Splendidly edited. Invaluable to those who would keep in touch with modern poetry. "Point of departure from conservatism may be dated from the establishment of POETRY" (Braithwaite).

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Vol. XVI

No. VI

POETRY for SEPTEMBER, 1920

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THREE DOLLARS A YEAR

Beginning with the October number, the subscription price of POETRY will be three dollars, and the price of single numbers twenty-five cents.

We hope that our subscribers will show their approval of this change, which is required if the magazine is to survive. For paper, printing, rent—almost everything except salaries and rates to contributors—we shall have to pay from seventy-five to ninety per cent more next year, beginning October first, than this year, which this number closes.

If you wish to take advantage of our present rate, renew now. All subscriptions and renewals received before October first will be at the old rate of two dollars a year.

After October 1st:

ANNUAL SUBSCRIPTION . . . . $ 3.00
SUPPORTING SUBSCRIPTION . $10.00
GUARANTOR'S SUBSCRIPTION $50.00
THAT was a great night we spied upon,
See-sawing home,
Singing a hot sweet song to the super-stars,
Shuffling off behind the smoke-haze . . .
Fog-horns sentimentalizing on the river . . .
Lights dwindling to shining slits
In the wet asphalt . . .
Purring light . . . red and green and golden-whiskered,
Digging daintily pointed claws in the soft mud.

But you did not know,
As the trains made golden augurs
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Boring in the darkness,
How my heart kept racing out along the rails.
As a spider runs along a thread
And hauls him in again
To some drawing point.
You did not know
How wild ducks' wings
Itch at dawn . . .
How at dawn the necks of wild ducks
Arch to the sun,
And how sweet in their gullets
Trickles new-mown air.

II

As water, cleared of the reflection of a bird
That has swiftly flown across it,
Yet trembles with the beating of its wings . . .
So my soul, emptied of the known you . . . utterly . . .
Is yet vibrant with the cadence of the song
    you might have been . . .

But 'twas a great night—
With never a spoiling look over the shoulder,
Curved to the crook of the wind.
And a great word we threw
For memory to play knuckles with . . .
A word the waters of the world have washed,
Leaving it stark and without smell . . .

[294]
A word that rattles well in emptiness:
Good-by.

ALTITUDE

I wonder
How it would be here with you,
Where the wind
That has shaken off its dust in low valleys
 Touches one cleanly
As with a new-washed hand,
And pain
Is as the remote hunger of droning things,
And anger
But a little silence
Sinking into the great silence.

AFTER STORM

Was there a wind?
Tap . . . tap . . .
Night pads upon the snow
With moccasined feet,
And it is still . . . so still . . .
An eagle’s feather
Might fall like a stone.

Could there have been a storm,
Mad-tossing golden mane
    on the neck of the wind—
Tearing up the sky,
    loose-flapping like a tent
    about the ice-capped stars?

Cool, sheer and motionless,
The frosted pines
Are jewelled with a million flaming points,
That fling their beauty up in long white sheaves
Till they catch hands with stars.
Could there have been a wind
That haled them by the hair,
And blinding
Blue-forked
Flowers of the lightning
In their leaves?

Tap . . . tap . . .
Slow-ticking centuries . . .
Soft as bare feet upon the snow . . .
Faint . . . lulling as heard rain
    upon heaped leaves . . .
So silence builds her wall
    about a dream impaled.
Radiant notes
Piercing my narrow-chested room,
Beating down through my ceiling—
Smeared with unshapen
Belly-prints of dreams
Drifted out of old smokes—
Trillions of icily
Pelting notes
Out of just one canary;
All grown to song,
As a plant to its stalk,
From too long craning at a sky-light
And a square of second-hand blue.

Silvery-strident throat
So assiduously serenading me,
My brain flinches under
The glittering hail of your notes.
Were you not safe behind—rats know what thickness of—
plastered wall,
I might fathom
Your golden delirium
With throttle of finger and thumb,
Shutting valve of bright song.

[297]
But if—away off—on a fork of grassed earth
Socketing an inlet of blue water . . .
If canaries—do they sing out of cages?—
Flung such luminous notes,
They would sink in the spirit,
Lie germinal . . .
Housed in the soul as a seed in the earth,
To break forth at spring with the crocuses
into young smiles on the mouth . . .
Or, glancing off buoyantly,
Radiate notes in one key
With the sparkle of rain-drops
On the petal of a cactus flower
Focusing the just-out sun.

Cactus . . . why cactus?
God . . . God!
Somewhere . . . away off . . .
Cactus flowers, star-yellow,
Ray out of spiked green;
And empties of sky
Roll you over and over
Like a mother her baby in long grass.
And only the wind scandal-mongers with gum trees,
Prickling multiple leaves at his wondrous story.
THE DREAM

I have a dream
To fill the golden sheath
    of a remembered day.

Air
Heavy and massed and blue
    as the vapor of opium . . .

Domes
Fired in sulphurous mist . . .

Sea
Quiescent as a gray seal,
And the emerging sun
Spurting up gold
    over Sydney smoke-pale,
    rising out of the bay.

But the day is an upturned cup,
And its sun a junk of red iron
Guttering in sluggish-green water.
Where shall I pour my dream?

Lola Ridge
UNDER THE SUN

TO ONE UNKNOWN

I pass you by in the public street,
    O beautiful one, O wind of gladness!
You are a call to me, a promise of mystery,
    Of delirium and aching madness.

I pass you by in the public street—
    You are a challenge, O entrancer!
I am a boy, afraid, and I pass you by,
    Though my heart is breaking to answer!

I pass you by—but the memory of you
    Is as a breath from some strange world crying,
As a scent of oranges in the nostrils of the sick,
    As music in the ears of the dying.

O MY LOVE

Do not lose yourself, O my love, in song and in music,
Or you will be lost like a dewdrop's dream of the morning
Swept away by a cataract's myriad-throated rushing.
Do not lose yourself in the light words of gay voices,
In the drumming of dancing feet, in the loudness of laughter.
Do not lose yourself, O my love, in song and in music;
For only in the silence can love speak to you,
Only in the silence can you whisper your answer.
Oscar Williams

Do not hide yourself, O my love, in light or in color,  
Or you will be hidden as the world is hidden in sunlight  
Away from the dreams and the twilights of nebular spaces. 
Do not hide yourself in crystal bulbs or in rainbows—  
Though romance wears scintillant tinsel, her heart is crying. 
Do not hide yourself, O my love, in light or in color; 
For only in the darkness can life find you, 
Only in the darkness can you follow his light.

MY GREATNESS

When I realized my greatness, at once I shrivelled and  
grew little; 
As clouds shrivel when they realize the wonders of their  
cargoes, 
Carrying the fates of flowers and rainbows and the souls  
of little children. 
The moment I realized how great I was, I was great no  
longer. 
From the depth of earth and ocean, through the eyes of  
flowers and spray, 
I gazed at the blue skies across which I had sailed in crimson  
splendor;  
And slowly and unseen I climbed up the stairways of the  
sun-rays, 
And slowly and unseen I lifted myself on the wings of the  
wind . . .  
And I rose from my littleness that was the fulfilment of  
my greatness!

[301]
MOOD

A sky filling with shadow as a flower with rain . . .
A wind gray with the secret moods of the sea . . .
And the old singing comes back again,
The old aching perplexity.

The old questioning comes back once more
Asking the little shadows hiding in tears,
Why love cries in the rain outside the door,
And beauty blunders forever down the years.

CHIAROSCUROS

I

I was begotten in joy
And born in pain,
As a raindrop is begotten in gold
And born in gray;
And in the heart of me, as in the heart of the raindrop,
The twilight and the rainbow
Keep their rendezvous.

II

As dawn, moving among the dews,
Stirs the shadows that slumber in them,
So have you, beloved one,
Rustled your delicate gold
Among my dreams.

[302]
REVENGE

I have come out of my grave
For my revenge upon death,
Who bound me to a wind-swirled, gnarled crag,
And set the stars picking at my bones
Like a million tiny vultures;
Long, long before Prometheus,
I too had stolen a fire, greater than his!

But now I have come out of my grave
For my revenge upon death:
Out of the curves of petals,
The curves of my face;
Out of the caverns of the winds,
The little caverns of my lungs;
Out of the sunlight and moonlight,
The glimmer of my eyes;
Out of the rains and snows,
My heart’s cataract of plunging flames;
Out of the tip-toeing twilight,
The hush of my soul.
Oh, I have come out of my grave
For my revenge upon death—
For the little revenge men call life.

Oscar Williams
When the wind is soft,
Amigo,
Softer than the mittens on the magnolia buds,
When crocuses have dissolved into air again
And the grass is lonely,
I should like to hear you say,
"Let's talk."
I should like to be transfixed by your blue gaze
And to defy your challenge.

Amigo mio,
When the magnolia is quite out
You may come to see me.
It will make your eyes more blue—
The heaped white tree;
At the same time it may help me to resist
Your impudent charm.

It is under your trees I would walk, my friend;
Under your black pines,
Looking out at summer in the meadows
As at a pantomime.
Summer is all very well
For a golden fringe around your forest . . .

Tell the dark trees to expect me
Afterward . . .
If I utter human words of longing
They will not heed me.
Inscrutable dreamers above their indigo shadows,
I shall not trouble them
But they will know I am there.

III

The garden wrestling with dusk
Flings out a gleaming arm
To fend off shadows . . .

"Night!" she cries,
"Why take away my white foxgloves
When you have the stars?"

I have shining thoughts
That resent darkness.
When foxgloves give up their radiance,
When lilies lean lower under weight of shadows,
I think of you . . .
My thoughts hold the last light.

"Night!" I cry,
"Why claim my love-thoughts
When you have the moon?"
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

IV

Now these are dear to me:
Hyacinth with petal-points curled back,
Twigs of willow,
Thin twisting smoke of green
Along the poplars,
Trillium from the tall ravine . . .

Hyacinth you broke into separate stars . . .
Willow you plaited into a fillet for my head . . .
Poplar-leaves you crushed for their spring-breath . . .
Trillium you read aloud to me
Like a poem . . .

V

It is because I am afraid of my heart
That I write about clouds and flowers;
It is because no poem will hold you
That I occupy my mind with rhymes and patterns.

VI

*Where am I going?*
I am going down the garden to the circle of the seven rose-trees, wherein I shall stand very still and close my eyes and tell myself roses do not exist.

*What shall I be doing this afternoon?*
I shall be exchanging words with you through an hour
cool like green shadow . . . even words and well-chosen
. . . words of soft color and of pleasing shape . . . to
help me try to believe you do not love me.

VII

I have come back to the dusk
And your flowers in the dusk.
Shadows hide them
But I know they are crimson.
I can lose my thoughts among satin petals
The color of wine.

Home to the dusk
And the sense of you in the dusk . . .
Distance withholding you . . . bringing you near . . .
There is crimson
At the heart of this darkness.
If you were with me
We should need no light
But peonies.

VIII

On your way to the carnival in my heart
You kissed my lips . . .

The whole sea plunged . . .
Endlessly it poured
In green and shuddering columns past my spirit,
Drowning what I had thought  
Myself.  
I felt the great waters possess me;  
They followed my veins  
As they flow through the wavering anemone  
Far down the salt pool . . .  
Afterward I remembered  
How I swayed and swayed in the strange light,  
But you did not let me fall. 

IX

Fold down your love closely about me  
Like petals of a dark rose;  
Hide me in the wonder of it  
As in the golden core of a rose . . .

Wrapped in your proud tenderness,  
Petal with petal softly interwoven,  
How I shall sing and sing,  
Though none may hear!  
Yet I shall be heard . . .  
The stirring of wings in your heart  
Will be my dreaming,  
And your voice uttering yourself  
Will be my voice  
Forever. 

Grace Hazard Conkling
IF YOU WERE CARELESS

If you were careless ever, if ever a thing you missed
In the forest—a serpent twist
Of shadow, ensnaring the star-lit way of a tree;
If at your wrist
The pulse rang never, never, to the slow bells of the sea;
If a star, quick-carven in frost and in amethyst,
Shone on the thin, thin finger of dawn, you turning away
your face:

You shall be sorry, sorry, for when you die,
Those three
Shall follow and follow and find you
As you go through the Difficult Place.
The strong snake-shadows shall bind you,
The swords of the stars shall blind you,
And the terrible bells of the sea shall crash and cry;
The bells of the sea shall ring you out from under the sky,
In a lost grave to lie
Under the ashes of space.
Ah, never look back, run fast, you impotent passer-by!—
Those three
Run behind you.

Stella Benson

[309]
THE FREEHOLDER

I've bought a bit of broken land, a scant three-quarter-acre tract,
A ragged hill-slope to the lake that ripples in the breeze;
A little house to shelter us, with windows open to the sun,
Where friendly do the stars lean down above the listening trees.

And there I walk at dusk o’ day amid the rank persimmon bush,
While fireflies light their flickering lamps among the whispering grass:
I hear the little frogs begin to chant their merry evening song,
And sweetly shrill the cricket’s pipe salutes me as I pass.

For once I was a vagabond—I knew the smoke of eventide;
And once I was a rover—how the hilltops sparkled then!
But now I am a freeholder, and this alone belongs to me,
And all the shining earth beside belongs to other men.

So here I’ll have a garden-plot, and there a bush of lavender,
And underneath the spreading oaks a hive or two of bees;
With clambering roses on the fence, and there a clump of purple flags,
And figs and trellised scuppernongs and fragrant myrtle trees.
The frogs shall sing my lullaby, the flaming dawns awaken me,
The silver rain shall wet me and the wandering winds shall dry;
And I will watch the seasons pass in green and golden pageantry
And mark the armies of the night go marching through the sky.

For once I was a wanderer with wind and star for company,
And once I was the over-lord of all the clouds and trees.
But now I am a husbandman, with spade and hoe companioned—
And you may have the winding roads, and all the seven seas!

AUTUMN PROPHECY

The dead leaves dance like withered witches;
Teetering, swirling,
Dropping and curling,
And crackling in the dried-up ditches.

Hear them whisper as we go past.
How each dry lip
Rustles gossip!
Do you hear them saying our love won't last?

J. M. March
WORSHIP

EARTH-SONG

Earth, you have made me
Of smoke and the flying
Of strong-winged birds.

And the freedom of wind,
With the freedom of waves,
Has entered into my being.

From dust of a moth-wing
You have made me,
Earth.

A CERTAIN GIRL

Emotion springs from every facet
Of her being.
Every mood leaps shining.

THE ARCHER

Dawn throws her arrows of gold
Into the oval
Of my turquoise-colored egg-shell.

Dawn breaks her arrow-points
In torrents
Of molten gold.

Frederick Shea Jesson
AUGUST GARDENS

Failing petals and dusty leaves
And drooping flower-heads,
Beneath unpitying skies
Unpromising of cloud or change—
Yet some faint life still moves
In your pale veins;
Some dumb, unknowing courage
Meets each day's mocking sun.

How you keep faith with wind and rain!

I watch you in your silence,
Touch your curled tendrils;
While my tired eyes
Search heaven for promise
Or for change.

Can you know in your dim nerves
The touch of one who waits, like you,
And still keeps faith with God,
As you keep faith with wind and rain?

H. H. Bellamann
WOODROW WILSON

*After seeing Drinkwater's Lincoln*

I

We weep over the dead Lincoln;
We bring tears
To the pretty playhouse.

We bring tears
To make a pleasant holiday.

For we must have our tears—
Tears gently mingled with laughter
And the muted clarinets.

We bring tears
For our holiday;
We weep over the dead Lincoln.

Yea, we are a people chosen—
Young, mighty and glorious!

So!

If we would have tears,
We must have woe
From out some woeful land;
Or write it from an epitaph,
Making of it a sweet melancholy.

[314]
II

We would have tears!
Yea, this is no time for singing,
Or I should have voice
Beyond these penny-whistle tunes
Of Jack and Jill.

So I stand dumb
When they weep,
When they weep
Over the dead Lincoln.

III

But it is not because
I have not tried to sing.

Here in my New England hills,
With December on the pasture land,
I have walked all day
By the shores of Chimney Pond.

Yea, this is no time for singing.

For the white chill is on me,
And the black alder path is frozen.

The field-mouse scuttles
From the dried corn shock.
And on the new snow
Runs the trail
Of the liver-colored hound
That hunts all day
With toothless gums.

This is no time for singing.
And yet—
I cannot weep,
I cannot bring tears
To the dead Lincoln.

But if I could take my heart
From out this chill
I know full well
Where tears would flow.

We would have tears,
Gentle tears,
To make a pleasant holiday.

So?
Then come along with me,
And I shall find for you

[316]
A comedy as melancholy
As ever you could wish.

But you must bring
The muted clarinets.

VI: THE COMEDY

I think it is an old Morality,
Like Everyman—
(I told you it was melancholy).

Sift through with muted clarinets!
My seat was so far back
I could not always get
The drift of it.

A curious play—
For no one knew who had the lines,
The players or the people.

And often it was just the chorus
With its burden—
A myriad host
Emptying from the shoulders
Of a myriad years,
Bringing each its myriad years.

Coming up—

[317]
Coming up from the unending valleys,
Singing:

"Hosanna!"
And "Hosanna!"

Singing, "Hosanna!"
To one who came.

VII: THE PLAYER

I thought I knew him by his face,
I thought I knew him by his dress,
I thought I knew him by his walk
And all those old familiar gestures
Of his hand and head.

I'd seen him so
A thousand times or more,
Walking from his class-room
Down a quiet college green,
With the students playing base-ball
All about him.

No silken robes transfigured him,
No sandaled feet,
No crown of light about his brow.

I said:
"It must be that the author,
Needing to explain the plot,
Has brought him here to introduce
The action, and the time and place.”

And I think that he
Had thought so too;
For he did not seem to know
Just what to do,
Just what to say,
Just when to speak the lines
The text had given him—
And so be gone.

For they were singing:
“Hosanna!”

And they would not let him go.

How could he know
There came the ox-carts
Bringing up a cross?

But when his vision cleared,
And he could see down that long road
To where the sky-line closed—
I think he knew.

For then he turned—
He turned, and buttoned up his coat,
And started out to meet them.
In that still moment,
Some one tittered down the aisle.

And some one laughed!
And some one gave a loud guffaw!

Then came the cat-calls
Back and forth across the house.

Who was this gaunt buffoon
Who made a mockery
Of such a part?

Where were the old tragedians
Of the voice and hand?
Where the trappings of this noble board?
Where the rolling organ-tones of salutation?
Where the strut and posture?
Where the studied smile
Bending for the crown of thorns?
Where the riven chest,
So that all might see
The slowly breaking heart?

Oh, sift through with muted clarinets!

For then, he turned—
He turned, and buttoned up his coat,
And started out to meet them!

[320]
IX

The little man beside me,
With blue, mirthful eyes,
Laughed out until his face was red,
Crying:

"The same old buncombe
We got from Barnum!
The same old buncombe
In a high silk hat!"

And bending to my ear
He whispered:

"They can't even see the chalk marks
On his old tweed vest!"

X

But all the while,
That myriad host
From down the valleys
Singing:

"Buddha! Confucius! Mohammed! Christ!
Buddha! Confucius! Mohammed! Christ!"

No matter who laughed,
No matter who scorned.

[321]
"Buddha! Confucius! Mohammed! Christ!"

Until at last
The little man with mirthful eyes,
Wearying of his laughter,
Cried:

"If he be a Messiah,
Let him save himself!"

And thought the words were new!

But no one left
His red plush seat
To follow up the hill.

XI: THE PLAY ENDS

So, when at last
They came out from the play,
One said: "A comedy indeed!"

And one:
"Who wrote the travesty?"

And one:
"It doesn't go to music!"

And one:
"It doesn't go to singing!"
And one:
"You will not find it
Written on an epitaph!"

XII

We bring tears
To the pretty playhouse;
We make a pleasant holiday,
We weep over the dead Lincoln.

But as for me!—
I think evermore
My feet shall follow
The trail of the liver-colored hound.

Albert Frederick Wilson
WHILE campaign oratory is loud in the land, and the nation is weighing its two or three candidates in the balance and wishing it had more, what can most of us do but go fishing? The editor's fishing trip stretched southward through an arc of Texas—Waco, San Antonio, El Paso—and curved back northward through New Mexico, with brief stops at Taos, Cochiti and other more or less aboriginal villages, and a long stop at Santa Fe.

It was a deep plunge into our romantic Spanish and aboriginal past—for the British conquest of our Atlantic coast, though thorough and lasting, was a prosaic affair compared with Coronado's little trip to the "Seven Cities of Cibola," and the tramp of Fray Marcos, and the other brothers of Saint Francis, across burning deserts to rock-perched pueblos full of perishing heathen souls. Moreover, though our Pilgrim Fathers landed on "a stern and rock-bound coast," they did not encounter useless and waterless wastes, temple-haunted gorges a mile deep, and plains running like a river with huge horned beasts to the horizon. And the Indians who opposed their progress—King Philip and the rest—were easily disposed of as "savages:" they were not the inheritors of primitive rites, dispensers of primitive arts, guarding the tradition of beauty on the tip of their fortress rocks against malevolent Apaches.

It was a reversal of the usual tourist's order to go to
Texas in summer; but only he who trusts the South can see the South loitering soft and golden under its quiet persistent sun. Baylor University, celebrating its “diamond jubilee,” was as quaint and sweet as an old rhyme. San Antonio, modernizing itself as fast as possible with Woolworth buildings and spacious parks, and trim policemen at the street-corners, was still dominated by the Alamo of heroic history, and imaginatively guarded by the three old Missions crumbling into dust and memories a few miles away. And to dine in the patio of the Hotel Menger was to slip into the mood of a perfect lady of the old South, in a day when there was room for crinolines and leisure for politeness.

El Paso, making a proud show of one-hundred-per-cent Americanism at the Mexican gate; holding your orator on the northern bank of the straggling Rio Grande when she longed to cross to Juarez, and penetrate those long low yellow adobe streets, and see the festal bull-fight and the still more festal row of transplanted Texan saloons—El Paso seemed to point its warning bridge-finger southward with a commanding Spanish gesture, insinuating that there lay the future of the world.

And Santa Fe is Spanish too—in fact, New Mexico is indeed a Spanish-Aztec survival, with a Mexican governor and bilingual legislature; and with dark men in sombreros, and dark women in long black head-shawls, giving you Castilian greetings as they pass you on the street. The long low colonnade of the Governor’s Palace shadows three
centuries of Spanish history, and down a side street from the little Plaza one may find the crumbling adobe walls of "the oldest house in America"—the oldest, that is, built for white men in an outpost of the conquering race.

Moreover the modern "New-Mexican school" of adobe architecture is a reminder of the Spanish and aboriginal past, for it derives from the low-towered churches built by the Christianizing friars at neighboring pueblos, churches which in turn accepted the hint of the hand-molded pueblo houses with their projecting shadow-casting beams. Indeed, the High School, the Sunmount Sanatorium, the little power-plant building, and above all the new museum, are all beautiful modern expressions of this old idea—the development of a molded adobe architecture, innocent of sharp corners and rigidly straight lines; an idea which may prove fruitful in that age of cement which seems imminent.

Taos, San Domingo, Chimayo and the other pueblos, as well as the old capital itself, have colonized artists and poets of late, as everyone knows. At last the wisdom of the ages has opened our eyes to the wonderland beyond our western gates, and made us aware not only of nature's stark and gorgeous sublimities, but of immediate and vivid creations of primitive art—one of the rarest, remotest, and most precious things on earth. "This is ancient Greece," said William Vaughn Moody fifteen years ago, after watching a katchina dance in northern Arizona; but we Americans, who would travel by the many thousand, if we had the chance, to see a Homeric rite in Attica, or a serpent
ceremony in old Egypt, are only beginning to realize that the snake-dance at Walpi, or the corn-dance at Cochiti, are also revelations of primitive art, expressions of that original human impulse toward the creation of beauty which modern civilization does so much to defeat and destroy.

The Cochiti corn-dance is a quieter, longer, more monotonous ceremony than the dramatic Hopi festival which I saw long ago; and Cochiti lies low beside the Rio Grande, while the "sky-city" of Walpi perches precariously on its narrow mesa six hundred feet above the desert. But both dances carry one's imagination into a past remote beyond our searching; and both assemble all the arts, with primitive spontaneity, to the unified expression of a race and its earthly and spiritual life. The many movements of the dance, the curiously painted and costumed figures, the slow chants to subtly varied rhythms of drums and rattles, set in the village plaza against the saffron adobe walls—all this grew as naturally out of the desert as the crimson cactus flower after a rain, as vivid and spontaneous an expression of the life-impulse and the life-glory.

A Cochiti squaw saw me cherishing a small bowl I had just bought, so with many explanatory gestures she led me to her newly white-washed, picturesque little dwelling; and to the acquisition of larger bowls which she had molded and painted out of an inherited instinct for design so sure and true as to put me to shame. What are we doing, I reflected, we superior people who build "Indian schools" and send missionaries—what are we doing to cherish and
protect this precious inheritance of beauty, to secure to these tribes their tribal customs and loyalties even while accepting and honoring their citizenship? Fray Marcos and the other Franciscans grafted their mediaeval Christianity on those precious customs and loyalties—built on them without destroying. Shall we be wise enough to do likewise?

But what has all this to do with modern poetry? Ah, much, and more, and still more! I was almost oppressed with the wealth of our inheritance—of our "tradition," if you will. Why go to Greece or China, O ye of little faith? This South-west, which is but one chapter of our rich tradition, is our own authentic wonderland—a treasure-trove of romantic myth—profoundly significant and beautiful, guarded by ancient races practicing their ancient rites, in a region of incredible color and startling natural grandeur.

H. M.

THE DEATH OF MR. REEDY

William Marion Reedy is dead. A great journalist, an enlightened and progressive critic, a big, broad, human, deep-thinking, laughter-loving, generous-hearted man has gone over to the majority; and the thousands of friends who mourn his loss look around in vain for anyone to fill his place in the service of the higher letters and the higher politics in America.

Mr. Reedy, editing Reedy's Mirror in the centre of the Mississippi Valley, had a cosmopolitan mind, and a spirit
which lived on familiar terms with all the big-minded democrats, all the men and women of light and leading, of yesterday and today. His talk belonged to the ages—he could have held his own in the Mermaid Tavern, or across the table from Dr. Johnson, or under the dialectics of Socrates, or at the Gargantuan feasts of Rabelais. Indeed, his spirit really belonged to more spacious times than ours—times with leisure in them, and mountainous rages of laughter, and keen pursuit of the idea through forests of entangling questions.

The St. Louis *Mirror*, under this exceptional editor, was the happy discoverer and first publisher, not only of the *Spoon River Anthology*, its most conspicuous *trouvaille*, but also of numerous other poems and tales by gifted men and women until then unknown. Mr. Reedy was a prodigious worker; his omnivorous reading, and his weekly long-hand writing of most of his paper, did not prevent his catching any golden gleam of talent in the literary ore submitted to him. Thus for many years the *Mirror* was an honorable refuge for progressive minds, a conspicuous leader in progressive literary art.

"Bill Reedy," genial philosopher that he was, always "kept away from the little deaths." He loved laughter, but he had no patience with cheap cynicism and facile humorous distrust—in short, with lack of faith in life. One of the latest issues of his paper—the *Mirror* for July 15th—contains certain *Reflections* which may well bear the emphasis of a great man's parting word to the people of his time,
and especially to his fellow-craftsmen. They occur in an editorial about *The Trained Seals*—"the group of special writers who wrote from San Francisco desperately humorous and cynical articles about the democratic convention;" all done "with a fine abandonment to every impulse to attribute every action of the politicians to the lowest possible motive."

Mr. Reedy points out that these expert observers "made a nice big mutual admiration society," "exchanging compliments with each other" which they denied to the politicians. And he concludes:

One can hardly refrain from reflecting that a people trained so to think of our political processes are in a fair way to get the kind of government they deserve. If there is any great danger to this government, in my opinion, it is to be found in just the cynicism cultivated by the "trained seals" rather than in the roaring and raving of the "reds." We can't get anywhere other than into trouble if we are going to mock everything and believe in nothing or nobody.

"Reedy's Mirror is the only paper of which I never miss an issue," said Carl Sandburg not long ago; "I have to know what Reedy thinks." He is only one of many—poets and others—who will feel this loss as that of a wise counsellor and a genial friend.

Edgar Lee Masters, who knew him much better than the rest of us, says:

He had climbed, and he stood naked and alone and tired upon the heights. His last letter to me contained these words: "I often think of what some old sage said—that immortality is a threat, not a promise. The best we can expect is rest."

I shall not look upon his like again.

H. M.

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REVIEWS

TWO ENGLISH POETS

The Queen of China and Other Poems, by Edward Shanks. Alfred A. Knopf.

One may regard the poetic medium as a vehicle for the expression of thought or emotion not necessarily intimately connected with that vehicle—as one looks through a window-glass to the scene beyond; or one may regard it as thought or emotion raised to such a pitch that it achieves an inevitable form, from which the content could no more be separated than one can separate the component elements in a crystal, and still preserve the crystal formation.

Mr. Squire's poems belong to the earlier category. The vehicle is loose and ambulatory; although hardly so clear as a window-glass, it is almost as incidental. One never feels that the emotion and form were reciprocally generative; one feels rather that the elements of each were languidly concident—seldom to the point of crystallization. Only in a few lyrics does Mr. Squire achieve anything approaching an inevitable unity. And even in these he fails of that perfection which belongs, for instance, to an Elizabethan poem: for the contour of an Elizabethan lyric is clear and self-contained; the image is not shattered before it is half-stated, and blurred with another. In A Chant, which, in spite of its defects, is one of the best of Mr. Squire's lyrics, the three stanzas are really separate poems,
and one notes the unwillingness of the syntax (poetic rather than grammatical) to follow the theme:

Gently the petals fall as the tree gently sways  
That has known many springs and many petals fall  
Year after year to strew the green deserted ways,  
And the statue and the pond and the low, broken wall.

Faded is the memory of old things done,  
Peace floats on the ruins of ancient festival;  
They lie and forget in the warmth of the sun,  
And a sky silver-blue arches over all.

Oh softly, oh tenderly, the heart now stirs  
With desires faint and formless; and, seeking not, I find  
Quiet thoughts that flash like azure kingfishers  
Across the luminous, tranquil mirror of the mind.

That has known here is weak; the emphasis is on petals, but that has known refers to tree. Again, in the second stanza, one is a little uncertain about the antecedent of they. Precisely it is the ruins; but one has to look back to be sure that it is not peace or the memory of old things done, which have more emphatic position than the ruins— one is not sure at first just who they are, who lie and forget in the warmth of the sun. And in the third stanza, With desires faint and formless is forced into a prominence which the weakness of the words and the rhythm will hardly stand. This analysis is not meant as a pedagogical quibbling; it represents a definite difficulty on the part of the reader, and it explains the faultiness of the rhythm and sequence prevalent in so many of the poems—a weakness which confuses the reader and makes the effort to follow Mr. Squire wearisome. The longer poems are diffuse and
rambling. Witness *Town*, which has twenty-eight stanzas of this level:

There are the empty waiting spaces—
   We watch, we watch, unwinking, pale and dumb;
   Till gliding up with noiseless paces
   Night covers all the wide arch—the night has come.

Not that sick false night of the city,
   Lurid and low and yellow and obscene;
But Mother Night, pure, full of pity,
   The star-strewn Night, blue, potent and serene.

Certainly one would not choose these stanzas, with their crude makeshifts of rhyme and banal thought, as examples of poetic "good form;" and yet we are constantly chided (this reviewer in particular) for lack of appreciation of the technical excellence of the younger English poets, who are supposed to surpass American poets in this respect. It must not be thought, however, that this selection is malicious; the poems are full of just such makeshifts, of lines as poor as:

And when the rain adown it streams.

Or this, as the beginning of a poem:

   Rivers I have seen which were beautiful.

Or stanzas that have as little stanzaic structure as this:

   The evening closes in,
      As down the last long lane
   I plod; there patter round
      First heavy drops of rain.

On whatever score Mr. Squire may be praised, it can not be on that of technical craftsmanship. He is too obviously an amateur.
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Several lyrics, however, almost rise above the amateur level: they are *The Stronghold*, *Behind the Lines*, *The March*, *In The Park*, and *A Chant*, quoted above. Of the longer poems, *Antinomies in a Railway Station* and *Ode in a Restaurant* are, perhaps, the most interesting. But they are too long and diffuse; the emotion is lost before the poem is half done.

Mr. Shanks seems to share with Mr. Squire a too great complaisance toward his medium. Otherwise how could he let a stanza like this see the light of cold print?

And have I other lives, what love have they
Of mine, except what in your love I learnt,
In whose eyes first I saw immortal day,
In whose arms first my sorrow to joy was burnt?

There is little immediacy in Mr. Shanks' poems. They are cloaked with phrases that have slight power to stir the imagination:

However much there is,
There's not too much for bare and mortal days
That now receding in youth's golden haze
Seem dim but ever full eternities.

In his sonnets there is more brittle line-rhythm than that internal cadence which makes of the sonnet a series of strong upward and downward curving waves, culminating in the final musical resolution:

I was a soldier once. How fear was then
Mixed with bright honor and delightful pride!
How different we were from other men,
Who lived in houses and in houses died!
How huge the morning was, before the sun
Sullenly found us marching in the mist!
And sleep was dark and deep when work was done
And food awoke in us a greedy zest.
But all that's over. I no more shall see,
Quick to the word and ready to my hand,
The smooth and easy moving company
Marching in column on the heathery land.
There's no pride now, and fear's the fear that's bred
Of money and such-like maggots in the head.

Notice the distinctly Georgian flavor of the final couplet!

Nature is described in Mr. Shanks' poems, but never seems to live, or to flow. The scene and the observer remain separate; they do not merge:

The narrow paths branch everyway up here,
And cross and tangle and are nowhere clear;
And the empty sky, swept clean by a rainy breath,
Smiles on our tortuous scrambling underneath.
But here's the top, for round a sudden bend
We stumble breathless on the unlooked-for end
And stare across the misty weald. Below
The lonely trains through the wide country go
Each with its plume of steam. And westward, see,
Past the far shoulder streams tumultuously
A black and driven storm across the air
And casts about the downs its troubled hair.
Thick at the middle, at the edges thinned,
Heeling over like a ship before the wind,
It eats the weald up with a greedy mouth.
Still, twenty miles or further to the south,
Dimly and grandly Chanctonbury stands
A moment clear above the blotted lands.
It's gone. But still the blue and empty sky
Smiles on over our heads unwittingly.

This book was awarded the first Hawthornden prize of one hundred pounds for the most distinguished book of poems published by an English author under forty years of age. The judges were J. C. Squire, Laurence Binyon, and Edward Marsh.

A. C. H.
NEW WAR POETS

*The Tempering*, by Howard Buck. Yale University Press.
*Chords from Albireo*, by Danford Barney. John Lane Co.
*There and Here*, by Allen Tucker. Duffield and Co.
*Poems*, by Cecil Roberts. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
*Poems in Captivity*, by John Still. John Lane Co.

New books of war poems mostly confirm the conviction that war and poetry are neither cause and effect, nor even usual companions.

War releases the emotions of the crowd, which psychologists have shown are wholly different from the sum of the emotions of the individuals in the crowd. Doubtless they are a theme for poetry—what is not?—but only in the hands of a master. Their treatment by the ordinary versifier does what a photograph does; it shows what any observer can see. There is of course a certain pleasure in recognition, in saying, "Gosh, ain't it natural?" But that is an elementary esthetic pleasure if it is an esthetic pleasure at all.

Then, too, the emotions of war get expressed in action. They are not for the time inhibited, and then later expressed in art. After intense emotion, followed by equally intense physical action, it is a long time before there can be intense expression in art. The expression is over—at least, until the emotions can be "remembered in tranquillity"—and that is a long time yet.

The six books under consideration confirm these observations, although the volumes themselves divide easily into
two groups. Three are English and three American, and nobody could be misled into confusing them. The Englishmen are in a measure crystallized. They produce larger, more conventional volumes. They have a certain maturity. They seem older—perhaps not in years, but in experience and background. They write as Englishmen have written for generations.

The young Americans are anything but crystallized. Instead of maturity, they have the serious-mindedness of the undergraduate. Instead of background, they have the mid-Victorian attitude that still reigns “in pristine purity” in many American colleges. But what gleams they show are gleams of promise. These boys have not grown up.

To anyone who is looking for promise, Howard Buck’s *The Tempering* is the most interesting of the lot. It is, by the way, the first volume in *The Yale Series of Younger Poets*, just started “to afford a publishing medium for the work of young men and women who have not yet secured a wide public recognition.” There are similar series in England, and it is a fine thing to have one in the United States.

But to return to Mr. Buck. His book is young, as he is; and particularly in the earlier poems the *cliché* blossoms unashamed:

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Ah, drain to the dregs that dizzy draught.
The bliss of a kiss from the Infinite.
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The later poems, dealing mostly with the war, in which the author won the Croix de Guerre, show freedom and
promise: a group of them was awarded the Albert S. Cook Prize in Poetry at Yale in 1918. In these the author says what he feels, not what he thinks he ought to feel or what the mass feels. His *Dedication, 1917*, with its restrained final couplet,

The husks of life are gone; only the corn
Waits for its golden grinding with the morn,

has none of the professional heroics that characterize much war verse. Mr. Buck believes in the righteousness of the war, but he does not idealize it.

Their strange eyes hold no vision as a rule,
No dizzy glory,

he says in what is probably the best poem in the volume. The poem on *Robert Hall—Killed September 12*, is remarkable for simplicity and sincerity, in spite of two or three conventionally "poetic" expressions.

Danford Barney is likewise a Yale man, but a very different one. The most remarkable thing about his volume is the foreword by Lawrence Mason, a Yale professor who states and elucidates the obvious with dull persistence.

In his poems Mr. Barney does the same thing. His verse lacks individuality. It is reminiscent of the classics, especially the classics in which, to quote phrases by his sponsor, "Beauty, Innocence, and Aspiration" stalk about and pose in "eternal sanctity." Dr. Mason teaches a course known as *The English Lyric*—may not Mr. Barney have got his poetic inspiration from that indubitably platitudeinous source?
New War Poets

Allen Tucker is in form a modern. Nearly all his poems are in vers libre, but they are hopelessly commonplace and conventional. "The sun is bright, and life is full" to Mr. Tucker as it is to thousands of versifiers. Likewise "Beauty was everywhere" as it—or She—has been on countless occasions. When Mr. Tucker does hit upon a new image or comparison, it is of doubtful appropriateness.

Twenty years ago Cecil Roberts would have been esteemed a better poet than he can be today. His is the workmanship of that generally sterile period from 1890 to 1910. In both theme and phrase, his work has echoes of poems from the Elizabethan age down. He is cultivated, accomplished—a thinned-out Alfred Noyes, though more modern in his intellectual and spiritual outlook.

John Masefield writes a preface to Mr. Roberts' Poems—why, it is hard to see, unless merely because he was, as he admits, asked to do so. It is only fair to point out that he does not claim greatness for his protégé. The poems have facile singable qualities, and show a measure of descriptive ability; but hardly more can be said of them. The literary editor of the Liverpool Post, and already, at twenty-eight, the author of a dozen books, Mr. Roberts, granted a normal term of life, will doubtless produce several times that number. One hopes that most of them will be prose—for he is an excellent prose writer.

Pleasant English humor, largely satirical, characterizes Mr. de Stein's Poets in Picardy, though there are notes of seriousness in the book. So-called "fragments" imitate
the manner of Homer, Shakespeare, Gilbert, and others in treating themes connected with the late war. Natural and light-hearted, the volume reminds the reader agreeably of Captain Bruce Bairnsfather's cartoons and the musical play based on them. The author manifestly is the sort of person one would enjoy knowing.

The interest of John Still's poems is in their subject-matter. The verse that gives the volume its title, *Poems in Captivity*, was written while the author, a British officer, was a prisoner of the Turks. The more attractive poems, however, are those which deal with the history and lore of Ceylon, where the author formerly lived. The average reader knows nothing about Ceylon, and endures the too facile, monotonous verse to get the stories. As poetry, the volume is inconsequential. It is a pity it was not written in prose.

*Nelson Antrim Crawford*

**ANOTHER VIEW OF MR. BARNEY'S BOOK**

*Chords from Albireo*, by Danford Barney. John Lane Co.

*Chords from Albireo* is, perhaps, a fitting title for a book of poems whose qualities and their limitations it at once indicates. Mr. Barney's work has the effect of a passage of music so faintly heard as to be barely intelligible, indeed its very magic is sometimes due to its veiled and indefinable character. Like a faraway singing, heard at night from an open window, it haunts the imagination while teasing the senses, which strain forward to make out, if possible, the more satisfying outline of definite melody.
Another View of Mr. Barney's Book

It is now nearly four years since the publication of the author's first book, *Dust of Stars*. During that period he has passed through the severe experience of service in France and of spiritual expansion in other directions; but from the new volume, as from the first, arises the same veiled, if often tremendous, music. I say "tremendous" advisedly because, while the average reader, and even the hardened athlete, of poetry will frequently be sorely taxed to know what it is all about, there can be no question that this poet has something to say, and something somewhat bigger than his command of his medium will yet permit him to make as clear to others as it already is to himself. Everywhere is felt the laboring and tumult of some intelligible thing not yet fully delivered into language; the progress, the motion toward a determinate end, are all evident—the book abounds in gorgeous similes, organic periods of spacious verbal music, and an astonishing range of vocabulary; and yet the import of it all, often so nearly revealed as to appear imminent, somehow just fails of piercing through. The poet thinks he has said it at last; but the reader, while mysteriously enchanted, remains no wiser than before.

Take, for instance, the following lines, full of that large music and long flowing rhythm characteristic of all Mr. Barney's blank verse:

Nay; time will come when every saint shall bear
The gift of sense perfected in the thirst
Of clear fulfilment; hear, and see, and touch,
Until delight of graver ecstasies
Garner the immortalities of earth.
So, harmony of many instruments

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In poignant overture must raise the thought
In universal theme, beyond the sense
Of this our every day, until the years
Spin to the heavens' planetary tune,
Beyond the casual dreamer's power to hold
The greater vision in his common life.

A meaning is felt in these lines almost beyond sense, they have the force and form of meaning, but their baffled thunder, upon analysis, defies translation into intelligible thought. The same is true of the more lyrical passages, in which this poet has an equal power of verbal melody:

Where unexpected sense shall quaff
The choiring beauty of no form,
Or, from its peace, ride as the chaff
Giddy on pinnacles of storm.

Moreover, much of his work is vitiated by intolerable dilutions, the careless intrusion of cheap and outworn phrases, and of whole stanzas or passages which add nothing, whether of meaning or music, and therefore detract a great deal. His indebtedness to Francis Thompson and Gerard Hopkins is perhaps also too evident.

What shall be said then of a poet so inexplicably tantalizing, a poet who seems forever just withholding the momentous secret with which all his utterance travails; a poet, moreover, who lets fall in moments of less tortured intensity such lines as, "Where the wind moved like rain mysteriously"; or, of troops on parade before embarkation:

Others shall fill the ranks where the lines of smiling men
Marched as shadows away in the wonder of dark belief.

Or again:
Another View of Mr. Barney's Book

If he has seen the apple-blossoms sway
In all their hallowed vesture.

The answer is to be found in a few of the maturer poems scattered throughout the volume, and most frequently, perhaps, in the section entitled France. These latter embody a sensitive, yet strong and austere nature’s reactions to the sodden tragedy of war. Life has wrung a clear cry from the chaotic heart of youth, and a distinct personality and a distinct message begin to emerge from the cloud of adolescent imagery.

Few living poets have possessed to the same degree as Mr. Barney, with equal mastery of verbal music, the austere and inexorable spirituality which is so passionately revealed in his moments of genuine articulacy.

John Hall Wheelock

CORRESPONDENCE

A- PARIS LETTER

This is my first letter from Paris. I have asked a friend of mine to help me choose the flowers that I present to the readers of POETRY out of the overgrown gardens of modern verse. He is also a poet and I shall tell you some day about his Coureur d’azur (Azure Runner).

Some critics had fondled the hope that the war would bring a new sort of lyricism, and bury forever the traditional forms of French verse. But the course of poetry has not been changed by five years of cannon-roar. The pre-
war poets seem to consider the terrible adventure of 1914 as a mere accident. In 1914 the poetic schools were fast disappearing; they are quite extinct in 1920. Yet two or three strong influences seem to permeate modern verse. We shall try to make them clear.

Since October, 1919, several books of verse have appeared. *Imageries des Mers* is perhaps the most interesting. Its author had already attracted the critics' and amateurs' attention by his *La Floraison des Eaux*, *Livre de la Mort*, and *Des Fleurs pourquoi*. The artistic tendencies of Guy Lavaud have not been changed by the war. This verse is the most savory fruit of the Mallarméan tree. Mallarmé's teaching has been profitable, and his glory is brighter than ever.

Guy Lavaud's poetry is a perpetual illusion. The fading of the hills in the night, the sun-abandoned waters, made one with the dying body of the beloved in *Livre de la Mort*. Today it is the sea—its sands, its islands, its barks, its ever-changing pageantry—that molds the face of destiny and the mystery of poetic inspiration.

D'un coeur qui se détache on a quitté le monde,
Un froissement d'étrave ouvre l'immensité;
Mais tout de même en nous quel souvenir si blonde,
Comme un sein de sirène une île reparait.

His form is pure artistry, and here again Mallarmé's influence is discernible.

A quite different book is *Lampes á arc*, by Monsieur Paul Moraud, who belongs to the so-called cubist school, the only group of poets which has survived the war. But its leader, Guillaume Apollinaire, died a soldier, and his was a very
pathetic death. Max Jacole, Jean Cocteau, Paul Moraud are the only inheritors of Apollinaire's ideas worth mentioning.

Paul Moraud is a fanciful ironist:

Les villas sont serrées au bord de la promenade
Comme des incisives;
Tandis qu'au-dessus,
Comme de noires molaires déchaussées,
Les couvents jésuites
Mastiquent un paysage de montagnes.

*Lampes à arc* reveals another strong influence, that of Rimbaud, only we do not find in Moraud's book the psychological vistas that illumine Arthur Rimbaud's extraordinary work.

The cubist school has entirely freed itself from any kind of rhythm. We need not blame them for it; we may even assert that they have given us far better things than myriads of insipid alexandrine-writers. Yet the cubist school lacks an essential character of eternal poetry—its lyrical sway.

Opposite the cubist school we find a few good writers of traditional verse; only Francis Eon's and Vincent Muselli's tradition is not a wrinkled dame—they both are disciples of Moréas, whose *Stances* have been another strong influence on French verse. Muselli, who had already given us *Les Travaux et les Jeux*, displays in his *Masques* a real ability for heroic-comic verse. There is quite a tradition of heroic-comic poetry in French literature: Muselli's muse reminds the reader of another no less famous—Saint Amand's. Muselli is obviously influenced by the Parnassian school, whose perfection of form occasionally tempts a French mind. José Maria Héredia has taught a great lesson of
elaborate artistry to Muselli and others, yet Moréas' *Stances* are less overwrought with descriptive details, and for that reason nearer to the directness of our times. Muselli writes:

Mieux que des potentats les pompeuses demeures,  
Ta gargote m'est chère, et, libre de soucis,  
Sous un plafond tombant entre des murs noircis,  
J'y coule sans compter les plus belles des heures.

*Les Masques* presents that easy-going philosophy, that serene melancholy, that smiling acceptance of human destiny, which are so beautifully disclosed in the *Stances*.

*La Vie Continue*, by Francis Eon, is a book of lyrics, with French scenery as a background, and with echoes of recent events:

Je l'aime—cette plaine avec un moulin mort—  
Ses champs bien partagés expriment la mesure.  
Mais j'entretiens en moi, trop soucieux du sort,  
Une étrange blessure.

In spite of the ruined houses, in spite of the mutilated landscape, in spite of death, "life continues." War has inspired numberless poets. Louis Mandin, already known by his *Saisons ferventes, Ariel esclave*, has given us *Notre Passion*, a book full of the horrors and suffering of war, expressed in both verse and prose. This poet was a great soldier, but he is not so great an artist. His poetical transposition of facts is not sufficient. His hand shakes with emotion while writing; and though he finds occasional strains of real poetry—

Vents qui soufflez la mort, vents qu'emmaumait la rose,  
Ah! que vous soulevez en nous de souvenirs!—

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A Paris Letter

his moods remain too often untranslated into artistic form.

Beyond the ordinary production of verse, the above-mentioned books mark an important period of French poetry: our muse has kept her poise and melancholy smile during the five last years. Mallarmé, Rimbaud, Moréas, with their cult of artistic form, their subtle sincerity, are all-pervading influences. Yet in spite of influence, France possesses now a few original poets, to say nothing of those who had already attracted universal attention and are well known in America. Vers libre and traditional form have acquired a great pliancy in the hands of real artists, whose offerings are a joy forever to the lovers of poetry.

Jean Catel

MACHINERY IN ART

To the Editor of POETRY: In POETRY No. II, Vol. XVI, a contributor’s soliloquies in connection with our Eiffel Tower, his quotation especially from a recently-deceased French writer, reminds me (once more) of some facts too recently overlooked in the world’s complete disregard of England’s contributions to new perceptions, viz., that Rudyard Kipling (English) was the first to express the beauty of machinery in literature; that Turner (English) was the first to introduce it into art.

Marinettis, Apollinaires, etc., are sequels to these [modest] forerunners.

Muriel Ciolkowska

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TO A MINOR POET

It is not that you had only one
Really good thought.
The great survive usually
By not more than five—sometimes seven.
But they have a way of riding at beauty
With a lifted spear,
And at truth
With a sword;
So that they win from these
The five—perhaps the seven—
Passages by which they live.
And you—you said a great many things,
And one good one;
But there are no high invisible banners
Waving above your words,
There is no mist in your throat,
And the stars do not choke you.

Hortense Flexner
NOTES

Miss Lola Ridge, formerly of Sidney, Australia, but for some years a resident of New York, is well known as the author of *The Ghetto and Other Poems* (B. W. Huebsch), and as a contributor to a number of the more progressive periodicals.

Mrs. Grace Hazard Conkling, of Northampton, Mass., who is in the English department of Smith College, is the author of *Afternoons in April* (Houghton Mifflin Co.).

Miss Stella Benson, a young English poet, who spent last year in this country, and has now gone on to India, is the author of *Twenty* (Macmillan Co.).

Mr. Victor Starbuck, a lawyer of Orlando, Florida, has appeared a number of times in *Poetry*.

The other poets in this number are new to our readers:

Mr. Albert Frederick Wilson, of New Canaan, Conn., is a member of the faculty of New York University, where he gives courses in contemporary writing; and is the author of *The Township Line*, his first book of verse, published by Harper & Bros. this year. Although a member of the very large Wilson tribe, he is not related to the distinguished subject of his poem, whom he has never met.

It may be in order to state, although it is probably hardly necessary, that Professor Wilson's poem is not offered by the editors as a contribution to current political or personal opinion, but as a successful poem in a difficult genre.

Mr. Oscar Williams was born in Russia twenty years ago, and the name he now bears was adopted for literary and other purposes as more convenient than his difficult foreign cognomen. He lives in Brooklyn, and hopes to publish his first book soon.

H. H. Bellamann, a pianist of Columbia, S. C., has printed verse in some of the special magazines, and published a first book of poems this year through the Lyric Society.

Mr. Frederick Shea Jesson is a fifteen-year-old poet of Mansfield, Ohio. J. W. Marsh lives in Amherst, Mass.

We call our readers' attention to the announcement in our advertising pages of the changes in our prices to three dollars a year and twenty-five cents a single number, made necessary by the enormously increased cost of every detail of manufacture. *Poetry* has faced a rising market from the beginning. The war made its financial situation precarious, but prices continue to advance. The single item of print-paper, for example, costs three times as much per pound as it did in 1912, and the quality is poorer.
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**BOOKS RECEIVED**

**ORIGINAL VERSE:**

*Paths of June,* by Dorothy Stockbridge. E. P. Dutton & Co.
*Vanitas,* by Paul Eldridge. Stratford Co.
*As the Wind Blows,* by Eden Phillpotts. Macmillan Co.
*Enslaved,* by John Masefield. Macmillan Co.
*A Pagoda of Jewels,* by Moon Kwan. Private printed, Los Angeles.

**ANTHOLOGIES:**

*Homage to Robert Browning,* collected by Aleph Tanner (Baylor Bulletin, Jan., 1920.) Baylor University, Waco, Texas.
*Thoughts,* collected by Leah Press Lovell. Privately printed, Los Angeles.
*A Queen's College Miscellany.* Queen's College, Oxford, England.

**PROSE:**


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BY

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[i]
Others besides these guarantors who testify to their appreciation of the magazine by generous gifts are:

Mr. Edward L. Ryerson  Miss Amy Lowell

Two annual prizes will be awarded in November for good work of the year now closing. To the donors of these prizes, as well as to the above list of guarantors, the editor wishes to express the appreciation of the staff and the poets:

To Mr. S. O. Levinson, for the Helen Haire Levinson Prize of two hundred dollars, to be awarded for the seventh time; and to the anonymous guarantor who will present, for the sixth time, a prize of one hundred dollars.

We feel that these prizes are a most valuable service to the art.

By the death of Arthur J. Eddy, which occurred July 21st, POETRY loses one of its most loyal friends and guarantors, and the arts, in Chicago and elsewhere, an enthusiastic critic and patron.

Mr. Eddy had a progressive and experimental mind, which reached out from his own profession—that of the law—to the investigation of ultra-modern artistic movements in painting, sculpture, music and poetry. In 1902 he published Delight the Soul of Art, in 1903 Recollections and Impressions of Whistler, a vivid and personal study of the master; and his later book, Cubists: Post-impressionism (1914), was a discriminating and appreciative presentation of this group of painters, whose pictures he was one of the first to collect.

Mr. Eddy was a witty speaker at more than one of POETRY'S parties. It will be a grave loss to miss the stimulus of his eager questioning, his ironic challenge, his keen and sympathetic enthusiasm.

By the sudden death of James B. Waller, on the third of August, POETRY loses another of its most friendly guarantors, and the arts in Chicago an interested and generous patron.
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To have great poets there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman

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