Boys and Girls,
by Genevieve Taggard

Hokku on a Modern Theme,
by Amy Lowell

Voluntaries, by Mark Turbyfill

Annotations, by Marx G. Sabel

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JUNE 1921

BOYS AND GIRLS

The Sun-children:
Boys and girls, come out to play!
The sun is up, the wind's astray,
Early morning's gold is gone—
(They slumber on, they slumber on!)
I have never done with you
Half the things I want to do.
I will put kisses on your knees,
And we will squander as we please
This little, lazy, lovely day.

Ninety million miles away
The sun halloos: "Come out to play!
The winds are prancing on tip-toe,
Impatient with long waiting so;
The hills look up. Come out! and oh,
Let your bodies dart and run
While I make shadows!” says the sun.

Boys and girls, come out to play
Before the river runs away.
I have never done with you
Half the things I want to do.

The Sun:
Boys and girls, come out to play
Before the river runs away.
While you are fluid, unafraid,
Beneath my light and shadow skim,
Before this folded gloom is dim
And limb no longer follows limb,
Dancing under spotted shade.

For dancing were your bodies made!
Before the roses of you fade
Find your meaning for the mouth
While I lean south; while I go west
Find your meaning for the rest.

The Sun-child:
Throw back your head and fly with me—
Love me, chase me, lie with me!
Follow, sweetheart of the sun,
Turn and follow where I run
Between blue vineyards and fruit-trees—
Fall down and kiss me on the knees!
Pant beside me while I pull
Berries for you from the full
Blue-jewelled branches! Crush them red—
Not on your mouth, on mine instead!

The Sun:
Nimble you move—you are my own,
My pliant essence. All alone
On fire in the passive sky
I burn—a stone, a liquid stone.
Together, you in double shade,
Discover why your limbs were made.

The Sun-child:
I have never done with you
Half the things I want to do!
Link your arms and loosen them,
Pluck and suck a grass’s stem,
Touch my breasts with that blue aster;
Kiss me fast—I’ll kiss you faster!
Link your arms and loosen them.

Now link your arms like mine together,
Toward me lightly—like a feather
Dance! Like feathers you’ll be blown
Across the level field alone.
And like a brown wing my bare feet
Will skim the meadow till we meet.

The river skips, but we are quicker:
Its little body's slender glisten
Goes down alley-ways of leaves.
Flicker, sun, and river, flicker!
Listen, lover, listen, listen
How the river laughs and grieves!

I have never done with you
Half the things I want to do.
Leap for me, sweetheart—reach and try
To catch me, sweetheart! Kiss and cry
After me, sweetheart, darting by!

After you seize me, we will lie,
I in the grass, you in the sky;
After you kiss me, we will start
To try and reach each other's heart;
And, searching frantically, find
The unseen blisses of the blind.

The Sun-children:
Before the river runs away,
Boys and girls, come out to play.
(They slumber on, they slumber on—
Morning's glint is almost gone!)
With yellow bubbles fill your veins

[122]
Before the lusty day-star wanes.
(They slumber on, they slumber on—
Silken leopard noon is gone!)
Die you may, die you must—
Fill your mouths with pollen dust;
Calyxes and honey thighs
Both will wither. Beauty dies!
Find out why mouths are berry-red
Before you stiffen in your drab bed.
Over you humming summer will glide,
You'll never lie languid on your side
And listen then as you listen now
To half-heard melodies—oh, how
The river runs and runs and runs,
Fluid with splendor, and the sun's
Circuit is singing. Fragile day!
Boys and girls, come out to play!
TWENTY-FOUR HOKKU ON A MODERN THEME

I
Again the larkspur,
Heavenly blue in my garden.
They, at least, unchanged.

II
How have I hurt you?
You look at me with pale eyes,
But these are my tears.

III
Morning and evening—
Yet for us once long ago
Was no division.

IV
I hear many words.
Set an hour when I may come
Or remain silent.

V
In the ghostly dawn
I write new words for your ears—
Even now you sleep.

VI
This then is morning.
Have you no comfort for me
Cold-colored flowers?
Amy Lowell

VII
My eyes are weary
Following you everywhere.
Short, oh short, the days!

VIII
When the flower falls
The leaf is no more cherished.
Every day I fear.

IX
Even when you smile,
Sorrow is behind your eyes.
Pity me, therefore.

X
Laugh—it is nothing.
To others you may seem gay,
I watch with grieved eyes.

XI
Take it, this white rose.
Stems of roses do not bleed;
Your fingers are safe.

XII
As a river-wind
Hurling clouds at a bright moon,
So am I to you.
XIII
Watching the iris,  
The faint and fragile petals—  
How am I worthy?

XIV  
Down a red river  
I drift in a broken skiff.  
Are you then so brave?

XV  
Night lies beside me  
Chaste and cold as a sharp sword.  
It and I alone.

XVI  
Last night it rained.  
Now, in the desolate dawn,  
Crying of blue jays.

XVII  
Foolish so to grieve,  
Autumn has its colored leaves—  
But before they turn?

XVIII  
Afterwards I think:  
Poppies bloom when it thunders.  
Is this not enough?
XIX
Love is a game—yes?
I think it is a drowning:
Black willows and stars.

XX
When the aster fades
The creeper flaunts in crimson.
Always another!

XXI
Turning from the page,
Blind with a night of labor,
I hear morning crows.

XXII
A cloud of lilies,
Or else you walk before me.
Who could see clearly?

XXIII
Sweet smell of wet flowers
Over an evening garden.
Your portrait, perhaps?

XXIV
Staying in my room,
I thought of the new spring leaves.
That day was happy.
TANKA

TO ELIZABETH

Against the door dead leaves are falling;
On your window the cobwebs are black.
Today, I linger alone.
The foot-step?
A passer-by.

SPRING

Down the slope white with flowers,
Toward the hills hazy blue,
A butterfly
Floats away.

MAY MOON

Milky night;
Through the resting trees
A petal—
Falling.

STORM

Against the gulls that play in the gale
The black waves dart
White fangs
In vain.

[128]
NOVEMBER

On a pale sandhill
A bare tree stands;
The death-wind
Has snatched the last few leaves.

A LEAF

The November sky without a star
Droops low over the midnight street;
On the pale pavement, cautiously
A leaf moves.

DECEMBER MOON

Among the frozen grasses
Frosting in the moon glare,
Tombstones
Are whiter tonight.

ECHO

I know it is not she,
Yet I listen
To distant laughter
Fleeting away.

Jun Fujita
GOODFELLOWSHIP

A Fragment by Li Po

Hast thou not beheld the Yellow River
Which flows from Heaven?
It runs rapidly down and empties into the sea,
Nevermore to return.

Hast thou beheld the mirror in the hall
That reflects the grief of white hair?
In the morning it is like black silk,
In the evening it will be covered with snow.

While we are in the mood of joy,
Let us drink!
Let not the golden bottle be lonely,
Let us waste not the moon!

LONELY

By Wang Wei, Eighth Century, A. D.

When the moon begins to grow
And the autumn dews to fall,
My silken jacket is lightly thin
But I have not changed:
Wistfully I play my lute
Long and deep into the night,
For my heart is shy
Of the empty chamber.

Translated from the Chinese by Moon Kwan
THE HUNCHBACK

I saw a hunchback climb over a hill,
Carrying slops for the pigs to swill.

The snow was hard, the air was frore,
And he cast a bluish shadow before.

Over the frozen hill he came,
Like one who is neither strong nor lame;

And I saw his face as he passed me by,
And the hateful look of his dead-fish eye:

His face, like the face of a wrinkled child
Who has never laughed or played or smiled.

I watched him till his work was done;
And suddenly God went out of the sun,

Went out of the sun without a sound
But the great pigs trampling the frozen ground.

The hunchback turned and retracked the snows;
But where God's gone, there's no man knows.

*John Peale Bishop*
THE VILLAGER
YOUR HORSES

Often, in clear winter afternoons or crisp fall mornings,
Walking long stretches of sand where waves charge in proudly,
Or standing on curving walls, looking out over empty water,
I am aware of the memory of you and your horses—
Prancing bays, proud roans, and wild white horses;
Your laughter syncopating the hoof-beats of horses,
Pounding on clay turf-land or drumming on long white roads.

Standing at the forks of the river at Orleans Street,
Watching the ice dip up and down in the oily water—
Big gray and white lake birds circling slowly slantwise over the water,
A tug with smoke-stack down for bridges,
And two engines coughing out of time with each other—
I ride again with the memory of you and your horses,
Of you mounting a flight of steps on a glossy black,
Riding down a railroad track to meet me on a deep-chested bay.

And the sound of your laughter comes to me over the backs of horses,
The memory of your hair streaming with the manes of horses,
Clifford Franklin Gessler

Your firm brown hand flung out in the crowding of horses,
Greeting me over the necks of wild white horses, galloping home.

NEVERTHELESS

Inasmuch as I love you
And shall know no peace more unless I am near you,
Though you are a flame of will
Proud and variable as you are beautiful and dear—
Nevertheless I will go your way,
Since you will not go mine.

Therefore, although the cool roads of my village
Are more pleasant to me than the pavements of your city;
Although its dim streets are more kindly than your glaring arcs;
Though the unhurried voices of my townspeople
Are more friendly music in my ears than the screamings
And glib chatter of your city-dwellers:
Nevertheless I will go down with you into the city
And bruise my heart upon its bricks;
Become brother to its shrieking "elevated"
And learn to hurry away my days in this brief world
Among the grimy roofs that soil the clean young sunshine;
Thinking only at long whiles, in summer dusks,
Of hushed paths where hurrying feet have never trodden,
Of cool lanes white in the splendor of the rising moon.

[133]
CONCENTRIC CIRCLES

Cracks in broken windows
Thread out like spokes from the center where a pebble or a bullet struck,
Cross and recross, and spread to the edge of the pane.
Ripples in still water or running water race out in concentric circles from the place where a stone or a body is thrown in.
Ice forms on pools in long thin slivers that knit slowly and close up the gaps till a hard, brittle floor is formed.
Fissures in stones spread slowly, and widen and deepen with the prying of frost.

Thoughts are like all these things.

PRAYER

O thou elemental
Rain, sun, and body of the quick warm earth:
Hear these words from the cells of thy blood,
Multitudinous, various!

Let the waters at the dim roots of the grass be sweet,
And the milk be abundant in the breasts of time—
Yet a little while, till the pearl-gray banners of smoke
Be dissolved, and the flowing of rivulets be but a distant murmur
In the shout and the far white splendor of thy coming.
Let thy kindness be as a wide white blanket covering all
The brave inglorious futile race of men
Who lift tired eyes ever to sad stars
More desolate
Than the wind-harrowed wastes of ocean,
Whence comes no answer.
And after our futile striving, give us
Peace.

Clifford Franklin Gessler

GOD-LOVER

Who are you?
Why do you hide behind
Your mask—the sun and stars?

The brazen day and
The moon-washed night
Are alms that you give your beggars.

I ask no mendicant's pittance—
I cry for the supreme desolation of your face.

Muriel Safford

[135]
How shall I capture
Sound and desire?

Let candor stir upon candor
As sword upon sword,
Tempering the tenor and the timbre
Of this sweet ecstasy.
Grieved is my mind,
Harassed by music
Untouched of any sound.

Yet on trellis, on infinite arch,
On bridges of fretted iron—
Frail to thought, acrid to sight,
Thunderous with traffic of men—
Red-budding, peach-petalled
Beauty flames into view.

But how shall I capture
Sound and desire?
How shall I hear
The pointed vagaries,
The evanescent harmonies,
That float unfingered
Across the strings of the mind?
Mark Turbyfill

How shall I hear,
Plucked from the intangible mind-strings,
The song desire sings, and sings?

There is no create instrument.

THE POWER OF NOTHING

I only laughed,
As at a gauche mistake,
When I learned we had paid
With innocent counterfeit—
That such carnival, confetti,
Festival of flamingo fun,
We had danced for nothing spent:
So much brightness
All out of nothing!

But when I learned of my awkwardness—
Mistaking the denomination, color, design
Of a little word you gave me!—
And of the bright shapes of dreams
Germinated in my heart
All out of nothing,
I could not laugh any more;
For there was a sharp severing of slender unseen roots,
And that fruit which they bore
Fell dangling and bruised
From the tendrils and the vine.

[137]
REPLETION

I have fed on the radiance of my beloved
Lying beneath the flowering pear-tree.
Her breasts are inverted cups of sunlight;
She is dappled over with iridescence.

Light and heat
Pierce the pear leaves,
And fall dizzily
Through a flashing of petal-flakes,
Burnishing and mellowing her.
My nostrils are prophetic
With the sweetness of pear flesh,
My eyes are dazzled with love made manifest,
And my mind is parturient and tremulous
With glistening schemes.

THE SEA STORM

I hurtled like a hound for joy
Through the storm
Of your magnificence—
Wave on crashing, dashing, crested wave,
You hurl yourself against space!
You are positive force,
You might crush me to nothingness;
Yet I revel like a golden super-carp

[138]
Mark Turbyfill

Flashing *pas de poissons*  
Through flowers of foam.

And I know your ecstatic response,  
Exquisite monster,  
As I blossom into glittering spray  
Above you!

**THINGS NOT SEEN**

The sea-gull poises  
In the charged, expectant air.

The sea-gull poises  
With delicate resistance.

Its sheer conscious being  
Is cause to strike creation  
Out of all this emptiness.

The sea-gull waits,  
Wavered slightly  
Against this mighty immanence.

So does my heart wait  
For the release of a substance  
Not yet seen.

Mark Turbyfill

[139]
This water is all rich; and no great wave,
Rushing, can ever sweep from the old ooze
The witnesses of simple men who gave
Their lives here to the sea.

Our ship’s foot goes
Warily now, for here she treads above
The globèd mortal homes of dreams all drowned.
Sometimes, as if a man smiled at his love,
A smile turns in the water. Round and round,
Sometimes, a hundred cries go swimming, while
Such common woes and hopes are ocean-freight,
That every eddy of the grey sea-mile
Is strewn with ardors inarticulate
And homing memories.

Yet this must be:
That men’s ghosts ever shame old pagan Earth,
With human blood crimson grey Neptune’s sea,
Snap the Fates’ thread with high impetuous mirth,
Cast in the dicing game mortality,
Slip from the moorings of sweet flesh, and then
Clean past the loom of the Ultimate Islands ride,
To bring a vision down to the sea again
In ships, and keep the faith, and take the tide.
THE BOULGHAR DAGH

Day by day the sun booms over this long valley,  
And the mountains are sun-flowers  
And smile fondly at him as he goes by.  
For only Gunesh, the sun,  
Of all the people they have seen pass,  
Is steadfast.

Alexander came through this valley,  
And did not return.  
At its mouth a lass unparalleled  
Found Antony in a market-place,  
Whistling to the air: they sailed away together.  
A man named Saul trudged up this road soon after:  
He went on to Rome.  
Godfrey de Bouillon passed this way, to drown  
In Cydnus.

Some troopers from Bavaria and Pesth  
Were here last year—and they fled.  
Now Pathans and Sikhs  
And other swarthy fighting-men camp hereabouts.  
But presently they'll be gone.

Morris Gilbert
PRAYER AT TIMBER-LINE

Oh, that I could fashion words
   As the wind bends the trees—
Could shape my lines as shining-bare,
   As exquisite, as these
White branches of the writhen pine
Standing alone at timber-line!

Winds of life, blow stinging-free
   Into my heart that's waiting, still!
Beat on my words unceasingly,
   And shape them to your stern white will!

BEAUTY

I went where pines grew;
   Beauty I found in these,
In stars, and in the strange
   Twisted boughs of trees.

I went where houses were;
   Beauty I found then
In eyes, and in the strange
   Twisted lives of men.
THE ODD ONES

I like best those crotchety ones
    That follow their own way
In whimsical oblivion
    Of what the neighbors say.

They grow more rare as they grow old,
    Their lives show in their faces—
In little slants and twisted lines;
    Like trees in lonely places.

GRAMPA SCHULER

Grampa Schuler, when he was young,
    Had a crest of hair, and shining eyes.
He wore red-flowered waistcoats,
    Wild Byronic ties.
The whole land of Germany
    Wasn't wide enough!—
He ran away one night, when winter
    Seas were fierce and rough.

He has a sleek farm here
    With already a settled air.
He's patriarchal, with his sons
    And daughters round him everywhere,
His son's son Jim has fiery eyes—
    He wants to go where the land is new!
Grampa bitterly wonders: "What are
    Young fools coming to!"

Ruth Suckow

[143]
PRIMAVERAL

You should have seen the griffin in the pine-tree
With stars for eyes!

You are my own,
Mine, though I never found you.

There was the hollow valley
With its river,
There was the big magnolia
Strung with moons . . .

I look for you . . .
Love makes my feet unsteady.

One day
The perul in the garden was on fire with tanagers . . .
I saw it burning.

I wonder where you were?

Yesterday the flower woman brought me violets . . .
Cape jasmine . . . dark roses . . .

When are you coming?

Today the yucca has finished building her tower of
ivory . . .

It is late . . .
What excuse will you offer?

Grace Hazard Conkling
RECOMPENSE

You are growing old, my lithe and gay,
But age with you is different and rare;
Gray—yes, but like the mist that veils an autumn moon
Stretched across the black trees’ gaunt array.
Your light, now opalescent and more gently bright,
Makes beautiful the wintry night.
Why do you long for the bronze hue of youth,
Or the noisiness of its display?
Let us be comforted in this sweet quietness where
There is nothing loved before
But that our having loved so long can make more fair.

THE SWEET LADY

She is so gay—
Such easy sweetness falls away.
From her! Her words are simple as a little wind
That sings all day.
Such lazy kindliness she spreads about,
As thoughtless as her hands that twine
And turn their pink palms in and out.
Such loving weariness has she
Of giving sweetness forth unthinkingly,
That she is almost sad—still smiling sad,
Tired with her all-unknowing ministry.

Anne Elizabeth Wilson
What avail are these days?
The days come and the days go,
Limping like old men
Over an uneven pathway.

Day follows day,
And each day
Falls over my last memory of you
Like a thin white sheet
Over a dead body.
Day after day—
Sheet upon sheet—
Until now I cannot see
The lines of the dead body underneath.

What avail are these nights?
The nights come and the nights go,
Shambling like heavy negresses
Walking down a steep path
With overflowing baskets on their heads.

Night follows night,
And each night
Falls over my last memory of you,
Like a heavy black sheet over a dead body.
Night follows night,
Sheet falls upon sheet,
Until now I cannot see
The lines of the dead body underneath.
What avail are these days
And these nights,
These halt men, and these
Cumbersome negresses burdened with baskets?
Day after day,
Night after night,
Sheet upon sheet,
Black on white,
Falling over a dead body,
Covering a dead body,
Falling upon and covering my memory of you.

NO GOOD THING

It is no good thing
Even on a dark night
To clutch a memory for guidance.
I know, because I have tried it
Confidently.
I walked on in the dark night
Remembering.
I walked on and on,
Yet no star shone,
And there was no light nor even any ghost of light
Ever
To guide me.

I shall walk on in the dark night
Forgetting.
I shall clutch no memory for guidance.
I shall walk on and on,
Accepting the darkness
Proudly, fearlessly, without hope.
For it is no good thing
Even on a dark night
To clutch a memory for guidance.

THE STRANGE LOAD

Things have come to a fine pass!
Just now,
As I sat teasing shy thoughts,
A strange load lifted
Of its own volition!

Maybe I should make a moan,
Or gurgle in my throat a bit,
On losing suddenly
And for no apparent reason
The strange load—
The little weight of chosen sorrowings,
The small warm woes of love.
Little lady whom my heart has nurtured,
The pressure of your petulance
Has passed;
Your eyes' chatoyancy
In the deep dark night of my heart's heart
Has faded,
And the phosphorescent glimmers of your body
In the center of my mind
Have faded.

Faded . . . lifted . . . faded . . .
Entirely done away with.

Shall I miss the strange load lifted,
Having carried it so far,
So long, with such great care?

Now I arise from a cramped posture,
Now I slowly swing my shoulders back
And take a deep breath!

Now I shatter heights of thin air,
Stretching forth rejuvenescent fingers!

Yes . . . surely . . .
Things have come to a fine pass,
A fine pass, indeed.

Marx G. Sabel
COMMENT

A WORD ABOUT KEATS

To remember in December a February centenary—that is plainly an editor’s duty. In that plain duty the editors of POETRY plainly failed, else would they have prepared the February number with reference to Keats. No poet on our list having aspired to challenge Adonais with an elegy, the editor should have—indeed, would have—paid a brief prose tribute to a spirit whose flaring fame no longer needs one.

As it is, the month has gone by, but not the year—a year also sacred to Dante, who died at Ravenna September fourteenth, 1321, leaving his work achieved and complete after a rounded life of fifty-six rich years. Of all English poets since Shakespeare there may be two, Keats and Synge, who gave promise of genius as powerful and shapely as Dante’s, and of mind and will as capable of fulfilling its high serene commands; and these two, by the same tragic hazard, were fatally interrupted by illness and early death.

The Quarterly’s reception of Keats has become a byword—it is so easy for the casual inheritor of opinions to be wise after the fact. But, after all, the youthful bard was trying out a new instrument; and even Shelley himself was not at once impressed, for he said of Endymion, “The author’s intention seems to be that no person should possibly get to the end of it;” not to speak of Byron,
A Word About Keats

whose remarks are almost unprintable. So far as this luscious and exuberant exercise of youthful genius is concerned, I sympathize with Shelley, for I never could read it through without liberal skipping. Ditto *Hyperion*—but then, my appetite for modernized Greek myth is distinctly limited; I cannot “appreciate the intensity and complexity of symbolic and spiritual meaning” which Keats and many other poets have read into, and wrung out of, a folk-lore beautiful in its original primitive simplicity.

*Isabella, or the Pot of Basil* was a more Chaucerian stunt of verse-narrative—a tale drawn from Boccaccio’s rich mediaeval storehouse: a pretty thing, but slight—even the poet soon tired of it, called it “mawkish.” *Lamia* also did not quite “come off.” And the beauty of *The Eve of Saint Agnes*, exquisite as it is, is of the fragile, the dreamily artificial kind, like a Venetian goblet blown in many-colored glass.

These all were preparatory. What have we to assert triumphantly the immortality of Keats the master? We have a half-dozen lyrics of beauty incredible and supreme, beauty which admits this youth to the innermost magic circle of all the rich domain of English poetry, the circle haunted by Shakespeare’s voice, by a few strains from Marlowe and Spenser, from Coleridge and Shelley and Blake; while beyond, near but not quite within, one may hear the chanting of Milton and of old John Donne, and perfect chords from Burns, Byron and Poe, leading
on many others, a number of moderns among them—poets ever to be remembered, who have sung a few songs, or maybe only one, too beautiful to perish.

The *Ode to a Nightingale*, and the ballad *La Belle Dame sans Merci*—any long life were richly charged with these two poems alone. And when we add to these the other great odes—the *Grecian Urn, Autumn, Melancholy, Bards of Passion and of Mirth*; and certain sonnets—*On Chapman’s Homer, When I Have Fears*, and the last one of all, *Bright Star*—one must say “Wonderful—wonderful!” and feel that what Death robbed us of might have added to the mass, but hardly to the splendor, of this poet’s gift.

But what a man gives, be he poet, beggar or king, is always himself; and the fascinating thing about Keats’ imperishable gift is the torch-like beauty of that glorious spirit which went flaming through the cluttered world for a few brief years, leaving a cleared path for men’s souls to walk in. He saw straight and true in a perplexed and distracted age—

Beauty is truth, truth beauty—that is all
Ye know on earth, and all ye need to know.

To him Byron’s rebellions, Shelley’s reforms, were negligible details in the rounded spiritual experience of man. To him, as to Blake, “nothing is pleasing to God except the glad invention of beautiful and exalted things.” He knew that beauty includes all perfections sublunary and subliminal; that it is the magic circle which encloses them all, giving form and symmetry to the created uni-
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verse—and to that infinitesimal detail of it, the life and dreams of man.

And then the tragic poignancy of his suffering—for unfulfilled love and early death caught his spirit unready and unreconciled; and the great things he had done seemed slight to his despair in contrast with those "high-piled books" unwritten in his "teeming brain." Of course we know now that his disease was a direct infection from the young brother whom he had nursed tenderly to the end; and that the medical malpractice of his time speeded him off as fast as possible by prescribing a starvation diet. It is small consolation to feel that today a science more enlightened might have saved him to round out Dante's fifty-six years and rival the majestic mass of the great Italian's completed labors. Fortunately there is a higher consolation: a few perfect poems, which, being perfect, are therefore in themselves complete, sufficient.

H. M.

THE SUB-CONSCIOUS CLICHE

To what extent does language, created and constantly influenced by a nation's thinking, react upon the thinking which creates it?

Rabindranath Tagore brought this old question of the philologists to my mind afresh when he said recently in Chicago, speaking of transferring his poems from Bengali to English, "It was not like translating, it was recreating in another medium."

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I take this to mean that the English words themselves influenced the thought back of the poems, since this thought must have been the same in both cases. So it has occurred to me that the influence of words in our mother tongue is probably so ingrained in us that we are unable to perceive it, but that in a foreign tongue we might be able to catch a glimpse of its action. And I have been amusing myself by comparing the stock poetical clichés of several languages. I do not mean the stock similes, for the influence would be too hard to trace here; but the rhyme clichés, in which it is more apparent. I know only two other languages, French and German, well enough to do anything with this, but I wish some more scholarly poet would consider it.

A tendency is so much easier to recognize in its exaggerated forms, when it reduces itself ad absurdum, that I shall offer as examples the worst possible clichés.

They pertain, it seems, in all languages to the tender sentiments. The word heart for example. In English the standard rhymes to it are part and dart. Part follows naturally enough perhaps. But why should we, out of the innumerable images pertaining to love, have fastened with such tenacity to that of Cupid’s dart and the concrete image of a pierced heart, except that it rhymes? I can find no such persistent reference, indeed very little reference at all, in either French or German doggerel to this particular image. Has not the accidental physical sound of the words foisted it on us? In German the
standard rhymes to Herz are Schmerz (*pain*) and Scherz (*a gay whimsy or joke*). In French coeur is a syllable more easily rhymed, so the clichés are less marked, but pleure seems to be the most common with meure a close second. In all of these it appears that the melancholy side of love is uppermost in the mind of the budding poet of whatever nation. But the precise form this melancholy takes would seem to depend on the rhymes he finds to hand.

In this connection French offers an excellent example. The word *tendresse*, of which the French are very fond, has a cliché *ivresse* (literally *drunkenness* but figuratively *rapture*), which follows it everywhere. This image of being drunk on love is so seldom found in either English or German that one cannot help thinking it is suggested by the rhyme.

Sometimes of course the natural sequence of ideas happens to rhyme and so the words become wedded, as *kiss* and *bliss*, or *eyes* and *skies*; which last—curiously enough, since the words are both of northern origin—rhyme also in French, *yeux* and *cieux*. But how about our English rhymes for *love*—*above* and *dove*? Is either of these ideas inherent in the idea of love? *L'amour* on the other hand seems to suggest to the sentimental Frenchman *toujours*, though this follows more naturally and is not a perfect rhyme. In German *Liebe* is difficult to handle, and is most often either lopped off or imperfectly rhymed with *triube* (*forlorn*).

Of the clichés on other subjects *life* in English is accom-
panied by strife, naturally enough perhaps, but more persistently than elsewhere. And to the French patrie seems to carry with it most frequently tyrannie. Country in English doesn't rhyme easily, but we are apt to distort it to rhyme with free. Germany, which is fond of its Lieder, brings in constant reference to Flieder (lilacs), for no very visible reason except the rhyme. There are others of course, but these are enough to point the question.

Perhaps the poetaster who is responsible for these clichés does not set down in them what he wants to say, but what he can say; and certainly the better poet, being more accustomed to riding the only half tractable steed of language, hesitates to use them. But is it not possible that the association of ideas started by the rhyme has driven, with these better poets, down into the subconscious, whence it emerges in other forms than those required by the rhyme? Have we not even in better English lyrics more reference to the dove—though it be carefully unrhymed—and more wounded hearts, than we should otherwise have? Do not the French think more often of rapture and the Germans of lilacs because of this?

Short of some instrument of precision, on the order of that which my doctor friend invented in a dream one night after a bout with several poets, an instrument which measured with scientific exactitude the value of a poem, and gave it a number like the Bertillon system—there will probably be no definite answer to this question. But the idea has amused me.

E. T.
Red Earth: Poems of New Mexico, by Alice Corbin. Ralph Fletcher Seymour, Chicago.

If a book is born out of high deliberation, then the shrewdest comment on it shall come out of high deliberation.

There are books all aloof from life's tumult, like out-of-the-way corner haunts where the flair of life equals the most vivid of flowers; and the mob, the stenches, the clumping feet and the poking sightseers are not of it.

Such a book is Alice Corbin's Red Earth—clean and aloof as the high deliberate table-lands where it was written; elusive as the grave, questioning faces of the dying nations of copper-skinned people whose last homes are there.

Here is a poem, Trees and Horses. It reads:

Trees stand motionless among themselves;
Some are solitary.
Horses wander over wide pastures;
At night they herd closely,
Rumps hunched to the wind.

The verbal weaving here is simple and direct as the stripes in an Indian blanket. Of course, there are touch-and-go readers who would get this as only an over-stressed statement of livery-stable fact. Still others of us get an impressionist painting of few lines.
Those who read a poem, hear a song, look at a picture, must have seen some semblance of the thing the artist is trying to tell, sing or paint; else it is no use at all to read, hear or look at what that artist attempts to deliver. Take *Afternoon* as Alice Corbin saw it once on the high deliberate plateau of New Mexico:

Earth tips to the west
And the hills lean backward—
Cedar-trees
Hugging the hillsides.

Smoke drifts in the valley—
The pinto sun
Nickers over the gate
Of the home corral.

Here is a woman who has read nearly all books of importance, and in the centres of so-called culture absorbed wide ranges of intellectual fact. And in the piece titled *Sunlight*, written amid the aloof heights of New Mexico, she voices the heart of a myriad of sunburnt farmers and farmers' wives who joined the ashes of their ancestors with peace and few regrets. *Sunlight* reads:

The sunlight is enough,
And the earth sucking life from the sun.
Horses in a wide field are a part of it,
Dappled and white and brown;
Trees are another kind of life,
Linked to us but not understood.
(Whoever can understand a horse or a tree
Can understand a star or a planet.
But one may feel things without understanding,
Or one may understand them through feeling.)
The simple light of the sun is enough.
One will never remember
A greater thing when one dies
Than sunlight falling aslant long rows of corn,
Or rainy days heavy with grey sullen skies.
Not love, not the intense moment of passion,
Not birth, is as poignant
As the sudden flash that passes,
Like light reflected in a mirror,
From nature to us.

The last five lines are five too many. The fault is “the crime of adjectives,” and negations that blur too dark a gray over the already decently crossed slants of afternoon light.

Joseph Warren Beach once wrote of a poet, “He has been known to cry, but never to weep.” That would apply to Red Earth, the book.

Attractions of a house swept and garnished, ready for a hurdy-gurdy or the undertaker; an open door for tambourines and bells, or crape and a coffin—there is a hospitality that widely varied in Red Earth.

Here is an Indian song—only four lines—to be read a hundred times, and then again. It is called The Wind and goes:

The wind is carrying me round the sky;
The wind is carrying me round the sky.
My body is here in the valley—
The wind is carrying me round the sky.

Carl Sandburg
MR. AIKEN'S BOW TO PUNCH


Four years ago I reviewed for POETRY a book by Conrad Aiken—Turns and Movies, it was called. Looking back at that review I see that I accused him of being derivative, always haunted by the ghosts of the other story-tellers in verse. And I added:

This is the more unfortunate because Mr. Aiken has invention, vividness, compression and at times a pleasing lyric quality. His situations are real situations, swiftly told, his technique easy and effective. It is hard to say just where the authenticity seeps out, yet the total effect is that of a clever craftsman, working well in the medium of his day, yet never quite reaching to the heights.

Today that accusation no longer stands, the authenticity no longer seeps out. Conrad Aiken has found himself.

Punch, The Immortal Liar is a real achievement. All the good qualities of his earlier work are here—the invention and swiftness and surety of his narrative sense, the vividness of phrase and of situation; and they are no longer troubled by ghosts. Even the witty acerbity which in Mr. Aiken's prose criticism, in Scepticisms and elsewhere, makes one instinctively doubt his judgments, feeling that some personal complex must underlie so inclusive a displeasure—even this acerbity is of value in Punch, since one cannot doubt Mr. Aiken's judgment of a character of his own invention.

Developing the technique he used so effectively in

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Mr. Aiken's Bow to Punch

Senlin, Mr. Aiken has divided his poem into a number of short facets, telling the story from different angles. This cutting the story apart serves a double purpose: it avoids the strain put upon poetry by a long sustained narrative—a strain which the medium can seldom if ever survive, and it serves to throw his character into relief, to show Punch in the round.

The section called What Punch Told Them contains a real masterpiece of bragging—the good old robust bragging of burler days, with a big sweep of imagination, a dash of Rabelais and a fine abandon. The pathetic inadequacy of the man behind the bragging, as it is later revealed, comes with great poignancy.

To my thinking however the Epilogue is a mistake. Mr. Aiken has thoroughly established in the body of the story the thesis that all men are puppets. And when the reader has accepted this it is disconcerting to find it stated explicitly in the epilogue that the author of the book is no exception to the rule of mankind. But this is quite unable to spoil what is otherwise a very fine piece of work.

Here is a lyric, spoken to Punch in a dream, which gives the mood of the gallant and pathological bragga-docio of the story.

Solomon, clown, put by your crown;  
And Judas, break your tree.  
Seal up your tomb and burn your cross,  
Jesus of Galilee!  

For here walks one who makes you seem  
But atoms that creep in grass;

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You are the pageant of his dream,
And he will bid you pass.

Let Rome go over the earth in gold
With trumpets harshly blown!
For here comes one whose splendor burns
More gloriously, alone.

Heliogabalus, laugh your last!
Queen Sappho, lie you down!
Punch the immortal shakes the seas
And takes the sun for crown.

E. T.

A CONTRAST

In American, by John V. A. Weaver. Alfred A. Knopf.
The Well of Being, by Herbert Jones. John Lane Co.

These two books offer an interesting contrast of character, mood, manner. Here are two young American poets starting out from the same town—Chicago—with talent and literary ambition. The one explores the neighboring streets, shops, parks; and his first book presents the every-day adventures of every-day city people in the slangy jargon with which they disguise the English language. The other goes to London as the best place in which to work out a literary career, and seeks beauty not in common life but in refined and sophisticated experience. Two sonnets, both love lyrics, will present the resulting contrast better than pages of disquisition. The first, Au Revoir, is from Mr. Weaver’s book:

Don’t kiss me! Not no more! ... Oh, can’t you see?
Everythin’s perfect now, the way it is.

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A Contras

Why do I hafta fight and beg like this?
It's been so sweet—oh, can't you leave things be?
Oh, now I hurt you! Dear, don't look so sad...
Oh, gee! I guess men ain't got ways to know
How a girl feels, and when it's time to go,
And how too much of even kisses is bad.
But it's the things you didn't just quite do,
And what's left over for some other day,
That makes her wonder and hope and cry and pray,
And tell herself, "Next time!" and dream of you.
Good night, dear... you must go... it's for your sake.
I'll dream about that kiss you didn't take...

Mr. Jones' sonnet is number XXVIII in a sequence of sixty-two:

I know how it will be when we have met
After these months which you as well as I
Have spent in longing: you'll be very shy,
Your grey eyes very bright, a little wet;
You'll kiss me, in the station crowd, and yet
When we're alone, you'll blush, and laugh, and try
Not to be shy, and fail, and wonder why,
And ask me if I'll have a cigarette.
Doubtless I'll smoke it, but I'll watch meanwhile
The play of light and shadow, blush and smile,
Over your face, so quiet yet so stirred.
No matter if you think your mood absurd—
Bashful, when you're alone with me: I know
How that will vanish in one soft-breathed "Oh!"

Both young men, perhaps, are feeling their way as yet
 toward their different goals. There is nothing final, noth­
ing fully demonstrated, in either book. The danger in
the one case is of course super-sophistication—an intel­
tual thinning-out of emotion, and a too dapper use of an

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over-studied instrument. In the other case the danger is vulgarization—a danger which may become a persistent and aggressive temptation if Mr. Weaver's book proves a best-seller, so that popular magazines and newspaper syndicates try to make its author a rival of Walt Mason.

As yet neither young poet has yielded to the danger. Mr. Jones' poetry, while slight as yet and naïvely full of clichés, has a certain authentic youthful delicacy—a delicacy a bit too gentlemanly, perhaps, but sincere and sweet; as if he were playing, with grace and feeling, old-fashioned airs on a flute. And in Mr. Weaver's book there is no vulgarity; for no dialect that passes through human lips is vulgar per se, however snobs may call it so in Piccadilly or Madison Street; and these poems "in the American language" are lifted above vulgarity by the genuine human emotion in them, the authentic characterization, the unexpected little turns of pathos, tenderness or humor.

Sometimes Mr. Weaver's imagination is adventurous, but the leap is usually justified, as in Moonlight:

Say—listen—
If you could only take a bath in moonlight!
Hey! Can't you just see yourself
Take a runnin' dive
Inta a pool o' glowin' blue,
Feel it glidin' over you
All aroun' and inta you?
Grab a star—huh?—
Use it for soap;
Beat it up to bubbles
And white sparkin' foam—

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A Contrast

Roll and swash—
Gee!
I just like to bet
You could wash your soul clean
In moonlight!

Sometimes the monologues—of a bar-keep, perhaps, or a drug-store man—seem harsh in their bald realism; but in each case the poet gives us a hint of the man’s dream, shows us the special queer glint that lights his life. It is vital stuff, this book—a good rich promise.

The pièce de résistance in Mr. Jones’ volume is a love-story in a thousand lines of rhymed verse—a quiet tale, simply told, of a youth and maid meeting here and there in Europe, and falling joyously in love. The description of the girl will suggest the style:

A beauty? Never. Something far more rare:
A spirit bright and flame-like, straight and clear,
That shone from laughing eyes and filled the air
Around her; knowing neither doubt nor fear;
A little out of breath, with glowing cheeks,
As if the sun and tingling frost were brought
Into the room with her; and when she speaks,
Her quaint and happy phrases come unsought.

The story moves along with a certain soft music, in a style more mature than that of the sonnets. There is a faint, delicate perfume in it, as of a genuine and sensitive youthfulness. Mr. Jones will have to guard against temptations toward literary sophistication which beset an American aspirant in London. Probably he would be in less danger at home—perhaps he needs crude contacts.

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It will be interesting to watch these two young Chicago poets, travelling such different roads from the same starting-point.

\[H.\ M.\]

**STILL A SOUL TO SAVE**


On the jacket of *Before Dawn* appears the same portrait of Miss McLeod which adorned the extremely promising *Songs to Save a Soul*, published several years ago. The fact is significant. Miss McLeod has not developed. She is still trying to save her soul, but she has grown a trifle weary in the process.

Most of the poems express a woman's reaction to the war. One does not doubt the author's sincerity; but fresh, deep-rooted poignancy is lacking. And there is a lack of reticence, of restraint—qualities hardly to be expected in a poet who writes of a lover and his beloved as "twin ships of joy upon a summer sea."

Included in the book is a sequence of sixteen inconsequential sonnets. There are good lines, but enough atrocious ones to appal, or amuse, the reader; for example:

- How sexual education still is rotten.
- Monogamy in males is nature's freak.
- This scorpion janitress, whose watchful part
  Is to destroy who comes his heart to maim.

Probably the best lines are at the end of one of the longer poems, untitled like most of them.
Still a Soul to Save

Patient Mother, I have come,
With some withered flowers, home:
Some were flowers, some were weeds—
Life has given to both their seeds.
Lying in thy heart, I pray
Winds may bear the weeds away
Where their roots shall sprawl in vain.
But O my flowers, spring again!

For that matter, Miss McLeod is at her best in her longer poems. Maggie Winwood, a narrative of some seven hundred rhymed octosyllabic lines, has elements of strength, effectiveness in character portrayal, and restraint. Objectiveness is the saving grace of this poem, as a somewhat futile subjectiveness explains the weakness of other poems in the volume. Nelson Antrim Crawford

C o l e r i d g e   a n d   W o r d s w o r t h


This caption summarizes the elaborate title of a work dealing with the earliest of the reform movements in modern English verse—a work edited by George Sampson and introduced, lengthily, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch. The volume offers such portions of Coleridge's book as can be combined to form a shapely little treatise for the use of "all who enjoy a poet's interpretation of poetry unclouded by the obscurity of yesterday's philosophy," and also those Wordsworthian essays "out of which the book arose and without which it might never have been written." Quiller-
Couch’s introduction offers a judicious union of the biographical, the historical and the critical.  

H. B. F.

CORRESPONDENCE

A LETTER FROM PARIS

My dear POETRY: I was waiting for a masterpiece to unveil to you; but the offerings, if many, have not been masterly. Yet our muse has given a few golden songs. I wish I might enclose in my letter something of their amiable beauty, transmuted into the metal of your speech.

Pierre Camo has published his Book of Regrets done in the mellifluous and azure tones of Ronsard and Chenier. Camo is a troubadour from the Pyrenees who has pitched his tent in Madagascar, his aloofness from Paris being the condition of his originality. His classical prosody gives him a place apart from the crowd of modernists. The sonnet, the stanza, are the genuine mold of his sensiveness; such molds might be crushed to dust in the topsyturvy productiveness of Paris.

New books from Paul Valéry, Georges Duhamel and Mallarmé have a somewhat different sound.

Valery’s works are few, and most of them can be found only in reviews and anthologies. Les Odes has just come out, and La Nouvelle Revue Française has given us Sea Cemetery. These works show an evolution in Valery. In his odes he turns back to the traditional forms of Racine,
Vigny, Hugo; yet he is a creator because of his breadth of vision and ecstasy. *Sea Cemetery* is a meditation; the poet stands before the graves where his dear ones sleep to the sea’s perpetual chanting. He sees their souls reborn in flowers. A wide serenity carries him above the petty emotions of life:

> Fair sky, true sky, look down on me who change;  
> After so much pride, after so much strange  
> Idleness, but pregnant with power,  
> I give myself up to this resplendent space;  
> On the roofs of the dead my shadow moves,  
> Subduing me to its fleeting frailty.

Briny and cool water work an emotional change in the poet:

> The wind rises! I must try to live!  
> The immense air opens and closes my book;  
> In foam-dust the daring wave flashes from the rocks.  
> Away, dazzled pages!

Valery’s verse unites the intellectual and verbal magics which Mallarmé blended so beautifully.

George Duhamel’s art is purely emotional. His war meditations, published as *La Vie des Martyres*, have won world-wide fame—I am sure you have read some of them together with Barbusse’s. His *Elegies* are still permeated with the horror of those unforgotten scenes: the *Ballad of the Man with the Wounded Throat*, *The Sadness of Sergeant Gautier*, the already famous *Ballad of Florentin Prunier*. In the pages of the new book we hear the sighs of sleepless nights, the rattle of dying throats, the farewells of fellow-

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creatures. But through the suffering we feel the approach of hope, for the beauty of things earthly comes with biting acidity to the poet's heart. Blossoming apple-trees, glittering sea, a familiar street, restore hope to his mind. The Elegies hesitate between despair and bliss—a smile exquisitely veiled with tears:

I knew you, happiness!
Despair, I know you.
In turns have you not tortured
My slavish heart!

Of his Ballad of Florentin Prunier I shall quote a few lines. The hero's mother has come from the farthest frontier of the provinces:

She carries a basket with twelve apples,
And fresh butter in a small pot.
All day long she stays in her chair,
Near the bed where Florentin is dying.
She stares obstinately
At the wan face damp with sweat.
She stares and never complains—
It is her way, being a mother.
For twenty long days he held death at bay,
While his mother was near him.
At last one morning, as she was weary
With twenty nights spent God knows where,
She let her head hang a little,
And slept for a little while.
And Florentin Prunier died quickly
And quietly, not to waken her.

The daughter of Stéphane Mallarmé has carefully gath-
ered a few hitherto unpublished lines of the famous writer of *The Afternoon of a Faun*. An amiable distraction of a great poet—that's what they seem to be. Some of them are a series of addresses written in quatrains. Some are inscriptions for red Easter eggs, for New Year's gifts, for fans. A certain number of these quatrains are delightful trifles; a few relate the funny little facts of life. Particularly charming is Mallarmé's fancy when he writes to the ladies. Everywhere we recognize the delicate mirage which his more familiar works have taught us to admire.

I am glad I can associate such a stern production as Duhamel's with Mallarmé's precious grace. Seriousness and fancy have always attended our muse; a new blending of them seems to be in the making.

If the influences of Moréas and Rimbaud are still discernible in the verse of today, yet a great deal of purely fanciful verse has been issued lately, verse which reflects the ironical smile of Laforgue and Apollinaire. The changes which the war has brought into our social life as well as our verse are suggested not only in serious poems, but in occasional outbursts of gayety and fancy. France may be a sober—shall I risk saying puritanical?—country (you should see her provincial towns and study her Parisian middle-class!); but in spite of difficult circumstances, in spite of an official gravity and its communicative gloom, modern verse reflects the most diverse moods.

Fancy has now left Montmartre—Max Jacob is never at home!—to dwell with Jean Cocteau near the Champs
Elysées. Having danced Auric’s one-step on the terrace of a fashionable sky-scaper, they both went back to the little band of their youth, led by Poulenc at a street corner. There they mixed up with soldiers, nurses, children and sentimental workmen.

Back home the couple entertain their six musician friends and a few poets. The apartment is simple, of a refined poverty, such as Okakura would have liked. The chief ornament is a rose in a glass of water, the very immortal French rose that Raymond Radiguet boasts of having thrown like a bomb in the Galerie des Machines, full of modern and exotic monsters. The poetry of this group aims to be as perfect, as useless and as indispensable as red on beautiful cheeks, as a rare wine or a silent promenade; and some of Cocteau’s and Radiguet’s verse is not far from such perfection.

Jean Catel

THE WINTER’S PUBLISHING IN ENGLAND

Dear Poetry: The quite unnatural interest in poetry, which the British public was stirred to by the emotional activity of the War, has given way now, broken down before another bad attack of the usual British lethargy in matters artistic. Two books which a year or so ago would have won for their authors a wide as well as a narrow circle of readers—Edmund Blunden’s Waggoner (Sidgwick & Jackson, and Alfred A. Knopf) and Wilfred Owen’s Poems (Chatto & Windus), books which have been greeted enthu-
The Winter’s Publishing in England

siastically by nearly all reviewers—have achieved a reputation in the narrower sense, it is true; but have not reached the sales of far inferior stuff which appeared during those tragic years. Edmund Blunden was recognized at once as a distinguished poet of English country life; and Wilfred Owen, whose posthumous war-poems have now appeared, is generally considered an abler war-poet than Nichols, Graves, or even Sassoon himself. He has an absolute clarity and intense vividness of vision and an unflinching sympathy, which are hardly equalled anywhere in the poetry of the War.

The Collected Poems of Edward Thomas (Selwyn & Blount, and Henry Holt & Co.) have now appeared, with an introduction by Walter de la Mare. A collected edition of Mr. de la Mare’s own poems has also appeared; (Martin Secher, and Henry Holt & Co.)—but this does not, unhappily, include the poems published in illustration of Pamela Bianco’s drawings in Flora (Wm. Heinemann); in many respects his best work, as well as his latest.

W. H. Davies has published another volume, the Song of Life (Fifield), which is in fair accord with his earlier work. One of the most interesting books produced during the winter is Robert Graves’ Pier-glass (Martin Secher), a work which shows that he is developing in a new and quite unexpected direction. It is not a kind of poetry that is likely to be popular; but such poems as The Gnat, The Pier-glass and The Jubilee Murder Cycle, are an interesting variation from the usual modern trend.
John Masefield's racing poem, *Right-Royal*, is too widely known to need comment.

The first number of a new annual anthology has appeared, Mr. Masefield contributing the introduction. William Heinemann is the publisher, and it is to present successive collections of *Public School Verse*, thus in a way anticipating the poetry of the next generation. The first number has discovered, in P. C. Quennell, of Berkhansted School, at least one poet of surprising promise and no inconsiderable attainment. It is to be hoped that those responsible will insure that his talent is not forced. A second volume is in the press.  

*R. Hughes*

**OUR CONTEMPORARIES**

**KREYMBORG'S MILLIONS**

*The Dial* for May opens its page of *Comment* by quoting this remark of W. C. Blum:

Williams' first suggestion was that someone give Alfred Kreymborg one hundred thousand dollars.

And the editor goes on to inform us of a windfall of money:

What do you know? Somebody's gone and done it! Alfred Kreymborg and Harold Loeb announce an *International Magazine of the Arts*, to be printed in Italy and sold all round the block. How much is $100,000 in lire, just now?

"Tirra lirra," by the river  
Sang Sir Alfred Kreymborg.

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Kreymborg’s Millions

Some people are born lucky! Nobody ever offered Poetry an hundred thousand, whether in pounds, dollars, or lire! And Poetry has been a conspicuous target for such windfalls these ten years—nearly—whereas Mr. Kreymborg carried Others scarcely more than a year.

The new international is to be called The Broom. May it sweep clean without raising too much dust.

NOTES

Genevieve Taggard, who first appeared in Poetry in June of last year, removed soon after from Berkeley to New York, and last winter became one of the nine editors of The Measure, the new poetry magazine which we greeted last month. In March, Miss Taggard married Mr. Robert L. Wolf, and the bridal pair are living at present near Farmington, Conn.


Mr. Morris Gilbert, of Yonkers, N. Y., who served in the navy during the war, and afterwards in the Near-East Relief, is the author of A Book of Verse, privately printed in 1917.

Mr. Mark Turbyfill, of Chicago, who received in 1919 Poetry’s prize for a young poet, will soon issue, through Monroe Wheeler, of Evanston, Ill., his first book of verse, The Living Frieze.

Mr. Marx G. Sabel, of Jacksonville, Florida, has appeared in various magazines.

Mr. Jun Fujita is a Japanese poet resident in Chicago, and now in the employ of The Evening Post.

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

Miss Ruth Suckow, who is a bee-culturist in Earlville, Iowa, has appeared in various magazines.
Mr. Clifford F. Gessler, who has published in the special magazines, recently left Chicago to follow his profession of journalism in Honolulu.

Miss Anne Elizabeth Wilson, now of Brooklyn, but a native of Kentucky, has published little as yet. Ditto, Miss Muriel Safford, of New York City.

Moon Kwan is a Chinese poet who studied recently in the University of California, but is now, the editor is informed, in Europe.

Mr. John Peale Bishop, a native of West Virginia and a resident of New York, has become, since he got out of khaki, managing editor of our brilliant contemporary, *Vanity Fair*.

The editor regrets to announce that Mr. Richard Aldington has been compelled to resign as London correspondent of *POETRY*, because of numerous and pressing literary engagements in England. Mr. Aldington's first appearance as a poet was with *Choricos* and two other poems in *POETRY's* second number, November, 1912, when he was a boy of twenty. Since then many of his best poems, and of late a number of editorials and reviews, have been presented in our pages; and we shall hope for further contributions.

Since his three years' service as an infantryman on the Western Front, Mr. Aldington has gradually become engrossed in critical and editorial labors. We shall hope that they will not absorb him to the neglect of poetry.

**BOOKS RECEIVED**

**ORIGINAL VERSE:**


*As the Larks Rise*, by Theodosia Garrison. G. P. Putnam's Sons.


*Poems*, by Arthur L. Phelps, English Club of Cornell College, Mount Vernon, Iowa.


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In the London Times of Nov. 25th, 1920, we read:

"We need not linger over the many English and French contributors to this periodical... We do have to note that it has published, as it honestly claims, much of the best experimental poetry written by Americans in the past eight years... They have succeeded in their primary design—to create a poetry which should be American in thought, feeling, subject, and form. That is, after all, a distinct achievement."

The Chicago Evening Post, in commenting on POETRY'S eighth birthday, said:

"No editorship is infallible, but it is rather interesting and enlightening to look over the old numbers of POETRY and to realize that the first important chance for publication in America was given to many poets, almost unknown, who have since obtained fame... We wonder how many more may yet be helped. POETRY is, so far as we know, unique in the length of its life, recognized position and rigorously artistic standard."

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there must be great audiences too.

—Whitman

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