

VOL. IV

Price 15 cents

NO. II

oetry

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

MAY, 1914

Nishikigi Ernest Fenollosa

The Rainbird Bliss Carman

Poems Skipwith Cannell
Ikons—The Blind Man—The Dwarf Speaks—
Epilogue to the Crows.

Poems William Butler Yeats
To a Friend Whose Work Has Come to Nothing
—Paudeen—To a Shade—When Helen Lived—
Beggar to Beggar Cried—The Witch—The
Peacock—Running to Paradise—The Player
Queen—To a Child Dancing in the Wind—The
Magi—A Coat.

Editorial Comments

The Enemies We Have Made—The Later Yeats
—Reviews—Notes.

543 Cass Street, Chicago

Copyright 1914 by Harriet Monroe. All rights reserved.

Annual Subscription ...\$1.50

0/-

oetry

A Magazine of Verse

VOL. IV
No. II

MAY, 1914.

NISHIKIGI

I

[*The Noh stage has one set scene for all plays. A conventional form of plot is that the Waki or subsidiary character shall go a journey and meet with some genius loci or some returning spirit. In NISHIKIGI (Love-wands, or Charm-sticks) the Waki is journeying near Mount Shinobu and meets the ghosts of two lovers.*]

PART FIRST

Waki, a Priest. There never was anybody heard of Mt. Shinobu but had a kindly feeling for it; so I, like any other priest that might want to know a little bit about each one of the provinces, may as well be walking up here, along the much travelled road.

I have not yet been about the east country, but now I have set my mind to go as far as the earth goes, and why shouldn't I, after all?—seeing that I go about with my heart set upon no particular place whatsoever, and with no other man's flag in my hand, no more than a cloud has! It

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

is a flag of the night I see coming down upon me. I wonder now, would the sea be that way, or the little place Kefu that they say is stuck down against it.

Shite and Tsure. [*The ghosts of two lovers long dead, and not yet really united.*] Times out of mind am I here setting up this bright branch, this silky wood with the charms painted in it as fine as the weave you'd get in the grass-cloth of Shinobu, that they'd be still selling you in this mountain.

Shite. [*To Tsure.*] Tangled, we are entangled. Whose fault was it, dear? Tangled up as the grass patterns are tangled up in this coarse cloth, or as the little Mushi that lives on and chirrups in dried sea-weed. We do not know where are today our tears in the undergrowth of this eternal wilderness. We neither wake nor sleep, and passing our nights in a sorrow, which is in the end a vision, what are these scenes of spring to us? This thinking in sleep of someone who has no thought of you, is it more than a dream? And yet surely it is the natural way of love. In our hearts there is much and in our bodies nothing, and we do nothing at all, and only the waters of the river of tears flow quickly.

Chorus.

Narrow is the cloth of Kefu, but wild is that river, that torrent of the hills, between the beloved and the bride.

The cloth she had woven is faded, the thousand one hundred nights were night-trysts watched out in vain.

Waki. [*Not recognizing the nature of the speakers.*] Strange indeed, seeing these town-people here.

They seem like man and wife,
And the lady seems to be holding something
Like a cloth woven of feathers,
While he has a staff or a wooden sceptre
Beautifully ornate.
Both of these things are strange;
In any case, I wonder what they call them.

Tsure. [*The woman.*]. As for this, it is but a narrow
cloth called hosonuno;
It is just the breadth of the loom.

Shite. [*The man.*]. As for this, it is merely wood
painted,
And for both of these things this place is famous.
Would you be wishing to buy them?

Waki. Indeed, indeed, as for the cloths of this place
and the lacquers, they are famous things that I have already
had opportunity to hear about, and yet I still wonder why
they have such great reputation.

Tsure. Ah, well now, that's a disappointment. Here
they say perfectly for the wood "Nishikigi" and "Hosonuno"
for the woven stuff, and yet you come saying that you have
never heard why, and never heard the story. Is it rea-
sonable?

Shite. No, no, that is reasonable enough. What can
people be expected to know of these affairs when it is more
than they can do to keep abreast of their own?

Both. [*To the Priest.*]. Ah well, you look like a person
who has abandoned the world; it is reasonable enough that

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

you should not know the worth of wands and cloths, with love's signs painted upon them, with love's marks painted and dyed.

Waki. That is a fine answer. So you would tell me that Nishikigi and Hosonuno are names bound over with love?

Shite. They are names in love's list surely. Every day for a year—for three years come to their full—were wands, Nishikigi, set up, until there were a thousand in all. And they are in song in your time, and will be. "Chidzuka" they call them.

Tsure. These names are surely a by-word.
As the cloth hosonuno is narrow of weft,
More narrow than the breast,
We say it of any love
Whose breasts are hard to come nigh to.
It is a name in books of love.

Shite. 'Tis a sad name to look back on.

Tsure. A thousand wands were in vain.
A sad name, set in a story!

Shite. A seed pod void of the seed,
We had no meeting together.

Tsure. Let him read out the story.

Chorus.

I

At last they forget, they forget.
The wands are no longer offered,
The custom is faded away.

The narrow cloth of Kefu
Will not meet over the breast.
'Tis the story of Hosonuno,
This is the tale:
These bodies, having no weft,
Even now are not come together.

Truly a shameful story!
A tale to bring shame on the gods.

II.

Ah names of love,
Now for a little spell,
For a faint charm only,
For a charm as slight as the binding together
Of pine-flakes in Iwashiro,
And wishing over them toward the sunset,
We return, and return to our lodging.

The evening sun leaves a shadow.

Waki. Ah, go on, tell out all of the story.

Shite. It is an old custom of this country that we make wands of mediation, and deck them with symbols, and set them before a gate, when we are suitors.

Tsure. And we take up a wand of one we would meet with, and let the others lie, for a hundred nights it may be, or for a thousand nights in three years, till there are a thousand wands here in the shade of this mountain.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

And here is the funeral cave of such a man, who had watched out the thousand nights—a bright cave, for they have buried him with all his wands. The wand-cave they call it.

Waki. I will go to that love-cave;
It will be a tale to take back to my village.
Will you show me my way there?

Shite. So be it, I will teach you the path.

Tsure. Tell him to come to this side.

Both. Here are the pair of them
Going along before the traveller.

Chorus.

We have spent the whole day until dusk
Pushing aside the grass
From the over-grown way at Kefu.
Where, indeed, is the love-cave?

O you man, cutting grass on the hill,
Please set your mind on this matter.

"You'd be asking where the dew is
"While the frost's lying here on the road.
"Who'd tell you that now?"

Be that as you will, yet we are in earnest.

Shite. There's a cold feel in the autumn.
Night comes.

Chorus.

And storms; trees, giving up their leaf,
Spotted with sudden showers!
Autumn! Our feet are clogged
In the dew-drenched, entangled leaves.
The perpetual shadow is lonely,
The mountain shadow is lying alone.
The owl cries out from the ivies
That drag their weight on the pine.

Among the orchids and chrysanthemum flowers
The hiding fox is now lord of that love-cave,
Nishidzuka,
That is dyed like the maple's leaf.

They have left us this thing for a saying.
That pair have gone into the cave.

[Sign for the exit of Shite and Tsure.]

PART SECOND

[The Waki has taken the posture of sleep. His respectful visit to the cave is beginning to have its effect.]

Waki. *[Restless.]* It seems that I can not sleep
For the length of a cricket's horn—
Under October wind, under pines, under night!
I will perform voice-service to Butsu.

Tsure. Aïe! honored priest,
You do not dip in one river

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Beneath the same tree's shadow
Without bonds in some other life.

Hear sooth-say,

Now is there meeting between us,
Between us who were until now
In life and in after-life kept apart.

A dream-bridge over wild grass,
Over the grass I dwell in.
O honored, do not awake me by force.
I see that the law is perfect.

Shite. [*Supposedly invisible.*] It is a good service you
have done, sir,
A service that spreads in two worlds,
And binds up an ancient love
That was stretched out between them.

I had watched for a thousand days.
I give you largess,
For this meeting is under a difficult law.
And now I will show myself, in the form of Nishikigi.
I will come out now for the first time in color.

[*The characters announce or explain their acts, as these are mostly symbolical. From now on comes the final dance which both chorus and the two chief actors are explaining.*]

Chorus. The three years are over and past—
All that is but an old story.

Shite. To dream under dream we return.
Three years! . . . And the meeting comes now!
This night has happened over and over,
And only now comes the tryst.

Chorus. Look there to the cave
Beneath the stems of the Suzuki!
From under the shadows of the love-grass—
See! see how they come forth and appear—
For an instant! . . . Illusion!

Shite. There is at the root of hell
No distinction between princes and commons!
Wretched for me! 'Tis the saying.

Waki. Strange! what seemed so very old a cave
Is all glittering-bright within,
Like the flicker of fire.
It is like the inside of a house.
They are setting up a loom
And heaping up charm-sticks. No!
The hangings are out of old time.
Is it illusion? Illusion!

Tsure. Our hearts have been in the dark of the falling
snow,
We have been astray in the flurry,
You should tell better than we
How much is illusion—
You who are in the world!
We have been in the whirl of
those who are fading.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Shite. Indeed in old times Narihira said—
And as he vanished with the years—
“Let a man who is in the world tell the fact.”

It is for you, traveller,
To say how much is illusion.

Waki. Let it be a dream, or a vision,
Or what you will, I care not.

Only show me the old times over-past and snowed under!
Now! Soon! While the night lasts!

Shite. Look sharp then, for old times are shown.
Faint as the shadow-flower shows in the grass that bears it,
And you’ve but a moon for lanthorn.

Tsure. The woman has gone into the cave.
She sets up her loom there
For the weaving of hosonuno,
Thin as the heart of Autumn.

Shite. The suitor for his part, holding his charm-sticks,
Knocks on a gate which was barred.

Tsure. In old time he got back no answer,
No secret sound at all
Save

Shite. The sound of the loom.

Tsure. It was a sweet sound like katydids and crickets—
A thin sound, like the Autumn.

Shite. It was what you would hear any night.

Tsure. Kiri.

Shite. Hatari.

Tsure. Cho.

Shite. Cho.

Chorus. [*Mimicking the sound of crickets.*]

Kiri, hatari, cho, cho,
Kiri, hatari, cho, cho,
The cricket sews on at his old rags
With all the new grass in the field—sho,
Churr, isho, like the whirl of a loom: churr.

Chorus. [*Antistrophe.*]

Let be, they make grass-cloth in Kefu,
Kefu, the land's end, matchless in the world.

Shite. That is an old custom, truly,
But this priest would look on the past.

Chorus. The good priest himself would be saying:
Even if we weave the cloth, hosonuno,
And set up the charm-sticks
For a thousand, a hundred nights,
Even then our beautiful desire will not pass—

Nor fade nor die out.

Shite. Even today the difficulty of our meeting is remembered,

Is remembered in song.

Chorus.

That we may acquire power,
Even in our faith substance,
We will show forth even now.
And though it be but in a dream—
Our form of repentance.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

[*Explaining the action.*]

There he is carrying wands
And she has no need to be asked.
See her within the cave,
With a cricket-like noise of weaving.
The grass-gates and the hedge are between them,—
That is a symbol.
Night has already come on.

[*Now explaining the thoughts of the man's spirit.*]

Love's thoughts are heaped high within him,
As high as the charm-sticks,
As high as the charm-sticks, once colored,
Now fading, lie heaped in this cave.
And he knows of their fading, he says:
I lie a body, unknown to any other man,
Like old wood buried in moss.
It were a fit thing
That I should stop thinking the love-thoughts.
The charm-sticks fade and decay,
And yet
The rumor of our love
Takes foot and moves through the world.
We had no meeting
But tears have, it seems, brought out a bright blossom
Upon the dyed tree of love.

Shite. Tell me, could I have foreseen,
Or known what a heap of my writings
Should lie at the end of her shaft-bench?

Chorus.

A hundred nights and more
Of twisting, encumbered sleep
 And now they make it a ballad,
Not for one year or for two only
But until the days lie deep
As the sand's depth at Kefu.

Until the year's end is red with autumn,
 Red like these love-wands,
A thousand nights are in vain.
I too stand at this gate-side—
You grant no admission, you do not show yourself,
Until I and my sleeves are faded.
By the dew-like gemming of tears upon my sleeve,
Why will you grant no admission?
And we all are doomed to pass,
You, and my sleeves and my tears.
And you did not even know when three years had come
to an end.

Cruel, ah cruel!

The charm-sticks

Shite. Were set up a thousand times.

Then, now, and for always.

Chorus. Shall I ever at last see into that room of hers
which no other sight has traversed?

Shite. Happy at last and well-starred!
Now comes the eve of betrothal—

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

We meet for the wine-cup.

Chorus. How glorious the sleeves of the dance
That are like snow-whirls!

Shite. Tread out the dance.

Chorus. Tread out the dance and bring music.
This dance is for Nishikigi.

Shite. This dance is for the evening plays
And for the weaving.

Chorus. For the tokens between lover and lover!
It is a reflecting in the wine-cup.

Chorus.

Ari-aki—

The dawn!

Come! we are out of our place—

Let us go ere the light comes!

[*To the Waki.*]

We ask you, do not awake.

We all will wither away,

The wands and this cloth of a dream.

Now you will come out of sleep,

You tread the border and nothing

Awaits you—no, all this will wither away.

There is nothing here but this cave in the field's midst.

Today's wind moves in the pines.

A wild place, unlit, and unfilled!

Translated from the Japanese of *Motokiyo*
by *Ernest Fenollosa*.

THE RAINBIRD.

Far off I hear a rainbird.

Listen! How fine and clear
His plaintive voice comes ringing
With rapture to the ear!

Over the misty wood-lots,
Across the first spring heat,
Comes the enchanted cadence,
So clear, so solemn-sweet.

How often I have hearkened
To that high pealing strain,
Across the cedar barrens,
Under the soft gray rain!

How often I have wondered,
And longed in vain to know
The source of that enchantment —
That touch of long ago!

O brother, who first taught thee
To haunt the teeming spring
With that divine sad wisdom
Which only age can bring?

Bliss Carman.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

POEMS.

IKONS.

I.

My thoughts
Are little, silver fishes jumping in a row,
Little fishes leaping upon a black cloth
With a shark behind them.
O yellow eyes in the black sea!
Too deep lurk the great fishes,
I cannot sense them.

II.

I have spun me a chain of water
And about my throat I have bound it,
And a pendant of sand I have made
And hung it upon my breast,
And a cross from it.
For there is a sea that is like a lurking emerald,
And my soul is a river of black water that runs
Down to that sea.

III.

The eyes of evil men are like onyx or amber,
A necklace of stone tight round the throats of women.
Alas for the tears of evil men . . .
Black pearls upon a tablet of silver.

THE BLIND MAN.

He sits in the sun and warms
The blind eyes of him
In the light of it.

In the heart of him is no anger.
At the Great Queen
Who blinded him;
'Twas a proud woman
Put out his eyes and left him
To warm their sockets
In the heat of the sun.

Only in the grey mists,
Only in the black rain
Burns a little anger
That she has made him blind.

THE DWARF SPEAKS.

"I am a dwarf and I love
All men with a love they call
Grotesque and horrible.
I should have died long since
For the horrible love they cannot
Give in return."

EPILOGUE TO THE CROWS.

I have given you these bones to pick at,
Draggled crows.
These pearls I cast before you
And their glitter
May tempt you
To carry them
With bits of twine and pebbles
To your nests.

Skipwith Cannell.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

POEMS

TO A FRIEND WHOSE WORK HAS COME TO NOTHING

Now all the truth is out,
Be secret and take defeat
From any brazen throat,
For how can you compete,
Being honor bred, with one
Who were it proved he lies
Were neither shamed in his own
Nor in his neighbors' eyes;
Bred to a harder thing
Than Triumph, turn away
And like a laughing string
Whereon mad fingers play
Amid a place of stone,
Be secret and exult,
Because of all things known
That is most difficult.

PAUDEEN

Indignant at the fumbling wits, the obscure spite
Of our old Paudeen in his shop, I stumbled blind
Among the stones and thorn trees, under morning light,

Until a curlew cried and in the luminous wind
A curlew answered, and I was startled by the thought
That on the lonely height where all are in God's eye,
There cannot be, confusion of our sound forgot,
A single soul that lacks a sweet crystalline cry.

TO A SHADE

If you have revisited the town, thin Shade,
Whether to look upon your monument
(I wonder if the builder has been paid)
Or happier thoughted when the day is spent
To drink of that salt breath out of the sea
When grey gulls fly about instead of men,
And the gaunt houses put on majesty:
Let these content you and be gone again;
For they are at their old tricks yet.

A man

Of your own passionate serving kind who had brought
In his full hands what, had they only known,
Had given their children's children loftier thought
Sweeter emotion, working in their veins
Like gentle blood, has been driven from the place,
And insult heaped upon him for his pains
And for his open-handedness, disgrace;

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

An old foul mouth that once cried out on you
Herding the pack.

Unquiet wanderer

Draw the Glasnevin coverlet anew
About your head till the dust stops your ear.
The time for you to taste of that salt breath
And listen at the corners has not come;
You had enough of sorrow before death—
Away, away! You are safer in the tomb.

WHEN HELEN LIVED

We have cried in our despair
That men desert,
For some trivial affair,
Or noisy, insolent sport,
Beauty that we have won
From bitterest hours;
Yet we, had we walked within
Those topless towers
Where Helen walked with her boy,
Had given, but as the rest
Of the men and women of Troy,
A word and a jest.

BEGGAR TO BEGGAR CRIED

"Time to put off the world and go somewhere
And find my health again in the sea air,"
Beggar to beggar cried, being frenzy-struck,
"And make my soul before my pate is bare;

"And get a comfortable wife and house
To rid me of the devil in my shoes,"
Beggar to beggar cried, being frenzy-struck,
"And the worse devil that is between my thighs.

"And though I'd marry with a comely lass,
She need not be too comely—let it pass,"
Beggar to beggar cried, being frenzy-struck,
"But there's a devil in a looking-glass.

"Nor should she be too rich, because the rich
Are driven by wealth as beggars by the itch,"
Beggar to beggar cried, being frenzy-struck,
"And cannot have a humorous happy speech.

"And there I'll grow respected at my ease,
And hear amid the garden's nightly peace,"
Beggar to beggar cried, being frenzy-struck,
"The wind-blown clamor of the barnacle-geese."

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THE WITCH

Toil and grow rich,
What's that but to lie
With a foul witch
And after, drained dry,
To be brought
To the chamber where
Lies one long sought
With despair.

THE PEACOCK

What's riches to him
That has made a great peacock
With the pride of his eye?
The wind-beaten, stone-grey,
And desolate Three-rock
Would nourish his whim;
Live he or die
Between rock and wet heather,
His ghost will be gay
Adding feather to feather
For the pride of his eye.

RUNNING TO PARADISE

As I came over Windy Gap
They threw a halfpenny into my cap,
For I am running to Paradise.
And all that I need do is to wish,
And somebody puts his hand in the dish
To throw me a bit of salted fish,
And there the king is but as the beggar.

My brother Mourteen is worn out
With skelping his big brawling lout,
While I am running to Paradise.
A poor life, do what he can,
And though he keep a dog and a gun,
A serving maid and a serving man,
And there the king is but as the beggar.

Poor men have grown to be rich men,
And rich men grown to be poor again,
While I am running to Paradise.
And many a darling wit's grown dull
That tossed a bare heel when at school;
Now it has filled an old sock full,
And there the king is but as the beggar.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The wind is old and still at play
While I must hurry upon my way
For I am running to Paradise.
Yet never have I lit on a friend
To take my fancy like the wind
That nobody can buy or bind—
And there the king is but as the beggar.

THE PLAYER QUEEN

Song from an Unfinished Play.

My mother dandled me and sang,
“How young it is, how young!”
And made a golden cradle
That on a willow swung.

“He went away,” my mother sang,
“When I was brought to bed;”
And all the while her needle pulled
The gold and silver thread.

She pulled the thread and bit the thread
And made a golden gown,
And wept because she’d dreamt that I
Was born to wear a crown.

"When she was got," my mother sang,
"I heard a sea-mew cry,
And saw a flake of the yellow foam
That dropped upon my thigh."

How therefore could she help but braid
The gold into my hair,
And dream that I should carry
The golden top of care?

TO A CHILD DANCING IN THE WIND

Has no one said those daring
Kind eyes should be more learned?
I have found out how despairing
The moths are when they are burned.
But I am old and you are young,
So we speak a different tongue.

Oh you will take whatever's offered
And dream that all the world's a friend,
Suffer as your mother suffered,
Be as broken in the end.
I could have warned you—but you are young,
And I speak a barbarous tongue.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THE MAGI

Now as at all times I can see in the mind's eye,
In their stiff, painted clothes, the pale unsatisfied ones
Appear and disappear in the blue depths of the sky
With all their ancient faces like rain-beaten stones,
And all their helms of silver hovering side by side,
And all their eyes still fixed, hoping to find once more,
Being by Calvary's turbulence unsatisfied,
The uncontrollable mystery on the bestial floor.

A COAT

I made my song a coat
Covered with embroideries
Out of old mythologies
From heel to throat;
But the fools caught it,
Wore it in the world's eye
As though they'd wrought it.
Song, let them take it
For there's more enterprise
In walking naked.

William Butler Yeats.

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE ENEMIES WE HAVE MADE



EXT to making friends, the most thrilling experience of life is to make enemies. Neither adventure being possible to the dead, the normally healthy person may accept hand-clasps and dagger-scratches as tributes to his vitality. Both make his eye flash and his blood tingle; both encourage him to go on his way rejoicing.

POETRY, during its year and a half of life, has made friends of a quality higher than the most sanguine editor could have dared to hope for. Beginning with its guarantors, whose pledge of support was an audacious advance vote of confidence: beginning, that is, at home, where one's first friends should be made, the magazine has been hailed from far and near by generous spirits who sympathize with its ideals, and charitably overlook or forgive its defects, or who at least criticize these in a mood of constructive encouragement. From France, Italy and England, from India, China and New Zealand, and even from our next-door neighbors, these salutations have come; from poets laurelled and obscure, from editors and critics, classicists and radicals. To all who send them, much thanks; their greetings have magic power to change paper and ink into flesh and blood.

And after them, thanks to our enemies. These, to be sure, are not so numerous or important, but they must not be

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

ignored. Sometimes they conscientiously express fears, like the "amused reader" who cries desperately, in a recent letter, "Is the unfortunate D. H. Lawrence insane?" and who finds it "gross injustice to this country, and to the cause of true poetic thought, to print up such manifest crudity." Another correspondent, on the contrary, feels that we "do not strike a popular chord because the subject matter is too classical for the average reader."

Again a friendly enemy asks:

How can these terrible strainings for effect, resulting in a blind crytic concatenation of words unanalyzable, be called poetry? Must we have futurist Schoenbergs in poetry as in music? Give me *Homeward Songs by the Way* every time rather than Yeats; give me Housman rather than Pound. I prefer the song-sparrow to the mouth-organ.

The most amiable of all our enemies writes:

You have revealed to me an undreamed-of poetic continent, but I don't know whether I want to settle down there and change my residence. The aborigines are a fantastic lot of barbarians; they seem to delight in putting in all the things that I leave out when I write. I enjoy the poetry of serenity, we'll say,—of meditation, humor, idealism, while these people are trying to give us a touch of the recent fashions in realism just imported from Paris. By poetry I try to recover my citizenship in "another country." No doubt these people are doing that too, in their way, but I haven't quite recovered from the St. Vitus' dance they are giving us. Of course this kind of poetry cannot be generally understood by the followers of Longfellow—poor souls! And Tennyson—dear old idyllist, exquisite fiddler! What we want is a real shake-down.

I wonder if these people have any idea what they are driving at. I wonder if they have any fundamental philosophy or religion, or anything at all except *Sturm und Drang*. They like to see dabs of crimson and purple slammed all over the canvas. Also the unmeaning mystery and obscurity seem to delight them,

POEMS

while I have ever trained myself to look for meaning and sense and things admirable.

Sometimes they tell us to aim high; but at Bunker Hill the order was to aim low enough to hit something.

A more terrifying enemy is Mrs. Ella Wheeler Wilcox, who is said to have protested in the *National Magazine* against our assertion that it is hard for a popular poet to save his soul, and that some of them—"the Tupper and Wilcoxes of their generation"—have no souls to save. We hasten to withdraw this rash statement, with due apologies. The trouble with Mrs. Wilcox is not that she has no soul—no doubt she is richly endowed therewith—but that, as she herself sang long ago with singular precision,

My soul soars not as it ought to soar.

But perhaps our most outspoken enemy is our orthodox neighbor *The Dial*. For a year and a half it held aloof while we were introducing Mr. Tagore, Mr. Lindsay, and various other poets, but now, in presenting Mr. Sandburg, we go a step too far—his *Chicago* proves us a "futile little periodical." And the editor thus writes himself down:

We have always sympathized with Ruskin for the splenetic words about Whistler that were the occasion of the famous suit for libel, and we think that such an effusion as this is nothing less than an impudent affront to the poetry-loving public.

It is possible that we have ventured rashly in "discovering" Mr. Sandburg and the others, but—whom and what has *The Dial* discovered? We have taken chances, made room for the young and the new, tried to break the chains which enslave Chicago to New York, America to Europe, and

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

the present to the past—what chances has *The Dial* ever taken? What has it ever printed but echoes? For thirty years it has run placidly along in this turbulent city of Chicago, gently murmuring the accepted opinions of such leaders of thought as *The Athenaeum* and *The Spectator*. During all that third of a century it has borne about as much relation to the intellectual life of this vast, chaotically rich region as though it were printed in Glasgow or Caracas. Not only has it failed to grasp a great opportunity—it has been utterly blind and deaf to it, has never known the opportunity was there. Is its editor competent to define the word futile?

“Oh, don’t bother about *The Dial*—it’s quite innocuous,” says one adviser. But is “orthodoxy uninspired” innocuous? Colorless correctness is the blight that corrodes American art today. Our criticism is heavy with it; our exhibitions, books, magazines, because of it, are full of imitations. It must not be ignored, but fought, if our art is ever to be free. *H. M.*

THE LATER YEATS.

Responsibilities, by W. B. Yeats. The Cuala Press, Churchtown, Dundrum.

I live, so far as possible, among that more intelligently active segment of the race which is concerned with today and tomorrow; and, in consequence of this, whenever I mention Mr. Yeats I am apt to be assailed with questions: “Will Mr. Yeats do anything more?”, “Is Yeats in the movement?”, “How *can* the chap go on writing this sort of thing?”

The Later Yeats

And to these inquiries I can only say that Mr. Yeats' vitality is quite unimpaired, and that I dare say he'll do a good deal; and that up to date no one has shown any disposition to supersede him as the best poet in England, or any likelihood of doing so for some time; and that after all Mr. Yeats has brought a new music upon the harp, and that one man seldom leads two movements to triumph, and that it is quite enough that he should have brought in the sound of keening and the skirl of the Irish ballads, and driven out the sentimental cadence with memories of *The County of Mayo* and *The Coolun*; and that the production of good poetry is a very slow matter, and that, as touching the greatest of dead poets, many of them could easily have left that *magnam partem*, which keeps them with us, upon a single quire of foolscap or at most upon two; and that there is no need for a poet to repair each morning of his life to the *Piazza dei Signori* to turn a new sort of somersault; and that Mr. Yeats is so assuredly an immortal that there is no need for him to recast his style to suit our winds of doctrine; and that, all these things being so, there is nevertheless a manifestly new note in his later work that they might do worse than attend to.

"Is Mr. Yeats an Imagiste?" No, Mr. Yeats is a symbolist, but he has written *des Images* as have many good poets before him; so that is nothing against him, and he has nothing against them (*les Imagistes*), at least so far as I know—except what he calls "their devil's metres."

He has written *des Images* in such poems as *Braseal and*

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

the Fisherman; beginning, "Though you hide in the ebb and flow of the pale tide when the moon has set;" and he has driven out the inversion and written with prose directness in such lyrics as, "I heard the old men say everything alters"; and these things are not subject to a changing of the fashions. What I mean by the new note—you could hardly call it a change of style—was apparent four years ago in his *No Second Troy*, beginning, "Why should I blame her," and ending—

Beauty like a tightened bow, a kind
That is not natural in any age like this,
Being high and solitary and most stern?
Why, what could she have done being what she is?
Was there another Troy for her to burn?

I am not sure that it becomes apparent in partial quotation, but with the appearance of *The Green Helmet and Other Poems* one felt that the minor note—I use the word strictly in the musical sense—had gone or was going out of his poetry; that he was at such a cross roads as we find in

Voi che intendendo il terzo ciel movete.

And since that time one has felt his work becoming gaunter, seeking greater hardness of outline. I do not say that this is demonstrable by any particular passage. *Romantic Ireland's Dead and Gone* is no better than Red Hanrahan's song about Ireland, but it is harder. Mr. Yeats appears to have seen with the outer eye in *To a Child Dancing on the Shore* (the first poem, not the one printed in this issue). The hardness can perhaps be more easily noted in *The Magi*.

Such poems as *When Helen Lived* and *The Realists*

The Later Yeats

serve at least to show that the tongue has not lost its cunning. On the other hand, it is impossible to take any interest in a poem like *The Two Kings*—one might as well read the *Idyls* of another. *The Grey Rock* is, I admit, obscure, but it outweighs this by a curious nobility, a nobility which is, to me at least, the very core of Mr. Yeats' production, the constant element of his writing.

In support of my prediction, or of my theories, regarding his change of manner, real or intended, we have at least two pronouncements of the poet himself, the first in *A Coat*,* and the second, less formal, in the speech made at the Blunt presentation.† The verses, *A Coat*, should satisfy those who have complained of Mr. Yeats' four and forty followers, that they would "rather read their Yeats in the original." Mr. Yeats had indicated the feeling once before with

Tell me, do the wolf-dogs praise their fleas?
which is direct enough in all conscience, and free of the "glamour." I've not a word against the glamour as it appears in Yeats' early poems, but we have had so many other pseudo-glamours and glamourlets and mists and fogs since the nineties that one is about ready for hard light.

And this quality of hard light is precisely what one finds in the beginning of his *The Magi*:

Now as at all times I can see in the mind's eye,
In their stiff, painted clothes, the pale unsatisfied ones
Appear and disappear in the blue depth of the sky
With all their ancient faces like rain-beaten stones,
And all their helms of silver hovering side by side.
Of course a passage like that, a passage of *imagisme*, may

* *Vide* this issue, page 60.

† *Vide* POETRY for March, 1914, p. 223.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

occur in a poem not otherwise *imagiste*, in the same way that a lyrical passage may occur in a narrative, or in some poem not otherwise lyrical. There have always been two sorts of poetry which are, for me at least, the most "poetic;" they are firstly, the sort of poetry which seems to be music just forcing itself into articulate speech, and, secondly, that sort of poetry which seems as if sculpture or painting were just forced or forcing itself into words. The gulf between evocation and description, in this latter case, is the unbridgeable difference between genius and talent. It is perhaps the highest function of art that it should fill the mind with a noble profusion of sounds and images, that it should furnish the life of the mind with such accompaniment and surrounding. At any rate Mr. Yeats' work has done this in the past and still continues to do so. The present volume contains the new metrical version of *The Hour Glass*, *The Grey Rock*, *The Two Kings*, and over thirty new lyrics, some of which have appeared in these pages, or appear in this issue. In the poems on the Irish gallery we find this author certainly at *prise* with things as they are and no longer romantically Celtic, so that a lot of his admirers will be rather displeased with the book. That is always a gain for a poet, for his admirers nearly always want him to "stay put," and they resent any signs of stirring, of new curiosity or of intellectual uneasiness. I have said the *The Grey Rock* was obscure; perhaps I should not have said so, but I think it demands unusually close attention. It is as obscure, at

least, as *Sordello*, but I can not close without registering my admiration for it all the same. *Ezra Pound.*

REVIEWS.

Aphrodite and Other Poems, by John Helston. Macmillan Co.

This book is full to the brim of theoretic passion, expressed in an unfailing, superabundant flow of language. The first poem, *Lonicera*, is a dialogue forty pages long, in which "The Man" talks ten pages about his dead affection before "The Woman" ventures to say, "It rained that day." After that their conversation is full of such original observations as

Men do not love as women do . . .
O God, who made us women! . . .
Perhaps men are more weak albeit more strong,
And therefore dig their graves the deeper. . . .
Our love is dead between us, at your hands.

Et cetera, until, through vast spaces of eloquence, the two arrive at—

My woodbine bride! my darling!
Hush . . . the stars!

Just observations abound, expressed with more or less turgidity, in a style long relegated to poetry because so remote from speech. For example:

This is the hell of woman, to have slain,
Not as the splendid wantons of old time—
Hot-mouthed, so even lust was eloquent
With raptured immolation—love's desire,
But on the altar of their meaner moods.
Vainglorious promptings, braggart self-conceits,—

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

and the sentence lists other "meaner moods" through fourteen more lines. Through all the endless mouthing about passion, one searches in vain for a single sincere and simple lyric note; as through the dialogues one searches in vain for drama.

It is wearisome to see this sort of thing accepted as poetry by American critics. Is it because Mr. Helston was first printed by the *English Review*, which once had a little brief authority as a judge of poetry? But, Messieurs, *le roi est mort*.
H. M.

Poems, by Alice Meynell. Chas. Scribners' Sons.

White, pure, cool, delicate, shy—such adjectives as these greet this small volume of collected poems which partly express thirty years' emotional experience of a high and sensitive spirit. One might wish that the poet were less reserved, less austere. She is less intimate in verse than in prose, for there is nothing here of such poignant beauty as that memorable passage in one of the essays which describes the sublime exaltation of a mother left alone with her child after the storm and stress of its birth.

Mrs. Meynell is a Roman Catholic, and Francis Thompson was her friend; but there is no mystical rapture or ritualistic color in her poems. Their tone is silvery, and the religious motive often present is of an early Protestant severity.

Thou art the Way.
Hadst Thou been nothing but the goal
I cannot say
If Thou hadst ever met my soul.

The Shepherdess, Song of the Night at Daybreak, Renouncement, Maternity (reprinted from POETRY without acknowledgment)—these are typical; and perhaps none more so than the sonnet *Renouncement*, which is so familiar as hardly to require quotation. H. M.

NOTES.

Ernest F. Fenollosa, born in Salem about 1852, of a Spanish father and New England mother, and dying in London in 1908, was well known in America as a man of original genius who devoted his life chiefly to the interpretation of Japanese art. Called to the University of Tokio in 1878 as professor of philosophy, he became the strongest influence against Japanese neglect of the national art, and was appointed Commissioner of Fine Arts to the Japanese Government.

The play *Nishikigi*, or *Nishikidzuka*, which we are fortunate in presenting, was found among his notes after his death. It is a flurry of snow against a red spray of maples. The obscurities have been explained in the course of it; the meaning of the crimson *nishikigi*, love-wands or charm-sticks, has become clear. The *hosonuno* is a local cloth with this legend clinging about it. The most difficult or obscure lines are in the second part where, as has been indicated, the chorus and the hero use speech merely to interpret the gestures of the dance, which the reader must imagine for himself, until he can see it, perhaps in Minoru's company.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

If these notes are insufficient, there is the introduction to Professor Strophe's book on the Noh, published by Heineman. A long redaction of some of Fenollosa's notes will shortly appear in the *Quarterly Review*.

The Noh plays, in the original, are part in prose and part in verse, and they are part spoken and part sung. The dance is of great importance.

Fenollosa published in 1893, a book of poems, *East and West* (Crowell & Co.).

Mr. Bliss Carman, a Canadian by birth, but a resident of the United States, is the author of *Low Tide on Grand Pré*, *Behind the Arras*, *The Sea-Mark*, and other volumes of prose and poetry, and the joint author, with Richard Hovey, of *Songs from Vagabondia*.

Mr. Skipwith Cannell is a young American poet whose work was introduced in the September, 1913, number of *Poetry*. His first volume of poems will be published shortly by Elkin Mathews.

Apologies are due to Miss Amy Lowell, and to the readers of her poem, *The Forsaken*, in our April number, for the printer's unfortunate and distorting omission, just above the last line on page 9, of the line—

have me repent, and have the rest of my life spent in a con-

Pages 9 and 10 will be found correctly printed, among our advertising pages in this issue, and subscribers are requested to cut the binding thread, remove the leaf with part of the opposite margin, and substitute it for the one containing the error, so that the correct version may be preserved and bound.

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Unconditioned Songs*, Anonymous. Commonwealth of Australia, Sydney J. Endacott, Melbourne.
- Little Verse For a Little Clan*, by F. D. W. Privately printed.
- Meditations in Verse*, by Jessie Eldridge Southwick. Privately printed.
- Oriental Verse*, by Bernard Westermann. Whitaker & Ray-Wiggin Co., San Francisco.
- Various Verses*, of Vinton A. Holbrook. Privately printed.
- The Dryad*, by Clara Burdett Patterson. Constable & Company, London.
- Poems*, by A. Hugh Fisher. Elkin Mathews.
- The Doorkeeper, and Other Poems*, by John W. Taylor. Longmans, Green & Co.
- Sprays of Shamrock*, by Clinton Scollard. The Mosher Press.
- The Post-Office*, by Rabindranath Tagore. The Macmillan Company.
- Trail Dust of a Maverick*, by E. A. Brininstool. Dodd Mead & Co.
- Heinrich Heine, Poems and Ballads*, done into English by Robert Levy. Macmillan.
- Saloon Sonnets*, by Allen Norton. Claire Marie, New York.
- Men of No Land*, by Mildred McNeal Sweeny. T. Fisher Unwin.
- Creation, Post-Impressionistic Poems*, by Horace Holley. A. C. Fifield, London.
- The Reverberate Hills*, by Edwin Oppenheim. Constable and Co., London.
- Poems*, by Walter Conrad Arensberg. Houghton Mifflin Company.
- Challenge*, by Louis Untermeyer. The Century Co., N. Y.
- The Poet*, by Panévmolpos. Parnassus Press, London.
- John Millington Synge and The Irish Theatre*, by Maurice Bourgeois. The Macmillan Co.
- Stories of Red Hanrahan; The Secret Rose; Rosa Alchemica*, by W. B. Yeats. The Macmillan Co.
- Guenevere, Jason, and Other Poems*, by William Morris. Oxford University Press.
- Erna Vitek*, by Alfred Kreymborg. The Glebe, New York.

MAGAZINES RECEIVED

UNITED STATES.

New York: *The Century*; *The Forum*; *Scribner's Magazine*; *Current Opinion*; *The Literary Digest*; *The Nation*; *The International*; *The Survey*; *The Woman's Home Companion*; *The Edison Monthly*; *The Colonade*.

Chicago: *The Dial*, *System*, *The Drama*.

Philadelphia: *The Conservator*.

Boston: *The Print Collector's Quarterly*.

Portland, Maine: *The Bibelot*.

Woodstock, N. Y.: *The Wild Hawk*.

New Haven, Conn.: *The Yale Review*.

Tampa, Fla.: *The Poet and Philosopher*.

FOREIGN.

Paris: *La Vie des Lettres*—Nicolas Beauduin, Directeur; *La Renaissance Contemporaine*; *Poème et Drame*; *Les Bandeaux d'Or*; *Mercure de France*; *L'Effort Libre*; *Les Poètes*; *L'Ile Sonnante*.

London: *Poetry and Drama*, Harold Monro, editor; *Poetry Review*, Stephen Philips, editor; *Rhythm*; *The British Review*; *The Égoist*.

Wellington, New Zealand: *The Triad*.

Present-Day Poets

whose work is published by Grant Richards, Ltd.

ZOE AKINS

Interpretations. Half parchment,
\$1.25

MADISON CAWEIN

New Poems. Half parchment.
\$1.25

GEORGE H. COWLING

A Yorkshire Tyke. Cloth, 60c

JOHN DAVIDSON

Holiday and Other Poems. Cloth,
85c

The Testament of John Davidson.
Cloth, 85c

Fleet Street and Other Poems.
Cloth, \$1.25

The Triumph of Mammon. Cloth,
\$1.25

Mammon and His Message.
Cloth, \$1.25

The Theatrocrat. Cloth, \$1.25

JOHN GOULD FLETCHER

Fire and Wine. Cloth, 60c

NORMAN GALE

A Country House. Leather, 25c

EMILY HICKEY

Later Poems. Cloth, 60c

A. E. HOUSMAN

A Shropshire Lad. (Published in
America by Mitchell Kennerley,
New York.)

MARGARET LAWRENCE

Songs of Childhood. Paper, 35c

T. STURGE MOORE

The Sea Is Kind. (Published in
America by Houghton Mifflin
Co., Boston.)

MIRIAM SMITH

Poems. Cloth, 60c

WELLEN SMITH

Psyche and Soma. Cloth, 85c

T. H. TWELLS, JR.

Moods of the Inner Voice. Cloth,
85c

FILSON YOUNG

Lovers' Hours. Cloth, 60c

These Prices do not include the cost of postage.

GRANT RICHARDS, Ltd.

7 Carlton Street :: :: London, England

Five New Books of Poetry

RICHARD MIDDLETON

Poems and Songs, Second Series. With an Introduction by Henry Savage. Blue art linen binding stamped in gold. \$1.50 net.

D. H. LAWRENCE

Love Poems and Others. Octavo, 64 pages, bound in cloth. \$1.50 net.

CHARLES HANSON TOWNE

Beyond the Stars, including the title poem and thirty other characteristic poems. Printed on Van Gelder hand-made paper and bound in half art linen with paper-covered boards. \$1.00 net.

NICHOLAS VACHEL LINDSAY

General William Booth Enters Into Heaven and Other Poems, including some poems under the general headings "Fantasies and Whims," and "A Gospel of Beauty." Bound in cloth. \$1.25 net.

DOROTHY LANDERS BEALL

The Bridge and Other Poems, including "Jonathan and David." Bound in cloth and with gilt tops. \$1.50 net.



MITCHELL KENNERLEY, THE FORUM
32 WEST 58TH STREET, NEW YORK

NEW SCRIBNER BOOKS

BY HENRY JAMES

Notes of a Son and Brother *Illus. \$2.50 net; postage extra*

This is the continuation of the account, in "A Small Boy and Others," of the early years of William and Henry James and their brothers, with much about their father and their friends. The story of the life in Switzerland and Geneva, and later on in Newport and Cambridge, tells not only their own experiences but a great deal about such men as John LaFarge, Hunt, Professor Norton, Professor Childs, and Ralph Waldo Emerson, who was a close friend of Henry James, Senior. The description of the Civil War time and of Wilkinson James's experience with Colonel Shaw's colored regiment are particularly interesting. The illustrations are from drawings made by William James in the early part of his career when he was studying to be a painter.

"Certainly, if one were invited to name the literary masterpiece of the twentieth century, one would do well to hesitate before passing further than Mr. James's autobiography. It is not merely that it gives us a unique analysis of everything that went to the making of a characteristic literary artist of our times. It does more than this. It introduces us to the most charming and wonderful family group a novelist ever found to his hand. . . . It is a book of a warm, as well as of a subtle beauty, and is one of Mr. James's masterpieces in characterization."—*London Nation*.

A Small Boy and Others

\$2.50 net

"There are many interesting people in this unusual book, people interesting because of their fame, or their virtues, or their eccentricities. It is an experience novel and entertaining to see them with a child's eyes, to know them with a child's fearlessness and wonder. But of them all, the most interesting, memorable, and attractive figure is the little boy with the sheath-like jacket and the big white hat, the little boy with the grave mouth and the eager, questioning eyes."—*New York Times*.

CHARLES SCRIBNER'S SONS :: NEW YORK

ARTS & DECORATION

¶ The standard illustrated monthly magazine for all Americans interested in art, architecture and decoration.

¶ ARTS & DECORATION is the only magazine to cover these fields thoroughly, and should be in the home of every one interested in the progress of American art.

¶ In order that you may prove to your own satisfaction that ARTS & DECORATION is a magazine of value to you, we shall be glad to enter your name for a six months' trial subscription on receipt of one dollar.

Annual Subscription—Three Dollars

ARTS & DECORATION, 39 West 32d St.

Enclosed find \$1.00. Please send me Arts & Decoration for six months beginning with the current issue. Please address

.....

.....

.....

P. M.

The W. Scott Thurber Art Galleries

408 South Michigan Boulevard

Chicago

ETCHINGS AS GIFTS for weddings, holidays or anniversaries reflect both the taste of the giver and recipient, besides having permanent and often increasing value. The work of many men now well known may be had at prices ranging from nine to thirty-six dollars, the average being about twenty dollars. More than sixty artists are represented in our stock and the public may inspect them freely.

C. G. Macklin, President

J. Suster, Secretary

Newcomb-Macklin Company

N. W. Cor. N. State and Kinzie Sts.

CHICAGO

CORRECT PICTURE FRAMING

Large assortment of new and antique effects in hand carved and ornamented frames; also Complete selection of hardwoods, veneers, etc. Old frames and furniture regilded. Old pictures restored.

BEST QUALITY

LOWEST PRICES

When may we send an expert to estimate on your work?

Telephones, Central 5214—5215

THE DRAMA

736 Marquette Building :: :: :: Chicago

A QUARTERLY DEVOTED TO THE DEVELOPMENT OF A
WIDE AND INTELLIGENT INTEREST IN DRAMA LITERATURE

Each issue of *The Drama* contains a translation of a complete play. These plays, which are not otherwise accessible in English, represent especially the leading dramatists of the continent. Chosen as they are from various countries and from many schools, they give one an introduction to the most significant features of modern dramatic art. Plays by Giacosa, Donnay, Gillette and Andreyev have appeared recently. The May number will contain Tagore's "The King of the Dark Chamber."

In addition to the play and a discussion of the work of its author, articles on all phases of drama keep the reader well informed. Modern stagecraft, new types of theater building, organizations for drama reform, "little theater" movements, pageantry, the history of the drama, and all pertinent subjects receive attention. Significant books on dramaturgy and other drama publications of especial value are regularly and sincerely reviewed. From time to time the developments of the year in foreign art centers are considered. In no way other than through *The Drama* can one so conveniently and attractively continue his drama education and recreation.

Single copies seventy-five cents.

Yearly subscription, three dollars

Pictures That Are Ideal Gifts

FOR THE BRIDE

A visit to our Picture Galleries is prolific of suggestions for the bridal gift.

We have etchings, mezzotints, etc., by prominent living artists and receive new subjects as soon as they are published.

Original Etchings by	{	Brangwyn	Mezzotints by	{	Stevenson
		Affleck			Gulland
		Dicksee			Henderson
		Chandler			James
		Aid			Crawford
		Schneider			Smythe
Etchings in color by	{	Robertson	{		Milner
					Wilson
	{				Trowbridge
					Simon
					Senseney
					Fonce
					Charlet
					Marriott

Paintings and Water Colors by many well known artists are also exhibited.

FRAMING

The framing of pictures is given expert attention. We have the very newest designs in picture frames and mouldings. Because of our large stock and resources there is no order that we cannot fill.

PICTURE GALLERIES

MARSHALL FIELD & COMPANY

The Little Review

MARGARET C. ANDERSON, Editor

A NEW LITERARY JOURNAL
Published Monthly in Chicago

THE FIRST ISSUE CONTAINS:

A Letter by John Galsworthy
Five Japanese Prints (Poems) . . . Arthur Davison Ficke
The Prophet of a New Culture . . . George Burman Foster
How a Little Girl Danced . . . Nicholas Vachel Lindsay
A Remarkable Nietzschean Drama . . . DeWitt C. Wing
The Lost Joy Floyd Dell
"The Dark Flower" and the "Moralists" . . . The Editor
The Meaning of Bergsonism Llewellyn Jones
The New Note Sherwood Anderson
Tagore as a Dynamic George Soule
Rahel Varnhagen: Feminist Margery Currey
Paderewski and the New Gods, Rupert Brooke's Poetry,
Ethel Sidgwick's "Succession," Letters of William
Vaughn Moody, etc.

A vital, unacademic review devoted to
appreciation and creative interpretation,
full of the pulse and power of live writers.

25 Cents a Copy. \$2.50 a Year.

The Little Review

Fine Arts Building :: :: Chicago, Illinois

Ready in April

BLAST

A quarterly edited by WYNDHAM LEWIS. First number will contain MANIFESTO, over twenty REPRODUCTIONS of drawings, paintings and sculpture by ETCHHELLS, HAMILTON, BRZESKA, LEWIS, WADSWORTH, EPSTEIN, NEVINSON, ROBERTS, story by LEWIS, poems by EZRA POUND, etc.

**PRICE (IN AMERICA) 65 CENTS PER COPY,
\$2.50 PER YEAR**

This magazine will be devoted to the discussion and presentation of

CUBISM, FUTURISM, IMAGISME,
and all vital forms of modern art.

All subscriptions should be addressed to

BLAST

Newman Street :: :: London, W. C.

Cheques payable to "Blast."

The Masses

DESTRUCTIVE ENTERTAINING
Impudent and Important

A Radical Monthly for Everybody. Written and
Illustrated by America's cleverest Writers and
Artists.

Ten Cents a Copy—One Dollar a Year

THE MASSES PUBLISHING COMPANY
91 Greenwich Avenue
New York City

The Art of Versification

By J. BERG ESENWEIN *and*
MARY ELEANOR ROBERTS



This new book is the most complete, practical, and
helpful working handbook ever issued on the
Principles of Poetry and the Composition of all
forms of verse.

Clear and progressive in arrangement. Free from
unexplained technicalities. Indispensable to *every* writer
of verse. *Sent on approval* to any who wish to examine
before ordering.

Cloth. 312 pages. Uniform with "Writing the Short Story."
Price \$1.50, by mail \$1.62.

The 60-page chapter on "Light Verse" alone is worth the price to writers.

THE HOME CORRESPONDENCE SCHOOL
DEPARTMENT 215 - - - SPRINGFIELD, MASS.

THE EGOIST

An Individualist Review

FORMERLY THE NEW FREEWOMAN

The only publication in England which recognizes no taboos.

Editor, Dora Marsden, B. A.; Assistant Editor, Richard Aldington; Contributors; Allen Upward, Ford Madox Hueffer, Ezra Pound, Remy de Gourmont, Robert Frost, Muriel Ciolkowska, Wyndham Lewis, John Cournos, Reginald W. Kauffman, Huntley Carter, etc., etc.

Subscriptions should be sent to Miss Harriet Shaw Weaver, Oakley House, Bloomsbury Street, London, W. C.

Terms of subscription: Yearly, U. S. A., \$3.50, six months \$1.75. Single copies 7d. post free to any address in the Postal Union.



THOSE WHO HAVE BOOKS WHICH THEY WISH
TO PRINT IN SMALL OR PRIVATELY ISSUED
EDITIONS ARE REQUESTED TO COMMUNI-
CATE WITH THE RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR
COMPANY, FINE ARTS BUILDING, CHICAGO,
BEFORE PLACING THEIR COMMISSIONS

BOOKS OF ESPECIAL INTEREST TO READERS
————— OF POETRY —————

THE SPINNING WOMAN OF THE SKY
by ALICE CORBIN. With an original lithograph by Wm.
P. Henderson. Paper covers. 60 cents net.

TWELVE JAPANESE PAINTERS
Poems by ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE. Boards. \$1.25 net.

THE CANZONI OF ARNAUT DANIEL
translated by EZRA POUND, with an introduction by him
and fac similes of the original music and transpositions
made by Walter Morse Rummel. A limited edition.
Write for prospectus.

THE RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR CO.
1025 Fine Arts Bldg. PUBLISHERS Chicago, Ill.

POETRY

A Magazine of Verse

Is publishing the finest work of living American and English poets, and is forwarding the recognition of those younger poets whose work belongs to this generation, but whose acceptance might otherwise be retarded by a lack of adventurous appreciation.

If you love good poetry, and wish to encourage its creation and publication in the United States, ask your friends to become subscribers to POETRY. Remind them that this is the most effectual way to show their appreciation of an attempt to make this art of as much national concern as the arts of painting, sculpture, music and the drama.

POETRY

543 Cass Street, Chicago.

Send POETRY for one year (\$1.50 enclosed) beginning

..... to

Name

Address

EARLY NUMBERS OF POETRY

Early numbers of POETRY will contain poems by Ford Madox Hueffer, Allen Upward, Ezra Pound, Orrick Johns, Robert Bridges, Constance Skinner, Grace Hazard Conkling and others, and a group of Roumanian Folk Songs translated by Maurice Aisen.

SUBSCRIBERS TO POETRY

Are asked to renew their subscriptions promptly in order that no numbers may be missed.

A limited supply of the early numbers of POETRY is still on hand, with the exception of Nos. 1 and 2, Vol. I (October and November, 1912).

For the benefit of those who desire to complete their files, POETRY will pay 50 cents for copies of October, 1912, and 25 cents for copies of November, 1912.

Statement of the Ownership, Management, Circulation, Etc.

of POETRY, published MONTHLY at CHICAGO, ILL., required by the Act of August 24, 1912.

Editor and Owner

HARRIET MONROE

543 CASS STREET

Known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders, holding 1 per cent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities: NONE.

Signed: HARRIET MONROE.

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 1st day of April, 1913.

MICHAEL J. O'MALLEY, NOTARY PUBLIC.

(My commission expires March 8th, 1916.)

The above statement is printed to comply with the law.

The Advertising Section of Poetry endeavors to keep readers informed of works of more than passing interest in literature and art. In writing to advertisers, please mention POETRY.

Advertising rate-card will be sent upon request.

THE FORSAKEN

Holy Mother of God, merciful Mary. Hear me! I am very weary. I have come from a village miles away, all day I have been coming, and I ache for such far roaming. I cannot walk as light as I used, and my thoughts grow confused. I am heavier than I was. Mary Mother, you know the cause!

Beautiful Holy Lady, take my shame away from me! Let this fear be only seeming, let it be that I am dreaming. For months I have hoped it was so, now I am afraid I know. Lady, why should this be shame, just because I haven't got his name? He loved me, yes, Lady, he did, and he couldn't keep it hid. We meant to marry. Why did he die?

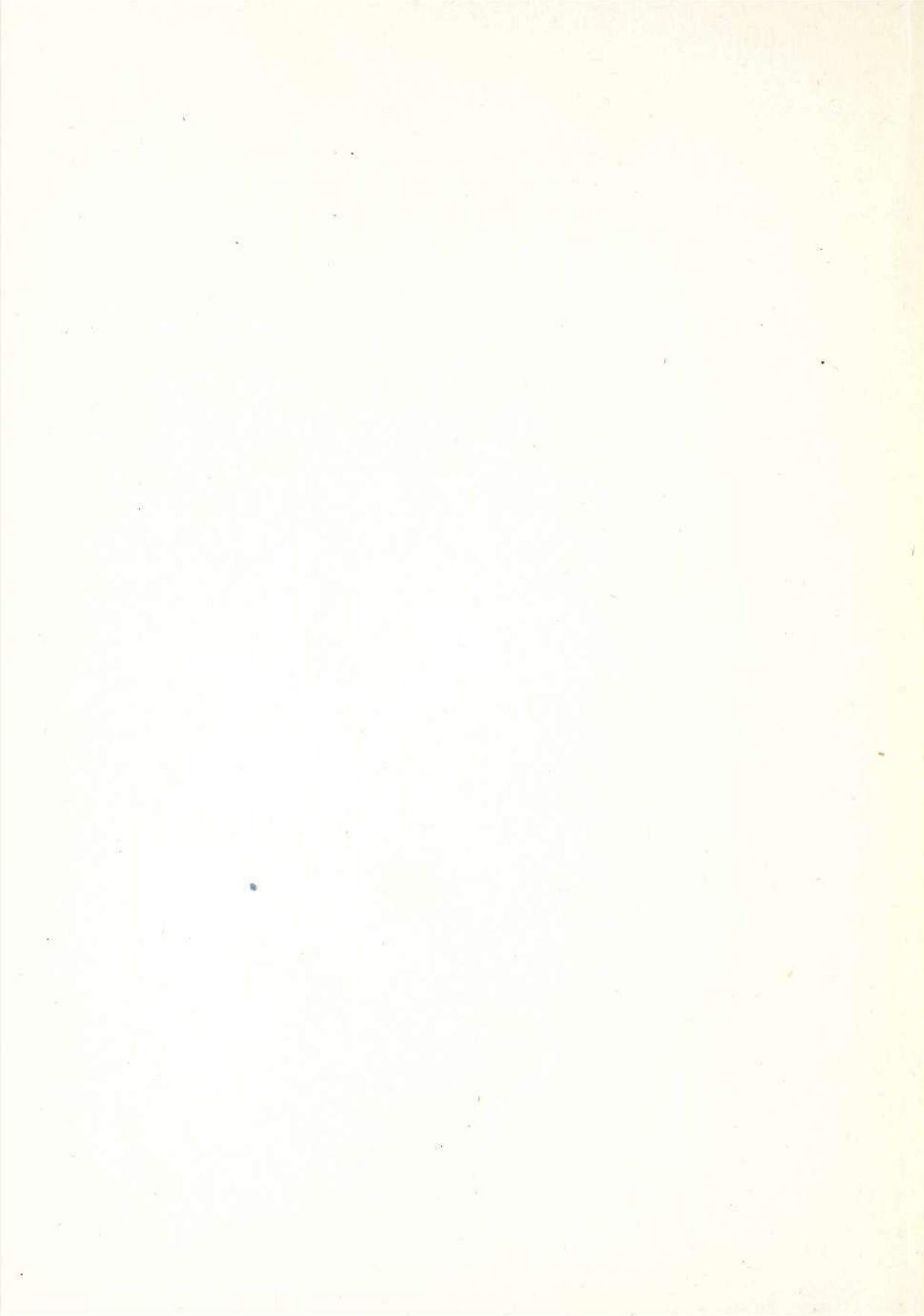
That day when they told me he had gone down in the avalanche, and could not be found until the snow melted in Spring, I did nothing. I could not cry. Why should he die? Why should he die and his child live? His little child alive in me, for my comfort. No, Good God, for my misery! I cannot face the shame, to be a mother, and not married, and the poor child to be reviled for having no father. Merciful Mother, Holy Virgin, take away this sin I did. Let the baby not be. Only take the stigma off of me!

I have told no one but you, Holy Mary. My mother would call me "whore," and spit upon me; the priest would have me repent, and have the rest of my life spent in a convent. I am no whore, no bad woman; he loved me, and

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

we were to be married. I carried him always in my heart, what did it matter if I gave him the least part of me too? You were a virgin, Holy Mother, but you had a son; you know there are times when a woman must give all. There is some call to give and hold back nothing. I swear I obeyed God then, and this child who lives in me is the sign. What am I saying? He is dead, my beautiful, strong man! I shall never feel him caress me again. This is the only baby I shall have. Oh, Holy Virgin, protect my little baby! My little, helpless baby!

He will look like his father, and he will be as fast a runner and as good a shot. Not that he shall be no scholar neither. He shall go to school in winter, and learn to read and write, and my father will teach him to carve, so that he can make the little horses, and cows, and chamois, out of white wood. Oh, no! no! no! How can I think such things!—I am not good. My father will have nothing to do with my boy, I shall be an outcast thing. Oh, Mother of our Lord God, be merciful, take away my shame! Let my body be as it was before he came. No little baby for me to keep underneath my heart for those long months. To live for and to get comfort from. I cannot go home and tell my mother. She is so hard and righteous. She never loved my father, and we were born for duty, not for love. I cannot face it. Holy Mother, take my baby away! Take away my little baby! I don't want it, I can't bear it!



To have great poets
there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman.