The livest art in America today is poetry and the livest expression of that art is in this little Chicago monthly.

New York Tribune (Editorial)

POETRY for APRIL, 1918

Carolina Wood-cuts . . . . . . . . Harriet Monroe 1
Gas-lamp Ghost—Song in Early April . . . Richard Hunt 11
When Singing April Came . . . . . . . . Isabel McKinney 13
Berkshires in April . . . . . . . . Clement Wood 14
Spring, New Mexico . . . . . . . . Rose Henderson 15
Blue Squills . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Sara Teasdale 16
Three Poems . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Marjorie Allen Seiffert 17
When I Am Old—To a Child—To a Poet.
The Silver Music—The Sanctuary . . Ford Madox Hueffer 19
Is It Worth While? . . . . . . . . Violet Hunt 21
Russia I-VI . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . John Gould Fletcher 22
Dr. Patterson on Rhythm . . . . . . . . H. M. 30
A Note on T. S. Eliot's Book . . . . . . . . M. M. 36
Send American Poets . . . . . . . . A. C. H. 37
Reviews:
"To Whom it may Concern" . . . Dorothy Dudley 38
Refuge from War . . . . . . . . . . . . H. M. 44
Reflected Folk-lore . . . . . . . . . . S. W. 46
Jean de Bosschère's Poems . . . . . . . M. M. 48
Fröding, Classic and Futurist . . . . . . . Svea Bernhard 52
Our Contemporaries:
A Modern French Anthology . . . . . . . . S. W. 54
Correspondence:
A Confession . . . . . . . . . . . . . . . Marguerite Wilkinson 56
Notes and Books Received . . . . . . . . 57

Manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope.
Inclusive yearly subscription rates: In the United States, Mexico, Cuba and American possessions, $2.00 net; in Canada, $2.15 net; in all other countries in the Postal Union, $2.25 net. Entered as second-class matter at Post-office, Chicago.

Published monthly at 543 Cass St., Chicago

Copyright 1918, by Harriet Monroe. All rights reserved
THE BLUE RIDGE

Still and calm,
In purple robes of kings,
The low-lying mountains sleep at the edge of the world.
The forests cover them like mantles;
Day and night
Rise and fall over them like the wash of waves.

Asleep they reign.
Silent they say all.
Hush me, O slumbering mountains—
Send me dreams.
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

WHITE

Purple mountains—oh, purple and blue—
Rippling under the sky;
And against them, nearer and brighter,
The many-colored trees,
With tasseled boughs uplifted,
And flowery young leaves.
And before me, trailing down the slope,
The dogwood, like a snow-nymph,
Leads the filmy-robed Spring.

THE OAK

The old oak lets fall its crimson leaves—
Tiny fuzzy leaves,
Drooping, shivering,
Tender as a babe new-born.
The hard old oak,
Brother of the wind,
Friend of storms,
Shakes out young leaves like a thin pale veil
Of rose and mauve,
That shades the sun for him,
And fluttering, flickering,
Softens the breeze.

[2]
Harriet Monroe

Is it a new, new world,
That rosy baby leaves—
So tender!—
Should droop from the brown-old oak?
A new, new world?

AZALEAS

Spread them wide,
Lovely ladies,
Spread your skirts wide.
Pink and white—
Oh, fair and chaste!—
Flutter down the mountain,
Rest in the wood.
Gold and red fire—
Oh, eager and warm!—
Gather in the hollows,
Shine in the shade.

Come in rings,
Come in crowds!
Storm the shy coverts
And the gloomy glades!
The sun will fish for you
Through the pine-tops;
The rain will jewel you
As you dance in the wind.
THE MOCKING-BIRD

I hear a thousand thousand tremors
Of clear water
Falling lacily in the sun.
I hear one, two—seven shivers
Of deep bells
Ringing under the sea.
I hear a chiming of soldiers in bright armor
Riding up a hill—
Oh, far away, far away!
I hear sweet words, silver words,
Musically clashing down
From the tune-locked lips of lovers
Up in Heaven.
I hear . . . . .

Is it you, brown bird?

THE FRINGE-BUSH

Delicate white fringe-bush blossom,
Drooping among pale leaves
In the deepest wood,
Why do you hide your secret?
You are the ghost of a lilac
Revisiting the world.
Harriet Monroe

THE LAUREL

The mountain laurel moves in rosy cloud-drifts
Over the wood's brown floor.
Cumulous masses,
Rounded,
Tipped with crimson,
Foam up from the dark green leaves.
More and more,
Like the sweep of bright spoil over the blue
When the storm has gone,
They move over and under
The sunshine and shadow,
Capturing the new-blown Summer
As she walks in the wood.

MY PORCH

My porch stands high,
And between the floor and the roof the apple-tree
Shoots in its green branches.
The blossoms are gone,
But silver sunlight dapples the leaves,
And little apples are rounding in the shadows.
Below me in the garden
Young shoots make green lines in the tawny soil.
Little peach-trees border it,
With three dark pines behind them.

[5]
And beyond, blue and green through the new-washed air,
Curves upward the crest of a hill
Against the pale blue sky.

So sweet, so still—
Hardly a breeze is blowing
To rustle the shining leaves.
At peace is the round, green world—
At peace.
Everywhere.

THE MOUNTAINEER'S WIFE

"Twelve miles?"
"Twelve miles—in the cool o' th' mornin'."
"But look—such a tiny baby!
"He's five weeks a'ready"—she snuggled him close in her arms—
"But I couldn' quite leave him with the othah children."
"Others?"—she looked so young,
Her milky brow and blue gentian eyes.
"O' cou'se—six—an' Co'nelia an' Jim ah lots o' help:
Las' wintah, when they couldn' go to school—"
"Couldn't go to school?"
"Coz 'twas too fah an' they had no shoes—
See, they made these nice little baskets—
Jus' like my big ones."
"Oh yes, the baskets—you came all these miles to sell them?"
"We jus' had to have money t' rent a plow,
Or else we won't have no co'n—
It's plantin' time."

"But your husband?"—he sat there lumpish.
Her voice grew soft as the pink-petalled wind
In the apple-blossoms:
"He nevah c'd sell no baskets—
Besides, I couldn' let him come alone."

THE ROSE-BUSH

"Old Mammy Jones, I came to see your rose-bush."
"Come right up, sonny!"
"Why does your rose-bush grow so taller and prouder
Than any white people's roses?"
"Dunno, sonny—ask de good Lo'd."
"Look, it has a thousand arms,
And they carry a million roses
In their baskets of leaves—
Over your roof, Mammy Jones,
Into your porch, into your wood-shed,
Pushing and crowding out everything
From the ground to the sky—
As round as the world!"

"It's to trim my ole cabin up, sonny."
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

"My mother has a garden, Mammy Jones,  
With nice little rose-bushes in it  
That the gardener trimmed,  
And this morning there were pink and yellow buds  
And lots of green ones.  
But not roses and roses like yours,  
Way up for God to smell 'em  
In the sky!  
Why is it, Mammy Jones?"

"Dunno, sonny—praps de good Lo'd like Mammy Jones;  
Praps he give a bouquet to his gal."

THE QUESTION

They were sauntering down the red road  
As I passed them—  
The round-lipped black woman and her child.  
And the child was saying:  
"Why's white folks better'n us, Mammy?  
What's white folks, anyhow?"

THE MEETING

The ox-team and the automobile  
Stood face to face on the long red road,  
The long red road was narrow  
At the turn of the hill,
And below was the sun-dancing river
Afoam over the rocks.

The mild-mannered beasts stood pat, chewing their cud.
The stubble-bearded man from the mountains,
Rustier than his wagon,
Unmoving eyed the proud chauffeur.
The little ragged girl
With sun-bleached hair,
Sitting on a hard, yellow-powdery bag,
Looked across at the smart motor hats of the ladies,
And their chiffon scarfs
That the light breeze fingered.

The proud chauffeur blew his horn,
But nothing moved—
Except the foaming, sun-dancing river down below.

Then he jerked his head,
And turned his wheel.
And slowly, carefully,
The automobile moved back over the long red road.

And the mild-mannered beasts lifted their feet,
And the stubble-bearded man flipped his rein,
And the ragged little girl looked ahead up the hill.
And the ox-team lumbered and limped over the long red road.
Would you not be in Tryon
Now that the spring is here,
When mocking-birds are praising
The fresh, the blossomy year?

Look—on the leafy carpet
Woven of winter's browns
Iris and pink azaleas
Flutter their gaudy gowns.

The dogwood spreads white meshes—
So white and light and high—
To catch the drifting sunlight
Out of the cobalt sky.

The pointed beech and maple,
The pines, dark-tufted, tall,
Pattern with many colors
The mountain's purple wall.

Hark—what a rushing torrent
Of crystal song falls sheer!
Would you not be in Tryon
Now that the spring is here?

Harriet Monroe
GAS-LAMP GHOST

Out of the blue-gray dusk
He comes—
The ghostly one,
The gray one,
Driving his ghostly wagon.
Nearer he comes, and nearer,
Silent
Except for his singing flower
That burns a violet hole in the air,
That melts a violet hole in the snowy dusk.

He comes with a flower of burning mist
On the tip of a copper stalk;
He comes with a misty flower that sings
And burns a violet hole
In the blue-gray dusk.

He touches dark stems in a row,
He tips them with his hot mist-flower,
Stem after stem;
And one by one
They bloom, and glow,
And have white flowers on them,
And burn pale blue holes, green ghastly holes,
In the silent air,
In the blue-gray snowy dusk.

[11]
SONG IN EARLY APRIL

The gray clouds weep on the brown grass;
The sun is bright upon one little hill.
The wind is bleak, alas!—
And the song sparrow still.

A hawk screams from the gray sky,
A frog pipes one small note from the bare marsh.
I saw a sea gull like a ship sail by
And his voice was wild* and harsh.

The hillsides are all streaked with little rills,
I saw a patch of ice beneath a ledge;
A snowbird on a bare twig trills,
And a robin in the hedge.

I found a pink moth and his wings were numb,
I found some green buds under the dead grass,
I tried to sing a song, but I was dumb:
The wind is bleak—alas!

Richard Hunt
WHEN SINGING APRIL CAME

When singing April came, the land awoke,
And love-of-liberty, perennial,
Pushed up its costly crimson through the sod
In every sheltered garden. April sang,
As ever, matings of unnumbered birds,
And all the shy and sweet imaginings
Of woods and fields, the beauty and the hope
Of the live world; but piercing clear and sad
In the swift wind, and in the vibrant light,
Even in the throbbing notes of orioles,
She sang of death, and rang a challenge out;
And the red flower flamed high beneath her words:

"Oh, sorrow for the shining, wind-swept highways of the sea!
They are made foul with blood.
Oh, sorrow for the beauty of earth,
For glowing orchards and quivering fields,
For jeweled cities humming in the sun!—
They are laid waste and desolate.
Oh, sorrow for the beauty of young souls
Hiding their vessels of fire beneath their cloaks!
The great wind has torn their mantles away,
And filled the heaven with burning,
And wrapped them in a winding-sheet of flame."

Isabel McKinney
BERKSHIRES IN APRIL

It is not spring—not yet—
But at East Schaghticoke I saw an ivory birch
Lifting a filmy red mantle of knotted buds
Above the rain-washed whiteness of her arms.

It is not spring—not yet—
But by Hoosick Falls I saw a robin strutting,
Thin, still, and fidgetty;
Not like the puffed, complacent ball of feathers
That dawdles over the cidery autumn loam.

It is not spring—not yet—
But up the stocky Pownal hills
Some springy shrub, a scarlet gash on the grayness,
Climbs, flaming, over the melting snows.

It is not spring—not yet—
But at Williamstown the willows are young and golden,
Their tall tips flinging the sun's rays back at him;
And as the sun drags over the Berkshire crests
The willows glow, the scarlet bushes burn,
The high hill birches shine like purple plumes,
A royal head-dress for the brow of spring.
It is the doubtful, unquiet end of winter,
And spring is pulsing out of the wakening soil.

Clement Wood
SPRING—NEW MEXICO

Spring crept over the purple hills,
Over the yellow, sun-baked sands.
No wild music of April rills,
But her hands,
Slim and wanton and softly white,
Waved in the windy, cloudless night.

Spring danced over the cactus plains,
Vaguely tender in timid green,
Veiled in the sudden, fleeting rain's
Silver sheen.
No mad riot of buds, and yet
Wild red poppies and mignonette,
Flung from her floating garland gown,
Fluttered down.

Spring fled out of the panting South—
Drooping eyelids and burning mouth,
Blown gold hair and a robe of mist,
Desert-kissed.

*Rose Henderson*
BLUE SQUILLS

How many million Aprils came
Before I ever knew
How white a cherry bough could be,
A bed of squills—how blue!

And many a light-foot April,
When life is done with me,
Will lift the blue flame of the flower
And the white flame of the tree.

Oh, burn me with your beauty then,
Oh, hurt me, tree and flower,
Lest in the end death try to take
Even this glistening hour.

O shaken flowers, O shimmering trees,
O sunlit white and blue,
Wound me, that I through endless sleep
May bear the scar of you!

Sara Teasdale
THREE POEMS

WHEN I AM OLD

I still shall love the spring when I am old.
The whisper of April rain
Through grey-green days, upon my window-pane,
Shall speak as now of mornings bright and fine—
The days of gold,
When sticky buds, bursting with leafy wonder,
Turn every one into a gay cockade,
Worn tilted up or tilted under
Those twisty April branches, bare of shade.

Though every April night is a green frame
For lovers, they but fit the old design
Earth never has outworn;
And without envy I shall say,
Nodding my head, “It used to be the same
In my own day!”

TO A CHILD

Beauty, the dream that I have dreamed so much
Comes true in your quick smile,
And on your cheek I see her touch
And sometimes in your eyes awhile
Immortal Beauty’s fleeting image lies.

[17]
Dear child, in whose veins beat
The marching centuries of lovers' feet,
All those brave, ardent ghosts in you arise—
The souls who, loving Beauty, gave you birth
With a chain of passion binding Beauty to earth,
A captured dream—these souls breathe with your breath,
Living again in Beauty that knows no death.

TO A POET

Strangely you say
The uttermost life has for you
In your own day
Blossoms and dies—there can ensue
No further power,
Longing, achievement, or unrest,
Beyond the hour
Earth takes your body to her breast.

So you devise
A diamond immortality,
And crystallize
Your soul in metric jewellery.
Well, let it shine,
Quaint relic of a past which lingers.
Children of mine
May touch it with warm, living fingers!

Marjorie Allen Seiffert
THE SILVER MUSIC

In Chepstow stands a castle—
My love and I went there.
The foxgloves on the wall all heard
Her footsteps on the stair.

The sun was high in heaven,
And the perfume in the air
Came from purple cat’s-valerian . . .
But her footsteps on the stair
Made a sound like silver music
Through the perfume in the air.

Oh I’m weary for the castle,
And I’m weary for the Wye;
And the flowered walls are purple,
And the purple walls are high,
And above the cat’s-valerian
The foxgloves brush the sky.
But I must plod along the road
That leads to Germany.

And another soldier fellow
Shall come courting of my dear;
And it’s I shall not be with her
With my lips beside her ear.
For it’s he shall walk beside her
In the perfume of the air
To the silver, silver music
Of her footstep on the stair.

THE SANCTUARY

Shadowed by your dear hair, your dear kind eyes
Look on wine-purple seas, whitened afar
With marble foam, where the dim islands are.
We sit forgetting. For the great pines rise
Above dark cypress to the dim white skies
So clear and black and still—to one great star.
The marble dryads and the veined white jar
Gleam from the grove. Glimmering, the white owl flies
In the dark shade. . . .

If ever life was harsh
Here we forget—or ever friends turned foes.
The sea cliffs beetle down above the marsh
And through sea-holly the black panther goes.
And in the shadows of this secret place
Your kind, dear eyes shine in your dear, dear face.

Ford Madox Hueffer
IS IT WORTH WHILE

Dear, were you ever here?
It has all grown so faint—
Just reminders,
Like the squeak of a bat, the chirp of a starling on the rim
of the chimney outside,
As I lie in bed of a morning;
The cry of a new-born kitten,
Or the crawling of a beetle on a slate,
As I sit out in the warm summer evenings.

Yet there are traces
Less intangible. . . .
There is the dear little amateur letter-box
You put in yourself for me,
The knots you made for me in the hammock cords,
The marks of your burnt cigarette-ends
That blemish the corners of tables and shelves.

Well, well! . . .
One throws away garments, one destroys photographs
That remind one. . . .
Is it worth while to give up a house
Because of such slight aura
As these?

Violet Hunt
862 A. D.

Darkness broods over the east,
Over the plain, the land of horses;
Darkness and wintry silence
And death.

But a blue-white light from the north
Suddenly flares up at midnight;
And in the glare, on the horizon,
A horseman rides alone.

He sits on his great white horse;
A strong white bow is in his hands;
Beneath his gold-horned helmet
Thick braids of golden hair descend.

He goes forth conquering and to conquer,
He goes forth seeking a golden crown—
From the frozen marshes of the north
To where the rivers bend south-eastward.

A brood of lions follow him,
Shaggy-haired, with broad golden manes;
Eaters of sheep,
Founders of cities.

In the depths of the steppe,
John Gould Fletcher

Upon the banks of broad golden rivers,
Facing south-westward,
The cities rise:

Kiev with its golden domes
On which there stands the Cross,
Vladimir, Ryazan, Tver,
Novgorod, Moscow.

Lord Novgorod the great
Looks to the north and east;
Moscow sits in the centre,
And dreams.

The cities contend with each other for the mastery

The heroes go forth every morning
To battle with each other.
At night about the wine-board
They sit, feasting.

II

1224 A.D.

Out of the east
Comes the great dawn;
Red is the dawn,
Red and fearful.

The Tatars suddenly invade Russia

From the south-east
Runs a red horse;
Foam drips from his bridle-bits,
His hoof withers the grass.
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Dark is the man
Who rides on him,
Clad in black armor,
Lean and yellow his face.

He carries a great black sword
With which to smite the people;
He has power to take peace from the earth
That men may kill each other.

Under the yoke
The princes pass;
They are his oxen,
He their lord.

Every day in the mills
The grain is ground;
Each day rich tribute
Goes to the Golden Horde.

Down at Sarai
Is the camp of the Khan;
Wearily travel
The oxen thither.

Down at Sarai
The great Khan sleeps,
But the claws of his falcons
Are fastened into the lion's throat.
Noonday within the east,
Noonday and a loud sound of bells
Pealing and crying
That the Third Rome is born.

Out of the great red gates
Of the Third Rome
Rides a man in scarlet
Mounted upon a black horse.

A golden cross is on his breast,
A pair of scales is in his hand
With which to measure and fit the earth,
With which to weigh the people's grain.

A measure of wheat for a penny,
And three measures of barley for a penny.
See that thou hurt not oil or wine,
See that the land is tilled.

But woe to thee, city of Pskov!
Woe to thee, Lord Novgorod!
The weight of the law of the Third Rome
Shall break your liberty.

Woe to thee, people of Rus,
Who set at nought the scales of law:
North, east, south, west, you shall wander,
But never find a home.

[25]
Darkness broods over the east,
Over the plain, that land of horses;
Darkness and wintry silence
And death.

Far away to the west
Hangs a great crimson fire;
It is the sunlight departing
Over the plain.

Out of the west there rides
The horseman of the twilight,
The great pale horseman
Whose name is Death.

And he carries in his hand
A lash of thongs;
And he has power to slay
With hunger.

And the eagles of the west
Pass after him;
Sea-eagles unsated
Fan with their dark wings his face.

Darkness settles faster
Upon the plain;
But the man on the gaunt grey horse
Rides on.
On to the north
Where a blue-white light faintly glimmers
Over the black pine-forests,
Over the frozen seas.

Two cities have long ago fallen,
But there is one city to found yet—
A city of dreary phantoms,
A city of death.

At the edges of the north,
At the borders of the locked sea,
The pale horse rears
And stands.

Darkness, total darkness!
And in the darkness
Furiously from east to west
The winds go forth to battle.

But the souls of them that were slain
And buried beneath the granite
Rise up again at midnight
And cry their final cry:

"How long, how long the darkness,
How long wilt not avenge us?
For here our blood is written
On every inch of soil;"
"For here our cause is crushed
Under the hoofs of proud horsemen;
For here our cause is forgotten,
Dead in the utter darkness."

So they cry all together,
And only the silence answers.
But the power of that silence
Has given them power to live.

And they go out to the streets of the city,
To speak to all hearts at midnight,
How the last seal will be loosened,
The final trumpet blown.

VI

Dawn comes out of the east,
Dawn with a tumult of flying horses;
White clouds of springtime,
Careering, galloping.

Stallion on stallion charging
Westward, to the horizon;
But in the midst of them
Rides Liberty unbound.

Her tossing, golden hair
Is mingled with the sea of manes;
Her voice cries, "On, you wild ones,
Stop not nor falter!"

[28]
Out of ten thousand trenches
A million weary eyes
Shall see her pass across the plains,
And cry, "Come faster!"

A million starving ones
Shall smile at her,
Shall stretch out their cold hands to her
Before they die.

A million broken ones
Shall make their bodies
The pathway for her feet;

A million eager ones
Shall leap forth from their trenches
To follow her command.

Like a white flame that gathers force
She shall fill all the land
With song of victory.

Like the great flame of noon,
She shall spread out her wings;
And grant us all we longed for, could not find,
The peace surpassing human understanding.

John Gould Fletcher

March 16, 1917, 1.15 p. m.
RHYTHM—the universality of the principle, its scientific basis, its application in the arts, especially in the speech arts—has always fascinated me. Of course it is an element of unalterable law: from the electron to the most enormous sun in space, every object moves rhythmically, in vibrations or pulsations or orbits, hastened or retarded between incredible extremes of slow or swift. All life is governed by heart-beats, and the arts are man's effort to respond to the universal impulse, his effort to create movement in time, or to mark off color-rhythms and space rhythms in patterns which suggest that movement.

From childhood I have groped among rhythms strongly felt but difficult to analyze. Many of them are beyond the scope of this inquiry—they would lead us far afield; but among them I have speculated long and often on the rhythmic laws that govern verse, prose, and speech—laws which these phenomena of human utterance can not escape. It has seemed to me obvious that not verse alone is rhythmical, but that prose also, whether on the page or the tongue, is bound to follow the universal law, is set to a pattern of time-intervals which it must unconsciously fulfil. And it has seemed to me strange that whereas musical notation is, in effect, a scientific analysis—a kind of picturing—of the rhythms of music, neither verse nor prose has been scientifically presented in any exact system of notation. Science, which has
been speculating during the past century in almost every other direction, had apparently neglected to investigate language-rhythms—for of course the puerile systems of verse-scansion inherited from our ancestors are as unscientific and out of date as pre-Galileo astronomy.

So it is like going home after a long journey to read *The Rhythm of Prose*, by Dr. William Morrison Patterson of the English department of Columbia University, published by the university press—a book which I would have read a year ago if some incorrigible borrower had not snatched it out of reach and mind. So science has been invading at last my favorite field; indeed, she has been building up, during the last twenty years, quite a bibliography on the subject, while I, ignorant of the German language and of journals of psychology and philology, have been groping along with only Lanier's *Science of English Verse* for a basis—a book which began the discussion in 1880. Dr. Patterson, fully informed in all this literature, possesses also a scientific mind, and scientific instruments for making photographic and phonographic records of the human voice in its utterance of both verse and prose.

I am quite out of sympathy with those sensitive poetic souls who resent this intrusion of science. The truth can do no harm, and in this case it must do incalculable good in the enrichment of our sense of rhythmic values. The poet of the future, discarding the wilful empiricism of the past and proceeding upon exact knowledge, will greatly develop and enrich our language-rhythms just as music-rhythms are
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

being developed and enriched by composers fully educated in their art, who add knowledge and training to that primal impulse of heart and mind which we call genius. The poet hitherto has worked in the dark, or at least in a shadow-land illumined only by his own intuition. Henceforth science will lend her lamp; she will hand him the laws of rhythm just as she hands to the painter the laws of light and color, or to the architect the laws of proportion and stress.

Dr. Patterson has the true scientific spirit; without prejudice he is investigating and recording. He writes:

I laugh at the way that some of my readers continue to size me up—I mean those who object to "scientific" investigation of our mental processes. They seem to think I lack "feeling," all the time that I am bursting with it. That's why I am trying to be slow and clear.

He records his pleasure in finding at least one poet in sympathy with his quest—and I am sure there are others. Indeed, only the expense of journeys to New York has kept the present editor from direct co-operation. He writes:

The vigorous and attractive personality of Miss Amy Lowell, who has recently been to my laboratory, where I made phonographic and photographic records of sections of her "free verse" readings, has warmed me up to a desire, more burning than ever, to straighten out the psychological facts of "vers libre." What I am after is the truth, and the proper data for establishing it. Nothing is more encouraging in such a quest than to find Miss Lowell, of her own initiative, wishing to cooperate with me in this undertaking. On the other hand, nothing would be more depressing to me than to be considered out of sympathy with the spirit of the "new poetry," whatever may turn out to be the truth about its form. In any case I insist on always being a champion of the contemporary and the vital, at the expense of the effete. After all, my theory of rhythm is in many ways a radical one, and what I have in the back of my head as the development of it is still more radical.
Long life to these researches! Dr. Patterson has made a good beginning, and I read his book with complete sympathy and accord except when he tries to draw with more or less definiteness a line between the rhythms of prose and verse, calling the former "syncopated" and the latter "coincident"; or, as he puts it:

Language is regarded as rhythmically "prose" so long as syncopation and substitution predominate over coincidence between the accented syllables and an under-unit series of subjective time-intervals. When coincidence predominates, language is rhythmically "verse."

This seems to me an effort to explain a difference which does not exist. I wish he would throw all such distinctions into the scrap-heap, where the old metrical distinctions—iambic, trochaic, dactylic, anapaestic, etc.—must be thrown by every modern mind, not because they are entirely false but because they are inexact, and are moreover inextricably associated with false usage, so that the subject of poetic rhythms requires a new notation and nomenclature.

I find syncopated rhythms in verse—metrical as well as free—and coincident rhythms in prose; and a somewhat prolonged and diversified study of the subject inclines me to say that no absolute line can be drawn between the rhythms of verse and prose. They fade into each other by gradations so slight as to be indistinguishable. If we confine our inquiry to English, and begin, let us say, with the sharply defined iambics and systematized caesuras of Pope, we glide unconsciously, through numerous stages, into the "freer" larger rhythms of Shakespearean or Miltonic blank verse. From these it is but a step to the varied rhythms of the best
free verse; from these but another step to the finest poetic prose (the Gettysburg speech, for example). The next rhythmic step from this brings us to more conscious oratory (Webster’s reply to Hayne is an example), and from this we could pass gradually toward the pitter-patter rhythms of common journalese, the tum-te-tum of cheap verse, and before long complete the circle back to Pope again.

The anapaests of Shelley and Swinburne, the carefully weighed spondaic-dactyllics of Meredith, would fall into the circle as four-time variations of a pattern usually three-time in English verse but accepting four-time more readily in prose. And the various lyric forms are but the weaving of closer patterns.

I maintain that each step in the above process marks a difference of degree merely. The commonest talk or journalese falls inevitably, as Sievers says, into “sprech-takte, or speech-bars, with a tendency to equal duration.” And in the greatest poetry ever written we have merely this same assembling of time-units, only they are more adroitly assembled and grouped, with a more conscious measuring of syllables and weighing of stresses. The underlying rhythmic principle is the same, I repeat, in both prose and verse.

The rhythmic difference, scientifically speaking, between verse and prose is rather, I should say, in the *grouping* of time-units (let us call them by the musical term bars)—rather in the *grouping* of bars, which is cadence, than in syncopation or coincidence within the bar itself. In verse, and more or less in poetic prose, the cadence tends to return
Dr. Patterson on Rhythm

upon itself, to effect what Miss Lowell calls a “curve.” It is the sweep of this secondary rhythm which counts, which makes the distinction between poetic and prose rhythms. And this secondary rhythm is no more “occult” in good free verse than it is in good metrical verse.

Dr. Patterson talks a little wildly, I think, in his chapter headed Vers Libre. Either vers libre has been badly read into his instruments—which is all too probable—or he accepts as vers libre some of its hopelessly prosy modern manifestations. As editor of this magazine I sympathize with him—hundreds of outpourings of chopped prose, quite innocent of poetic cadence, arrive at this office every month, which, if rhythmically analyzed, would indeed give one the sensation “of a jumping back and forth from one side of the fence to the other.” It is to be hoped that Miss Lowell will continue to help him in this detail, both in selection and in the actual readings for his experiments; indeed, he admits that her co-operation has been a valuable aid. All poets should assist so far as possible, for I cannot over-emphasize the importance of these investigations.

As a student of the rhythms of prose Prof. Patterson is less hampered by precedent, by out-worn definitions and prejudices; his thought moves more freely and is therefore more completely illuminating. If he will only go a step further, and cast aside all the old impediments of the empiric and discredited science of prosody, he will start afresh in his study of rhythms, with verse claiming no “class,” but fighting for precedence on the same basis as prose.
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

It is hardly necessary to say that Prof. Patterson's book, and the above remarks on the subject, concern rhythms alone, and none of the other elements—emotion, tone-color, sound-quality, etc.—which unite with rhythm to make up poetic beauty, and to assert the distinction between poetry and prose.

*H. M.*

A NOTE ON T. S. ELIOT'S BOOK

It might be advisable for Mr. Eliot to publish a fangless edition of *Prufrock and Other Observations* for the gentle reader who likes his literature, like breakfast coffee or grapefruit, sweetened. A mere change in the arrangement of the poems would help a little. It might begin with *La Figlia che Piange*, followed perhaps by the *Portrait of a Lady*; for the gentle reader, in his eagerness for the customary bit of sweets, can be trusted to overlook the ungallantry, the youthful cruelty, of the substance of the *Portrait*. It may as well be admitted that this hardened reviewer cursed the poet in his mind for this cruelty while reading the poem; and just when he was ready to find extenuating circumstances—the usual excuses about realism—out came this "drunken helot" (one can hardly blame the good English reviewer whom Ezra Pound quotes!) with that ending. It is hard to get over this ending with a few moments of thought; it wrenches a piece of life at the roots.

As for the gentle reader, this poem could be followed by the lighter ironies of *Aunt Nancy*, the *Boston Evening Transcript*, etc. One would hardly know what to do with

[36]
A Note on T. S. Eliot's Book

the two London pieces. Whistler in his post-impressionistic English studies—and these poems are not entirely unlike Whistler's studies—had the advantage of his more static medium, of a somewhat more romantic temperament, and of the fact that the objects he painted half-hid their ugliness under shadows and the haze of distance. But Eliot deals with life, with beings and things who live and move almost nakedly before his individual mind's eye—in the darkness, in the early sunlight, and in the fog. Whatever one may feel about sweetness in literature, there is also the word honesty, and this man is a faithful friend of the objects he portrays; altogether unlike the sentimentalist who really stabs them treacherously in the back while pretending affection.

M. M.

SEND AMERICAN POETS

Why not send poets to the front? Not to the trenches, for active service, where many of them now are, but as official government agents to see and to record this war for future generations? The newspaper correspondent has an official position; there are official camera men, official moving picture photographers; why not poets in a similar capacity? As a matter of fact Italy has D'Annunzio at the front; John Masefield and Rudyard Kipling have visited western and eastern fronts and published their impressions; why not American poets? It is true that both Masefield and Kipling have written their impressions in prose, with the exception of their early restrained poems on the war—the
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

poem on this war that will live can not be born save by slow, gradual, accumulative process. But both men, in their prose, have exhibited a sensitiveness to impressions far exceeding that of the ordinary correspondent; they have given us more than journalism.

What big magazine will be progressive enough to send an American poet to the front as an accredited correspondent? Mr. Ring Lardner has been over for Collier's—I wish Collier's would send Carl Sandburg or Edgar Lee Masters or Vachel Lindsay over!

If we realized sufficiently the importance of our literary men, our literature would be a more vital and intimate part of our lives, and it would be increasingly virile. It is worth noting that our poetry is now in closer touch with our lives than any other form of native art.

A. C. H.

REVIEWS

"TO WHOM IT MAY CONCERN"

Al Que Quiere! by William Carlos Williams. Four Seas Co.

As preface to these poems the publishers have been, I think, foolish in dealing the "gentle reader," as they are pleased to call him, a kind of blow over the head. They advertise the book as "brutally powerful" and "scornfully crude." They intimidate one with the magnificent news that Mr. Williams "doesn't give a damn for your opinion" and that "his opinion of you is more important than your opinion of him." They end by "venturing to predict that the poets
of the future will dig here for material as the poets of today
dig in Whitman’s *Leaves of Grass*. In passing, what base-
ness these pretty publishers impute to the poets—the deprav-
ity of the *apache* off to the battle-field for all detachable
property!

It seems a pity that Mr. Williams’ indifference should
have extended quite to this introduction. Just a slight
remonstrative damn might have escaped him, to save a de-
lightful volume from a foreword that hangs too oppressively
over it, and deprives one of intrinsic pleasure in the poems.
Unavoidably they appear for judgment in the heavy light
of this challenge; which has the further fault of being mis-
leading.

One would expect to find in *Al Que Quiere*, despite its
brief number of pages, a veritable *tour de force*, a kind of
poetic Woolworth Building, massing magnificently on the
horizon, but to the closer eye perhaps inexpressive, harsh,
from sheer neglect of detail. One looks in vain, however,
for enormous violent shapes, and finds instead poetry of the
sparer, more meticulous sort—at its best fibrous, marvelously
observant, delicate, haunting; then at moments stilted, con-
fused, obtuse. Many of the poems concern themselves with
pure sensation; again they seem doctrinal in character, truth
in compact form, often most deftly handled:

> Love is so precious,
> my townspeople,
> that if I were you I would
> have it under lock and key—
> like the air or the Atlantic or
> like poetry!
But at times more vulnerable, sententious even:

Meanwhile,
the old man who goes about
gathering dog-lime
walks in the gutter
without looking up,
and his tread
is more majestic than
that of the Episcopal minister
approaching the pulpit
of a Sunday.

These things
astonish me beyond words.

Very charming, but why this feigned astonishment, when obviously rain and wind would contribute to majesty more than divinity schools? One should, however, let that pass, for usually Mr. Williams is at great pains to be authentic. He leans far out, in fact, to capture in some snare of words those more intricate sensations that nearly baffle expression; and often he succeeds. *Trees*, for example, save for too easy an adverb in the third line, seems a feat of accuracy.

And when he has failed in this quest for the precise thought, the elusive difficult detail, when his verse lacks content or suppleness, it is rarely through semblance of carelessness. He appears, in fact, to have the conscience of the great artist, only as yet to lack the supreme ease. His very failures contradict the qualities indicated in the foreword. Not untrammelled enough to give any consecutive impression of power, he is too punctilious to be thought of as brutal, too scrupulous to be often crude. His concern, one feels, has been at least to keep intact the complexion of the poem. The most unwilling words have been brought to-
"To Whom it may Concern"

together and touched up with the cosmetics of style, until often they possess that air of greater distinction which ugliness has over prettiness. Only occasionally does he drop his devices, as in the final section of *January Morning*, or seem to relax as in *Ballet Russe*; when one gets the shock of a bad nut among many more difficult to get at, perhaps, but palatable. For the most part his reverence for tone is unremitting, and his reward frequent. Observe the lovely bloom of a poem like this:

I know only the bare rocks of today.
In these lies my brown sea-weed—
green quartz veins bent through the wet shale;
in these lie my pools left by the tide—
quiet, forgetting waves;
on these stiffen white star-fish;
on these I slip bare-footed!
Whispers of the fishy air touch my body;
"Sisters," I say to them.

Not many of the poems seek quite this fluid beauty. Their virtue lies rather in the native weathered quality of the words, like that of stones in untouched places; and they have the same fragmentary strength. They give at moments the effect of hardness, of fine reality; but when the thought becomes too bold, too intricate or too emotional to manage prettily, evidently rather than mar the surface of the poem Mr. Williams has resorted to the obscure and the cryptic. This refuge of course has just now the virtue or the vice, as one looks at it, of being distinctly the fashion. Writers are "doing it" this season, and *Al Que Quiere* doubtless will strengthen the inclination. But no matter how sparse

[41]
or veiled, certainly the design should never be broken or blurred; and poems like *M. B.* and *Keller Gegen Dom* are, I think, insecurely elliptical. *Virtue,* possibly by the same token, becomes confused and ill at ease; though the first strophe is keen beyond most of the book.

Sometimes perhaps Mr. Williams suffers from the curse of self-consciousness. He allows one, for example, to fall under the spell of heavy fragrant music like this:

```
None has dipped his hand
in the black waters of the sky
nor picked the yellow lilies
that sway on their clear stems,
and no tree has waited
long enough nor still enough
to touch fingers with the moon.
```

Then as if suddenly aware of too solemn a face, he changes brusquely to a lighter key, and the end is all too arch:

```
I looked and there were little frogs
with puffed out throats,
singing in the slime.
```

Yet if these poems do not give the impression of titanic power or of consistent mastery, they offer certainly a fine assortment. There is hardly a poem that somewhere has not edge and poignancy; and there are very few in which certain lines, certain words, do not graze one with the wings of reality. More than a dozen one is tempted to quote as complete and without flaw. One of these, *Chickory and Daisies,* seems to indicate the very task Mr. Williams had set himself:

```
Lift your flowers
on bitter stems,
```
chickory!
Lift them up
out of the scorched ground!
Bear no foliage
but give yourself
wholly to that!

Strain under them
you bitter stems
that no beast eats—
and scorn greyness!
Into the heat with them:
cool!
luxuriant! sky-blue!
The earth cracks and
is shriveled up;
the wind moans piteously;
the sky goes out
if you should fail.

Whatever the intention _Al Que Quiere_ does give the sense of a small garden induced to grow in unlikely surroundings: on the whole so deep-rooted that its bloom should last a long time, so native that very likely meaner poets will come to pick what they can; some of the blossoms rare and perfect, others more like those bright hardy flowers that bloom in high places above timber-line.

One poem, _To a Solitary Disciple_, especially from its twelfth line onward, has ease and elegance above the rest, rearing itself on a tough tenuous stem to the single freedom of the last lines:

Observe
the jasmine lightness
of the moon.

_Dorothy Dudley_
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

REFUGE FROM WAR


An American soldier now in France writes, in acknowledging a copy of The New Poetry:

Certain poems, like the Choricos of Aldington, have shuddered with me along night roads, and through their bold beauty have saved me from terror at moments when one of the great shocks—the explosion of an enemy shell, the sudden presence of pain or awful agony, the nearness of death—fell without preface upon me.

I remember once particularly, in the drab light of a cloudy dawning, when I saw near the edge of a road a poilu quietly lying. I should have fainted, I think, from the sheer tragedy of the incident, had I not heard, singing in my head, Aldington's invocation to death.

Such a letter proves, more sharply than any review, the value of a poet's work. No later lyric by Aldington can ever dim the Greek-marble-like beauty of Choricos, but neither can that poem dim the more tender and human beauty of Reverie. The contrast of moods in the two poems bridges the gulf between youth and manhood. Choricos, which was first printed over five years ago in the second number of POETRY, was written while the poet was still in his teens. It presents the feeling of adolescence, that high and impersonal exaltation not uncommon when noble youth confronts the thought of death:

Thou art the silence of beauty,
And we look no more for the morning;
We yearn no more for the sun,
Since with thy white hands,
Refuge from War

Death,
Thou crownest us with the pallid chaplets,
The slim colorless poppies
Which in thy garden alone
Softly thou gatherest.

Since writing it, the poet has experienced love and war—
love at its highest, war at its most terrible. He has com­
passed life, from extreme to extreme, and after that there
is no longer question of youth or age—life moves in the
larger rhythms of eternity.

All men love for a flash, a day,
As I love now,
But all men do not always love so long
Nor find in love the excuse for life,
The sanction for the bitterness of death.
Not far away as I now write
The guns are beating madly upon the still air
With sudden rapid blows of sound,
And men die with the quiet sun above them
And horror and pain and noise upon earth.

To-morrow, maybe, I shall be one of them,
One in a vast field of dead men,
Unburied, or buried hastily, callously.
But for ever and for ever,
In the fair land I have built up
From the dreams of my love,
We two are together, she bending by the pale flower
And I beside her:
We two together in a land of quiet
Inviolable behind the walls of death.

This tiny book of nine brief poems contains "no murmur
against Fate." The poet accepts war, as he might accept
a cyclone, in anguish and bitterness of spirit but without
revolt. He feels no élan, no conviction of war's necessity
or righteousness, but he takes his place in the ranks and does
his part with a grim and resolute stoicism. And out of his despair, out of his hunger for beauty, comes a lyric note clearer and richer than anything we have heard from him since those earliest poems, and an exaltation of spirit as noble and impassioned as in that votive moment of his youth—as noble and impassioned, and perhaps more humane.

We are of those that Dante saw
Glad, for love's sake, among the flames of hell,
Outdaring with a kiss all-powerful wrath;
For we have passed athwart a fiercer hell,
Through gloomier, more desperate circles
Than ever Dante dreamed:
And yet love kept up glad.

H. M.

REFLECTED FOLK-LORE

Old Christmas and Other Kentucky Tales in Verse, by

The Kentucky mountains, rich as they are in folk-lore, should be a happy hunting-ground for poets. Old Scotch-English ballads persist there in such root forms as the Fuller sisters have not been able to find even in the remote parts of England; and there persist also old-world legends and traditions. The people speak a quaint English, fresher than that used in the slang-ridden present-day world, an English often reminiscent of the Elizabethans. And they still indulge in romantic blood-feuds.

Out of this material Mr. Bradley has made a series of story poems, dealing often with real people and incidents that have actually happened. The task he has set himself
Reflected Folk-lore

was difficult, no doubt, and many of his narratives arouse in the mind a protest. They are too much modernized, smoothed over, and fitted to too hard a measure. The indigenous quality, the mountain flavor, is dulled in the process; the poems cease to be folk-lore and don't quite attain to being modern poetry. One longs to take the stuff straight, or at least with a stronger flavor of its native wildness.

But now and then the stark simplicity of his theme imposes its commands. Poems like the last in the book, *At Parting*, and the Cumberland ballad *Will Warner*, reduce life to their simplest mountain terms, so to speak; the former to terms of quiet beauty, the latter to terms of primitive violence. We quote part of the ballad:

Shot in the back in the courthouse square
By a dog of a Darrell skulking there,
Will Warner staggered and clutched the air.

Near to his death, and his heart grew gray.  
Each of his brothers had passed this way:  
He had paid their score—who now would pay?

Still, as he pondered the unpaid score,  
He saw his mother who stood in the door—  
As she had stood there thrice before.

Sombre and silent, no word she said,  
But drew the covers down on the bed  
That had held the living and held the dead.

No word she said, but on cat's feet crept  
Through the firelit room where her watch she kept  
O'er her baby, her least one, who woke and slept.

Woke, then slept but to wake again;  
Slept with the weakness, woke with the pain—  
And a bee that buzzed and boomed in his brain.

[47]
And only once from his lips came a cry.
"Aw, Will, quit that! If ye've got to die,
Die like a Warner!" with flashing eye

Flung his mother. Ere night she had laid him straight,
And all on her shoulders had borne his weight
Up the steep hillsides to the grave-house gate.

She bore him up and she dug him deep,
And left him alone in the earth to sleep;
Then stumbled back to the shack—to weep.

One regrets such things as the o'er and ere and all on,
which belong neither to modern speech nor to the "pristine
freshness and simplicity" which the poet, in his preface,
admires in the mountaineer's somewhat archaic diction. In­
deed, we long throughout the book for more of the authen­
tic racy flavor of their talk—if not dialect, which Mr. Bradley
has "not attempted to render with any literalness," then a
certain quality inherited, we are told, from Elizabethan
English. But at least these ballads—a few of them—give
us a sharp impression of the morale, the life, of those ma­
rooned groups whom the modern current has passed by.

S. W.

JEAN DE BOSSCHÈRE'S POEMS

The Closed Door, by Jean de Bosschère: Illustrated by the
author. With a Translation by F. S. Flint and an In­
troduction by May Sinclair. John Lane, London and
New York.

This Frenchman, like certain modern poets of our own
language, sees the characteristics, as of individual life, which
lurk in inanimate objects and even in situations, as well as
Jean de Bosschère's Poems

in living beings. He feels what might be called the soul of these. This form of vision is perhaps mysticism, but it is entirely apart from, though not contradictory to, theological mysticism. To one with a developed sensitiveness this form of individuality is a thing as real—in this world of illusions—as material appearances are. Much of Harold Monro's poetry is on this theme, and one may trace it in some poems of H. D., of Pound, Eliot, and others. One can find a slight similarity between Amy Lowell and Jean de Bosschère in the exaggerated form of the expression of their vision, though there is a heat and an artistic self-abnegation in the French poet which Miss Lowell does not attain, perhaps does not wish to attain.

Homère Mare, for example, is a story-poem about the attachment of the human soul to the souls of his surroundings, and its estrangement from them. It has the serene, subdued beauty of a sunny pebbled road through a fair country.

L'Offre de Plebs is probably the most beautiful poem in the volume—one can hardly over-praise its peculiar beauty. The subject is sympathetic with the poet's temperament, and its gloom and playfulness express a depth of sensitiveness rarely reached. It is the perfect image of a mood—desire for solitude; and in spite of wistfulness it has no trace of sentimentality:

Je veux qu'il ait un Dieu!
Et qu'il brûle en sacrifices toutes ses amours
Et ses maisons;
Et que, pour moi, son esprit prenne

[49]
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

La robe des moines
Close comme la peau des grenouilles.
Je veux qu'il ait un Dieu!
Il faut que cela soit moi. . . .

And:

Je ne veux pas d'un coeur qui ait aimé;
Je ne veux d'un ami qui sera hérétique.
Il y a la chair et le diable de l'esprit.
Il y a les arbres et aussi les parfums;
Il y a des ombres, des souvenirs;
Il y a des images, des rêves,
Et il y a l'espoir
Et la douleur.

Ulysse Bâtit son Lit is the expression of an individual soul in a small or large village—it might be in France, Argentina, or America, for it is everywhere the same. The poem is a perfect embodiment of the pettiness of the village spirit, which in this case resented a man’s way of “building” his bed! God help these bed-builders of France, Argentina, or America!

The latter parts of the volume express more personal emotions and are less unlike the work of other poets. The themes of Doutes, Gridale, Verger, La Promesse du Merle, have been treated in poetry in various forms. Doutes and Gridale are in places rhetorical, but always lit with a weird and sometimes quaint fire which is the poet's own. Parts of them form complete poems, like these about his father and mother from Doutes:

Il fumait sa pipe avec intégrité.
On se collait près de lui
Pour tirer par le nez son odeur d'homme.

[50]
Jean de Bosschère's Poems

Et la mère était le pain et le beurre,
La rosée froide de six heures, et la cerise,
Les draps blancs au réséda,
Et le rond chaud des levres sur la joue.

In La Promesse du Merle the sombreness is relieved by the lightness of touch:

Ce n’est pas fier de finir
Toujours à moitié! . . .
De jeter trois notes de feu
Qui ouvrent le coeur fané
Avec des ézardes de faim et de soif.

In this poem, as well as in some of the others, the poetic height and depth of the emotion sometimes appear strained, but that depends on the temperament and even on the mood of the reader.

In the illustrations one can find the influence of Kandinsky’s black-and-white—haunting patterns often like spilled and partly dried water. Also there may be a suggestion of Alfred Kubin—compare for instance Kubin’s illustrations to his romance with De Bosschère’s at the end of Doutes. He is trying to escape Beardsley, and usually succeeds—indeed, he is on the whole self-expressive. One wishes that our American illustrators would give us, as intimately as these men, their own happy or sombre individualities.

The translation is too servile, and lacks charm, especially toward the end of the book. But printing the French and English versions on opposite pages is too severe a test for any translator.

M. M.
FRÔDING, CLASSIC AND FUTURIST


It is the tragic fate of great poets of a small nation, to remain strangers to the world outside their own country.

On the other hand this tends to strengthen the intimate bond between the poet, writing in a little known language, and his reader, whose feeling of pride in the ownership of treasures open only to him, is however mingled with regret that these can not be widely appraised at their true worth.

To a greater extent perhaps than with any other Swedish poet of rank, this is the case of Gustaf Fröding. A great universal genius, a profound thinker and philosopher, he has chosen for the expression of his personality a form which has immeasurably enriched the Swedish language in poetic beauty; but to the world at large no interpretation, worthy of the indescribable charm of his original art, has as yet been given.

Mr. Charles Wharton Stork’s effort to translate into English some of his more popular poems, may be the result of very good intentions and a sincere appreciation of the poet, but it does not give us Gustaf Fröding. Any one of Robert Burns’ simple little masterpieces will better serve to give an idea of the singing rhythmic perfection in his youthful songs. These are written in the dialect of his native prov-
ince, Wärmland, which has been the birthplace of so many of Sweden’s most famous writers, and holds a place in the hearts of the people like that of Normandie with the French.

The close inter-action between Fröding’s tragic life and his poetry becomes more manifest as his creative development broadens. Gloomy brooding, foreboding the threatening spectre of insanity, to which he at last wholly succumbed, permeates the work of his later years.

It seems a pity, and shows lack of balanced judgment, that Mr. Stork, among several comparatively harmless translations, should have tried his hand at the magnificent poem A Dream of the Orient. With such a task a born poet would be put to a crucial test. Fröding always handles the subject of sex-relation with absolute and open honesty, but in none of his other poems is physical love pictured in such courageous defiance of all old hide-and-seek traditions. So humanly appealing is the natural simplicity and grandeur of the poem’s conception that its frankness does not even astound.

There is more promise of an adequate translator in Professor Axel Johan Upvall, of Clark College, who tried his hand at Fröding in the Poetry Journal of February, 1916.

It may sound contradictory to assert that Fröding, who died in 1911, and who already in his life-time was accepted as a classic, is an exceedingly modern poet. And yet each re-reading of his works brings to me the impression that I am receiving something fresh and new. He played with rhyme and meter, with rhythm and style,
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

stamped new words, neglected ancient and modern laws in poetry, but his form of expression is that of the masters.

*Svea Bernhard*

**OUR CONTEMPORARIES**

**A MODERN FRENCH ANTHOLOGY**

_The Little Review_, with Ezra Pound as its spokesman, has come to the conclusion that America can no longer conduct its intellectual affairs on a monolingual basis. It proposes to print criticism of current French literature as well as English, and for a starter devotes its February number to an anthology of modern—that is, post-Gautier—French poetry.

It isn't often that one can get such an anthology at the price of a magazine, nor for that matter at any price, since the anthology fever has not hit the French publishers quite as it has the American. And Mr. Pound's selection is a little more than an anthology. In compiling it, he found that the poets and heirs who would have to be consulted for permission to reprint, were so scattered by the war that he would save time by embedding the anthology in an article. The result is a running commentary, now facetious, now important, always contradictory; as if to give the reader a number of opinions to choose from, but not allowing him to leave any poem without one.

The poems themselves make a substantial enough showing to tempt the reader into generalizations on the difference between modern poets here and in France. The explorations
of the French poets seem less geographical, less external, more speculative. *Au Cabaret Vert*, of Rimbaud, to be sure has local color—

Depuis huit jours, j'avais déchiré mes bottines
Aux cailloux des chemins—

but even so, the more characteristic explorations are found in such a poem as his *Chercheuses de Poux*, a very daring, very beautiful adventure into child psychology, without the sentimentalization that usually accompanies any thought about children over here; or in *La Rapsode Foraine* of Corbière, which explores folk religion. In general it seems as if poetry in French and English, in spite of the gradual rapprochement of the three nations since Napoleon, were never farther apart than now. With Byron and Alfred de Musset they were still within shouting distance, and so too, though by direct importation, with Swinburne and Gautier. But here are poems which would never tempt the translator. However, as Mr. Pound says, he has intentionally chosen the things that would sound freshest to us, omitting the Parnassians for instance, of whom he says we have plenty ourselves, leaving Gautier, Baudelaire, Mallarmé, Verlaine, Samain, Heredia, to be read in volumes. He includes Laforgue, Corbière, Rimbaud, de Gourmont, de Régnier, Verhaeren, Tailhade, Jammes, Moréas, Spire, Vildrac, Romain—characteristically random list. For though he has read other poets and would like very much their friendship the next time he goes to Paris, he insists that there are bad poets in French as well as in English.  

S. W.
Dear Editor: At last a guilty conscience brings me to my metaphorical knees. I have a confession to make.

Several years ago, when I went West, about the time of the publication of my first little book, I was happy in the thought that you had spoken a kindly word or two about it. But about that time, owing to the fact that I was living through many personal sorrows and anxieties, I ceased to write well and began to write very badly. I didn't always know it. Worse, I sent the stuff to editors. Still worse, I sent it to you. You wisely returned it. I kept on—that was worst of all. After a while you probably thought, when you did think about me, that I would never again write anything worth printing. But later, partly as the result of a wonderful trip in Oregon with my husband, which was a much needed rest and change, I began to write again, in a new vein, poems that very few people would have recognized as mine. I had had a new experience and it made new poems for me, a series of them. I wanted to send them to you and have you read them without any of the psychology of my several failures mixed into the consideration of them. So, for my own soul's sake, and not from any desire to play tricks on you, I sold you four under a pen name. The secret is likely to leak out soon, so I want you to hear from me, at once, that I am Harley Graves!

Marguerite Wilkinson
NOTES

Mr. John Gould Fletcher, author of *Irradiations* and *Goblins and Pagodas* (Houghton Mifflin Co.), is well known to our readers. A native of Arkansas and a cosmopolite by travel and training, he is living at present in England.

Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, who is now in the British army, is the author of numerous novels and other works in prose, and of *Collected Poems* (Max Goschen), *Antwerp* (Poetry Bookshop) and the beautiful poem *On Heaven*, which has never been reprinted from *Poetry* of June, 1914. (We still have copies of this number, which may be ordered at the original price.) Violet Hunt, who is Mrs. Hueffer, has also appeared in *Poetry*.

Mr. Clement Wood, of New York, is the author of *Glad of Earth* (Lawrence Gomme).

Sara Teasdale (Mrs. Ernst Filsinger), now resident in New York, is the author of a number of books of verse, among them *Rivers to the Sea* and the recently published *Love Songs* (Macmillan Co.).

Marjorie Allen Seiffert (Mrs. Otto S.), of Moline, Ill., has not yet published a volume. Ditto Mr. Richard Hunt, of Boston. Both have contributed verse to *Poetry* and other magazines.

Two poets are new to our readers:

Miss Rose Henderson, a native of Iowa, divides her time between New York and Silver City, N. M., writing for a number of magazines and newspapers.

Miss Isabel McKinney is a member of the faculty of the Eastern Illinois State Normal School, at Charleston, Ill.

The poems by the editor were written a year ago during a sojourn at Tryon, N. C., where the spring came in with more abundant color and a greater variety of foliage and flowers than had ever before entered into her experience.

We are disposing of our surplus stock of back numbers of *Poetry*. Of certain numbers we have quite a large excess, of others none beyond our reserve. We are sending sets of such numbers as we can spare—nearly forty in all—to the various soldiers' and sailors' camps, encouraged by a number of letters from young men in the army here and abroad expressing their need and love of modern poetry and of the magazine.

We have a few such sets left which we are willing to give away—so long as they last—to any poet in our "accepted" list, or any
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

library or club group, who will send us one dollar to pay for express-
age and packing.

We are now prepared to sell any back number of *POETRY* at the
regular price, except the following:

Nov., 1912: a few copies left at fifty cents each.

Dec., 1915, Jan., 1916, Jan., 1917, and Nov., 1917, are now twenty-
five cents each, but will soon be fifty.

BOOKS RECEIVED

**ORIGINAL VERSE:**

*The Unseen House and Other Poems,* by Sylvester Baxter. Four
Seas Co.


*Heart Songs,* by Henry Weston Frost. Gorham Press. China Inland
Mission.

*November: Poems in War Time,* by Henry Bryan Binns. Dodd,
Mead & Co.


*Sonnets of Spinsterhood,* by Snow Longley. Paul Elder & Co., San
Francisco.

*City Pastorals and Other Poems,* by William Griffith. James T.
White & Co.

*From Dream to Dream,* by Edith Willis Linn. James T. White & Co.

*A Cycle of Sonnets,* by Edith Willis Linn. James T. White & Co.


*The Divine Image—A Book of Lyrics,* by Caroline Giltinan. Corn-
hill Co., Boston.

*Fifty Years and Other Poems,* by James Weldon Johnson. Cornhill
Co.

Cornhill Co.

*Airs and Ballads,* by John McClure. Alfred A. Knopf.


**ANTHOLOGY:**

*Others—An Anthology of the New Verse,* edited by Alfred Kreym-
borg. Alfred A. Knopf.

**DRAMA:**


**PROSE:**

GREAT WAR BALLADS
By BROOKES MORE
Readers of the future (as well as of today) will understand the Great War not only from perusal of histories, but also from Ballads—having an historical basis—and inspired by the War.

A collection of the most interesting, beautiful, and pathetic ballads.
True to life and full of action.

$1.50 NET
THRASH-LICK PUB. CO., Fort Smith, Ark., U. S. A.

Horlick’s Malted Milk
The Original
TAKE A PACKAGE HOME
FOR CONVENIENT USE
Serve in place of tea or coffee, as a quick luncheon and hot at bed time to induce refreshing sleep

SEND TO YOUR SOLDIER BOY
in Lunch Tablet form. Sustains, relieves fatigue. In ration tins and flasks, 15c to 30c. (35c by mail.)

Horlick’s Malted Milk Co., Racine, Wis.
TWELVE MONTHS WITH THE BIRDS AND POETS
by Samuel A. Harper

With an introduction by Gene Stratton Porter

Of the book, Mrs. Porter says:
"This is a book to love, to own and to give to your discerning friend."

"It is a book about birds and poets and songs and poetry and trees and sunshine and leaves and mist. The fragrance of the woods is in it and the joy of hours and hours of tramping and listening and seeing."

Chicago Daily News

An edition limited to 200 copies on large paper, signed by the author, bound in De Lux cloth, numbered and boxed at...

Regular edition at

SONGS OF THE SKOKIE
and other Verse
by Anne Higginson Spicer

"If you love modest but sweet and inspiring music you really should read the book yourself."
The Chicago Herald

"Indeed her book is a signal addition to the poetry that has come forth from Chicago"
The Chicago Tribune

Bound in paper boards, stamped in gold...

RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR, Publisher
FINE ARTS BUILDING, CHICAGO
SPECIAL OFFER TO SUBSCRIBERS
OLD AND NEW

POETRY IS NOW $2.00 A YEAR

Increase in cost of paper and other essentials makes this necessary.

But for an even

THREE DOLLARS

sent for a new subscription or a renewal, you may have

POETRY for one year (price $2.00), and

THE NEW POETRY — AN ANTHOLOGY

(Macmillan Co. — $1.75 postpaid), a representative collection of contemporary verse edited by the editors of this magazine.

Or, add $1.50 (the old price of POETRY) to the retail price of any book of contemporary verse on the lists of the following publishers:—THE MACMILLAN CO., HENRY HOLT & CO., MITCHELL KENNERLEY, GEO. H. DORAN CO., JOHN LANE CO., THE CENTURY CO., G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, RICHARD G. BADGER and SHERMAN FRENCH & CO.

You will get the book postpaid and a year's subscription to the magazine.

Send your order at once to

POETRY - - 543 Cass St., Chicago

The liveliest art in America today is poetry, and the liveliest expression of that art is in this little Chicago monthly.

New York Tribune. (editorial)
Owing to the advance in the cost of paper and binding, POETRY is obliged to increase the cost of the bound volumes 25c each as listed below.

**BOUND VOLUMES of POETRY**

Complete volumes of POETRY bound in buckram with Index and Title Page

Vol. I—October, 1912-March, 1913 *(Reprint)* $2.75
Vol. II—April-September, 1913 1.75
Vol. III—October, 1913-March, 1914 1.75
Vol. IV—April-September, 1914 1.75
Vol. V—October, 1914-March, 1915 1.75
Vol. VI—April-September, 1915 1.75
Vol. VIII—April-September, 1916 1.75
Vol. IX—September, 1916-March, 1917 1.75
Vol. X—April-September, 1917 1.75

Subscribers may have their copies of POETRY bound at a cost of $1.25 a volume.

POETRY - 543 CASS STREET
RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR
FINE ARTS BLDG., CHICAGO
To have great poets there must be great audiences too.
—Whitman

Harriet Monroe
Editor

Alice Corbin Henderson
Associate Editor

Henry B. Fuller
Edith Wyatt
H. C. Chatfield-Taylor
Advisory Committee

Ezra Pound
Foreign Correspondent