ONE CITY ONLY

NE city only, of all I have lived in,
And one house of that city, belong to me . . .
I remember the mellow light of afternoon
Slanting across brick buildings on the waterfront,
And small boats at rest on the floating tide,
And larger boats at rest in the near-by harbor;
And I know the tidal smell, and the smell of mud,
Uncovering oyster flats, and the brown bare toes of small negroes
With the mud oozing between them;
And the little figures leaping from log to log,
And the white children playing among them—
I remember how I played among them.
And I remember the recessed windows of the gloomy halls

[ 163 ]
In the darkness of decaying grandeur,
The feel of cool linen in the cavernous bed,
And the window curtain swaying gently
In the night air;
All the half-hushed noises of the street
In the southern town,
And the thrill of life—
Like a hand in the dark
With its felt, indeterminate meaning:
I remember that I knew there the stirring of passion,
Fear, and the knowledge of sin,
Tragedy, laughter, death. . . .

And I remember, too, on a dead Sunday afternoon
In the twilight,
When there was no one else in the house,
My self suddenly separated itself
And left me alone,
So that the world lay about me, lifeless.
I could not touch it, or feel it, or see it;
Yet I was there.
The sensation lingers:
Only the most vital threads
Hold me at all to living . . .
Yet I only live truly when I think of that house;
Only enter then into being.

One city only of all I have lived in,
And one house of that city, belong to me.
The ancient songs
Pass deathward mournfully.

R. A.

The old songs
Die.
Yes, the old songs die.
Cold lips that sang them,
Cold lips that sang them—
The old songs die,
And the lips that sang them
Are only a pinch of dust.

I saw in Pamplona
In a musty museum—
I saw in Pamplona
In a buff-colored museum—
I saw in Pamplona
A memorial
Of the dead violinist;
I saw in Pamplona
A memorial
Of Pablo Sarasate.

Dust was inch-deep on the cases,
Dust on the stick-pins and satins,
Dust on the badges and orders,
On the wreath from the oak of Guernica!

[ 165 ]
The old songs
Die—
And the lips that sang them.
Wreaths, withered and dusty,
Cuff-buttons with royal insignia,
These, in a musty museum,
Are all that is left of Sarasate.

THE POOL

Do you remember the dark pool at Nimes,
The pool that had no bottom?
Shadowed by Druids ere the Romans came—
Dark, still, with little bubbles rising
So quietly level with its rim of stone
That one stood shuddering with the breathless fear
Of one short step?

My little sister stood beside the pool
As dark as that of Nimes.
I saw her white face as she took the plunge;
I could not follow her, although I tried.
The silver bubbles circled to the brink,
And then the water parted:
With dream-white face my little sister rose
Dripping from that dark pool, and took the hands
Outstretched to meet her.
The Pool

I may not speak to her of all she's seen;  
She may not speak to me of all she knows  
Because her words mean nothing:  
She chooses them  
As one to whom our language is quite strange,  
As children make queer words with lettered blocks  
Before they know the way. . . .  

My little sister stood beside the pool—  
I could not plunge in with her, though I tried.

APPARITIONS

I

A thin gray shadow on the edge of thought  
Hiding its wounds:  
These are the wounds of sorrow—  
It was my hand that made them;  
And this gray shadow that resembles you  
Is my own heart, weeping . . .  
You sleep quietly beneath the shade  
Of willows in the south.

II

When the cold dawn stood above the house-tops,  
Too late I remembered the cry  
In the night of a wild bird flying  
Through the rain-filled sky.
COLOR NOTE

The yellow street lamp by the lake
Leaps out against the turquoise sky,
And there's a patch of amethyst
Where the old snow-drifts lie;
The russet leaves of maple and oak
Catch in the corner of the eye—
And all because that yellow flame
Sets up its piercing little cry!

SONG

A king's but a puppet,
A lover a fool,
A sage is a wise man
Who was never at school:

Then why should I bother
To read in a book?
The world is my fancy
Wherever I look.

Alice Corbin
SUMMER DAWN

[Tem-Eyos-Kwi]

She comes—Tem-Eyos-Kwi—
The maiden who has known love!
Last night Love touched her in the house of waiting.
Love hid the seeds of life in her garments.
In the wind of her walking they are scattered;
All the sod will bloom with them!
None shall be lost: because of her gladness, the gladness of
love known.

Ah—hi-i! She sees the earth not as we see it—
We who were not overtaken by Love in the house of waiting.

Wake, women, maidens and wives!
Greet Tem-Eyos-Kwi!
Greet her with feet dancing,
With songs of the heart and lips trembling to silence,
Hands that lift their wonder to the breast
Yet touch not the flesh.

Wake, sons, lovers, young chiefs, hunters with arrows!
Sharpen the darts, make strong, bend the bow;
Keen, keen as light, and clear as the wind be your eyes!
The women await you in secret places,
They have hidden themselves in the leafy shelters:
All the green leagues of the forest are ashake with invitation.
The quick beating of their hearts is the whisper along the bending grass.
The sod grows warm—O men, Summer-dawn is the spirit of the women!

They have washed their hearts with prayer, And their bodies with juices of cedar: Perfumed and dried by the wind they have come up from the shore—
The great hosts of the women— Unwrapping themselves from the mists of the morning. They have entered the forest with the footfalls of muted music, With light tossing steps like the spray on long beaches. The swinging trees drip dew: With lines of sparkling rain they point the way the women have gone, Leaving all the paths to them open.

Harken! They follow Tem-Eyos-Kwi, singing:

"Come, come, O swift and strong! We are the women: seek us! Our hearts, like little swallows, nest above the secret pools. Oh, say, shall not the winged dart pierce, And the shadow of the bended bow Stir the still, deep pools? Oh, the waters shall sparkle and leap and mingle, And brim at your lips, O men!"
They shall be poured out and drip upon a chief's feet;  
They shall fill the hollows of his house with children!  
Flowing in laughter and whispers and little cries  
As smoke through the smoke-hole at evening!  
Ai! ah! ai! Women! Waken the soil with freshets;  
Bear joy upward as a canoe with sails, swifter than paddles.  
O men, hunters of life,  
We are the harborers, the fosterers—the women:  
Seek us!"

_It was the women, the harborers, the fosterers, who rose first,  
And followed Tem-Eyos-Kwi:  
They called to the men._

_The men go forth like one!_  
Lightning and heat are their weapons, hurled crashing before them.  
Their hairs, spreading wide, give black wings to the sun,  
As a cloud filled with eagles blown up from the sea.  
They enter the forest with the tramp of thunder and the darkness of storm;  
And the song of the women is stilled.  
The cry of offering ascends, it passes the swooping shadows;  
There is a sigh through the forest of winds sinking—  
Then the hush.

_On the leaves is a sweet whisper of rain,  
Whispered sweetness of pangs past.  
The warm soil drinks the coolness of tears—_
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Tears that are dropping melodies
Because cunning hands and strong have shaken the living cords.
The skies part, the black wings fold;
The Sun-chief’s canoe rides on the upper blue with furled sails:
Tem-Eyos-Kwi, laughing, is at the paddle.
Our village is drenched with light.
(Ai-i! Tem-Eyos-Kwi is glad because Love has overtaken us;
Because now we see the earth as she sees it.)
Two by two, they come up from the forest—the men and the women.
The women’s smiles are the little sun-tipped clouds
Floating across the face of the mountain:
The look in their eyes is deeper than the seas.
High in the light the men lift their heads.
On their clear brows is the mystic mark
Of those from whom a great dream has gone forth.
Firmly they hold the hands of the women,
Who have given peace to their strength, and a meaning.
Together, together, the race-makers enter the lodges.

**KAN-IL-LAK THE SINGER**

**TO NAK-KU**

Nak-Ku, desired!
Thine eyes speak gifts
But thy hands are empty.

[ 172 ]
To Nak-Ku

Thy lips draw me
Like morning's flame on a song-bird's wing.
I follow—but thy kiss is denied.
I am a hunter alone in a forest of silence.
Under what bough
Are the warm wings of thy kiss folded?

    Amid the scent of berries drying
From my high roof I have seen the dusky sea
Trip rustlingly along the sand-floors,
In little moccasins of silver, moon-broidered with shells of longing.
Ah, thy little moccasins, Nak-Ku!
But thy feet recede from me like ebbing tides.

    I have closed my door:
The heavy cedar-blanket hangs before it.
Since thou comest not,
Better that my narrow pine couch seem wide as a winter field.
The moon makes silver shadows on my floor through the poplars.
The wind rustles the leaves,
Swaying the boughs o'er the smoke-hole;
The little silver shadows run toward my couch—
Ah-hi, Nak-Ku!

    I hear the pattering of women on the sand-paths:
Fluttered laughs, bird-whisperings before my lodge—
"Oh lover, lover!"

[ 173 ]
Brave little fingers tap upon the cedar-blanket.  
But I do not open my door—  
Better this grief!  
I am thy poet, Nak-Ku,  
Faithful to her who has given me  
Dreams!

NAK-KU ANSWERS

I have given dreams to Kan-il-Lak, the singer!

Oh, what care I, Kan-il-Lak,  
Though thy hut be full of witches,  
Thy lips' melody flown before their kisses?  
Know I not that all women  
Must to the singer bring their gifts?  
Know I not that to the singer comes at last  
His hour of gift-judging?

I will lie, like a moonbeam, in thy heart.

A hundred gifts shall fall regarded not:  
But where among the dust of forgetfulness  
The one pearl shell is found—  
Pure, faint-flushed with longing,  
The deeps no man has seen  
Brimming its lyric mouth with mystical murmurs—  
There shalt thou pause  
And render me thy song!

Constance Lindsay Skinner
FOOTNOTES

I—MAGDALEN

God made my body slim and white
To be men's torture and men's delight.

God made my heart a wayside inn,
And there the guests keep merry din.

God left my soul a lamp unlit—
But only God ever thinks of it.

II—HARVEST

I sowed my thought like seed.
Up sprang a noxious weed.
I shall sow my thought again: a flower may be the meed.
My thought is hard and cold;
The soil is worn and old:
What if marybuds should rise and turn the earth to gold?

III

I who had sought God blindly in the skies—
Listening for heaven to thunder forth my name,
Waiting for doves descending to my head,
Looking to see the bushes burst in flame—
Went from the temple with a weary throng
Of questions in my soul, and told my grief
To the heart of the yellow flower with the scent
Of citrus clinging to its pointed leaf.

IV

I shall not sing again of love—
I weary of the old unrest.
(But like a hangman, love has burned
His crimson emblem on my breast;

But, like a hangman, love has set
A crimson scar my heart above.)
Yea, I am wearied with old pain—
I shall not sing again of love.

V

I took my sorrow into the woods,
Saying, "Nature will bend to me
And hold me close; and her quiet moods
Shall be as physician and friend to me."

Looking to hear her rivers sigh
Because my heart was worn with grief,
To hark the thunders break her sky,
To catch the moan of her aspen leaf,
I carried my sorrow to Nature's breast:
    And, behold, her sky was the gladdest blue
And a laughing demon her breeze possessed!
    How did I dream that Nature knew?

VI

Lips you were not anhungered for,
    And those that won your praises,
A century hence will blossom out
    In little purple daisies.

Eyes that smiled lightly into yours,
    And eyes that frowned on you—
Ah, soon, not Love himself might know
    The brown eyes from the blue.

Yes, even he will come to dust,
    And even beauty passes,
That crumbling flesh may feed the growth
    Of the hungry-rooted grasses.

VII

Behind the house is the millet plot,
    And past the millet, the stile;
And then a hill where melilot
    Grows with wild camomile.
There was a youth who bade me goodby
Where the hill rises to meet the sky.
I think my heart broke; but I have forgot
All but the scent of the white melilot.

VIII

Though you should whisper
Of what made her weep,
She would not hear you—
She is asleep.

Though you should taunt her
With ancient heart-break,
She would not listen—
She is awake.

Passion would find her
Too cold for dishonor.
Candles beside her,
Roses upon her!

IX

Now have I conquered that which made me sad—
The bitterness and anguish and regret.
Yea, I have conquered it. And yet—and yet—
The moaning of the doves will drive me mad.

Muna Lee
THE HOME-COMING

Scene: A room in a house half demolished by shell-fire on a deserted battlefield. Indistinct figure of an old woman. Enter another figure, like a young soldier, through a half-open door.

Old Woman. Is that you, Charles?
Young Soldier. Yes, Granny—where are you?
Old Woman. I am here in the corner, Charles. How did you escape from the battle?
Young Soldier. I do not know; but here I am, as you can see.
Old Woman. I do not see you very plainly, Charles.
Young Soldier. I cannot see you at all, Granny.
Old Woman. I tell you I am here in the corner.
Young Soldier. Very well, Granny; I begin to see you now.
Old Woman. Please close the door behind you. I would not have it open for a minute with all those strange noises about.
Young Soldier. I cannot close the door, Granny. It must have been jammed by the explosion.
Old Woman. But it has been swinging in the wind.
Young Soldier. Yes, but I cannot close it. Where are all the others?
Old Woman. They went away in a big cart.
Young Soldier. Is Margaret safe?
Old Woman. She went away in the cart.
Young Soldier.  Why did not you go?
Old Woman.  I am too old to leave the house where I was born. I hid myself, and your father said they could not waste time looking for me.

Young Soldier.  How long before the firing began did they leave?
Old Woman.  About an hour, I think.

Young Soldier.  Then they must all be killed.
Old Woman.  Yes, perhaps.

Young Soldier.  They might have hidden in the hills.
Old Woman.  They did not have time. War is terrible for poor people, Charles.

Young Soldier.  It is, indeed. If you could see the things I have seen! Our field and the old barn are all torn, and the bridge over the brook is blown up.

Old Woman.  It is very terrible to think of.

Young Soldier.  Granny!
Old Woman.  Yes, Charles.

Young Soldier.  If I tell you something you must not be frightened.

Old Woman.  I will try not to be.

Young Soldier.  I am only a ghost, Granny. I am lying dead out there with my eyes open. I could not close them any more than I could close the door.

Old Woman.  Now I can tell you, Charles: I am only a ghost, too; my body is lying in the cellar.

Young Soldier.  You were killed when the shell blew the house to pieces?
The Home-Coming

Old Woman. Yes, Charles.
Young Soldier. What shall we do now, Granny?
Old Woman. We can do nothing but linger now. Perhaps when the war is over we shall die completely.

Ralph Cheever Dunning
UNDER THE TREES

I sit,
a stone.
Empty, black, diffuse;
one with this spongy mould
and quiet.
I sit,
bleak and friable,
and a wind whistles itself quietly
into distance.
And the trees chink the fairy gold,
which is so thin, so cold, so immeasurably remote.
All is become metallic—
Salt—bitter—very still.

Inert
I sit.
And all the débris of ten thousand years
snows me under.
Godlike,
inert,
bleak and friable,
porous like black earth,
I sit—
where quietly
pitters the ruin of ten thousand years.

John Rodker.

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SAINT JOHN OF NEPOMUC

Last summer I Columbused John, in Prague, that deadly Bush League town—
I'd quit 'em cold on pictures and cathedrals for awhile.
I hung around for Ma and Sis (Good Lord, there wasn't one they'd miss—
Pale martyrs till you couldn't sleep, Madonnas by the mile!)

I read some dope in Baedeker about a tablet on the bridge,
And how they slipped this poor old scout the double cross for fair.
I'm off high-brow historic truck, but Father John of Nepomuc,
You must admit he was the goods. Believe me, he was there!

The king was Wenzel Number Four. John was sky-pilot for the court.
King gets a hunch that Mrs. King has something on her mind.
He goes to sleuthing more and more. He says, "Gadzooks!
I'll have their gore!"
(Don't ever let 'em string you on that bunk that love is blind!)

The queen—I'll bet she was some queen—she tangoes blithely on her way.
She fails to see the storm clouds on her regal husband's dome. I got him guessed, that Wenzel guy harpoons a girl that's young and spry, And tries to seal her up for life in the Old Peoples' Home! The way I had it figured out she married him to please her folks: "Our son-in-law, the Kink, you know!" (Some speed! I guess that's poor?) So, when she sights a Maiden's Dream—some real live wire that's made the team, Well, she sits up and notices, like any girl. Why, sure! Old Wenzel can't quite cinch the case, but what he doesn't know, he thinks. The lump he calls a heart congeals beneath his fancy vest. He sends for poor old Father John and says as follows:— "I am on! I merely lack a few details! What hath the queen confessed?" He holds the court upon the bridge. "Speak up," he says, or otherwise These spears shall thrust you down to death! Come through! I am the king! Kick in! What did my spouse confess?" The queen sends frantic S. O. S. . . . Maybe I sort of dozed, but well—here's how I got this thing . . .
He saw the startled courtiers, straining their ears;
He saw the white queen swaying, striving to stand;
He saw the soldiers tensely gripping their spears,
Waiting the king's command:
He heard small page drawing a sobbing breath;
He heard a bird's call, poignant and sweet and low;
He heard the rush of the river, spelling death,
Mocking him, down below.

But he only said, "My liege,
To my honor you lay siege,
And that fortress you can never overthrow."

He thought of how he had led them, all the years;
He thought of how he had served them, death and birth;
He thought of healing their hates, stilling their fears . . .
Humbly, he weighed his worth.
He knew he was leaving them, far from the goal;
He knew, with a deep joy, it was safe . . . and wise.
He knew that now the pale queen's pitiful soul
Would awake, and arise.

And he only said, "My king,
Every argument you bring
Merely sets my duty forth in sterner guise."

He felt the spears' points, merciless, thrust him down;
He felt the exquisite, fierce glory of pain;
He felt the bright waves eager, reaching to drown,
Engulf him, body and brain.

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He sensed cries, faint and clamorous, far behind;
He sensed cool peace, and the buoyant arms of love;
He sensed like a beacon, clear, beckoning, kind,
Five stars, floating above . . .
   To the ones who watched it seemed
   That he slept . . . and smiled . . . and dreamed.
   "And the waters were abated . . . and the dove."

And there I was on that old bridge—boob freshman me, on that same bridge!
The lazy river hummed and purred, and sang a sleepy song.
Of course, I know it listens queer, but, gad, it was so real and near,
I stood there basking in the sun for goodness knows how long.

Sometimes I see it even now. I see that little, lean old saint
Put up against the shining spears his simple nerve and pluck:
And once, by Jove, you know, he came right down beside me in the game . . .
We know who made the touchdown then, old John of Nepomuc!

Ruth Comfort Mitchell
LATIN QUARTER WAYS

STUDENTS

John Brown and Jeanne at Fontainebleau—
'Twas Toussaint, just a year ago;
Crimson and copper was the glow
Of all the woods at Fontainebleau.
They peered into that ancient well,
And watched the slow torch as it fell.
John gave the keeper two whole sous,
And Jeanne that smile with which she woos
John Brown to folly. So they lose
The Paris train. But never mind!—
All-Saints are rustling in the wind,
And there's an inn, a crackling fire—
(It's *deux-cinquante*, but Jeanne's desire);
There's dinner, candles, country wine,
Jeanne's lips—philosophy divine!

There was a bosquet at Saint Cloud
Wherein John's picture of her grew
To be a Salon masterpiece—
Till the rain fell that would not cease.
Through one long alley how they raced!—
'Twas gold and brown, and all a waste
Of matted leaves, moss-interlaced.
Shades of mad queens and hunter-kings

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And thorn-sharp feet of dryad-things
Were company to their wanderings;
Then rain and darkness on them drew.
The rich folks' motors honked and flew.
They hailed an old cab, heaven for two;
The bright Champs-Elysées at last—
Though the cab crawled it sped too fast.

Paris, upspringing white and gold:
Flamboyant arch and high-enscrolled
War-sculpture, big, Napoleonic—
Fierce chargers, angels histrionic;
The royal sweep of gardened spaces,
The pomp and whirl of columned Places;
The *Rive Gauche*, age-old, gay and gray;
The *impasse* and the loved café;
The tempting tidy little shops;
The convent walls, the glimpsed tree-tops;
Book-stalls, old men like dwarfs in plays;
Talk, work, and Latin Quarter ways.

May—Robinson's, the chestnut trees—
Were ever crowds as gay as these?
The quick pale waiters on a run,
The round green tables, one by one,
Hidden away in amorous bowers—
Lilac, laburnum's golden showers.
Kiss, clink of glasses, laughter heard,
And nightingales quite undeterred.
And then that last extravagance—
O Jeanne, a single amber glance
Will pay him!—"Let's play millionaire
For just two hours—on princely fare,
At some hotel where lovers dine
A deux and pledge across the wine!"
They find a damask breakfast-room,
Where stiff silk roses range their bloom.
The garçon has a splendid way
Of bearing in grand déjeuner
Then to be left alone, alone,
High up above Rue Castiglione;
Curtained away from all the rude
Rumors, in silken solitude;
And, John, her head upon your knees—
Time waits for moments such as these.

THE LITTLE CAFE

Montparnasse

Sleek, pleasant, pompous and paternal
Is our Eugene;
High priest and saint and alchemist of
His copper-bright cuisine.
He knows us all, translates us into French—
Sonia the Muscovite,
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Lee, of Kentucky, with his Pan's bold eyes,
   And Neville Denzil Whyte.
"Petite Marmotte," and "Drôle," and "Bon Sujet;" —
   He's handy with his phrase,
The while he masks his horror at a misapplied
   Sauce Béarnaise.
He supervises with a noble air
   The ignorant's menu:
The little mademoiselle from Maine? — "Mais oui,
   Red wine and *pot-au-feu.*"

Some twenty years ago he boiled the mash
   For pigs, in rough Savoy,
Crumbling the black bread from his hairy hand—
   A peasant boy.
Belloy, that Beaux-Arts chap who dines alone,
   Saw once the ancestral stock,
The father of Eugene, glued to the soil
   As lichen to its rock.
Eugene had bought him with his hoarded sous
   The *Auberge d'Or* at Gex;
The old man to his neighbors brags of 'Gene,
   Their simple souls to vex—
How since he took the *Grand' route* years agone,
   A lord he is become, "Englees he spig."
So saying, flourishes in their awed faces,
   His broom of twig.
BLANCHE OF THE QUARTER

Yes, she's American—you'd hardly think it
To see her order absinthe, sip and drink it,
And rattle off French slang to her last lover—
Sculptor, collegian or wealthy rover.
Her countrymen? No, never. Once, they say,
She sang in church and taught and had a Day
When maiden aunts dropped in—or, better, clambered up—
For impecunious Blanche was always perched tip-top.
She painted hard and won a Salon prize;
Then—something happened. (Oh, her tell-tale eyes!)
The man went back, I think. No money, so—what use!
And she as lovely as a fawn let loose
In Fontainebleau—and with that infant's face!
Her age?—it's hard to guess. Oh, yes—a studio-place,
Terrors behind the screen, a divan and all that.
Goes out to tea, with the same picture-hat,
At—blank—Grande Chaumière, you know the number,
Where certain rules the gaiety encumber.
Jests of her griefs so gallantly! Yes, poor, in truth—
So she's a puzzle—is a Lure to Youth;
To men, can't help herself. No niche at home—
It must be Paris always, or roam and roam.
Of course she's sick of it—art's not enough.
We'll say she's lost her bearings ... who would be rough
In judging her! ... She is so pretty still!
(Tiens, ma Blanche! Oh, Blanche, the glass will spill

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Between the two of you!) Like Willy’s Vagabonde
She knows the Langue Verte—yes, “down to the ground.”

Is she selling her soul for a toy of small cost?
Will she cry all night for the thing she has lost,
Infantine Blanche?
Too many cups she has handled and wasted,
Too many friendships played with and tasted!
Puritan nomad, hither and thither,
Child to the end—but in the end whither?
Tragic Blanche!

Florence Wilkinson
EDITORIAL COMMENT
"GROTESQUES" AND "OVERTONES"

How did the Elizabethans feel when the young Shakespeare tried his first experiments on them, when he passed from the graceful romancing of the Two Gentlemen of Verona to the living symbolism of A Midsummer Night's Dream? Did Molière's provincial audiences confess a thrill beyond the common when the obscure player, mad with genius, strutted through his early parts? And that London publisher who first read the manuscript of Wuthering Heights—did a wind from the moors put out his guttering candle and hale him through the dark? Did these people know what was happening? Was their little personal emotion, their pleasure of the moment, seized and swept on into timeless spaces of wonder and joy?

A little of this larger thrill shook me twice last month. The first time was at the Chicago Little Theatre, where I watched Mr. Maurice Browne and his company play the one-act tragedy, Grotesques, by Mr. Cloyd Head. Was it possible that we were really doing something? Could it be that a young poet, here in boiling and bubbling Chicago, was seeing visions and setting them forth in a new strange form too beautiful to die? Was I listening to a bold interpreter of the mystery and poetry of life, one who felt and could suggest its magic and despair?

Mr. Head's thesis is by no means new—what thesis or theory is new in these latter days?—but he weaves it into a
new design, he makes us feel it with a new poignancy. Life as a shadow-play, men and women as puppets moved by a master-experimentalist for gods who, like the audience, “are kind, but wish to be amused” as they sit with staring eyes—something like this we have heard for thousands of years. And the key to the special motive of this poet’s “decoration”—the black-and-white panorama through which his breathing puppets move—is to be found, of course, in Aubrey Beardsley, or even, if we search further, in Japanese prints and Chinese art of the great ages. But every artist builds on the past. If this poet, young and unknown, can line-up his brief tragedy with these masterpieces, he is offering us a large measure to judge him by, and we owe him the record of a triumph.

Mr. Head’s Prospero, his omnipotent weaver of dreams, is Capulchard, who with his first speech takes the centre of the black-and-white stage—the framed-in “decoration” beyond which lifeless figures, collapsed, immovable, await behind the veil their chance to appear:

This is a forest—that is a Grotesque.
You will find the forest somewhere in your thought.
Its trees are graphic like an arabesque;
The pale moon shines—I touch it with my hand.
I dip the water from the brook beneath,
And fling it high among the leaves like dew.
The effect is there, although the fact is not:
So shall all things here seem, illusory.

We need not follow the wizard-hero’s work as he lifts his human puppets into the frame, and puts them through their paces of passion and sorrow. Through symbols he
makes strange magic: with a sword thrust into a man's right hand he creates the Warrior; with a robe and crown on a woman's brow and shoulders he makes a Queen. And through their clashing drama of love and war he moves his figures, but always escaping the obvious, always omitting the anti-climax, the routine.

That ends all well.

For, as he says,

Why hunt your pleasure to its death?
Ignore the ending—trace a new design.

I own to a real thrill when the man—or the Man-motif, as the poet puts it—rebels, crying

We'll make our own design!

and Capulchard, exclaiming sardonically,

how slight
A breath would puff them pell-mell into space,
And free the canvas for another theme!—

marches them through a new round of experience before the Ultimate critics in Olympian chairs.

At last, when rebellion becomes blasphemy, when the tortured grotesques "fling defiance"—

will no longer bow,
The prey of gods!

and Capulchard rises to full power, saying,

They shall have freedom, even as they wish,
Freedom beyond their wish, freedom complete!
And even the gods shall hesitate to laugh!—

when, stripping moon and stars from the sky, he sends his beings of an hour out into the void, the thrill becomes an exaltation, a shiver of spiritual sympathy with the poet's vision.
One could hardly say too much for the beauty of the presentation. But that was to be expected, for Mr. Browne, poet and dramatic artist that he is, is perhaps the only manager who could work out with complete delicacy the pictorial and theatrical subtleties of the theme. Already those of us who love the poetic drama are deeply in his debt. Who that has seen *The Trojan Women* or *Medea* at the Chicago Little Theatre has failed of conviction that the Greek drama is available for the modern stage in a wider sense than the strictest academic rules might approve? And who can see Mrs. Browne as Medea without recognizing a great tragic actress—an actress, moreover, capable of amazing variety, as her impersonation of broad comedy parts—especially old women—proves.

I have left little space for praise of *Overtones*, the strangely imaginative one-act piece in which Miss Alice Gershenberg proves her ability in poetic comedy as Mr. Head in poetic tragedy. Not that this play is in verse, if that makes any difference! As I saw it given, with the author in the cast, by the Lake Forest Players, I paid once more to perfect art the tribute of spiritual exaltation—for the Primitive Selves of those two much-mannered women seemed really supernatural—shadows endowed with flesh, embodied desires.

Twice in one month the poetic drama—alive, modern and magical—by Chicago playwrights, on little Chicago stages! Let us have more, and let us not be afraid to salute the miracle when it comes!

H. M.
Remy de Gourmont is dead and the world’s light is darkened. This is another of the crimes of the war, for M. de Gourmont was only fifty-seven, and if he had not been worried to death, if he had not been grieved to death by the cessation of all that has been “life” as he understood it, there was no reason why we should not have had more of his work and his company.

He is as much “dead of the war” as if he had died in the trenches, and he left with almost the same words on his lips. “Nothing is being done in Paris, nothing can be done, faute de combatants.” There was an elegy on current writing by him in the Mercure. It was almost the same tone in which Gaudier-Brzeska wrote to me a few days before he was shot at Neuville St. Vaast: “Is anything of importance or even of interest going on in the world—I mean the ‘artistic London?’”

M. de Gourmont is irreplaceable. I think I do not write for myself alone when I say no other Frenchman could have died leaving so personal a sense of loss in the minds of many young men who had never laid eyes on him. Some names and reputations are like that; Mallarmé is almost a mantra, a word for conjuring. A critique of M. de Gourmont’s poetry would be by no means a critique of M. de Gourmont’s influence. For, again, I think that every young man in London whose work is worth considering at all, has felt that in Paris existed this gracious presence, this final and kindly tribunal where all work would stand on its merits.
One had this sense of absolute fairness—no prestige, no overemphasis, could work upon it.

"Permettre à ceux qui en valent la peine d'écrire franchement ce qu'il pense—seul plaisir d'un écrivain:" these were almost the last words he wrote to me, save a postscript on the outside of the envelope; and they are almost his "whole law and gospel." And indeed a right understanding of them means the whole civilization of letters.

Outside a small circle in Paris and a few scattered groups elsewhere, this civilization does not exist. Yet the phrase is so plain and simple: "to permit those who are worth it to write frankly what they think."

That is the end of all rhetoric and of all journalism. By end I do not mean goal, or ambition. I mean that when a nation, or a group of men, or an editor, arrives at the state of mind where he really understands that phrase, rhetoric and journalism are done with. The true aristocracy is founded, permanent and indestructible. It is also the end of logrolling, the end of the British school of criticism for the preservation of orderly and innocuous persons. It is the end of that "gravity" to which Sterne alludes as "a mysterious carriage of the body to cover the defects of the mind."

M. de Gourmont did not make over-statements. His Diomedes is a hero because he is facing life, he is facing it quite sincerely, with no protection whatever. Ibsen with his smoky lightning had rumbled out, "There is no intermediary between God and man." M. de Gourmont, with his perfect and gracious placidity, had implied—yes, implied, made
apparent rather than stated—that no formula can stand between man and life; or rather that no creed, no dogma, can protect the thinking man from looking at life directly, forming his own thought from his own sensuous contact and from his contact with thoughts.

Nietzsche has done no harm in France because France has understood that thought can exist apart from action; that it is perfectly fitting and expedient clearly to think certain things which it is neither fitting nor expedient to “spoil by action.”

“Spoil by action” is perhaps a bad memory of the phrase; but just as Dante was able to consider two thoughts as blending and giving off music, so Diomedes in De Gourmont’s story is able to think things which translation into action would spoil. As for Diomedes’ career, I am perfectly willing to accept Robert Frost’s statement that “there is nothing like it in New England.” What there is in all provincial places is an attempt to suppress part of the evidence, to present life out of proportion with itself, squared to fit some local formula of respectability.

Remy de Gourmont had written all his life in absolute single-mindedness; it was to express his thought, his delicate, subtle, quiet and absolutely untrammeled revery, with no regard whatsoever for existing belief, with no after-thought or beside-thought either to conform or to avoid conforming. That is the sainthood of literature.

I think I can show what I mean almost by a single sentence. In the midst of the present whirlwind of abuse he said
quietly: "By Kultur, the Germans mean what we mean by 'state education.'"

It had been so all his life; on whatever matter, however slight the matter or however strong his own passion, there had been that same quiet precision, that same ultimate justness.

The rest of us—oh, the rest of us are caught in the flurry of controversy. Remy de Gourmont had found—it might not be incorrect to say that Paris had given him—a place where all things could be said quietly and openly, where one would not think of circumlocution and prejudice, where circumlocution and prejudice would have seemed unnatural.

En tous les pays il y a un noyau de bons esprits, d'esprits libres. Il faut leur donner quelque chose qui les change de la fadeur des magazines, quelque chose qui leur donne confiance en eux-mêmes, et leur soit un point d'appui.

That is good news, but for years M. de Gourmont had believed it and written accordingly. He had written selflessly, and was glad when other men could write well. He dared to write for the few, for the few who are not a clique or a faction, but who are united by the ability to think clearly, and who do not attempt to warp or to smother this faculty; who do not suppress part of the evidence.

The significance of M. de Gourmont and the significance of his poetry are two things apart. He has written for the most part beautiful prose, much controversy, a book on Le Latin Mystique du Moyen Age, etc. He has written a poème champêtre and some Litanies.

I have praised these litanies elsewhere, and a man's obitu-
ary notice is not, perhaps, the best place for analyzing his metric. Suffice it to say that the litanies are a marvel of rhythm, that they have not been followed or repeated, that M. de Gourmont was not of "the young French school." If he is "grouped" anywhere he must be grouped, as poet, among les symbolistes. The litanies are evocation, not statement.

M. de Gourmont was indubitably "of the young" in the sense that his mind had not lost its vigor, that he was alive to contemporary impressions, that he had not gone gaga over catholicism like poor Francis Jammes, nor wallowed in metrical journalism like the ill-starred Paul Fort. He had never lost touch with the men born ten or twenty years after he was; for a man of fifty-seven that is a very considerable achievement. Or rather it is not an achievement, for it can not be done by effort; it can only come from a natural freshness and aliveness of the mind, and is a matter of temperament.

I had forgotten the French Academy until an article in L'Humanité reminded me that M. de Gourmont was not a member thereof; that the ancient association which contains Auguste Swallou, Thibaudet de Mimmil, and so many other "immortals" had not seen fit to elect him. It is evident that the "Académie Françoise" has outlived its usefulness, and if France does not set an example what can be expected of other academies? In M. de Gourmont's case the academy had no excuse. He had not only written supremely, but he had given back to the world a lost beauty—in Le Latin
Mystique, in the Sequaire of Goddeschalk with its Amas ut facias pulchram.

But perhaps, as a friend of mine wrote when Swinburne was refused sepulture in Westminster Abbey (they said there was no room and buried the canon's wife the week after), perhaps, as my friend wrote at the time, "perhaps it is just as well—he suffered fools badly."

I have known also that the really distinguished member, at a meeting of another great "body," encouraged one of his more serious colleagues, who was showing signs of tedium, with "Come, come, we are not here to enjoy ourselves."

M. de Gourmont has gone—

Blandula, tenulla, vagula—

almost with a jest on his lips, for his satire on M. Croquant et la Guerre continues in the current Mercure.

Ezra Pound

REVIEWS

MISS LOWELL ON FRENCH POETS


This is fine bookmaking, beautiful paper, beautiful print. Yet I entered upon the studies with a slight dread that I should find bewildering classifications, waters of modern technique in which I should flounder helplessly. Not at all. The book is clear sailing from title-page to colophon, sounding its message straight out. The essays are written in a
scholarly way, and they form, I think, the first book on the subject in the English language. It is a curious choice of poets in some respects. I could wish to see it include Jean Moréas; or Fernand Gregh, whose poetry has a subtle and glowing quality; or perhaps others. But it is a very important work. One is spared the tediousness of exploring volume after volume, and is given a generous supply of the best poems of each of the six men, carefully selected by one who is herself a distinguished poet.

The impression left by Émile Verhaeren is one of greatness and charm. His is an austere, yet mobile, mind. Miss Lowell tells us that “the Flemish character is made up of two parts, one composed of violent and brutal animal spirit, the other of strange, unreasoning mysticism.” This is why Verhaeren is capable of being sodden with drink, capable too of the highest flights of the soul. He believed in mankind, and his poems express the common passions of the race. Here we have no superficialities, signals of false successes, but a pen dipped in truth. Rhymes?—yes, he used them all the time, even in vers libre. But these French rhymes (or is it that our ears are so attuned to the dailiness of the English?) do not shout at you, “We are rhymes”—they efface themselves. His colors are fiery, furious, his beauties englommed by factory smoke, but his words are opals with strange, bright flashes. Here is a lovely thing:

Le vent se noue et s'entrelace et se dénoue,
et puis soudain, s'enfuit jusqu'aux vergers luisants,
là-bas, où les pommiers, pareils à des paons blancs,
—nacre et soleil—lui font la roue.
Here is the very feel of a storm:

Un poing d'effroi tord les villages;
Les hauts chochers, dans les lointains,
Envoient l'écho de leurs tocsins
Bondir de plage en plage.

Such a storm may well typify all of Verhaeren's work before the war—that storm which was to lick up cities and meadows and leave, in him, "the finest flower of a ruined country."

Albert Samain is like the slow trickle of water from a faucet in comparison with the giant billow preceding him in the book. Yet the lover of biography will delight in the story of this lonely, sensitive life as revealed by the tender touch of the author. She calls him a minor poet, and says of his work: "It is chamber-music, as tenuous and plaintive as that played by old eighteenth-century orchestras." It is full of charm, but too often it lacks the bold stroke of origination; Elle écoute la vie—au loin—comme la mer has a familiar flavor. The dedication of Au Jardin de l'Infante is beautiful, yet Gautier might have written it. He too uses the rhyme, even extols it in his verse. And isn't this lovely?

De vers silencieux, et sans rythme et sans trame,
Où la rime sans bruit glisse comme une rame.

I forget who has said: "L'âme n'existe pas pour elle-même, ou du moins on ne peut la connaître, mais elle reflète celles qui s'y mirent." Here we have Remy de Gourmont. He said: "The sole excuse which a man can have for writing is to write down himself, to unveil for others the sort of world which mirrors itself in his individual glass." The
author excuses her inclusion of this poet on the ground of his great influence upon the generation of writers that has followed his. Gourmont's poetical output is small as compared with his work in other fields, but it is full of sweet sound and fresh with color. Les Feuilles Mortes is hauntingly beautiful.

Henri de Régnier is a symboliste poet, an Immortal and an acknowledged master of French prose, "receiving the mantle slowly dropping from the shoulders of Anatole France." His younger poems, though powerful, are more or less the happy expression of unhappy moods. Oh, but the haunting lines, the dripping words!—Un à un et un encor—adorable! Of his masterpiece, Le Vase, the first poem in the division of Les Roseaux de la Flûte, Miss Lowell says: "It is the most perfect presentation of the creative faculty at work that I know of in any literature." I wish I might give here all its wonder and warmth:

Je sentais sur mes mains amoureux ou farouches
Des souffles de naseaux ou des baisers de bouche.

From Les Médailles d'Argile I take this fragment, which makes one ache for the whole:

J'ai dit encor: Écoute,
Écoute,
Il y a quelqu'un derrière l'écho,
Debout parmi la vie universelle,
Et qui porte l'arc double et le double flambeau,
Et qui est nous
Divinement.

In La Sandale Ailée, one of his later books which contains little else to impress the reader, Septembre, in vers libre,
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shows De Régnier in a new light, and is a notable poem. Here we have at last a soul set free from its masters. Miss Lowell says:

Admitting him to be, in poetry, the voice of a vanishing quarter of a century, he is still the greatest French poet alive to-day, and one of the greatest poets that France has ever had.

Francis Jammes, more than any other of these six poets, compels our love. For he loves animals, birds, insects, trees—loves them with kindness, compassion, understanding. And he loves periwinkles! He is distinctly a modern, and his works, far from recording the graceful writhings of pain, are voices of serenity. Sometimes his language might be called, by the undiscriminating, childish. This is because his words, not childish at all, are but clothed with the delicate shades of young spring. Nevertheless, in sweetness and simplicity his mind is akin to that of a child. “Francis Jammes is a charming child on one side,” says Miss Lowell, “and a most lovable genius on the other. But a man of mature and balanced intellect he certainly is not.” She goes on to say that he is still in the prime of life, and that he has had a powerful effect upon the younger generation.

Paul Fort, like Jammes, sets his heart to the sun. He writes mostly in the Alexandrine, and he prints his poems as prose, the rhymes becoming evident only when read. I refrain from quoting him, as there are so many riches that I do not know where to choose. Besides, one should discover for oneself Joachim, La Fille Morte dans ses Amours, Les Baisers, a delicious little poem, and the great poem, Henri III, which Miss Lowell calls his masterpiece.

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Six French Poets is a book to be read. It makes one feel that, in comparison with many poets who write in English, these Frenchmen have lived more largely the eternal verities of which poems are made.

A. L.

THE FIRST MODERN


Petrarch has been called, fairly enough, the first modern. He was the earliest example, in our era, of the literary man who lived by his writings; the first to make his emotions pay; the first to turn personal feelings into fame and fortune. He survives to our times chiefly through his sonnets and canzoni, of some of which Dr. William Dudley Foulke of Indianapolis, now offers a translation.

The sonnets in which Petrarch celebrates his love for Laura are not, in translation, the most interesting and varied reading in the world. Sonneteering is largely a sort of game; and Petrarch, one may choose to think, was a poet first and a lover afterward. However, a good measure of interest may be got out of these new versions by anyone who, possessing some knowledge of Italian and some taste for sport, reads them with Petrarch in one hand and Mr. Foulke in the other. He will be constantly surprised and pleased by dexterities and felicities, and will rest on the opinion that the work is very tastefully and adequately done.

In many instances the translator has made things easier for himself by using the Shakespearean form of the sonnet
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instead of the Petrarchan, and in some of the *canzoni* there has been a partial sacrifice of the elaborate rhyme-schemes. But such slackening of rigor doubtless works for ease and fluency. In some instances a happy shifting of lines produces an effect that seems to surpass the original. Thus the following lines—

And he who never knew her tender sighs
Nor heard her gentle words or laughter gay,
Knows not how Love can heal, how Love can slay—

may be felt to make a more striking close than these:

> Non sa come Amor sana e come ancide
> Chi non sa come dolce ella sospira,
> E come dolce parla e dolce ride.

Another vigorous and decisive fourteenth line is this:

No wound is healed by slackening the bow;

which fully equals the original:

> Piaga per allentar d'arco non sana.

The choice of sonnets for translation seems sometimes arbitrary; several that are highly esteemed by the Italians themselves are omitted, among them: *Solo e pensoso*, *Chi vuol veder*, *Nè mai pietosa madre*, *Che fai? che pensi?* and the one on Vaucluse itself; but the chief war-horses among the *canzoni*, such as, *Chiare, fresche, e dolci acque*, and *Ver­gine bella*, *che di sol vestita*, are rendered with distinguished success, though with the modifications already noted.

The volume is much more than its simple title would indicate. It contains, among other matters, a well-considered introduction, an elaborate biography of the poet, appendices dealing with the "real Laura," etc. The introduction offers
translations of certain sonnets and canzoni that are unrelated to Laura. A more tonic air and a manlier fibre are felt in the sonnet on the corruption of the papal court at Avignon and in the great trumpet-toned ode, Italia mia, in which the poet calls upon the rulers of Italy to cease their mutual enmities and to unite in freeing Italy from the stranger—a cry that half a millenium was required to make effective.

On the whole, Mr. Foulke's volume gives, and gives well, about all that the average modern reader may need with regard to the second of the great Italian poets. H. B. F.

NEW POETS

Vision of War, by Lincoln Colcord. Macmillan.

It is scarcely in our province to discuss Mr. Colcord's thesis, which seems to be that in a world unworthy of peace, a world in which peace "is only meaner war," war is not only natural and necessary, but the most effectual means of stimulating the life of the spirit. He says: "The spirit seems to fail in peace, and be revived in war." And again—

Whenever men die for a cause, mistaken or not, misled or not, there truth advances an imperceptible degree.

If our business were with Mr. Colcord's philosophy, we might insist that dying for a cause is all very well, but that killing for a cause is of more doubtful spiritual value, and that it is the killers, rather than the dead, who survive. We might argue that those "meaner wars" of peace which Mr. Colcord scorns have advanced, are advancing, the date of democracy and brotherly love more than all the slaughter
of this year and the last; that war merely confuses the issue by substituting the outworn romanticism of a feudal society for the slow conquests—those "meanner wars" again—of their rights by the common people, the workers of the world. It may be, as this poet says in one of his wiser moments, that the world will have war until it deserves peace—that men will fight until they really love one another; but again are not the struggles of peace, rather than the slaughter of war, the means by which "truth advances an imperceptible degree?"

In short, I would say that Mr. Colcord's thinking is soft, emotional, and quite incapable of logical analysis—a restatement of many oft-exploded platitudes of the militaristic ideal, with its usual evasions and omissions. If as a philosopher Mr. Colcord is negligible, what then of Mr. Colcord as a poet? Does his poem transcend thought? Is there a magic in it which may make men mad, or a truth beyond thinking which may inspire and exalt them?

If he is a poet, right or wrong, we may not brush him aside. What of Nietzsche, for example? It may be that the world is afire today because of the fierce power of his vision and the incomparable beauty of his prose-poetry rhythms. It is not wine alone that makes men drunk.

I must admit that I think Mr. Colcord a poet. Though much of his Whitmanesque verse is merely prose argument or eloquence, he rises at times to a powerful chanting rhythm, which, inspired as it is by a high spiritual sincerity, sweeps across one's questions with its affirmation of beauty. This rhythm is scarcely to be judged by brief extracts; it needs
space. And no brief extract can give the brazen clang of the refrain which he uses in certain sections of the poem. Therefore I apologize for quoting the following passage as a mere first hint of the poet's music and argument.

Are there no signs, then?—only hope unseen, obscure?
Our spirits fail! Give us a sign—give us a sign.

Take heart, take heart, my brother!
Oh, sometimes I think that there are nothing but signs!
Signs in the sky! Signs in the stirring sea! Signs running along the ground like fire!
Signs in the swaying parliaments! Signs in the trembling courts!
Signs in the stifled press! Signs in the sundering schools!
Signs in disintegrating governments! Signs in ancient authorities fiercely defied!
Signs in alarmed society! Signs in quick-arming wealth!—in quicklier-arming poverty!
Signs in the life, the heart, the spirit of the average man!
Nothing but signs, I say! Nothing but signs!
And they are signs of war.

H. M.

A Little Book of Local Verse, by Howard Mumford Jones.
La Crosse, Wis.

Here is a promising first book—a tiny pamphlet, privately printed—by a young poet who is still a college student. It was read with interest recently in the POETRY office by a poet a few years older and much better known, who made the following notations:

Worth notice—somewhat too full of adjectives in spots, also somewhat too much like Carman's Songs from Vagabondia. The best are the last poem—You who have read this book, Old Men, A Red Leaf, Anent the Street-cars, and Railway Sketches. These show fancy—a rare quality. From Trempealeau has gleams of imagination, and the walking songs are good.
With this verdict I agree in the main. There is an excellent simplicity in Mr. Jones’ style, and honesty in his themes. And he does not stop with the surface—he sees through. Besides the poems mentioned above, I like this one, *The Movies*:

They sit like shadows in the playhouse dim
Through half an hour’s film of smiles and tears.
They watch life like a shadow flow,
That cannot speak, but only walks and feels.
One thing they do not know:
Within the darkened playhouse of the years,
Themselves like moving pictures come and go
Upon the film of Time in seven reels—
For entertainment of the seraphim.

_H. M._

**CORRESPONDENCE**

_I_

*Dear Editor:* I want to submit the following poem, which I think should be interesting and educative—especially to our friends the imagists, the polyrhythmists and other vers-libertines. It is not only, to my mind, an excellent piece of grotesque imagism, but a remarkable experiment in color and strange cadences. The poem follows:

TIOTIO, TIOTIO, TIOTINX.

An enchanted nightingale sits on a red coral bough
In the silent sea,
Singing a song of the loves of my ancestors.
Pearls peer curiously from their shells,
Strange water-flowers shiver with emotion,
Wise sea-snails, with iridescent Chinese towers on their backs,
Crawl out to listen.
Sea-roses blush with a pink confusion;

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Correspondence

Sharp, yellow creatures, shaped like stars,
And jelly-fish with a million hues,
Quiver and stretch.
Everything is alive;
The bright swarm crowds and listens . . .

The above lines were written by Heinrich Heine. They may be found in the second series of the Reisebilder, in the fifth chapter of the subdivision, The Book of Ideas, published in April, 1827.

Louis Untermeyer

II

Dear Editor: Padraic Colum, in his recent article in the New Republic, accuses the Imagists of egoism, and quotes together part of a poem by Byron and one of Aldington's, to prove the latter egoistic. He even goes so far as to say that Landor—Landor, who wrote,

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife—
was not egoistic! And of course the Imagists are!

There is no excuse for a lyric poet if he is not going to tell us about himself; about his innermost emotions, his inner being. What business has a poet to try to write about something of which he knows nothing, which is foreign to himself? None whatever. All poets—and not poets only, but all men of ability—have been, and are bound to be, egoists. It is simply a question of self-respect.

Aldington gives in his poem the emotions he experienced, and his shock of horror and pity, on finding in the streets a girl he once knew. Byron, years after parting from the lady, hears her name spoken, and wonders why she deceived

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him and was unfaithful! Mr. Colum fails to quote the last stanza:

In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive!

Byron flattered himself into thinking himself irresistible. Could egoism go further? Yet both poems are beautiful. What therefore becomes of Colum’s argument? Nothing.

John Gould Fletcher

III

Another correspondent informs POETRY that Alan Seeger, the young American poet, member of the Foreign Legion of the French army, whom we mourned as dead in a recent issue, is now reported alive and well. We rejoice with his other friends, and commend our obituary to his indulgent attention.

NOTE ABOUT PRIZES

Once more we remind our contributors that a Prize of One Hundred Dollars, donated to POETRY by the Players Producing Company of Chicago, has been offered for a one-act poetic play in metrical or free verse; the play to be actable, and to be American in subject-matter or substance. It has been decided to extend the time-limit one month. Contestants must send in manuscript before March first, 1916. The name of the author must not be written on the manuscript, but, with the title of the play, on a separate slip of paper. This, with a self-addressed stamped envelope large enough to contain the play, must be enclosed in a sealed blank
Note About Prizes

envelope, and sent in the same package as the play. The committee reserves the right to withhold the prize if nothing suitable is found.

The word "American," in the above requirements, is meant to exclude historic and classic subjects of the past, and is not to be more narrowly construed. A play dealing with, or symbolizing, life unlocalized would be sufficiently American.

The Prize of One Hundred Dollars, recently offered by Mrs. Julius Rosenwald, is to be awarded next November for a Lyric Poem published in Poetry during its fourth year—Oct., 1915—Sept., 1916. In case the committee feels any doubt about this award, preference is to be given to a poet comparatively young and unknown.

NOTES

Of this month's poets, four have appeared in former issues of Poetry. Alice Corbin (Mrs. William P. Henderson), of Chicago, is the author of The Spinning Woman of the Sky (Seymour), and she has been, from the beginning, the Associate Editor of the magazine.

Miss Constance Lindsay Skinner, of New York, is the author of Songs of the Coast-dwellers, which, printed in Poetry over a year ago, received one of the three prizes recently awarded. The poems now published were also inspired by the poet's early experiences among the British-Columbian native tribes.

Florence Wilkinson (Mrs. Wilfrid Muir Evans), now of Westport, Conn., is well known as the author of The Far Country (McClure), and of The Ride Home, published a year ago by the Houghton-Mifflin Co.

Mr. John Rodker, now living in London, is the author of Poems, a small pamphlet privately printed last spring. More recently his Dutch Dolls appeared in the Choric Number of Others.

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Of the poets not hitherto printed in POETRY:

Ruth Comfort Mitchell (Mrs. Wm. Sanborn Young), of New York, is well known to readers of magazines, but has not yet published a volume.

Mr. Ralph Cheever Dunning, who was born in Detroit and is now in Paris, has published one or two prose books through John Lane, but has not hitherto appeared as a poet.

Miss Muna Lee, of Oklahoma City, makes her first appearance with the present group of poems. She received a B. A. degree in 1913 from the University of Mississippi, and is now a graduate student of the University of Oklahoma.

BOOKS RECEIVED

Original Verse:
Script of the Sun, by Mabel Parker Huddleston. Knickerbocker Press.
The Wings of Song, by Harold Hersey. Library Press; Washington.
Sappho in Levkas, and Other Poems, by Wm. Alex. Percy. Yale Univ. Press.
Rhymes and Vowlymes, by Fuller Miller. Privately printed.
The Song of a Dawning Day, by Francis G. Hanchett. Privately printed.
The Immigrants, by Percy MacKaye. B. W. Heubsch.

Translations:
Poems of Emile Verhaeren, translated by Alma Strettell. John Lane Co.

Prose:
To Our Contributors

The Helen Haire Levinson Prize of Two Hundred Dollars, and two prizes of One Hundred Dollars each, will be awarded next November for poems published in Poetry during its fourth year—October, 1915—September, 1916.

A prize of One Hundred Dollars is offered by the Players' Producing Co. for a one-act play in metrical or free verse, the play to be American in substance and actable. Manuscripts must reach the Poetry office before March 1, 1916.

The name of the author must not be written on the manuscript, but, with the title of the play, on a separate slip of paper. This, with a self-addressed stamped envelope large enough to contain the play, must be enclosed in a sealed blank envelope, and sent in the same package as the play. The committee reserves the right to withhold the prize if nothing suitable is found.

The word "American" in the above requirements is meant to exclude historic and classic subjects of the past, and is not to be more narrowly construed. A play dealing with, or symbolizing, life unlocalized would be sufficiently American.
ANNOUNCEMENT

Eleven writers of poetry of a high order will be represented in the first number of

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The magazine will be issued on January 3. It will be published monthly. The annual subscription rate is $1.50. Single copies, 15 cts. Its editors are Howard S. Graham, Jr., Devereux C. Josephs and Samuel McCoy.

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