You have got all the other magazines imitating your experiments. I never miss reading POETRY. It is amazing how you keep up its interest.

H. L. Mencken

Vol. XV No. IV

POETRY for JANUARY, 1920

Ballads
- Bindlestiff—Whoa, Zebe, Whoa—Sweetgrass Range
- Snow
- High Places
- The Eagle's Song—The Grass on the Mountain—Black Prayers—New-Mexican Love Song—I do not Know
- The Carrying of the Ghost
- The Painted Desert—Hopi Sun-christening
- Indian Sky
- In Hopi-land and Other Lands

Science and Art Again I
- Science and Art Again II

Reviews:
- Irritation
- Rare Air
- For Beginners

Correspondence:
- A London Letter

Notes and Books Received

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 asks its friends to become Supporting Subscribers by paying ten dollars a year to its Fund. The art of poetry requires, if it is to advance, not only special sympathy from a discriminating public, but also endowment similar to that readily granted to the other arts. All who believe in the general purpose and policy of this magazine, and recognize the need and value of such an organ of the art, are invited to assist thus in maintaining it.
Oh, the lives of men, lives of men,  
    In pattern-molds be run;  
But there's you, and me, and Bindlestiff—  
    And remember Mary's Son.

At dawn the hedges and the wheel-ruts ran  
Into a brightening sky. The grass bent low  
With shimmering dew, and many a late wild rose  
Unrolled the petals from its odorous heart  
While birds held tuneful gossip. Suddenly,  
Each bubbling trill and whistle hid away  
As from a hawk; the fragrant silence heard  
Only the loving stir of little leaves;  
Then a man's baritone broke roughly in:
I've gnawed my crust of mouldy bread,
Skimmed my mulligan stew;
Laid beneath the barren hedge—
Sleety night-winds blew.

Slanting rain chills my bones,
Sun bakes my skin;
Rocky road for my limping feet,
Door where I can't go in.

Above the hedgerow floated filmy smoke
From the hidden singer's fire. Once more the voice:

I used to burn the mules with the whip
When I worked on the grading gang;
But the boss was a crook, and he docked my pay—
Some day that boss will hang.

I used to live in a six by nine,
Try to save my dough—
It's a bellyful of the chaff of life,
Feet that up and go.

The mesh of leafy branches rustled loud,
Into the road slid Bindlestiff. You've seen
The like of the traveller: gaunt humanity
In stained and broken coat, with untrimmed hedge
Of rusty beard and curling sunburnt hair;
His hat, once white, a dull uncertain cone;
His leathery hands and cheeks, his bright blue eyes
That always see new faces and strange dogs;
His mouth that laughs at life and at himself.

Sometimes they shut you up in jail—
    Dark, and a filthy cell;
I hope the fellows built them jails
    Find 'em down in hell.

But up above, you can sleep outdoors—
    Feed you like a king;
You never have to saw no wood,
    Only job is sing.

The tones came mellower, as unevenly
The tramp limped off trailing the hobo song:

    Good-bye, farewell to Omaha,
    K. C., and Denver, too;
    Put my foot on the flying freight,
    Going to ride her through.

Bindlestiff topped a hillock, against the sky
Showed stick and bundle with his extra shoes
Jauntily dangling. Bird to bird once more
Made low sweet answer; in the wild rose cups
The bee found yellow meal; all softly moved
The white and purple morning-glory bells
As on the gently rustling hedgetop leaves
The sun's face rested. Bindlestiff was gone.
Oh, the lives of men, lives of men,
In pattern-molds be run;
But there's you, and me, and Bindlestiff—
And remember Mary's Son.

WHOA, ZEBE, WHOA

Saddle me up the Zebra Dun—
Whoa, Zebe, whoa!
Double-cinch the son of a gun—
Whoa, till I bridle you, whoa!
Foot in the stirrup, straddle him quick—
Pitch and squeal and buck and kick—
Take your gait or the spurs will prick,
Lope along, you Zebra Dun.

The boys are off for town tonight—
It's a-riding Zebra Dun!
Playing poker and a-getting tight—
'Sift along, O Zebra Dun!
Bunch of girls at Brown's Hotel
Knows the steps, and dances well—
Rattlesnake Pete and his fiddle—
Lope along, O Zebra Dun!

Lights of the town are a-shining clear—
Run, you Zebra Dun!
Last four weeks seems like a year—
Run, Zebe, run!
Yip, yip, yi-yi, yi-yi!
Run, you old stiff-kneed grasshopper,
You spiral-spined jackrabbit, you!
A-ho, whooppee!

Brown's Hotel we're bound to see,
Swing them girls at the dance party,
One-and-twenty on a moonlight spree—
A-ho, whooppee!

Whoa, Zebe, whoa!
Whoa, till I hitch you, whoa!

SWEETGRASS RANGE

Come sell your pony, cowboy—

Sell your pony to me;
Braided bridle and your puncher saddle,
And spend your money free.

"If I should sell my pony,
And ride the range no more,
Nail up my hat and my silver spurs
Above my shanty door.

"And let my door stand open wide
To the snow and the rain and sun;
And bury me under the green sweetgrass
Where you hear the river run."

As I came down the sweetgrass range
And by the cabin door,
I heard a singing in the early dusk
   Along the river shore;
I heard a singing to the early stars,
   And the tune of a pony's feet.
The joy of the riding singer
   I never shall forget.

Edwin Ford Piper

SNOw

The grey sky bent above us—
It seemed so little,
The earth.
Like a very distant village trio
Of almost forgotten years,
The trees sang.
Then,
As a lone white rose,
That stays its complete departure
And leaf by leaf goes straying—
Came, as from a greater beauty,
Hidden in the grey, bending sky,
Snow.

Leone Kelley
Said the Eagle:

When my time came
I was astonished
To find that there was death;
I felt cold sinking within me.

Alas, my home—
Shall I leave it?
All-beholding mountains,
From your snowy stations
Shall I see my house no more?

North I went,
Leaning on the wind:
Through the forest resounded
The cry of the wounded doe.

East I went,
Seeking
Where the white-hot dawn
Treads on the trail of morning blueness:
The wind brought me
The smell of death in my nostrils.

South I went,
Looking

[181]
For the place where there is no death:
I heard singing,
The sound of wailing for the dead.

West I went,
On the world-encompassing water:
Death’s trail was before me.

People, O people,
It must be that we shall leave this pleasant earth.
Therefore let us make songs together,
Let us make a twine of songs.
With them we shall bind the Spirit
Fast to the middle heaven—
There at least it shall roam no more.
The white way of souls,
There shall be our home.

THE GRASS ON THE MOUNTAIN

Oh, a long time
The snow has possessed the mountains.

The deer have come down, and the big horn,
They have followed the sun to the south
To feed on the mesquite pods and the bunch grass.
Loud are the thunder drums
In the tents of the mountains.

Oh, a long time now
Mary Austin

Have we eaten chia seeds
And dried deer's flesh of the summer killing.
We are wearied of our huts,
And the smoky smell of our garments.

We are sick with desire of the sun
And the grass on the mountain.

BLACK PRAYERS

There is a woman
Has taken my man from me!

How was I to know,
When I gave him my soul to drink
In the moon of Corn-planting
When the leaves of the oak
Are furred like a mouse's ear,
When the moon curled like a prayer plume
In the green streak over Tuyonyi?

When I poured my soul to his
In the midst of my body's trembling,
How was I to know
That the soul of a woman was no more to him
Than sweet sap dripping
From a bough wind-broken?

If I had known
I could have kept my soul from him

[183]
Even though I kept not my body.
That woman, with her side-looking eyes!
Whatever she takes from him,
It is my soul she is taking.
Waking sharply at night,
I can feel my life pulled from me,
Like water in an unbaked olla.
Then I know he is with her,
She is drinking from his lips
The soul I gave him.

Therefore I make black prayers for her
With this raven's feather,
With owl feathers edged with silence,
That all her days may be night-haunted.
Let blackness come upon her—
The downward road
Toward Sippapu;
Let her walk in the shadow of silence!

Would I had kept my soul
Though I gave my body!
Better the sly laugh and the pointed finger
Than this perpetual gnawing of my soul
By a light woman.

Now I know why these women are so fair—
They are fed on the hearts of better women,
Who would not take another's man
Knowing there is no untying
The knot of free-given affection.

Let darkness come upon her!
Let her feet stumble
Into the Black Lake of Tears!
Let her soul drown,
Let those above not hear her!—
By the black raven's plume,
By the owl's feather!

**NEW-MEXICAN LOVE SONG**

The long last lights on the mesas fail,
And the twittering quail and the coo-doves cease;
The young wind walks in the tasseling corn—
Ohé!
But there's never the fall of your foot in the trail,
And the twilight hour is long,
Beloved—
Ohé!—
And the twilight hour is long!

The moon comes over the cañon wall
The tombés wake,
And the slim flutes call,
And the dew drips down from the tasseling corn—
Ohé!
But there's never the sound of your voice at all,
And the twilight hour is long,
Beloved—
Ohé!
And the twilight hour is long!

I DO NOT KNOW

I do not know if there is God,
The centre of this whirling orb
Making and unmaking.

I do not know if there is God—
But there's a spirit in the wood.

That was it where once the lupin shook,
And there it laughed
Between two gurgles of the brook.
Warm silence and the windless stir
Along my sides where once was fur,
And nameless fierce temptations in my blood.

Or when the dawn is like a trumpet laid
To the sea's lips that are curved keen for it,
When the wet beach is gleaming like a shell
And all the foreshore whispers in green fire,
I have felt that spirit pass,
Stalking the young winds in the grass.

I do not know if there is God—
But when my travail came,
And every sense went weltering blind
'Round jagged rocks of pain,
There is a Swimmer in the surf
Rode with us down the staggering gulf
And brought us safe to land.

The hurrying hearse whisked out of sight,
The sexton cleaned his spade on the grass,
(My grief was stiff like the slithering clay)
And the mourners put up their veils.

There was a Spirit blew
The graveyard dust in my face:
"'Earth unto earth,' was said of you,
For something of you has gone into the ground
With the child that you made at your body's cost.
And a sea-blue lilac can not toss,
Nor the white corn tassel, row on row,
But something of you has entered there.
The brown corn-silk is the brown of her hair,
And the pink of her mouth you will find again
Delicately folded lip on lip,
In the budding tips of the apricot boughs.
For nothing can ever divide you now
From the earth you have made with your dead."
That was a thing
Only a Spirit could have said.
THE CARRYING OF THE GHOST
*A Mes-qua-kie Ceremony*

[The Friends and the Mourners chant responsively.]

Let the ghost of the brave be carried away.
Let the ghost of the brave be carried away.
Mourners, look up.
Fasters, look up.
You who have shed your blood, look up.
You whose tears were not enough to shed,
Look up, look up.

*We cannot look up.*
*We cannot look up.*

A moon ago he died.
A moon ago died the dutiful son.
A moon ago died the faithful husband.
A moon ago died the brave, the friend.
His ghost is cold.
His ghost is naked.
Let the ghost of the brave be carried away.
Mourners, look up.
Fasters, look up.

*We cannot look up.*
*We cannot look up.*

Mourners, fasters,
Where is his ghost?
In the Happy Hunting Ground
Pursues he the game?
Fights he in company with ancient warriors?
Fights he in company with Hot Hand?
Fights he in company with Cold Hand?
Fights he with the ancient brave Mes-qua-kies?

Mourners, fasters,
Where is his ghost?
Is he in the Happy Hunting Ground?
Is he in the Happy Hunting Ground?

Ai, ài! Ai, ài! Ai, ài!
Ai, ài! Ai, ài! Ai, ài!

Why is he not in the Happy Hunting Ground?
Why is he not in the Happy Hunting Ground?
Mourners, fasters,
Have you not sent him?
Mourners and fasters,
Befriend him, befriend him.
Mourners and fasters,
Befriend his ghost.

Why is he not in the Happy Hunting Ground?
Mourners, and fasters, why does his ghost tarry?
Why is it thin and cold and naked?

He is so loved
We cannot send him.
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

He is so loved
We cannot let him go.
Ai, ai! Ai, ai! Ai, ai!

He stands outside
The circle of the ghost-fire.
He stands outside
In the cold darkness.
His soul is naked,
He is cold, outside
In the cold darkness.
He fears the demons
In the cold darkness,
Lest they eat his soul
In the cold darkness.
Mourners and fasters,
Befriend his ghost.

He is son: we cannot send him.
He is brother: we cannot send him.
He is husband: we cannot send him.
He is friend: we cannot send him.

We cannot send him.
We cannot let him go.
If we send him,
He comes back no more.
If he goes,
He comes back no more.
He is lonely and friendless.
He has no companions.
He sees his friends
By the smoky ghost-fire,
But they cannot see him.
He hears their voices
Praise him by the ghost-fire
But they cannot hear him
When he replies.
    Thin is his voice:
    They cannot hear it.
Send him to the Happy Hunting Ground,
Where dwell his ancestors,
Send him to the Happy Hunting Ground,
Where dwell Hot Hand and Cold Hand.

Long is the ghost-road:
No one returns by it.

Long is the ghost-road:
He comes back no more.

Long is the ghost-road: no one returns by it.
Long is the ghost-road: but all go over it.
Long is the ghost-road: you will go over it.
You will go over it, if you will send him.

Long is the ghost-road:
No one returns by it.
Long is the ghost-road:
He comes back no more.

He wanders in the cold, beyond the ghost-fire.
He picks up crumbs like a wolf in the cold.
He has no horse: he can hunt no game.

Long is the ghost-road,
But all go over it.
Long is the ghost-road.
You will go over it.
You will go over it
If you will send him.

Yes, we will send him,
For we shall follow him.
Yes, we will send him,
For we shall not lose him.
Yes, we will send him:
We shall all follow after him.
We shall all follow after him.
Wise, good, loving.
Yes, we will send him:
Make ready the horse,
The new clothes, the feast.

They will send him, they will send him,
The mourners will send him,
Make ready the horse, the new clothes, the feast.
They will send him,
They will send him,
And they will follow after.
   Call the ghost carriers,
   Call the ghost carriers.
Bring no more wood to the smoky ghost-fire:
The ghost goes on the long ghost-road.
Bring no more food to the smoky ghost-fire:
The ghost goes on the long ghost-road.
Let the men who sit by the smoky ghost-fire
   No more praise him that he may hear.
Let the men who sit by the smoky ghost-fire
Rise up now and help to make ready.
   Rise up and make ready.
   Make ready,
   Make ready,
   Rise up and make ready.
The ghost goes on the long ghost-road.
THE PAINTED DESERT

Delicate land,
Fabulous land,
Clear as a bird-song afloat in the morning,
Keener than glacial air;
Exquisite gift of the slow-building sea,
Held like an altar up to the sky,
Circled with light, cliff-columns high
Rising aerially.

Dare men approach your enchantments of sand,
Land where the rainbow lies bare?—
Enter your sun-guarded gateways of space,
Mortals, like snails with a cheapening trail,
Fearful of mystery, wearily pale,
Out of today's commonplace?

Over the wasteland a strong wind goes;
Like captured heat lies the cactus rose.
The desert sings:
Sand-precious flowers and quick lizards lie
In a world like the brazen bowl of the sky—
Sun-captured things.
Color and distance come weaving their dances,
Mystery-full the great silence advances;
Then, at your hand,
Marvelling, mortals unfold strange wings.
Delicate, fabulous land!

[194]
HOPI SUN-CHRISTENING

Child,
High aloft you are held to the dawn,
Naked,
To feel the sun’s first rays.
The welcoming god will come,
Leaping
Out of the under-world;
To greet you, to bathe, to engulf you
Child,
Straining the brown arms of your grandmother.

Silent upon the mesa top,
Above a desert of silence,
We, your people, wait
To strip you, earth-strange, to the sun-god,
Child who have lain in the darkness,
Child who shall live in the sun.
Do you see
The lifting of the dusk,
The white line of the dawn,
The yellow coming of light?
Wailing child,
Behold! He has touched you—the Sun!

Emma Hawkridge
INDIAN SKY

The old squaw
Is one
With the old stone behind her.
Both have squatted there—
Ask mesa
Or mountain how long?
The bowl she holds—
Clay shawl of her art,
Clay ritual of her faith—
Is one
With the thought of the past,
And one with the now,
Though dim, a little old, strange.
The earth holds her
As she holds the bowl—
Ask kiva
Or shrine how much longer?
No titan,
No destroyer,
No future thought,
Can part
Earth and this woman,
Woman and bowl:
The same shawl
Wraps them around.

Alfred Kreymborg
GHOSTS

Ghosts of the early earth!
The sly coyote knows you,
And the timid deer.
I asked the eagle, circling skyward,
And saw your twin shadows.
The fox looks everywhere
And calls you brother.

Was it your whisper,
Your mocking whisper,
Among the twisted cedars?

Or only the tired winds,
Cuddling on the cool breasts of evening?

BURDENS

Burden of water jars,
Borne up steep trails;
Burden of babies,
Asleep in thonged cradles.

And a heaped-up load of loving,
Carried lightly,
Over all the trails
To the end of them.
HOPI MAIDEN

At the mealing stones
Is one singing butterfly songs—

Fly, yellow wings, with my love,
That has wings like your own.

Go, in the golden shining of the sun,
Where the cornfields are.

Yellow wings, you are my loving,
Home from the flight.

Somebody is hoeing the corn;
Heard you not his love for me?

HOMESICK SONG

To the staccato of the booming drum,
To the dance-step of moccasined feet,
And swaying of brown bodies,
They sang.

Said the very old man at the drum:
It is a homesick song—
Of lonesome deserts,
Of grinding the corn,
Of a roof overhead,
The love of woman;

[198]
And of the Path to the Sunset,
Where we go tomorrow.

Ah! then I knew;
Knew why it sang to my heart.

**HOPI-TUH**

O people of the peaceful places,
I have known you of old!
Yet your wise men say nothing,
Nor the tinted sands—
The shifting, singing sands.

These alone are the Knowing Ones:
The shadows of yonder clouds,
And the far-journeying winds—
Winds that cover yesterday's pathway.

They are the gray wings of your rains,
They are the messengers of your praying.

**DANCE OF THE DUST WITCHES**

Are you not weary,
O desert dust witches?

I cannot see who waltzes with you
In close embrace—
But your lips meet hotly in kisses,
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Your hair is disheveled,
Your ribbons are flying,
Your skirts are in tatters.

The music you dance to—
It comes from fiddles bewitched.

GRAND CANYON

Words, such as dreamers utter;
Songs, played on dulcet strings;
Pictures, that hold beauty deathless—

Here, on the verge,
They fade away to dull colors,
Faint songs,
Echoes of words.

Let the sunsets paint it,
And the rainbows.
Let the pueblos whisper of it—
Voices of long ago.
Let the red river sing of it—
A wild thing, caged, escaping.

THE NEW DAY

The swift scouts of dawn ride in,
Their lances flame-tipped.
The waning moon shines whitely,
Like thin drifted snow—
And the cradled winds sleepily rub their eyes.

An impatient horse whinnies—
A dog barks, at nothing.
Trails of smoke rise from the kitchen chimney.
The air is washed clean; it smells sweet
With odors of new-mown hay.

A man steps out briskly
From the imprisoned dark of the barn,
Carrying pails brimful of foaming milk.
A woman waits in the doorway;
She is young and comely.
Mewing kittens are tangled in her skirts;
They smell the warm milk.
A baby cries softly upstairs.

THE NORTH WOODS

Do you remember those rare intimacies
Of August twilights, around a pine-knot flame?
And the luring intricacies
Of paths leading to shaded nooks of no name?

Have you memory also
Of trout, at the end of a taut line,
Poised for the instant,
Like a swift sword-gleam,
Over a flashing, dashing, rollicking stream?
Have you forgotten—
You, who were love's home—
As the nest forgets,
When the wee birds roam?

NOVEMBER

A thinning of lingering leaves on the boughs,
A sudden chill on the sunny side of the house,
And honk of wild geese overhead.
   Summer has fled.

Her departure does not sadden me
Beyond all recompense and utterly,
For you are here,
   My dear, my dear.

PITY NOT

Pity not the dead;
They are comforted.

Should they wake not,
All is forgôt.

If they rise again,
Love folds them then.

William H. Simpson
THE FOG GHOST

I hear wailing.
Great ships are sailing
Into your arms; and nevermore
They port on any shore.

Ghost of the mist,
Keep your ancient tryst!
Back to the lone lanes of the sea
Slip silently.

SHADOW FACES

An old and almost forgotten album,
Housing faded pictures.

Turning again its pages,
And looking at those shadow faces—
Suddenly, I know,
As if a low voice had spoken,
That youth has departed,
Broken-hearted.

DESERTED

The door is open—
But knocks no one.
Paths there are,
Yet no feet run.
It is easy enough to answer Dr. Steinmetz. He quite ignores the fact that the interest in the Iliad and the Odyssey is not in the mode of locomotion, but in the story of human passion and conflict. Otherwise one might replace Homer by a tour through some world’s-fair Transportation Hall.

It is merely incidental whether one skim the world’s surface by horse, dog-sled, trireme, leviathan, automobile or aeroplane—the motive for going is what counts. Nor is the ability to skim the world’s surface in relatively short or long time of any great moment, since any method is both incredibly short and impossibly long—as regards eternity.

Art is the record of the activity of the human spirit; in its essence it is spiritual activity itself. There is perhaps more art in the life-history of a man like Steinmetz, if one could know it, than in his inventions once completed. This, it seems to me, should be the inspiration of the novelist whose imagination is stirred by the spectacle of modern science. Unless the invention provoke an aesthetic reaction, which is very rare and which is not the motive of the invention, it can not be said to have an aesthetic function, and therefore lacks stimulating quality for the artist. Again, it is the creative human spirit beneath the invention that counts.

Dr. Steinmetz’ article illustrates precisely why there is today such a wide divorce between our life—our practical,
national life—and art. (There is never any divorce between life and art, because art is life.) Artists are far more willing to grant concessions to science than are the scientists and statesmen to recognize the inherent, concrete power of art. The tribal value (so to speak) of a work of art is never perceived in its own generation, except by a few. Yet fifty years later that work of art, or the composite art of the period, has molded the minds of a people in a fashion that is spiritually concrete. The tribal value of a machine is accepted at once, for its material benefits; yet the benefits of art are equally concrete, material; and it is well to remember this in times of peace. We must not forget the storm of protest aroused in the early days of the war by Germany's contention of the superiority of her "Kultur": we summoned our own respective "cultures" to the light, and Robert Bridges brought out his anthology of selections from the poets to prove that we are not deficient in that culture which is founded upon *The Spirit of Man*—as he called his book.

It is characteristic that Dr. Steinmetz opposes against the creative works of science—and of course science is creative, though not in an artistic sense—only apparently second-rate novels of erotic or decadent tendencies. One would like to know what modern poets Dr. Steinmetz reads, if he reads any, and what he looks for in their work? The burden of proof, it seems to me, rests with Dr. Steinmetz.

Of course our age is not unromantic. Only a very stupid person would make such a statement; but here again one
must ask what it is that makes romance? Is it the automobile, turbine engine, flying-ship, or cinematograph? Or are these merely adjuncts to that which is romance? Is not romance also of the spirit?

Dr. Steinmetz clearly does not perceive the distinction between science and art, the aim and object of each; and in this respect he is more out of touch with the Twentieth Century, with his time, and with all time, than is the average literary artist whom he accuses of this fault.

That the poet may not chant paeans to the achievements of modern science is no indication that he is out of touch with his time. Some indeed do chant such paeans, and yet fail to achieve either poetry or romance, or any aesthetic reaction in their hearers. Does not one turn with relief from Mrs. Tietjens' poem on *A Steam Shovel* to her *Most Sacred Mountain*, or from Harriet Monroe's poem on *The Turbine* to her two beautifully intimate sonnets on *Pain*?

Let Dr. Steinmetz write his own autobiography, as Henry Adams wrote his, and we shall come closer to the springs of creative science, to the spiritual activity underlying it, than if a whole host of poets and novelists treated of its external aspects.

Is the glint of light on an aeroplane more beautiful than that on a bird's wing? Does a steam radiator move one more aesthetically than a wood fire?

The phonograph is an accomplishment, but the aesthetic fact is the voice, not the machine; the typewriter has nothing to do with the creative impulse of the mind that uses it.

[206]
Our age is romantic, as romantic as any other age, perhaps no more so; for it is romantic not on account of the inventions that fill it, but on account of the lives that are lived in it, to whom the inventions are an adjunct, but not a controlling power. Here, as always, it is the spirit, and not the machine, that counts. Land feudalism may be supplanted, or augmented by factory feudalism—the struggle is the same.

The problem for the artist is far beyond that conceived by Dr. Steinmetz. It is to perceive and portray the sources of life as these are seen through and beyond the outward trapping. What can one do with the "tube", or the elevated, except ride in it? And however much one may marvel at the advance of science, however much one may deprecate second-rate erotic novels, it is nevertheless true that no invention has yet been made which changes the course of human passion; the portrayal of which in the hands of a novelist such as, for instance, Mr. D. H. Lawrence, ranks side by side with the achievements of modern science, even though one may sometimes fancy that, instead of chaining sun-power to a turbine, Mr. Lawrence has set himself a task which is a good deal like painting the sun. One may note the difference between Mr. Lawrence's method and that of Homer; Mr. Lawrence gives us a "close-up" in place of a panoramic view (one may find the panorama in Tolstoi or Dostoievsky); but one can not admit that Mr. Lawrence is any less in touch with his time than was Homer, even though steam-engines play an unimportant part in his novels.
And incidentally one may remind Dr. Steinmetz that Homer could have left the Trojan horse out of the Iliad, but not Helen!

Certain phases of modern science and invention may provoke an aesthetic reaction in the artist, in which case, if the expression is adequate, the material becomes transmuted into art; and nothing in the world, in this sense, is outside the scope of art. But to insist upon the glorification of modern science as a set program for the artist is to mistake very seriously the function of art and of the artist.

Of course, one could, to refute Dr. Steinmetz, enumerate a host of modern writers whose work is, in a deeply spiritual sense, in touch with their time—indeed, is not this true, on the whole, of modern poetry?—but it would take too long, and the burden of proof, as I said before, rests not with the artists, but with Dr. Steinmetz.

Much of A. C. H.’s argument is incontestable; but H. M. would like to project one inquiry a little further than either Dr. Steinmetz in his challenge, or she in her reply, has gone. The inquiry is essentially this: Is not the truth one and indivisible, whether of science, art, philosophy, or anything else? Do we not analyze too narrowly in differentiating the creation of the artist from that of the scientist, calling the one a contribution to aesthetics and the other to material invention? In short, does not all power spring from the Spirit—call it of man or of God?
Science and Art Again

The poet is almost invariably unmathematical, unscientific. On that side his mind is a blank, and he easily assumes that the forces thus let loose in the world are not spiritual but material. The poet (let me use this word generically, as representing all artists, especially all literary artists)—the poet virtually monopolizes men's ears: what he says goes, because the scientist can merely build his truth—he cannot utter it. And may it not be true that by his blindness to "the soul of the machine," to the spiritual power inherent in its creation, the modern poet establishes a dissonance between the energy of our age and its art?

Just here may be the source of the vague discomfort felt by the average imaginative mind (please note that I say the average imaginative mind—and there are a few imaginative minds in every vocation, from the cobbler to the statesman) in its effort to get into sympathetic relation with modern literature and art. And it may be the reason why modern life and modern art are not one undivided unity, one complete well-rounded circle, as they were in the world's great ages—such periods of transcendent human expressiveness as those of Pericles, of the Gothic cathedrals, of the Sung emperors, of Queen Elizabeth. This vague discomfort is perhaps a just arraignment; and it may be up to the poet, rather than the scientist, to get in tune with his age.

Once in tune with it, once in sympathetic union with the forces now at work in the world, it is quite possible that the poet, and after him the people, will find the confusion of our age resolving into harmony, that he will begin that
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

rounding of the circle which may make the next age as divinely complete and expressive as those others. This will not be through writing eloquent praise of the super-locomotive or the giant aeroplane; but through feeling to the very depths, and expressing to the very heights, the spiritual adventures of the human soul in its use of, and conquest over, whatever powers and agencies the searchers and discoverers of the time have revealed. He will round the circle of beauty in his own way, but it must be the way of knowledge and sympathy—it cannot be the way of ignorance and scorn.

Even so enlightened an observer as Waldo Frank misses this point in Our America, which is nevertheless the most luminous book of fundamental criticism yet written about our present-day American world. If Mr. Frank could have seen that the pioneer—and the pioneer and the scientific inventor are essentially one type—if he could have realized that his "pioneer" was pursuing a dream rather than mere material riches, he would not have had to call Lincoln a "miracle"—a miracle of spiritual power arising out of a crassly material environment. Lincoln was a son of the pioneers not only physically and intellectually, but above all spiritually. In him the brooding melancholy of their endless quest, the power that paused for neither hope nor despair, that accepted no fulfilment but pressed on ever to the next goal—in him these heroic imaginings flowered into symmetrical beauty and grandeur. And the men of Lincoln's breed today are men like Dr. Steinmetz, pushing on from
knowledge to knowledge through the encompassing darkness of our fate.

The fact that their discoveries are misused by meaner men for material gain has nothing whatever to do with the case. It is no more true today than in Homer’s time or Elizabeth’s—there are always grafters to suck the blood of heroes. But the poet should see beyond the grafter to the hero: if he confuses the two, or neglects both, he is no true interpreter of his age, or prophet of the next.

It was under the spur of such feeling as this that I wrote *The Turbine* twelve years ago. Its sources were authentic: a talk with a twelve-year-old boy whose dream of the beauty of the higher mathematics pushed far out into space and time; and a story, told by an electrical engineer, of the misbehavior of one of his beloved turbines in a great power-station. No doubt my poem falls far short of that boy’s fervor; and of that man’s humor and love, his sense of mysterious and temperamental life in this mighty product of human hands and brains. But only a poet who knows and loves machines, or a machinist who knows and loves poetry, is competent to say so.

H. M.

**REVIEWS**

**IRRITATION**

*Pavannes and Divisions*, by Ezra Pound. Alfred A. Knopf.

There is a word which one associates with Dostoevsky’s works—Sorrow; as we think of Walt Whitman the word
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

may be *Joy*; for Mr. Pound the word is *Irritation*. *Irritation* inspires him and he inspires irritation in his readers.

Here are twelve dialogues of Fontenelle, translated. One may say of them that they are just such things as only a man like Mr. Pound could have scooped out of the welter of minor French literature; since if there is a literature in the world to which Mr. Pound is extraneous and foreign, in feelings and ways, it is the French. These dialogues conform surprisingly, and sympathize remarkably, with Mr. Pound—these quarrelsome persons in these dialogues, these not remarkable persons of these not extraordinary dialogues.

Here is a poem called *L'Homme Moyen Sensuel*, parading in a Browning exo-skeleton, with much less than Browning under the skeleton. Here is also a translation from Laforgue by which Mr. Pound has achieved a thing worthy of observation: he has been true to the letter, almost, of the original, and at the same time has betrayed and desecrated it. Laforgue’s satires are veiled by a delicate and almost haughty modesty, and they have a sorrowfully humble way, which become boisterousness in the translation, reminding one of what Billy Sunday did to Christ.

The book, taken as a whole, is Mr. Pound’s profession of faith in art. A faith in art which consists of a few *don’ts* shouted at some imaginary and improbable followers; of repetitions of phrases by old and ancient masters, duly stripped of their original glamour, as all repetitions are. (One finds here a formula almost directly translated from a famous passage of Rimbaud’s *Les Illuminations*: “It is the
presentation of such a 'complex' instantaneously which gives that sense of sudden liberation".) A faith in art that becomes militant in a fierce little contempt against America—look! he's throwing pebbles at our skyscrapers, O People!—and a provincial and bourgeois quarrel against the provincial and bourgeois in art. A faith in art that has no love, no ecstasy, not even drunkenness.

It sums itself up mechanically into this: Mr. Pound lets it be known that he is against stupidity, bad art and bad artists. Ask any bad artist: he will tell you that it is he who is against bad artists and bad art! Now, the only way to judge whether it is the case of a bad artist disagreeing with himself and objecting to art, or the contrary, is from the style of the objector, from his way of moving about. (As for his tastes in art—in our century one can no longer judge a man from them—faking about them is the most popular of the arts.) What then are the stride and the physiognomy of Mr. Pound? Well, he may have written some exceeding good poems, I will not say whether I doubt it or not. But this book is a sequence of false steps made by its author in his effort to gain a recognition that he misses and longs for. And a sulking, aggressive, self-conscious man scowls at you from behind every sentence. Here are some of the false steps: He tells us that he takes "no pleasure in writing this . . . ." He drops, altogether too magnificently, such a portentous formidable new phrase as, "Art is a science . . . like chemistry," and as no elucidation or comment follows, but some flat and hollow English instead, one has a feeling
of suspicion, as though one had caught a glimpse of a bum with a gold watch-chain strung across his ragged vest. He reiterates that "obviously this is so, obviously that is so..."; resorts to such stimulants of laughter as three exclamation marks (!!!). Boosting James Joyce, he cannot find a more enthusiastic or enlightening phrase than, "He gives us Dublin as it presumably is"; or, "He gives the thing as it is." Giving the thing as it is he calls realism, and his criticism proceeds with a quibbling on such words as imagism, impressionism, realism, symbolism; words which, if they ever mean anything, mean one thing only; otherwise, they mean what you understand by them, and if you do not tell us precisely what, they mean nothing.

I might praise the book, and say that there is in it a sort of dignified love for art and art concepts. But how can I?—this love is so cold and so awkward that it inspires no sympathy. It is probably an affair between Mr. Pound and some Grecian wraiths, and we are unable to say just how immoral or lively it is. And is it love? No sincere lovemaking, no liberating gesture can be awkward; whereas, as Mr. Aiken says, "awkwardness incarnate" is in this book. Perhaps Mr. Pound's liberation occurred some time ago, in his poems. If it be so, then this is a post-mortem restlessness, it is a case of "pain animating the dust of dead desire." Yes, that is indeed why we do not stand in awe at the sight of the considerable fight Mr. Pound has put up, that is why we call it a quarrel; a quarrel that is so much and so exclusively nobody's quarrel that there's no chance
Irritation

to sympathize. His problems are unrealities that he has created out of his weariness and spleen, to throw sand in the eyes of the ghost of insignificance and pettiness that haunts him. His anger against the big plagues of the world is so petty, that, I think, he makes petty difficulties out of big ones in order to give himself the sport to fight them. If he saw how enormous the difficulties are that he is making grimaces at, he would become human and there would be a little more sentiment in him—but I suppose he would feel ashamed of it!

It's an ugly love. Rather the crudity and the bombast of an earnest beginner, rather all the pathetic attitudes of self-glorification and self-abnegation with which incomplete artists daily pester the world, than this sophisticated love towards Her; for She is a tough-handed and strong-smelling Woman. Rather the uncouth gaffes of an adolescent than this philandering with fawns and nymphs and mouldy reminiscences of Pan—a nasty way of snubbing this great Woman who slings, in passing, streetfuls of dust of today's cities; whose favorite perfume is that of the loam—the loam that soils the hands of dudes and snobs. Rather morbid and talkative love than this ungainly nouveau-riche abstinence from raptures for fear of clumsiness; rather coarseness that is tender-hearted, and foolishly weeps and foolishly laughs, than this delicacy and aloofness achieved, or rather striven for, without drama.

Yes, Mr. Pound talks of the experts, of such men as may die of a harsh sound inadvertently caught by their ears. We
know them, *ces délicats*. It's Oscar Wilde who wrings new postures and new words out of poor Salome (she was an adolescent and she had a human tendency to be obvious); who writes of men flinging themselves languorously on sofas—and refuses to sit down in Whitman's room for fear of soiling his clothes. It is Remy de Gourmont, with his perfectly charming receptiveness, who cowers at the sight of such a forsaken, accursed and violent genius as Rimbaud, and gossips about the tragedy of the splendid Youth. It's Gustave Kahn who quibbles as to whether Laforgue is a symbolist or not, while Laforgue's aloofness and sorrow and death are one of those mistakes or crimes of the world for which the world never gives an account or an apology. It's Ezra Pound who, on the death of Verhaeren, makes haste to tell us that Verhaeren wasn't as good as... I forget the name. What these *délicats* miss, what these choosers, these select selecters and élite-makers and aristocrats miss, is what I call roots. They miss what they intensely long for—a place in the world and the sense of their importance in it. What they hate most is clumsiness, lack of taste, they tell us: to anyone who knows the weight and the majestic stride of this our Earth, to anyone who knows how deep and weirdly gnarled men's roots are, common men's roots, how tormentedly tangled and twisted they are, this lightness and this amenity and this aristocratic giggling are grotesque and funny and sorrowfully clumsy. There was exquisiteness in an Italian mother I saw in Taylor Street biting in a sweet frenzy the mouth of her sloppy child; and she was fat and
Irritation

greasy, too. It is the strong-nosed and big-hearted love which is most delicate. Delicacy is a luxury of the strong-nosed, it is not the privilege of a carefully self-preserving scantiness of heart. Ces délicats and “immaculate perceivers” can never reach that perfect isolation toward which they started when it became impossible for them to be in the world; yes, it was their inability to be a struggling part of the world that dropped them out of it. Evidently—the concept of isolation is a theoretical fallacy— isolation that exhibits itself, indifference that meddles with everything and nags and objects!

Ezra Pound’s exclusion of his own personal emotion from this book affects to be a feat of dignity, austere lack of sentimentality. It is self-contradictory, and inasmuch as Mr. Pound cannot refrain from shouting and showing signs of emotion, he is most absurdly sentimental. This book is the throttled cry of non-confessed inhibitions. The sentimentality of so many propagandists and radicals who start out, of a day, to settle the troubles of the world—troubles for which they assert they are fundamentally not responsible—this sentimentality is Ezra Pound’s. It is the most depraving sort of sentimentality. The idea of self-surpassing, of the Superman, in Nietzsche; and that most frequent and most permanent of colors in art, Sadness—these are furthest from sentimentality, and the best example to set before such noisy self-contradictions as Ezra Pound and the whole bevy of modern purists, professors, learned men and experts!

Mr. Pound is a gentleman who, possessing a good deal

[217]
of human discrimination, saw what were the things that a
great man is concerned about. Thereupon he laboriously set
himself to be concerned in such things. Indeed, his art
theories have all the requisites: there is the proclamation of
art as morals—there is the damning of our present-day ugli­
ness and the longing for the times of Chivalry and the
beauty that was Greece; there is an act of faith called
Religio. It is extraordinary and very deplorable that the
same man who speaks of Christ as “the unpleasing Semite
who began to use myths for social propaganda,” who com­
pares disparagingly Blake with Whistler, does not in the
least realize that these same men have benignantly given
him that which he surreptitiously tried to steal from them,
and, without acknowledgment, stalks about calling his own.
He does not realize that his art theories are ages old; that
the only newness that can be brought into such topics may
only be the weight of a personally suffered tragedy, or a
golden gift of song, torn out of a man's own heart, his heart
of today, of today's sorrow and today's laughter. In other
words that only a very personal emotion validates and differ­
entiates a man's art theories. Then, when one brings such
a gift or casts the shadow of such a tragedy, it matters little
that similar things have been said by someone else before;
then indeed one may rejoice that they have been said by
someone else; then one no longer strives for originality, but
for a communion with the great, for the frenzy of the
extreme loneliness of being together with the great. And
such loneliness is perhaps what is meant by originality.
Dignity, aloofness, cool judgment—the dickens! Only eyes of fire may look at the sun. I am thinking that such things as he eventually utters coldly and precisely are the same that were screamed without precision, and with blind illogical heat, by Blake, by Shelley, by Nietzsche, by Rimbaud, and even by the kind and moderate Sir Philip Sydney, who speaks of "scientists who draw a straight line with a crooked heart." And I say that it is no longer, in such cases, a matter of words or language, but a flame and an uproar which must unfortunately take the form of questionable and confutable words. Ezra Pound is the soot and the ashes of the fire of what he calls derisively "the prophetic Blake."

And as for free verse. Upholding, or apologizing for, free verse is ridiculous and obsolete. There is a song or a scream coming to free verse today, since an image of a *Great Hunt* became song, song of today, song in the ears and song in the throat of a man whom one may see, living and looking sad, if one goes to the office of the Chicago *Daily News* and asks for the "journalist" Carl Sandburg. The bookish discernment of men who left America "to seek for intelligent conversation" ought to limit itself to things less alive than free verse is today!

I would praise the book and be pleased at Mr. Pound's sincere love for James Joyce, Hueffer, T. S. Eliot and Laforgue; exult in the fact that he is one of the very few men who spoke at all of Laforgue to the English-speaking-and-not-reading public. But how can I?—I like these men well enough myself; and his enthusiasm is so slack that it

[219]
disconcerts mine, if anything. And as for Laforgue, I love him so that I am ashamed, for Laforgue, of Pound's indecent flirting. As for the elucidations, which might pass instead of enthusiasm—some of them I have quoted, and here is another: "If the nineteenth century had built itself on Crabbe? Ah, if! But no; they wanted confections." Naughty child, that little nineteenth century!

This book is the Statute of the American-English élite. The élite is always a self-founded group of self-appointed noblemen. In the fact of this self-appointment there is a bitter realization that no one but the candidates was there to do the appointing. No one ever recognizes the élite; and the élite must therefore come down and make a most undignified show of itself among people whom the élite is supposed to despise and whose opinion it is not to consider. There and therewith the élite commits suicide.

The book has no sadness, no drunkenness, no love, no despair, no whimsicality. No human quality here, nothing but opinions and—an attitude. Attitudes and opinions are such things as may be bought, sold and exchanged, like clothes; they are never contributors to the welfare of the world, since everybody possesses one or more and the world is not helped thereby. Men are forces within the world, and when they become conscious one hears an exaltation or a complaint; and these are signs of life. This world is one and ours. These men opinionating assume that they stand out of the world. . . . Well, they do; and each of them ought to look around him and ascertain the space of air
he is filling, and make sure what sort of a ghost or reminiscence he is. But, of course, they are not really outside the world—they are an unease of the world, of a kind which is too tenuous to demand a radical cure, and which keeps feeding from itself—its life a vicious circle.

Ezra Pound has estranged himself. It is a task for a broad-shouldered Balzac to state the causes of such a fact; but we who have read his book have suffered from the effects of it, and this is our complaint. And this is our resolution: he cannot talk to us. By us, I mean readers, artists and shoemakers. We—and I stand together with all the fools he so hopelessly curses—acknowledge that there are many things the matter with us; but we realize that he is not really interested and we consider his talk an intrusion: he irritates us.

Emanuel Carnevali

RARE AIR


There are two things to write about—oneself, on the one hand, and all-the-rest-of-the-world on the other. Mrs. Warren writes entirely of the first—the inside, secret world of subjective emotion. There is no trace in her poems of a warm, close sympathy with people. Her personality is withdrawn, cold, reserved; and though loneliness is the keynote of many of her poems, it is loneliness for spiritual kinship, not for simple human love.
The reserved emotional temperament cannot easily break through into intimacy with other souls; consequently its fervor often turns toward religious mysticism. Too sensitive, too ego-centric, to find joy and fulfilment in faulty, blundering human relationships, it takes refuge in an idealistic love which cannot fail. When such an individual leads a religious or celibate life, this mysticism becomes passionate, even stiflingly sexual; when he leads a normal human life his mysticism becomes mournful, filled with defeated fervor.

Through the withdrawal of so much vitality from the human side into the mystic, such a nature, outwardly cold, secretly glowing, feels itself more and more lonely, misunderstood; because through its inability to give warmly, it also fails in being able to receive.

In her acceptance of suffering, one begins to suspect a determination to suffer. She writes of others with an air of faint reproach. Death is a frequent theme, her own death or the death of a young and lovely woman in whom she seems to see herself. "Nevermore" is her favorite word; it appears again and again, and when the word itself does not appear, its connotation is apparent. One says these things to disentangle himself from the beauty and delicate charm of the poems, for they are musical and exquisite, mournful and haunting. One is helpless under the spell of their loveliness; and yet one rebels—this suffering of the poet and of the reader is after all unreal.

The following phrases, culled almost at random from a large number of poems, are characteristic of Mrs. Warren's
mood: “You never knew,” “I am bitterly alone,” “My love mocked and passed it by,” “Where evermore the tides of night And earth will hide my lonely rest,” “Silence for evermore,” “Or is it the echo of my heart Returning like a lonely, mateless cry?”, “My far-flung sands of measureless desire To drown beneath Thy sea for evermore,” “Her body lives with yours, her lonely heart Asks but to bear a star-begotten child,” “To feed my dreams from my own bleeding breast.”

One of the lyrics, Beside Great Waters, may be quoted in full:

The lonely heron broods beside the pool.
Greyer than his dusk-wings the twilight falls,
And in its veil folds all the wood asleep,
Though still a wild bird calls.

Now my lone heart, awake, dreams by the shore
Of waters vaster than the earthly sea;
Dreams with a folded wing, while still as night
Thou driftest down o'er me.

The reaction of a spirit, both delicate and hungry, which cannot be fed with the actual experiences of living, a spirit strong enough to shut itself away from reality, has not a healthy beauty. Such is the poetry of Mrs. Warren. She pours subjective suffering into nature, distorts moonlight into shapes of delicate pain, drapes veils of melancholy over lake, forest and sky. Her poems have rare beauty but there is a faint odor of disease about their very loveliness.

M. A. S.

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

The number of books “about it and about” would seem to prove not only that the “poetic renaissance” has arrived, but also that a large and eager, but somewhat puzzled public is thronging to book-shops, schools, lecture-halls, etc., to acquire knowledge of its intricate and devious ways.

Mrs. Wilkinson does not speak to the initiated, but to these eager enquirers. She takes the puzzled public by the hand and gently leads it through a course of lessons, illustrated by contemporary poems. Part I, on the technique, consists of chapters on The Pattern of a Poem, Organic Rhythm, Images and Symbols, Diction, Certain Conservatives, Certain Radicals, and How Poems Are Made. Part II, on the spirit of contemporary poetry, discusses Democracy and the New Themes, Patriotism and the Great War, Love, Religion, Nature and Personality in contemporary poetry, ending with a brief chapter about Children and Poetry.

No doubt the book will be serviceable to those for whom it is intended, although, considered as scholarship and criticism, it is soft and uncertain in approach and grasp. The expository chapters are better than the analytical, for Mrs. Wilkinson is informed in her subject, and capable of gathering together and presenting familiarly the modern point of
view, approximately, and of choosing poems which illustrate fairly the various points of her thesis. But when it comes to thinking for herself in criticism and interpretation, her inadequacies become at once apparent. In the chapter on *Certain Radical Poets*, for example, she is quite painfully beyond her depth, either uttering banalities, as in the discussion of Mr. Oppenheim, or shying off from even these, as in the case of Mr. Pound, who is "so clever that one mentions him with trepidation, knowing how much amused he would be at the wrong thing said." And as for Wallace Stevens, her one reference to this poet quotes that superb, that almost sublime, grotesque—

\[
\begin{align*}
\text{The light is like a spider:} \\
\text{It crawls over the water;} \\
\text{It crawls over the edges of the snow;} \\
\text{It crawls under your eyelids} \\
\text{And spreads its webs there—} \\
\text{Its two webs.}
\end{align*}
\]

with the incredible comment:

Sometimes poems by very clever moderns fall short of being good poems simply because the symbols used in them could never have been realized and profoundly felt, and are therefore rather more clever than true.

In *Part II* one must criticize her analyzing *The Spirit of Contemporary Poetry* in terms of subjects—such subjects as *Democracy, Love, Religion*. Here again the author is beyond her depth; but here the text is little more than a running comment upon quoted poems.

However, one may return to the opening statement that this book will be of service to a large public which is
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

beginning to be interested in modern poetry; indeed, that it is the best book yet offered to that audience. Compared with such volumes as those of Professor Phelps and Howard W. Cook, it is a masterpiece.

If Mrs. Wilkinson's book is for freshmen in the art, Miss Colson's is for a still less initiate class: advice and counsel offered by one who loves poetry to those who are as yet ignorant that such an art exists; an excellent book, one would think, for high school, or even grade school, students and libraries.

H. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

A LONDON LETTER

The last time I wrote to Poetry on the subject of English verse was from a little house at Taintignies near Tournai in Belgium. It was just after the Armistice and we had no coal, I remember, and outside there were ten degrees of frost and about a foot of snow, so that to continue writing I had to stamp about and thaw my hands by blowing on them ... And yet instead of drinking whisky in the mess—which would at least have kept me warm—I couldn't help freezing over my article on poetry. During the war I dropped every intellectual pursuit I had except writing poetry. I agree with George Moore that there will always be a few fools ready to die for a poem. And to-day, when the whole of Europe is in an ungodly mess as a result of the war; when the most superficial observer must notice a
sharp decline in general morals and manners; when even wealthy England is on the verge of bankruptcy; when almost the whole life of the nation has become commercialised; when art and artists are in a lamentable state of disorder and neglect: to-day, there is more poetry in the publishers’ autumn lists than I can ever remember seeing before. Certainly a great deal of it is trash, yet even the trash has some circulation. The question, who buys it, is interesting. The poet’s own friends cannot be the sole guilty parties. Possibly this continued and inexplicable interest in poetry is due to a dumb revolt against the pressure of modern commercial life. Or it may be, which I don’t believe, that young Labor is buying poetry.

Going through a number of these new books I come to the conclusion that most of them will have no sort of interest for a cultivated American, and that the others will almost certainly be published in the United States. You do not need me to tell you that the edition of Mr. Hardy’s *Collected Poems*, just published, proves him, as we always knew, to be a great poet, perhaps the only great poet now writing in English. He makes most contemporary poets look rather like pygmies. Francis Ledwidge’s *Collected Poems* will almost certainly be issued in America, so that you will see for yourselves what he is like. He belonged to the *Georgian Poetry* type of writer, was an Irishman, was highly praised by Lord Dunsany, and was killed in the war.

Mr. John Masefield has turned up again “more English than ever.” He works the same old stunt of a newspaper
story, long catalogues and delicious “twiddley bits” about Nature (with a large N). The book is called *Ghost Heath Run* and the “run” refers to a fox-hunt. For the benefit of the uninitiated it might be explained that the average Englishman adores anything to do with racing horses or killing small animals. The vast circulation of the late Nat Gould was entirely due to his having perceived this fact. But I think Mr. Masefield is mistaken if he thinks that the average sporting Englishman will be brought to like poetry even by making the hounds and the fox its subject. The poem will of course be hailed as a “gloriously English” piece of work, in the same spirit that the inhabitants of Rotterdam might talk about a gloriously Dutch piece of cheese; but it (the poem) will not last six months.

Mr. Arthur Waley has published another set of his translations from the Chinese. Mr. Waley is an official at the British Museum Library, and therefore has facilities for acquiring and reading Chinese manuscripts. He is an expert with a sense of poetic language and rhythm. His translations are made in a *vers libre* which is often beautiful:

Water’s color at dusk still white;  
Sunset’s glow in the dark gradually nil;  
Windy lotus shakes (like) broken fan;  
Wave-moon stirs (like) string of jewels.  
Crickets, chirping, answer one another;  
Mandarin-ducks sleep, not alone.  
Little servant repeatedly announces night;  
Returning steps still hesitate.

I see hardly anything else in this pile of books worth noting. There is Miss Rose Macaulay's Three Days, a book I shall want to keep. It is without pretentiousness, pose or rhetoric. It should be read for a certain quietness and self-obliterating charm. And then there is Mr. Pound's Quia Pauper Amavi, which, being by an American, does not properly come within my province.

Let us leave the hoary elders and listen to the roaring of the young lions. Art and Letters, Coterie, Voices, The Monthly Chapbook are all young periodicals, started since the war and devoted largely to poetry. Art and Letters is edited by Frank Rutter and Osbert Sitwell. It has published poetry by T. S. Eliot, Osbert Sitwell, and Herbert Read. Mr. Sitwell has published two or three volumes of poetry, was a contributor to the Wheels anthology, and is mixed up with many new literary projects. I think I have already written in America of Mr. Read's Naked Warriors. It is, I think, one of the best books of war poetry I have read. It gives the "feel" of the trenches admirably; I may add that, unlike most war poets, Mr. (late Captain) Read has been there, in the infantry. Mr. Eliot is of course an American poet. I dislike his poetry, but I think his prose is marvelous. He is certainly by far the best young critic now writing in England.

Coterie, in spite of its name, is less "cliqueish" than most young periodicals. From the first number (Henderson, 2/6 net) I would particularly select Mr. Aldous Huxley's prose poems on Beauty. The same author has a long rhymed
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

poem on Leda in the second number. It is a pity that Marlowe and Keats came first, but Mr. Huxley has achieved one or two beautiful passages which have no echoes in them. Other contributors whose work seems to me interesting are: Edith Sitwell, Helen Rootham (translations of Rimbaud) and L. A. G. Strong. J. G. Fletcher and Conrad Aiken also contribute. The editor of *Coterie* is Mr. Chaman Lall.

*Voices* is edited by Mr. Thomas Moult. In the last three months it has published poems by Louis Golding, H. J. Massingham, F. V. Bramford and many others. This little periodical, which is pleasantly outside the old pre-war cliques, has also printed prose by D. H. Lawrence, Gordon Craig and St. John Ervine.

*The Monthly Chapbook* is the new form of *Poetry and Drama*. So far it has published four numbers: I, *Twenty-three Contemporary Poets* (including John Alford, Herbert Read, Walter de la Mare, H. D., Sassoon, Lawrence, Flint, Sturge Moore, Frederick Manning and Charlotte Mew); II, an essay on the theatre; III, old poems with new illustrations; IV, a long study of new French poetry by F. S. Flint. This last is especially well worth having since, as usual, Mr. Flint is in front of every other critic of contemporary French poetry in the country, and has “discovered” a lot of new people. I think he has got hold of a mare’s nest in Cocteau and Birot, whose funniness isn’t nearly funny enough to be worth while; but on the whole these notes are exceedingly useful. 

Richard Aldington
NOTES

Mr. Edwin Ford Piper is well known as the author of *Barbed Wire and Other Poems*, of which the Midland Press, Iowa City, has just issued a second edition. He is a professor of English at the State University of Iowa.

Mr. Piper wishes to state that his poem, *Sweetgrass Range*, was suggested by Burns' familiar ballad, *Rattlin', Roarin' Willie*.

Mrs. Mary Austin is another distinguished contributor this month, better known for her novels, and other books in prose, than for her verse, of which only one poem, the lyric drama *Fire*, in free-verse rhythms taken from American-aboriginal drama, has had separate publication as yet. Mrs. Austin, who is a native of Illinois, divides her time between New York and her beloved West.

Mr. Nelson Antrim Crawford is in the English Department of the Kansas State Agricultural College at Manhattan, Kansas. His poem is an interpretation of a Mes-qua-kie ceremony at which he was present a year or so ago.

Mr. William H. Simpson, of Chicago, has been for some time advertising manager of the Santa Fe Railroad, now under the U. S. Railroad Administration. Although he has written verse since his youth, he has published little of it, except a spring-time poem in *Poetry* last May. Mr. Simpson has travelled extensively in the Indian reservations of New Mexico, Arizona and California, to the north and south of the line of his railroad.

Mr. Alfred Kreymborg, of New York, is well known to the readers of *Poetry*. He was the founder, and for some years the editor, of *Others*, and is now preparing a third *Others* anthology, as well as a new book of poems, both to be published soon by N. L. Brown. Mr. Kreymborg spent some months in the West a few years ago.

Miss Emma Hawkridge, a resident of New England, has also travelled much in the West. She appears in *Poetry* for the first time. Also Miss Leone Kelley, a young poet of Charles City, Iowa.

Miss Edith Wyatt asks the editor to announce that, owing to the pressure of other engagements which prevent her giving due attention to this magazine, she is compelled to resign from the Advisory Committee of *Poetry*.

It is hardly necessary to say that the editor makes this announcement with deep regret, and with the most grateful acknowledgment of Miss Wyatt's valuable services during the seven years of the magazine's existence.
ORIGINAL VERSE:

Including Horace, by Louis Untermeyer. Harcourt, Brace & Howe, N. Y. C.


McArton Ballads and Other Verses, by T. A. Daly. Harcourt, Brace & Howe.


The Sons of Maine and Other Poems, by John Chick Murray. Four Seas Co.

A Whisper of Fire, by Agnes Ryan. Four Seas Co.

Sixteen Dead Men and Other Poems of Easter Week, by Dora Sigerson Shorter. Mitchell Kennerley.


TRANSLATIONS, ANTHOLOGIES, AND PLAYS:

Kostes Palamas—Life Immovable, translated from the Greek by Aristides E. Phoutrides. Harvard Univ. Press.

Singing Games for Children, written by Eleanor Farjeon, illustrated by J. Littlejohns. E. P. Dutton.


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