Poetry, a Magazine of Verse

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Poems

William Butler Yeats
The Dawn—On Woman—The Fisherman—
The Hawk—Memory—The Thorn Tree—The
Phoenix—There Is a Queen in China—The
Scholars.

F. S. Flint
Cones—Gloom—Terror—Evil—War-time.

In London

William Laird

Buds

Eastland Waters

Agnes Lee

Poems

G. Tucker Bispham

The Lace-maker of Ypres—Dread—Nocturne—
Failure—Charm.

Old Manuscript

Alfred Kreymborg

Postponement

Henry B. Fuller

Editorial Comment

The Question of Prizes—The Work of Ezra
Pound—The Later Yeats—The Death of
Stephen Phillips.

Reviews of Verse by Rupert Brooke, John G.
Neihardt and G. K. Chesterton

Notes

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THE DAWN

I would be as ignorant as the dawn,
That has looked down
On that old queen measuring a town
With the pin of a brooch,
Or on the withered men that saw
From their pedantic Babylon
The careless planets in their courses,
The stars fade out where the moon comes,
And took their tablets and made sums—
Yet did but look, rocking the glittering coach
Above the cloudy shoulders of the horses.
I would be—for no knowledge is worth a straw—
Ignorant and wanton as the dawn.
May God be praised for woman,
That gives up all her mind!
A man may find in no man
A friendship of her kind,
That covers all he has brought
As with her flesh and bone,
Nor quarrels with a thought
Because it is not her own.

Though pedantry denies,
It's plain the Bible means
That Solomon grew wise
While talking with his queens;
Yet never could, although
They say he counted grass,
Count all the praises due
When Sheba was his lass,
When she the iron wrought, or
When from the smithy fire
It shuddered in the water:
Harshness of their desire
That made them stretch and yawn,
Pleasure that comes with sleep,
Shudder that made them one.

What else he give or keep
God grant me—(no, not here,
For I am not so bold
To hope a thing so dear
Now I am growing old;
But when, if the tale's true,
The pestle of the moon,
That pounds up all anew,
Brings me to birth again)—
To find what once I had
And know what once I have known,
Until I am driven mad,
Sleep driven from my bed,
By tenderness and care,
Pity an aching head,
Gnashing of teeth, despair—
And all because of some one
Perverse creature of chance—
And live like Solomon
That Sheba led a dance.

THE FISHERMAN

Although I can see him still—
The freckled man who goes
To a gray place on a hill
In gray Connemara clothes
At dawn to cast his flies—
It's long since I began
To call up to the eyes
This wise and simple man,
All day I'd looked in the face
What I had hoped it would be
To write for my own race
And the reality:
The living men that I hate,
The dead man that I loved,
The craven man in his seat,
The insolent unreproved—
And no knave brought to book
Who has won a drunken cheer—
The witty man and his joke
Aimed at the commonest ear,
The clever man who cries
The catch cries of the clown,
The beating down of the wise
And great Art beaten down.

Maybe a twelve-month since
Suddenly I began,
In scorn of this audience,
Imagining a man,
And his sun-freckled face
And gray Connemara cloth,
Climbing up to a place
Where stone is dark with froth,
And the down turn of his wrist
When the flies drop in the stream—
The Fisherman

A man who does not exist,
A man who is but a dream;
And cried, “Before I am old
I shall have written him one
Poem maybe as cold
And passionate as the dawn”.

THE HAWK

Call down the hawk from the air—
Let him be hooded or caged
Till the yellow eye has grown mild.
For larder and spit are bare,
The old cook enraged,
The scullion gone wild.

I will not be clapped in a hood,
Nor a cage, nor alight upon wrist,
Now I have learnt to be proud
Hovering over the wood
In the broken mist
Or tumbling cloud.

What tumbling cloud did you cleave,
Yellow-eyed hawk of the mind,
Last evening, that I, who had sat
Dumbfounded before a knave
Should give to my friend
A pretence of wit?

[ 221 ]
MEMORY

One had a lovely face,
And two or three had charm.
But charm and face were in vain,
Because the mountain grass
Cannot but keep the form
Where the mountain hare has lain.

THE THORN TREE

She is foremost of those that I would hear praised.
I have gone about the house, gone up and down
As a man does who has published a new book
Or a young girl dressed out in her new gown,
And though I have turned the talk by hook or crook
Until her praise should be the uppermost theme,
A woman spoke of some new tale she had read;
A man—so vaguely that he seemed to dream—
Of some strange woman's name that ran in his head.

She is foremost of those that I would hear praised.
I will talk no more of books or the long war,
But walk by the dry thorn until I have found
Some beggar sheltering from the wind, and there
If there be rags enough he will know her name
And be well pleased remembering it, for in the old days,
Though she had young men's praise and old men's blame,
Among the poor both old and young gave her praise.

[222]
“What have I earned for all that work,” I said,  
“For all that I have done at my own charge?  
The daily spite of this unmannerly town  
Where who has served the most is most defamed,  
The reputation of his lifetime lost  
Between the night and morning. I might have lived—  
And you know well how great the longing has been—  
Where every day my footfall should have lit  
In the green shadow on Ferrara wall;  
Or climbed among the images of the past,  
The unperturbed and courtly images,  
Evening and morn, the steep street of Urbino  
To where the duchess and her people talked  
The stately midnight through until they stood  
In their great window looking at the dawn.  
I might have had no friend that could not mix  
 Courtesy and passion into one, like those  
That saw the wicks grow yellow in the dawn.  
I might have used the one substantial right  
My trade allows—chosen my company,  
And chosen what scenery had pleased me best.”

Thereon my phoenix answered in reproof:  
“The drunkards, pilferers of public funds—   
All the dishonest crowd I had driven away—  
When my luck changed and they dared to meet my face,
Crawled from obscurity and set upon me
Those I had served and some that I had fed;
Yet never have I, now nor any time,
Complained of the people.”

All I could reply
Was: “You that have not lived in thought but deed
Can have the purity of a natural force;
But I, whose virtues are the definitions
Of the analytic mind, can neither close
The eye of the mind nor keep my tongue from speech.”

And yet, because my heart leaped at her words,
I was abashed, and now they come to mind
After nine years, I sink my head abashed.

THERE IS A QUEEN IN CHINA

There is a queen in China—or maybe it’s in Spain—
And birthdays and holidays such praises can be heard
Of her unblemished lineaments, a whiteness with no stain,
That she might be that sprightly girl who had married with a bird;
And there’s a score of duchesses, surpassing womankind,
Or who have found a painter to make them so for pay
And smooth out stain and blemish with the elegance of his mind:
I knew a phoenix in my youth so let them have their day.
There is a Queen in China

The young men every night applaud their Gaby's laughing eye,
And Ruth St. Denis had more charm although she had poor luck,
From nineteen hundred nine or ten, Pavlova's had the cry,
And there's a player in The States who gathers up her cloak
And flings herself out of the room, when Juliet would be bride,
With all a woman's passion, a child's imperious way;
And there are—but no matter if there are scores beside:
I knew a phoenix in my youth so let them have their day.

There's Margaret and Marjorie and Dorothy and Nan,
A Daphne and a Mary who live in privacy;
One's had her fill of lovers, another's had but one;
Another boasts, "I pick and choose, and have but two or three."
If head and limb have beauty and the instep's high and light
They can spread out what sail they please for all I have to say,
Be but the breakers of men's hearts or engines of delight:
I knew a phoenix in my youth so let them have their day.

There'll be that crowd to make men wild through all the centuries,
And may be there'll be some young belle walk out to make men wild
Who is my beauty’s equal, though that my heart denies;  
But not the exact likeness, the simplicity of a child,  
And that proud look as though she had gazed into the  
burning sun,  
And all the shapely body no tittle gone astray,  
I mourn for that most lonely thing: and yet God’s will be  
done—  
I knew a phoenix in my youth so let them have their day.

THE SCHOLARS

Bald heads forgetful of their sins,  
Old, learned, respectable bald heads  
Edit and annotate the lines  
That young men, tossing on their beds,  
Rhymed out in love’s despair  
To flatter beauty’s ignorant ear.

They’ll cough in the ink to the world’s end;  
Wear out the carpet with their shoes  
Earning respect; have no strange friend;  
If they have sinned nobody knows:  
Lord, what would they say  
Should their Catullus walk that way!

*William Butler Yeats*
IN LONDON

CONES

The blue mist of after-rain
Fills all the trees;
The sunlight gilds the tops
Of the poplar spires, far off.
Here a branch sways
And there
a sparrow twitters.
The curtain's hem, rose-embroidered,
Flutters, and half reveals
A burnt-red chimney-pot.
The quiet in the room
Bears patiently
A footfall on the street.

GLOOM

I sat there in the dark
Of the room and of my mind
Thinking of men's treasons and bad faith,
Sinking into the pit of my own weakness
Before their strength of cunning.
Out over the gardens came the sound of someone
Playing five-finger exercises on the piano.
Then
I gathered up within me all my powers
Until outside of me was nothing:
I was all—
All stubborn, fighting sadness and revulsion.

And one came from the garden quietly
And stood beside me.
She laid her hand on my hair;
She laid her cheek on my forehead
And caressed me with it.
But all my being rose to my forehead
To fight against this outside thing.
Something in me became angry,
Withstood like a wall,
And would allow no entrance—
I hated her.

"What is the matter with you, dear?" she said.
"Nothing," I answered,
"I am thinking."
She stroked my hair and went away;
And I was still gloomy, angry, stubborn.

Then I thought:
She has gone away; she is hurt;
She does not know
What poison has been working in me.
Gloom

Then I thought:
Upstairs, her child is sleeping;
And I felt the presence
Of the fields we had walked over, the roads we had followed,
The flowers we had watched together,
Before it came.

She had touched my hair, and only then did I feel it;
And I loved her once again.

TERROR

Eyes are tired;
The lamp burns,
And in its circle of light
Papers and books lie
Where chance and life
Have placed them.

Silence sings all around me;
My head is bound with a band;
Outside in the street a few footsteps;
A clock strikes the hour.

I gaze, and my eyes close
Slowly:

I doze; but the moment before sleep,
A voice calls my name

[ 229 ]
POETRY:  _A Magazine of Verse_

In my ear,  
And the shock jolts my heart:  
But when I open my eyes,  
And look, first left, and then right. . . .

No one is there.

**EVIL**

The mist of the evening is rose  
In the dying sun,  
And the street is quiet between its rows of plane-trees,  
And the walls of the gardens  
With the laurel bushes.

I walk along in a dream,  
Half aware  
Of the empty black of the windows.

One window I pass by.  
It is not empty:  
Something shows from it—white, I feel, and round—  
Something that pulls me back  
To gaze, still dreaming,  
To gaze and to wake and stare  
At a naked woman—  
Oh, beautiful!  
Alone in the window.
Evil

Is there a sign?
Does she call me?
What is the lure?

She does not move.

And I crawl to the gate, and stop,
And open the gate, again stopping,
And crawl again up the stone steps—
Fear driving my heart mad—
Up to the door.

Door, do not open—
Though I beat you with my fists!

WAR-TIME

If I go out of the door,
It will not be
To take the road to the left that leads
Past the bovine quiet of houses
Brooding over the cud of their daily content,
Even though
The tranquility of their gardens
Is a lure that once was stronger;
Even though
From privet hedge and mottled laurel
The young green peeps,
And the daffodils
And the yellow and white and purple crocuses

[ 231 ]
Laugh from the smooth mould
Of the garden beds
To the upright golden buds of the chestnut trees.
I shall not see
The almond blossom shaming
The soot-black boughs.

But to the right the road will lead me
To greater and greater disquiet;
Into the swift rattling noise of the motor-'busses,
And the dust, the tattered paper—
The detritus of a city—
That swirls in the air behind them.
I will pass the shops where the prices
Are judged day by day by the people,
And come to the place where five roads meet
With five tram-routes,
And where amid the din
Of the vans, the lorries, the motor-'busses,
The clangorous tram-cars,
The news is shouted,
And soldiers gather, off-duty.

Here I can feel the heat of Europe's fever;
And I can make,
As each man makes the beauty of the woman he loves,
No spring and no woman's beauty,
While that is burning.

F. S. Flint
BUDS

We went (we both were boiling young) one night
To see six bouts on—never mind the street;
And passed, beneath a gas-lamp's ghastly light,
A woman of prey, no longer fair, her feet
Long turned towards death. My comrade knew she came
From Ardmore town, where still they buzzed her shame.

He hailed her by a childish name which nigh
Had been forgotten, surely never heard
Since days in quiet Ardmore long gone by,
Irrevocable: "Buds! why, Buds!"—the word
Of what was gone. She hid her face in pain,
With God knows what hell-ringing through her brain.

What arrows then of utter woe might stir
Her trampled soul, I have no skill to guess:
The white name fouled against the front of her—
The name of hope mocking her hopelessness!
However, being boiling young, that night
We phrased no moral—went and saw the fight.

*William Laird*
EASTLAND WATERS

Niels. Now girls, now girls, cling on with all your might.
Cling steady to this plank—don’t lose your grit.

Mary. Niels, will they all be saved?

Niels. Be sure of it.

They can’t be drowned.

Anna. For everything’s in sight.

Mary. And we could almost touch the houses there.

See how the steamer sank upon her side,
Like a huge beast!

Anna. Listen—a baby cried!


Mary. The human fish—see how they haul them in!

Anna. They’re everywhere! How cold the water feels!

Niels. Keep up your nerve—be the brave girls you’ve been.

Mary. Soon we’ll be safe. Nothing can harm us here,

With all those little windows looking on.

I feel your courage, Niels—my fear has gone.

Niels. Steady there, steady! Now the dock is near.

Anna. O Niels, I wish I had your arms around me!...

It came, it came! I didn’t mean to tell.

Mary, you never dreamed ... We kept it well.

Niels thought we mustn’t speak it out. He bound me ...

Niels. Hush, hush!

Anna. He bound me not to say a word,

Not to let others guess it in my face.

[ 234 ]
But who could keep a secret in this place?
And Mary, I am glad at last you’ve heard.
And Mary, you shall fasten up my veil,
And hold my book for me. Why, everything
Seems wonderful! Even here I want to sing!
We’ll have a little flat in Carbondale . . .

Niels. Anna, don’t chatter on like this, I say.
Mary . . . I meant to make it clear to you . . .
Mary!

Anna. Oh, look; oh, look!—her lips are blue!
Niels. Mary!
Anna. Oh, look! . . . Her hands have slipped
away!

Agnes Lee
THE LACEMAKER OF YPRES

"Most of the houses in the Grande Place are in ruins. The town is uninhabited. Only the dead are left. But the enemy keeps on bombarding—apparently to pass the time."

She passed the hours
In a friendly solitude;
Heard the voices, wrangling shrewd,
   In the market-place of flowers;
Clatter of cart-wheel; sounds that drifted—
From open window, saw uplifted
   Her cathedral towers.

While passed the hours,
Her thoughts would find some little song,
Loved for many a year and long
   In the market-place of flowers;
When days of summer drifted, drifted—
And in the peaceful sky were lifted
   Ypres' cathedral towers.

To pass the hours,
Since her last scream was choked in dust,
Shot and shrapnel spend their lust
   In the market-place of flowers;
Smoke is drifted, drifted, drifted—
Lonely in the sky are lifted
   Christ's cathedral towers.
DREAD

Scarlet, ruinous roses,
Unfolding under the sea . . .
Though far in the deep, and slow of growth,
They call to me, call to me.

Day-long I serve my father's need;
I do the housework duly;
Dusk . . . nor the idle stars I heed;
I say my night-prayers, truly.

Scarlet, poisonous roses,
Unfolded under the sea . . .
Far off, slow, and of tangled growth,
They call to me, cling to me.

NOCTURNE

Which is the lovelier, between clear spaces of the lake and
the night-sky,
The mountain edges against heaven, or shadow of the
mountains in the water?
Which light more lovely; keen stars, burning big in the
purple darkness,
Or star-shimmer in the depths—thin lines like wavering
lanterns?
FAILUARE

Visions are piled up on the morning skies!
With great cloud-bastion, arch of mist, and spire
Soaring to win the sun's first golden fire,
The spacious mansions of the soul arise.
Grateful of heart, fresh-dedicated, wise,
I to my earthly task, at heaven's hire,
Eagerly turn, and fear no more to tire,
Now such a hope is bright before mine eyes!

But toward the close of day, the scented air
Thrills to a murmur and a beat of wings;
Twilight is veiled; "Who stirs—can Love be there?"
No answer on his careless flight he flings:
But, was there not a summons of shy laughter?
I turn; I tremble; swift I follow after.

CHARM

Charm? It is color of the rose by twilight;
The silver note that shivered crystal yields;
It is a rainbow, caught in the blown fountain;
A light wind, winging its pathway through the fields.

G. Tucker Bispham
OLD MANUSCRIPT

The sky
Is that beautiful old parchment
In which the sun
And the moon
Keep their diary.
To read it all
One must be a linguist
More learned than Father Wisdom,
And a visionary
More clairvoyant than Mother Dream.
But to feel it
One must be an apostle:
One who is more than intimate
In having been, always,
The only confidant—
Like the earth
Or the sea.

Alfred Kreymborg
POSTPONEMENT

When Albert F. McComb
Died in his native Dodgetown
At the age of sixty-odd,
People said—the few who said anything at all—
That he had lived a futile life,
And that Europe was to blame:
His continual hankering after the Old World
Had made him a failure in the New.

At seventeen he was reading *In Dickens-land*, just out,
And Ruskin’s *Stones of Venice,*
And Maudle’s *Life of Raphael;*
And he was never the same afterward.
He decided on romance.
Romance, with Albert, was always a good bit back,
And some distance away—
Least of all in booming Dodgetown,
In the year of grace eighteen-seventy-three.
There was Shelley poetizing in Pisa
(Thirty-five years before Albert was born);
And there was Byron with his countess
In that conspiratorial old palace at Ravenna
(‘Four thousand wide miles from Main Street,
Or more’). *Etcetera.*

At twenty-one Albert “took a position”,
But he never put his heart into the work.
Postponement

At twenty-five he might have bought a share in the business;
But, "No," he said, "I may cross over soon;
Let me be foot-free, and fancy-free—no entanglements here."

When he was twenty-six
Adelaide Waters, tired of waiting,
Married an ambitious young hardware-dealer,
And on the whole did well.
But Albert cared little:
"She" was waiting on the other side.

Early he became a boarder,
And a boarder he continued to be.
"Why tie myself up with property?" he asked;
"The time will come, and I must be without constraint."

Thus, without constraint, without career, without estate,
Without home and family,
He waited for the great hour,
Living on slick steel-engravings,
And flushed, mendacious chromo-lithographs,
And ecstatic travel-books penned by forlorn English spinsters.

In the new West others wooed Fortune and won her;
But Albert was spending fortune on fortune abroad
Before he had fairly learned to pay his way at home.
He lived in a palace on the Lung’ Arno:
He saw the yellow river plainly enough
From the back window of the two-story frame on Ninth Street.
He went to the office in a plum-colored coat,
Of the cut of the early ’twenties,
And a voluminous stock—
Though others might see but “mixed goods”
And a four-in-hand.
Some damsel, principessa or contadina,
Hung on his lips, or carelessly betrayed his heart;
And he, the young poet—
Though he had never written a line
(Such stuff as this having not yet been invented)—
Lay down in dreamless slumber beside Keats,
Close to the walls of Rome.

Some years passed by,
But Albert never budged from home.
Savings grew slowly; no kindly patron appeared; no rich
relation died.
But less and less did Albert live
In terms of Dodgetown and of Caldwell County.
It was all Lambeth and Lincoln’s Inn and Bridgewater
House;
The Schwarzwald and the Forest of Arden;
The cypresses of Verona, the cascades of Tivoli,
And the Pincian Hill.

At forty Albert was getting a lukewarm salary for luke­
warm work;
And some small five-and-a-half per-cent investments

[242]
Brought in three hundred and thirty dollars extra per annum.
"In two or three years I shall risk going," he would say;
"And then . . . !"

But if Albert stayed single, all his sisters did not;
And if he himself kept on living, several of his adult relatives died;
And when he was fifty-two a bunch of grand-nieces
Asked him to help on their grocery bills,
And to see that their mortgage-interest got paid on time.
Other things of like nature happened,
And Albert presently perceived that not every single man
Can escape the obligations and responsibilities of the married state.
"Well, I must wait," he said;
And he began to collect views of the Dolomites.

Albert prosed along past sixty,
As our muse indicated at the start.
His young relatives grew up,
And some of them married;
And those who remained single
Were cared for by their sisters' husbands.
And one day Albert got word
That a wealthy cousin, twice removed,
Who had made millions out of the Michigan forests,
And had multiplied them into tens of millions on the stock exchange,
And whom he had not heard from for twenty years,
Had "crossed," as Albert liked to say,
And had left him a fortune indeed.

Albert sent for steamship folders;
But a dubious July
Was followed by a frenetic August.
The ancient world,
So grandiose and so romantic
To Albert's steadfast eyes,
Went mad.
"'Man marks the earth with ruin,'" he mused;
"But 'his control—stops with the . . . .'"
Yet the sea itself was become a shambles,
And the realm of faery, beyond,
A trampled mire of blood and wreckage.

Albert stood on the brink of things, as ever.
But the earth heaved beneath his feet,
And the fabric reared through forty years fell in ruin on
his head.
"There will be no peace in my time," he murmured;
"Nor any salve in generations.
For me there is no world at all—
What is my million, here?"

Albert retired.
He studied the stripes in the wall-paper

[244]
Postponement

And considered his weak old hands on the counterpane.
His eyes were become too dim to see the Here and Now,
Or to divine the local glories Just About to Be.
In a negative way he had been a good enough man;
And, "Heaven will do," he sighed;
"But—has it a Val d'Arno, a Villa d'Este,
Or . . . . ."
But you, kind friend and reader,
Shall have the last word here;
And mind you choose it well.
EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE QUESTION OF PRIZES

It is impossible to please everybody! POETRY has been criticized in various quarters because of its annual honor list. When the question of prizes came up for discussion recently in New York, at a meeting of the Poetry Society of America, the associate editor of this magazine was almost the only speaker who advocated prize-giving for the encouragement of the art. By other speakers—and since then by two or three writers—various objections have been suggested: that the offering and giving of prizes is mere sentimentalism and pretentiousness; that justice in awards is improbable, or even impossible; that there is a subtle corruption in a prize, the winner thereof becoming so consumed with self-satisfaction as to lose his artistic integrity; that such awards are an effort to create, not poetry, but a market for poetry—an effort to “make poetry popular.” Et cetera.

So we may as well refer once more to a few first principles which led to the founding of the magazine. The fundamental principle was perhaps this: that a great period, in any department of human activity, comes only when a strong and widespread creative impulse meets an equal impulse of sympathy. Genius happens individually, of course; and, having happened even at the darkest place and hour, it may discover itself and function to a certain degree,
The Question of Prizes

though spasmodically and incompletely, in spite of the world's indifference. But the chances against it are numerous and severe: unnnourished, the precious seed may dry up; or after an early efflorescence the plant may perish; or—but why pursue the parable?

Great art has usually been "popular" to this extent, that in the great periods of art the artists had their world behind them; they felt it pushing and urging them, and their power was multiplied tenfold; just as today we are in the midst of a great period of scientific discovery because every inventive mind feels this push of his world. In such a period the crowd does not fully understand the great man and his work, but it watches him and admires, or at least reviles; its Shakespeare was not an immortal, but a popular playwright; its Raphael not a great master, but a favorite painter. These men were doing something which the crowd wanted and was interested in; they were expressing the crowd's ideas and desires—as well as much more. And without the crowd's open or secret interest and sympathy—or at least opposition—their work would have been less triumphantly done.

It follows that if we want great poetry we must begin by preparing normal and natural conditions for the poet—by giving him, not the stone walls and stifling atmosphere of indifference, but light, air, freedom, neighbors who praise or curse—all things necessary for healthy growth and conflict. Only thus will the great creative mind, if it is born, have a fair chance of attaining powerful maturity; and just
as hundreds of lesser trees must grow and die to enrich the
soil for one that overtops them, so only out of the growth
and decay and waste of lesser creative minds will the master
arise.

POETRY—its policy and prizes—are a detail of preparation,
an effort to give the poet his chance of a hearing, his right
to a response. It is an effort to gather the “great audience”
—whether few or many—for whom and through whose aid
alone he can sing with his utmost power.

In this effort, the editor has taken lessons from the sister
arts of painting and sculpture, whose recent development in
this country has been due at least partly to galleries, exhibi-
tions, prizes, scholarships, and other evidences of public in-
terest. This in spite of fallible juries of admission and
award; for since Sargent—in a Chicago exhibition back in
the nineties—received, not a first, but a “second medal” for
his Carmencita, she has had little reason to expect such
awards to be prophetic of the verdict of time.

POETRY’s juries, even though Apollo should appoint them,
would no doubt prove quite as fallible. But however our
wise descendants may smile at our awards, these will have
accomplished, in a measure, their object of honor to the
art. As to the individual honored, he becomes at once the
target for such unflattering comments that his modesty is in
little danger, and the bag of gold he receives is not yet heavy
enough to overbalance his “artistic integrity.” At least, Mr.
Sandburg seems as granite-like as ever, and Mr. Lindsay
goes serenely on his way.
Poets are the worst paid of all artists, and we can not see that we would lessen their chance of immortality by lessening their chance of starvation. Why should a poet be "utterly lacking in self-respect" if he accepts a fellowship, when so many painters and architects, scholars and scientists, have stood up nobly under the infliction? We know more than one young poet whose art would be benefited by a traveling scholarship more than that of the numerous painters who now enjoy this boon.

"Miss Monroe led us to suppose she was building a cathedral—it now appears that it was a Woolworth Building," says one critic. A cathedral, did I? Modern cathedrals are second-rate—mere imitations. I would rather build a first-rate sky-scraper! But not the Woolworth Building—the Monadnock, perhaps.

H. M.

THE WORK OF EZRA POUND

If I were driven to name one individual who, in the English language, by means of his own examples of creative art in poetry, has done most of living men to incite new impulses in poetry, the chances are I would name Ezra Pound. This statement is made reservedly, out of knowing the work of Pound and being somewhat close to it three years or so. I hope that no luck of war or peace will ever back me into a corner where, by force and duress, I must lie shackled and hungry in a donjon keep until I name the world's champion poet. If, however, as a friendly stranger in a smoking compartment, you should casually ask me for
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

an offhand opinion as to who is the best man writing poetry today, I should probably answer, “Ezra Pound.”

All talk on modern poetry, by people who know, ends with dragging in Ezra Pound somewhere. He may be named only to be cursed as wanton and mocker, poseur, trifler and vagrant. Or he may be classed as filling a niche today like that of Keats in a preceding epoch. The point is, he will be mentioned.

One must know how to spell his name, and have heard rumors of where he hangs his hat when he eats, and one must have at least passing acquaintance with his solemn denunciadoes and his blurted quiddities, in order to debate on modern poetry, and in such debate zigzag a course of progress.

When Nicodemus wanted to know more about the real Jesus of Nazareth, he had the justice to make a night call and ask Jesus some questions.

Let some of those thrusting spears and ink pots at Ezra Pound try to be fair enough to read him.

In the early regulations of the University of Paris, this oath was required of professors: “I swear to read and to finish reading, within the time set by the statutes, the books and parts of books assigned for my lectures.” Some like form should be insisted on for reviewers and commentators who in this push-button and dumb-waiter age rush into type with two-minute judgments on twenty-year accomplishments.

Though a Fabre spends ninety years watching spiders and writing a book, any ordinary book reviewer or critic now-
adays will type hap-hazard a column of words on the work of a lifetime, and assume without humility or prayer to say this is good and that is bad.

Though an Ezra Pound toil ten years at one aim and coin high joy and red life into a commanding book of poetry, there are plenty of offhand scholars who assume that he means nothing to anybody because he means nothing to them.

The opposition to Pound divides roughly into two groups: first, the mumbo-jumbo school who assert with grave faces that this sort of poetry has never before been written, and therefore it is not poetry; and second, the pish-tush school whose risibilities are tickled with turning the poems upside down, inside out, or backwards and forwards.

In the cool and purple meantime, Pound goes ahead producing new poems having the slogan, "Guts and Efficiency," emblazoned above his daily program of work. His genius runs to various schools and styles. He acquires traits and then throws them away. One characteristic is that he has no characteristics. He is a new roamer of the beautiful, a new fetcher of wild shapes, in each new handful of writings offered us.

Maybe it is a psalm of his glory in certain old roads "where the hills part in three ways," where also he has "seen the copper come down tingeing the mountains," and sunset "torch flames painting the front of that church." Maybe it is a London girl combing her hair, and he watches her across the street from his room, and wonders pleasantly
about her till she sings and her voice sends him running from the rasp of its falsetto. The old, old things that are always lovely haunt him, whether they move on the faces of women, petals of flowers, waves of moonlight, or the waters of Venice by night, which he gives in murmurous lines like these:

And the beauty of this thy Venice
hast thou shown unto me
Until is its loveliness become unto me
a thing of tears.

O God, what great kindness
have we done in times past
and forgotten it,
That thou givest this wonder unto us,
O God of waters?

O God of the night,
what great sorrow
Cometh unto us,
that thou thus repayest us
Before the time of its coming?

From these soft waters and this gentle blurred nocturne, he may turn to this picture and its hard movement:

Gray cliffs,
and beneath them
A sea
Harsher than granite,
unstill, never ceasing.

Or his translation of Bertrans de Born's ballad of the lover of war, wherein the master speaks to his jongleur, Papiol, in this wise:

And I love to see the sun rise blood-crimson,
And I watch his spears through the dark clash,
And it fills all my heart with rejoicing
And pries wide my mouth with fast music.
The man who fears war, and squats opposing
My words for stour, hath no blood of crimson,
But is fit only to rot in womanish peace.
Papiol, Papiol, to the music:
May God damn forever all who cry, "Peace!"

Though the Vorticist school now claims Pound and he endorses the claim, he is also an ancient of the ancients. His translations from the Chinese are vivid in feeling and keen in sympathy. One realizes the closeness of the Chinese soul as a next-door human neighbor, fellow-traveler on an old, old planet, after reading Cathay.

Drawing a style of writing from hitherto obscure Romance literature and the troubadours, from the Chinese and the Egyptian, from modern science, Nietzsche and syndicalism, the technique of Pound baffles any accurate analysis in a single paper. His own statements of his theories do not get at the gist of the matter, and he passes his warmest inspirations to others through poems in the actual instead of theoretic.

As well should one reduce to chemical formula the crimson of a Kentucky redbird’s wing as dissect the inner human elements that give poetic craft to this heart song from Planh:

But if one should look at me with the old hunger in her eyes,
How will I be answering her eyes?

For I have followed the white folk of the forest,
Aye! It’s a long hunting,
And it’s a deep hunger I have when I see them a-gliding
And a-flickering there where the trees stand apart.
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

But oh, it is sorrow and sorrow,
When love dies down in the heart.

He has prowled in streets, taprooms, libraries and lexicons. Out of a mixed lore gathered among hooligans, bookmen and beautiful women, he projects such films as these:

FRANCESCA

You came in out of the night
And there were flowers in your hands.
Now you will come out of a confusion of people,
Out of a turmoil of speech about you.
I, who have seen you amid the primal things,
Was angry when they spoke your name
In ordinary places.
I would that the cool waves might flow over my mind,
And that the world should dry as a dead leaf,
Or as a dandelion seed-pod and be swept away,
So that I might find you again,
Alone.

ON HIS OWN FACE IN A GLASS

O strange face there in the glass,
O ribald company, O saintly host,
O sorrow-swept my fool,
What answer? O ye myriad
That strive and play and pass,
Jest, challenge, counterlie?
I? I? I?
And ye?

LI PO
And Li Po also died drunk.
He tried to embrace a moon
In the yellow river.

ANCIENT WISDOM

So-Shu dreamed,
And having dreamed that he was a bird, a bee, a butterfly,
The Work of Ezra Pound

He was uncertain why he should try to feel like anything else. Hence his contentment.

Out of thousands of Christ poems, there are not a dozen that live on shining with the luminous power of the Christ life. Judges like William Butler Yeats say Pound's Ballad of the Goodly Fere will last. These are two of its fourteen verses:

I ha' seen him cow a thousand men
On the hills o' Gallilee,
They whined as he walked out calm between,
Wi' his eyes like the gray o' the sea.

Like the sea that brooks no voyaging
With the winds unleashed and free,
Like the sea that he cowed at Genseret
Wi' twey words spoke suddenly.

On the fly-leaf of a book of Italian translations Ezra Pound wrote:

The reader must bear in mind that these poems were written one by one. It is impossible to read the book "straight through" with any pleasure. It is unfair to Guido to attempt it. The poem of the close school is a subject for meditation. It is best to read one at a time. Four or five together are all that should ever be tried.

The same counsel goes for those who take up the collected works of Ezra Pound. These are not in the same class with reading matter farmers buy from mail-order houses to while away long winter nights and the rainy season. A piece like this keeps its music through more than a hundred readings:

Beautiful, infinite memories
That are a-plucking at my heart,
Why will you be ever calling and a-calling,
And a-murmuring in the dark there?
And a-reaching out your long hands
Between me and my beloved?

And why will you be ever a-casting
The black shadows of your beauty
On the white face of my beloved,
And a-glinting in the pools of her eyes?

His way of working, his art and craftsmanship, is more conscious and deliberate, more clear-cut in purpose and design, than might be thought from first glance at the careless surface of one of his free-running poems. While he is an ignorant barbarian on the sources of his inspiration and the power by which he works out his inward flashes, once the urge and blaze is on him he works by rules, measurements, formulae and data as strict and definite as any worker who uses exact science, and employs fractions of inches, and drills in steel by thousandths of millimeters. These two sentences may offer clues to the intuitions that guide him:

Poetry is a sort of inspired mathematics, which gives us equations, not for abstract figures, triangles, spheres and the like, but equations for the human emotions. If one have a mind which inclines to magic rather than science, one will prefer to speak of these equations as spells or incantations; it sounds more arcane, mysterious, recondite.

Since he wrote the foregoing in The Spirit of Romance some years ago, he has been joined with the Imagists and from them passed on to the Vorticists. Wyndham Lewis in Blast starts with the Red Indian, and then cites Poe, Whistler, Henry James, and Walt Whitman, ending with Ezra Pound as the high points of American art. These are Lewis' notes on Pound:
Demon pantechnicon driver, busy with removal of old world into new quarters. In his steel net of impeccable technique he has lately caught Li Po. Energy of a discriminating element.

People write poetry because they want to. It functions in them as air in the nostrils of an athlete in a sprint. Moods, thoughts, emotions, surge over writers as they do over inventors and politicians. It is a dark stuff of life that comes and goes.

There are those who play safe and sane in poetry, as in mechanics and politics. To each realm its own gay madmen. Some win their public while they live. Others must mould a very small public while alive, and be content with a larger one after death. Still others need no public at all, and in the rôle of by-standers they get more enjoyment and knowledge of life than as performers.

In a world with so high a proportion of fools, it is neither disgrace nor honor when people say of a finished work, "I can't understand it." The last word on the merits of it will be spoken by the future. And sometimes the future decides that a work is beautiful and worth treasuring, and then ironically destroys it and leaves behind no word of explanation nor apology.

I like the pages of Ezra Pound. He stains darkly and touches softly. The flair of great loneliness is there. He is utter as a prairie horseman, a biplane in the azure, a Norse crag, or any symbol of the isolate, contemplative spirit of man unafraid and searching. He is worth having.

Carl Sandburg
Yeats in his later work, all things considered, is really the most characteristic poet of modern Europe. He has, more than any other continental writer, that virile pessimism which has haunted Europe for the last quarter of a century; he celebrates, subtly and strangely, that aristocratic idea which in our day has again become paramount in Europe, and his work has in full measure the pride and anger which are the only two of the seven deadly sins which produce great literature. Great literature, like great wars, always derives from somebody's pride or somebody's anger.

The later Yeats may be said to begin with the publication by the Cuala Press, in 1910, of *The Green Helmet and Other Poems*, and continues with further developments in the volume *Responsibilities* published last year. This later work differs from his early work in vocabulary, and in an impassioned directness of expression acquired through years of working for the theatre. It is an attempt to get nearer the ordinary things of life, an attempt to grapple with common and topical interests—city councils, political intrigues, music hall dancers, etc. The nearer he gets to these things the more tragic and personal does he become, so that the joyousness, as of a man out on a great adventure, which characterized the work of his youth, is all gone, but in its stead there is the virility of one "who has come unto his strength."

When we compare *The Dream of a Blessed Spirit*, espes-

[258]
cially what William Archer called the white heat of inspiration of its last stanza—

With white feet of angels seven  
Her white feet go glimmering,  
And above the deep of heaven,  
Flame on flame and wing on wing;

and the melancholy splendor of the following poem out of *Responsibilities*, we see the difference between poetry about a dream, and poetry about a living reality to which the whole experience of the life of a man has gone in the making:

Suddenly I saw the cold and rock-delighting Heaven  
That seemed as though ice burned and was but the more ice;  
And thereupon imagination and heart were driven  
So wild, that every casual thought of that and this  
Vanished, and left but memories, that should be out of season  
With the hot blood of youth, of love crossed long ago;  
And I took all the blame out of all sense and reason,  
Until I cried and trembled and rocked to and fro,  
Riddled with light. Ah! when the ghost begins to quicken,  
Confusion of the death-bed over, is it sent  
Out naked on the roads, as the books say, and stricken  
With the injustice of the skies for punishment?

In his early work he brought back again the old Irish legends and folk-tales; in his later work he has brought back that imaginative and impassioned satire which used to be the birth-gift of the old Gaelic bards. Synge, who put the woman who hated *The Playboy* in a poem and cursed her, so to speak, with candle, book and bell, is less frightening than Yeats, who with such simple and homely words satirizes treacherous friends, bad poets, and ignorant despisers of art.

The first of the volumes mentioned contains *The Green Helmet*, which is the most characteristic of all Irish plays.
This play, which is an heroic satire, is, I believe, Mr. Yeats’ greatest dramatic work. It is remarkable as the first play in English written in ballad metre. It satirizes Irish quarrelsomeness, but it also pays a tribute to the heroic element which is always in Irish life.

Mary M. Colum

THE DEATH OF STEPHEN PHILLIPS

Two poets have died during the past month, and one actress dear to lovers of great poetry. Stuart Merrill, the American who gave up his native land and language to sit at the feet of Mallarmé and become a French symbolist poet of high distinction. Ada Rehan, whose Rosalind and Katharine will never be forgotten by anyone who saw her beauty enrich these rôles, and heard her voice drip golden honey over the magic cadences of the lines. And Stephen Phillips.

Fifteen years ago there would have been a veritable clangor of bells to usher out this poet. What were people thinking of him then? “In this case genius is no illusion . . . the footfall of the immortals,” said Blackwood’s. “One who redeems our age from its comparative barrenness in the higher realms of poetry,” said W. L. Courtney. “He has achieved the impossible,” said William Archer. And Churton Collins said of Paolo and Francesca in the Saturday Review, “It claims his kinship with the aristocrats of his art—with Sophocles and with Dante.”

Such overpraise was an injustice against a poet of rich fancy, with a delicate feeling for tonal cadences. It is hardly too much to say that it ruined him, for it urged him toward
The Death of Stephen Phillips

tragic drama, for which he was unfitted, as he utterly lacked original creative power. He relied upon a secondary inspiration, and dramatized famous old stories, until the futility of an effort beyond his strength may have been the ultimate cause of his years of silence.

In my opinion, Paolo and Francesca, the first of these modern embroiderings on a grand old pattern, is the best. It is not drama, but it has passages of clear and limpid poetry, though hardly better than some of the earlier poems, especially Marpessa and Christ in Hades, which had already proved the musical fluidity of his blank verse. Usually the quieter scenes are the most convincing. In the one between Francesca and Lucrezia, for example, when the lonely young wife breaks down the older woman’s reserve, poignant emotion is exquisitely expressed:

I have no mother: let me be your child  
Tonight—I am so utterly alone!  
Be gentle with me; or if not, at least  
Let me go home—this world is difficult.  
Oh, think of me as of a little child  
That looks into your face and asks your hand!

And Giovanni’s lines at the end of the play are fine in their suggestion of utter calmness, like that of a spirit who has passed through death:

Not easily have we three come to this—  
We three who now are dead. Unwillingly  
They loved, unwillingly I slew them. Now  
I kiss them on the forehead quietly.

It was cruel for this poet of delicate sensibilities to impose on his frail imagination such themes as Ulysses and Herod. They never came to life: the splendid symbolism of the one,
the gorgeous brutality of the other, and the old-world grandeur of both, were smothered in thick veils; Ulysses' visit to Hades, Herod's mad passion, become artificialities which no one believes in, least of all, probably, the poet. No wonder he lost himself under the strain! And of his last work, Armageddon, his "epic drama" of the war, it is kinder to say nothing.

One cannot predict what the future will say of him. But at any rate, he had fine moments—moments of real feeling, expressed with high simplicity in softly flowing, limpid music. One of his Herod's speeches seems almost personal—he was "duped by brightness:"

She would—she hath forgiven all,
Yet cannot traverse with her feet those yards
That separate us. If she would—but cannot!
I tell you we are fooled by the eye, the ear;
These organs muffle us from that real world
That lies about us, we are duped by brightness.
The ear, the eye, doth make us deaf and blind.

H. M.

REVIEWS

The Collected Poems of Rupert Brooke, with an introduction by George Edward Woodberry and a Biographical Note by Margaret Lavington. John Lane Co.

It is a difficult thing to judge the work of a poet the circumstances of whose death have given to the world that sense of heroic glamour for which the public loves dearly to honor its poets. Chatterton, Keats and Shelley, Lord Byron and Sir Philip Sidney have had their share of it. And now it is the turn of Rupert Brooke, whose personal beauty, like
that of Byron and Shelley, accentuates a loss which is none
the less severe. Reactions follow upon enthusiasms, but quite
irrespective of all glamour, Rupert Brooke left several poems
that will outlast present public acclaim, as the work of other
genuine poets has often had to outlast public scorn.

A reviewer can do no more than honestly record his indi­
vidual impression. I had read, I think, practically all the
poems published in this book while Rupert Brooke was still
living, and I still think, as I thought then, that the double
sonnet, *Menelaus and Helen*, and the five sonnets, including
the now famous one which serves as his epitaph, represent
his finest achievement. Much of Rupert Brooke’s work
expresses the exuberance of youth; it represents the will to
love or the will to die, and the straining desire towards the
“white flame” of poetry, characteristic of young poets, rather
than definite achievement. Brooke was in love with death
long before the war came; his poems are full of this hunger
and desire for death as the consummation and preserver of
beauty; and this in itself is characteristic of the adolescent
poet before life has been fully realized. Brooke ran toward
death as toward the consummation which life had not given,
perhaps could not have given to one of his temperament. He
went toward death as the “great lover”—not of life as he
thought, but of death itself. There are men of whom this is
true. Brooke was one of them. This in no sense belittles
his heroic sacrifice, for he had everything to live for.

The greater part of Brooke’s work is fluent, exuberant,
rhapsodic, and often reminiscent—now of Yeats, now of John
Masefield (as in *The Great Lover*, which reflects the spirit and cadences of *Biography*), now of Swinburne, and often of the seventeenth century poets in his use of the rhymed couplet. He had an individual turn, nevertheless, which made one sure that he would become more self-expressive in form as well as in content. The war, or the anticipation of death, gave Brooke an intensity, clarity, and a greater degree of precision, than he had attained before except in one or two instances. In many of the earlier poems the feeling for words and for the sound of them rather embalmed and obscured the sense and the image. Had he survived the war he would certainly have gained in depth and richness of experience and in austerity of expression. Much of his work is frankly playful in intent; this is part of its charm for many people, and for others a serious defect. This was probably temperamental. Some poets conceal sensitiveness in this way, others by satire. Whether Brooke was content that his work should remain so, we may not know. He was only twenty-eight when he died.

His death is a symbol of the waste of war.

A. C. H.


This book brings up certain interesting questions. It is a story of adventure and emotion based upon an episode of the American fur trade nearly a century ago, and told in rhymed couplets. Its diction is of an old-fashioned elegance, employing freely words long sacred to poetry, like *ere, unto,*
Reviews

deem, athwart, guerdon, and phrases like howsoever 'twas, what thing be sought, nor might it e'er befall (though this e'er is misspelled ere), etc. Although often the story swings along simply enough, there are many passages of round and rolling eloquence which tread the stage with a noble mien, like this:

> The moon now cleared the world's end, and the owl
> Gave voice unto the wizardry of light;
> While in some dim-lit chancel of the night,
> Shouts to the goddess, wolfish corybants
> Intoned their wild antiphonary chants—
> The oldest, saddest worship in the world.

or this:

> Nor long Hugh let the lust of vengeance gnaw
> Upon him idling; though the tale he told,
> And what report proclaimed him, were as gold
> To buy a winter's comfort at the Post.
> "I can not rest; for I am but the ghost
> Of someone murdered by a friend," he said,
> "So long as yonder traitor thinks me dead—
> Aye, buried in the bellies of the crows
> And kiotes!"

In short, Mr. Neihardt has done his task well. He has fitted his wild western story to a long accepted “heroic” measure and compelled it to move with dignity in this stately dress. The trouble is that the process does not seem quite natural; he has fitted the story to the measure instead of letting it choose its form, and somehow the nobility and high-sounding rotundity of the poem do not satisfy us. We compare it with examples of perfect fitness between subject and form, like certain tales by Kipling and Stephen Crane, or like the confessions of Doc Hill and William H. Herndon
in *Spoon River*, and at once it becomes artificial—"mere literature."

Poetic narrative must stand the test of comparison with prose. It must be as fit and fine as prose, as lithe and stript and shapely—and a bit more. It can not cover itself with the trappings of yesterday, and make gesticulation pass for life. Such art smells of the old-time theatre. It is like what our fathers used to call a "mighty fine piece of acting."

Of course Mr. Neihardt is an accomplished craftsman, and there are in his poem passages of fine simplicity and stately music. Also his similes are often fortunate. Perhaps such excerpts as these present him at his best:

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For he went grayer like a poplar tree
That shivers, ruffling to the first faint breath
Of storm, while yet the world is still as death
Save where, far off, the kenneled thunders bay.
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It was the hour when cattle straggle home.
Across the clearing in a hush of sleep
They saunter, lowing; loiter belly-deep
Amid the lush grass by the meadow stream.
How like the sound of water in a dream
The intermittent tinkle of yon bell!
A windlass creaks contentment from a well,
And cool deeps gurgle as the bucket sinks.
Now blowing at the trough the plow-team drinks;
The shaken harness rattles. Sleepy quails
Call far. The warm milk hisses in the pails.
There in the dusky barn-lot. Crickets cry.
The meadow twinkles with the glowing fly.
One hears the horses munching at their oats.
The green grows black. A veil of slumber floats
Across the haunts of home-enamored men.
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_H. M._

One opens with pleasure a book by the author of *Pope and the Art of Satire*, and is at the outset well-disposed towards a writer so catholic and democratic in his discriminations. Metrical form has not, however, helped what Mr. Chesterton has to say: and his essays express both better poetry and a better lyric sense than his poems.

Almost at once, as soon as you begin *Lepanto*, which purports to be a swinging, militaristic, crusading composition, you are expected to pretend that *Hurrah, Africa*, and *Austria*, are rhymes. You overlook this dullness concerning a detail. It is like having a cherry-pie set before you; and biting into a cherry that hasn’t been stoned.

But when you proceed only to find that the whole performance has been executed on the supposition that a fine, rich, sympathetic refrain can be made by pretending to rhyme *Hurrah, Hispania* and *Gloria*; when you perceive that what you thought a solitary error is the plan of the pie; and that the human callousness of the maker has permitted him to impose upon you an entire dish of unstoned cherries—then you begin to feel that you are, and ought to be, against the art of *Lepanto*. To place it before you as though it were a species of whole-hearted, mediaeval treat—that is what irritates you most.

It is true that the poet says in one of the most attractive poems in this book, *The Strange Music*:

> Though the harp be on my bosom, though I finger and I fret, Still my hope is all before me; for I cannot play it yet.
The reviewer may be a little unfair, for of course the poet
does not mean the music of *Lepanto*, which is not in the
least strange but all in the key of C and on familiar concep­tions.

Very lovely and imaginative is the next stanza of *The
Strange Music*.

In your strings is hid a music that no hand hath e'er let fall,
In your soul is sealed a pleasure that you have not known at all;
Pleasure subtle as your spirit, strange and slender as your frame,
Fiercer than the pain that folds you, softer than your sorrow's
name.

Then, soon, he praises “the strange music” so very highly
that you begin to be sated with it, and then disgusted with it;
and at last, when Time, and Life, and Death, are all worsted
by it—“and the stars stand still to hear,” your soul’s final
sense is a craving for some minority report on it.

This is the difficulty in reading the works of a determined
optimist and booster. Maybe “the strange music” really
could achieve all the poet asserts. Maybe the authors of
some of the railroad advertisements really could guide you
to lands of eternal sunshine. But the skeptic heart of the
truth-seeker would have been better persuaded by some more
qualified statement—by some half-tones on the subject, and
a few of the shades and values of the chromatic scale.

The music and the thought of the *Poems* seem in general to
fail of this perception—though not in *The Three Guilds,
The Gifts of God*, and a delightful piece of satire, *The
Shakespeare Memorial*.

Without questioning the poet’s right to his own outlook on
the universe, and also without intent of irreverence, it should

[268]
be said that the cosmos of the book seems to be founded on
the conception of the supreme deity as one who likes every­
things; the idea of a God who has no taste. Surely this is a
monotonizing misconception from the outset: and a being of
universal powers must of necessity possess among them the
faculty of self-criticism. This general observation on the
poet’s style of thought and expression is commended to the
attention of all those who believe the only beauty is light
without the presence of shadow; and the only piety is
optimism.

E. W.

NOTES

Mr. William Butler Yeats, whose most recent poems we have
the honor of presenting in this number, needs no introduction to
our readers. Mrs. Padraic Colum’s study of his later work, in
our prose section, is the comment of a friend and fellow-country­
woman, who is nevertheless a discriminating critic.

Mr. F. S. Flint, a Londoner and one of the Imagists, has also
appeared before in POETRY. The first time was in March, 1913,
when he wrote of Imagisme in our prose section, before he had
associated himself with the group. This was the first article ever
printed on the now much discussed subject. It accompanied Mr.
Ezra Pound’s Don’ts by an Imagist.

Agnes Lee (Mrs. Otto Freer), of Chicago, author of The
Sharing and other books of verse (Sherman, French & Co.) is
another familiar contributor. Also William Laird, whose real
name is slightly different.

Of the three new contributors:

Mr. Henry B. Fuller, of Chicago, who has been from the first
a member of POETRY’s advisory committee, is the author of The
Chevalier of Pensieri Vani, Under the Skylights, and other whim­
sically satirical tales, as well as of The Cliff-dwellers and other
novels of Chicago life,
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Mr. G. Tucker Bispham, who divides his time between Philadelphia and a ranch in Wyoming, has published little as yet.

Mr. Alfred Kreymborg, of New York—or, rather, of Grantwood, N. J.—is the editor of *Others*, and his verse has appeared more or less in its interesting pages among the vers-librists to whom it is devoted.

**BOOKS RECEIVED**

*Original Verse:*

*The Dreamer and Other Poems,* by Kenneth Rand. Sherman French & Co.

*Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson.* Macmillan

*Recreations,* by J. T. The Gorham Press.


*Poems,* by Carl Spencer. Gorham Press.


*On the Lake and Other Poems,* by Elizabeth Reynolds. Gorham Press.

*The Jew to Jesus and Other Poems,* by Florence Kiper Frank. Mitchell Kennerley.

*Drama:*


*Anthologies:*


*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.
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- Freytag’s The Journalists
- Giacosa’s The Stronger
- Donnay’s The Other Danger
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