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DRUM-BEAT, beat of drums,
Pebble-rattle in the gourd,
Pebble feet on drifting sand . . .
Drum-beat, beat of drums—
I have lost the wife-made robe of bear-skin . . .

Take the prize—mine the loss.
Have I lost too the courage of the black bear—
His power, his thunder?
Lul-la-by,
Games' queer lullaby . . .
O robe of mine!—
O luck of mine!

Drum-beat, beat of drums,
Pebble-rattle in the gourd,
Coyote feet upon the plain . . .
Drum-beat, beat of drums—
Coyotes crushed the tender ham-string and the bone . . .
A bull-calf bawls, dies alone.
Where are the herds of buffalo and the hides,
The meat, the tepees?
Lul-la-by,
Man's dread lullaby . . .
O home of mine!
O life of mine!

Drum-beat, beat of drums,
Pebble-rattle in the gourd,
Horse-hoof beat upon the ground . . .
Drum-beat, beat of drums—
By Wounded Knee ye buried them, buried them—
Red men's flesh, their bones . . .
By Wounded Knee we buried them, buried them.
The songs we sung, the dreams . . .
Lul-la-by,
The white man's lullaby . . .
O race of mine!
O brothers mine!

Drum-beat, beat of drums,
Pebble-rattle in the gourd,
Pulse-beat in the fever . . .
Drum-beat, beat of drums—
Famine drank from the gourd bottle, ate the gourd;
Left the skin, the bone.
The Tom-tom

She walked the pathway from the east, of the departed—
Left me forsaken, alone . . .
Lul-la-by,
Tirawa’s long lullaby . . .
O blood of mine!
O child of mine!

    Drum-beat, beat of drums,
Pebble-rattle in the gourd.
Still feet in the grave-mound . . .
Drum-beat, beat of drums—
The gourd-rattle handle leads to the sun and life;
Leaves clay, leaves cold.
A purple smoke arises from bowl to float on winds;
Leaves ashes—my ash . . . .
Lul-la-by,
Death’s sweet lullaby . . .
O flesh of mine!
O hands of mine!

    Drum-beat, beat of drums,
Pebble-rattle in the gourd,
Dream-feet in the yellow line . . .
Drum-beat, beat of drums—
One half the feather of Tirawa’s bird is white;
The other black—’tis night;
Tirawa’s song at night is morning star of dawn
Where dance dreams, in light . . . .
Lul-la-by,

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The spirit's lullaby . . .
O soul of mine!
O breath of mine!

Drum-beat, beat of drums,
Pebble-rattle in the gourd,
Calves' feet in starry plains . . .
Drum-beat, beat of drums—
A sacred herd graze on tips of fair fresh flowers
In garden—Star of Evening's.
A bison drinks mixed all-waters, pure
From Spring; 'tis hers . . . .
Lul-la-by,
All-Life's lullaby . . .
O land of mine!
O plains of mine!

Drum-beat, beat of drums,
Pebble-rattle in the gourd,
Dance-feet 'round the sun . . .
Drum-beat, beat of drums—
By the sun see the dancing white men with the red—
By Wounded Knee, a post!
There they blend their songs together, brother-wise;
Here the post, the paint . . . .
Lul-la-by,
The Nation's lullaby . . .
O race of mine!
O brothers mine!

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Drum-beat, beat of drums,
Pebble-rattle in the gourd,
Child feet in the hogan . . .
Drum-beat, beat of drums—
A child has taught her little spider pet to weave
Bead-work at my door;
A child has taught these dimming eyes to see
Thread-work, star-lit lodge . . .
Lul-la-by,
Love’s own lullaby . . .
O hogan mine!
O hogan thine!

Drum-beat, beat of drums,
Pebble-rattle in the gourd,
Soul-feet in trail of wind . . .
Drum-beat, beat of drums—
Hear the great sea-feet, beating on the flint-rock!
Drum-beat, beat of drum—
Hear the beat of distant feet on South Star Trail!
Drum-beat, beat of drum—
Ti-ra-wa!
Earth’s great Ti-ra-wa.
O heart-beat thine!
O drum-beat thine!
SA-A NARAI

So I heard it commanded,
On the edge of the mesa,
By the sitter on the mesa,
In the season of falling leaves:

Count thou, my son, the lights on South Star Trail;
Sa-a Naraï

Trust not time nor strength—they are twin liars;
Sa-a Naraï

On track of birth-dance the mourners wail—
Sa-a Naraï

The Tribe moves on—count thou the fires.
Sa-a Naraï

Beads, a few in falling rain; grains in desert sand;
Sa-a Naraï

The door of night swings wide—it will not close.
Sa-a Naraï

Still room for beads, dying hills for land;
Sa-a Naraï

The door is open—the Soul Trail glows.
Sa-a Naraï

I counted my sheep but not the bones;
Sa-a Naraï

A woman vows and goes her way;
Sa-a Naraï
Sa-a Narai

Dust-wedded wealth—the desert owns—
   Sa-a Narai
Tomorrow smiles, while sad is yesterday.
   Sa-a Narai
Feast on wit and beauty—pendants of bone—
   Sa-a Narai
The eye-strings tie two souls today.
   Sa-a Narai
Fill the earthen bowl—fill jar of stone—
   Sa-a Narai
Tomorrow the empty socket fill with clay.
   Sa-a Narai
There weaves a frost-chain, bends a flower;
   Sa-a Narai
Youth blooms fresh—spring has not gone;
   Sa-a Narai
Winter gathers, gathers fruit of spring shower;
   Sa-a Narai
The frost-chain shakes—a soul moves on.
   Sa-a Narai
I saw a cripple, I saw a thief.
   Sa-a Narai
Go, hoe your corn with shoulder-blade of deer,
   Sa-a Narai
Where blows a wind, there stirs a leaf;
   Sa-a Narai
A bone enghosts a hoe—greed your spear.
   Sa-a Narai

[227]
If Red Moccasin moans, who knows the way?
Sa-a Naraï
I am ashamed before that standing within me—
Sa-a Naraï
The spirit upward flies—it will not stay;
Sa-a Naraï
Follow soon, thou must, the Voice within thee.
Sa-a Naraï
Shagwakwa laughs—in black night sings—
Sa-a Naraï
Give me my mother's bones—unto me, dreams!
Sa-a Naraï
A puff to the gods whither blue smoke wings—
Sa-a Naraï
Smoke now with me—soon the yellow line gleams.
Sa-a Naraï
Eat thy mother's flesh—she is the corn:
Sa-a Naraï
Is there a stranger who is not thy brother?
Sa-a Naraï
The One Above sung life—lo, love was born!
Sa-a Naraï
Hast shared the gift of thy first mother?
Sa-a Naraï
A little puff—a little kernel—
Sa-a Naraï
The Tribe moves on—it will not stay.
Sa-a Naraï
A little play by the trail eternal—

A little puff—lo, the South Star Way . . . .

So I heard it chanted.

ON THE WAR-PATH

Hey—ye!
Hey!
Hey—now go, gather, gather living arrows, gather!
Stand ye in the white dawn—
Crouch, spring, run!
Hey now, plume feather, feather—eagle flying feather—
Strike ye in the red dawn!
Crouch, spring, run!
Hey, now pray power of storm!
Hey, now pray lightning's bolt!
Hey, now pray power of flint!
Hey, now pray weather, weather—war-like stormy weather!
Slay ye in the yellow dawn—
Crouch, spring, run!
Hey, now go, gather, gather, bleeding bonnets gather—huh!

NIGHT

Woeful, hear the shadows creep;
Woeful, hear the tread of sleep.

Who spoke?

[229]
It was a lone whip-poor-will
By the fallen tree, chanting mournfully
For the dead, or stretching a memory thread
Between the Now and Other Years;
Striking his harp
Of tears.

Sweetness, see the stars appear;
Sweetness, see the eyes draw near.

Who winked?
It was the smallest fire-fly,
Here and there and now nowhere,
Dust of star come down so far
To the little Below from the great Above,
Flashing his signals
Of love.

Lovely, see the moon aflush;
Lovely, see the maiden blush.

Who whispered?
It was the tiny hidden spring,
From light caress of tenderness
Sending back on a trembling track
A kiss from the Here to a golden Sphere;
Lifting her lips
In fear.

Wondrous, hear the night-wings whir.
Wondrous, hear the phantoms stir.

[230]
Night

Who sighed?
It was the little top-most leaf
Of aspen bough, when rocked somehow
By a hand somewhere; hearing the air
Of that which Is in that which Seems,
Wafting its heart
Of dreams.

Holy, feel the touch of dew;
Holy, feel the kiss anew.

Who breathed?
It was the humblest flower,
Whose humid scent in petal tent
Turned up the flap and, joy enwrapped,
Escaped the clay to float on air;
Nodding her head
In prayer.

Sadness, touch of the mystic scene—
Sadness, touch of the hand unseen!

Who prayed?
It was I, but a new-born babe,
Whose thoughts unpent, in bewilderment,
Fumbled for light in the web of night;
A cry of nothingness unto infinite skies;
Sweeping my strings
Of sighs.

Frank S. Gordon
IN THE DESERT

I have seen you, O king of the dead,  
More beautiful than sunlight.

Your kiss is like quicksilver;  
But I turned my face aside  
Lest you should touch my lips.

In the field with the flowers  
You stood darkly.

My knees trembled, and I knew  
That no other joy would be like this.

But the warm field, and the sunlight,  
And the few years of my girlhood  
Came before me, and I cried,  
Not yet!  
Not yet, O dark lover!

You were patient.  
—I know you will come again.

I have seen you, O king of the dead,  
More beautiful than sunlight.

[232]
In the Desert

II

Here in the desert, under the cottonwoods
That keep up a monotonous wind-murmur of leaves,
I can hear the water dripping
Through the canals in Venice
From the oar of the gondola
Hugging the old palaces,
Beautiful old houses
Sinking quietly into decay...

O sunlight—how many things you gild
With your eternal gold!
Sunlight—and night—are everlasting.

III

Once every twenty-four hours
Earth has a moment of indecision:
Shall I go on?—
Shall I keep turning?—
Is it worth while?
Everything holds its breath.
The trees huddle anxiously
On the edge of the arroyo,
And then, with a tremendous heave,
Earth shoves the hours on towards dawn.
Four o'clock in the afternoon.
A stream of money is flowing down Fifth Avenue.

They speak of the fascination of New York
Climbing aboard motor-busses to look down on the endless play
From the Bay to the Bronx.
But it is forever the same:
There is no life there.

Watching a cloud on the desert,
Endlessly watching small insects crawling in and out of the shadow of a cactus,
A herd-boy on the horizon driving goats,
Uninterrupted sky and blown sand:
Space—volume—silence—
Nothing but life on the desert,
Intense life.

The hill cedars and piñons
Point upward like flames,
Like smoke they are drawn upward
From the face of the mountains.
Over the sunbaked slopes,
In the Desert

Patches of sun-dried adobes straggle;
Willows along the acequias in the valley
Give cool streams of green;
Beyond, on the bare hillsides,
Yellow and red gashes and bleached white paths
Give foothold to the burros,
To the black-shawled Mexican girls
Who go for water.

INDIAN SONGS

LISTENING

The noise of passing feet
On the prairie—
Is it men or gods
Who come out of the silence?

BUFFALO DANCE

Strike ye our land
With curved horns!
Now with cries
Bending our bodies,
Breathe fire upon us;

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Now with feet
Trampling the earth,
Let your hoofs
Thunder over us!
Strike ye our land
With curved horns!

WHERE THE FIGHT WAS

In the place where the fight was
Across the river,
In the place where the fight was
Across the river:
A heavy load for a woman
To lift in her blanket,
A heavy load for a woman
To carry on her shoulder.
In the place where the fight was
Across the river,
In the place where the fight was
Across the river:
The women go wailing
To gather the wounded,
The women go wailing
To pick up the dead.
The Wind

THE WIND

The wind is carrying me round the sky;
The wind is carrying me round the sky.
My body is here in the valley—
The wind is carrying me round the sky.

COURTSHIP

When I go I will give you surely
What you will wear if you go with me;
A blanket of red and a bright girdle,
Two new moccasins and a silver necklace.
When I go I will give you surely
What you will wear if you go with me!

FEAR

The odor of death
In the front of my body,
The odor of death
Before me—

Is there any one
Who would weep for me?
My wife
Would weep for me.

[237]
PARTING

Now I go, do not weep, woman—
Woman, do not weep;
Though I go from you to die,
We shall both lie down
At the foot of the hill, and sleep.

Now I go, do not weep, woman—
Woman, do not weep;
Earth is our mother and our tent the sky.
Though I go from you to die,
We shall both lie down
At the foot of the hill, and sleep.

Alice Corbin
NEITHER SPIRIT NOR BIRD

Shoshone Love Song

Neither spirit nor bird—
That was my flute you heard
Last night by the river.
When you came with your wicker jar
Where the river drags the willows,
That was my flute you heard,
Wacoba, Wacoba,
Calling, Come to the willows!

Neither the wind nor a bird
Rustled the lupin blooms—
That was my blood you heard
Answer your garment's hem
Whispering through the grasses;
That was my blood you heard
By the wild rose under the willows.

That was no beast that stirred—
That was my heart you heard,
Pacing to and fro
In the ambush of my desire
To the flute's four-noted call.
Wacoba, Wacoba,
That was my heart you heard
Leaping under the willows.

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Lord of the Mountain,
Reared within the Mountain,
Young Man, Chieftain,
Hear a young man's prayer!

Hear a prayer for cleanness.
Keeper of the strong rain
Drumming on the mountain,
Lord of the small rain
That restores the earth in newness,
Keeper of the clean rain,
Hear a prayer for wholeness.

Young Man, Chieftain,
Hear a prayer for fleetness.
Keeper of the deer's way,
Reared among the eagles,
Clear my feet of slothness.
Keeper of the paths of men,
Hear a prayer for straightness.

Hear a prayer for braveness.
Lord of the thin peaks,
Reared amid the thunders,
Prayer to the Mountain Spirit

Keeper of the headlands
That uphold the earth in harvest,
Keeper of the strong rocks
Hear a prayer for staunchness.

Young Man, Chieftain,
Spirit of the Mountain!

Mary Austin
My eyes I will not cover!
I am Pai-iya, stepping free on the goat-hills behind thy village.
Blue shadows and white mists, like flowers,
Lie deep in thy green forests.
Night lingers in thy hair;
Pools of starred dusk are thine eyes.
Thy speech is gray fog, impenetrable,
Shrouding the port of the crimson lure—
(The ships of the trusting one are broken).
Oh, flower-red is thy girdle at morning and evening!
If it were loosened there would be a race of men,
And thou the harbor of a thousand wondering ships.
I have lifted dawn before me as a shield,
Swi-ya Kwen-e-we-sals!

The Raven pecks beside thy door;
On thy roof the Thunder-Bird claps his wings;
Thy smile darkles across the skies.
Thy smile is death—
My heart is the riven sea beneath.
If thy scarlet girdle were unknotted would it stem the sea of my wound?
Nay! Call not me with the wind blowing through thy garments!
Spring to the Earth-Witch

I have bound the mountains to my feet,
Swi-ya Kwen-e-we-sals!

Last night I saw winged stars in flight
Circling o’er thy dwelling.
They swung at rest on the points of the shore pine—
Torches red-spanning the bay.
My wolves, at my call,
In long gray troops fled up from the forest.
They sphered in guard about me—sleeping on my shield
poised on the four world-craggs—
As darkened silver cloud-mists wind about the moon.
I have shepherded them into the canyon between us—
(But my eyes I will not cover!)
Wilt thou come, daring, among my fanged flocks,
Swi-ya Kwen-e-we-sals?

What is this warmth stealing to my height
Like footsteps of a strange desire?
Wave on wave of pink and gold breaks over the white;
The petals open, chirring,
As if they were feathers on the Song-bird’s swelling throat.
My wolves, with heads hanging and fangs covered, slowly
moving, moving,
Huddle in the valley like sky-shadows before rain.
Whose steps flow and ripple over the dark moss,
Parting the green walls of cedars,
Blossoming among my mating flocks?
Whence this unraveling of flame blown loose across the air?

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My eyes I will not cover!
I have woven thongs of the mountain mists
And bound me to the morning star.
Between the cliffs of Night and Day, thou emergest!—
Thy sod-brown bosom, the mystical craving eyes above;
The yearning fragrance of thy closed hands,
The wild winds between thy feet,
And the rivers under thy girdle!
I have cast down the great shield of the dawn!
Come, redden its rim with me,
Swi-ya Kwen-e-we-sals!

CHIEF *CAPILANO GREETS HIS NAMESAKE AT DAWN

White Head of Waters, White Head of Light—
Capilano; Cla’h’ya.
White head of the Chief to thee lifts greeting.
I am hoar with years as thou, great Father;
My hair hangs like the dropping ice
Of thy highest hushed waters.
I have lived a hundred years at thy foot,
Singing the prayer of thanks for life:

*Capilano, White Head of Waters, meaning dome-shaped, also containing sense of light: the highest white-capped mountain on Vancouver’s harbor, B. C.; name of the aged chief of the tribe inhabiting the village at its foot. Cla’h’ya is a phrase of greeting.

[244]
Chief Capilano Greets His Namesake

“O Kia-Kunäë, Great Spirit One, Great Kind One,
I praise thee for life, I serve thee with living,
I bless thee that in kindness thou hast made the earth
And with love covered it.
Yea, by thy kindness, men and trees stand forth;
Silently, to me, speak they the speech of brothers.
For delights the little rivers come among the hills,
Shining with the smiles of women;
Ay, as the merry murmuring of many maidens
Are the rivers; swift and tender in their coming.
(Because thou art Kind, Kunäë, thou madest women.)
It is the morn, Kunäë, I pray, I praise thee.”
Ah!—how many hundred years hast thou prayed thus, Capilano?
With thee this day, Mountain-Father, I thank Kunäë for another dawn.
I am girt with blanket and rope of cedar-fibre;
In my ear is a ring of fine bark.
Thou art belted with innumerable pine-trees;
To thee they are smaller than feathers.
The sun is the cedar-ring in thine ear,
The long sea asleep is the spear in thy hand.
It is still, with pale lights on the distant blade,
Pointing at rest to islands beyond the dropping sky.
Thou art come forth, as a hunter, to the dawn,
Herding the antlered shadows down the forest slope.
Their swift fleeing hoofs strike fire from the beaten sand-shores of morning,
And the black wraiths swoon upon the bright opening sea.
With blood of his proud throat crimsoning the eastern sky
The great Stag of the Dark in the van falls dying.

Here was I chief ere the coming of the white man;
Now is his village spread from this sea beyond my sight.
His canoes are floating villages;
They go by with a great noise and a black smoke.
His deeds are mighty; they leap with roaring clouds and thunder-fires
Into the blue quiet morning and the white moon-sky.

Yet have I heard no sound mightier
Than the sun shattering the night
On thy stone shoulder, Capilano.
Yet have I seen no sight more wonderful and fair
Than the coming of the light,
When Day, the silver-winged gull, down-swooping finds the sea.
Yet have I known no thing sweeter, stronger,
Than the smell of piney winds and blue rippling sea-water,
And the kindness of Kunäë-Kia, the living One,
Waking the heart of the old chief
To another dawn of life.

Constance Lindsay Skinner
OLD MAN

Old Man, or Lad’s-love—in the name there’s nothing
To one that knows not Lad’s-love, or Old Man:
The hoar-green feathery herb, almost a tree,
Growing with rosemary and lavender.
Even to one that knows it well, the names
Half decorate, half perplex, the thing it is:
At least, what that is clings not to the name
In spite of time. And yet I like the names.

The herb itself I like not, but for certain
I love it, as some day the child will love it
Who plucks a feather from the door-side bush
Whenever she goes in or out of the house.
Often she waits there, snipping the tips and shrivelling
The shreds at last on to the path, perhaps
Thinking, perhaps of nothing, till she sniffs
Her fingers and runs off. The bush is still
But half as tall as she, though it is as old—
So well she clips it. Not a word she says;
And I can only wonder how much hereafter
She will remember, with that bitter scent,
Of garden rows, and ancient damson-trees
Topping a hedge, a bent path to a door,
A low thick bush beside the door, and me
Forbidding her to pick.

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As for myself,
Where first I met the bitter scent, is lost.
I, too, often shrivel the grey shreds,
Sniff them and think and sniff again, and try
Once more to think what it is I am remembering,
Always in vain. I cannot like the scent,
Yet I would rather give up others more sweet,
With no meaning, than this bitter one.

I have mislaid the key. I sniff the spray
And think of nothing; I see and I hear nothing;
Yet seem, too, to be listening, lying in wait
For what I should, yet never can, remember:
No garden appears, no path, no hoar-green bush
Of Lad's-love, or Old Man, no child beside,
Neither father nor mother, nor any playmate;
Only an avenue, dark, nameless, without end.

THE WORD

There are so many things I have forgot,
That once were much to me, or that were not—
All lost, as is a childless woman's child
And its child's children, in the undefiled
Abyss of what can never be again.
I have forgot, too, names of the mighty men
That fought and lost or won in the old wars;
Of kings and fiends and gods, and most of the stars.
The Word

Some things I have forgot that I forget.
But lesser things there are, remembered yet,
Than all the others. One name that I have not—
Though 'tis an empty thingless name—forgot
Never can die because spring after spring
Some thrushes learn to say it as they sing.
There is always one at midday saying it clear
And tart—the name, only the name I hear.
While perhaps I am thinking of the elder scent
That is like food; or while I am content
With the wild rose scent that is like memory,
This name suddenly is cried out to me
From somewhere in the bushes by a bird
Over and over again, a pure thrush word.

THE UNKNOWN

She is most fair;
And when they see her pass
The poets' ladies
Look no more in the glass,
But after her.

On a bleak moor
Running under the moon
She lures a poet,
Once proud or happy, soon
Far from his door.
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Beside a train,
Because they saw her go,
Or failed to see her,
Travellers and watchers know
Another pain.

The simple lack
Of her is more to me
Than others' presence,
Whether life splendid be
Or utter black.

I have not seen,
I have no news of her;
I can tell only
She is not here, but there
She might have been.

She is to be kissed
Only perhaps by me;
She may be seeking
Me and no other: she
May not exist.

Edward Eastaway
EDITORIAL COMMENT
ABORIGINAL POETRY

I

In offering to our readers a number almost entirely devoted to poems from American-Indian motives, it seems proper to call their attention to the rich mines of folk-lore still unrevealed, or but half revealed, among our aboriginal tribes. The poems we present are not translations, but interpretations: they use subjects and rhythms drawn from aboriginal life and song; and, in Dr. Gordon's case at least, they should be read—or rather chanted—to the accompaniment of a posture dance and the strong beat of an instrument.

Vivid as such work is in its suggestion of racial feeling and rhythm, it gives merely a hint of the deeper resources—it is a mere outcropping of the mine. But, although the mine exists with its stores of treasure, the danger is that the tribes, in the process of so-called civilization, will lose all trace of it; that their beautiful primitive poetry will perish among the ruins of obliterated states.

Thus we owe a special debt of gratitude to the few enthusiasts who have done something to preserve the fast disappearing folk-lore of the tribes. Few red men are numbered among them, though Charles Alexander Eastman has retold two or three volumes of tales from the Ohiyesa and Sioux tribes; also, many tribal poets have generously cooperated with their white investigators.

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There are, of course, two methods of approach to this literature—that of science and that of art. These two overlap, however, because science often uses an artist to make its researches; one who, as in Frank Cushing's case, uncovers whatever beauty he finds with reverence and without violence. Work of great value has been done by the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology, the Peabody Museum of Harvard, the Universities of California and other western states, the Carnegie Institution of Washington, the Field Columbian Museum of Chicago, and the American folk-lore and antiquarian societies; so that we have such books and reports as George A. Dorsey's *Pawnee Mythology* and *Traditions of the Arapaho*, William D. Lyman's *Oregon Myths*, Washington Matthews' *Navajo Legends*, Stephen C. Simms' *Traditions of the Crows* and Henry R. Voth's *Traditions of the Hopi*. In addition to these, we have a few more or less scientific or philosophic books of comparison or reflection, like Jeremiah Curtin's *Creation Myths of Primitive America in Relation to the Religious History and Mental Development of Mankind*; or Ellen R. Emerson's *Indian Myths of All America Compared with Myths of Other Nations*.

Then there are books by private investigators and enthusiasts, like George Bird Grinnell's careful transcripts of *Blackfoot Lodge Tales* and *Pawnee Hero Stories*, Charles F. Lummis' *Pueblo Folk Stories*, James W. Schultz' *Black foot Tales of Glacier National Park*, and others; besides the numerous more popular versions for grown-ups and children.
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A few investigators, however, have gone further in an effort to perpetuate the poetry and music of the redskins. Miss Natalie Curtis, for example, cannot be too highly praised for the loving care and painstaking research which have given us The Indian's Book, which she calls "an offering by the American Indians of Indian lore, musical and narrative, to form a record of the songs and legends of their race." Miss Alice C. Fletcher, in Indian Story and Song, Indian Games and Dances, etc., has studied the songs and festivals of various tribes, transcribing the music with both the original words and literal translations. And Mr. Sandburg will speak below of the work of Miss Frances Densmore. The phonograph is a valuable aid to these modern investigators. I myself saw the Snake-dance of the Hopis, in the lofty "sky-city" of Walpi; and I longed to be able to transcribe and translate those ancient chants which rose out of the desert as fitly as the mesa or the sunrise.

But of all the students in this field, Frank Hamilton Cushing—who died too young, alas!—probably had the most sympathetic and creative mind. As he accepted the life of the Zuñis and became an adopted son of the tribe, so he entered fully into the spirit of their religion and poetry, and left us, in his beautiful translation of The Creation Myth of the Zuñis, a masterpiece of primitive song which should rank, and undoubtedly will ultimately rank, among the great epics of the world. At present it is hidden in one of those massive tomes which entomb the annual reports of the U. S. Bureau of Ethnology, and it is a reproach to our civilization that no
The researches and translations by Miss Frances Densmore of Red Indian songs have become somewhat known in the musical world, where adaptations have been made from her work for orchestral and choral use. In the literary world this work has, however, escaped analysis, or even such notice as it deserves in "news value." The explanation probably is that Miss Densmore's work was done for the United States government and forms two official reports of the Bureau of Ethnology. As no efforts are made by that organization to exploit and advertise a writer, the researches and translations have slumbered in a more or less innocuous desuetude.

The woman spent two years among Chippewa tribes and had the help of tribesmen who had lived twenty-five years on the White Earth Reservation in Minnesota. Chippewa Music is the title of the two volumes containing her notes and observations, and they constitute Bulletin 45 and Bulletin 53 of the Bureau of Ethnology. In both volumes are songs of tribal games and dances, songs "composed in dreams," and individual songs of forgotten warriors.

_I Have Lost My Sweetheart_ and _I Will Not Drink_ are names of love songs. _He Killed a Man_ and _I Carry It Away_
Aboriginal Poetry

are dance songs. And Chippewa juveniles have the *Song of the Game of Silence* and the *Song of the Crawfish*.

Suspicion arises definitely that the Red Man and his children committed direct plagiarisms on the modern imagists and vorticists. These are specimens:

**MY LOVE HAS DEPARTED**

A loon  
I thought it was  
But it was  
My love's  
Splashing oar.

To Sault Ste. Marie  
He has departed.  
My love has gone on before me.  
Never again can I see him.

**LOVE CHARM SONG**

What are you saying to me?  
I am arrayed like the roses,  
And beautiful as they.

**SONG FOR THE CURE OF THE SICK**

They are in close consultation  
With their heads together,  
Wenabojo and his grandmother.

**DOCTOR'S SONG**

I am singing and dreaming in my poor way  
Over the earth,  
I who will again disembark  
Upon the earth.

*Carl Sandburg*

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In my brief Indian Songs I have taken the Indian key-note—which is often not more than a phrase, a single image, with variations of musical inflection and repetition—and expanded it very slightly. The Indian song often means more than it says; it is content to give the image and not to talk about it—it is not "journalistic." Pantomime in the dances also fills out what is given to us by the bare words.

Very little consideration has been given to Indian poetry as poetry. The ethnologists, who might have done good service in this respect, have overlooked the literary significance of the Indian songs; and the tendency of others has been to Europeanize both sentiment and form. A translation of an Indian song that reads like an Elizabethan lyric gives little idea of the original. Of course any addition whatever is taking liberties with the originals, but I have tried to keep strictly within the spirit of them. I am indebted for my key-notes to the literal translations accompanying Miss Densmore's notations of Indian music.  

A. C. H.

ÉMILE VERHAEREN

May 21st, 1855—Nov. 29th, 1916

The death of Verhaeren is one more note in the tragedy.

Il est ainsi de pauvres coeurs,
Avec, en eux, des lacs de pleurs,
Qui sont pâles, commes les pierres
D'un cimetière.

Il est ainsi de pauvres dos,
Plus lourds de peine et de fardeaux
Emile Verhaeren

Que les toits des cassines brunes
Parmi les dunes.

Il est ainsi de pauvres mains,
Comme feuilles sur les chemins
Comme feuilles jaunes et mortes
Devant la porte.
Il est ainsi de pauvres yeux,
Humbles et bons et soucieux,
Et plus tristes que ceux des bêtes
Sous la tempête.

Il est ainsi de pauvres gens,
Aux gestes las et indulgents,
Sur qui s’acharne la misère
Au long des plaines de la terre.

The man should have no epitaph save his own best verses, poems of the Flamand country, of the dull sorrow of peasants, of the oppression of labor.

It is time to forget his rhetorical period, to forget that he pleased Gilbert Murray, and time to remember only his great sincerity, his great pity and the simplicity of his heart.
He was excited by current generalities, in his worst moments he wrote such lines as:

Le bondissant tocsin des vérités vivantes,

In his reality he wrote such poems as the one I have quoted. Toward the end he wrote of the new sorrows of warfare, of men who had sat at his fireside and who in future would sit there no more.

Depuis la guerre
Ma chambre est close et solitaire;

Car je n’ai plus pour compagnon
Que mon foyer à qui je parle.

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It is extremely difficult to write of Verhaeren at this moment and for the public of a country not at war. He was recognized as the greatest poet of Belgium, though heretical voices have also been heard acclaiming Max Elskamp. There is always danger of overestimating a man, and of sentimentalizing over him, at the moment of his death, especially if it be sudden and violent. And such overestimation invariably leads to an equally undue reaction, both equitable minds and those tainted with jealousy adding their weight to this latter.

I think I am right in saying that Verhaeren carried more weight with the better young poets of Paris, five years ago, than did most, or perhaps any, of his contemporaries. Fort was also at that time in vogue. And Bazalgette had stirred up a fresh flurry of Whitmanism by his very excellent French translation. Verhaeren’s faults were not those which irritated most during that season. He and Whitman were the saints of one temple.

I can not feel that he is so great a loss as Remy de Gourmont, but this is a personal and not a detached judicial opinion. Besides, DeGourmont’s position was based in great part on his prose.

I doubt if there is as much good poetry in Verhaeren as in the earlier books of poems by Francis Jammes. I do not know that Verhaeren’s pictures of Flemish country are better than Viélé-Griffin’s “Lâche comme le froid et la pluie”. I am fairly certain that his death leaves Laurent Tailhade the most important of the elder poets in France, or at least
the only one of the elder men from whom we can still expect enjoyable poems. Tailhade must not be considered as satirist only, though his satires make swiftest appeal.

This whole French generation of men born in the late fifties and early sixties has presented the curious phenomenon of a dozen or two poets all "running even", all producing notable poems, none of them notably surpassing or dominating the rest. At no time would a company of a dozen intelligent literati have agreed on an order of prominence. This state of affairs might easily exist in a time of nonentities. It was in this case a sign of France's opulence, and though Verhaeren was not French he used the French language and his death must be held a loss to that literature. However much one may associate him with his own country, one must reckon his gifts in comparison with those of his French contemporaries. He was counted peer with the best of them.

_Ezra Pound_

**REVIEWS**

**THOSE BRONTES**


In 1846, the poems of Charlotte, Emily and Anne Bronté under the pseudonyms of Currer, Ellis and Acton Bell, were
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published by Aylott and Jones. Mr. Clement Shorter tells us that the book cost the authors thirty guineas and two copies supplied the public demand. In 1850, after the death of Emily and Anne, Charlotte issued a new edition of the 1846 volume, including other poems of theirs and notes of her own.

The little book Mr. Benson has arranged so wisely, is composed of selections from these publications, and from hitherto unprinted verses of Charlotte, Emily, Anne and Branwell. Prefaced by a reproduction of the painting of the four, now in the National Portrait Gallery, the frank purpose and the chief interest of the collection are biographical.

This interest, however, by no means arises from internal evidence that the poems are autobiographical. In Emily Bronte's haunting poem, My Ancient Ship, composed in her twenty-first year, she makes her voyaging hero say,

Memory! how thy magic fingers
With a wild and passing thrill,
Wake the chord whose spirit lingers,
Sleeping silently and still
Fast asleep and almost dying,
Through my days of changeless pain,
Till I dream these strings are lying,
Never to be waked again.
Winds have blown, but all unknown;
Nothing could arouse a tone
In that heart which like a stone
Senselessly has lain.

But Emily Bronte's own heart, it seems, was not so heavy but that she could scribble gaily in a communicative and humorous outburst, along the margin of My Ancient Ship:
I am more terrifically and infernally and idiotically stupid than ever I was in the whole course of my incarnate existence. The above precious lines are the fruits of one hour’s most agonizing labor between half-past six and half-past seven in the evening of July, 1836.

The inclusion in the edition of this remark of Emily’s may perform a needed service to letters in aiding to clear that dull literary muddle in which the Brontés’ lives are read into their work, and their work into their lives, until neither has any distinct or integral value. As Henry James has acutely observed:

The personal position of the three sisters, of the two in particular, had been marked with so sharp an accent that this accent has become for us the very tone of their united production. It covers and supplants their spirit, their style, their taste. . . . Literature is an objective, a projected result; it is life that is the unconscious, the agitated, the struggling, floundering cause. But the fashion has been, in looking at the Brontés, so to confuse the cause with the result that we cease to know, in the presence of such ecstasies, what we have held or what we are talking about. They represent, the ecstasies, the high-water mark of sentimental judgment.

While it is true that life gave the Brontés a deep knowledge of sadness, it must be remembered that melancholy was the conventional, poetical mood of the day—the day of the vogue of weeping willow trees, and of a species of satisfaction in being deserted. When even a person as devoted to inconstancy by nature, and it may almost be said by principle, as Lord Byron, wrote in the literary temper of—

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{Though human, thou didst not deceive me;} \\
\text{Though woman, thou didst not forsake;} \\
\text{Though loved, thou forborest to grieve me—}
\end{align*}
\]

do you believe Charlotte Bronté says in Frances—

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Unloved, I love; unwept I weep;
Grief I restrain, hope I repress;
Vain is this anguish—fixed and deep;
Vainer, desires and dreams of bliss—

because she was unloved and unwept and in anguish? No more than Shakespeare wrote,

Farewell, a long farewell to all my greatness, because he had just lost an archbishops; or than Mr. Sargent painted Carmencita because he had been carrying a fan and dancing the Cachuca.

Charlotte's verses have a few, a very few, fine moments, and a distant family resemblance to poetry. Branwell's verses have for me no interest whatever but the signature of a brother of the Brontes. The distinct poetical endowment is Anne's and Emily's. The younger sister's contribution is very slight; much of it merely formal, merely pietistic. But in other instances, infinitely touching and genuinely religious, the material of her poetry is the very stuff of the music that dreams are made of—the mystery, the inexplicable deep sympathies of life. The most vivid element in the book is of course the poetry of Emily.

Though in Bronte Poems the two heretofore unpublished selections, disentangled from the difficult manuscript of her notebook, are characteristic; and though the whole text of her work in this edition, is, in my view, more sympathetically arranged than in the volume devoted exclusively to her own production, yet this volume is naturally more completely representative.

Emily Bronte's poetry, full of the profound charm of the
shadowed things of life, like the stormy twilight she so often evokes for us, echoes with the

\[
\text{Wild words of an ancient song,} \\
\text{Undefined, without a name.}
\]

The beauty of the rain, the cold, the ways of nature that have no benison for man, she was one of the first to express. The acute sweetness of that song has been too little appreciated. She has suffered too untempered a fame, for one whose phrase, like Shakespeare's, has the rich power that swings with a full movement through both the passions and the dearnesses of existence:

\[
\text{Redbreast, early in the morning,} \\
\text{Dark and cold and cloudy gray,} \\
\text{Wildly tender is thy music} \\
\text{Chasing angry thought away.}
\]

Pain, bereavement, defeat, freedom and imprisonment, the prospect of death, a fast allegiance with suffering, the love of dumb creatures, the passion of human justice, the inmost life, the will's life, the intesnest forces of meditation—she says them all. Some of her expression is clumsy, her rhyme weak and forced, but the root of the music that speaks inarticulately is always there, the communicative power of tonal design, though often only roughly sketched. On every page, something beckons, something gleams; plunging horse-hoofs gallop in the distance; a great light splinters on the point of a Valkyrie's spear; and deep in the reader's soul the splendor of a woman's voice calls out through the ride down the mountain-tops.

One is glad to see the heroic fragments, and the un-heroic, unfinished designs, which the book includes—too many, and
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of too many kinds, to tell in detail. Death arrested the designer's hand, that yet left behind it the earnest of immortality, the very proof, as it were, of the truth of one of her most stirring and beautiful stanzas.

Nature's deep being thine shall hold,
Her spirit all thy spirit fold,
   Her breath absorb thy sighs.
Mortal, though soon life's tale is told—
   Who once lives, never dies!

Edith Wyatt

A BOOK BY LAWRENCE


The pages of this book are the record of a great struggle. Through these poems, and over them, we feel the beating and lashing of a restless, passionate soul, passionate in its loves and aspirations, that is clogged with flesh, caught in meshes of flesh and held prisoner. The ache of "brown hands", the throbbing of blood in the darkness—these are with Lawrence always. Seldom has anyone expressed with such vividness the tinge that stifled flesh gives to the universe, the urge that gives to flowers and stars the wine-color of longing, and brings into tense, passionate relief details that otherwise were meaningless. Snap-dragon is perhaps the best poem of its kind in English.

Yet there is seldom any pagan joy in the things of the flesh. They come to him not as light, but as darkness, as something that clogs and hinders him, something that he must fight through and cannot—yet. And it is the vain
struggle to free himself that has given us the beauty of this book.

His aspirations are as passionate as his loves. What could be more spiritually impassioned than this from *Dreams Old and Nascent*?

Oh the terrible ecstasy of the consciousness that I am life!  
Oh the miracle of the whole, the widespread, laboring concentration  
Swelling mankind like one bud to bring forth the fruit of a dream!  
Oh the terror of lifting the innermost I out of the sweep of the impulse of life,  
And watching the great Thing laboring through the whole round flesh of the world;  
And striving to catch a glimpse of the shape of the coming dream,  
As it quickens within the laboring, white-hot metal;  
Catch the scent and color of the coming dream,  
Then to fall back exhausted into the unconscious, molten life!

Yet, though the key-note of the book is this passionate struggle, there are calmer moments in it, moments that presage the later Lawrence who is already emerging from the welter. For the poems in this volume are for the most part early work, and a number more recent, already known to readers of *POETRY*, are not included. Here is a steady little picture in a quieter vein, called *Patience*.

> A wind comes from the north  
> Blowing little flocks of birds  
> Like a spray across the town;  
> And a train, roaring forth,  
> Rushes stampeding down  
> With cries and flying curds  
> Of steam, out of the darkening north.

> Whither I turn and set  
> Like a needle steadfastly,  
> Waiting ever to get  
> The news that she is free;
But ever fixed, as yet,
To the lode of her agony.

And where can we find anything more humanly and
poignantly beautiful than *A Baby Asleep After Pain*?

As a drenched, drowned bee
Hangs numb and heavy from a bending flower,
So clings to me
My baby, her brown hair brushed with wet tears
And laid against her cheek;
Her soft white legs hanging heavily over my arm
Swinging heavily to my movement as I walk.
My sleeping baby hangs upon my life,
Like a burden she hangs on me.
She has always seemed so light,
But now she is wet with tears and numb with pain.
Even her floating hair sinks heavily,
Reaching downwards;
As the wings of a drenched, drowned bee
Are a heaviness, and a weariness.

Several of the poems in this book are already known to
American lovers of poetry. *Snap-dragon* was in the first
*Georgian Verse* anthology, and four of the other poems,
under different titles, have been published in *POETRY*, al­
though no reference is made to the fact. But, read as a
whole, the book has a cumulative effect that sets Lawrence
definitely in the front rank of English poets. 

E. T.

**H. D.'S VISION**

*Sea-garden*, by H. D. The New Poetry Series. Boston,

The great mystics, whether they call themselves Chris­tians or pagans, have all this trait in common—that they
describe in terms of ordinary experience some super-normal
H. D.'s Vision

experience. The unpractised reader, picking up H. D.'s Sea-garden and reading it casually, might suppose it was all about flowers and rocks and waves and Greek myths, when it is really about the soul, or the primal intelligence, or the Nous, or whatever we choose to call that link that binds us to the unseen and uncreated.

This small volume is indeed a garden, but of such flowers as not many eyes may see: flowers in some way made perfect and unfading through their own exceeding bitterness. The light burns sharp here, like a sword; it is painful to walk in the glare of this beauty. Here are useless and beautiful things: flowers rootless, scentless; and beyond, the everlasting grind of the sea on the rocks, and a lonely temple or statue, aloof and unresponsive. And if we wander here long enough and make our minds receptive to these influences, we soon discover that all this is only a veil of beautiful texture hurled before the shrine. Behind the veil we can catch with ever increasing brightness the outline of a myth, that is to say an eternal reflection of the ephemeral. To penetrate H. D.'s inner meaning, it is only necessary that we approach her poetry with an open and responsive mind—that we make a mirror of ourselves to reflect the light she has caught in her mirror. But this state of mind, receptive, quiescent, is also necessary if we are to understand Plotinus, or Dionysius the Areopagite, or Paracelsus, or Behmen, or Swedenborg, or Blake, or any other of the mystics.

As I read and re-read this small volume for it is necessary to read it many times, I cease to care whether this is

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or is not what the academic critics choose to label Poetry, or whether it is or is not Imagism. Whatever it is, the form is as inevitable as the substance, since neither form nor substance has been created independently. It is beauty independent of laws, holding but to its own hard and bitter perfection. Perhaps not to many it will appeal, because most of us have the human thirst for imperfection; for the sea-change and not for the sea-peace that follows after the change; for the surface dance and glitter and not for the profound, calm light of the depth. But to some it will appeal, and its future is safe in their hands.

It were folly to attempt to quote from a book which is so much of one piece, tempered as this. But if human preferences and prejudices could yet intrude I would select the entire poem entitled The Gift—a poem I do not understand and which I feel I am not worthy to understand—as my own undoubted preference. Yet I have not space for this, so I must pick out instead one of those exquisite little flower-pieces, as an example of the art that H. D. has made her own.

The white violet
Is scented on its stalk;
The sea-violet
Fragile as agate
Lies fronting all the wind,
Among the torn shells
On the sand-bank.

The greater blue violets
Flutter on the hill;
But who would change for these,
Who would change for these,
One root of the white sort?

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H. D.'s Vision

Violet,
Your grasp is frail
On the edge of the sand-hill;
But you catch the light—
Frost a star edges with its fire.

John Gould Fletcher

WAR AND WOMANHOOD


This book contains, perhaps, the best work that Mrs. Marks has done. Her art, always delicate, responds to the experiences of life, so that each thought, as it comes, falls naturally and surely into its own medium, and the reader need have no concern with tools. What is the charm that we look for in each new book she brings out? It is not easy to define, although surely these are some of the things that make for it: the heart of a woman, of a mother, that is nevertheless always the heart of a child; subtlety, yet downrightness; an ear contending for the music of the line; power to seize and hold her vision, and an intuition embracing what has been and what may never be, in the world upon which she looks, in which she listens.

Mrs. Marks' work is elusive, never coarsely obvious. With her the tone of a little flute on the air may tell more vital truths than any martial crash of sound. I think that, notwithstanding denials that the war has developed poets, the time has come when we must claim that it has given the world a new poetic intake of breath. French poems from
the trenches prove it, and now and then a rare English song has a strength of appeal which is an achievement. But no poet of war times except Mrs. Marks has given us a clear, full, rounded wreath of lights to send rays wherever woman bears heavily the burden of war; for war is now, as it has been throughout the ages, the burden of woman. In this book tenderly, understandingly, she gathers to her all woman-kind. She has the power, too, to enter the very soul of dumb animals, and look men through and through with their eyes.

We may linger over these poems singly; but they belong together. They tell us that there is a higher way of settling the world’s disputes than by blood and steel, if men would only see. Here we have no longer the picture of a mother sending her son forth to battle with a “God bless you! Go! —fight for your country!” Very different is the mother of dead sons who pours out the bitterness of her heart to the harvest moon:

You will be laughing now, remembering
We called you once Dead World, and barren thing.
Yes, so we called you then—
You, far more wise
Than to give life to men.

In all of these poems, some of hope, some stern with purpose to show men a higher heritage than that of hate, not even the darkest shadow is without its gleam of faith—to be sought, perhaps, as radium in pitch-blend, but unquenchably alive.

There are poems we remember, and hail anew in book form. Who could forget Woman-vigil, done in sweeping
Sapphics, with intervening short lines like sobs of children? and *Men Have Wings at Last*? and the lovely *Cradle Song*?

The following stanzas, from *Woman-vigil*, suggest the questioning of the modern woman, as this poet divines her:

What new pride, you of the ceaseless vigil,
Knocks at your heart? Or what far folly of questing
Stirs you now, between the loom and the cradle?—
Woman unresting!

Mind of the moon is yours; her song and her strangeness:
Singing, spinning—even as her earth-born daughters
Spin and sing; yet laying her strong commandment
Over the waters.

*(The echoes died
Around the hour.
Back flew the doves,
Back to the tower.
The house lay dark
In sleep, within.
The Shadow turned, to spin.)*

*Agnes Lee Freer

**TRANSLATIONS**

*The Epic Songs of Russia*, translated by Isabel F. Hapgood. Scribner’s.

Has Russia ever created anything original? Turgeniev doubted it; he even suspected that Russia’s claim to the invention of the samovar was unfounded. I think it was Brandes’ remark that Russia’s only originality consisted in her being the least original of all other countries. The most patriotic Russian will not deny that his is the arch-borrowing
nation, but he will ascribe this feature to the inherent broadness of the Russian mind. That vast plain, open on all sides to foreign invasions, resembles a palm, invitingly outstretched to the universe in quest of new ideas; in Russia's political order, in her religion and art, you can trace the influences of all races and civilizations, from the Scandinavian-Germanic-Latin-Byzantine—in the occident, to the Hindu-Tartar-Persian-Chinese—in the orient. One must bear in mind one essential thing, however: all those various influences have become Russianized—i.e., intensified, broadened; in a word, universalized.

This universalism—or, if you wish, eclecticism—is most obviously evident in the Russian epic songs which are to this day sung by the illiterate inhabitants of the marshy provinces north of Petrograd. Russian folk-lore, orally transmitted from generation to generation (not until the middle of the nineteenth century were those songs put into writing), bears the stamp of European and Asiatic mythologies, and yet it is most characteristically Russian in its prevailing motives. The Norse sagas, transported by the Varangian princes in the ninth century, mingled with native Slavic and Finnish mythology, merged later with the Byzantine Christianity superimposed on the still vigorous local Paganism, absorbed various Asiatic motives imported by the Tartar hordes, and so forth. The fact that the Tartar invaders had held Russia for three centuries is accountable for a considerable Asiatic strain in the Russian genius. *Grattez le Russe.* . .

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As I said, the motives of the epic songs are characteristic­ally Russian. The earth, or more literally—the soil, is frequently anthropomorphized; the heroes (bogatyr—hero, and polianitza—heroine) possess the features of all Aryan folk-heroes plus the peculiarly Russian Hamletism, abandon, naiveté, and anarchic religiousness. An ordinary bylina (epic song) is trochaic with a dactylic ending, of five or six feet, which may be lengthened to seven or contracted to four; it is chanted to a simple, yet fugitive, recitative.

Miss Isabel F. Hapgood has conscientiously and lovingly translated some of the most characteristic bylini into excellent English prose. The first edition appeared in 1886; it is permissible to hope that the new edition, of 1916, will arouse more interest and appreciation than that of thirty years ago.

Alexander S. Kaun


Poetry has published many of these peasant songs, and we can only emphasize here their extreme beauty. Since The Bard of the Dimbovitza, over twenty years ago, first made us aware of the poetry hidden in the folk-lore of eastern Europe, our ears have been opened to this vibrant music, and Mrs. Livesay’s book is one of the most intimate of all. Like the translators of that earlier collection, this Canadian poet has caught the feeling of the songs sung to her, in this case, by immigrants in Winnipeg; and she has been skilful enough to give the very pulse of it in many of her English versions.
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An introduction by Paul Crath and a note by the translator set the scene for these poems, which are grouped under Cossack Songs, Wedding Songs, Robber Songs, songs pagan, historical, etc., and simple Folk Songs. We should like to quote a number, but, as space is lacking, we must refer the reader to our files—or, better still, to the book. H. M.


This is a quaint little volume of short classical Hindu poems, mostly by Bhartrihari, the greatest of Hindu lyricists. The translation is by William Arthur Ryder, professor of Sanskrit at the University of California, and is done with an engaging dry humor in unusually clean-cut English. A little book to buy and cherish.

The title poem is by King Bhartrihari, who “lived most royally” fifteen hundred years ago.

> The world is full of women’s eyes,  
> Defiant, filled with shy surprise,  
> Demure, a little overfree,  
> Or simply sparkling roguishly;  
> It seems a gorgeous lily-bed,  
> Whichever way I turn my head.

D. D.

NOTES

All but one of the poets represented in this number live, or have lived, in the wilder West of the United States or British Columbia. They have derived their interpretations of tribal folk-poetry either from direct contact with the tribes themselves, or from love of their art, their rhythms, and sympathy with their ideas.

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Dr. Frank S. Gordon, born in 1877 at Branchville, New Jersey, has lived much in our Southwest and in Mexico since his graduation from the medical college of New York University. He has begun only recently to write verse, being moved thereto chiefly, he says, by a study of aboriginal music. He writes of “the variety and freedom of Indian rhythm,” and illustrates his poems with very beautiful and original decorative water-color drawings, whose motives, both of color and form, are derived from aboriginal art and from the stark growths of the desert.

Dr. Gordon, who now lives in Blairstown, New Jersey, has also written poems on Mexican motives, and lyric poems more or less interpretative of civilized life. But it seemed advisable that he should appear first with a group chosen entirely from the aboriginal poems. “I want to do my little bit,” he writes, “for a vanishing and noble race.”

In The Tom-tom an aged warrior is beating out once more the rhythms of his life—living over his loves, dreams, battles, and the tragedy of his race. Tirawa is the name of his deity. Sa-a Naraii is a chant which aims “to reflect fairly accurately the Indian’s outlook upon life,” and which is “characteristic in its opening and close, and in its rhythm full of repetition.”

Mrs. Mary Austin’s work in prose places her among the most sympathetic interpreters of our western country, with its varied and picturesque life. She has published only one book in verse—

Fires (University of Wisconsin Press), a play which has been given very effectively by amateurs out-of-doors in Madison, Wis., and Carmel, Cal.

Alice Corbin (Mrs. William P. Henderson), who has been from the first an associate editor of POETRY, is now staying for a time in New Mexico.

Miss Constance Lindsay Skinner has appeared several times in POETRY with poems on aboriginal motives. Her inspiration was derived in youth during much travel among the tribes of British Columbia.

The only exception to the wild-western quality of this number is Mr. Edward Eastaway, an English poet now in the trenches, whose appearance in POETRY had to be immediate, lest the next issue of Georgian Verse should have the honor of introducing him.

Mr. Travis Hoke, whose brief poems we printed last month, is no longer “a mystery” to the editor. In fact, he is revealed as associate editor of The Dial and still a resident of Chicago.
BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:

Lace o' me Life, by Ella Giles Ruddy. Privately printed.
From the Limbo of Forgotten Things, by Mary Stuart Tyson. Sherman, French & Co.
Ballads Patriotic and Romantic, by Clinton Scollard. Laurence Gomme.
Vie de Bordeaux, by Pitts Sanborn. Nicholas L. Brown.
The Singer, by J. T. Gorham Press.
Mystery, or The Lady of the Casino, by David F. Taylor. Gorham Press.
City Dust, by Jane Burr. Frank Shay, New York.
The Omega, by Edward Shillito. B. H. Blackwell.
The Jig of Forslin, by Conrad Aiken. Four Seas Co., Boston.
Thoughts from Oregon to Greet a Friend, by Kathleen MacNeal Durham. Privately printed.
Irish Mag, by Earl Wayland Bowman. Privately printed.
Verses, by Mary Wright Plummer. Privately printed.
When Little Thoughts Go Rhyming, by Elizabeth Knobel. Rand McNally & Co., Chicago.
Sonnets of Protest, by Isabelle Howe Fiske. Privately printed.
Minnesota, by Ambrose Leo McGeevy. Jones & Kroeger, Winona, Minn.
Padraic Colum, the distinguished Irish poet and lecturer, says: "POETRY is the best magazine, by far, in the English language. We have nothing in England or Ireland to compare with it."

William Marion Reedy, Editor of the St. Louis Mirror, says: "POETRY has been responsible for the Renaissance in that art. You have done a great service to the children of light in this country."

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