidelberg, in a sand-pit. On and on  
Till Babylon was builded, and arose  
Jerusalem and Memphis, Athens, Rome,  
Venice and Florence, Paris, London, Berlin,  
New York, Chicago—did You know, I ask,  
All this would come of You in ether moving?

*A Voice:*

I knew.

*Man:*

You knew that man was born to be destroyed ;  
That as an atom perfect, whole, at ease,  
Drawn to some other atom, is broken, changed,  
And rises over the crest of visible things  
To something else—that man must pass as well  
Through equal transformation. And You knew  
The unutterable things of man's life : from the first  
You saw his racked Deucalion soul, that looks  
Backward on life that rises where he rose—  
Out of the stones. You saw him looking forward  
Over the purple mists that hide the gulf.  
Ere the green cell rose, even in the green cell,  
You saw the sequences of thought : You saw  
That one would say, "All's matter," and another,  
"All's mind;" and man's mind, which reflects the image,  
Could not envision it ; that even worship  
Of what You are would be confused by cries  
From India or Palestine ; that love  
Which sees itself beginning in the seeds,  
That fly to seek and wed each other, maims  
The soul at the last in loss of child or friend,  
Father or mother. And You knew that sex,  
Ranging from plants through beasts and up to us,  
Had ties of filth—and out of them would rise

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Diverse philosophies to tear the world.  
You knew, when the green cell arose, that even  
The You which formed it, moving on, would bring  
Races and breeds, madmen, tyrants, slaves,  
The idiot child, the murderer, the insane—  
All springing from the action of one law.  
You knew the enmity that lies between  
The lives of micro-beings and our own. You knew  
How man would rise to vision of himself,  
Immortal only in the race's life;  
And past the atom and the first glint of life,  
Saw him with soul enraptured, yet o'ershadowed  
Amid self-consciousness!

*A Voice:*

I knew.  
But this your fault: you see Me as apart,  
Over, removed, at enmity with you.  
You are in Me, and of Me, even at one  
With Me. But there's your soul—your soul may be  
The germinal cell of vaster evolution!  
Why try to tell you? If I gave a cell  
Voice to inquire, and it should ask you this:  
"After me what—a stalk, a flower, life  
That swims or crawls?" And if I gave to you  
Wisdom to say: "You shall become a reed  
By the water's edge"—how could the cell foresee  
What the reed is, bending beneath the wind



*The Conversation*

When the lake ripples and the skies are blue  
As larkspur? Therefore I, who moved in darkness,  
Becoming light in suns and light in souls,  
And mind with thought—for what is thought but light  
Sprung from the clash of ether?—I am with you.  
And if beyond this stable state that stands  
For your life here (as cells are whole and balanced  
Till the inner urge bring union, then a breaking,  
And building up to higher life) there is  
No memory of this world nor of your thought,  
Nor sense of life on this world lived and borne;  
Or whether you remember, know yourself  
As one who lived here, suffered here, aspired—  
What does it matter? You cannot be lost,  
As I am lost not. Therefore be at peace.  
And from the laws whose orbits cross and run  
To seeming tangles, find the law through which  
Your soul shall be perfected, till it draw—  
As the green cell the sunlight draws, and turns  
Its chemical effulgence into life—  
My inner splendor. All the rest is mine  
In infinite time. For if I should unroll  
The parchment of the future, it were vain—  
You could not read it.

ARABEL

Twists of smoke rise from the limpness of jeweled fingers;  
The softness of Persian rugs hushes the room.  
Under a dragon lamp with a shade the color of coral  
Sit the readers of poems one by one.  
And all the room is in shadow except for the blur  
Of mahogany surface, and tapers against the wall.

And a youth reads a poem of love—forever and ever  
Is his soul the soul of the loved one; a woman sings  
Of the nine months which go to the birth of a soul.  
And after a time under the lamp a man  
Begins to read a letter, having no poem to read.  
And the words of the letter flash and die like a fuse  
Dampened by rain—it's a dying mind that writes  
What Byron did for the Greeks against the Turks.  
And a sickness enters our hearts: the jeweled hands  
Clutch at the arms of the chairs; about the room  
One hears the parting of lips, and a nervous shifting  
Of feet and arms.

And I look up and over  
The reader's shoulder and see the name of the writer.  
What is it I see?—the name of a man I knew!  
You are an ironical trickster, Time, to bring,  
After so many years and into a place like this,  
This face before me: hair slicked down and parted  
In the middle, and cheeks stuck out with fatness,

Plump from Camembert and Clicquot, eyelids  
Thin as skins of onions, cut like dough 'round the eyes.  
Such was your look in a photograph I saw  
In a silver frame on a woman's dresser—and such  
Your look in life, you thing of flesh alone!

And then,

As a soul looks down on the body it leaves—  
A body by fever slain—I look on myself  
As I was a decade ago, while the letter is read:

I enter a box

Of a theatre with Jim, my friend of fifty,  
I being twenty-two. Two women are in the box,  
One of an age for Jim and one of an age for me.  
And mine is dressed in a dainty gown of dimity,  
And she fans herself with a fan of silver spangles,  
Till a subtle odor of delicate powder or of herself  
Enters my blood, and I stare at her snowy neck,  
And the glossy brownness of her hair until  
She feels my stare and turns half-view, and I see  
How like a Greek's is her nose, with just a little  
Aquiline touch; and I catch the flash of an eye,  
And the glint of a smile on the richness of her lips.

The company now discourses upon the letter  
But my dream goes on:

I re-live a rapture

Which may be madness, and no man understands  
Until he feels it no more. The youth that was I

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

From the theatre under the city's lights follows the girl,  
Desperate lest in the city's curious chances  
He never sees her again. And boldly he speaks.  
And she and the older woman, her sister,  
Smile and speak in turn; and Jim, who stands  
While I break the ice, comes up—and so  
Arm in arm we go to the restaurant,  
I in heaven walking with Arabel,  
And Jim with her older sister.  
We drive them home under a summer moon,  
And while I explain to Arabel my boldness,  
And crave her pardon for it, Jim, the devil,  
Laughs apart with her sister while I wonder  
What Jim, the devil, is laughing at. No matter—  
To-morrow I walk in the park with Arabel.

Just now the reader of the letter  
Tells of the writer's swift descent  
From wealth to want.

We are in the park next afternoon by the water.  
I look at her white throat—full, as it were, of song;  
And her rounded virginal bosom—beautiful!  
And I study her eyes, I search to the depths her eyes  
In the light of the sun. They are full of little rays,  
Like the edge of a *fleur-de-lys*, and she smiles  
At first when I fling my soul at her feet.

But when I repeat I love her, love her only,  
A cloud of wonder passes over her face—  
She veils her eyes. The color comes to her cheeks.  
And when she picks some clover blossoms and tears them  
Her hand is trembling. And when I tell her again  
I love her, love her only, she blots her eyes  
With a handkerchief to hide a tear that starts.  
And she says to me: "You do not know me at all—  
How can you love me? You never saw me before  
Last night." "Well, tell me about yourself."  
And after a time she tells me the story:  
About her father who ran away from her mother;  
And how she hated her father, and how she grieved  
When her mother died; and how a good grandmother  
Helped her and helps her now; and how her sister  
Divorced her husband. And then she paused a moment:  
"I am not strong, you'd have to guard me gently,  
And that takes money, dear, as well as love.  
Two years ago I was very ill, and since then  
I am not strong."

"Well, I can work," I said.

"And what would you think of a little cottage,  
Not too far out, with a yard and hosts of roses,  
And a vine on the porch, and a little garden,  
And a dining-room where the sun comes in  
When a morning breeze blows over your brow;  
And you sit across the table and serve me,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

And neither of us can speak for happiness  
Without our voices breaking, or lips trembling?"

She is looking down with little frowns on her brow:  
"But if ever I had to work, I could not do it—  
I am not really strong."

"But I can work," I said.  
I rise and lift her up, holding her hand.  
She slips her arm through mine and presses it.  
"What a good man you are!" she said, "just like a brother!  
I almost love you; I believe I love you."

The reader of the letter, being a doctor,  
Is talking learnedly of the writer's case,  
Which has the classical marks of paresis.

Next day I look up Jim and rhapsodize  
About a cottage with roses and a garden,  
And a dining-room where the sun comes in,  
And Arabel across the table. Jim is smoking  
And flicking the ashes, but never says a word  
Till I have finished. Then in a quiet voice:  
"Arabel's sister says that Arabel's straight,  
But she isn't, my boy—she's just like Arabel's sister.  
She knew you had the madness for Arabel—  
That's why we laughed and stood apart as we talked.  
And I'll tell you now I didn't go home that night;  
I shook you at the corner and went back

And stayed that night. Now be a man, my boy;  
Go have your fling with Arabel, but drop  
The cottage and the roses."

They are still discussing the madman's letter.

And memory permeates me like a subtle drug:  
The memory of my love for Arabel—  
The torture, the doubt, the fear, the restless longing,  
The sleepless nights, the pity for all her sorrows,  
The speculation about her and her sister,  
And what her illness was;  
And whether the man I saw one time was leaving  
Her door or the next door to it, and if *her* door  
Whether he saw my Arabel or her sister. . . .

The reader of the letter is telling how the writer  
Left his wife chasing the lure of women.

And it all comes back to me as clear as a vision:  
The night I sat with Arabel strong but conquered.  
Whatever I did, I loved her, whatever she was.  
Madness or love, the terrible struggle must end.  
She took my hand and said, "You must see my room."  
We stood in the door-way together, and on her dresser  
Was a silver frame with the photograph of a man.  
I had seen him in life: hair slicked down and parted  
In the middle, and cheeks stuck out with fatness,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Plump from Camembert and Clicquot, eye-lids  
Thin as skins of onions, cut like dough 'round the eyes.  
"There is his picture," she said; "ask me whatever you will.  
Take me as mistress or wife—it is yours to decide.  
But take me as mistress and grow like the picture before you;  
Take me as wife and be the good man you can be.  
Choose me as mistress—how can I do less for you, dearest?  
Or make me your wife—fate makes me your mistress or  
    wife."  
"I can leave you," I said. "You can leave me," she echoed;  
"But how about hate in your heart?"  
    "You are right," I replied.

The company is now discussing the subject of love—  
They seem to know little about it.

But my wife, who is sitting beside me, exclaims:  
"Well, what is this jangle of madness and weakness?  
What has it to do with poetry, tell me?"  
    "Well, it's life, Arabel. . . .  
There's the story of Hamlet, for instance," I added;  
Then fell into silence.

*Edgar Lee Masters*



## NOVEMBER IN THE PARK

The lamps hang low in the silent park—  
A hundred milk-white moons;  
The trees weep gently in the dark  
In dim festoons;  
The trees reach outward upward  
Long dark arms  
In tearful dancing and in prayer.  
The small pond bares to drifting skies  
The furtive charms  
Of her silver eyes,  
And lies where white paths gleam around  
Like something rare:  
For Beauty and Romance have drowned  
A princess there.

*Dorothy Dudley*

SONGS FOR A VIOLIN

I

Blown gold was the hair of the child  
In the wind and the sun by the sea;  
And the sea was silver and jade,  
And pearl where the breakers played—  
Like children strange and wild  
In a pagan ecstasy.  
And the child cried out to his mother,  
“Oh, let me play in the sea!”  
But I heard the voice of the mother,  
Weary with waiting long:  
“Hush, my child, come near to me—  
The sea is cruel and strong!”

II

I groped through blooms in the dark  
And a fragrance stirred to me,  
And I knew that I touched a rose,  
Although I could not see.

So, for your soul I would grope  
In the dark, if you were dead.  
As I knew the rose I would know  
Your soul and be comforted.

III

It seems sometimes that I have been  
    Upon an island far at sea,  
Shipwrecked, alone; and I have seen  
    White sails beyond the call of me,  
Have seen them pass—to what fair skies  
Beyond the hunger of my eyes?

IV

The dead may know! How can we say?  
So, when the tomb is over me,  
You who in life could never give  
The things that with the dead may live,  
Come all alone, and silently  
Give unto me at close of day  
A red rose for your lips I pressed  
So oft in dreams, and bending low,  
Give me a lily for your breast:  
The dead may know!

*Glenn Ward Dresbach*

REFUGEES

*Belgium—1914*

“Mother, the poplars cross the moon ;  
The road runs on, so white and far,  
We shall not reach the city soon :  
Oh, tell me where we are !”

“Have patience, patience, little son,  
And we shall find the way again :  
(God show me the untraveled one !  
God give me rest from men !)”

“Mother, you did not tell me why  
You hurried so to come away.  
I saw big soldiers riding by ;  
I should have liked to stay.”

“Hush, little man, and I will sing  
Just like a soldier, if I can—  
They have a song for everything.  
Listen, my little man !

“This is the soldiers’ marching song :  
We’ll play this is the village street—”  
“Yes, but this road is very long,  
And stones have hurt my feet.”

"Nay, little pilgrim, up with you!  
And yonder field shall be the town.  
I'll show you how the soldiers do  
Who travel up and down.

"They march and sing and march again,  
Not minding all the stones and dust:  
They go, (God grant me rest from men!)  
Forward, because they must."

"Mother, I want to go to sleep."  
"No, darling! Here is bread to eat!  
(O God, if thou couldst let me weep,  
Or heal my broken feet!)"

"THE LITTLE ROSE IS DUST, MY DEAR"

The little rose is dust, my dear;  
The elfin wind is gone  
That sang a song of silver words  
And cooled our hearts with dawn.

And what is left to hope, my dear,  
Or what is left to say?  
The rose, the little wind and you  
Have gone so far away.

*Grace Hazard Conkling*

WAR

There was a time  
When there was no war.  
Deep I look into that pool of memory  
And see the things I thought of then, the dreams I dreamed,  
Like strange corals at the bottom of the sea—  
Each, for being so far, so lost,  
Shining with a beauty past its own.  
They lie like jewels that have slipped into the ocean,  
Unattainable and gone;  
A moment of great sweetness, a day of great beauty, a dream,  
a longing, a happy chance.

Never shall I touch them again;  
Never, I believe, shall I see their like again  
In the dark horror of these days.

*Catherine Wells*

## CHARCOALS

### A MAN TO A DEAD WOMAN

A child half-sleepily piecing together bits of paper,  
I draw close the remnants of my mind.  
And when they are quite together, the lack of you blows  
    them apart.

My spirit, curving as a pliant, burdened tree,  
Sitting with your spirit, and plaiting the shadows of its hair,  
Does not see the child and his labors.

I do not know whether to be joy-white with my spirit,  
Or rent-gray with the blown remnants of my mind.

### THE CRUCIFIXION

Her body was flowing and close-woven—  
A slippery, whispering curtain which could not stop  
Streams of dim gleams behind it.  
One day with a long knife I cut a rent in the curtain:  
I saw a soul nailed to a cross—  
Slender, perfect-lipped, trying to laugh at its agony,  
Counting its spattering blood-drops amusedly.  
And somehow I could not find the sight dreadful.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THOUGHTS WHILE WALKING

A steel hush freezes the trees—  
It is my mind stretched to stiff lace  
And draped on high, wide thoughts.

My soul is a large sapless park,  
And people walk on it, as they do on the park before me.  
They numb my levelness with dumb feet—  
Yet I cannot even hate them.

STREETS

Rows of exact, streaked faces,  
Each afraid to be unlike the other,  
Recalling the rows of people I have bowed to.  
(O bare yellow houses, let me batter different shapes into you  
With cracked knuckles!)

Glass globes on signs and in shops, with a light not their own,  
Recalling the small souls that festoon the streets of my  
remembrance.

(Oh, let me place you between large thumbs  
And break you to showers of falling splinters and sparks.)



*The Steam Shovel*

THE STEAM-SHOVEL

There was an unsightly arm  
And a cupped hand with three crusted fingers.  
The hand sank into earth and bulged with it:  
Then swung aloft in sudden exaltation. . . .  
And the seamy, blotched man beside me said:  
"I've stood here for two hours watching that steam-shovel—  
Can't seem to get enough of it."

I stood for hours, but I did not see the shovel.  
I saw the man in smirched blue  
Jerking a rope at the precise moment  
When the laden hand dipped over a freight-car—  
His strained wet face, and his eyes pressed to specks.  
I saw the knotted-up man at the engine,  
His face dead and dented like old tin.  
(Life to him is the opening and closing of levers,  
And heavy sleep.)

When I walked away the two men were fixed paintings  
In the little art-gallery of my mind,  
Where portraits are weighed well before admitted. . . .  
The steam-shovel?—I had forgotten it.

*Maxwell Bodenheim*

ALONE

Ah, never in all my life  
Have I ever fled away  
From the loneliness that follows  
My spirit night and day!

Though I fly to the dearest face,  
It follows without rest—  
To the kind heart of love,  
And the beloved breast.

Though I walk amid the crowd,  
Still I walk apart;  
Alone, alone I lie  
Even at the loved one's heart.

SONG AT NIGHT

Under your window deep in the heart of the night,  
Something is crying under the starry sky,  
Between the going night and the growing light.  
It is I, it is I.

Under your window cries without quiet or rest  
Something that cries with the hurrying winds that cry  
For the You that sleeps deep in the heart of your breast.  
It is I, it is I.

BEETHOVEN

Behold the tormented and the fallen angel  
Wandering disconsolate the world along,  
That seeks to atone with inconsolable anguish  
For some old grievance, some remembered wrong;  
To storm heaven's iron gates with angry longing,  
And beat back homeward in a shower of song!

*John Hall Wheelock*

THE HOUSEMOTHER

They cling to the skirts of my spirit with their tiny, imperious clutch;  
With bonds of my love they enmesh me, woven close by their satin-soft touch.  
Not an hour of their clamorous waking they spare me the whole day through,  
Till the weight on my wings is an anguish, and I faint for the fetterless blue.  
Then, washed by the wild wind of freedom that sweeps from the heavenly steep,  
I swoop from the violet spaces to hover and bless them, asleep!

I bring him his wheat-bread and honey, I run for his sandals and staff.  
Though the day may have drained me, at evening I must still be his goblet to quaff.  
Dear despot of love, little recks he of vigils untamed that I keep—  
I, the server, who rise from my pillow, to watch him, fulfilled and asleep.  
Then I toss back the hair of my spirit, bare my feet for the heavenly streams,  
And range with him, lover and lover, hand in hand through the world of his dreams!

*Karle Wilson Baker*

## THE CHARWOMAN

She was grown old in misery and want;  
Her threads of life heckled by sordid need,  
Stretched taut by lack of love and woven plain  
And then by pain and fear worn very thin.  
One would not look for prettiness and grace  
In such a fabric!

Yet this charwoman,  
Dun and bedraggled though she surely seemed,  
By a brave miracle of God's good love,  
Is rich and sweet and lovely in my eyes.

Because I met the morning with a smile,  
Because I gave a pleasant kindly word,  
Which was small gift out of my happiness,  
For this, with utmost gracious courtesy,  
She touched her lips one morning to my hand.  
And my heart leaped in me to follow her!

## BIRTH

This was the blessing of his draught of power,  
And this the sudden ripple of her hope,  
And the swift current of their great desire,  
The eddying wonder of their silent hours,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The rising floodtide of her agony,  
The billowing beauty of the Infinite,  
Borne in, a miracle, upon the shallows  
Of their small, individual human lives.

Yet is it but a little human babe,  
Given at last into his reaching arms  
And carried to the hollow of her breast!

*Marguerite Wilkinson*

NOVEMBER SUN

Rain-softened, mellow  
Sunshine of waning November  
Dapples the apple-leaves russet and amber and yellow—  
Don't you remember?  
Trailing behind him  
Jocund red fungus-heads, why does he hide in December  
Where we can't find him?  
Changed to a frost-crimsoned, orange-faced, sleep-headed  
fellow—  
Blizzards behind him?

*J. C. Chadwick*

## SUNDAY MORNING

### I

Complacencies of the peignoir, and late  
Coffee and oranges in a sunny chair,  
And the green freedom of a cockatoo  
Upon a rug, mingle to dissipate  
The holy hush of ancient sacrifice.  
She dreams a little, and she feels the dark  
Encroachment of that old catastrophe,  
As a calm darkens among water-lights.  
The pungent oranges and bright, green wings  
Seem things in some procession of the dead,  
Winding across wide water, without sound.  
The day is like wide water, without sound,  
Stilled for the passing of her dreaming feet  
Over the seas, to silent Palestine,  
Dominion of the blood and sepulcher.

### II

She hears, upon that water without sound,  
A voice that cries, "The tomb in Palestine  
Is not the porch of spirits lingering;  
It is the grave of Jesus, where he lay."  
We live in an old chaos of the sun,  
Or old dependency of day and night,  
Or island solitude, unsponsored, free,  
Of that wide water, inescapable.  
Deer walk upon our mountains, and the quail

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Whistle about us their spontaneous cries;  
Sweet berries ripen in the wilderness;  
And, in the isolation of the sky,  
At evening, casual flocks of pigeons make  
Ambiguous undulations as they sink,  
Downward to darkness, on extended wings.

III

She says, "I am content when wakened birds,  
Before they fly, test the reality  
Of misty fields, by their sweet questionings;  
But when the birds are gone, and their warm fields  
Return no more, where, then, is paradise?"  
There is not any haunt of prophecy,  
Nor any old chimera of the grave,  
Neither the golden underground, nor isle  
Melodious, where spirits gat them home,  
Nor visionary South, nor cloudy palm  
Remote on heaven's hill, that has endured  
As April's green endures; or will endure  
Like her remembrance of awakened birds,  
Or her desire for June and evening, tipped  
By the consummation of the swallow's wings.

IV

She says, "But in contentment I still feel  
The need of some imperishable bliss."  
Death is the mother of beauty; hence from her,  
Alone, shall come fulfilment to our dreams



*Sunday Morning*

And our desires. Although she strews the leaves  
Of sure obliteration on our paths—  
The path sick sorrow took, the many paths  
Where triumph rang its brassy phrase, or love  
Whispered a little out of tenderness—  
She makes the willow shiver in the sun  
For maidens who were wont to sit and gaze  
Upon the grass, relinquished to their feet.  
She causes boys to bring sweet-smelling pears  
And plums in ponderous piles. The maidens taste  
And stray impassioned in the littering leaves.

V

Supple and turbulent, a ring of men  
Shall chant in orgy on a summer morn  
Their boisterous devotion to the sun—  
Not as a god, but as a god might be,  
Naked among them, like a savage source.  
Their chant shall be a chant of paradise,  
Out of their blood, returning to the sky ;  
And in their chant shall enter, voice by voice,  
The windy lake wherein their lord delights,  
The trees, like seraphim, and echoing hills,  
That choir among themselves long afterward.  
They shall know well the heavenly fellowship  
Of men that perish and of summer morn—  
And whence they came and whither they shall go,  
The dew upon their feet shall manifest.

*Wallace Stevens*

EDITORIAL COMMENT

A NATION-WIDE ART



URING my recent travels through our scenic West, I was moved to wonder what would be the ultimate effect upon our art and literature of those great heights and depths and spaces, those clear skies and living waters, those colors incredible and magnificent. For, in spite of a few pioneers, we have not yet taken possession of our inheritance, entered into our kingdom.

Mark Twain was the greatest of our continental adventurers, of course. His *Life on the Mississippi* is an epic of the great river which puts it on the map of art even as the *Iliad* placed Troy there, and *Don Quixote* Spain. With this book American literature crossed the Mississippi. But although its author, and Bret Harte and Mary Austin and other writers of tales, John Muir and other essayists, and to a far less degree a few poets, have given us episodic glimpses into the vast region beyond, revealed something of its drama and poetry and mystery, they have as yet but skirted the edges of the new domain.

But some day American poets will become aware of all this magnificence of nature, as English poets have been aware of the sea, and their art will be inspired to a new richness, a new spaciousness. Of course, the long eastward gazing of our artists—their obstinate residence in the Atlantic states, their more obstinate preoccupation with the arts and liter-

atures of feudal Europe—all this cannot last much longer. They will be forced out of their corners, their prejudices, by those hardy pioneers—steel rails, journalism, moving pictures, popular tales and songs, local festivals, world's fairs, clamorous cities. At last they will have to follow the people, obey the people's need of them. They will have to "go west," leaving Europe, and even New Europe, behind. And in that day our art, our literature, will cease to be provincial, will resume the continental habit which began with Whitman and Mark Twain.

Who can measure, for example, the future spiritual influence of the Grand Cañon of Arizona—the architectonic effect of its beauty of structural line and subtly harmonized color? Years ago I wrote—in the *Atlantic* for December, 1899:

It is as though to the glory of nature were added the glory of art; as though, to achieve her utmost, the proud young world had commanded architecture to build for her and color to grace the building. The irregular masses of mountains, cast up out of the molten earth in some primeval war of elements, bear no relation to these prodigious symmetrical edifices, mounted on abysmal terraces and harmoniously grouped to give form to one's dreams of heaven. The sweetness of green does not last forever, but these mightily varied purples are eternal. All that grows and moves must perish, while these silent immensities endure. Lovely and majestic beyond the cunning of human thought, the mighty monuments rise to the sun as lightly as clouds that pass. And forever glorious and forever immutable, they must rebuke man's pride with the vision of ultimate beauty, and fulfil earth's dream of rest after her work is done.

That journey took me across the strange desert in a stage-coach, and ended in a log shack at Grand View. This year

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

my sleeper brought me to sumptuous El Tovar, and Grand View, sixteen miles away, has been bought by Mr. William Randolph Hearst—doubtless for presentation to the people of the United States! Yet I was not content with the modern comforts: no longer was the Cañon mine alone—the world, whom I had invited, was there by the carload, the trainful, the million! Surely it was right, it must be—but my democracy was not equal to the strain. Oh, for a cave at Navajo Point, where never a tourist disturbs the solitude!—where, only ten years ago, I watched a thunderstorm stalk up and down the abyss, spreading a gray curtain behind the Temple of Vishnu that rose on purple terraces prodigious and sublime.

If the Cañon is not of this world—if it is, at one hour of the day or mood of the sky, a terraced Inferno of still fires, at another the crumbling capital of a dead planet, at another the New Jerusalem peopled by spirits of the blest—in the Yellowstone, in the Yosemite, we have this world in full joy, the old earth quickening her paces and singing for the dance. Nowhere else is she so alive—in the Yellowstone with fountains, in the Yosemite with cataracts. In the Yellowstone the prodigious variety of boiling waters shames the imagination. Out of the hot, dark earth they come—in pin-prick bubbles that sputter and spit, in little fairy fountains that spread their gauze over the rocks, in great geysers that spurt slowly out of their holes and then spring skyward on sparkling wings; and finally in the Giant, grandest of all, which darts up straight and tall as a sequoia, and plumes the

blue heavens with steam. And there are pools of every most brilliant hue, often shaped and dyed like flowers—hot blooms with stems to the hidden deeps of the earth. And at last, for a climax, the great Gorge, spread with color like the palette of God, sloping down vividly to the bright green river which foams into crystal far below.

The Yosemite was out of my range this year, but who that has once possessed its cliffs and cataracts can lose them? The valley means for me gleaming walls and domes of white granite, with great waters falling slenderly at every cleft; and the vast park above means flowery valleys between ranged white peaks, it means long tramps beside foaming rivers, nights under the pines, days of mountain trails over rocks and snow. One day, climbing out of the valley, I stopped for two hours under Upper Yosemite Fall, listening to its shout of triumph as it plunged sixteen hundred feet over the cliff. It was like a young Greek god poised white and tall against the rock, summoning snow-spirits from the heights to fill the air with wings.

Each of the falls has its own character. Bridal Veil is a wraith whose scarf of lace the wind spreads wide. Illillouette is a dancer, with foamy feet free as air. Nevada is a princess, white-fingered, leaping into the sturdy arms of Vernal, who shouts as he carries her to his cave.

But if I talked of Lac Léman and the Matterhorn more of my readers would follow me. Some day all this glory will belong to all the world. Who will be its interpreters to the world—our poets and artists, or our journalists, photograph-

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

ers, movies? Centuries ago the Egyptian desert inspired its people with an art so expressive that we still cherish it: who will meet the challenge of Arizona—a desert more varied, more richly painted, and cut to its granite heart with cañons? What poet will dare drink his nectar from the glacier, and seek out Alaska, smiling her brief summer smile between icebergs?

When we make these things our own, in spirit and truth, our art will cross the seas, and our poems be on all men's tongues.

H. M.

A POET'S DECLARATION OF RIGHTS

We have each a right to four lives. No one has the right to more or less than that.

The first life we have a right to is the life of work. Thankless grinding—that is what it comes to. It is cramming an engine each day with its fuel, so that it may go on grinding out something that is convertible into more fuel for its strength.

The second life we have a right to is the life of thought. How many steps in advance, and hurried retreats to the rear, must we have before we can attain to this life! How few really care to attain to it at all! For thought brings not peace, but a sword.

Our third right is the life of feeling and experience. Are we afraid of this life? Then let us turn from the arms that

*A Poet's Declaration of Rights*

cradled us and the breasts we sucked, for without feeling and experience, life is a void of living death.

Our fourth right is the life of creation. Out of all these other lives it springs, and it is greater than them all, for it looks beyond them.

We have each the right to these four lives. These are our rights and we must fight for them, for none are easy to attain. Yet no one has any right to more or less than these.

Only when we have attained them all can we become complete men and women. And when we have attained them for all men and women we shall be neither socialists nor supermen, but human beings, knowing and understanding humanity.

*John Gould Fletcher*

## REVIEWS

### JAPANESE POETRY

*The Spirit of Japanese Poetry*, by Yone Noguchi. E. P. Dutton & Co.

*Japanese Lyrics*, translated by Lafcadio Hearn. Houghton-Mifflin Co.

Japanese poetry, because of its brevity, is sometimes considered ephemeral and slight, even trivial—like those little Japanese gardens which the westerner appreciates as a toy, but whose deeper significance as a small mirror or reflection of nature is concealed from him.

Japanese poetry is never explanatory, its method is wholly suggestive; yet in its power to evoke associations, or to appeal

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

to the imagination, it is profound rather than trivial. Brevity is occasioned by intensity. Nor is the effect of the Japanese *hokku* at all similar to that of the epigram as commonly conceived, which, like the serpent with its tail in its mouth, is a closed circle. As Mr. Noguchi says:

Although my understanding of that word (epigram) is not necessarily limited to the thought of pointed saying, I may not be much mistaken to compare the word with a still, almost dead, pond where thought or fancy, nay the water, hardly changes or procreates itself. The real *hokkus* are a running living water of poetry where you can reflect yourself to find your own identification.

In this little book Mr. Noguchi gives us many unintentional examples of the *hokku* in his way of expressing his thought; there is no dead phrasing. This in itself is a *hokku* in spirit:

A great *hokku* poem never makes us notice its limitation of form, but rather impresses us by the freedom through mystery of its chosen language, as if a sea-crossing wind blown in from a little window.

To appreciate Japanese poetry we must identify ourselves as much as possible with the vision of the Japanese poet and artist—the two arts are more intimately connected in the Japanese mind than with us. “The ancient sages said that a poem is a painting without visual shape, and a painting is poetry put into form.” To understand the deeper significance of Japanese poetry, indeed, we must go back to its foundations in the body of art and poetry produced during the Sung dynasty in China under the influence of Zen Buddhism—“this gentle Zen doctrine, which holds man and nature to be two parallel sets of characteristic forms between which



perfect sympathy prevails." We can then understand why, although we speak of Japanese poetry as suggestive, the word is not used, as in connection with certain French symbolist poets, to denote vagueness.

The following passage from Ernest Fenollosa's *Epochs of Chinese and Japanese Art* gives us more than a glimpse into the mind of the Zen poet:

That such a doctrine (The Zen) should become a powerful adjunct of poetry . . . is due to its keen perception of analogies. All real poetry is just this underground perception of organic relation between things which custom classifies as different. This principle lies at the very root of the enlargement of vocabulary in primitive languages. Nature was so plastic and transparent to the eye of early man that what we call metaphor flashed upon him as a spiritual identity to be embodied at once in language in poetry and in myth. Zen only tried to get back to that primitive *éclaircissement*. A word, like a thing, means as much as you can see into it, and therefore lights up with a thousand chameleon-like shadings, which, of later days, only the poet knows how to use with a hint of the original color. So in Chinese poetry every character has at least two shades of meaning, its natural and its spiritual, or the image and its metaphorical range. In Chinese poetry we find extreme condensation, for every word is packed with thought. Hence, also, the parallelism goes on to couplets or stanzas, contrasted in their apparent, yet unlike in their real meanings.

It is clear, too, that such a doctrine must have a still more powerful influence over art. When Sung went to nature with *Zen*, it practically declared for landscape painting, a form that before had been used in art only sporadically. Sung and Tang are, *par excellence*, the epochs of landscape art, not only for China, but for the world. No such apotheosis of landscape has ever been vouchsafed to the west. Even in landscape poetry we ought to notice the lateness as well as the thinness of the stream that began to flow with Wordsworth. The Wordsworth of China lived more than a thousand years ago, and the idealistic "intimations" to which the English bard somewhat timidly gave a platonic form only hinted at, instead of unfolding, a system.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The sounding cataract "haunted him like a passion," but what did it say to him? In our landscape art we were long satisfied with pretty backgrounds for saints; and even in Dutch landscape it was rather the peaceful suburbs of cities, or the rustic life of farms that greets us, not the free forms of nature in its violence and creative motion. The truth is that all through the Middle Ages the dualistic view of nature—wild nature—was essentially evil; the horror of grand rocks and lonely valleys, the hostility of matter to the heaven-directed human spirit, delayed the European perception of beauty in mountains and storms until the nineteenth century.

I do not know enough of the Japanese language to realize how much of the music or rhythm of the original may be lost in translation. Mr. Noguchi says, "When our Japanese poetry is best, it is, let me say, a searchlight or flash of thought or passion cast on a moment of life and nature, which, by virtue of its intensity, leads us to the conception of the whole; it is swift, discontinuous, an isolated piece." And I feel sure that the vivid sense of the originals is conveyed extremely well in many of the translations given by Mr. Noguchi and Lafcadio Hearn. Both translators are intelligent enough not to mar the effect of the original by attempting to recast it in rhyme and metre. It is interesting sometimes to see how the two men have translated the same poem. This, for instance, is a popular song of which the first version is Hearn's and the second Noguchi's:

Things never changed since the time of the gods—  
The flowing of water, the way of love.

What does never change,  
Since the days of the gods,  
Is the way how a river runs:  
What does never change

Since the days of the gods,  
Is the way how love flows.

The two following *hokkus*, which I cannot forbear quoting for the sake of the vivid pleasure they convey, recall Mallarmé's direction: "To be instituted, a relation between images, exact; and that therefrom should detach itself a third aspect, fusible and clear, offered to the divination."

When I saw the fallen flower return to the branch—  
lo!—it was only a butterfly.

The second is a lament of a mother for her child:

The hunter of dragon-flies,  
To-day how far away  
May he have gone!

If the ideal of Japanese poetry, through its more intimate connection with the visual image, may have tended towards concentration and brevity, our western poetry may have tended towards verbosity through its greater dependence upon vocal rhythm—its greater inter-relation with music, with sound. The roots of the matter go back to the genesis of the two languages, one phonetic and the other ideographic, which it is impossible to do more than mention here. Mr. Noguchi, in explaining the nature of Japanese poetry, perforce contrasts it with English poetry, and his remarks are sometimes illuminating:

I come always to the conclusion that the English poets waste too much energy in "words, words, words," and make, doubtless with all good intentions, their inner meaning frustrate, at least less distinguished, simply from the reason that its full liberty to appear naked is denied. . . . My Japanese opinion, shaped by heredity, impulse and education, was terribly shattered quite many years ago when Edwin Markham's *The Man with a Hoe*

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

made a furore in the American press. I exclaimed: "What! You say it is poetry? How is it possible?" It appeared to me to be a cry from the socialist platform rather than a poem; I hope I do not offend the author if I say that it was the American journalist whose mind of curiosity always turns, to use a Japanese expression, to making billows rise from the ground. . . . Before Edwin Markham there was Whittier, who sent out editorial volleys under the guise of poetry; it is not too much to say, I dare think, that *An American Anthology*, by Mr. Stedman, would look certainly better if it were reduced to one hundred pages from its eight hundred; we are bewildered to see so many poet-journalists perfectly jammed in the pages. One cannot act contrary to education; we are more or less the creation of tradition and circumstance. It was the strength of the old Western poets, particularly Americans, that they preached, theorized, and moralized, besides singing in their own days; but when I see that our Japanese poetry was never troubled by Buddhism or Confucianism [as such], I am glad here to venture that the Western poet would be better off by departing from Christianity, social reform and what not. . . .

I deem it one of the literary fortunes, a happy happening but not an achievement, that till quite recently our Japanese poetry was never annoyed, fatigued, tormented by criticism. . . . What I am thankful for is that it has never degenerated into mere literature; when the Western poetry is in the hand, so to say, of men of letters, the greatest danger will be found in the fact that they are often the prey of publication; it is true that the Western poets, minor or major, or what not, have had always the thought of printing from early date till today. . . . I have seen so many poets who only live between the covers and die when the ink fades away.

I have quoted these passages because I think the impression made upon the mind of a Japanese by our poetry assists us in forming our own conception of Japanese poetry.

Considering the importance of the oriental influence upon all western art of the last half century, an influence that is only now, curiously enough, beginning to make itself felt in

our literature, it is highly necessary that our conception of Japanese and Chinese poetry should be based upon a wider knowledge of originals. In a sense this widening of artistic boundaries is only a part of that general internationalizing of thought which many people hope will be, however indirectly, the one truly lasting victory of the European conflict. We need not venture to say what English poetry may gain from a possible infusion of oriental influence. It has gained much in the past from many derivative sources, all of which have contributed their share of richness and beauty to English verse. It is a mistake to judge poetry, even English poetry, as one critic recently insisted, only by English standards of comparison. We have yet to realize, as Ernest Fenellosa says, how much the alien is at the root of the national. Here in America influences pour in upon us from both sides. We may yet become the melting-pot of the arts, as well as of races.

For the student of comparative poetry, Yone Noguchi's little book will serve as a key to a vast store-house of treasure. The Japanese lyrics, translated by Lafcadio Hearn and reprinted conveniently in a single volume, have been selected from his many essays on the subject. So much is lost, however, of the fine flavor of Hearn's personal scholarship, that I think certain selections from the essays themselves should have been retained, or at least that a reference list of the essays from which the poems were taken should have been given.

*A. C. H.*

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

MASEFIELD ON SYNGE

*John M. Synge: a Few Personal Recollections with Biographical Notes*, by John Masefield. Limited Edition: Macmillan.

John Synge was, and is, one of those ideal and romantic figures about whom controversy does not flourish but on whom the imagination loves to linger. There was no paradox in Synge, no inconsistency to puzzle or illuminate. He was an artist—an artist with none of that admixture of the man of the world which is not uncommon among artists who are also men of letters, and none of the priest or the prophet or the pedagogue—a character too simple to explain. Mr. Masefield, who was perhaps as close an intimate as Synge had in his later years, is one to sympathize with Synge's pleasure in all that is "wild" in life, and shares with his subject that love of phrases which is so like the artist's love of line and so opposite to the mob's satisfaction in catchwords. It is a rare thing in our day, if not in any day, to find a voluntary vagabond and a genuine craftsman in the same person. Mr. Masefield feels it is a fine thing; especially when the man is not interested in politics or religion, or, indeed, in ideas of any sort but only in life. He records that Synge's talk was "all about men and women, and what they did and what they said when life excited them," and on the same page calls him "the perfect companion." He emphasizes the fact that Synge was a spectator and a listener, seldom a par-

ticipant or a talker. Is it not curious that the favorite author of such a man should have been Racine?

By far the greater part of Synge's work is in the form of plays. But what these could possibly owe to Racine is a mystery. They are the work of a man with a deep vein of irony, a malicious insight into life; but above everything else they are the work of a poet. *Riders to the Sea* is a poem; and, for the matter of that, so is *The Playboy of the Western World*.

But Mr. Masefield remarks that the few short poems reveal the Synge he knew more directly than the plays. By this I think he means that the poems are the most intimate, personal confession that this singularly quiet man ever made. They are, indeed, personal. They give us little touches of his life as he lived it in Paris, hoarding his sack of coals; or in Wicklow, walking the roads; or in the Arran Islands fiddling for a dance. And they give, too, that most poignant epitaph prepared for a day that Synge knew to be not far distant:

With Fifteen-ninety or Sixteen-sixteen  
We end Cervantes, Marot, Nashe or Green;  
Then Sixteen-thirteen till two score and nine,  
Is Crashaw's niche, that honey-lipped divine.  
And so when all my little work is done  
They'll say I came in Eighteen-seventy-one,  
And died in Dublin. What year will they write  
For my poor passage to the stall of Night?

The poems have, too, that love of the flavor of all that is "wild," the austere phrasing, and the restraint, characteristic of the man and of the plays. *Lucian Cary*

IN MEMORIAM

Since our last number went to press, death has hushed the voice of Remy de Gourmont, the distinguished French poet and man of letters who contributed two brief poems, *Je n'aime plus* and *La Vasque*, and an article on *French Poets and the War*, to POETRY last January.

M. de Gourmont, dying at fifty-seven, is best known as a prose writer of curious, enigmatical and beautiful works; but he has published a small volume of verse, *Divertissements*, and remarkable experiments in prose-poetry, like *Les Litanies de la Rose*, quoted with admiration in our pages.

As a critic—of literature, morals, institutions and life—he is perhaps most eminent; every intellectual person is bound to read sooner or later his *L'Idéalisme*, *La Culture des Idées*, *Le Latin Mystique*, *Le Livre des Masques*, and other works of penetrating intelligence. Add to these his numerous novels, short stories, plays, translations from old French, Spanish and Latin, and his poetry, and you have evidence of one of the most catholic minds of his time, one whose motto is best expressed in his own words: *Ne laissons pas mourir la tradition des libres esprits*.

A more recent lamentable death is that of a young American poet, Alan Seeger, a member of the Foreign Legion who was killed in the trenches. A year or more ago he volunteered because "Paris was in peril; . . . the old haunts were desolate, the boon companions gone—it was unthinkable to leave the danger to them and accept only the pleasures oneself."



*In Memoriam*

Seeger's article in the *New Republic* of May 22nd, from which the above sentence is quoted, seemed to me at the time the best brief presentation of a modern idealist's plea for war which I had ever read. Profoundly mistaken as I think it—"mediaeval guff" a Chicago lawyer called it with precise exactness—yet this time-honored belief in "the sublimity of war" is sanctified by so many young lives, as many heroic deaths, that the world, struck to the heart, hesitates too long to give it up, and recognize war as a brutal and insane debauchery.

The death of this young poet in his neighbor's quarrel is one more heroic sacrifice to Moloch, one more note of beauty in the glamour.

*H. M.*

## OUR CONTEMPORARIES

### AUTUMN LEAVES FROM ENGLAND

Little serial leaflets are an adventure of poets in war-ridden England today. We advise our readers to subscribe for all of them; they cost but a few pennies apiece, or two or three shillings for a series, now, and some day a few at least may be precious "first editions." And the art in England needs fostering if it is not to be crushed under the heels of war.

We have, for example, the *Poets' Translation Series*, reprints from *The Egoist* of translations of the less familiar Greek and Latin poetry and prose—"literature which has too long been the property of pedagogues—its human qualities

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

obscured by the wranglings of grammarians, who love it principally because it is so safe and dead."

But to poets "it is not dead, but more alive, more essential, than anything we can find in contemporary English literature." And the new translations "will be done by poets, whose interest in their authors will be neither conventional nor frigid, and who will take no concern with glosses, notes or any of the apparatus with which learning smothers beauty."

The first number has just reached us, Mr. Aldington's translation of the surviving poems—all from the *Anthology*—of Anyte of Tegea, whom Antipater of Thessalonika called "the woman-Homer." The translator's fitness for his labor of love can hardly be challenged, and the beauty of his texts is indicated by these two poems:

A SOLDIER

The earth of Lydia holds Amyntor, Philip's son; he gained many things in iron battle.  
No sickness led him to the house of night; he died, holding his round shield before his friend.

THE HE-GOAT

Watch the horned he-goat of Bromios, how proud are the fierce eyes in his shaggy head!  
He is proud because as they go together over the hills Nais holds in her hand a lock of hair on his cheek.

For the other numbers: Edward Storer has translated most of the fragments, old and new, of Sappho, H. D. choruses from the *Rhesos* of Euripides, Richard Aldington certain Latin poems of the Italian Renaissance, James Whitall the poems of Leonidas of Tarentum, and F. S. Flint the

*Autumn Leaves from England*

*Mosella* of Ausonius. And all six numbers may be had, post-paid, by sending fifty cents to the *London Egoist!*

Another set of six leaflets, which began in October, is announced by D. H. Lawrence as "a small fortnightly journal called *The Signature*," the subscription for the six being three shillings, or seventy-five cents, to be sent to 12 Fisher Street, Southampton Row, London W. C. Mr. Lawrence writes: "Will you take it, and get one or two friends to take it?—not for the money's sake, but for the spirit which is struggling in it." And he adds: "How is poetry going in America? There is none in England: the muse has gone, like the swallows in winter. This is the real winter of the spirit in England—we are just preparing to come to fast grips with the war."

A third set of leaflets is *Loose Leaves*, in which Edward Storer issues his verse and prose from time to time. No. I is a series of delicate prose poems, *The Country Walk*; No. II is a brief suggestive essay on *The Case of the Modern Artist*, which we may return to later; and No. III is *Helen*, the one-act play, or rather, dramatic essay in poetic prose, which was first printed in *Poetry and Drama*. *Helen* bears, perhaps, the same relation to drama which posturing bears to the dance; in it Paris, Helen and Menelaus pass slowly, stately, across the stage, uttering the rich speech of a modern poet who has thought out their destiny for them.

The first series of eight numbers may be had for seventy-five cents from the author at 12 Harper Street, London, W. C.

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS

Once a year it becomes the agreeable duty of the editors and Advisory Committee of POETRY to award one or more prizes. This year we shall have the pleasure of awarding three. In addition to the Levinson prize of two hundred dollars, two guarantors, who wish to be nameless, have requested us to honor two other poets of our third year with prizes of one hundred and of fifty dollars. The Levinson prize must go to a citizen of the United States, but the two other prizes are offered without such restriction.

The jury feels that there is a certain presumption in offering and awarding a prize for the "best poem," since no jury can pass final judgment; and that it will be in better taste, and perhaps in the end more truthful, to omit the word "best" from our offers and awards in the future. The prizes will continue to be given, naturally, for the poems, or groups of poems, which seem to the jury the most worthy of the honor; but we shall not assume to rob Father Time of his prerogative by deciding which are "the best." Our prizes are awarded in the same spirit which art juries aim at in making the numerous and munificent awards at the annual exhibitions in our large cities: they express the admiration of fellow-artists for work of superior quality, but they do not express infallible or irrevocable judgment.

In this spirit, then, we award the three prizes so generously offered for the encouragement of the art. Works of members of the jury are ineligible, including this year *Old*

*Announcement of Awards*

*Songs for New* by Alice Corbin (Mrs. Henderson), *Poems* by Miss Edith Wyatt, *Poems* by Mr. Ezra Pound, and *Mountain Poems* by Miss Monroe. Other exemptions are: Miss Amy Lowell withdraws her poems from the prize competition; *Metal Checks*, by Miss Louise Driscoll, has been judged ineligible because it received the war-poem prize; Mr. Carl Sandburg may not again compete for the Levinson prize because he received it last year; and death has removed from competition poems by Rupert Brooke, Madison Cawein and Remy de Gourmont.

The HELEN HAIRE LEVINSON PRIZE of two hundred dollars, offered by Mr. Salmon O. Levinson, of Chicago, for a poem, or group of poems, by a citizen of the United States, published by POETRY during its third year—October, 1914, to September, 1915—is awarded to

MR. VACHEL LINDSAY

of Springfield, Illinois, for his poem, *The Chinese Nightingale*, published in the February number.

The prize of one hundred dollars, offered by a guarantor for a poem, or group of poems, published by POETRY during its third year, is awarded to

MISS CONSTANCE LINDSAY SKINNER

of New York, for her group of poems, *Songs of the Coast-dwellers*, published in October, 1914.

The prize of fifty dollars, similarly offered by a guarantor, is awarded to

"H. D." (MRS. RICHARD ALDINGTON)

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

of London, England, for her *Poems*, published in the March number.

Besides the above prize-winners, the jury desires to mention with special honor *Nineteen-fourteen*, by Rupert Brooke, the three war sonnets published in the April number, just before the young poet's death. And the following poems also are given honorable mention:

*The Syrian Lover in Exile Remembers Thee, Light of My Land*, by Ajan Syrian (June).

*Silence*, by Edgar Lee Masters (February).

*The Love-song of J. Alfred Prufrock*, by T. S. Eliot (June).

*Polonius and the Ballad Singers*, by Padraic Colum (July).

*The New World: Passages from a Poem*, by Witter Bynner (April).

*Metal Checks*, by Louise Driscoll (November).

*Liadian to Curithir*, by Moireen Fox (March).

*The Bird and the Tree*, by Ridgely Torrence (April).

*Venus Transiens*, by Amy Lowell (April).

*Grief and Memories*, by D. H. Lawrence (December).

*Like Him Whose Spirit and Meeting*, by Arthur Davison Ficke (March).

*Haunted Reaping*, by Leyland Huckfield (July).

*La Rue de la Montagne Sainte Gèneviève*, by Dorothy Dudley (June).

*The Temple*, by Lee Wilson Dodd (January).

*Phases*, by Wallace Stevens (November).

*Rain at Night*, by Helen Hoyt (August).

*Announcement of Awards*

*Annie Shore and Johnnie Doon*, by Patrick Orr (January).

*A Statue in a Garden*, by Agnes Lee (October).

*Harp of the Wind*, by Frances Shaw (July).

*Sub Terra*, by William Carlos Williams (May).

*Post Annos*, by James Branch Cabell (August).

THE HELEN HAIRE LEVINSON PRIZE of two hundred dollars will be continued under the same conditions as before for POETRY'S fourth year; also the prize of one hundred dollars offered anonymously by a guarantor. In addition to these, Mrs. Julius Rosenwald has offered a prize of one hundred dollars, the conditions of which will be announced next month.

Last month we announced a prize of one hundred dollars, donated by the Players' Producing Company, of Chicago, for a one-act play in metrical verse or *vers libre*; the play to be American in subject or substance, and to be actable.

Decision is to be made by the staff of POETRY and the donor, who reserve the right to withhold the prize if no suitable plays come in. The prize-winner will be published in the magazine, and the Players' Producing Company will have the acting rights, customary royalties being given.

Plays must be received at this office before Feb. 1, 1916. The manuscript must not be signed, but a sealed envelope must accompany it, containing the title, the name of the author, and a stamped self-addressed envelope for return.

We continue to urge the permanent endowment of prizes and scholarships in this art, corresponding to such endowments in the other arts. Poetry is the worst paid of all the

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

arts, and no Fund, or Foundation, or University, or American Academy in Rome, or other institution, offers scholarships, or foreign travel, or anything else, to young poets. As yet POETRY'S prizes—and two of fifty dollars offered for "the best lyrics" by our local contemporary, *The Trimmed Lamp*—are the only ones in sight. May they "breed competitors!"

H. M. (for the Jury)

NOTES

Mr. Edgar Lee Masters, of Chicago, is the author of *The Spoon River Anthology* (Macmillan), besides earlier books of verse, prose plays, essays, etc. His new book of poems will soon be published by Macmillan.

Grace Hazard Conkling (Mrs. Roscoe P.), of Northampton, Mass., has just published, in the *New Poetry Series* (Houghton Mifflin Co.) *Afternoons in April*, which includes her *Symphony of a Mexican Garden*, from POETRY'S first number.

Mr. John Hall Wheelock, of New York, author of *The Beloved Adventure* and *Love and Liberation* (Scribner), has also appeared before in POETRY. Likewise Karle Wilson Baker (Mrs. Thos. E.), of Nacogdoches, Texas, who has contributed much verse to magazines under the name of Charlotte Wilson. Other familiar contributors are Dorothy Dudley (Mrs. Henry B. Harvey) and Mr. Maxwell Bodenheim, both young poets of Chicago who have not yet published a volume; and Mr. Wallace Stevens, of New York, who was introduced by POETRY a year ago.

Of the poets new to our readers, Marguerite Wilkinson (Mrs. James G.), of Coronado, Cal., is the author of *In Vivid Gardens*, *By a Western Wayside*, and *The Passing of Mars*, a "modern morality play" in blank verse which has just been published by the author.

Mr. Glenn Ward Dresbach, a young poet of Tyrone, New Mexico, has published little as yet.



Catherine Wells (Mrs. H. G. Wells), of London, the wife of the novelist, has written short stories, but little verse as yet. Miss J. C. Chadwick is also an English poet.

## ANNOUNCEMENT OF NEW BOOKS

*We wish to call the attention of our readers to the following new books of verse, and of essays, biographies, etc., on our subject, issued this autumn in this country and Great Britain:*

*Original Verse:*

- THE NEW POETRY SERIES:** *New Poems*, by Josephine Preston Peabody; *Afternoons in April*, by Grace Hazard Conkling; *Interflow*, by Geoffrey C. Faber. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
- Rivers to the Sea*, by Sara Teasdale. *Vision of War*, by Lincoln Colcord. *The Song of Hugh Glass*, by John G. Neihardt. *The Pilgrim Kings: Greco and Goya and Other Poems of Spain*, by Thomas Walsh. (Macmillan Co.)
- Poems*, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. *Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke*, with portrait and biographical Introduction by Margaret Harington. *The House That Was, and other Poems*, by Benjamin R. C. Low. (John Lane Co.)
- Brontë Poems*, by Charlotte, Emily, Anne and Branwell Brontë, with Introduction by A. C. Benson. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- The Rose Jar*, by Thomas S. Jones, Jr. *A Handful of Lavender*, by Lizette Woodworth Reese. *The Rose from the Ashes*, by Edith M. Thomas. (Thos. B. Mosher.)
- The Laughing Muse*, by Arthur Guiterman. *Poems*, by Dana Burnet. (Harper & Bros.)
- The Jew to Jesus, and other Poems*, by Florence Kiper Frank. (Mitchell Kennerley.)
- Advent Songs*, by Simon N. Patten. *Songs to Save a Soul*, by Irene Rutherford McLeod. (B. W. Huebsch.)
- Sappho in Levkas, and other poems*, by Wm. Alex. Percy. (Yale Univ. Press.)
- The Lord of Misrule*, by Alfred Noyes. (F. A. Stokes Co.)
- The Factories and other Lyrics*, by Margaret Widdemer. (John C. Winston Co.)

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

- Images, Old and New*, by Richard Aldington. *Horizons*, by Robert Alden Sanborn. *The English Tongue and Other Poems*, by Lewis Worthington Smith. *The Tragedy*, by Gilbert Moyle. (Four Seas Co.)
- Songs of the Fields*, by Francis Ledwidge, with Introd. by Lord Dunsany. (Duffield & Co.)
- Ashes and Sparks*, by Richard Wightman. (Century Co.)
- One Wish, and Other Poems of Love and Life*, by Sara Beaumont Kennedy. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)
- Songs of the Workaday World*, by Berton Braley. (Geo. H. Doran.)
- New Rubaiyat from a Southern Garden*, by George F. Viett. (Sturgis & Walton Co.)

*Poetic Drama:*

- The Faithful*, by John Masefield. (Macmillan Co.)
- The Cloister*, by Emile Verhaeren. *Red Wine of Rousillon*, by Wm. Lindsey. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
- Armageddon*, an epic drama on the war, by Stephen Phillips. (John Lane Co.)
- The Hostage (L'Otage)* by Paul Claudel, trans. by Clara Bell, with Introd. by Pierre Chavannes. (Yale Univ. Press.)
- Iphigenia in Tauris*, by Witter Bynner. (Mitchell Kennerley.)

*Biography and Criticism:*

- Six French Poets*: Emile Verhaeren, Albert Samain, Remy de Gourmont, Henri de Regnier, Francis Jammes and Paul Fort, by Amy Lowell. *John M. Synge: A Few Personal Recollections with Biographical Notes*, by John Masefield. *A Reverie of Childhood and Youth*, by W. B. Yeats. (Macmillan Co.)
- Letters from America*, by Rupert Brooke, with Introd. by Henry James.
- Ivory Apes and Peacocks* (including articles on Walt Whitman and various later poets) by James Huneker. (Chas. Scribner's Sons.)
- Old Japanese Dramas*, by Asataro Mityamori. (G. P. Putman's Sons.)
- Maurice Maeterlinck*—a critical study, by Una Taylor. *W. B. Yeats*—a critical study, by Forrest Reid. (Dodd, Mead & Co.)
- Contemporary Belgian Literature*, by Jethro Bithell. (F. A. Stokes Co.)

*New Books*

- Browning, How to Know Him*, by William Lyon Phelps. (Bobbs-Merrill Co.)
- Rudyard Kipling*—a critical study, by Cyril Falls. (Mitchell Kennerley.)
- Rudyard Kipling*, by John Palmer. (Henry Holt & Co.)
- Charles Baudelaire—his Life*, by Théophile Gautier; trans. by Guy Thorne. (Brentano's.)
- The Story of Yone Noguchi*, told by himself. (George W. Jacobs & Co.)
- The Life and Times of Tennyson*, by Thomas R. Lounsbury, L.L.D. (Yale Univ. Press.)
- Reprints, Translations and Anthologies:*
- The Little Book of American Poets*, edited by Jessie B. Rittenhouse. *The Quiet Hour*, edited by Fitzroy Carrington. (Houghton Mifflin Co.)
- Complete Poetical Works of Robert Browning*. New Globe Edition, with additional poems first published in 1914. (Macmillan Co.)
- Anthology of Modern Anglo-Irish Verse*. Edited by Padric Gregory. (Maunsel & Co.)
- The Book of Irish Poetry*, edited by Alfred Perceval Graves. (F. A. Stokes Co.)
- The Sanskrit Poems of Mayura*, by G. Payne Quackenbos. (Columbia Univ. Press.)
- The Poems of Giacomo da Lentino*, edited by E. F. Langley. (Harvard Univ. Press.)
- War Poems, and Other Translations*, by Lord Curzon of Kedleston. *Belgian Patriotic Poems*, by Emile Cammaerts, trans. by Tita Brand-Cammaerts. (John Lane Co.)
- Welsh Poems and Ballads*, by George Borrow, with Introduction by Ernest Rhys: limited edition. (G. P. Putnam's Sons.)
- American Poets on Browning*, edited by W. S. Braithwaite, with introductory essay by Henry Van Dyke. (Four Seas Co.)
- The House of Birth, an Anthology of Parent Love*, compiled by Marion Cummings Stanley. (Mitchell Kennerley.)
- Ancient English Christmas Carols, 1400 to 1700*, compiled by Edith Rickert. (Duffield and Co.)
- The Home Book of Verse*, compiled by Burton E. Stevenson: new edition in 8 vols. (Henry Holt & Co.)
- Cowboy Songs and other Frontier Ballads*, edited by John A. Lomax: new edition with additions. (Sturgis & Walton Co.)

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

BOOKS RECEIVED

*Original Verse:*

- Vision of War*, by Lincoln Colcord. Macmillan.  
*Prohibition Poems and Other Verse*, by Frank E. Herrick.  
Bretheren Publishing House, Elgin, Ill.  
*Youth*, by Isaac Rosenberg. Privately printed.  
*Collected Poems*, by Conde Benoist Pallen. P. J. Kennedy &  
Sons, New York.  
*Brontë Poems, Edited, with an Introduction*, by Arthur C. Ben-  
son. G. P. Putman's Sons, New York.  
*Poems*, by Gilbert K. Chesterton. John Lane Co.  
*Afternoons of April*, by Grace Hazard Conkling. Houghton  
Mifflin Co.  
*Songs of the Workaday World*, by Berton Braley. Geo. H.  
Doran Co., New York.  
*Stray Gold, A Rambler's Clean-up*, by Ralph Graham Taber. St.  
Paul Book & Stationery Co.  
*The Factories, with Other Lyrics*, by Margaret Widdemer. John  
C. Winston Co., Philadelphia.  
*Interflow*, by Geoffrey C. Faber. Houghton Mifflin Co.  
*Rivers to the Sea*, by Sara Teasdale. Macmillan.  
*New Poems*, by Arthur K. Sabin. The Temple Sheen Press, East  
Sheen, Surrey, England.

*Drama:*

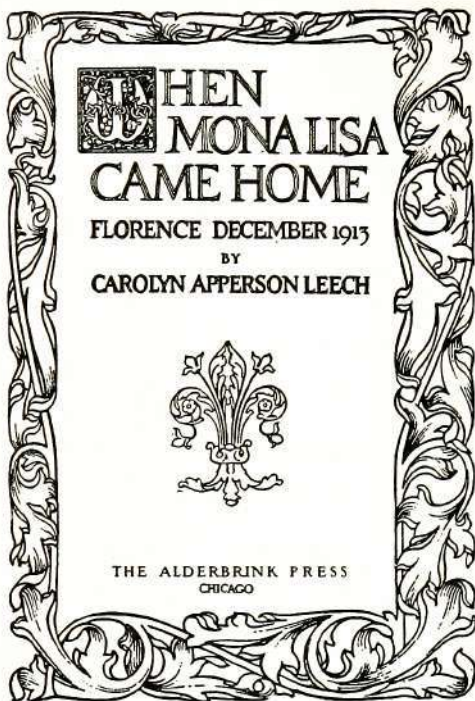
- The Judge*, by Louis James Block. The Gorham Press, Boston.  
*The Passing of Mars: A Modern Morality Play*, by Marguerite  
Wilkinson. Privately printed.

*Anthologies and Collections:*

- The Quiet Hour*: Selected and arranged by Fitzroy Carrington.  
Houghton Mifflin Co.  
*Shakespeare Love Book*: Compiled by Agnes Caldwell Way.  
Richard G. Badger.

*Prose:*

- Tales From Old Japanese Dramas*, by Asataro Miyamori. G. P.  
Putman's Sons.



### **A New and Amplified Edition**

"Into this little volume of somewhat less than twenty pages a mood is wrought which traces like a golden thread the magic of an event that illumines to radiance, the temperament and the idealism of the Italian people." International Studio.

Printed on Canterbury Old Style paper. Bound in decorative cover in gold and blind stamp. Illustrated.

**Use This Book as a Christmas Gift**

Price, 75c, postage 10c.

**RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR, 1025 Fine Arts Bldg., Chicago**

— **AMY LOWELL'S New Book** —

# Six French Poets

Studies in  
Contemporary Literature

***Emile Verhaeren***

***Albert Samain***

***Remy de Gourmont***

***Henri de Régnier***

***Francis Jammes***

***Paul Fort***

*By the author of "Sword  
Blades and Poppy Seed;"  
"A Dome of Many-  
Coloured Glass," etc.*

Written by one of  
the foremost living  
American poets,  
this is the first book  
in English contain-  
ing a careful and  
minute study, with

translations, of the famous writers of one of  
the greatest epochs in French poetry.

*Price \$2.00*

**THE MACMILLAN COMPANY**

Publishers

New York

# The MOSHER BOOKS

## Lyra Americana

IT has been my wish for some time to show the high regard I hold for American authors, not necessarily the latest or loudest singers: rather those earlier voices whose verse has seemed so beautiful in refinement but, as the years have gone on, become less evident in new editions.

*This New Series is printed in Caslon 10-Point Old-style. Fcap 8vo, Decorated boards, uncut edges, and in slide case.*

450 Copies, Hand-made Paper, \$1.00 net.

25 Copies, Japan Vellum, \$2.00 net.

### I

THE ROSE-JAR, THOMAS S. JONES, JR.

### II

A HANDFUL OF LAVENDER, LIZETTE WOODWORTH REESE

### III

THE FLOWER FROM THE ASHES, EDITH M. THOMAS

## Miscellaneous

### LXXII

RUNES OF WOMAN, FIONA MACLEOD

450 Copies, Fcap 4to, Hand-made Paper, Old-style Boards, \$1.50 net.

25 Copies, Japan Vellum, \$3.00 net.

### LXXIII

STUDIES IN SENTIMENT, ERNEST DOWSON

450 Copies, Fcap 8vo, Hand-made Paper, Old-style Boards, \$1.50 net.

25 Copies, Japan Vellum, \$2.50 net.

### LXXIV

SIRENICA, W. COMPTON-LEITH (*pseud.*)

450 Copies, Fcap 4to, Hand-made Paper, Old-style Boards, \$2.00 net.

25 Copies, Japan Vellum, \$4.00 net.

### LXXV

THE KASIDAH, SIR RICHARD F. BURTON

250 Copies, Medium Quarto, Hand-made Paper, Old-style Half Vellum

Boards, \$6.00 net. 20 Copies Japan Vellum, \$15.00 net.

---

*My New General Catalogue will be sent free on request.*

THOMAS BIRD MOSHER, PORTLAND, MAINE

---

---

A GOOD CHRISTMAS PRESENT  
POETRY FOR TWELVE MONTHS, \$1.50  
A Christmas Present for the Whole Year

**I**F YOU would like to send subscriptions to POETRY as Christmas presents, fill out the enclosed blanks below and mail at once. We will see that each person for whom you subscribe receives a copy of the December number, to arrive by Christmas Day, and with it a card saying that a year's subscription to the magazine is being sent by you as a Christmas gift.

POETRY,

543 Cass Street, Chicago, Ill.

Please send POETRY for one year, beginning with the December, 1915, number, to the following persons. For each of these subscriptions I enclose \$1.50, the total amount enclosed being \$..... I understand that the December number and a card announcing the gift will be sent as stated above.

Name.....

Address.....

.....

Subscription to POETRY, as Christmas gifts, to be sent to the following:

Name.....

Address.....

Name.....

Address.....

---

---



---

---

BOUND VOLUMES OF  
**Poetry**

A Delightful Christmas Gift

**I**F A MORE costly present is desired, we recommend a file of our bound volumes—Vol. I, \$2.50, Vols. II-VI, \$1.50 each. These six volumes make a well-nigh complete anthology of the best contemporary poetry in the English language, with expert comment and criticism in the prose sections. In them will be found the first appearance of many poets now famous, such as RABINDRANATH TAGORE, VACHEL LINDSAY, RUPERT BROOKE, CONSTANCE SKINNER, CARL SANDBURG, AMY LOWELL, and the entire group of "IMAGISTS."

IF YOUR FRIEND IS A BIBLIOPHILE THIS GIFT WILL GIVE SPECIAL PLEASURE, AS ONLY A LIMITED NUMBER OF SETS CAN BE SOLD OWING TO THE SCARCITY OF CERTAIN ISSUES.

**Ralph Fletcher Seymour**  
Fine Arts Building Chicago, Illinois  
Or POETRY, 543 Cass Street

---

---

*The*  
*Lesbiad of Catullus*

a Mood Transcription

together with the *Pervigilium Veneris*  
and a group of Poems, *Songs of a*  
*Wayfarer*, by Ruth Sheffield Dement.

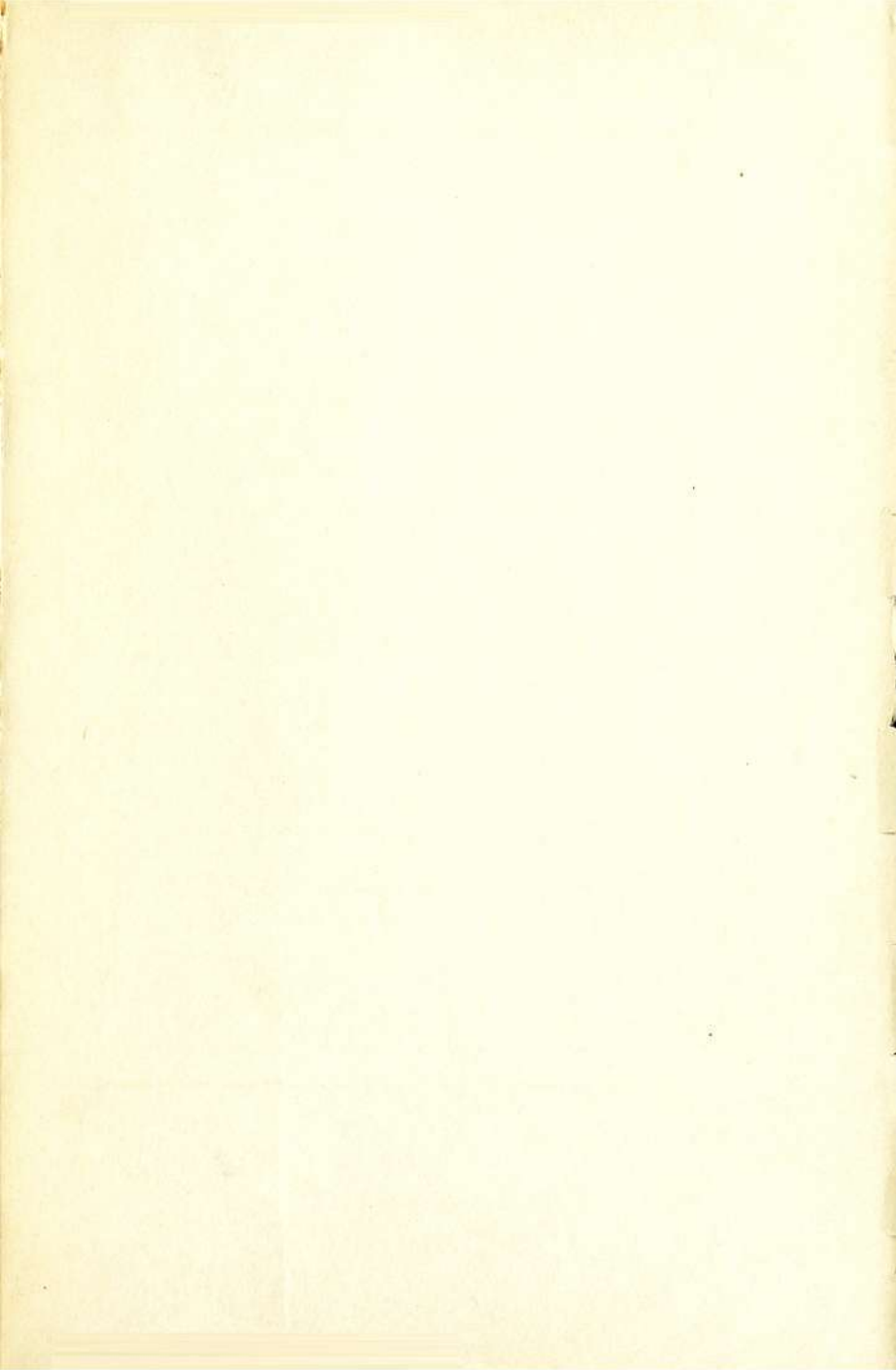
Printed on Van Gelder hand-made  
paper, and bound in paper boards  
and cloth.

Edition limited to three hundred  
copies, at \$1.25 net — postage ten  
cents.

An unusually successful and remark-  
ably vivid work.

*If your Bookseller cannot supply you,*  
*write us and a copy will be sent by mail.*

RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR  
1025 Fine Arts Building  
Chicago



To have great poets  
there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman.