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No. II

Poetry

A Magazine
of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

November, 1917

Prize Awards

War Poem by Carl Sandburg

New Mexico Songs by Alice Corbin

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 Poetry
A Magazine of Verse

VOL. XI
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NOVEMBER, 1917

THE FOUR BROTHERS

Notes for War Songs

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MAKE war songs out of these ;
Make chants that repeat and weave.
Make rhythms up to the ragtime chatter of the machine guns ;
Make slow-booming psalms up to the boom of the big guns.
Make a marching song of swinging arms and swinging legs,
 Going along,
 Going along,
On the roads from San Antonio to Athens, from Seattle to
 Bagdad—
The boys and men in winding lines of khaki, the circling
 squares of bayonet points.

Cowpunchers, cornhuskers, shopmen, ready in khaki ;
Ballplayers, lumberjacks, ironworkers, ready in khaki ;

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A million, ten million, singing, "I am ready."
This the sun looks on between two seaboards,
In the land of Lincoln, in the land of Grant and Lee.

I heard one say, "I am ready to be killed."
I heard another say, "I am ready to be killed."
O sunburned clear-eyed boys!
I stand on sidewalks and you go by with drums and guns
 and bugles,
 You—and the flag!
And my heart tightens, a fist of something feels my throat
 When you go by,
You on the kaiser hunt, you and your faces saying, "I am
 ready to be killed."

They are hunting death,
Death for the one-armed mastoid kaiser.
They are after a Hohenzollern head:
There is no man-hunt of men remembered like this.

The four big brothers are out to kill.
France, Russia, Britain, America—
The four republics are sworn brothers to kill the kaiser.

Yes, this is the great man-hunt;
And the sun has never seen till now
Such a line of toothed and tusked man-killers,
In the blue of the upper sky,

In the green of the undersea,
In the red of winter dawns.
Eating to kill,
Sleeping to kill,
Asked by their mothers to kill,
Wished by four-fifths of the world to kill—
To cut the kaiser's throat,
To hack the kaiser's head,
To hang the kaiser on a high-horizon gibbet.

And is it nothing else than this?
Three times ten million men thirsting the blood
Of a half-cracked one-armed child of the German kings?
Three times ten million men asking the blood
Of a child born with his head wrong-shaped,
The blood of rotted kings in his veins?
If this were all, O God,
I would go to the far timbers
And look on the grey wolves
Tearing the throats of moose:
I would ask a wilder drunk of blood.

Look! It is four brothers in joined hands together.
 The people of bleeding France,
 The people of bleeding Russia,
 The people of Britain, the people of America—
These are the four brothers, these are the four republics.

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At first I said it in anger as one who clenches his fist in
wrath to fling his knuckles into the face of someone
taunting;

Now I say it calmly as one who has thought it over and
over again at night, among the mountains, by the sea-
combers in storm.

I say now, by God, only fighters today will save the world,
nothing but fighters will keep alive the names of those
who left red prints of bleeding feet at Valley Forge in
Christmas snow.

On the cross of Jesus, the sword of Napoleon, the skull of
Shakespeare, the pen of Tom Jefferson, the ashes of
Abraham Lincoln, or any sign of the red and running
life poured out by the mothers of the world,

By the God of morning glories climbing blue the doors of
quiet homes, by the God of tall hollyhocks laughing
glad to children in peaceful valleys, by the God of
new mothers wishing peace to sit at windows nursing
babies,

I swear only reckless men, ready to throw away their lives by
hunger, deprivation, desperate clinging to a single pur-
pose imperturbable and undaunted, men with the primi-
tive guts of rebellion,

Only fighters gaunt with the red brand of labor's sorrow
on their brows and labor's terrible pride in their blood,
men with souls asking danger—only these will save and
keep the four big brothers.

Good-night is the word, good-night to the kings, to the
czars,

Good-night to the kaiser.

The breakdown and the fade-away begins.

The shadow of a great broom, ready to sweep out the trash,
is here.

One finger is raised that counts the czar,
The ghost who beckoned men who come no more—
The czar gone to the winds on God's great dustpan,
The czar a pinch of nothing,
The last of the gibbering Romanoffs.

Out and good-night—
The ghosts of the summer palaces
And the ghosts of the winter palaces!
Out and out, good-night to the kings, the czars, the kaisers.

Another finger will speak,
And the kaiser, the ghost who gestures a hundred million
sleeping-waking ghosts,
The kaiser will go onto God's great dustpan—
The last of the gibbering Hohenzollerns.
Look! God pities this trash, God waits with a broom and
a dustpan,
God knows a finger will speak and count them out.

It is written in the stars;
It is spoken on the walls;

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It clicks in the fire-white zigzag of the Atlantic wireless;
It mutters in the bastions of thousand-mile continents;
It sings in a whistle on the midnight winds from Walla
 Walla to Mesopotamia:
Out and good-night.

The millions slow in khaki,
The millions learning *Turkey in the Straw* and *John Brown's
 Body*,
The millions remembering windrows of dead at Gettysburg,
 Chickamauga and Spottsylvania Court House,
The millions dreaming of the morningstar of Appomattox,
The millions easy and calm with guns and steel, planes and
 prows:

 There is a hammering, drumming hell to come.
 The killing gangs are on the way.

God takes one year for a job.
God takes ten years or a million.
God knows when a doom is written.
God knows this job will be done and the words spoken:
Out and good-night.

 The red tubes will run,
 And the great price be paid,
 And the homes empty,
 And the wives wishing,
 And the mothers wishing.
There is only one way now, only the way of the red tubes
 and the great price.

Well . . .

Maybe the morning sun is a five-cent yellow balloon,
And the evening stars the joke of a God gone crazy.
Maybe the mothers of the world,
And the life that pours from their torsal folds—
Maybe it's all a lie sworn by liars,
And a God with a cackling laughter says:
"I, the Almighty God,
I have made all this,
I have made it for kaisers, czars and kings."

Three times ten million men say: No.
Three times ten million men say:
 God is a God of the People.
And the God who made the world
 And fixed the morning sun,
 And flung the evening stars,
 And shaped the baby hands of life,
This is the God of the Four Brothers;
This is the God of bleeding France and bleeding Russia;
This is the God of the people of Britain and America.

The graves from the Irish Sea to the Caucasus peaks are
 ten times a million.
The stubs and stumps of arms and legs, the eyesockets empty,
 the cripples, ten times a million.
The crimson thumb-print of this anathema is on the door
 panels of a hundred million homes.

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Cows gone, mothers on sick-beds, children cry a hunger and
no milk comes in the noon-time or at night.

The death-yells of it all, the torn throats of men in ditches
calling for water, the shadows and the hacking lungs
in dugouts, the steel paws that clutch and squeeze a
scarlet drain day by day—the storm of it is hell.

But look! child! the storm is blowing for a clean air.

Look! the four brothers march
And hurl their big shoulders
And swear the job shall be done.

Out of the wild finger-writing north and south, east and
west, over the blood-crossed, blood-dusty ball of earth,
Out of it all a God who knows is sweeping clean,
Out of it all a God who sees and pierces through, is break-
ing and cleaning out an old thousand years, is making
ready for a new thousand years.

The four brothers shall be five and more.

Under the chimneys of the winter time the children of the
world shall sing new songs.

Among the rocking restless cradles the mothers of the world
shall sing new sleepy-time songs.

Carl Sandburg

TWO SONNETS

I COME SINGING

Youth Answers the Call

Not with the fear or the hot, swift fever of war,
But with the calm, sure courage of the right
I come—singing of youth's far-visioned sight,
The dreams of youth so well worth dying for.
Not with the dread of one who finds no more
Than the guns' rumble and the bloody fight,
And ruin and the long sleep under the night:
Adventure lures me like an open door!

I come as one who has found glorious waking
And goes supremely girded to the foe,
Knowing my songs have power to lay him low.
I come as one upon whose lips are breaking
Snatches of melodies beyond unmaking,
And in whose soul unalterable rhythms flow.

AFTERWARDS

To M. E. S.

I fancy that perhaps you think of me—
At times, when the curtain of dusk has fallen low
And dim strange ghosts of daylight come and go,
Gold-footed where the shadows leap and flee.
And I fancy that perhaps a memory

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Lingers of silent moments we dared not know,
Of words said softly, laughter sudden and slow,
And tokens and signs and symbols we dared not see.

I picture you alone in your dark room,
Curled in a deep chair, quiet and lost in thought,
Pondering curious riddles in the gloom:
Of one who came, and something that he brought;
Of one who worked, and something that he wrought;
Of one who searched, and something that he sought.
H. Thompson Rich

RECIPROCITY

I do not think that skies and meadows are
Moral, or that the fixture of a star
Comes of a quiet spirit, or that trees
Have wisdom in their windless silences.
Yet these are things invested in my mood
With constancy, and peace, and fortitude;
That in my troubled season I can cry
Upon the wide composure of the sky,
And envy fields, and wish that I might be
As little daunted as a star or tree.

John Drinkwater

NOVEMBER

Where, like ghosts of verdant days
Whispering down,
Leaves in the November haze
Drift and drown,

Stand two lovers, motionless
And apart
In their sturdy nakedness
Of the heart—

Two dark figures, side by side
In the mist,
Standing as though time had died
Since they kissed;

Whose deep roots, alive and sound
Blindly reach,
Mingling in the fertile ground
Each with each.

Pray that we, when gaunt and old,
Like bare trees
Through our common earth may hold
Close like these!

Marjorie Allen Seiffert

ON THE BEACH AT FONTANA

Wind whines and whines the shingle,
The crazy pier-stakes groan;
A senile sea numbers each single
Slime-silvered stone.

From whining wind and colder
Grey sea I wrap him warm,
And touch his fine-boned boyish shoulder
And trembling arm.

Around us fear, descending,
Darkness of fear above;
And in my heart how sweet unending
Ache of love.

ALONE

The moon's soft golden meshes make
All night a veil;
The shore-lamps in the sleeping lake
Laburnum tendrils trail.

The sly reeds whisper in the night
A name—her name,
And all my soul is a delight,
A swoon of shame.

James Joyce

SHE WEEPS OVER RAHOON

Rain on Rahoon falls softly, softly falling
Where my dark lover lies.
Sad is his voice that calls me, sadly calling
At grey moonrise.

Love, hear thou
How desolate the heart is, ever calling,
Ever unanswered—and the dark rain falling
Then as now.

Dark too our hearts, O love, shall lie, and cold
As his sad heart has lain
Under the moon-grey nettles, the black mould
And muttering rain.

James Joyce

A POET'S EPITAPH

When comes the last long silence to this lute,
And by its plea no more the calm is broken,
In charity, O world, let it be spoken:
No human sorrow found this player mute!

John Black

BAREFOOT SANDALS

Ah, little barefoot sandals brown and still,
Do you long to be a-roaming on the hill,
 Flashing down the garden way,
 Fellows with the winds at play—
Are you weary waiting wingless, silent, chill?

When the morning mounts and makes the old earth sweet
With the lilt of laughing children in the street,
 Do you ache to join them there,
 To be twinkling down the stair
To the darling dancing gladness of her feet?

Do you know the asters troop in purple gloom,
Too late to greet the love that bade them bloom?—
 That they wonder, watch and wait
 At the quiet garden-gate,
While you weary in the lonely upper room?

Ah, hapless little shoes that held my all,
My joy of life within your trappings small,
 Where's the lithe and lovely thing
 That each morning lent you wing?
Are you weary waiting wingless for her call?

Mary White Slater

LAVENDER

The twilight hangs like smoke in the streets,
Pearly, veiling all the stretches in illusion;
And the new-lit lamps are the glow of hearts
That grope unseeing and unseen.

At the corner a lean young girl offers me lavender,
Offers me youth and romance to hold in my palm, closed—
thus.

She gives dreams to the world,
She who knows nought of dreams—
Gives gardens, and waters, and the young shy moon
Hung in the laurels;
Gives the smoke of evening in the willows,
And the complaining stream,
And the lavender's subtle reawakening of old, dead thoughts.

These, all these she gives, this lean girl—
(A shawl is over her head and her eyes look into the darkness).

What does *she* know of dreams?
How more happy is she than I who have dreamed,
And may dream no more!

Archie Austin Coates

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MOODS AND MOMENTS

CHILD EYES

Bits of us
Peering out
From child eyes—
What more is immortality?

FREEDOM

Free am I
As a summer cloud:
But I resent
The insistent urge
Of the wind.

HUMAN CHORDS

He drew life
From the strings,
He gave life
To the strings;
As feeling draws life from words,
Gives life to words.
A fragment of life
Died away with each strain,
But something it awakened
Endures.

ENSLAVED

With his millions
Came gold handcuffs
Wrought by millions
While he slept;
And when he awakened
He felt them bind.

And the crowd
Envied
His golden bracelets.

THE PEASANTS

They may in their hearts
Ask "Why?"
But their faces are
Stolid and silent:
Buffaloes
Facing with lowered heads
The blizzards
Of the plains.

THE BEACH

The chill clung to the water;
A bevy of boys,
In naked beauty—
Venturesome,

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Shivering,
Shy with wonderment—
Huddled into themselves,
Like street sparrows
On snowy mornings.

REACHES OF THE DESERT

The way is empty
As far as the eye can see!
But the wish of my heart
Lights a moonpath
Across the reaches of the desert
To your adobe doorway;
And my heart feels
The shelter
Of your yearning.

THE ASCENT

With following the paths that ascend
I have lost the sense of my dwarfish stature;
Lost the sense of the city's bigness
As it dwindles to mosaics;
Lost the sense of the teeming streets
As they dwindle into threads;
Lost the sense of the cultivated foothills,
As they dwindle into a faded quilt—
With following the paths that ascend!

David O'Neil

MY NICARAGUA

You take the street on which the large church fronts
And go some twenty blocks and up a hill
And past the three-arch bridge until you come
To Guadalupe, where the houses are
No stately Spanish buildings, flat and lazy,
As in the center of the town you see them—
Heavy with some three centuries upon them,
Accustomed to the sunlight and the earthquakes,
To sudden dawns, long days and sudden sunsets,
Half bored, you fancy, by these ways of nature—
But little things, ugly almost, and frail,
With low red roofs and flimsy rough-cut doors,
A trifle better than an Indian hut,
Not picturesque, just dreary commonplace—
As commonplace and dreary as the flats
Here, in your cities, where your poor folks live—
And yet, you notice, glad the sun is shining,
And glad a cooling wind begins to blow,
Too glad, too purely, humbly glad to say it;
And all the while afraid of the volcanoes,
Holding their breath lest these should wake to crush them.
Look through these doors and see the walls inside
With holy pictures, saints and angels, there,
Sold to my people, revered by them;
Look through these doors and see the children, playing
Or wrangling, just as children will elsewhere;
Look through these doors and see the women, sewing,

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Setting their tables, doing the thousand things
Hardly worth noticing, that women do
Around their houses, meaning life to them.
And if you listen you may hear them singing—
Not anywhere are better songs than theirs.
It's nothing thrilling! Tourists do not care,
And if you hire a common guide he'll never
Think of directing you, to see this mere
Unhonored dailiness of people's lives
That is the soil the roots of beauty know.

Yet, if you wish to know my country—it's there.

The old Cathedral that the Spaniards built,
With hand-carved altars for two thousand saints;
The ruined fortress where they say that Nelson,
Who was a pirate then, lost his left eye
Fighting a woman, all that tourists see—
That's what my country used to be, not now.
The "dear" hotel, with palm-trees in the courtyard,
And a self-playing piano drumming rags;
The shops of German, English and French owners;
The parlors of the ruling class, adorned
With much the same bad taste as in New York—
That's not my country either! But the rows
Of ugly little houses where men dwell,
And women—all too busy living life
To think of faking it—*that* is my country,
My Nicaragua, mother of great poets.

And when you see that, what? Just this: Despite
Newspaper revolutions and so forth,
The different climate and the different
Traditions and the different grandfathers,
My people are pretty much the same as yours:
Folks with their worries and their hopes about them,
Working for bread and for a something more
That ever changes, hardly twice the same;
Happy and sad, the very joy and sorrow
Your people feel; at heart just plainly human:
And that is worth the journey to find out.

TWO SPANISH FOLK-SONGS

THE TINY MAIDEN

I am so little,
They say, "She's so young!"
I can't bear it, mother,
So I sing this song.

Girls of fourteen
Little babies bear;
I am almost twenty,
For this I despair.

*I am so little,
They say, "She's so young!"*

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*I can't bear it, mother,
So I sing this song.*

My breasts are ripe,
And I am of age,
God grant me for lover
The king's little page!

THE MERCHANT

Little ants in a double row,
One for coming and one for going,
Do you know what the market's doing?
No, but the way the wind is blowing!

Little ants in a double row,
An' you never heard of market things?
*Never a whit nor a two-pence worth,
For when it's the rain, then we grow wings,
And take them off to be ants again
When the cricket sings!*

Little ants in a double row,
I am tired of buying and selling:
I wish I were an ant like you!
Brother, there is no telling!

Salomón de la Selva

THE DEAD PECOS TOWN

Above the steep arroyo of russet running straight with rose
The Pecos pueblo sleeps—
A mound of dust timbered with bones.
Three silver yuccas flower on the grave.
For headstone, cut by frost and all its edges shriveled by
the desert heat,
A mission leans against the wide still sky.
I too am watching with time.
Where I stand, the crusted gravel cracks
And ghosts of seven centuries are stirred.
Shards of painted pots lie like mosaic on a shattered floor.
A frost-white shin-bone rattles down the slope,
Strikes a fellow and finds the plain.
Jaws are set and dead mouths smile—
Bones of martyrs, pioneers.
Feet that once were dancing lie with rain gods,
And thin broken spears.

Kate Buss

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NEW MEXICO SONGS

*After the roar, after the fierce modern music
Of rivets and hammers and trams,
After the shout of the giant
Youthful and brawling and strong
Building the cities of men,
Here is the desert of silence,
Blinking and blind in the sun—
An old, old woman who mumbles her beads
And crumbles to stone.*

LOS CONQUISTADORES

What hills, what hills, my old true love?—Old Song

What hills are these against the sky,
What hills so far and cold?
These are the hills we have come to find,
Seeking the yellow gold.

What hills, what hills so dark and still,
What hills so brown and dry?
These are the hills of this desert land
Where you and I must die.

Oh, far away is gay Seville,
And far are the hills of home,

And far are the plains of old Castile
Beneath the blue sky's dome.

The bells will ring in fair Seville,
And folk go up and down,
And no one know where our bones are laid
In this desert old and brown.

What hills, what hills so dark and cold,
What hills against the sky?
These are the last hills you shall see
Before you turn to die.

THREE MEN ENTERED THE DESERT ALONE

Three men entered the desert alone.
But one of them slept like a sack of stone
As the wagon toiled and plodded along,
And one of them sang a drinking song
He had heard at the bar of The Little Cyclone.

Then he too fell asleep at last,
While the third one felt his soul grow vast
As the circle of sand and alkali.
His soul extended and touched the sky,
His old life dropped as a dream that is past,

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As the sand slipped off from the wagon wheel—
The shining sand from the band of steel—
While the far horizon widened and grew
Into something he dimly felt he knew,
And had always known, that had just come true.

His vision rested on ridges of sand,
And a far-off horseman who seemed to stand
On the edge of the world—in an orange glow
Rising to rose and a lavender tone,
With an early star in a turquoise band.

And his spirit sang like a taper slim,
As the slow wheels turned on the desert's rim
Through the wind-swept stretches of sand and sky,
He had entered the desert to hide and fly,
But the spell of the desert had entered him.

Three men entered the desert alone.
One of them slept like a sack of stone,
One of them reached till he touched the sky.
The other one dreamed, while the hours went by
Of a girl at the bar of The Little Cyclone.

OLD TIMER

His legs were bowed in leather chaps,
His hair was sun-bleached brown,
No barber's hand had touched his beard
Since he was last in town.

Beneath his high sombrero's brim
His gait was wide and free;
He walked as if he rode the range,
He hardly seemed to see

The shops or windows of the street,
But passed as if he dreamed.
His pale blue eyes were desert-dimmed,
His face was desert-seamed.

He had an air of open space
About him as he walked;
He was a priest of mystery,
Because he never talked.

He ate in silence; the café
Was hushed about his chair,
He brought the mountains to the town,
The mesas' blinding glare.

He brought siestas of high noon,
Sierras bleak and lone

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Where sunlight builds on sunlit hills
A sun-bronzed overtone.

He brought the breath of all outdoors—
Close-shut within himself
He kept his wisdom all inside;
I only guessed his wealth!

PEDRO MONTOYA OF ARROYO HONDO

Pedro Montoya of Arroyo Hondo
Comes each day with his load of wood
Piled on two burros' backs, driving them down
Over the mesa to Santa Fé town.

He comes around by Arroyo Chamisa—
A small grey figure, as grey as his burros—
Down from the mountains, with cedar and pine
Girt about each of the burros with twine.

As patient as they are, he waits in the plaza
For someone who comes with an eye out for wood,
Then Pedro wakes up, like a bantam at dawn—
Si, Señor, si Señor—his wood is gone.

Pedro Montoya of Arroyo Hondo
Rides back on one burro and drives the other,

With a sack of blue corn-meal, tobacco and meat,
A bit to smoke and a bit to eat.

Pedro Montoya of Arroyo Hondo—
If I envied any, I'd envy him!
With a burro to ride and a burro to drive,
There is hardly a man so rich alive.

IN THE SIERRAS

Do not bring me riches
From your store in the Andes,
Do not bring me treasures
From deep ocean caves.
Bring me but yourself
And I'll gladly go with you,
Bring me but yourself,
And I will not be sorry.

Do not bring me patterns
Of silks or of satins,
Do not bring me silver
Or gold wrung from slaves.
Bring me but yourself,
And my heart will rest easy,
And your head will be light
With my breast as its pillow.

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Do not bring me servants
Or oxen or cattle,
Or sheep for the shearing
Or ships from the waves.
Bring me but yourself
For my share and my treasure,
Then our fortune will grow
And will never diminish.

A SONG FROM OLD SPAIN

What song of mine will live?
On whose lips will the words be sung
Long years after I am forgotten—
A name blown between the hills
Where some goat-herd
Remembers my love and passion?

He will sing of your beauty and my love,
Though it may be in another tongue,
To a strange tune,
In a country beyond the seas—
A seed blown by the wind—
He will sing of our love and passion.

Alice Corbin

COMMENT

A WORD TO THE CARPING CRITIC

IN examining the editorial conscience, as I have been forced to do of late, in order to decide whether POETRY ought to continue to serve the art at the expense of its guarantors, I have been brought face to face with modern immensities. Of old—indeed, not so long ago—each artist, each poet, worked for a little group in a little city; his appeal was direct and immediate. Now each artist exhibits his work from Rome to San Francisco; and each poet, in English at least, throws his voice to the ends of the earth.

This sounds inspiring, but that is not the effect. In this case one bird in the hand is worth a whole bushful overseas. The far-flung audience is too remote and distracted—art becomes “irrelevant,” as a writer in the *New Republic*, Mr. George Soule, said some time ago. The relation between artist and audience, which should be intimate, becomes strained to a hair or snaps altogether. The artist wearies of speaking into a vacuum, and the audience wearies of art’s egoistic demands, begins to think art a luxury, a mere ornament, which may be accepted or dispensed with at will. Art tends to become, not a necessity of joyous and rational and expressive life, but merely one among too many demands. As Mr. Soule says:

Too much of the best has been written, in too many languages. If one has to spend a life in study before one can recognize an authentic poem, true recognition will vanish. . . . Art, to keep vital, must be related to the community. . . . How is it to

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be at the same time derived out of the complex and over-burdened modern consciousness, and made natural to a community without the ability to specialize in it?

Mr. Soule and other casual complainants present the problem, but discourage efforts at solution. In fact, the tenor of their criticism suggests that there is no solution—that modern art, losing thus the immediate response, the immediate relation with life, lacks power to survive. This may possibly be true—today is too early to assert or deny it, though most of us think that certain modern achievements will prove a denial of it when the next age sits in judgment on our own.

But the point I wish to make is that such a mental attitude is sterile: no modern artist with fighting blood in his veins can accept it any more than a soldier can accept the finality of the enemy's numerous and powerful guns. And the critical writer who accepts it, who does not see the invitation that difficulty offers to a powerful and adventurous mind, ranges himself with the enemy instead of against him.

Among the modern efforts at art-presentation which Mr. Soule deprecates are the "little reviews" and the "numerous magazines of verse," into which he looked some years ago "for the signs of greater vitality in our own literature and art." In pronouncing them "with a few exceptions precarious and unproductive," it never occurs to him to suspect the selective authority of his own mind; and as his attitude represents fairly the suspicion and inhospitality toward modern poetry of a large and highly educated and influential class, it must not pass without a protest.

A Word to the Carping Critic

What would Mr. Soule do with these desperate conditions which, in his opinion, confront our poets and artists? Would he close the current exhibitions and stop the special magazines? If not, the tone of his article belies him, for it nowhere admits that these are the artist's only means of being seen or heard, and should therefore, at all hazards, be encouraged. He never offers the modern poet a fighting chance against the formidable immensities which threaten him, but implies, on the contrary, that so slight a chance is hardly worth offering.

It is a strange fact that this type of critical mind has learned to take the current exhibitions of painting and sculpture, highly endowed and beprized, as a matter of course, while it still shrugs its shoulders at their exact parallel, the magazines which exhibit current poetry, and which are of course more or less "precarious" so long as they have no permanent endowment. Why do the critics and the public give the painter and sculptor this great advantage over their brother-artist the poet, unless their minds follow naturally the institutional trend and find values only where they have been long emphatically asserted in stone and mortar and constantly re-emphasized with cash?

The magazines of verse which "have sprung up in dozens" during the past five years are not yet so numerous nor so rich as the current exhibitions in our various cities, which give annual prizes of from three hundred to two thousand dollars; but their aim is identical with these—to give the poet a fair start, his chance at the public; to exhibit the best work

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now being produced, and thereby to lead to the production of better work. I think I speak for the other special magazines as well as for POETRY in thus stating the common object. No more than the current exhibitions can they pretend to offer numerous masterpieces; if they show one now and then they, and the public as well, are fortunate. But just as Mr. Soule may find, among hundreds of negligible pictures and statues in the current exhibitions, a few which will be permanently treasured as worthy of the great age we live in, so in the files of these "precarious and unproductive magazines of verse" he will find the first appearances of poets afterwards distinguished; and also, if he is discerning enough, poems which will be cherished by coming ages as worthy of, and representative of, our own.

At any rate, I would plead for a more generous and adventurous hospitality, among critical minds and critical journals, toward the effort which we are making to win for the art and the poets more public respect and recognition—something of the attention and favor so freely granted to the other arts. Any cause, in these crowded days, needs its special place and organ—a strongly concentrated effort by those who love it; and one may almost say that every one of the few special magazines represents a sacrificial effort of this kind. There may be some better way of making room for the poet and gathering his audience in this enormous and preoccupied modern world, but as yet no one has found it, nor provided the subsidy which its discovery would entail. *H. M.*

IRONY, LAFORGUE, AND SOME SATIRE

As Lewis has written, "Matter which has not intelligence enough to permeate it grows, as you know, gangrenous and rotten"—to prevent quibble, let us say animal matter. Criticism is the fruit of maturity, *flair* is a faculty of the rarest. In most countries the only people who know enough of literature to appreciate—i. e. to determine the value of—new productions are professors and students, who confine their attention to the old. It is the mark of the artist that he, and he almost alone, is indifferent to oldness or newness. Staleness he will not abide; jade may be ancient, flowers should be reasonably fresh, but mutton cooked the week before last is, for the most part, unpalatable.

The unripe critic is constantly falling into such pitfalls. "Originality," when it is most actual, is often sheer lineage, is often a closeness of grain. The innovator most damned for eccentricity is often most centrally in the track or orbit of tradition, and his detractors are merely ignorant. The artist is in sane equilibrium, indifferent utterly to oldness or newness, so the thing be apposite to his want.

The scholar, often selfish, will as a rule have little to do with contemporary letters. He plays it safe. He confines himself to what many have already approved. The journalist is left as our jury. He is often an excellent fellow, and, in that case, a scoffer at his chosen or enforced position. He says, "It is this that makes banderlog of us all." I quote his phrase quite correctly; he was speaking of journalists. He talked intelligently on many other matters, and he did

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not look in the least like banderlog. He looked in fact rather like the frontispiece to my edition of Leopardi. Within three weeks as many journalists—all successful and one of them, at least, at the “top of the tree”—have all said the same thing to me in slightly varying words. The journalist and his papers exist by reason of their “protective coloring.” It is their job to think as their readers think at a given moment.

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It is impossible that Jules Laforgue should have written his poems in America in “the eighties.” He was born in 1860, died in 1887 of *la misère*, of consumption and abject poverty in Paris. The vaunted sensitiveness of French perception, and the fact that he knew a reasonable number of wealthy and influential people, did nothing to prevent this. He had published two small volumes, one edition of each. The seventh edition of his collected poems is dated 1913, and doubtless they have been reprinted since then with increasing celerity.

He is perhaps the most sophisticated of all the French poets, so it is not to be supposed that any wide public has welcomed or will welcome him in England or America. The seven hundred people in both those countries, who have read him with exquisite pleasure, will arise to combat this estimate, but no matter. His name is as well known as Mallarmé's, his writings perhaps are as widely distributed. The anthology of Van Bever and Leataud has gone into, I suppose, its fiftieth thousand.

Un couchant des Cosmogonies!
Ah! que la Vie est quotidienne . . .

Irony, Laforgue, and Some Satire

Et, du plus vrai qu'on se souviene,
Comme on fut piètre et sans génie. . . .

What in heaven's name is the man in the street to make
of this, or of the *Complainte des Bons Ménages*!

L'Art sans poitrine m'a trop longtemps bercé dupe.
Si ses labours sont fiers, que ses blés décevants!
Tiens, laisse-moi bêler tout aux plis de ta jupe
Qui fleure le couvent.

The red-blood has turned away, like the soldier in one of Plato's dialogues. Delicate irony, the citadel of the intelligent, has a curious effect on these people. They wish always to be exhorted, at all times no matter how incongruous and unsuitable, to do those things which almost anyone will and does do whenever suitable opportunity is presented. As Henry James has said, "It was a period when writers besought the deep blue sea 'to roll.' "

The ironist is one who suggests that the reader should think, and this process being unnatural to the majority of mankind, the way of the ironical is beset with snares and with furze-bushes.

Laforgue was a purge and a critic. He laughed out the errors of Flaubert, i. e., the clogging and cumbrous historical detail. He left *Coeur Simple*, *L'Education*, *Madame Bovary*, *Bouvard*. His, Laforgue's, *Salome* makes game of the rest. The short story has become vapid because sixty thousand story writers have all set themselves to imitating De Maupassant, perhaps a thousand from the original.

I think Laforgue implies definitely that certain things in prose were at an end. I think also that he marks the next phase after Gautier in French poetry. It seems to me that

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without a familiarity with Laforgue one can not appreciate—i. e., determine the value of—certain positives and certain negatives in French poetry since 1890.

He is an incomparable artist. He is, nine-tenths of him, critic—dealing for the most part with literary poses and *clichés*, taking them as his subject matter; and—and this is the important thing when we think of him as a poet—he makes them a vehicle for the expression of his own very personal emotions, of his own unperturbed sincerity.

Je ne suis pas "ce gaillard-là!" ni Le Superbe!
Mais mon âme, qu'un cri un peu cru exacerbe,
Est au fond distinguée et franche comme une herbe.

This is not the strident and satiric voice of Corbière, calling Hugo "*Garde Nationale épique*," and Lamartine "*Lacrimatoire des abonnés*." It is not Tailhade drawing with rough strokes the people he sees daily in Paris, and bursting with guffaws over the Japanese in their mackintoshes, the West Indian mulatto behind the bar in the Quartier. It is not Georges Fourest burlesquing in a café; Fourest's guffaw is magnificent, he is hardly satirical. Tailhade draws from life and indulges in occasional squabbles. Corbière is hard-bitten, perhaps the most poignant poet since Villon, in very much Villon's manner.

Laforgue was a better artist than any of these men save Corbière. He was not in the least of their sort. Corbière lived from 1842 to 1875. Tailhade was born in 1854, and is still living. During the eighties he seems to have been writing Swinburnian verse, and his satires *Au Pays du Mufle*, now part of *Poèmes Aristophanesques*, appeared in

1891. Corbière's poems, first printed in 1873, were hardly obtainable until the reprint of 1891. Thus, so far as the public is concerned, these poets are almost contemporary with each other.

They "reached" England in the nineties. Beardsley's *Under the Hill* was until recently the only successful attempt to produce "anything like Laforgue" in our tongue. *Under the Hill* was issued in a limited edition. Laforgue's *Moralités Légendaires* was issued in England by the Ricketts and Hacon press in a limited edition, and there the thing has remained. Laforgue can never become a popular cult because tyros can not imitate him. Recent translations of his prose are held up because of copyright laws.

I do not think one can too carefully discriminate between Laforgue's tone and that of his contemporary French satirists. He is the finest wrought; he is most "verbalist." Bad verbalism is rhetoric, or the use of *cliché* unconsciously, or a mere playing with phrases. But there is good verbalism, distinct from lyricism or imagism, and in this Laforgue is a master. He writes not the popular language of any country but an international tongue common to the excessively cultivated, and to those more or less familiar with French literature of the first three-fourths of the nineteenth century.

He has done, sketchily and brilliantly, for French literature a work not incomparable to what Flaubert was doing for "France" in *Bouvard* and *Pécuchet*, if one may compare the flight of the butterfly with the progress of an ox, both proceeding toward the same point of the compass. He has dipped his wings in the dye of scientific terminology. Pierrot

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imberbe has

Un air d'hydrocephale asperge.

The tyro can not play about with such things, the game is too dangerous. Verbalism demands a set form used with irreproachable skill. Satire needs, usually, the form of cutting rhymes to drive it home.

Chautauquas, Mrs. Eddys, Dr. Dowies, Comstocks, societies for the prevention of all human activities are impossible in the wake of Laforgue. And he is therefore an exquisite poet, a deliverer of the nations, a Numa Pompilius, a father of light. And to the crowd this mystery, the mystery why such force should reside in so fragile a book, why such power should coincide with so great a nonchalance of manner, will remain forever a mystery.

Que loin l'âme type
Qui m'a dit adieu
Parce que mes yeux
Manquaient de principes!

Elle, en ce moment.
Elle, si pain tendre,
Oh! peut-être engendre
Quelque garnement.

Car on l'a unie
Avec un monsieur,
Ce qu'il y a de mieux,
Mais pauvre en génie.

Laforgue is perhaps incontrovertible. John B. Yeats has written of the relation of art and "certitude" and we are perhaps too prone to connect "certitude" only with the "strong silent man" of the kinema. There are, however, various species.

Ezra Pound

REVIEWS

WILLIAM H. DAVIES, POET

Collected Poems, by William H. Davies. Fiffeld, London, and Alfred T. Knopf, New York.

William H. Davies writes in a curious traditional dialect—that is to say in a language that is more or less the tongue of Burns and Blake and the Elizabethans; he puts his words “hind-side to” as the ancient writers were wont, and he says “did go” and “did sing” and so forth. *Sero te amavi*, etc. Also Mr. Shaw once introduced him as a curiosity and all these things put one off. Having found out this much, one has also found about as much fault as one can find with Mr. Davies, or at least all the fault that he would not find with himself.

I do not know that I can submit Mr. Davies' work to my usual acid test. Those who have caught my habit must put it aside for a time. Here is *Sweet Youth*:

And art thou gone, sweet Youth? Say nay!
For dost thou know what power was thine,
That thou could'st give vain shadows flesh,
And laughter without any wine,
From the heart fresh?

And art thou gone, sweet Youth? Say nay!
Not left me to Time's cruel spite!
He'll pull my teeth out one by one,
He'll paint my hair first gray, then white,
He'll scrape my bone.

And art thou gone, sweet Youth? Alas,
For ever gone!—I know it well.
Earth has no atom, nor the sky,

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That has not thrown the Kiss Farewell—
Sweet Youth, good-bye.

Now I suppose that lyric is not quite Elizabethan; in fact, I am sure that it is not. Lyric it certainly is.

I wonder what further concession we must make. Certainly Davies uses his verse as a vehicle for a philosophy as well as for communicating his mood. Certainly he does talk *about* things quite as often as he presents them, possibly more often; still he does now and again present men or things without comment: as, for example, a drunk who has done time watching school-house after school-house in the hope of finding his children:

And "Balmy" Tom is near as bad
A-drinking ale till blind:
No absent child grieves he, but there's
A dead love on his mind.

The poem is possibly sentimental. There are flaws in its technique. "But you know it's only about one thing in thirty I do that's any good," is the author's own summary criticism of his poems, so we may as well take the good with the flawed for a moment. Poet Davies is without any doubt, if one will but read enough of him for conviction. Despite the ancient speech, the speech that is at least as old as Tom Moore, there is here and there the fine phrase and the still finer simplicity. The last line of the above four, for example. I think I had better quote one poem which makes it necessary to "accept Davies" as a poet, after which we can at our leisure decide which verses we are going to hold as "good Davies." The poem is *A Lovely Woman*:

Now I can see what Helen was:
Men can not see this woman pass
And not be stirred; as summer's breeze
Sets leaves in battle on the trees.
A woman moving gracefully
With golden hair enough for three,
Which—mercifully!—is not loose,
But lies in coils to her head close;
With lovely eyes, so dark and blue,
So deep, so warm, they burn me through.
I see men follow her, as though
Their homes were where her steps should go.
She seemed as sent to our cold race
For fear the beauty of her face
Made Paradise in flames like Troy—
I could have gazed all day with joy.
In fancy I could see her stand
Before a savage, fighting band,
And make them, with her words and looks,
Exchange their spears for shepherd's crooks,
And sing to sheep in quiet nooks;
In fancy saw her beauty make
A thousand gentle priests uptake
Arms for her sake, and shed men's blood.
The fairest piece of womanhood,
Lovely in feature, form and grace,
I ever saw, in any place.

Frankly I do not think that most of Davies' poems are so good as the two just quoted. Yet sometimes he uses the "classic-English" manner to perfection. In *Dreams of the Sea*, for example, are lines and strophes which I think we would accept without quaver or question if we found them in volumes of accepted "great poets":

And I have seen thy gentle breeze as soft
As summer's when it makes the cornfields run;
And I have seen thy rude and lusty gale
Make ships show half their bellies to the sun.

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Thou knowest the way to tame the wildest life,
Thou knowest the way to bend the great and proud:
I think of that Armada whose puffed sails,
Greedy and large, came swallowing every cloud.

But I have seen the sea-boy, young and drowned,
Lying on shore and, by thy cruel hand,
A seaweed beard was on his tender chin,
His heaven-blue eyes were filled with common sand.

And yet, for all, I yearn for thee again,
To sail once more upon thy fickle flood:
I'll hear thy waves wash under my death-bed,
Thy salt is lodged forever in my blood.

Robustezza! This verse is not in the latest mode, but compare it with verse of its own kind and you will not find much to surpass it. Wordsworth, for instance, would have had a deal of trouble trying to better it. The sound quality is, again, nearer that of the Elizabethans than of the nineteenth-century writers. The philologist will find scarcely a Latin word in the foregoing verses: "Armada" is a proper name, and "gentle" is so tempered by mediaeval French popular usage that one forgets its Latin derivation. I do not wish the reader to imply from this that the use of Latin words in English is taboo. Simply: certain effects are very often due to the omission of Latin words from the verse.

There is a resonance and a body of sound in these verses of Davies which I think many vers-librists might envy.

I am by no means attempting a full examination of Davies in this brief annotation. I think I have, however, quoted enough of him to show that he should be considered at least as much for his verses as for his better known prose, *Autobiography of a Super-Tramp*.
Ezra Pound

A MODERN SOLITARY

Ideal Passion—Sonnets, by George Edward Woodberry.

Printed for the Woodberry Society.

George Edward Woodberry—a study of his Poetry, by Louis V. Ledoux. Poetry Review Co., Cambridge.

Mr. Woodberry's sonnet sequence has the frail beauty of perfumed summer days, days spent in an old garden, out of range of the winds of the world. The garden is formally patterned but softly overgrown—a sweet refuge for a sensitive solitary soul. In its paths, beside its mossy marble finials, a poet may live in the spirit and be indulgent of dream. He may see the light that never was, and celebrate a mystic marriage with a lady too fine and fair for flesh; and then, dreaming himself into etherealized passion, he may weave a fabric of poesy in her praise.

Indeed, the suggestion of the book is monastic. The poet took the vows early, and his life has been expurgated of all common things. He is monkish in both his distaste for the world and his rapture of spiritual emotion. Mrs. Henderson, four years ago in *POETRY*, characterized one of Mr. Woodberry's poems as "the tragic experience of a conventional soul facing unconventionality—life." But the attempt was not only tragic but abortive—Mr. Woodberry has never really faced life; he could not. And the present poem, recording a frank withdrawal, is perhaps the truest expression we have had of his delicate, bookish, meditative soul.

It has fineness of form and phrase, perfect finish, polish. It is an expert modern handling of old forms, old fashions,

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old ideals. It has the pathetic and somewhat futile beauty of a fine lady of the old régime, revisiting the glimpses of the moon in these days of war and slang and bad manners, and feeling out of place as she confesses virginal ecstasies. Mr. Woodberry has never lived in his own time, and the penalty he pays is that nothing his art fashions can have quite the quality of an authentic original. No one today can quite "put over" a Louis XV Sevres plate or a Donatello altar, or a sonnet sequence of disembodied and ecstatic passion. The moment for those things is gone; our attempts at them have the flavor of a revival, a reproduction. Their sincerities are bookish sincerities, ardors for truth to type and period—not life but literature.

This sonnet, for example, is almost, but not quite, Sir Philip Sidney:

Full gently then Love laid me on his breast,
And kissed me, cheek and hands and lips and brow,
So sweetly that I do remember now
The wonder of it, and the unexpressed,
Infinite honor wherewith his eyes caressed
Youth in my soul, then ripening to the vow
That binds us; and he said to me: "Sleep, thou;
One comes who brings to thee eternal rest."

I know not how in that dread interval
My lady did herself to me make known,
So deep a slumber did upon me fall;
I woke to know her being in my own,
The nameless mystery whereon I call
When every hope hath from my bosom flown.

Sonnet XVII is a still franker expression of monastic rapture. Perhaps XXXI is the furthest of all from that mood—a fine tribute of gratitude for royal lineage:

The kings of thought and lords of chivalry
Knighted me in great ages long ago.

Mr. Ledoux's book is a reverent and thoughtful "biography and critical estimate" of the poet, with a complete bibliography. If, in our opinion, it overestimates his art, we at least get from it an admirable presentation of the point of view of his admirers.

H. M.

THE OLD GODS

The Story of Eleusis—a Lyrical Drama, by Louis V. Ledoux.
Macmillan Co.

Yzdra, a Tragedy, by Louis V. Ledoux. Macmillan Co.

These two plays may be regarded as experiments in an old fashion, one as quaintly outworn today as hoop-skirts or powdered wigs. They are eighteenth-century classic, the studied library work of a cultivated man of letters, who follows literature with gentlemanly discretion, as an agreeable occupation for his leisure. And *The Story of Eleusis* has a certain charm: the old gods, the old myths, are handled with a delicate touch; we feel soft airs blowing perfumes from far away. The characters are figures in a pale frieze—they move as in a dream, behind a veil. If the poet can not aspire to the Greek magic, and if some of his choruses are too obviously of Swinburnian cadence, he yet attains a certain harmony of tone in a balanced composition, and fine lines, of studied and reverent simplicity, light the picture with notes of soft color.

In *Yzdra*, published later, we find the style stiffening, as is natural with a manner so essentially artificial. Even that

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whalebone fashion has outgrown, one would think, such tinsel phrases as *ay-forsooth*, *perchance 'tis he*, *as wise as fair*, and such lines as

Some fate impendeth in the womb of time
or

I cannot choose but love in spite of all.

Moreover, the theme is beyond its reach. Alexander the Great wears knee-breeches and a powdered wig, like the actors of the early Georges, and is never for a moment convincing, either as king, conquering soldier, or passionate lover.

Both *Eleusis* and *Yzdra* are period plays, the period being neither Persephone's nor Alexander's, but the later Addison's. One has more atmosphere than the other, but, like the period rooms of the modern rich, they don't quite get the flavor.

H. M.

FOR CHILDREN

Songs of Childhood, by Walter de la Mare. Longmans Green & Co., London and New York.

It is a delight to have a new edition of these lovely lyrics for children, first printed—most of them—fifteen years ago, and of late out of print. The author was a lyrist of sure instinct then as now, even though certain of his later poems have a rarer beauty. Already we have the delicate humor, the eeriness and wistfulness so characteristic of the man.

One wonders whether the faint light perfume of these poems would escape one's robust child-friends. Perhaps some of them would feel it; anyway this one on *The Fly* should appeal to them all:

How large unto the tiny fly
Must little things appear!—
A rose-bud like a feather bed,
Its prickle like a spear;

A dewdrop like a looking-glass,
A hair like golden wire;
The smallest grain of mustard-seed
As fierce as coals of fire;

A loaf of bread a lofty hill;
A wasp a cruel leopard;
And specks of salt as bright to see
As lambkins to a shepherd.

H. M.

OTHER BOOKS OF VERSE

Verses, by Hilaire Belloc. With an *Introduction* by Joyce Kilmer. Lawrence J. Gomme.

Mr. Kilmer says: "Hilaire Belloc is a poet. Also he is a Frenchman, an Englishman, an Oxford man, a Roman Catholic, a country gentleman, a soldier, a democrat, and a practical journalist. He is always all these things."

But only very casually is Hilaire Belloc a poet, only now and then in this book. Always he is a personality, though; in his ballads and devotional poems and drinking songs there is a rich feel and flavor, whether they are quite poetry or not; sometimes they are frankly nonsense or slap-dash journalism. But the three poems of the Virgin—*Our Lord and Our Lady*, *In a Boat* and *Courtesy*—have a high beauty and simplicity, and *The Leader* is that rare treasure of the muse, a truly heroic ballad, and with a modern meaning. We quote the beginning and end:

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The sword fell down: I heard a knell;
I thought that ease was best;
And sullen men that buy and sell
Were host, and I was guest.
All unashamed I sat with swine,
We shook the dice for war;
The night was drunk with an evil wine—
But she went on before.

*She rode a steed of the sea-foam breed,
All faery was her blade,
And the armour on her tender limbs
Was of the moonshine made.*

I hear them all, my fathers call,
I see them how they ride,
And where had been that rout obscene
Was an army straight with pride.
A hundred thousand marching men,
Of squadrons twenty score,
And after them all the guns, the guns,
But she went on before.

*Her face was like the king's command
When all the swords are drawn.
She stretched her arms and smiled at us,
Her head was higher than the hills.
She led us to the endless plains.
We lost her in the dawn.*

H. M.

Pilgrimage, by Eric Shepherd. Longmans, Green & Co.

Because of its absolute sincerity one likes and respects this book even though not in accord with its religious doctrines or its doctrines of art. The emotion and the craftsmanship are so honest, so lucid and basically sound, one wonders what poetry Mr. Shepherd would have given us if he had come to see the world with equal sincerity through different glasses. There is a delicacy and perfection of form in these poems

which suggests *The Shropshire Lad*, and the same blending of intimacy with reserve. H. H.

City Dust, by Jane Burr. Frank Shay, New York.

The best poems in this book are those that have to do with people, but only the "Tilly" ones are really good. The foundling baby is a delightful enviable baby, but not quite sublimated into poetry. The *Lunger on the Roof* and the wife in *The Old Debt* sound as if the writer had not yet come into sharp enough realization of these people to make them live in poems. The tone of the book is journalistic, and one wishes Jane Burr had waited a little longer before going into print. H. H.

CORRESPONDENCE

COALS OF FIRE FROM THE COWBOY POET

Dear Madam: A friend called my attention to the version of my *Glory Trail* appearing in your August issue, also to your editorial announcement that I was "unknown." I mentally admitted the truth of the latter statement, but felt pained that my obscurity should be trumpeted about the country through the pages of your excellent magazine. To-day, however, I saw your September issue and my wounds are healed. While I am in a good humor I will set an honest heel squarely upon the corns of my writhing egotism and confess that you are right in saying that the cow-punchers' version of the song is an improvement over the original.

During my years on the ranch in the border country I had no idea that more than one or two of my companions of the

roundup ever read my poetical paroxysms. If I had, apprehensions for my personal safety might have made my life on the range a less perfect memory than it is. One night around the fire, while I was cooking for an outfit on the drive, during the alcoholic disability of the regular incumbent, I heard the story of a cowboy, in the Chiricahua mountains, I think, who had roped a bobcat and dragged it to death. The same night Dave asked Bronc to sing a song (a real folk-song I reckon that must have been) which began with the words, "Way high up on Pecos stream;" but Bronc couldn't remember it. These fragments, with various amazing lies which the boys told of their prowess with the rope, went into my melting pot, however, and a year or so later the rhyme of *High-Chin Bob* resulted, much as Aaron's golden calf came out of the fire after the Israelitish bracelets and earrings had been thrown in.

And so there isn't an atom of mystery about it, nor a scrap of romance. Instead of being some mysterious, sun-tinged singer of the old free days who has now crossed the Great Divide and is drinking straight whisky and shooting holes through the roof of the Valhalla to which Wild Bill and Calamity Jane and Big-nosed George and the Apache Kid and the other old worthies have gone, I am a drearily ordinary Western man who wears shoes and goes to church and boosts for prohibition, like most of the other reformed cow-punchers. Your kind words, though, rattle around in my heart as merrily as the ball on a roulette wheel, and I thank you for them.

Badger Clark

ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS

It is the happy but difficult prerogative of the editorial staff of *POETRY* to award this month two prizes for poems printed in the magazine during its fifth year—from October, 1916, to September, 1917, inclusive.

Poems by members of the committee are withdrawn from competition, the members represented this year being Mrs. Henderson (Alice Corbin), Mrs. Tietjens, Mr. Pound, Mr. Fuller, Miss Wyatt and Miss Monroe. Miss Wyatt, to her great regret, has been unable, however, to serve on the committee of award this year. Translations are not considered.

The HELEN HAIRE LEVINSON PRIZE of two hundred dollars, offered by Mr. Salmon O. Levinson, of Chicago, for a poem, or group of poems, by a citizen of the United States, is awarded to

MR. CLOYD HEAD

of Chicago, for his one-act tragedy *Grotesques*, published in the number for October, 1916.

The prize of one hundred dollars, offered by a guarantor for a poem, or group of poems, without restriction of nationality, is awarded to

MR. ROBERT FROST

for his poem, *Snow*, published in November, 1916. Mr. Frost, as we all know, lives in Franconia, N. H., but for

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the last year or two, as a member of the faculty of Amherst College, he has spent the college year at Amherst, Mass.

Both prizes are awarded by a plurality vote of the committee, a minority dissenting and scattering in each case.

The following poems receive honorable mention:

Sa-a Narai, by Frank S. Gordon (February).

War, by Eloise Robinson (May).

Mid-American Songs, by Sherwood Anderson (September).

Pocahontas, by Vachel Lindsay (July).

Kin to Sorrow, by Edna St. Vincent Millay (August).

Modern Lamentations, by John Gould Fletcher (December).

Resurrection, by D. H. Lawrence (June).

High Chin Bob, by Badger Clark (August).

Moonlight Sonata, by John Hall Wheelock (September).

Country Rhymes, by Orrick Johns (March).

Simples, by James Joyce (May).

Wind-flowers, by Mark Turbyfill (May).

City Pastorals, by Helen Hoyt (March).

The News, by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson (January).

Songs out of Stress, by Sara Teasdale (June).

History, by William Carlos Williams (August).

Dirge, by Alfred Kreymborg (April).

Prussians Don't Believe in Dreams, by Morris Gilbert (April).

The Fugitive, by Gladys Cromwell (April).

Poems, by Edward Eastaway (February).

(Edward Thomas was the real name of this poet, who died in action last spring on the English front.)

NOTES

Mr. Carl Sandburg, of Chicago, author of *Chicago Poems* (Henry Holt and Co.) needs no introduction to our readers. Nor does Alice Corbin (Mrs. Wm. P. Henderson) also of Chicago but now living in Santa Fé, N. M.

Mr. H. Thompson Rich, of New York, now editor of *The Forum*, has also appeared before; and Marjorie Allen Seiffert (Mrs. Otto S.) of Moline, Ill.

Mr. James Joyce, the well known Irish novelist, was introduced to our readers as a poet last spring. Mr. John Drinkwater, the English poet, author of *Swords and Ploughshares* and *Olton Pools* (Sidgwick & Jackson, Ltd.), has appeared several times in POETRY.

The other poets on our list this month are new to our readers. Mr. Salomón de la Selva, a young Nicaraguan poet who now lives in New York, was a godson and friend of his famous compatriot Ruben Dario. Our readers will remember his study of Dario and his poetry in July, 1916. Mr. de la Selva says of his two lyrics: "The two folk-songs are genuine, the first one especially—centuries old; and there is hardly a country where Spanish is spoken but possesses its versions of these songs." Mr. de la Selva has published a number of books abroad, and has contributed verse and prose in Spanish and English to various magazines of the two Americas; among his contributions being Spanish translations of certain modern American poets.

Miss Kate Buss, of Boston, is the author of *Jevons Block*, published last spring by the McGrath-Sherrill Press. And Mary White Slater, of Ironton, Ohio, is the author of *The Child Book* and a contributor to various magazines.

Mr. David O'Neil, of St. Louis, and Mr. Archie Austin Coates, of New York, will soon publish their first books of verse. And Mr. John Black, a young New York journalist, born in Scotland, is now with the American army "somewhere in France."

POETRY offers its readers this month the first of a series of articles on modern French poets, to be written by Mr. Pound, Mr. T. S. Eliot, Mr. Jean de Bosschère and perhaps others, and to appear at irregular intervals. *The New Age* in 1913 printed Mr. Pound's series, *The Approach to Paris*, but since then French aspects of the act have shifted somewhat and new names must be considered.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:

- Poems (1904-1917)*, by Wilfrid Wilson Gibson. Macmillan Co.
Sea Moods and Other Poems, by Edward Bliss Reed. Yale Univ. Press.
First Poems, by Edwin Curran. Privately printed, Zanesville, O.
Rhymes of Our Home Folks, by John D. Wells. Harper & Bros.
Dreamers and Other Poems, by Theodosia Garrison. Geo. H. Doran Co.
Main Street and Other Poems, by Joyce Kilmer. Geo. H. Doran Co.
War Ballads and Verses, by William Hathorn Mills. Privately printed, San Bernardino, Cal.
Love Songs, by Sara Teasdale. Macmillan Co.
Poems, by Maude Lalita Johnson. Privately printed, Los Angeles, Cal.
Roses and Rebellion, by Robert DeCamp Leland. Four Seas Co., Boston.
Old Christmas and Other Kentucky Tales in Verse, by William Aspenwald Bradley. Houghton Mifflin Co.
The Chinese Nightingale and Other Poems, by Vachel Lindsay. Macmillan Co.
Wisconsin Sonnets, by Charles H. Winke. Badger Publishing Co., Milwaukee, Wis.

ANTHOLOGIES:

- Christ in the Poetry of Today, an Anthology from American Poets*, Compiled by Martha Foote Crowe. The Woman's Press, New York.
Notre Dame Verse, Compiled and Edited by Speer Strahan and Chas. L. O'Donnell. Univ. Press, Notre Dame, Ind.
The Answering Voice, One Hundred Love Lyrics by Women, selected by Sara Teasdale. Houghton Mifflin Co.
A Treasury of War Poetry: British and American Poems of the World War, 1914-1917. Edited by George Herbert Clarke. Houghton Mifflin Co.

PROSE:

- Tendencies in Modern American Poetry*, by Amy Lowell. Macmillan Co.

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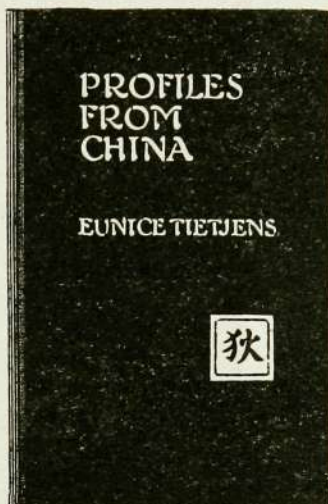
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