THE FISH AND THE SHADOW

HE salmon-trout drifts in the stream,
The soul of the salmon-trout floats over the stream
Like a little wafer of light.
The salmon moves in the sun-shot, bright, shallow sea.

As light as the shadow of the fish
that falls through the water,
She came into the large room by the stair.
Yawning a little she came with the sleep still upon her.

"I'm just from bed. The sleep is still in my eyes.
Come. I have had a long dream."

And I: "That wood?
And two springs have passed us!"

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"Not so far—no, not so far now.
There is a place—but no one else knows it—
A field in a valley . . .

"qu’ieu sui avinen
Ieu lo sai."

She must speak of the time
Of Arnaut de Mareuil, I thought, "qu’ieu sui avinen."

Light as the shadow of the fish
That falls through the pale green water.

O ATTHIS

Thy soul
Grown delicate with satieties,
Atthis.

O Atthis,
I long for thy lips.
I long for thy narrow breasts,
Thou restless, ungathered.

THE THREE POETS

Candidia has taken a new lover
And three poets are gone into mourning,
The first has written a long elegy to "Chloris."
To "Chloris chaste and cold," his "only Chloris".

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The Three Poets

The second has written a sonnet
    upon the mutability of woman,
And the third writes an epigram to Candidia.

PAGANI'S

Suddenly discovering in the eyes of the very beautiful Normande cocotte
The eyes of the very learned museum assistant.

THE LAKE ISLE

O God, O Venus, O Mercury, patron of thieves,
Give me in due time, I beseech you, a little tobacco-shop,
With the little bright boxes
    piled up neatly upon the shelves
And the loose fragrant cavendish
    and the shag,
And the bright Virginia
    loose under the bright glass cases,
And a pair of scales
    not too greasy,
And the volailles dropping in for a word or two in passing,
For a flip word, and to tidy their hair a bit.

O God, O Venus, O Mercury, patron of thieves,
Lend me a little tobacco-shop,
    or install me in any profession
Save this damn'd profession of writing,
    where one needs one's brains all the time.

[277]
Phyllidula and the spoils of Gouvernet

Where, Lady, are the days
When you could go out in a hired hansom
Without footmen and equipments
And dine in a cheap restaurant?

Phyllidula now, with your powdered Swiss footman
Clanking the door shut,
and lying;
And carpets from Savonnier, and from Persia,
And your new service at dinner,
And plates from Germain,
And cabinets and chests from Martin (almost lacquer),
And your white vases from Japan,
And the lustre of diamonds,

Etcetera, etcetera and etcetera?

To Madame du Châtelet

If you'd have me go on loving you
Give me back the time of the thing.

Will you give me dawn light at evening?

Time has driven me out of the fine plaisaunces,
The parks with the swards all over dew,
And grass going glassy with the light on it,
The green stretches where love is and the grapes
Impressions of François-Marie Arouet

Hang in yellow-white and dark clusters ready for pressing. And if now we can't fit with our time of life There is not much but its evil left us.

Life gives us two minutes, two seasons—
One to be dull in;
Two deaths—and to stop loving and being lovable, That is the real death,
The other is little beside it.

Crying after the follies gone by me, Quiet talking is all that is left us— Gentle talking, not like the first talking, less lively; And to follow after friendship, as they call it, Weeping that we can follow naught else.

III To Madame Lullin

You'll wonder that an old man of eighty Can go on writing you verses . . .

Grass showing under the snow, Birds singing late in the year!

And Tibullus could say of his death, in his Latin; “Delia, I would look on you, dying.”

And Delia herself fading out, Forgetting even her beauty.

[279]
Theodorus will be pleased at my death,
And someone else will be pleased at the death of Theodorus:
And yet every one speaks evil of death.

This place is the Cyprian's, for she has ever the fancy
To be looking out across the bright sea;
Therefore the sailors are cheered, and the waves
Keep small with reverence,
beholding her image.

A sad and great evil is the expectation of death—
And there are also the inane expenses of the funeral;
Let us therefore cease from pitying the dead
For after death there comes no other calamity.

Whither, O city, are your profits and your gilded shrines,
And your barbecues of great oxen,
And the tall women, walking your streets, in gilt clothes,
With their perfume in little alabaster boxes?
Where are the works of your home-born sculptors?
Homage to Quintus Septimius Florentis Christianus

Time's tooth is into the lot, and war's and fate's too.
Envy has taken your all
Save your douth and your story.

Agathias Scholasticus

V

Woman? Oh, woman is a consummate rage, but dead or asleep she pleases.
Take her—she has two excellent seasons.

Palladas

VI  Nicharcus upon Phidon his doctor

Phidon neither purged me, nor touched me;
But I remembered the name of his fever medicine and died.

DANS UN OMNIBUS DE LONDRES

Les yeux d'une morte aimée
M'ont salué.
Enchassés dans un visage stupide
Dont tous les autres traits étaient banals,
Ils m'ont salué.

Et alors je vis bien des choses
Au dedans de ma memoire
Remuer,
S'éveiller.

[281]
Je vis des canards sur le bord d'un lac minuscule, 
Auprès d'un petit enfant gai, bossu.

Je vis les colonnes anciennes en "toc"
Du Parc Monceau,
Et deux petites filles graciles,
Des patriciennes
    aux toisons couleur de lin,
Et des pigeonnies
Grasses
    commes des poulardes.

Je vis le parc,
Et tous les gazons divers
Où nous avions loué des chaises
Pour quatre sous.

Je vis les cygnes noirs,
Japonais,
Leurs ailes
Teintées de couleur sang-de-dragon,
Et toutes les fleurs
D'Armenonville.

Les yeux d'une morte
M'ont salué.

Ezra Pound

[282]
I will close my door to shut out all possible errors.
"But how am I to enter in?" cried Truth.

"I obey not law, I am free!"—this is the boast of Dream.
Truth says sadly to him, "That is why thou art false."
Dream says, "Truth is bound in an endless chain of necessity."
Truth says, "That is why I am perfectly true."

Favor complains, "I give but never receive."
Mercy says, "I give, but never ask."

Thou in the ditch hast an unlimited supply of mud,
But what has he who walks above thee?

The wasp murmured in contempt: "How ludicrously small are the honeycombs the bees make!" "Try to make a honeycomb still smaller," said the bee.

"What costly preparations are for me," says the canal;
"rivers come rushing without ever being asked." "Sir Canal," say his courtiers to him, "The poor rivers are made only to supply you with water."

The First takes the hand of the Last in a frank friendship.
The Second keeps proudly aloof.

The echo always mocks the sound—to conceal that she is his debtor.
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Love walks with empty hands and smiling face. Prudence asks her, "What have you got for your wages?" Love says, "It is in my heart, I can not show it." Prudence says, "Whatever I get is in my hands."

In the chink of the garden wall blossomed a tiny nameless flower. The rosebush was ashamed to own it as its kindred. The sun rose and smiled on it, saying, "Are you well, my darling?"

"How far are you from me, O fruit?"
"I am hidden in your heart, O flower."

"Who is there to take up my duties?" asked the setting sun. The world remained dark and silent. With joined palms said the earthen lamp, "I will do what I can, my master!"

"What language is this of yours, O deep sea?"
"It is the language of eternal question."
"What language is this in which you answer, O high mountain?"
"It is the language of eternal silence."

The arrow thinks it is free, for it moves, and the bow is bound, for it is still. The bow says to the arrow, "Your freedom depends on me."

The world speaks truth. We take its meaning wrong and call it a liar.
Epigrams

The infant flower opened its eyes and found the world sweet and it said to the world, "My love, I hope you will last as long as I live."

The flute knows it is the breath that gives birth to its music. The breath knows it is nothing. And he who plays on the flute is not known.

The night comes secretly to open the buds in the forest, and disappears in silence. Flowers wake up and whisper, "We are of the morning!" The morning smiles and says, "Yes."

Death threatens to take his son, the thief his wealth, and his detractors his reputation. "But who is there to take away my joy?" asks the poet.

The night kisses the face of the fading day and gently says, "I am death, your mother. Do not fear me, I am to give you fresh birth."

Death belongs to life as birth does, even as walking contains the raising of the foot as much as the laying of it down.

Death, hadst thou been but emptiness, in a moment the world would have faded away. Thou art Beauty: the world like a child rests on thy bosom for ever and ever.

Rabindranath Tagore

[285]
I

If one beheld a clod of earth arise,
   And walk about, and breathe, and speak, and love,
How one would tremble, and in what surprise
   Gasp: "Can you move?"

So, when I see men walk, I always feel:
   Earth! How have you done this? What can you be?
I'm so bewildered that I can't conceal
   My incredulity.

II

The dark space underneath is full of bones,
The surface full of bodies—roving men,
And moving above the surface a foam of eyes:
Over that is Heaven. All the gods
Walk with cool feet. They paddle among the eyes;
They scatter them like foam-flakes on the wind
Over the human world.

III

You live there; I live here:
Other people everywhere
Haunt their houses, and endure
Days and deeds and furniture,
Strange Meetings

Circumstances, families,
And the stare of foreign eyes.

IV

Often we must entertain,
Tolerantly if we can,
Ancestors returned again
Trying to be modern man.
Gates of memory are wide;
All of them can shuffle in,
Join the family; and, once inside,
Oh, what an interference they begin!
Creatures of another time and mood,
And yet they dare to wrangle and dictate,
Bawl their experience into brain and blood,
And claim to be identified with Fate.

V

Eyes float along the surface, trailing
  Obedient bodies, lagging feet.
The wind of words is always wailing
  Where eyes and voices part and meet.

VI

Oh, how reluctantly some people learn
  To hold their bones together, with what toil

[287]
Breathe and are moved, as though they would return,  
How gladly, and be crumbled into soil!

They knock their groping bodies on the stones,  
Blink at the light, and startle at all sound,  
With their white lips learn only a few moans,  
Then go back underground.

VII—BIRTH

One night when I was in the House of Death  
A shrill voice penetrated root and stone,  
And the whole earth was shaken under ground:  
I woke and there was light above my head.

Before I heard that shriek I had not known  
The region of Above from Underneath,  
Alternate light and dark, silence and sound,  
Difference between the living and the dead.

VIII

It is difficult to tell  
(Though we feel it well)  
How the surface of the land  
Budded into head and hand;  
But it is a great surprise  
How it blossomed into eyes.

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IX

A flower is looking through the ground,
   Blinking in the April weather;
Now a child has seen the flower:
   Now they go and play together.

Now it seems the flower would speak,
   And would call the child its brother—
But—oh, strange forgetfulness!—
   They don't recognize each other.

X

How did you enter that body? Why are you here?
Your eyes had scarcely to appear
Over the brim—and you looked for me.
I am startled to find you. How suddenly
We were thrown to the surface, and arrived
Together in this unexpected place!
You, who seem eternal-lived;
You, known without a word.

XI

London is big, I know, is big:
   So is the bee-hive to the bee;
So is the dung-heap to the cockroach,
   And the flea-flesh to the flea.

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London is great, is great, of course:
   So is the ocean to the pool;
So is the halter to the horse;
   So is folly to the fool.

XII

I often stood by my open gate
   Watching the passing crowd with no surprise;
I had not ever used my eyes for hate
   Till they met your eyes.

I don’t believe this road was meant for you,
   Or, if it were,
I don’t quite know what I am meant to do
   While your eyes stare.

XIII

Memory opens; memory closes.
Memory taught me to be a man.

It remembers everything:
It helps the little birds to sing.

It finds the honey for the bee:
It opens and closes, opens and closes.

Harold Monro
FIREFLIES

I

Children of the poor—
Little plants
In sandy soil,
Among rocks, weeds, cans, old papers,
And other junk
In the shadow of a wall.
Little plants—
Children of the poor.

II

From the gallery,
The orchestra—
A swarm of bees
Making honey,
Honey made of
Sound.

III

Bud
Needing opening—
Let me open you.
Fruit
Needing ripening—
Let me ripen you.

Adolf Wolff
I observe: “Our sentimental friend the moon!
Or possibly (fantastic, I confess)
It may be Prester John’s balloon
Or an old battered lantern hung aloft
To light poor travellers to their distress.”
   She then: “How you digress!”

And I then: “Someone frames upon the keys
That exquisite nocturne, with which we explain
The night and moonshine; music which we seize
To body forth our own vacuity.”
   She then: “Does this refer to me?”
   “Oh no, it is I who am inane.

“You, madam, are the eternal humorist
The eternal enemy of the absolute,
Giving our vagrant moods the slightest twist!
With your air indifferent and imperious
At a stroke our mad poetics to confute—”
   And—“Are we then so serious?”

LA FIGLIA CHE PIANGE

Stand on the highest pavement of the stair—
Lean on a garden urn—
Weave, weave, weave the sunlight in your hair—

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Clasp your flowers to you with a pained surprise—
Fling them to the ground and turn
With a fugitive resentment in your eyes:
But weave, weave the sunlight in your hair.

So I would have had him leave,
So I would have had her stand and grieve,
So he would have left
As the soul leaves the body torn and bruised,
As the mind deserts the body it has used.
I should find
Some way incomparably light and deft,
Some way we both should understand,
Simple and faithless as a smile and shake of the hand.

She turned away, but with the autumn weather
Compelled my imagination many days—
Many days and many hours:
Her hair over her arms and her arms full of flowers—
And I wonder how they should have been together!
I should have a lost a gesture and a pose.
Sometimes these cogitations still amaze,
The troubled midnight and the noon’s repose.

MR. APOLLINAX

When Mr. Apollinax visited the United States
His laughter tinkled among the teacups.
I thought of Fragilion, that shy figure among the birch trees,
And of Priapus in the shrubbery
Gaping at the lady in the swing.
In the palace of Mrs. Phlaccus, at Professor Channing-Cheetah’s,
His laughter was submarine and profound
Like the old man of the sea’s
Hidden under coral islands
Where worried bodies of drowned men drift down in the
  green silence, dropping from fingers of surf.
I looked for the head of Mr. Apollinax rolling under a chair,
Or grinning over a screen
With seaweed in its hair.
I heard the beat of centaurs’ hoofs over the hard turf
As his dry and passionate talk devoured the afternoon.
“He is a charming man”, “But after all what did he mean?”
“His pointed ears—he must be unbalanced”,
“There was something he said which I might have challenged.”
Of dowager Mrs. Phlaccus, and Professor and Mrs. Cheetah
I remember a slice of lemon, and a bitten macaroon.

MORNING AT THE WINDOW

They are rattling breakfast plates in basement kitchens,
And along the trampled edges of the street
I am aware of the damp souls of housemaids
Hanging despondently at area gates.
Morning at the Window

The brown waves of fog toss up to me
Twisted faces from the bottom of the street,
And tear from a passerby with muddy skirts
An aimless smile that hovers in the air
And vanishes along the level of the roofs.

T. R. Eliot

TO MY MOUNTAIN

O my mountain, my mountain—
Enveloped in your cloak of snow
Can you hear?

Temple of my night,
Cradle of my day,
Can you hear?

I warn you of the braggart of the sky,
The sun! the sun!
He outruns my warning words
To steal your snows,
O my mountain, my mountain.

Great body-guard of God—
Can you hear?

Mahdah Payson

[295]
HOME

Is it a tribute or betrayal when,
    Turning from all the sweet, accustomed ways,
I leave your lips and eyes to seek you in
    Some other face?

Why am I searching after what I have,
    And going far to find the near at hand?
I do not know—I only know I crave
    To find you at the end.

I only know that Love has many a hearth,
    That Hunger has an endless path to roam,
And Beauty is the dream that drives the earth
    And leads me home.

Louis Untermeyer

RAVAGE

I did not dream one summer's rose
    Could blossom so luxuriantly.
I never knew one summer's close
    Could take so much away from me.

John S. Miller, Jr.
INVOCATION

As pools beneath stone arches take
   Darkly within their deeps again
Shapes of the flowing stone, and make
   Stories anew of passing men,

So let the living thoughts that keep,
   Morning and evening, in their kind,
Eternal change in height and deep,
   Be mirrored in my happy mind.

Beat, world, upon this heart, be loud
   Your marvel chanted in my blood.
Come forth, O sun, through cloud on cloud
   To shine upon my stubborn mood.

Great hills that fold above the sea,
   Ecstatic airs and sparkling skies,
Sing out your words to master me—
   Make me immoderately wise.

John Drinkwater
HE FORGETS YVONNE

Turning a sudden corner,
    She reached the trysting place:
The gods, grown weary of the sun,
    Put twilight in her face.

Dreams, swift hopes, rising, falling,—
    Too soon, too late, too soon—
Were as a tide that rose and fell
    At the will of the moon.

Around us was the star-shine:
    Like May in flowers clad,
Speaking, she had the voice of brooks
    That made the meadows glad.

She spoke of the great wonder
    That in her heart was laid
And in her life had come to pass:
    Ah, need she be afraid?

The moon, with little vision,
    Saw what was going on,
And by designing sorcery
    Made me forget Yvonne;
He Forgets Yvonne

And lose her in this happy,
Inconsequential crowd,
Feeling in silence with Pierrette
What Pierrot sings aloud.

PIERRETTE GOES

Pierrette has gone, but it was not
Exactly that she died,
So much as vanished and forgot
To say where she would hide.

To keep a sudden rendezvous,
It came into her mind
That she was late. What could she do
But leave distress behind?

Afraid of being in disgrace,
And hurrying to dress,
She heard there was another place
In need of loveliness.

She went so softly and so soon—
Sh!—hardly made a stir,
But going took the stars and moon
And sun away with her.

William Griffith

[299]
PRESENCES

A THRUSH IN THE MOONLIGHT

In came the moon and covered me with wonder,
Touched me and was near me, and made me very still.
In came a rush of song, raining as from thunder,
Pouring importunate on my window-sill.
I lowered my head, I hid my head, I would not see nor hear—
The bird-song had stricken me, had brought the moon too near.
But when I dared to lift my head, night began to fill
With singing in the darkness. And then the thrush grew still.
And the moon came in, and silence, on my window-sill.

A MOCKING-BIRD

An arrow, feathery, alive,
He darts and sings;
Then with a sudden skimming dive
Of striped wings
He finds a pine and, debonair,
Makes with his mate
All birds that ever rested there
Articulate.
The whisper of a multitude
Of happy wings
A Mocking-bird

Is round him, a returning brood,
    Each time he sings.
Though heaven be not for them or him
    Yet he is wise,
And daily tiptoes on the rim
    Of paradise.

THE DEAD LOON

There is a dead loon in the camp tonight killed by a clever fool,
    And down the lake a live loon calling. . . .
The wind comes stealing, tall, muscular and cool,
    From his plunge where stars are falling.

The wind comes creeping, stalking,
    On its night-hidden trail,
Up to the cabin where we sit playing cards and talking.
    And only I, of them all, listen and grow pale.

He glues his face to the window, addressing only me:
    Talks to me of death, and bids me hark
To the hollow scream of a loon, and bids me see
    The face of a clever fool reflected in the dark.

That loon is farther on the way than we are.
    It has no voice with which to answer while we wait.
But it is with me, and with the evening star;
    Its voice is my voice, and its fate my fate.
TO NO ONE IN PARTICULAR

Locate your love, you lose your love,
    Find her, you look away;
Now mine I never quite discern,
    But trace her every day.

She has a thousand presences,
    As surely seen and heard
As birds that hide behind a leaf
Or leaves that hide a bird.

Single your love, you lose your love,
    You cloak her face with clay;
Now mine I never quite discern—
    And never look away.

AT THE TOUCH OF YOU

At the touch of you,
As if you were an archer with your swift hand at the bow,
The arrows of delight shot through my body.

You were spring,
And I the edge of a cliff,
And a shining waterfall rushed over me.

THE EARTH-CLASP

Whether you fled from me not to have less
Of love but to have all without a night

[302]
The Earth-clasp

Too much, like one who moves a cup which might
Brim over with the mounting of excess,
Or whether you had felt in my caress
The fingertips of surfeit and of blight
Attempting love, or whether your quick flight
Was to another love, I will not guess.

I touch the pillow that has touched your head,
And the brief candle that has lighted you
Sheds bleak and ashen light upon a face
As absent as the moon ... till to replace
Your vanished arms, earth beckons me anew,
And in her clasp something of you is dead.

HE BROUGHT US CLOVER-LEAVES

He picked us clover-leaves and starry grass
And buttercups and chickweed. One by one,
Smiling he brought them. We can never pass
A roadside or a hill under the sun
Where his wee flowers will not return with him—
His little weeds and grasses, cups that brim
With sunbeams, leaves grown tender in the dew.

Come then, oh, come with us—and each in turn,
Children and elders, let us thread a few
Of all the daisies ... to enfold his urn,
And fade beside this day through which he passes
Bringing us clover-leaves and starry grasses!
WISDOM

Old man, if I only knew
A quick way to be wise like you!

Young man, this is all I know
To impart before I go:
You must keep your goal in sight
Labor toward it day and night;
Then at last arriving there—
You shall be too old to care.

You would even wiser be
Old man, were you young like me.

ECCE HOMO

Behold the man alive in me,
Behold the man in you!
If there is God—am I not he,
Shall I myself undo?

I have been waiting long enough.
Old silent gods, good-by!
I wait no more. The way is rough—
But the god who climbs is I.

Witter Bynner
JAMES WHITCOMB RILEY

DEAD, my lords and gentlemen: Stilled the tongue and stayed the pen; Cheek unflushed and eye unlit— Done with life and glad of it.

Curb your praises now as then— Dead, my lords and gentlemen. What he wrought found its reward In the tolerance of the Lord.

Low he lies, yet high and great Looms he, lying thus in state: How exalted o'er ye when Dead, my lords and gentlemen.

J. W. R.

Riley was one of the poets of power in that it was given to him to "tell the tale of the tribe." He was keen enough in imagination, fine enough in sympathy, and creative enough in art, to apprehend his fellow-countryman and fix his type. He arrived during his life at this high distinction—that he speaks for Indiana, and Indiana is what he made it. Still more, he has widened the bounds of Indiana, made it absorb its middle-western neighbors to right and left so far as their country people and village people are true to his type. And be made the world love his Indiana—his cheerful, whimsical, unassuming, shrewd and sentimental neighbors, the democratic people of the plains, people strongly individualized and yet one not more than t'other, all measuring up to the same standard of extremely human feelings and failings. He has given to a big state a personality—in a sense his own person-
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ality because he was of its essence. By thus revealing its people to themselves, he has given them power and pride—“a smiling pride,” as George Ade calls it, in their own character—and something of power to throw off the poses and pretences dear to every community, and to live sincerely, without fear or shame.

It was humanity that interested him, not nature. One gets a general effect of plain fertile farming country as the background of his neighbors' lives, but he does not see details of land or sky. Perhaps those large round glasses covered visual vagueness; at any rate such a poem as *Knee-deep in June* expresses a general human ecstasy in a beautiful day, but it does not express that love of the earth, and identification with its forces, that intimate knowledge of every phase of earth-life which we get, for example, from John Muir's prose, and which we are beginning to feel in a few of the younger poets. Riley's interest was in human beings—yes, and in dogs and other familiar animals.

His art, like the character of the people he spoke for, was simple and direct. If it yielded often to the temptation of a too obvious sentimentality, it rose in strong moments to a poignant tenderness, or even to a veiled suggestion of heroic beauty. And always, between both extremes it was iridescent with humor—humor always gentle and tender, never grim or grotesque or sardonic.

He was, of course, to a degree unusual even among poets, a child. And out of a rare sympathy with fellow-children he was able to produce masterpieces of child-character like *Little Orphant Annie, The Raggedy Man, The Bear Story*
and other familiar ballads of eternal youth. But beyond this, he was able to see grown-ups almost with a child’s direct and untroubled vision, and to sketch them vividly in a few swift lines. As Edith Wyatt wrote in the second number of this magazine (Nov., 1912):

Among Mr. Riley’s many distinguished faculties of execution in expressing, in stimulating, “an exquisite appreciation of the most simple and universal relations of life,” one faculty has been, in so far as I know, very little mentioned—I mean his mastery in creating character. Mr. Riley has expressed, has incarnated in the melodies and harmonies of his poems, not merely several living, breathing human creatures as they are made by their destinies, but a whole world of his own, a vivid world of country-roads, and country-town streets, peopled with farmers and tramps and step-mothers and children, trailing clouds of glory even when they boast of the superiorities of “Renselaer”; a world of hard-working women and hard-luck men, and poverty and prosperity, and drunkards and raccoons and dogs and grandmothers and lovers. To have presented through the medium of rhythmic chronicle, a world so sharply limned, so funny, so tragic, so mean, so noble, seems to us in itself a striking achievement in the craft of verse.

It is even more—it is to be immortal. Riley has captured a region and an era, and so handled and molded and stamped it that he is inextricably bound up with it—an ancestor of all who are born in it. It is a smaller region than the one Mark Twain mapped out with epic grandeur and explored with abysmal laughter—in a sense it is one of its neighborhoods. Smaller also than Spoon River, for it is all on the surface of the earth, amid summer suns and storms, while Spoon River digs deep to the earth’s centre, where all nations are neighbors. It is a little world that Riley gives to us, but a world very human and funny and brotherly, and his best poems speak from the heart of it with its authentic lyric voice.

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OF EDITORS AND POETS

All young poets hate editors. And they are right. When a poet becomes tolerant of an editor, or an editor of a poet, it is not a healthy sign; both have ceased to be alert.

A wrathful young poet is the editor's best friend. He may be overbearing, insolent, but he is apt to be honest. The editor suggests cutting or changing his poem; the poet flies into a rage and tells the editor what he thinks of him. This induces a proper spirit of humility in the editor. (I am not speaking of editors who present to insult a front as smooth and impervious as a hair-cloth sofa!) It also relieves the poet, who, when he has cooled off a bit, wonders if his poem might not be improved according to the editor's suggestion or according to a new idea of his own. Both therefore continue on a purely human footing of give and take, healthily antagonistic and sociable.

But the established poet, whose reputation is not only made but embalmed, and the editor who has no more plasticity than a hitching post—there is no friction between them. They are mutually tolerant of one another. Why not? The relation between them is simply that of a manufacturer and a retailer of any reasonably staple commodity, like sugar, or molasses, or green cheese.

Of course it takes skill to be a poet! But an editor? A pair of shears, a blue pencil, and a paste-pot! All the poet in me hates the editor. The editor in me swears that I am a very bad poet; the poet knows that the editor is a fool. And neither one is entirely wrong! A. C. H.
REVIEWS

THOMAS MACDONAGH AS CRITIC


I have before me a very able and interesting book. If the tragic death of the author casts upon it any temporary accidental interest, I would say only that this has in no way influenced my opinion.

It is fine proof of Ireland’s real vitality that, at a time when we are so fully tired of Celticism, when Celticism is so truly worn out, we should meet in quick succession a great novelist like James Joyce and so level and subtle a critic as Thomas MacDonagh.

The first part of his present book is taken up with what will seem to some a technical discussion of the “Irish Mode”, of the effect of Irish idiom and cadence on English verse. I indicated something of the sort when I pointed out that Mr. Yeats’ cadence had been saved from the inanity prevalent among his English contemporaries, by his having been brought up on _The County of Mayo_ and such ballads. MacDonagh has gone into the matter fully and carefully. I do not know that many of his dicta will seem startling or heretical to the readers of _Poetry_, of whom he seems to have been one. (One of the finest tributes to the magazine is that he should have chosen to quote from it at some length, from an essay by A. C. H., who is probably the best critic now writing in America.) But the more books we have
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saying these same intelligent things the better, and the sooner will we get rid of the *papier-mâché* tradition which has been a curse on both sides of the Atlantic for so many decades, the heritage of what MacDonagh calls “the genteel days”. (This genteelness is much more active and oppressive than anyone not actually engaged in the production of literature is likely to be aware of, and I have never yet met a layman who could not be “made to sit up” by a simple recital of facts regarding it.)

MacDonagh’s book is important and I doubt if I can show its trend better than by quotation, even by a very brief and fragmentary quotation of broken phrases:

Difficultly in getting rid of . . . . inversions, poetic words, cumbersome epithets, . . . genteel days.
Metaphor that can not be understood without knowledge of historic events which have not affected Ireland.
Tendency to hammer the stressed syllables and slur the unstressed. Music goes out of its way, as it were, to follow the varying expression of the word. (This properly commended.)
Mathew Arnold on Celtic literature, largely a work of fiction.

When Mr. A. C. Benson changes *never* into *ne'er* in a poem by Emily Bronté, for the sake of regularity, MacDonagh gives him the drubbing that he deserves. (They have tried to do the same with the *Poema del Cid*, though, as Dr. Rennert has said with such gentleness, cleaning his spectacles, “To suppose that a man who could write a poem like that wouldn’t have been able to count ten on his fingers, and put ten syllables in a line if he’d wanted to!”)

MacDonagh remarks further:

The Irish reader would be content to pronounce the words as they come, to read the lines as prose reads.
Take the line frankly as if it were a line of prose, only with the beauty of vibration in the voice that goes with the fine grave words of poetry.

There is a recurrence in this verse, but it is not the recurrence of the foot.

I am not quoting to back up a thesis, I can not hope to give all of MacDonagh’s argument. It is, however, interesting to find Dolmetsch “justifying vers libre” in his book on the history of seventeenth- and eighteenth-century music, and MacDonagh at the same time analyzing the breaking from false shackles in a quite different manner. Perhaps all metric has grown in a lengthening of the bar or foot or unit. At any rate there has been in our time a general and wide-spread perception that the conventions and artificialities of the horse-hair period are not the eternal unchanging law.

Of course the rules of rimes and the rest were never arbitrary. They were discovered. They are “nature methodised”.

The book contains sane remarks on assonance and its riches. Its author has a shot at that old dotard, Palgrave, who has done considerable harm and is only kept on because his name is romantic, and because there is a certain amount of capital sunk in the plates of his inefficient production.

MacDonagh makes very intelligent pleas for fair translation of Gaelic, and gives Stokes’ translation of a strophe in contrast with certain bad translations in verse. Stokes says:

A hedge of trees surrounds me, a blackbird’s lay sings to me—praise which I will not hide. Above my booklet, the lined one, the trilling of the birds sings to me. In a gray mantle the cuckoo sings to me from the top of the bushes. May the Lord protect me! I write well under the greenwood.
This is excellently concrete. The other examples from old Irish are also convincing. In the *Tryst After Death* we find the trail of the monk spoiling an otherwise fine poem, as happens in the Saxon texts also. Christianity was a handicap to all early writers in either island.

Early Irish poems we might have found elsewhere. I do not know where else we should be likely to hear much of contemporary writers in Gaelic, of whom there seem to be several worthy of note. Padraic Mac Piarais is made interesting by MacDonagh’s translation.

The poet once again is his own first audience. His poetry is a matter between himself and himself. If others afterward come and share his joy, the gain is theirs.

MacDonagh’s book is well larded with common sense. He was one of the few people who could write intelligibly on matters of metric, and also readably. His loss is a loss both to Ireland and to literature, and it is a loss bound to be more felt as his work becomes more widely known. Though this last book of his is addressed in the main to the Gael, the subtlety and the sanity of the general criticism contained in it should win for it a wider audience.  

*Ezra Pound*

**The Tradition of Magic**

*The Listeners,* by Walter De La Mare. Henry Holt & Co.

Thoughtful and analytic writers are all about us, and their numbers are growing rapidly. Not content with uttering mere editorial dicta, they have invaded the musty quiet of our revered “journals of opinion”; they have even
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appeared in the rose- curtained and violet-scented boudoirs of the fifteen-cent magazines. The world has never been so full of keen and clever men. The impulse of self-study has become not only personal but popular. And with surprising results! The song-makers in particular, have been caught in the tremendous tide of new tendencies; they give us the secret of everything from mid-western villages to fire-engines; from the old formalism to "the new freedom"; from socialism to psycho-analysis. It is not rare to find a poet who is full of meaning. But it is rare to find one who is even touched with magic.

At least that is true in America. Our poets have been so pushed and crowded with thoughts that they have had little time to be thoughtless. But England has always, even in the thick of war, developed this quality. She has fostered what amounts to a tradition of magic. Nothing could better illustrate this unbroken stream that has run down from Spenser through Shakespeare and Herrick and Keats and Blake, than three unaffected English singers of the present day. Unaffected, I might add, in every way; for while Masefield was animating English verse with rich vulgarisms, while W. W. Gibson was dramatizing the laborers of London, and Abercrombie putting his Gloucester folk into close-packed blank verse, Ralph Hodgson, W. H. Davies and Walter De La Mare kept on writing their curiously untimely and curiously beautiful poetry. All three are strangers here, although the little yellow booklets of Hodgson, now published by the Poetry Bookshop in London, are beginning to be sought after,
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ever since the news of his winning the Polignac prize became known. Hodgson was introduced to America by E. V. Lucas a little over a year ago in a graceful and appreciative causerie. Mr. Lucas quoted, as examples of Hodgson's love of simplicity and rage at oppression, such haunting lyrics as Stupidity Street, The Gipsy Girl and fragments of the longer poems, The Bull, The Song of Honor and the exquisite Eve. But he did not mention Time, you old Gipsy Man, that fragment of Hodgson's that shows him at his clearest and possibly his most magical. The first half follows:

    Time, you old gipsy man,
    Will you not stay,
    Put up your caravan
    Just for one day?

    All things I'll give you
    Will you be my guest:
    Bells for your jennet
    Of silver the best,
    Goldsmiths shall beat you
    A great folden ring,
    Peacocks shall bow to you,
    Little boys sing,
    Oh, and sweet girls will
    Festoon you with may.

    Time, you old gipsy man,
    Why hasten away?

Davies' gift is less delicate and more obvious; it is a bit foreseen, prepared; one might even call his a mathematical magic. Also his indebtedness to Blake and Herrick is more apparent. Yet he has an idiom that is his own; an idiom that is as fresh and clean as his naif vision. His Songs of Joy and Others (1911) show him in his most characteristic
The Tradition of Magic

moods and measures, particularly in such dissimilar poems as *Days too Short*, *Shopping*, the limpid and rare blank verse of *The Child* and *The Mariner* and this snatch, *The Example*:

Here's an example from
A butterfly,  
That on a rough, hard rock  
Happy can lie;  
Friendless and all alone  
On this unsweetened stone.

Now let my bed be hard,  
No care take I;  
I'll make my joy like this  
Small butterfly;  
Whose happy heart has power  
To make a stone a flower.

Walter De La Mare is the only one of the three to have achieved an American publisher, and we may hope that the reception of *The Listeners* will warrant the reprinting of the author's earlier *Peacock Pie*, which, though it lacks the power and intensity of *The Listeners*, has as fine a magic and even more mellowness and mirth. The first third of it contains more inspired and unforgettable nursery rhymes and nonsense lyrics than were ever collected anywhere except in Mother Goose's own anthology.

De La Mare's distinction lies not so much in what he says as in the accent in which he says it. It is an utterance that lifts his work above its old-fashioned turns and archaisms. Nor do these poetic left-overs bother him; he uses inversions constantly and carelessly—one might almost say he uses them confidently, for, infusing them with new salience, he makes [315]
these old tags and makeshifts surprisingly fresh and alive. He can even put words like *burgeon*, *thridding*, *amaranthine*, and *athwart* into his verse without making them seem like the dead-sea fruit of poetry that they are. He writes, someone has said, as much for antiquity as for posterity—he is in the world, yet not wholly of it. Moonlight and mystery seem soaked in all his lines, and a cool wind from Nowhere blows over them. That most magical of all modern verses, *The Listeners*, which gives the recent volume its title, is a splendid illustration of this. It has in it something of the supernatural beauty and horror that is found in Algernon Blackwood's tales, but, unlike Blackwood's, the story is not told; it is barely suggested. What we get is the effect of the ghost-story rather than the narrative itself. Never have silence and black night been reproduced so startlingly as in these lines. Utterly different but no less memorable are *Rachel*, *An Epitaph*, *Martha* and the grave whimsy of *The Sleeper*, with its slumber-drenched picture:

   Even her hands upon her lap
   Seemed saturate with sleep.

Or this decorative winter-piece, as skilfully simple as a Hiroshige color-print:

   There blooms no bud in May
   Can for its white compare
   With snow at break of day,
   On fields forlorn and bare . . .

   Fearful of its pale glare
   In flocks the starlings rise;
   Slide through the frosty air,
   And perch with plaintive cries.

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Only the inky rook,
   Hunched cold in ruffled wings,
Its snowy nest forsokk,
   Caws of unnumbered springs.

Or, in a less delineative and more elfish mood, The Wind, with its macabre humor; or, in a more sturdy, half-heroic vein, The Scarecrow; or that most quiet-colored and musical of all written nocturnes, Nod; the beginning and end of which run:

    Softly along the road of evening,
       In a twilight dim with rose,
    Wrinkled with age, and drenched with dew
       Old Nod, the shepherd, goes . . .

    His lambs outnumber a noon's roses,
       Yet, when night's shadow's fall,
    His blind old sheep-dog, Slumber-soon,
       Misses not one at all.

    His are the quiet steeps of dreamland,
       The waters of no-more-pain,
    His ram's bell rings 'neath an arch of stars,
       "Rest, rest, and rest again."

He writes with the sophistication of the artist and the mind of a child. And, like most imaginative children, his pictures are the reflection of a mood that is half lost in phantasy, half in fear.

Hodgson, Davies, De La Mare—they make a trio of unusual voices; voices that rise with a strange color and sweetness in these dark and unsweetened days.

Louis Untermeyer

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Flashlights, by Mary Aldis. Duffield & Co.

Years ago, Emerson said that he thought the dramatic monologue was destined to supersede all other forms of poetry. To prophecy the absolute dominance of any one form of poetry is a dangerous, and one may say a futile, thing to do, but still the dramatic monologue does seem a peculiarly sympathetic form in which to render the psychological subtleties of modern life. Mrs. Aldis's book contains many monologues and duologues, and I have no hesitation in saying that it is just these poems which are the most successful in her arresting volume.

Mrs. Aldis is first of all a dramatist, as her previous book, Plays for Small Stages, proved. And it is the dramatic instinct which has urged her to poetry. The book is divided into three sections; the first, City Sketches, and the last, Stories in Metre, are frankly dramatic. Only the middle section, to which no name is given, contains lyrics, and in these the author falls far below the level set in the earlier and later poems. Mrs. Aldis has a remarkable power of penetrating the personality of a character, of thinking his or her thoughts, and speaking them in his or her words. She is stimulated by contact with these creatures of her imagination, and strikes a white heat for their portrayal. With an eager and faithful sympathy, she walks the streets of her city, and mirrors the life she sees streaming by her on the sidewalks and murmuring from open windows above.
The merest shadow of contact, and the poet has grasped
the intentness of a situation, the meaning of an action, the
cause of an expression. This is the gift of the dramatist.
The lyrist functions from unity, the dramatist from duality.
Every true writer of drama needs himself plus the outside
world; the lyrist only requires the first of these equations.
Shorn of her fictitious characters, Mrs. Aldis is only partly
herself. Her dramatic sketches may be extremely slight,
but they are always crisp and sure, as in this little thumb-nail
drawing:

FLASHLIGHTS

The winter dusk creeps up the Avenue
With biting cold.
Behind bright window panes
In gauzy garments
Waxen ladies smile
As shirt-sleeved men
Hustle them off their pedestals for the night.

Along the Avenue
A girl comes hurrying,
Holding her shawl.
She stops to look in at the window.
"Oh Gee!" she says, "look at the chiffon muff!"
A whimpering dog
Falters up to cringe against her skirt.

Now take this lyric:

SEEKING

Swift like the lark
Out of the dark
One cometh, singing;
Silent in flight
Out of the night
Answer is winging.
Forth to the dawn
Leaps like a fawn
A cry of high greeting,
Into the sun
Two that have run
Seeking, are meeting.

The crispness has gone, and instead of the sure, swift, simple words, we have the old, weak poetic jargon of "One cometh, singing," we have worn similes such as "Swift like the lark," or "Leaps like a fawn."

The critic is inclined to believe these to be early poems, but the lyric To Maurice Brown must be recent, and here too is a wooliness, vagueness of treatment, and a slipping into old epithets like "wan hands" and "glory from the earth and sky," with the weakness of a tortured inversion in "Draughtsman terrible," which are never to be found in the dramatic poems.

As a dramatic poet Mrs. Aldis has few equals in present-day poetry. She is almost as stark as Mr. Masters, and more pitying; and if she has neither the broad sense of society en masse of Mr. Sandburg, nor the masterful detachment of Mr. Frost, she is in some ways more pathetic than either. There is a tender, feminine compassion under all the vulgar misery of her stories, which tears at the reader's heart and makes these poems sharp with anguish.

Mrs. Aldis deals with the most sordid elements of our urban population. Her people do not follow the clean, strong professions of men who earn their day's wages by the sweat of their hands. Instead, she reveals the lives of men and women who batten on the more degenerate, the more luxurious and effeminate, instincts of our population.
Here are Barber Shops, Manicure Establishments, Vapor Baths, the hundred and one unvigoros, unedifying trades; with their painful concomitants of a Park Bench at night, a Police Magistrate's room, a Prison, and an Insane Asylum. And yet, so fine is Mrs. Aldis's art, that in almost every case these sordid precincts throw off their sordidness to become merely the pitiful backgrounds of tragedy in her skilful hands. *Window-wishing* is one of the finest and most tender of these stories; *Reason* is the most terrible. There is keen irony in *Love in the Loop*, and *Converse*. The dedication is the one lyric in the book which can rank in treatment with the stories. These are the last two stanzas:

My book upon some quiet shelf  
Beneath your touch  
Shall wake, perhaps,  
And speak again  
My wonder, my delight,  
My questioning before the night—  
And as you read  
Somewhere afar  
I shall be singing, singing.

Altogether a most interesting book, full of sincerity, high-minded endeavor, and notable achievement.

*Amy Lowell*

**A PARODIST**

"—* and Other Poets,*" by Louis Untermeyer. Henry Holt & Co.

Good parody is one of the most convincing and diverting forms of criticism. Mr. Louis Untermeyer, in his latest volume, is always critic and usually more: poet, satirist, wag,
parasite, *doppelgänger*, man of the moment. The last most markedly: anyone who has not followed closely the developments of the new poetry within the past year or two will get from Mr. Untermeyer but a qualified pleasure. In each instance he is not burlesquing a particular poem, but is after a particular poet. He is less concerned with the poet's output than with the poet's essential nature. He gets under his subject's skin and functions as that subject's self. When you have read the imitations of Frost, Lindsay, Masters, Amy Lowell, Ezra Pound and the other Recents, you have come pretty close to seeing the world through their eyes, feeling it through their senses and reaching a pungent apprehension of their respective tastes, predilections and range of thought.

A second section of the book presents fancied collaborations between poets, early and late; its super-ingenuities may spur the jaded senses of those to whom parody in mere single harness no longer makes a strong address. A third section embraces a variety of miscellaneous trifles which, though skittishly clever, do not seem to call very decidedly for preservation.

*H. B. F.*

I can not imagine why this new international quarterly is called Form, unless it is meant as a form or style-book of various specimens of typography; for the aspect of the periodical reminds one of nothing so much as of specimen pages of typography and inks from The Inland Printer. The typography ranges from cold font type to many different varieties of hand-lettering. It is not quite exact to say that no two pages are alike, but of the verse at least it is true that no two adjacent contributions are printed alike; nor, in one instance, is one page confined to a single style of calligraphy. Some of the poems are printed throughout in black ink; others with red titles and capitals. A poem by T. Sturge Moore is all in red, and in Charms, by W. H. Davies, we find the couplets alternately black and red.

With so much confusion to the eye it was difficult at first to do more than see the poems en bloc, and while in this mood I discovered that the best things in the magazine, as far as the graphic arts go, are Frank Brangwyn's woodcut, Charles Ricketts' lithograph, and the four small wood-cuts by Roald Kristian. Charles Shannon's composition for his circular wood-cut tries to go around with the circle and doesn't succeed. The full-page drawings by Austin O. Spare are pathetically "of the schools"—the kind of "good", utterly
lifeless drawings of which one sees hundreds in any school concours—with a little dash of symbolism, of very obvious allegory, thrown in. It is very Anglais. Likewise the supposed grotesques by Mr. Spare and by Philip Newston have no element of the grotesque about them. The grotesque is not—so far as the artistic or the aesthetic sense is concerned—either ugly, or evil. And all that is ugly is not grotesque. These drawings do not achieve the distinction of being evil.

It is not surprising that Edmund J. Sullivan, in an article accompanying these drawings, mentions as a notable feature of the grotesque certain monstrosities of nature, such as the Siamese twins—or worse. But there is nothing grotesque about the botched jobs of nature. Mr. Sullivan says, "In nature the borderland of the 'funny' and absurd exists." But this is not true; it is only in our perception, which is far from absolute, that the borderland exists. We have no right to assume that the Creator finds us any less funny and absurd than the dodo or the hippopotamus. Caliban would not have been a grotesque without Shakespeare. The grotesque is conditioned by the artist; in the hands of the artist, it has the same elements of force, unity, beauty, strength, that his work which presents a more conventionally ordered conception of beauty reveals. The grotesque in art must, and can be, defined in terms of art. The grotesque in nature is grotesque only through art.

But this subject is engrossing, and so might be that of "automatic drawing," on which notes are contributed by
Frederick Carter and drawings by Mr. Spare. One might take this more seriously if the results given promised more for art than for psycho-analysis. Mr. Carter also contributes several designs, not automatic. One of these, Rumors, could have been handled with much more force by one of The Masses artists—but I don't know how many people in London know The Masses.

As for the rest of the magazine, Mr. Leonard Inkster's remarks on Imitation begin where they end—in a vague mist. Harold Massingham contributes a satiric sketch, called The Idealists Limited, and R. B. Cunningham Graham an interesting impression of buying horses in South America for the war. Edward Eastaway has a good poem called Lob, presenting an essentially English pixy who re-appears in country lanes and other places through the centuries. I don't know, after all, whether one can say much more of the other poems than that they are respectively characteristic of their authors as one knows them. W. H. Davies' Charms is written in couplets obviously and intentionally reminiscent of Herrick or Blake. In The Visitor, however, under the mask of a conventional form, he gives us an image strikingly concrete and vivid, without bursting the old bottle; no doubt it would delight the heart of an imagist. Harold Massingham's Recipe for an Imagist Poem fails to produce one. The poems of Walter De La Mare and T. Sturge Moore, one apiece, have a certain distinction. Other poems are by Laurence Binyon, Laurence Housman, J. C. Squire, Francis Burrows and Lady Margaret Sackville. Of
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course I have kept the eight "new" poems by W. B. Yeats till the last. These at least would appease me for the lack of form that I find, on the whole, in Form. They did, and they do; for I found them none the less beautiful for being already familiar—they were published in the February, 1916, number of POETRY, and they are reprinted without a word of acknowledgment. A. C. H.

ARTIST VERSUS AMATEUR

One would hardly expect to find in The Little Review such advice as that given by Mr. Harold Bauer in The Compleat Amateur, or How Not To Be An Artist, but it is precisely what one would expect of Mr. Bauer. And after all the delightful thing about The Little Review is its unexpectedness. When asked to write an article, Mr. Bauer said that writing was not his art. Nevertheless he gave some very pertinent—or impertinent—suggestions, among them the two following:

"Le style fait l'homme."

If you want to become an author, give up your life to the study of calligraphy; if a painter, devote yourself to the manufacture of paints and brushes; if a composer, commit to memory the number of notes in every standard classical work; and if a singer or instrumentalist, spend your whole energy in the establishing of a "sound technical foundation." Emotional expression can then, if desired, be subsequently spread like treacle on bread over all these different stylistic bases, this operation requiring neither skill nor expression.

Personality; or, as some authorities have it, individuality.

This is the greatest asset of the amateur. An artist is like everybody in the world. The book we read, the picture we see or the music we hear, which renders tangible our own dimly-felt thoughts and emotional stirrings, shows that we are in reality one with the
artist, and with the universe of which these expressions are but reflections of unseen and unheard forces. An artist combines the power and responsibilities of the aristocrat with the feelings of an anarchist, he is the guardian of privilege and the destroyer of authority, the leveler of barriers and the creator of the superman, the leader and servant of humanity and . . . the Arch Enemy of the Amateur! The Artist is like all humanity, but the Amateur is not like the Artist. The Amateur must hang on for dear life to his precious soul and resist to the last gasp the incursions of any outside force in which he can trace the semblance of his own nature; for if anything gets in something may get out, and he won't be able to sort himself out afterwards. Hence the Amateur must be an Individualist; otherwise he is doomed to extinction.

ROBERT FROST'S QUALITY

It is not easy to define the exact quality of Robert Frost's poems, but a certain characteristic of The Home Stretch in the July Century is characteristic of them all: a sense, that is, of the significance of the apparently insignificant moments of life; he makes us feel these moments to be as important as they really are. It is very much like that light of permanence in which the "little Dutch masters" saw and painted their otherwise commonplace interiors. It is what Mr. Frost makes of his New England scenes and characters that counts. His imitators—of which there begin to be some—will never get more than a husk of externality; they might as well imitate Will Carleton's Farm Ballads.

This poet never takes the bloom off the thing he gives us. His precision is in giving us chemicals in a state of solution, of inter-action, before they have crystallized or formed a new substance. (This, by the way, is like Tchekoff.) He does not overstate, he does not "characterize." His specimens are
not pinned to the paper. It is hardly a delight in poetry, for the sake of poetry, that we get from him, but a sense of life. His is essentially the feeling of drama—in volume, that is, not on the surface. What we call "dramatic" today is often only a superficial nervous twitching. When Robert Frost gives us a man we get, as it were, the shadow of his bulk first; his spiritual features are only gradually revealed, as a rock might emerge from shadow; but the man is never cut off or away from his surroundings.

A. C. H.

WHAT WILL HE DO WITH IT?

Rupert Brooke, whose collected Poems (John Lane) is so slight and yet so fine a monument to his short young life, has been honored signally by Yale university. The Henry Howland memorial prize of $1,500, every second year awarded to "the citizen of any country for marked distinction in literature, fine arts, or the science of government," has been awarded to Rupert Brooke.

It used to be a saying that the only good Indian was a dead Indian. Apparently that is the way it is with poets. Yet one can not help asking the ironical, fruitless question, "What good will this cash prize do Rupert Brooke? and how will it be conveyed to him?"
What Will He Do With It?

NOTES

Sir Rabindranath Tagore, whose English versions of his Bengali poems Poetry had the honor of being the first to present a year before the Nobel Prize for Literature was awarded to him, is now on his way to this country to give a few lectures under the management of the Pond Lyceum Bureau. The poet's own translations of his lyric and dramatic poems (Gitanjali, The Gardener, Chitra, etc.) are published by the Macmillan Co.

Mr. Ezra Pound will soon issue a new book of verse, Lustra, besides two works in prose—Noble Plays of Japan and This Generation.

Mr. Harold Monro, who appears in Poetry for the first time, was the editor of Poetry and Drama, the interesting English quarterly now suspended because of the war, and the founder of the Poetry Bookshop, London, which has published many of the younger English poets, as well as their anthology, Georgian Verse. Mr. Monro is the author of Judas, Before Dawn, Children of Love, and Trees, the last two being published by the Poetry Bookshop.

Mr. John Drinkwater, of Birmingham, England, another of the Georgians, is the author of Swords and Ploughshares, and Olton Pools will soon be published (Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd., London).

Mr. Witter Bynner's latest books are The New World and a free English version of Iphigenia in Tauris (Kennerley). Mr. William Griffith, of New York, will soon publish a book of poems. Also Mr. T. R. Eliot, an American poet resident abroad whom Poetry introduced over a year ago. Mr. Louis Untermeyer, the well known New York poet and critic, is the author of Challenge (Century Co.), and of the book of parodies reviewed in this number.

Mr. Adolf Wolff, of New York, was introduced by Others with a group of free-verse poems called Prison Weeds. Mr. John S. Miller, Jr., is a young Chicagoan.

Mr. Ezra Pound writes of his Homage to Q. S. F. Christianus, "I am quite well aware that certain lines have no particular relation to the words or meaning of the original."

Miss Margarete Münsterberg informs us that the poem, The Dead Child, by the late Madison Cawein, printed in Poetry last June, was not original but a translation from the German of Konrad Ferdinand Meyer, the Swiss poet. No one is to blame as the poem was found and sent to us after the poet's death. Another version of the poem may be found in Miss Münsterberg's Harvest of German Verse.
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:


The House on the Hill and Other Poems, by Frederick A. Wright. Sherman, French & Co.

Ballads and Lyrics, by Eldredge Denison. Sherman, French & Co.

The Christmas Trail and Other Poems, by Shirley Harvey. Privately Printed, Concord, N. H.

The Convocation Ode, by Howard Mumford Jones. Privately Printed, Chicago.


Poems, Pictures and Songs, by Roby Datta. Das Gupta & Co.

PLAYS:

Faust, a Play in Four Acts: anonymous. George C. Jackson Co., Akron, O.

PROSE:


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Mr. Reedy, who printed "The Spoon River Anthology," has made a new discovery. He writes in *The Mirror*: "But for the book

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by

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Other critics, east and west, have made the same discovery.

Mr. W. G. Braithwaite in a two-column review in the *Boston Transcript* says: "A captivating link of episodes and situations which carry one along with deep interest.—Songs of a fine lyrical quality."

*Review of Reviews*: "This admirable work, which might be called a novel in verse.

*San Francisco Call*: "A very courageous and a very fine thing."

*New York Sun*: "A remarkable power of appreciation of nature and human hopes and their interweaving—has variety with consistency and a sustained power of self-expression."

*Philadelphia Ledger*: "Challenges the New England writers more than successfully on their own ground."
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Madame Ciolkowska will continue the "Paris Chronicle" and her series of articles on "The French Word in Modern Prose."

Further prose contributors will include: H. S. Weaver, Richard Aldington (also poetry), A. W. G. Randall (studies in modern German poetry), John Cournos, F. S. Flint, Leigh Henry (studies in contemporary music), M. Montagu-Nathan, Huntly Carter, Margaret Storm Jameson, and others.

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The editors deeply regret to record the death of Mrs. Elia M. Walker, a member of the Fortnightly Group of POETRY's guarantors and a loyal patron of the arts in Chicago. And they must express their sense of the city's loss in the death of Bryan Lathrop, a veritable servant of the people in all their aspirations for beauty, who from the first encouraged the project of this magazine, and who has been represented by Mrs. Lathrop on the above list.
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To have great poets there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman.