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CONTEMPORANIA

TENZONE

Will people accept them?
(i. e. these songs).
As a timorous wench from a centaur
(or a centurian),
Already they flee, howling in terror.
Will they be touched with the truth?
Their virgin stupidity is untemptable.
I beg you, my friendly critics,
Do not set about to procure me an audience.

mate with my free kind upon the crags;
the hidden recesses
Have heard the echo of my heels,
in the cool light,
in the darkness.

[1]
THE CONDOLENCE

A mis soledades voy,
De mis soledades vengo,
Porque por andar conmigo
Mi bastan mis pensamientos.
Lope de Vega.

O my fellow sufferers, songs of my youth,
A lot of asses praise you because you are "virile,"
We, you, I! We are "Red Bloods"!
Imagine it, my fellow sufferers—
Our maleness lifts us out of the ruck.
Who’d have foreseen it?

O my fellow sufferers, we went out under the trees,
We were in especial bored with male stupidity.
We went forth gathering delicate thoughts,
Our "fantastikon" delighted to serve us.
We were not exasperated with women,
for the female is ductile.

And now you hear what is said to us:
We are compared to that sort of person
Who wanders about announcing his sex
As if he had just discovered it.
Let us leave this matter, my songs,
and return to that which concerns us.
THE GARRET

Come let us pity those who are better off than we are.
Come, my friend, and remember
    that the rich have butlers and no friends,
And we have friends and no butlers.
Come let us pity the married and the unmarried.

Dawn enters with little feet
    like a gilded Pavlova,
And I am near my desire.
Nor has life in it aught better
Than this hour of clear coolness,
    the hour of waking together.

THE GARDEN

    En robe de parade.
    Samain.

Like a skein of loose silk blown against a wall
She walks by the railing of a path in Kensington Gardens,
And she is dying piece-meal
    of a sort of emotional anemia.

And round about there is a rabble
Of the filthy, sturdy, unkillable infants of the very poor.
They shall inherit the earth.

In her is the end of breeding.
Her boredom is exquisite and excessive.
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

She would like some one to speak to her,
And is almost afraid that I
will commit that indiscretion.

ORTUS

How have I labored?
How have I not labored
To bring her soul to birth,
To give these elements a name and a centre!

She is beautiful as the sunlight, and as fluid.
She has no name, and no place.
How have I laboured to bring her soul into separation;
To give her a name and her being!

Surely you are bound and entwined,
You are mingled with the elements unborn;
I have loved a stream and a shadow.

I beseech you enter your life.
I beseech you learn to say "I"
When I question you:
For you are no part, but a whole;
No portion, but a being.

DANCE FIGURE
For the Marriage in Cana of Galilee

Dark eyed,
O woman of my dreams,
Ivory sandaled,  
There is none like thee among the dancers,  
None with swift feet.

I have not found thee in the tents,  
In the broken darkness.  
I have not found thee at the well-head  
Among the women with pitchers.

Thine arms are as a young sapling under the bark;  
Thy face as a river with lights.

White as an almond are thy shoulders;  
As new almonds stripped from the husk.

They guard thee not with eunuchs;  
Not with bars of copper.  
Gilt turquoise and silver are in the place of thy rest.  
A brown robe, with threads of gold woven in patterns,  
hast thou gathered about thee,  
O Nathat-Ikanaie, "Tree-at-the-river."

As a rilet among the sedge are thy hands upon me;  
Thy fingers a frosted stream.

Thy maidens are white like pebbles;  
Their music about thee!
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There is none like thee among the dancers;
None with swift feet.

SALUTATION

O generation of the thoroughly smug
   and thoroughly uncomfortable,
I have seen fishermen picnicking in the sun,
I have seen them with untidy families,
I have seen their smiles full of teeth
   and heard ungainly laughter.

And I am happier than you are,
And they were happier than I am;
And the fish swim in the lake
   and do not even own clothing.

SALUTATION THE SECOND

You were praised, my books,
   because I had just come from the country;
I was twenty years behind the times
   so you found an audience ready.
I do not disown you,
   do not you disown your progeny.
Here they stand without quaint devices,
Here they are with nothing archaic about them.
Contemporania

Watch the reporters spit,
Watch the anger of the professors,
Watch how the pretty ladies revile them:
"Is this," they say, "the nonsense
that we expect of poets?"
"Where is the Picturesque?"
"Where is the vertigo of emotion?"
"No! his first work was the best."
"Poor Dear! he has lost his illusions."

Go, little naked and impudent songs,
Go with a light foot!
(Or with two light feet, if it please you!) Go and dance shamelessly! Go with an impertinent frolic! Greet the grave and the stodgy, Salute them with your thumbs at your noses. Here are your bells and confetti. Go! rejuvenate things! Rejuvenate even "The Spectator."
Go! and make cat calls! Dance and make people blush, Dance the dance of the phallus and tell anecdotes of Cybele! Speak of the indecorous conduct of the Gods! (Tell it to Mr. Strachey.)
Ruffle the skirts of prudes,
speak of their knees and ankles.
But, above all, go to practical people—
go! jangle their door-bells!
Say that you do no work
and that you will live forever.

PAX SATURNI

Once . . . the round world brimmed with hate,
. . . . . . . . . . and the strong
Harried the weak. Long past, long past, praise God,
In these fair, peaceful, happy days.
A Contemporary

O smooth flatterers, go over sea,
go to my country;
Tell her she is "Mighty among the nations"—
do it rhetorically!

Say there are no oppressions,
Say it is a time of peace,
Say that labor is pleasant,
Say there are no oppressions,
Speak of the American virtues:
And you will not lack your reward.

Say that the keepers of shops pay a fair wage to the
women:
Say that all men are honest and desirous of good above
all things:
You will not lack your reward.
Contemporania

Say that I am a traitor and a cynic,
Say that the art is well served by the ignorant pretenders:
    You will not lack your reward.

Praise them that are praised by the many:
    You will not lack your reward.

Call this a time of peace,
Speak well of amateur harlots,
Speak well of disguised procurers,
Speak well of shop-walkers,
Speak well of employers of women,
Speak well of exploiters,
Speak well of the men in control,
Speak well of popular preachers:
    You will not lack your reward.

Speak of the profundity of reviewers,
Speak of the accuracy of reporters,
Speak of the unbiased press,
Speak of the square deal as if it always occurred.
Do all this and refrain from ironic touches:
    You will not lack your reward.

Speak of the open-mindedness of scholars:
    You will not lack your reward.
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Say that you love your fellow men,
O most magnanimous liar!
You will not lack your reward.

**COMMISSION**

Go, my songs, to the lonely and the unsatisfied,
Go also to the nerve-wracked, go to the enslaved-by-convention,
Bear to them my contempt for their oppressors.
Go as a great wave of cool water,
Bear my contempt of oppressors.

Speak against unconscious oppression,
Speak against the tyranny of the unimaginative,
Speak against bonds.

Go to the bourgeoise who is dying of her ennuis,
Go to the women in suburbs.

Go to the hideously wedded,
Go to them whose failure is concealed,
Go to the unluckily mated,
Go to the bought wife,
Go to the woman entailed.

Go to those who have delicate lust,
Go to those whose delicate desires are thwarted,
Go like a blight upon the dulness of the world;
Go with your edge against this,
Strengthen the subtle cords,
Bring confidence upon the algae and the tentacles of the soul.

Go in a friendly manner,
Go with an open speech.
Be eager to find new evils and new good,
Be against all forms of oppression.
Go to those who are thickened with middle age,
To those who have lost their interest.

Go to the adolescent who are smothered in family—
Oh how hideous it is
To see three generations of one house gathered together!
It is like an old tree with shoots,
And with some branches rotted and falling.

Go out and defy opinion,
Go against this vegetable bondage of the blood.
Speak for the free kinship of the mind and spirit.
Go, against all forms of oppression.

A PACT

I make truce with you, Walt Whitman—
I have detested you long enough.
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

I come to you as a grown child
Who has had a pig-headed father;
I am old enough now to make friends.
It was you that broke the new wood,
Now is a time for carving.
We have one sap and one root—
Let there be commerce between us.

IN A STATION OF THE METRO

The apparition of these faces in the crowd:
Petals on a wet, black bough.

Ezra Pound
MOTHER EARTH

Oh a grand old time has the earth
In the long long life she lives!
From her huge mist-shrouded birth,
When reeling from under
She tore space asunder,
And feeling her way
Through the dim first day
Rose wheeling to run
In the path of the sun —
From then till forever,
Tiring not, pausing never,
She labors and laughs and gives.

Plains and mountains
She slowly makes,
With mighty hand
Sifting the sand,
Lifting the land
Out of the soft wet clutch of the shouting sea.
At lofty fountains
Her thirst she slakes,
And over the hills
Through the dancing rills
Wide rivers she fills,
That shine and sing and leap in their joy to be free.
Cool greenness she needs
And rich odor of bloom;
And longing, believing,
Slowly conceiving,
Her germ-woof weaving,
She spawns little seeds
By the wombful, the worldful,
And laughs as the pattern grows fair at her loom.

Proudly she trails
Her flower-broidered dresses
In the sight of the sun.
Loudly she hails
Through her far-streaming tresses
His coursers that run.
For her heart, ever living, grows eager for life,
Its delight and desire;
She feels the high praise of its passion and strife,
Of its rapture and fire.
There are wings and songs in her trees,
There are gleaming fish in her seas;
The brute beasts brave her
And gnaw her and crave her;
And out of the heart of these
She wrests a dream, a hope,
An arrogant plan
Of life that shall meet her,
Shall know and complete her,
Mother Earth

That through ages shall climb and grope,
And at last be man.

Out of the bitter void she wins him —
Out of the night;
With terror and wild hope begins him,
And fierce delight.
She beats him into caves,
She starves and spurns him.
Her hills and plains are graves —
Into dust she turns him.
She teaches him war and wrath
And waste and lust and greed,
Then over his blood-red path
She scatters her fruitful seed.
With bloom of a thousand flowers,
With songs of the summer hours,
With the love of the wind for the tree,
With the dance of the sun on the sea,
She lulls and quells him —
Oh soft her caress!
And tenderly tells him
Of happiness.
Through her ages of years,
Through his toil and his tears,
At her wayward pleasure
She yields of her treasure
A gleam — yea, a hope,
Even a day of days,
When the wide heavens ope
And he loves and prays;
Then she laughs in wonder
To see him rise
Her leash from under
And brave the skies!

Oh a grand old time has the earth
In the long long life she lives!
A grand old time at her work sublime
As she labors and laughs and gives!

Harriet Monroe
Poets with whom I learned my trade,
Companions of the Cheshire Cheese,
Here's an old story I've remade,
Imagining 'twould better please
Your ears than stories now in fashion.
Though you may think I waste my breath
Pretending that there can be passion
That has more life in it than death,
Though at the bottling of your wine
The bow-legged Goban had no say;
The moral's yours because it's mine.

When cups went round at close of day —
Is not that how good stories run? —
Somewhere within some hollow hill,
If books speak truth, in Slievenamon —
But let that be — the gods were still
And sleepy having had their meal:
And smoky torches made a glare
On painted pillars, on a deal
Of old stringed instruments, hung there
By the ancient holy hands that brought them
From murmuring Murias; on cups —
Old Goban hammered them and wrought them,
And put his pattern round their tops
To hold the wine they buy of him.
But from the juice that made them wise
All those had lifted up the dim
Imaginations of their eyes;
For one that was like woman made
Before their sleepy eyelids ran,
And trembling with her passion said:
"Come out and dig for a dead man,
Who's burrowing somewhere in the ground;
And mock him to his face, and then
Hollo him on with horse and hound,
For he is the worst of all dead men."

We should be dazed and terror struck
If we but saw in dreams that room
And those fierce eyes, and curse our luck
That emptied all our days to come.
I knew a woman none could please
Because she dreamed when but a child
Of men and women made like these;
And after, when her blood ran wild,
Had ravelled her own story out,
And said, "In two or in three years
I need must marry some poor lout,"
And having said it burst in tears.
Since, tavern comrades, you have died
Maybe your images have stood,
Mere bone and muscle thrown aside,
Before that roomful or as good.

[18]
You had to face your ends when young —
’Twas wine or women or some curse —
But never made a poorer song
That you might have a heavier purse;
Nor gave loud service to a cause
That you might have a troop of friends.
You kept the Muses’ sterner laws
And unrepenting faced your ends;
And therefore earned the right — and yet
Dowson and Johnson most I praise —
To troop with those the world’s forgot,
And copy their proud steady gaze.

“The Danish troop was driven put
Between the dawn and dusk,” she said;
“Although the event was long in doubt,
Although the King of Ireland’s dead
And half his kings, before sundown
All was accomplished.

“When this day
Murrough the King of Ireland’s son
Foot after foot was giving way,
He and his best troops back to back
Had perished there, but the Danes ran
Stricken with panic from the attack,
The shouting of an unseen man;
And, being thankful, Murrough found,
Led by a foot-sole dipped in blood
That had made prints upon the ground,
Where by old thorn trees that man stood;
And though when he gazed here and there
He had but gazed on thorn trees, spoke:
‘Who is the friend that seems but air
And yet could give so fine a stroke?’
Thereon a young man met his eye
Who said, ‘Because she held me in
Her love and would not have me die,
Rock-nurtured Aoife took a pin
And pushing it into my shirt
Promised that for a pin’s sake
No man should see to do me hurt;
But there it’s gone; I will not take
The fortune that had been my shame,
Seeing, King’s son, what wounds you have.’
’Twas roundly spoke, but when night came
He had betrayed me to his grave,
For he and the King’s son were dead.
I’d promised him two hundred years,
And when, for all I’d done or said —
And these immortal eyes shed tears —
He claimed his country’s need was most.
I’d saved his life, yet for the sake
Of a new friend he has turned a ghost.
What does he care if my heart break?
I call for spade and horse and hound
That we may harry him.” Thereon
She cast herself upon the ground
And rent her clothes and made her moan:
"Why are they faithless when their might
Is from the holy shades that rove
The grey rock and the windy light?
Why should the faithfulest heart most love
The bitter sweetness of false faces?
Why must the lasting love what passes?
Why are the gods by men betrayed!”
But thereon every god stood up
With a slow smile and without sound,
And, stretching forth his arm and cup
To where she moaned upon the ground,
Suddenly drenched her to the skin;
And she with Goban’s wine adrip,
No more remembering what had been,
Stared at the gods with laughing lip.

_I have kept my faith, though faith was tried,
To that rock-born, rock-wandering foot;
And the world’s altered since you died,
And I am in no good repute
With the loud host before the sea,
That think sword strokes were better meant
Than lover’s music,—let that be,
So that the wandering foot’s content._

_William Butler Yeats_
EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE NEW BEAUTY

Quoiqu’il arrive, ces premières années de notre siècle annoncent une floraison qui sera parmi les plus riches. Et il fait bon de vivre en ces heures de rude combat pour la capture de la beauté nouvelle. Fritz-R. Vanderpyl and Guy-Charles Cros in the Mercure de France, December 1, 1912.

Of the countless offerings of verse which have reached us during the last half-year the greater number have been pathetically ingenuous in their intellectual attitude. Numerous books and more numerous manuscripts appeal importunately for time and space, whose eager authors seem as unaware of the twentieth century as if they had spent these recent years in an Elizabethan manor-house or a vine-clad Victorian cottage. This is true even of certain ones who assert their modernism by rhyming of slums and strikes, or by moralizing in choppy odes, or in choppier prose mistaken for vers libre, upon some social or political problem of the day.

It is not a question of subject, nor yet of form, this new beauty which must inspire every artist worthy of the age he lives in. The poet is not a follower, but a leader; he is a poet not because he can measure words or express patly current ideas, but because the new beauty is a vision in his eyes and a passion in his heart, and because he must strain every sinew of his spirit to reveal it to the world. He can not resign his ancient
prophetic office; and the technique of its fulfilment—the style which he achieves with joyous ease or more or less painful labor, according to his temperament—necessarily can not satisfy him until it matches the beauty of the vision.

All this is so obvious as to be usually forgotten. Art in general, and poetry in particular, are regarded as a decoration of life, not as its very pulse and heart-beat, inevitable like a sunrise or a flower. Being a decoration, it becomes a side-issue, something extraneous, a matter of pleasing fancies and pretty patterns, which may be taken conveniently from the past and modified for modern uses. And so each generation imposes its opinion on the next, and the poet, who should be born and brought up to freedom, finds himself shut up in ready-made conventions and prejudices. If he is weakly inspired, his little gleam of the new beauty will be extinguished and forgotten, and he will go along imitating the masters and pottering with inessentials. And even though he is a giant in strength and an apostle in faith, whose vision of the new beauty would lead him through fire and sword, storm and shame, he must yet spend a heavy toll of his precious power in fighting the lords of things as they are, in destroying barriers and winning through to freedom.

If poetry is to have its share of that promised efflorescence which is to be “among the richest” this old world has known; if the signs do not fail, and it is indeed “good
to live in this time of rude struggle for the capture of the new beauty,” then our poets would seem to be in need of courage. They should pay less attention to old forms which have been worn thin by five centuries of English song. They should return rather to first principles, feel as if poetry were new, and they the first to forge rhythmic chains for the English language.

POETRY has given space, and will doubtless give more, to voices and fashions more or less reminiscent, convinced that it is only by such trial ventures that some men can discover their true place. A talent which seems authentic should be encouraged, even if it begins in a thin soprano or a rather raucous bass. The masterpiece is always a rarity, and it blooms not in a desert but in the midst of lesser growth. We have printed sonnets, but always with the _arriere pensée_ that the sonnet is an exhausted form, whose every possible shade of cadence has been worked out and repeated until there are no more surprises left in it. Modern drama is waiting to be written, is part of that new beauty to be captured, but it will hardly be caught in classic or Elizabethan garments. Poetic narrative may have a future as great as its past, but it is rather late in the day for sea-dog epics like Mr. Noyes’ _Drake_, and buccaneer ballads of blood and fire. Indeed, it may be questioned whether Mr. Masefield captures the new beauty in his tales of present-day squalor and struggle told in swinging Byronic
verse; for his plots strike melodramatic attitudes and his lines have an old familiar stride.

It may be that alien hands will uncover the new treasure, that in this twentieth-century welter of nations the beauty of the English language must be rediscovered by some Russian immigrant or some traveler from Turkestan. Today it is not a poet of Anglo-Saxon race but a Hindoo with divinatory power in English, who has the keenest vision of the new beauty, and the richest modern message, not only for the millions who speak his mother-tongue but also for those far-scattered millions who carry Shakespeare's mother-tongue over the world. If the great achievement of the twentieth century is to be its making friends of East and West, it may be that the one most important episode of England's rule over India will be the teaching of her language to Rabindra Nath Tagore.

It may be premature to express an opinion founded largely upon still unpublished translations from the Bengali. But this Hindoo shows us how provincial we are; England and America are little recently annexed corners of the ancient earth, and their poets should peer out over sea-walls and race-walls and pride-walls, and learn their own littleness and the bigness of the world.

\[ H. \ M. \]
REVIEWS


It is a pleasure to praise this book for the force of its sincere feeling, its emotional earnestness, its large sweep of courageous personality; yet, in doing so, one feels somehow as if one were praising Mr. Leonard rather than the work itself. For the verse forms used, and above all the hackneyed sonnet, are but shells, vehicles merely, which Mr. Leonard has made expressive in spite of themselves by this very intense quality of personal earnestness. It is for the spirit of the book that one has admiration. He does not give us the piquant pleasure of new rhythms or unexpected quantities; for which one cannot help wishing nevertheless; but he does give us new wine, even though it somewhat endangers the old bottles. One might turn against Mr. Leonard himself the closing lines of his Anti-rococo.

Oh be bold, be free!
Strip off this perfumed fabric from your verse,
Tear from your windows all the silk and lace!
And stand man woman, on the slope by me!

His sonnet on The Express, for instance, would gain immeasurably if he had allowed its rhythmic impetus to create its own form. Mr. Leonard has something to say, and one reads his book for the sake of it. It is the man who has something to say who commands attention;
but he can only command it authoritatively by uniting what he has to say with its most direct, inherent form of expression. There was no preconceived model for the first vase. And even though Mr. Leonard's power were to undergo a certain lassitude in the transition, there is no doubt but that if he would allow himself greater freedom, his art would gain vitally in the end. At any rate, we are grateful for what he has given us as it is. And we have no fear that he suffers from that supersensitive egoism of the minor poet—the most serious obstacle to his artistic progress.

And who slays me must overcome a world:
Heroes at arms, and virgins who became
Mothers of children, prophecy and song;
Walls of old cities with their flags unfurled;
Peaks, headlands, ocean, and its isles of fame,
And sun and moon and all that made me strong.

These lines form the preface of Mr. Leonard's volume:

These rhymes record, by quite unconscious plan,
What life from year to year may mean to man.
Scarce one but had its rise in common-place,
In old experience of the human race;
And yet not one without some How or When
No man on earth can ever feel again.
I made the record that I might be free
Through mastering art, lest life should master me—
Finding in art, creating as I went,
A world more luminous and eloquent.

It is impossible to make further quotation, and a mention of titles would only indicate personal choice;
this may be done better by the individual reader, to whom we recommend the book heartily for the qualities already mentioned.


It is one thing to give to a work of individual, first-hand conception a title which, as a symbol, connects that work with others expressing the same elemental passion; as Rodin labels his finished marbles with the names of *Pygmalion and Galatea*, or *La Voix Intérieure*, drawn as these are from individual observation or personal experience and yet expressing conceptual emotions as old as the world; but it is quite another thing to weave, about such titles or fragments of traditional situations, an embroidered pattern of reflective phrases. The one process belongs to creative art; the other to the secondary stage of illustrative comment. The first is a classic in the making; the second is a classic in the degenerative process of appreciative imitation—the pseudo-classic. To this second class, unfortunately, almost all the poems in Miss Josephine Amelia Burr’s *The Roadside Fire* belong.

There is no need of explaining what explains itself. Michelangelo’s *Pieta*, Rodin’s *The Hand of God* are sufficiently self-expressive. Neither can one add one jot or tittle to the story of Christ of the Magdalen; and
some strenuous band of poetic Futurists ought to forbid the titular use of *Icarus* or *Lilith* for the space of one year at least. The little that Miss Burr has to say for herself is impeded by the use of trite, worn-out, meaningless phrases, or words of an abstract, generalized significance, and therefore—so far as poetry is concerned—is without value.

"The wasted years," "false hopes and falser fears," "gods of clay"—such phrases are types of a false poetic currency which neither buys nor sells. Is it any wonder that the mind insensibly locks before such mechanically filled-in metrics? Poetry, which is a refinement, a recreation, an escaping essence liberated only by its own fine excess—this toil demands greater sacrifice and makes greater reprisals.

Miss Burr's poem, *We Have Piped Unto You*, considered apart from its reflective genetrix, would be the best in the book if it were not marred by the line, "The love of Humanity linked with the love of the One." As it is *Rudel Sings to His Lady* takes first place. This, with some real feeling back of it, and a certain amount of skill in the making, almost achieves genuine expression.

The system of printing each successive stanza with large initial capitals, like a child's primer, is a fault of the book for which Miss Burr is probably not to blame; but it is annoying.

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The dramatic episode giving the book its title, and another dramatic poem of satirical turn, have a certain direct terseness of expression which is not in evidence in the rest of the poems in the book. These are wordy, wooden; the legs are of cork, and the features, if they can be discerned at all, too thickly varnished with the theatrical poetaster’s paint. Mr. Watts should make a clean sweep and begin again. Apparently he has not realized that a confusion of all things upon which his eye may light, in the weaving of his fancy, will not give the reader any clarity of vision—the focus changes every moment.

A nodding smile, at every turn,
Hardest of hearts unlocks
Where crozied fronds of silvery fern
Shepherd the violet flocks;
And mid-air dogwood drifts of snow
Repeat the bluets’ spread below.

One may choose examples at random, all equally entangled in wordy insignificance, and all equally far from that immediate spontaneity of perception, that projective reciprocity, which make poet and audience one.


These Songs of the Woman Spirit, published in 1911, are feminine in the larger sense of the word, a rich con-
tralito voice singing out of the deepest experiences of life. The poet does not always get her keen message into poetic cadences; sometimes it weakens into prosaic statement. But again it becomes a clear strong chant welling out of hidden reserves of feeling and attaining rhythm as naturally as a mountain stream or a child.

Who is She that Waits?, The Present, The Woman of Now, Fulfilment, etc., are phases of the same subject which is most rapturously expressed in the ten quatrains of Betrothal:

I have found me a man, I have held and made him,
   What first was good, I shall make complete;
No other woman like me hath swayed him,
   Nor bowed his shoulders to kiss her feet.

I have found me a man, from himself I bought him,
   Gold from the dross and better from worse;
No other woman like me hath taught him
   The great white law of the universe.

The Star-Treader and Other Poems, by Clark Ashton Smith. A. M. Robertson, San Francisco.

This Californian has extreme youth in his favor, so it would be idle to complain that his subjects are chiefly astronomic. Life will bring him down to earth, no doubt, in her usual brusque manner, and will teach him something more intimate to write about than winds and stars and forsaken gods. Meantime he shows an unusual imaginative power of visualizing these remote splendors
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

until they have the concrete definiteness of a personal experience. These lines To the Sun for example:

Thy light is an eminence unto thee,
And thou art upheld by the pillars of thy strength.
Thy power is a foundation for the worlds;
They are builded thereon as upon a lofty rock
Whereto no enemy hath access.
Thou puttest forth thy rays, and they hold the sky
As in the hollow of an immense hand.
Thou erectest thy light as four walls
And a roof with many beams and pillars.
Thy flame is a stronghold based as a mountain;
Its bastions are tall, and firm like stone.

In spite of the sophomoric quality in many of these poems we have here a rare spirit and the promise of poetic art.

NOTES

Of the contributors to the present number, Mr. Yeats needs no further introduction, and Mr. Pound and Miss Monroe are too closely identified with the magazine to introduce themselves. Mr. Yeats' poem is especially significant because of its rare autobiographical mood. It is seldom that this poet speaks of his attitude toward his art, or the world's attitude toward him.

The May number of POETRY will be devoted to Mr. John G. Neihardt's brief three-act tragedy, The Death of Agrippina.
BOOKS RECEIVED


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When I may never meet nor greet other than in these words.

A gentle melancholy underlies much of the thought. This, however, is never pessimistic, and rising higher and higher through the conquest of self, sings its victory in: "There will come a time, when it shall be light; and when man shall awaken from his lofty dreams, and find his dreams still there, and that nothing has gone save his sleep."

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Once upon a time, when the world was somewhat younger than it is today, a simple diversion was the Mental Photograph Album, in which persons jotted down answers to certain questions about their partialities and dislikes. There was such an album in the home of the late Edmund Clarence Stedman, and to its pages contributed Bayard Taylor, Richard Henry Stoddard, Mary Mapes Dodge, Louise Chandler Moulton, Richard Watson Gilder, Kate Fields, and others. In “Confessions of an Album,” which will appear in the April Bookman Miss Louise Stedman tells of this group of literary friends of her grandfather, and of certain curious and significant answers. The paper will be illustrated with reproductions of some rare cartes de visite and quaint drawings.
To have great poets
there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman