NOTICE TO READERS

When you finish reading this magazine, place a one-cent stamp on this notice, mail the magazine, and it will be placed in the hands of our soldiers or sailors. No wrapper. No address.

Vol. XIV No. IV

Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

July 1919

After-the-War Number

In France: 1916-1918
by Richard Aldington

D. H. Lawrence, Robert Nichols
Padraic Colum

A Little Girl's Songs
by Hilda Conkling

543 Cass Street. Chicago

$2.00 per Year Single Numbers 20¢

v.14
1919
c.5
MoPoRt

POETRY has saved my life—with a check in time when all the rest of the world was unresponsive, and with a fine poem when all the rest of the world was dull.

From a young poet's letter

Vol. XIV No. IV

POETRY *for* JULY, 1919

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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 Nov. 15, 1912, at the post-office, at Chicago, Ill., under the Act of March 3, 1879.

Published monthly at 543 Cass St., Chicago, Ill.

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Poetry
A Magazine of Verse

VOL. XIV
NO. IV

JULY, 1919

IN FRANCE (1916-1918)

INSOUCIANCE

IN and out of the dreary trenches,
Trudging cheerily under the stars,
I make for myself little poems
Delicate as a flock of doves.

They fly away like white-winged doves.

TWO IMPRESSIONS

I

The colorless morning glides upward
Over the marsh and ragged trees.

Though our mood be sombre
And our bodies angry for more sleep,

This feathered softness of pale light,
Falling negligently upon us,
Delights us.

II

High above the drab barren ground
Three herons beat across the dawn-blue sky.
They drift slowly away
Until they appear
As three horizontal umber brush-strokes
On finely shaded cobalt.
And the mist, driven by the wind
Up and across the distant hill,
Gleams like soft white hair
Brushed amorously backward!

COMPENSATION

As I dozed in a chilly dug-out
I dreamt that Li-Taï-Pé, the sage,
And Sappho, the divine Lesbian,
And Abou-Nawas, the friend of Khalifs,
Came to me saying:
"There can be no death of beauty;
Endure—we also suffered."

And for a token of their love they gave me
A gold chrysanthemum, a fiery rose,
And a cleft-open, dew-wet nectarine.

ICU

LOSS

This is not hell—
At least, merely a comfortable hell,
With warmth and food and some still moments
Ere the true hell comes rushing in again.
Yet this one thought is torture:

Have I lost her, lost her indeed?—
Lost the calm eyes and eager lips of love,
The two-fold amorous breasts and braided hair,
The white slim body my senses fed upon,
And all the secret shadows shot with fire?

BEAUTY UNPRAISED

There is only you.
The rest are palterers, slovens, parasites.
You only are strong, clear-cut, austere;
Only about you the light curls
Like a gold laurel bough.

Your words are cold flaked stone,
Scentless white violets?

Laugh!
Let them blunder.
The sea is ever the sea
And none can change it,
None possess it.

Richard Aldington

WAR FILMS

MOTHER'S SON IN SALONIKA

The midnight shadow sinking down has slung
Over your tent the one tent of us all, my love;
In whose close folds above you, near above,
The flame of my soul like a trembling star is hung.

That is my spirit hovering close above
You now as you turn your face towards the sky.
Oh, as you stand looking up, do you know it is I?
Do you lift your lips to kiss me good-night, my love?

CASUALTY

As I went down the street in my rose-red pelerine
  Some one stopped me and said, "Your lover is hurt."
"Oh, bring him to me," I said. "Oh, lay him between
  My arms, let me cover him up in my skirt."

And you—oh, see the myriad doves that walk
  Beneath the steps of St. Paul's! Catch several
And kill for Aphrodite. Don't speak, do not talk!—
  One of you kindle a fire to consume them withal.

MESSAGE TO A PERFIDIOUS SOLDIER

If you meet my young man,
  Greet him from me;

Touch him on the shoulder,
And tell him from me
The moon is not any warmer, the sun no colder.

If he understands
You will know by his eyes.
If he only stands
And stares in surprise,
Tell him prayer is stronger than iron, faith makes no demands.

THE JEWESS AND THE V. C.

Ah, young man!—
What sort of timorous potion of love have you drunk?
If you see my rings, how they sparkle within my ears,
You go about in a dream, with your countenance sunk,
And children behind you taunting you to tears.

Why, if you saw my limbs, how they shine on my body,
What then would you do? Then for sure you would go
And die like a dog in a hole. 'Tis strange what a shoddy
Lover you make, such a hero in front of the foe!

SIGHS

Ah, my love, my dear!
But what if my love should chance to hear
As he is passing unbeknown?
What if he turned and saw me here?

I should lean and whisper in his ear,
"Love, my love, now all is known,
Love me and put me out of fear—
Or leave me alone."

THE CHILD AND THE SOLDIER

O brother, put me in your pouch
As you would a fresh, sweet locust-pod.
For I am frail as a flask of glass,
As a fine grey egg, or a slender rod,
O brother; and I am the golden ring
You wear on your finger so gladly. For God
Takes everything from you tomorrow, and gives me everything.

ZEPPELIN NIGHTS

Now, will you play all night!
Come in, my mother says.
Look in the sky, at the bright
Moon all ablaze!
Look at the shaking, white
Searchlight rays!

Tonight they're coming!
It's a full moon!
When you hear them humming
Very soon,
You'll stop that blooming
Tune—

[*Children sing on unheeding:*]
Sally go round the sun!
Sally go round the moon!
Sally go round the chimney-pots
On Sunday afternoon!

DAUGHTER OF THE GREAT MAN

The daughter of the great man rolls her khaki wool,
And in her hands the sparkling needles fly
Swiftly. I wish I might kiss her fingers; but full
Of danger I find her, even worse than the fields where we die.

PRISONER AT WORK IN A TURKISH GARDEN

Appeal from the garden:
Over the fountain and the orange-trees
The evening shadow has sunk,
Bringing night once more, and the man with the keys
That shut me up in my bunk.

You forty ladies in the harem bower,
Listen, for I will explain!
Bitter to me is this evening hour;
Each evening, bitter again.

Response from the Harem:
Sisters, I am sorry for this foreign man
Who labors all day in the sun.

Sisters, the search-light's swinging fan
In heaven has begun.

Stranger, soft are the tears that fall
For pity of thee.
Sisters, the guns are speaking; let all
Sing soothingly.

MOURNING

Why do you go about looking for me, mother?
I and my betrothed are together in the shed—
Sitting there together for a little while.
Why are you so anxious? Leave me peaceful with my dead.

THE GREY NURSE

The grey nurse entered a rose garden
Where roses' shadows dappled her.
Her apron was brown with blood. She prayed,
And roses wondered at her prayer.

NEITHER MOTH NOR RUST

God, only God, is eternally.
God is forever, and only He.
Where, white maid, are the men you have loved?—
They are dead, so God was between you, you see.

D. H. Lawrence

CHALANDRY

I saw Chalandry gassed:
    Four hundred men—
    Blind, retching, snuffling—
Staggering past.

The colonel and his staff,
    Our ninety-sixth—
    Men, horses, officers—
Over half.

Two carried one, and all
    Whose sight remained
    Led columns wavering,
Quick to fall.

Those, silent, stumbled by,
    And brushed their eyes
    With grimy rags or fists
Unendingly.

Out of the night they came,
    And all day long;
    And then another night,
Still the same.

Goodrich C. Schauffler

TWO SONGS OF THE ENIGMA

For L. F. S.

MODERN LOVE SONG

Now that the evenfall is come
  And the sun fills the flaring trees,
And everything is mad, lit, dumb,
  And in the pauses of the breeze
A far voice seems to call me home
  To haven beyond woods and leas—

I feel again how sharply stings
  The spell which binds our troubled dust
With hint of divine frustrated things;
  The Soul's deep doubt and desperate trust
That she at sunset shall find wings
  To bear her beyond Now and Must.

So place your head against my head
  And set your lips upon my lips,
That so I may be comforted;
  For ah! the world so from me slips,
To the world-sunset I am sped
  Where Soul and Silence come to grips
  And Love stands sore-astonishèd.

Robert Nichols

A WANDERING THING

The hopeless rain—a sigh, a shadow—
Falters and drifts again, again over the meadow.
It wanders lost, drifts hither . . . . thither;
It blows, it goes, it knows not whither.

A profound grief, an unknown sorrow
Wanders always my strange life thoro'.
I know not ever what brings it hither,
Nor whence it comes . . . . nor goes it whither.

Robert Nichols

YOU DIED FOR DREAMS

You're quiet; forgetful of the blind disaster
  That laid you here. You're quiet. Shall I tell then
At whose word you went out saying, "O Master!"
  And with what strange beauty your dying blessed your men?

You're quiet; oh, so still and pale and quiet,
  You who were ruddy, and the quickest, and so strong.
I shall tell them, I think, after this riot,
  That you died for dreams because the world is wrong.

Arthur L. Phelps

POEMS

TO ANY POET

Below there are white-faced throngs:
Their march is a tide coming nigher;
Below there are white-faced throngs:
Their faith is a banner flung higher.
Below there are white-faced throngs,
White swords they have yet, but red songs;
Place and lot they have lost—hear you not?—
For a dream you once dreamed, and forgot!

THE BISON

How great a front is thine—
A lake of majesty!
Assyria knew the sign:
The god-incarnate King.

A lake of majesty!
The lion's drowns in it:
And thy placidity—
A moon within that lake!

As if thou still dost own
A world, thou takest breath:
Earth-shape, and strength of stone,
A Titan-sultan's child.

THE VULTURES

Foul-feathered and scald-necked,
They sit in evil state;
Raw marks upon their breasts
As on men's wearing chains.

Impure, though they may plunge
Into the morning's springs;
And spirit-dulled, though they
Command the heights of heaven.

Angels of foulness ye,
So fierce against the dead!—
Sloth on your muffled wings,
And speed within your eyes!

THE WANDERERS

A mighty star has drawn a-nigh, and now
Is vibrant in the air;
The trembling, half-divested trees of his
Bright presence are aware.

And Night has told it to the hills, and told
The partridge in the nest;
And left it on the long white roads that she
Gives light instead of rest.

I watch it in the stream, the stranger-star,
Pulsing from marge to main:

What mould will be my flesh and bone before
That star is there again!

Padraic Colum

SHROUDS

Ho! Stranger, consider and give answer!—

Whether a lonely bed in a sun-struck veldt
With the eagles crying above you,
And a soft-nosed bullet spreading and grinding
Beneath a bloodless puncture,
And the winds singing in the brilliant-blue:

Or a damned respectable passing at Clapham—
Rival undertakers with black-edged Gothic-lettered
Cards waiting on your unwashed doorstep.
(Mary Ann is resting from the shock of grief!)
"Very reverent, Madam," say they, "with three carriages,
Black horses and plumes" (to say nothing of a brass-bound
Coffin!); "cheap and very respectable." (Damned respectable!)

Such is the passing of most men.

Better, say I, the sand, and the sound of the eagles crying!

Reeves Brook

FROM LAUREL WREATHS

THE FALLEN

Wherever you are,
O strong-throated,
Husky-souled . . . .
The sun was on your swords,
The light of all time, and the still wanderings of high Romance through forest tracks.
Flame touched you, flame and wonder,
The stars for a moment singing in your lips,
The sea for an instant washing the doors of your souls, ...
Wherever you are,
O fallen,
Timid though, or gruff . . . .
Prometheus welded your limbs
And set them aflame.

Now we hear of you dying,
And do not understand.

THE SOLDIER TO HELEN

Do not think of me sadly—only me—sadly,
I beseech you.
Let your little hands slur not an instant over the sweet passages,
Let not your lips be smitten—
It is well.

Here in the silver snuff of dusk,
That will put my single candle out, I know,
Silently, some evening, when the moon hangs low—
Here in the mellow hush of war
(War is a hush, that puts your legs on straighter,
And your torso fitter for the bait of gods),
I am well.

Candle or flame or moth—
Do not worry, do not slip a moment on the yellow path
Your little feet dance over, as a wild faun on the hills.
Do not be troubled—
It is well.

MY FRIEND

He ran wild:
I have seen the stiff butterfly-weed by the road
Flaming—as he.
When I asked him—I who could sit every night
By a snug, safe fire—
He said:
"I was a mendicant under the Dark Reign,
And sat on a dung-hill nine years
Praying grace.
God gave me grace—
I have a wine-cup that is higher than the towers rising over
Notre Dame.

FAREWELL

Will you latch up the doors,
And hush the lyre that wakes its soul in the corner?
Latch up the doors, and open the windows,
That the wind may come in;
For I go earthward, and shall nevermore return—
Nevermore.
When the Autumn rises like a burnished god,
When the Spring steps over the writhing hills,
When Winter sweeps her robe across the roofs,
And Summer wheels her droning, sleepy bees—
Nevermore.
Will you latch up the doors?—
But hang no yew on the lintel,
And weep no tear in the doorway.
I go skyward, and shall nevermore return:
Though the earth-soul cry at me, whining like a lone lover in the dark;
Though the soil lean her bare, brown bosom toward my cheek.
Latch up the doors!
Still the wailing lyre in the corner!
I go deathward, and shall nevermore return.

Loureine Aber

ARBOR-VITAE

J. K.—Died July 30th, 1918

Nothing sings so sweetly as the silence of his song;
Nothing runs so swiftly as his feet, supremely still;
Nothing seems so neighbored to the heavens as the hill
Whereon he sleeps all conquering, forever young and strong.

His soldier-body is at peace and dreams have closed his eyes,
But his spirit drains the cup of love for which his body bled.
Oh, poems may be made by fools, as humbly he has said,
Yet God and he have made the tree beneath whose shade he lies.

Louise Ayres Garnett

IN NEW MEXICO

There is a hut far up the path.
Its door has fallen, and the sun
Looks in by day, and many stars
Look in when day is done.

There is an idle mining claim—
Dug into rock, a fling at Chance!
But, God, for what you don't find here
Look on his grave in France!

Glenn Ward Dresbach

BELLEAU HILL

O winds that mourn the dead on Belleau Hill,
Cease wailing: blow a trumpet for the free
Who gave their lives for love of liberty.
O wind, shout forth their praise from Belleau Hill!

O stars, shining upon the cross so still
That marks the summit and the battle's end,
Light up our sky, that we may still defend
The hill he won, and all his hopes fulfil!

O flowers that climb the top of Belleau Hill,
Give to my dead hopes life, and to them bring
The colors of the young returning Spring—
The faith that lives, the love no death can kill!

Mary Gray

OF RUINED CITIES

Soissons and Cambrai, Noyon and Verdun—
Dear dead, with beauty on them as they lie!
But Ypres and Lens, beneath the shining sky,
Are skeletons slow bleaching in the sun!

Eve Brodlique Summers

SIDE-LIGHTS ON WAR

DOLLY PARKER

For three years she had been the belle of her town.
Always she was dated up for weeks ahead;
Always she wore flowers and fraternity pins
And rings and bangles
That men had given her.
She was the most rushed at all the dances,
Her telephone rang the oftenest,
The postman brought her the most letters.
The picture shows, the drug stores, knew her.
On summer nights her hammock swung gently;
On winter nights the lamps were low in her parlor.
As a man gambles,
She flirted.

Then War came;
And as a strong wind sweeps the street of dead leaves,
The town was swept of men.
There were no telephone calls and no flowers;
The hammock was still, the lamps turned-low had no meaning.
She couldn't compete with her rival—
She couldn't compete with War.

MRS. JOHN WRIGHT

She no longer held him:
In the long dragging evenings
She knew that.
The mirror shouted to her
That she was no longer desirable—
Her hair had lost its color,
Her eyes were dull.
She loathed his perfunctory kisses,
His polite inquiries as to what she had been doing all day.
She loathed him—
Because she loved him.

Then War came.
He went towards it hungrily,
Like a dog to red meat.
Life woke up in him, rubbing its eyes.
In a hot glow of emotion
He remembered what she had been to him,
And in his voice was a tenderness
That kindled beauty within her.
The night before he left she slept in his arms:
And War had given more than it can take away.

MRS. FINNIGAN

She never got enough to drink—
She was as thirsty as a sun-dried pond.

Her old man gave the money to Mary.
She wasn't afraid of a chit like Mary,
But she was afraid of her old man.

War came—
And her old man had to go.
She gave him a holy medal
And God's blessings:
She got his allotment
And a Government allowance.
The swinging doors of every saloon hailed to her;
She slept with a black bottle under her pillow.
"It's a foine war," she would say to Mary,
"And the Govermint treats you splindid."

DAVID

He was a poet.
And because beauty burned within him
Beauty was around him.
He walked through life on tip-toe, hugging dreams.
In him was a gentle eagerness,
And to him all women were good
And all children beautiful.
The sky was a minstrel ground
And the moon and stars ancient players;
Water sang to him,
And flowers prayed to him.

The day was a packet for delight;
The night a box for beauty.

When the wings of War whizzed in his ears,
He was kindled as with a million torches.
Because he was a poet
He became an aviator.
He rode his bird of War through the clouds,
And the winds wailed before and after him.
One day, as a bright bird falls,
He fell from the sky.
And he died chanting his hymn to War—
And War was beauty.

Margretta Scott

A ROAD OF FRANCE

All day the carts go by along the road
That bear a regal though a sorry load—
Long pine-trees, stripped of all save of their crown
Which in the trodden mire is trailing down:

Young kings that knew the mountains and the stars,
Dragged captive at the chariot-wheels of Mars.

Charles L. O'Donnell

THE CENSOR

The Censor growled to see so many letters:
He lit his pipe and read them hastily.

One said: "Dear pal, you ought to see me now.
This France is some swell place, I'm telling you!
The wine is great—and oh, the women, boy! . . . ."

Another said: "Dear sister, pray for me.
This is a cruel war—but God is good.
My bunkie's gone—went West last week, poor chap. . . . .
Dear sister, pray for me. Good-night. Good-bye."

Another said: "Well, wife, how are you now?—
And how's the boy? I dreamt about you both
Last night. Don't worry, dear, I'll soon be home. . . . .
And now good night. These stars are kisses, dear. * * * *"

The Censor yawned. He was so tired of letters.

John R. C. Peyton

IN THE RED CROSS

To A. W. F.

Her near presence teases—the slender young red-head,
  Playing at war-work, laughing as she plays.
The look in her eyes bodes a deal of mischief—
  God help the bold ones till she mend her ways!

Just passed the boundary set out for childhood—
  Ah, there's a breath of April with the lass,
Lanes and little places with echoes of a one-step!
  God help the shy ones, how soon their luck will pass.

She never caring for the solemn moments,
  Dusty feet that go trampling the ground;
She never heeding anxious, praying persons—
  God help the wakeful, how her sleep is sound!

The fragrance of violets steals quickly upwards,
  All of the sky is full of shooting stars.
Half of a kiss would surely never matter—
  God help our memories, what should they be but scars!

Gordon Hamilton

THE HOME-COMING

They come back!—
Up the great street,
To the drum-beat and the heart-beat
And the thud of tramping feet;
To the lightning and the thunder
Of the nation in the street.
They come back
From that heart-breaking
Terrible leave-taking,
From the cold lips
Of the unquiet sea, and the lips
Of the dead children of the ships,
From the unending waiting
Wrapped in that death unending,
And the quick charging
Into what mess
Of bloodiness,
They come back!
O hearts that bled,
See—they are not dead!
They come back! They come back!

They come back!
Up the great street,
To the drum-beat and the heart-beat
And the sense of shadow feet,

To the tear-drops and the heart-stops
Of the pale ones in the street,
March the ghosts
Of all the hosts
That went but come not back.
From the heart-breaking
Terrible leave-taking,
From the hell
Where they fell,
From that ghastly night ride,
And the lonesome row of beds where they died,
They come back
Up the great street,
To the drum-beat and the heart-beat
And the music of the street,
To the laurel wreath of tears
And the crown of honor of cheers
From the nation in the street
For the smooth brow
And the still feet.
O hearts that bled,
And bleed and bleed,
For your dead
Who to our utter need
Gave what they had,
Forgive
If we who see our loved ones live
To-day rejoice

With straining arms and husky voice!
Forgive, forgive!

They come back.
Up the great street
To the madness of the gladness
Of the people in the street,
The wounded come
Home.
From the heart-breaking
Terrible leave-taking
They come back
To the memory and the aching.
O you of the torn flesh,
Now when you hear our cheering and our cry
Of welcome, do not glaze your eye
With that strange wondering why
You did not die!
The empty earth about you
Could not endure without you!
You are the faith that's in us, and the seeing
Beyond ourselves into our utmost being.

They come back,
Up the thousand streets,
To the uproar and the furore
And the wild joy of the streets,
To the lightning and the thunder

And the rainbow in our hearts.
Then shout, throats, and brasses, blare!
And flags and bugles, tear the air!
For here go
Heroes of heroes, they who dare
For dreams give things—
Flowers and houses and love
For the vision of
The spirit that is in them.
Blow, flags, and bugles, blow!
Here where our heroes go
All of the most beautiful and great—
The poems and the music of all time,
The sense that there is something that's sublime—
Are marching up the street!
Up the great street,
To the drum-beat and the heart-beat,
And the cadence of their feet;
Up the great street,
From what heart-breaking
Terrible leave-taking,
From what bloodless treachery
And what bloody butchery,
They come back veiled in their victory!

George Marian

A LITTLE GIRL'S SONGS

FOR YOU, MOTHER

I have a dream for you, Mother,
Like a soft thick fringe to hide your eyes.
I have a surprise for you, Mother,
Shaped like a strange butterfly.
I have found a way of thinking
To make you happy;
I have made a song and a poem
All twisted into one.
If I sing, you listen;
If I think, you know.
I have a secret from everybody in the world full of people,
But I cannot always remember how it goes:
It is a song
For you, Mother,
With a curl of cloud and a feather of blue
And a mist
Blowing along the sky.
If I sing it some day, under my voice,
Will it make you happy?

MORNING

There is a brook I must hear
Before I go to sleep.
There is a birch tree I must visit
Every night of clearness.
I have to do some dreaming,
I have to listen a great deal
Before light comes back
By a silver arrow of cloud,
And I rub my eyes and say,
It must be morning on this hill!

ROSE-PETAL

Petal with rosy cheeks,
Petal with thoughts of your own,
Petal of my crimson-white flower out of June,
Little petal of my heart!

THE DEW-LIGHT

The Dew-man comes over the mountains wide,
Over the deserts of sand,
With his bag of clear drops
And his brush of feathers.
He scatters brightness.
The white bunnies beg him for dew.

He sprinkles their fur . . . . .
They shake themselves.
All the time he is singing,
    The unknown world is beautiful!

He polishes flowers,
Humming, "Oh, beautiful!"
He sings in the soft light
That grows out of the dew;
Out of the misty dew-light that leans over him
He makes his song,
    It is beautiful, the unknown world!

POPLARS

The poplars bow forward and back,
They are like a fan waving very softly.
They tremble,
For they love the wind in their feathery branches.
They love to look down at the shallows,
    At the mermaids
    On the sandy shore.
They love to look into morning's face
    Cool in the water.

NARCISSUS

Narcissus, I like to watch you grow
When snow is shining
Beyond the crystal glass.
A coat of snow covers the hills far,
The sun is setting;
And you stretch out flowers of palest white
In the pink of the sun.

YELLOW SUMMER-THROAT

Yellow summer-throat sat singing
In a bending spray of willow tree.
Thin fine green-y lines on his throat,
The ruffled outside of his throat,
Trembled when he sang.
He kept saying the same thing—
The willow did not mind.
    I knew what he said, I knew!—
    But how can I tell you?
I have to watch the willow bend in the wind.

NIGHT GOES RUSHING BY

Night goes hurrying over
Like sweeping clouds.
The birds are nested, their song is silent;
The wind says *oo-oo-oo* through the trees
For their lullaby.
The moon shines down on the sleeping birds.

My cottage-roof is like a sheet of silk
Spun like a cobweb.
My apple-trees are bare as the oaks in the forest—
When the moon shines
I see no leaves.

I am alone and very quiet,
Hoping the moon may say something
Before long.

SEAGARDE

I will return to you,
O stillest and dearest,
To see the pearl of light
That flashes in your golden hair;
To hear you sing your songs of starlight
And tell your stories of the wonderful land
Of stars and fleecy sky;
To say to you that Seagarde will soon be here,
Seagarde the fairy
With her seagulls of hope!

EASTER

On Easter morn
Up the faint cloudy sky
I hear the Easter bell,
    Ding dong—ding dong!
Easter morning scatters lilies
On every doorstep,
Easter morning says a glad thing
Over and over.
Poor people, beggars, old women
Are hearing the Easter bell—
    Ding dong—ding dong!

SNOW-FLAKE SONG

Snowflakes come in fleets
Like ships over the sea.
The moon shines down on the crusty snow;
The stars make the sky sparkle like gold-fish in a glassy bowl.
Bluebirds are gone now,
But they left their song behind them.
The moon seems to say,
    It is time for summer when the birds come back
    To pick up their lonesome songs.

POEMS

See the fur coats go by!
The morning is like the inside of a snow-apple.
I will curl myself cushion-shape
On the window-seat;
I will read poems by snow-light.
If I cannot understand them so,
I will turn them upside down
And read them by the red candles
Of garden brambles.

THOUGHTS

My thoughts keep going far away
Into another country under a different sky.
My thoughts are sea-foam and sand; they are apple-petals fluttering.

SNOW-STORM

Snowflakes are dancing—
They run down out of heaven,
Coming home from somewhere down the long tired road.
They flake us sometimes
The way they do the grass,
And the stretch of the world.

BUTTERFLY

As I walked through my garden
I saw a butterfly light on a flower.
His wings were pink and purple.
He spoke a small word; it was *Follow!*
"I cannot follow"
I told him,
"I have to go the opposite way."

GEOGRAPHY

I can tell balsam trees
By their grayish bluish silverish look of smoke;
Pine trees fringe out;
Hemlocks look like Christmas;
The spruce tree is feathered and rough
Like the legs of the red chickens in our poultry yard.
I can study my geography from chickens
Named for Plymouth Rock and Rhode Island,
And from trees out of Canada.
No—I shall leave the chickens out;
I shall make a new geography of my own:
I shall have a hillside of spruce and hemlock
Like a separate country,
And I shall mark a walk of spires on my map,
A secret road of balsam trees
With blue buds—
Trees that smell like a wind out of fairy-land
Where little people live
Who need no geography
But trees.

Hilda Conkling (eight years old)

COMMENT

A YEAR AFTER

AT this time, a year ago, the American troops were pushing into the thickest of the fight, undaunted by the inferno of blood and noise, the hideous diabolic rain of death. Today they are marching through our streets—these rows on rows of bronze-colored boys—coming back as modestly as they went away, somewhat abashed by the cheering crowds and the young girls throwing flowers.

In the emotion of the moment it may be that old things are passing away, and that all things shall become new.

It seems appropriate to recall those tragic summer days of our suffering and loss, and to inquire into the meaning of that Victory which our soldiers bring home to us on their banners and for which their comrades died. Will it mean spiritual renewal—more ease, more joy, more faith?—a richer, more spontaneous and expansive life for all those who do their share of work in the world? Millions of young men have been pulled out of their little ruts of inbreeding toil, have been carried over-seas to discover how beauty bloomed in Europe long ago, and how another kind of beauty may flame today in their own hearts, may express itself in new blood-brotherhoods, and in tragically generous ideals. Millions of young women have risen in spirit to follow their heroes to that new-old world, and support them with hands and hearts in all the arduous details of war.

Will it be enough to give back "their old jobs" to these boys with the new vision, these girls with the new hope? Must we not give them something more? Must we not toss to them beauty like roses, beauty from the full fragrant baskets of nature and the arts, beauty for them to breathe and play with and pin on their coats, and have for their own like sunlight? Must we not feel, and help them to feel, that every human soul is a potential artist in his own way and degree, entitled to free and spontaneous and joyous expression in beauty?—and that the universal instinct for self-expression in beauty is not to be crushed, or laughed at, or postponed, or even quite satisfied from without; but is to be fulfilled and developed from within, until it becomes the happiness of life, whether for work or play?

Is there any other solution for the unrest of the world? —any other solution than spiritual enrichment, than opening the way for a full, free, expressive life where hitherto life has been narrow, slavish and suppressed? Our Puritan ancestors refused the arts, but their art-instinct flowered in religion: must we be sterile because we have lost their forced and hybrid flower of faith? And is there life, or the hope of it, in sterility?

Thus the arts are of cosmic importance. Every art-enterprise which has life in it should be encouraged as an effort to free the spirit of man; statesmen, if they were wise, would see to it that the best art of the time flows as naturally and inevitably through the land as its life-giving rivers do. And each humblest joyous effort at creation is,

in its degree, an art enterprise. Every farm-boy gaily whittling out an animal or drawing a head in chalk, every village dramatic or poetry club delighting to act their own plays, to read their own verses—and leading, it may happen now and then, beyond the village levels by opening some youth's pathway to the heights—these are the true revolutionists who will create the new world.

Will they create great art, great poetry? Who knows? —that is in the hands of the whimsical god who scatters at his will the seeds of genius. But at least they may prepare and enrich the soil, so that the seed may not fall on rocky or barren ground; and they may give the sapling a fair chance at healthy growth. A masterpiece of art, or poetry, or science, or business—the Reims cathedral, *Hamlet,* the Loening monoplane, Marshall Field's store—is never an isolated magic miracle, but the response of genius to the cumulative will of the immediate world. The great ages, in any department of human effort, come only when great energy of creation meets great energy of sympathy. The match must strike the right surface to produce the fire.

H. M.

NOTES FROM A TALK ON POETRY

The poet goes up and down continually empty-handed. To tear down, to destroy life's lies, to keep the senses bare, to attack; to attack for the nakedness he achieves, the sense of an eternal beginning and end—that is his job, in lieu of getting into the game on a fair footing.

The most whimsical work is the result of seriousness and nothing else. Any man who does not take his technique—which means saying what he means and not saying what he does not mean—with bitter seriousness, is a jackass. The sign of a poet's unforgiving seriousness is his rebellious laughter, which he guards with immaculate craft. A dimming technique ensnares the senses; one must continually break down what oneself has accomplished. One must come out clean. One is not tricked or beaten into acquiescence except by physical decay.

Poets have no quarrel with anyone. Especially not with the "regular fellow." In tired moments we must envy him—the sport, the game guy. I see him laugh at life; I've seen him fling it aside for a glass of beer. I love these fellows—perhaps I wish I could be like them. I remember their names: Fred Sempken, Dago Shenck, Vincent Stephenson. But I'm not blind as they were. To see makes me afraid—I am conscious that I know nothing. They didn't care one way or the other—their laughter was sincere! But not more sincere, more real, than mine. Mine is not bitter stuff disguised as laughter: not a lie. My laughter is no more a lie than theirs is. Get wise, that's all. They have their silly jokes and their careless laughter. But there is only one joke—I know a joke when I see it.

Heavy talk is talk that waits upon a deed. Talk is servile that is set to inform. Words with the bloom on them run before the imagination like the saeter girls from *Peer Gynt*. It is talk with the patina of whim upon it that

makes action a bootlicker. The world of the senses lies unintelligible on all sides. It is only interpretable by the emotions. It only exists when its emotion is fastened to it. This is artistic creation.

I must write, I must strive to express myself. I must study my technique, as a Puritan did his Bible, because I cannot get at my emotions in any other way. There is nothing save the emotions: I must write, I must talk when I can. It is my defiance; my love song: all of it.

But is the world of the senses only interpretable by the emotions? A scientist must ask that question; he must say to me: "If you really want to go in for truth, and will shut up long enough for me to tell you something, why don't you go after it in a scientific way? Look at Curie or Ramsay or Ehrlich—these men made material and useful discoveries. Did they not interpret the objective world by something more than the emotions?" No, they did not. These are questions a poet must answer or give up his position. It will not do to say, "One man is one thing, and another man is something else." That will do for life, but a poet cannot answer in that way. He is a revolutionist; he is out for truth.

This is my answer: What has Curie or Mme. Curie achieved? Radium?—thank you. But here's a better example: What has Professor Doolittle, who during a lifetime studied the oscillations of the earth on its axis—Doolittle, the father of H. D.—what has he achieved, sitting till morning with his beard actually frozen to the eye-piece of

his telescope in Upper Darby? He has achieved nothing save brotherhood with Villon, whose ink was frozen in the pot when he finished writing his *Petit Testament.* He has achieved an emotion! It is the search of that alone that kept him there. Without it nothing could have made him look into his lenses, no matter if they had chained his head to the eye-piece.

What difference does it make that the scientist's deceptions are profitable? He seeks the emotion of stability, of fixity, of truth! But he thinks the things he finds are that truth. And he teaches this to others and it becomes law —*i. e.,* a lie.

And so he goes on from work to work piously seeking, seeking triumphs that melt under his fingers the moment he touches them. For his triumphs are fleeting, just as the triumphs of any one else are fleeting. What is the discovery of radium to Mme. Curie today? Aside from the lying, orthodox convention of fame, which no man has ever cared a damn for if he could have his life anew, what is her discovery to her but a stale, useless thing, a thing she would forget in a minute if she could equal it with another as great? It is to her exactly nothing save the end of the circle, exactly where the beginning was—a serenity, a stasis, a community with her masters. And what is that but an emotion? But the scientist does not realize beforehand that he is deceived in his solidities, while the artist knows the fleeting nature of his triumphs before they come. Therefore I do not propose to be a scientist in my seeking of truth.

Knowledge is a fleeting emotion. Science is an emotion. Progress is rot. The artist is the only man bound by his intelligence to consider facts: the fundamental emotional basis of all knowledge.

Poetry is a language of the emotions. A poem is good when it hasn't a comma in it that doesn't contribute to the specific emotion of the poem. Nothing else is necessary. A bad poem is full of English literature. Modern poetry has certain characteristics. By modern poetry I mean specifically that body of verse written under conditions of my living knowledge, and with which I am in sympathy; a thing of the immediate past. In common with all other poetry it has been under the necessity of realizing that eyes, ears, fingertips, everything we are, everything we do, is constantly wearing out. The sense seeks avidly not only a language, but a fresh language. This is the first job of the artist: he must do this—it is truth. For a truth twenty years old is a lie because the emotion has gone out of it. After that it lives as a lie, as life's servant, a law.

But the particular characteristic of modern poetry has been its dispersive quality. It goes into all corners, into every emotion, down as well as up: because it must, because it seeks the truth, because there is nothing save the emotions, because no emotion can be justly stressed above another.

Rhyme was a language once, but now it is a lie. It is not to be boastful that I strike out against the old, but because I must. It is one effort—to remain aware. In the presence of some rhymed masterpiece of antiquity I am

humble; in its beauty I take refuge. But one is never safe; no sooner is one a little at ease than life comes back to the slugging match. When life really wants a weapon, it will always slam antiquity in a fellow's face, forcing him to become defiant, to accept nothing.

It is impossible to write modern poetry today in the old forms. It is not perfection that I dare attack, but lies masquerading behind and through that perfection; for nothing is safe. Again and again I affirm there is no importance in anything save the emotion. Play again!—I'll smash every lie you put up. I'll sit derisively drinking wine, laughing, cracking jokes with Fra Angelico—watching him begin the new picture.

To each thing its special quality, its special value that will enable it to stand alone. When each poem has achieved its particular form unlike any other, when it shall stand alone—then we have achieved our language. We have said what it is in our minds to say. *William Carlos Williams*

REVIEWS

SASSOON ON THE WAR

Counter-Attack and other Poems, by Siegfried Sassoon. E. P. Dutton & Co.

The war is over now and the war will fade in memory, and change. Already it is beginning. The bunk and the slush and the bright, cheery surface of the war-life—that surface which men built that they should not go mad—these

things are conquering in men's minds. They are set down in print. How should they not live?

The agony is hidden. One does not gladly relive agony. "How strange," the home-folk say, "that the boys do not talk more of what they have seen." Agony is too strong a tune for words. They cannot carry it. They buckle like the tones of a phonograph when the strain is too great. They screech, and the agony escapes. Only the surface and the bunk can be said easily.

But Siegfried Sassoon has grappled with agony and has set it down more nearly than any other poet. Even with him the tones buckle sometimes, but to one who has felt what he writes the screech is fitting, though it escapes the boundaries of art.

Sassoon, more than any other poet of war, has gone straight to the root of war, to the sea of human pain that underlies and feeds its horror. His book is a cringe of pain. At times the very pages seem to cringe under one's hand, so terrible is their content. This from *Counter-attack:*

> The place was rotten with dead; green clumsy legs
> High-booted, sprawled and grovelled along the saps;
> And trunks, face downward in the sucking mud,
> Wallowed like trodden sand-bags loosely filled;
> And naked sodden buttocks, mats of hair,
> Bulged, clotted heads slept in the plastering slime.
> And then the rain began—the jolly old rain!

There is no refusal to face facts here, no mitigating of the essential fact that war is a degenerating thing in every way and blights all it touches. There is no tenderness of mind. He quivers and cringes, but he carries on, upheld by the

sheer power of his agony, and a certain pride in the human soul. He sees the accompanying bunk and it draws from him a bitter irony. Could anything in words cut deeper than this?—

> Does it matter—losing your legs? . . . .
> For people will always be kind,
> And you need not show that you mind
> When the others come in after hunting
> To gobble their muffins and eggs.
>
> Does it matter—losing your sight? . . . .
> There's such splendid work for the blind;
> And people will always be kind,
> As you sit on the terrace remembering
> And turning your face to the light.
>
> Do they matter—those dreams from the pit? . . . .
> You can drink and forget and be glad,
> And people won't say that you're mad;
> For they'll know that you've fought for your country,
> And no one will worry a bit.

And his arraignment of the press! For having been myself war-correspondent in France, I applaud every word of it. There are exceptions of course—Paul Scott Mowrer the poet—but Sassoon is right. He sees true.

His *Repression of War Experience* and *To Any Dead Officer*—both too long to quote here; his *Glory of Women,* his *The Effect,* the title poem of the book, and half a dozen others—these are to my mind without any exception the truest human documents written about the war. The war should be seen as Sassoon sees it, should be faced as he faces it. Perhaps then there would be no more war.

Buy this book, you who have not been to the war and you who have, buy it and read it once a year lest you

forget. We dare not forget. We have no right to forget. Not hatred of the enemy—that will pass, and should. But the pain, the unutterable agony of body and spirit, this must not be forgotten. We must hold Sassoon to us, that we do not sink again into the feather-bed of peace. For as Sassoon writes—so is war. *E. T.*

IRISH GRIEF

The Sad Years, by Dora Sigerson (Mrs. Clement Shorter). With an Introduction by Katherine Tynan. George H. Doran Co.

For the friends of Mrs. Shorter, who read her personality into these poems, they undoubtedly mean more than for the stranger. Yet they have a fine genuineness, a freshness and spontaneity, which commend them even to the most casual reader. All the poems in this book were written during the war, and they express a passionate devotion to Ireland, the country of her birth, and a distress over the Irish situation, which was, as Mrs. Tynan says in her introduction, the chief cause leading to Mrs. Shorter's physical break-down and death. Among the best poems in the book are *The Black Horseman, The Comforters, Home* and *They did not See Thy Face,* poems sure to be included in future Irish anthologies. Of these we quote *The Comforters:*

When I crept over the hill, broken with tears,
  When I crouched down on the grass, dumb in despair,
I heard the soft croon of the wind bend to my ears,
  I felt the light kiss of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone on the height my sorrow did speak,
As I went down the hill, I cried and I cried,
The soft little hands of the rain stroking my cheek,
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

When I went to thy grave, broken with tears,
When I crouched down in the grass, dumb in despair,
I heard the sweet croon of the wind soft in my ears,
I felt the kind lips of the wind touching my hair.

When I stood lone by the cross, sorrow did speak.
When I went down the long hill, I cried and I cried.
The soft little hands of the rain stroked my pale cheek,
The kind little feet of the rain ran by my side.

A. C. H.

OTHER POETS OF THE WAR

In Flanders Fields, by John McCrae, with an Essay in Character by Sir Andrew Macphail. Putnam.

A Highland Regiment and Other Poems, and *War the Liberator and Other Pieces,* by E. A. Mackintosh, M. C. John Lane Co.

Sea-dogs and Men at Arms—a Canadian Book of Songs, by Jesse Edgar Middleton. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

En Repos and Elsewhere Over There, by Lansing Warren and Robert A. Donaldson. Houghton Mifflin Co.

The Drums in our Street, by Mary Carolyn Davies. Macmillan Co.

Forward March! by Angela Morgan. John Lane Co.

The Chosen Nation, by Irwin St. John Tucker. Published by the Author, Chicago.

No one can read without emotion the commonest journalism of the war, whether it be in prose or verse. The ex-

perience of fighting men, tersely reported from day to day during those four years, has been immediately absorbing beyond any literature of past or present. Bits of this journalism, indeed, had literary value—a vivid spontaneous beauty —even though, like flowers of the field, it was born but to perish; but oftener its poignancy depended upon the reader's fervor of interest rather than the writer's artistry.

War verse, being more quotable than war prose, has been more easily caught up and preserved. The war anthologies are full of good journalism, of vivid reporting; with now and then a lyric, or perhaps a drama, of higher quality to give us hope that the devastating tragic glory of those years of wrath may yet leave adequate record.

The books listed above are mostly journalism, but now and then some poem lifts the emotion of the moment into song, thus winning a chance of survival after the moment has passed. John McCrae achieves this in the much-quoted *In Flanders Fields*—achieves it by sheer simplicity and concentration in the expression of a moving and tragic appeal. Another poem on the same motive—a living soldier's address to *The Anxious Dead*—is perhaps still finer, and its quatrains fit the subject better than the too slight rondeau form of the first. Here it is, minus the final rather inadequate stanza:

O guns, fall silent till the dead men hear
  Above their heads the legions pressing on:
(These fought their fight in time of bitter fear,
  And died not knowing how the day had gone.)

O flashing muzzles, pause, and let them see
  The coming dawn that streaks the sky afar;

Then let your mighty chorus witness be
  To them, and Caesar, that we still make war.

Tell them, O guns, that we have heard their call,
  That we have sworn, and will not turn aside,
That we will onward till we win or fall,
  That we will keep the faith for which they died.

McCrae, who was about forty years old and a Lieutenant Colonel in the Canadian medical service when he died of pneumonia in France, will be remembered for these two poems, and possibly also the sonnet on death, *Mine Host.*

Lieutenant Mackintosh, of the Seaforth Highlanders, who was killed in action on the Western Front at the age of twenty-four, is also a questioner of death. His two books are full of the subject, he was haunted by the living presence of the dead. The best of these—*Beaumont-Hamel, Three Battles, From Home, In Memoriam*—deserve a good place in the war anthologies, deserve it for their delicate touch upon the most intimate emotion, as in this poem, the third of the *Three Battles:*

Not for the day of victory
  I mourn I was not there—
The hard fierce rush of slaying men,
  The hands up in the air;
But for the torn ranks struggling on
  The old brave hopeless way—
The broken charge, the slow retreat,
  And I so far away.

And listening to the tale of Roeux,
  I think I see again
The steady grim despairing ranks,
  The courage and the pain;
The bodies of my friends that lie
  Unburied in the dew—

O friends of mine, and I not there
To die along with you!

Besides these war poems, among the most direct and tragically appealing that I have read, Mackintosh's two volumes contain earlier work, the promising practice-verse of an enthusiastic young Celt who might have proved his mettle as a poet if the war had spared him.

In Sea-dogs and Men at Arms, Jesse Edgar Middleton at least presents, in his opening poem *The Canadian,* the point of view of our colonial neighbors to the north. "I never saw the cliffs of snow," he sings, "the Island of my dream"—

And still the name of England,
Which tyrants laugh to scorn,
Can thrill my soul. It is to me
A very bugle-horn.

But the book does little else.

Nor does *En Repos and Elsewhere Over There,* "verses written in France" by Lansing Warren and Robert A. Donaldson, attempt anything beyond journalism, mostly humorous journalism. But some of the pieces are extremely good of their kind—*En Repos, Allies, Communiqués,* and *Envoi,* for example. These two young Americans hit off cleverly the dough-boy sentiment and sense of fun.

When we pass from the work of soldiers to war verse written by outsiders, we usually encounter a different note. Soldiers, even when they accept ready-made the most conventional ideas of war, write from intimate personal experience. But the outsiders are usually making poetry out

of an imaginative experience too clogged with theory, or with the common over-worked sentimentality. Even Mary Carolyn Davies makes one a little impatient—her book plays up too easily the proper sentiments of soldier-boys, their sweethearts, mothers and chums. *At Wipers and Calvary* and *On Leave in a Strange Little Town,* for example, are almost tricky in their sentimental appeal. Miss Davies, whose best verse expresses a high, free girlishness, will lose her artistic sincerity if she doesn't stop demanding too much of it. Not often in *The Drums in Our Street,* her first book, does she utter a cry as poignant as in this brief poem, *The Great War:*

> Youth, crucified to save the world,
> Hangs on the cross, and to the sky
> Utters, while thunderbolts are hurled,
> A fearful cry.
> Who has betrayed him? Each one asks
> Low, "Is it I?"

Angela Morgan's book, *Forward March!* is rhetoric unashamed marching down well-worn high-roads of war-sentiment, love-sentiment, nature-sentiment. Here, for example, is the beginning of *Resurgam:*

> Out of the graves, a Summons;
> Out of the ruins, a Voice:
> "O children of men,
> 'Tis the hour again
> Of earth's primeval choice;
> Whether to drift supinely
> Where chaos rides unfurled,
> Or gird the will divinely
> To re-create the world."

And Irwin St. John Tucker does no better with *The*

Chosen Nation, even though he sets forth his socialistic theme in Elizabethan trappings—an hundred and five Spenserian stanzas! Neither Miss Morgan's orthodoxy nor Mr. St. John's heterodoxy in the troublous affairs of this world can make a poet. The latter says in his *Foreword:*

> The poem contains in condensed form all that I know of history, and likewise my view of the present situation and hope of the future.

And yet, in spite of such an all-inclusive lofty motive, here is the utmost Mr. St. John's muse can achieve:

> Now, O thou young Republic girt with stars,
> Whose spacious territories hailed us here,
> Thou wert God's trust, from hate-recurrent wars
> To show the way: how peace may persevere;
> How men be cleansed of hate and greed and fear;
> How federated states in one may dwell
> Seeking one good through ends of earth brought near.
> Thy words indeed are high; but guard thou well;
> By deeds belying words, thy predecessors fell.

And so forth—to the bitter end.

There has been much complaint of the poets because none of them has yet achieved a *Divine Tragedy* of the war. But it may be in the heart of the muse of war to give the world not an epic solo but a lyric chorus; and we may hear already a good many fine clear voices singing over the battlefields, the flags and the graves. *H. M.*

A FREE SPIRIT

Twenty, by Stella Benson. Macmillan Co.

What one gets chiefly from these poems is the impression of a liberated spirit. There is not the sensuous enjoyment one

expects of poetry. What one retains is the philosophy rather than the rounded aesthetic emotion of poetry which exists of itself and is yet not exclusive of the author's personal philosophy as well. Yet one may well be grateful for the underlying humanness of this verse and for the quality of humor, courage and perception revealed. This, let us believe, is feminism of an enlightened kind; and the word is not used in the sense of political propaganda. Miss Benson has a light satirical humor, more effective in that it is light, as in *Redneck's Song, To the Unborn,* or *The New Zion.* Many of our male satirists lose force because of the heaviness of attack. The lunge exceeds the object; or, like an icicle grown too heavy, it falls of its own weight. As a contribution to feminine psychology, the reader may be referred to such poems as *The Secret Day, New Year 1918,* or *The Woman Alone,* from which we quote the first two stanzas:

> My eyes are girt with outer mists;
> My ears sing shrill, and this I bless;
> My finger-nails do bite my fists
> In ecstasy of loneliness.
> This I intend and this I want,
> That—passing—you may only mark
> A dumb soul with its confidant
> Entombed together in the dark.
>
> The hoarse church-bells of London ring;
> The hoarser horns of London croak;
> The poor brown lives of London cling
> About the poor brown streets like smoke;
> The deep air stands above my roof
> Like water, to the floating stars.
> My Friend and I—we sit aloof,
> We sit and smile, and bind our scars.

This will hardly avail to give an adequate impression of

the author's spirit, but it is an inkling. There is a secret meaning in many of Miss Benson's poems, not to be discerned by all who run, but of more than casual importance for those who read and understand. *A. C. H.*

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

GEORGES DUHAMEL RETURNS

The enlightened poetry editor of the *Mercure de France* has returned to his post, vacant since the war claimed him for inspirational work among wounded soldiers. From his introductory article in the issue of April 16th we quote a few sentences:

> C'est maintenant que les poètes vont nous dire si la guerre doit faire jaillir d'autres sources que celles du sang et des larmes. C'est maintenant qu'il nous sera peut-être donné d'entendre le chant rude, simple et si triste, qui seul pourra s'élever à la hauteur des hommes de ce temps. . . . .
>
> Jamais la muse française ne fut aussi féconde; jamais, d'ailleurs, en dépit des difficultés de l'heure présente, elle ne fut peut-être plus luxueusement secondée par l'art du typographe ou du graveur. . . . .
>
> Nous aurons donc beaucoup de travail, et du plus délicat et du plus difficile. De tout mon coeur, je souhaiterais que ce travail ne fut jamais pénible, et qu'il ne servit jamais à la discorde. C'est une incroyable ambition. Pour vivre, la critique a besoin plus encore d'être passionnée que d'être juste. Et, des lors, comment n'engendrerait-elle point la mésentente et le ressentiment? Je suis pourtant bien résolu à ne pas commencer une autre guerre. Je suis pourtant bien résolu, d'autre part, a dire droitement mon avis a ceux qui m'auront fait l'honneur de me le demander.

"Criticism needs even more to be impassioned than to be just"—this message from one of the finest critics now living may be passed on to certain neutral-minded purveyors of opinion in American newspapers.

THE P. S. A.-COLUMBIA PRIZES

The second award of the annual (let us hope it is an annual!) prize of five hundred dollars offered by the Poetry Society of America and Columbia University for the best book of verse published in the United States during the last calendar year (in this case the year 1918) was announced in New York June 6th.

The prize is split in two: Carl Sandburg receives half of it for *Cornhuskers,* and Margaret Widdemer half for *The Old Road to Paradise.* Henry Holt & Co. score also, as they published both books.

The result is evidently a compromise, and all lovers of the art may thank the kind fates that Carl Sandburg got even a "look-in" at any prize for which William Lyon Phelps and Richard Burton formed two-thirds of the jury of award. The third member was Sara Teasdale, the prize-winner of last year, who is as competent in criticism as she is in the art itself, and who has long been an ardent admirer of Carl Sandburg's work.

The result emphasizes the point so often insisted on by POETRY, that all such juries of award should consist entirely of professionals—that is, of poets. For years architects, painters, and sculptors have been fighting to establish this rule in all competitions, to a great extent with success. Poets should follow their example. This rule would have relieved the committee of Mr. Phelps, whose recent book, *The Advance of English Poetry in the Twentieth Century,* proves him an incompetent. It is to laugh that he should have had

a place on such a jury. Mr. Burton, though hardly a leader in the art, is at least a poet.

POETRY may be permitted to smile in remembering the clamor of journalistic guffaws which greeted its award of the initial Levinson Prize to Carl Sandburg's first POETRY entry, *Chicago Poems*—his first appearance anywhere as a poet. This prize was awarded in November, 1914.

CORRESPONDENCE

IN SOUTH AMERICA

Dear POETRY: Do you ever listen to our southern neighbors?

In Rio Janeiro poets are singing like birds in the borders of the jungle. It is astonishing—their numbers and the skill with which they write, both in the old and the new manner. From Rio de Janeiro, I have each month *La Revista de Semana, Fon-Fon, Revista Souza Cruz, O Malho,* and in each one of these periodicals a larger space is given to verse than we are accustomed to see in our English pages.

The most talked-of book of verse in Rio just now is *Impressões,* by Olegario Marianno. In this is a poem which all Portuguese South America is repeating—*Agua Corrente.* The book has been reviewed by Ramiro Gonçalves, in a prose almost as delightful as the verse itself.

In Portugal there is a great poet—a poet who expresses nobly the soul of a race, and who will be translated some day—Guerra Jungueiro. The Portuguese poet Emilio de Menezes has recently died, and Rio has been reviewing his

books: *Poemas da Morte,* and *Dies Irae.* He was a follower of Baudelaire. The works of Machado de Assis, greatest poet of Rio, who died in 1909, have been issued in twenty volumes of prose and verse. Perhaps his most famous poem which all South America knows, is *Una Creatura.* He made versions of Chinese poets more than a quarter of a century ago.

O Malho publishes a remarkable poem in the new manner, *Madrigal,* by Mario Pedneiras—from his posthumous book, *Outomno.*

In a new South American review published in Caracas, Venezuela, *Cultura Venezolana,* there is an interesting account of a poet named Mata, very ably written. *Tricolor,* of the City of Mexico, has just printed an illuminating article on the great poet of old Spain, Valle-Inclan. Also in a late issue of that same magazine, which is pleasant typographically, I saw three good sonnets of Villaespesa, sonnets about the twilights of prehistoric Mexico and well named *Las Tardes de Xochimilco.*

The South Americans are prodigiously cultivated in the literature of all the Latin races. In fact, I read their magazines principally for just that; the slightest mental ripple of Paris, Madrid, *alma Roma,* they record at once.

As soon as magazines begin again to come from the north of Europe, some good verse will be found there. I am particularly eager to get hold of the last publications from Munich, and to see if *Der Sturm* rode out the war.

Edna Worthley Underwood

NOTES

Six of the poets represented in this after-the-war number served in American or British forces during the war—four on the actual fighting front, and two in training camps on this side:

Mr. Richard Aldington has recently returned to literary work in London after nearly three years of active service, sometimes in the front-line trenches. The Four Seas Co. has just published his *War and Love.*

Mr. Robert Nichols, the young English poet, author of *Ardors and Endurances* (Fred. A. Stokes Co.), was one of "the first hundred thousand." He has recently returned to England after a lecture tour in this country.

Mr. Glenn Ward Dresbach, of Tyrone, N. M., reached a captaincy in an eastern camp, but, to his disappointment, did not reach France. His latest book, *In the Paths of the Wind,* was published in 1917 by the Four Seas Co.

Rev. Charles L. O'Donnell, of Notre Dame University, Indiana, served as chaplain in the U. S. army.

Mr. Goodrich C. Schauffler, a young New York poet, has just returned from France after a year and a half in the A. E. F.

Mr. John R. C. Peyton is a soldier-poet of Chicago.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence, the well-known English poet and novelist, has appeared from time to time in POETRY since January, 1914. His latest book of verse is *New Poems* (Martin Secker, London), and Beaumont will soon issue a limited edition of another volume. Mr. Lawrence hopes to visit this country next autumn.

Mr. Padraic Colum is another friend of some years. His book *Wild Earth and Other Poems* (Holt & Co.), appeared in 1916.

Rev. Arthur L. Phelps, of Bath, Ontario; and Louise Ayres Garnett (Mrs. Eugene H.) of Evanston, Ill., have also appeared before in the magazine. The latter has published many songs with music (Oliver Ditson Co.).

Of the poets new to our readers:

"George Marian," otherwise Mr. George Uhlman, of New York, has published little as yet.

Miss Margretta Scott, of St. Louis, has been for some time in the Red Cross service in France.

Eve Brodlique Summers (Mrs. Leland Summers), formerly of Chicago and now of New York, has been near the front in France during her husband's war service.

Mr. Reeves Brook is a London poet, Miss Gordon Hamilton lives in Colorado Springs, Miss Aber and Miss Gray in Chicago.

Those who have read Hilda Conkling's poems in POETRY every July since she was four years old, will rejoice that we give her this year the entire space available for our annual child-section. She is the daughter of Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling, who transcribes her extraordinary improvisations.

. . . . . .

The American Red Cross sends in an appeal for "a good supply of books and magazines" for our soldiers, who are "in serious need of reading matter."

BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:

War and Love, by Richard Aldington. Four Seas Co.

The Mountainy Singer, by Seosamb MacCathmbaoil (Joseph Campbell). Four Seas Co.

King of the Air and Other Poems, bv Elizabeth Chandlee Forman. Gorham Press.

Ballades of Olde France, Alsace, and Holland, by Frank Horridge. E. P. Dutton & Co.

Syncopation, by Robert DeCamp Leland. Poetry-Drama Co., Boston.

The Lincoln Cabin and Other Poems, by Saxe Churchill Stimson. Privately printed, Milwaukee.

The Pursuit of Happiness and Other Poems, by Benjamin R. C. Low. John Lane Co.

Songs While Wandering, by A. Newberrv Choyce. John Lane Co.

Behold, The Man! and Other Poems, by John T. Prince. Privately printed.

A Business in Poetry, by Frederick Hill Meserve. Privately printed, New York.

The New Earth, an Ode for Mixed Chorus, Soli and Orchestra. Poem by Louise Ayres Garnett, music by Henry Hadley. Oliver Ditson Co.

Poems, by Iris Tree. John Lane Co.

PLAYS AND AN ANTHOLOGY:

The Marsh Maiden and Other Plays, by Felix Gould. Four Seas.

Wheels, 1918—Third Cycle, ed. by Edith Sitwell. Longmans, Green & Co.

PROSE:

A New Study of English Poetry, by Henry Newbolt. E. P. Dutton & Co.

How to Read Poetry, by Ethel M. Colson. A. C. McClurg & Co.

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