Your June number renewed me wonderfully—an absolutely joyous thing! Go to it, hammer and tongs! Infuse a little beauty, joy, spirit, pain into the life of today. Did I say a little?—Oceans of them!—A Canadian subscriber

Vol. XIX

POETRY for OCTOBER, 1921

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THE disbeliever walked the moonlit place,
Outside of gates of hammered serafin,
Observing the moon-blotches on the walls.

The yellow rocked across the still façades,
Or else sat spinning on the pinnacles,
While he imagined humming sounds and sleep.

The walker in the moonlight walked alone,
And each black window of the building balked
His loneliness and what was in his mind:

[1]
If in a shimmering room the babies came,
Drawn close by dreams of fledgling wing,
It was because night nursed them in its fold.

Night nursed not him in whose dark mind
The clambering wings of birds of black revolved,
Making harsh torment of the solitude.

The walker in the moonlight walked alone,
And in his heart his disbelief lay cold.
His broad-brimmed hat came close upon his eyes.

FROM THE MISERY OF DON JOOST

I have finished my combat with the sun;
And my body, the old animal,
Knows nothing more.

The powerful seasons bred and killed,
And were themselves the genii
Of their own ends.

Oh, but the very self of the storm
Of sun and slaves, breeding and death,
The old animal—

The senses and feeling, the very sound
And sight, and all there was of the storm—
Knows nothing more.

[2]
THE DOCTOR OF GENEVA

The doctor of Geneva stamped the sand
That lay impounding the Pacific swell,
Patted his stove-pipe hat and tugged his shawl.

Lacustrine man had never been assailed
By such long-rolling opulent cataracts,
Unless Racine or Bossuet held the like.

He did not quail. A man so used to plumb
The multifarious heavens felt no awe
Before these visible, voluble delugings,

Which yet found means to set his simmering mind
Spinning and hissing with oracular
Notations of the wild, the ruinous waste,

Until the steeples of his city clanked and sprang
In an unburgherly apocalypse.
The doctor used his handkerchief and sighed.

GUBBINAL

That strange flower, the sun,
Is just what you say.
Have it your way.

The world is ugly,
And the people are sad.

[3]
That tuft of jungle feathers,
That animal eye,
Is just what you say.

That savage of fire,
That seed—
Have it your way.

The world is ugly,
And the people are sad.

THE SNOW MAN

One must have a mind of winter
To regard the frost and the boughs
Of the pine-trees crusted with snow;

And have been cold a long time
To behold the junipers shagged with ice,
The spruces rough in the distant glitter

Of the January sun; and not to think
Of any misery in the sound of the wind,
In the sound of a few leaves,

Which is the sound of the land
Full of the same wind
That is blowing in the same bare place
For the listener, who listens in the snow,
And, nothing himself, beholds
Nothing that is not there and the nothing that is.

TEA AT THE PALAZ OF HOON

Not less because in purple I descended
The western day through what you called
The loneliest air, not less was I myself.

What was the ointment sprinkled on my beard?
What were the hymns that buzzed beside my ears?
What was the sea whose tide swept through me there?

Out of my mind the golden ointment rained,
And my ears made the blowing hymns they heard.
I was myself the compass of that sea:

I was the world in which I walked, and what I saw
Or heard or felt came not but from myself;
And there I found myself more truly and more strange.

THE CUBAN DOCTOR

I went to Egypt to escape
The Indian, but the Indian struck
Out of his cloud and from his sky.
This was no worm bred in the moon,
Wriggling far down the phantom air,
And on a comfortable sofa dreamed.

The Indian struck and disappeared.
I knew my enemy was near—I,
Drowsing in summer's sleepiest horn.

ANOTHER WEEPING WOMAN

Pour the unhappiness out
From your too bitter heart,
Which grieving will not sweeten.

Poison grows in this dark.
It is in the water of tears
Its black blooms rise.

The magnificent cause of being—
The imagination, the one reality
In this imagined world—

Leaves you
With him for whom no phantasy moves,
And you are pierced by a death.
OF THE MANNER OF ADDRESSING CLOUDS

Gloomy grammarians in golden gowns,
Meekly you keep the mortal rendezvous,
Eliciting the still sustaining pomps
Of speech which are like music so profound
They seem an exaltation without sound.
Funest philosophers and ponderers,
Their evocations are the speech of clouds.
So speech of your processionals returns
In the casual evocations of your tread
Across the stale, mysterious seasons. These
Are the music of meet resignation; these
The responsive, still sustaining pomps for you
To magnify, if in that drifting waste
You are to be accompanied by more
Than mute bare splendors of the sun and moon.

OF HEAVEN CONSIDERED AS A TOMB

What word have you, interpreters, of men
Who in the tomb of heaven walk by night,
The darkened ghosts of our old comedy?
Do they believe they range the gusty cold,
With lanterns borne aloft to light the way,
Freemen of death, about and still about
To find whatever it is they seek? Or does
That burial, pillared up each day as porte
And spiritous passage into nothingness,
Foretell each night the one abysmal night,
When the host shall no more wander, nor the light
Of the steadfast lanterns creep across the dark?
Make hue among the dark comedians,
Halloo them in the topmost distances
For answer from their icy Elysée.

THE LOAD OF SUGAR-CANE

The going of the glade-boat
Is like water flowing;

Like water flowing
Through the green saw-grass,
Under the rainbows;

Under the rainbows
That are like birds,
Turning, bedizened,

While the wind still whistles
As kildeer do,

When they rise
At the red turban
Of the boatman.
HIBISCUS ON THE SLEEPING SHORES

I say now, Fernando, that on that day
The mind roamed as a moth roams,
Among the blooms beyond the open sand;

And that whatever noise the motion of the waves
Made on the sea-weeds and the covered stones
Disturbed not even the most idle ear.

Then it was that that monstered moth
Which had lain folded against the blue
And the colored purple of the lazy sea,

And which had drowsed along the bony shores,
Shut to the blather that the water made,
Rose up besprent and sought the flaming red

Dabbled with yellow pollen—red as red
As the flag above the old café—
And roamed there all the stupid afternoon.

Wallace Stevens
FROM CITY LANES

The dawn comes to me sweetly, as a soft new child
Leans with its soul to drain a bit of milk.
And I am new.
O gray old city,
Lift your head a moment from the pots and streets—
Wash over me your meaning as a flask of fire
Tipped and spilled over at the altar’s base.

There are new augurings that go in blue-gray smoke
Up from your shops,
New lips that rain a torrent in me as of words.
Be still a moment, city, while the dawn tells tales.

CITY WED

I lie by the bricks at night—
Do you think I am lying by you,
And this is your breast I lean against?
No. Bricks are my lord—
With them I shall procreate,
Until I wake some morning with my litter of stone.

Not that I want to lie with bricks,
O beloved of the white limbs and strong neck!
But how can I help it when they come tumbling—
These bricks that come fumbling
At my breast?
IF

If it were not for this dream upon me,
I should make my coin;
I should grind my way to fortune with the little wheels,
I should count the flying heels my slaves to bind,
I should count the eardrums and the fingers mine. . . .
But I keep thinking I can touch the sky
With my lips.

ELEVATOR MAN

You in your little cage and I in mine,
Elevator man,
We will pierce the wide world’s heaven
Far as we can:
You to go up and down, beating up and down;
I to brush my wings off
On the walls of Merchant Town.

BEREFT

O my country,
I am crying to you piteously as a hungry bird,
I am crying to you for your beautiful ports
And harbors,
For the slow beauty of your Statue and its silent hope.
O my country, I would slink into the crevices of your egoism,
And squat on the doormat of your excellences.
But what shall I do when mad spring comes,
And blossoms come,
And wild sap comes—
But my lover comes not?

O my country, I might be a thin thread in your flag,
Or the little wind blowing your ships to sea;
But what shall I do when the spring comes in,
And flowers shoot up in me?

OLD MAN

Dawn sprang wildly to her lips,
And the little hard breasts burst as a waterfall over the rocks.
I, the dark pine at the precipice edge,
Lunged and was still;
Then swiftly, as wild birds go to the kill,
Toppled, and ran with her youth to the sea.

They said I was wanton and cruel
To have taken her youth at the height,
To have matched the great might
Of my years
With her slender beauty and tremulous fears.

I tell you, I lunged and was still;
Then swiftly, as wild birds go to the kill,
Toppled, and ran with her youth to the sea. . . .
Pity me!

GIRL

Dreamily, girl—
Duskily, night,
Cover your dead.
Make a plot by the old stream's head,
Plant him and pray
Till worlds make way
And the blooms come.

Duskily, night—
Dreamily, girl.

DEATH

I am waiting for the white winds to come,
White with the long-whispering dust,
Withered under hoofs and feet,
White with the mountains that blow their sleep
Into the sea.
I am waiting for the white winds to come,
Lifting their hands as beautiful women clad for the moon;
And soon, ah soon,
Lifting my heart to be ashes and wind.
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

POEMS

JOY

Joy, Joy, run over me
Like water over a shining stone;
And I beneath your sweet shall be
No longer hungry and alone.
The light at my heart's gate is lit—
My love, my love is tending it!

CEREMONY

The unpeopled conventional rose garden
Is where I shall take my heart
With this new pain.
Clipped hedge and winter-covered beds
Shall ease its hurt.
When it has grown quiet,
I shall mount the steps, slowly,
And put three sorrows in the terra-cotta urn
On that low gate-pillar,
And leave them there, to sleep,
Beneath the brooding stillness of a twisted pine.

FIRST COMER

Gold bee,
You cling too still and drowsily
In the frosty noon.
Think you
The dandelion is a sun
To warm your body through?

WIND

Gulls take veering way
Through the fresh day;
Crisp brown oak-leaves whirl and rise.
Though my heart flies,
I must go
Carefully and slow.

Eager is the wind, shy
As any butterfly—
I'll not blur life with my frosty breath,
Nor think again of death!

SWALLOWS BRUSH A POOL

Let there be end of talk of good and evil,
Thirst, hunger and the rest . . . Beauty has given
The white gift of a cherry petal
To brood upon.

Maurine Smith
I will spread out my mind
As the wind spreads the skies;
I will make my heart Argus,
Full of love’s eyes:
So shall I grow
Abysmally wise.

Meekness and Pride
Are fruits of one tree;
Eat of them both
For mastery:
Take one of Pride—
Of the other, three.

Courage is armor
A blind man wears,
The calloused scar
Of outlived despairs:
Courage is Fear
That has said its prayers.
NOT IN THE WHIRLWIND

Do I speak soft and little—
Do I offer you a drop of honey in a bent brown leaf?
Yet I too have been rent by the whirlwind:
I have lain trembling under its bellowings;
I have endured its fangs;
I have heard it hiss and groan, "Bitterness, bitterness!"
But all I have left,
After its searchings and its rendings,
May be told in a soft voice
And is sweet—
Sweet,
Like a drop of thick honey in a bent brown leaf.

Karle Wilson Baker

KEEP MY HAND

Keep my hand, because I am afraid
To be alone—
I am afraid of all the dreams I made.
If you were shown
Dream after little dream that I made gay
To keep my spirit strong upon the way,
You would hold my hand closer than you do
Within your own!

Louise Driscoll

[17]
UNDER THE CLIFF

SHADOW CANYON

The earth has carved a hollow cup,
   In which, most delicately set,
Tall redwood boughs are lifted up,
   To form a sky-enlacing net.

There, on the ground made green with fern,
   The sunshine lies in pools of light;
And iris holds a fragile urn,
   With morning's gems of dew bedight.

There is no sound but water going,
   And sunlight thrilling through the air.
There is no breath but breezes blowing,
   And wild quail rustling to their lair.

Here is a deep and drowsing haven,
   That woven sun-rays pierce and cross;
And on the peaceful trees are graven
   The little footprints of the moss.

Sweet dreaming canyon, shadow-bound
   Yet sunshine-stippled all the day,
The calm skies circle you around,
   But you lie deeper hushed than they!

[18]
"I remember" and "I wish"—
Of such stuff are poems fashioned;
Poems lyric with regret,
Vibrant poems, dream-impassioned.

In your honor and your praise
I would strike a richer chord,
Sing: "I have you and am yours,
O adorer and adored!"

WILL IT BE LIKE THIS?

Will it be like this?—
Climbing the hill at midnight,
While the rain seeps from the plumaged pepper-trees,
And the damp air is rank with eucalyptus;
And our little house black and untenanted,
Soundless, where your hurrying footsteps
Used to run to the door to greet me;
Black, and cold, and I alone there?
Will that be the way of it,
On that silent day when I shall begin waiting
For Death to release me to you?

Miriam Allen deFord
SIC PASSIM

The Angel. Now here's the road to Allencourt, And here's the road to Tyre. And he who goes to Allencourt Is purged of all desire.

The Youth. But what of him who goes to Tyre, Among the cedar trees?

The Angel. Why, he who goes to Tyre has none But just himself to please.

While he who goes to Allencourt Across the Hills of Pain Must love his fellow very well, And count no thing as gain

That wounds another. He must keep His eyes upon the crest Of that high hill, where he at last Through virtue shall find rest.

The Youth. But what of him who goes to Tyre, Along the road of ease?

The Angel. Why, he who goes to Tyre has none But just himself to please;

While he who goes to Allencourt, And does not lose his way Among the thorns and brambles, comes To rich reward some day.
The Old Man. Ah, why are thorns and brambles set
To make the road a care?
The Angel. Why, man himself, most carelessly,
Has placed the brambles there.
The Youth. But what of him who goes to Tyre
Beside the sunny seas?
The Angel. Why, he who goes to Tyre has none
But just himself to please.
The Old Man. And what's the toll to Allencourt?
The Youth. And what's the toll to Tyre?
The Angel. Why, he who goes to Allencourt
Is purged of all desire.

The toll is love—a brother's love—
For man in full sincerity.
And all the peace that God has willed
Is the reward—eternally.

But toll upon the other road
Is crucible of burn and freeze:
For he who goes to Tyre has none
But just himself to please.

While he who goes to Allencourt
Is purged of all desire . . .
The Old Man. Lord, lead me on to Allencourt!
The Youth. For me, I go to Tyre.

[21]
RECALLED

You see it not ... ? This Rose of Rhone
Has something of the flow
Of light—like a liquid lacquer on the wall.
And old Madrid—I swear, it shone
More with your light, your glow,
Than that of the sun. Why do your eyelids fall?

You hear it not ... ? The Prado was
A sweeping meadow then:
The swing of the tunes of time was in your tone.
No dream comes to you now because
You hear my voice again—
No dream of a youth you passed at dusk alone?

Three hundred years ... ! you mark them not?
And yet—you loved me then,
Who now in the light of mullioned windows stand.
And it is you who have forgot
That once, O sought of men!—
When I was the king of Spain I kissed your hand.

Joseph Andrew Galahad
SEA QUATRAINS

I
Too fast the silly white-caps run
Their helter-skelter races;
They stumble when the goal is won
And fall upon their faces.

II
A purple light is shaken over
The greener ocean shadows,
Like clover on the cooler depths
Of grass in upland meadows.

III
The sea hangs kelp upon the sand
Like garlands on a grave,
Mourning the dead and silent land
With every living wave.

IV
The breakers thunder in the night
With which the sea is drenched.
Only one plunging line is white;
Even the stars are quenched.

V
The fairest ship ever a wreck
Had not so white a sail
As this fair wave cast up to break,
Driven before the gale.

Grant H. Code
FRAGILITIES

SONG

These are the words of the wind:
   Over your white body shall pass
   Whorls of water, whorls of light,
   Of the lustre of blown glass.
These are the words of the wind.

You are beloved of the silence
   And the grey still rain.
Once the sun loved you utterly,
   And shall love you again.

These are the words of the wind:
   Over your white body shall pass
   Whorls of water, whorls of light,
   Of the lustre of blown glass.
These are the words of the wind.

LAKE

You are a broad white lake,
Silent.
On your surface people launch their brown sun-warmed souls.
Reflected in you, they see themselves
Tall, profound, mystical.

[24]
COMPANIONSHIP

In the intertwirling smoke of our cigarettes
Is a caressing sense of intricate congruity.
There is sea-blue in this quiet place,
And infinite crisp echoes of music,
Bound together with cords of uttermost fragility.

IMPOTENCE

While you lived
I could make you neither glad nor unhappy.
Now you are dead
I can neither lull nor awaken you.
Always I am impotent.

BRANCHES

Pierre Gris,
When an old man,
Saw winter branches
Brown, grey, dulled silver.

These, he said, are the no longer green
Hopes of my youth.
They seem to interlace,
But I remember that that is
Illusion.
I know not what to do—
My mind is reft.
Is song's gift best?
Is love's gift loveliest?
I know not what to do,
Now sleep has pressed
Weight on your eyelids.

Shall I break your rest,
Devouring, eager?
Is love's gift best?—
Nay, song's the loveliest.
Yet, were you lost,
What rapture could I take from song?—
What song were left?

I know not what to do:
To turn and slake
The rage that burns,
With my breath burn
And trouble your cool breath—
So shall I turn and take
Snow in my arms,
(Is love's gift best?)
Yet flake on flake
Of snow were comfortless,
Did you lie wondering,
Wakened yet unawake.

Shall I turn and take
Comfortless snow within my arms,
Press lips to lips that answer not,
Press lips to flesh
That shudders not nor breaks?

Is love's gift best?—
Shall I turn and slake
All the wild longing?
Oh, I am eager for you!
As the Pleiads shake
White light in whiter water,
So shall I take you?

My mind is quite divided;
My minds hesitate,
So perfect matched
I know not what to do.
Each strives with each:
As two white wrestlers,
Standing for a match,
Ready to turn and clutch,
Yet never shake
Muscle or nerve or tendon;
So my mind waits

[27]
To grapple with my mind—
Yet I am quiet,
I would seem at rest.

I know not what to do.
Strain upon strain,
Sound surging upon sound,
Makes my brain blind;
As a wave line may wait to fall,
Yet waiting for its falling
Still the wind may take,
From off its crest,
White flake on flake of foam,
That rises
Seeming to dart and pulse
And rend the light,
So my mind hesitates
Above the passion
Quivering yet to break,
So my mind hesitates above my mind
Listening to song’s delight.

I know not what to do.
Will the sound break,
Rending the night
With rift on rift of rose
And scattered light?
Will the sound break at last
As the wave hesitant,
Or will the whole night pass
And I lie listening awake?

SONG

You are as gold
As the half-ripe grain
That merges to gold again,
As white as the white rain
That beats through
The half-opened flowers
Of the great flower tufts
Thick on the black limbs
Of an Illyrian apple bough.

Can honey distil such fragrance
As your bright hair?—
For your face is as fair as rain,
Yet as rain that lies clear
On white honey-comb
Lends radiance to the white wax,
So your hair on your brow
Casts light for a shadow.

AT BAIA

I should have thought
In a dream you would have brought
Some lovely perilous thing:
Orchids piled in a great sheath,
As who would say, in a dream,
"I send you this,
Who left the blue veins
Of your throat un kissed."

Why was it that your hands,
That never took mine—
Your hands that I could see
Drift over the orchid heads
So carefully;
Your hands, so fragile, sure to lift
So gently, the fragile flower stuff—
Ah, ah, how was it

You never sent, in a dream,
The very form, the very scent,
Not heavy, not sensuous,
But perilous—perilous!—
Of orchids, piled in a great sheath,
And folded underneath on a bright scroll,
Some word:

Flower sent to flower;
For white hands the lesser white,
Less lovely, of flower leaf.

Or,

Lover to lover—no kiss,
No touch, but forever and ever this!

H. D.
POETRY would like to celebrate its ninth birthday by inaugurating a closer affiliation with the allied arts of music and the drama—perhaps also the dance. If the movies, and the scarcely less photographic commercial plays, are banishing poetry from one end of the stage, it must needs go around to the other door, and re-enter hand in hand with the opera and lyric song, with the ballet, and perhaps, paradoxically, symbolic pantomine. Times are changing, and the arts with them—the poet, the composer, the dancer should prove their pliancy, their mobility. They should not—indeed, they cannot—stay apart; they must get together and co-operate, and accept each other's influence.

At present our poets and composers move in different orbits, have scarcely a bowing acquaintance with each other either personally or professionally. POETRY would be grateful for suggestions as to the best available method of establishing closer relations.

Not long ago Musical America published an article by Charles Albert Case, a well-known tenor, entitled The Quest of the American Song, and sub-titled A Challenge to Poets rather than Composers. Mr. Case thinks that the American public wants American songs, and that the singers are eager for this change from the usual polyglot programs, but that it is impossible to make up
a sufficiently interesting and varied recital without foreign aid. And for this condition he thinks our poets are more to blame than our musicians. He says:

The fact that there are few American songs which are truly great is a challenge to American poets rather than to American composers. The question “what to sing” is the most vital and the most persistently intrusive one that a busy song recitalist has to face. Naturally American singers want very much to sing American songs, and most of us do sing them, but in building our recital programs we invariably find ourselves limited in the number of such songs we can use; for we must avoid singing a succession of songs in the same humor, and when one is face to face with the assembled material one finds that the contrasting elements which make for essential variety in the “group unit” are astonishingly lacking.

Mr. Case then contrasts our meagerness with German and French richness, and continues:

Being a loyal American, I admit it reluctantly, but there is far less variety in American songs, even when one plans to choose a group from several different composers, than one can find in any single one of the greater German song-writers. . . .

We have some splendid American songs and some of them are truly noble, but most of them are not good enough. Many of the most successful of them are settings by other than American poets. Some of the best of them are not even in English!

Mr. Case then reminds us that a good song must unite two arts—a fundamental truth which both singers and auditors too often forget. He inquires, “What constitutes a good song?” and answers his query thus:

A good poem adequately set to music. There is the whole matter in a nutshell.

The many bad American songs are bad either because the text was trivial to begin with, or else was carelessly read and consequently inadequately interpreted in music. In some cases the text was even
‘adapted’—distorted, pinched and pulled into the approximate shape of a ready-made melody. Ready-made melodies are like ready-made clothes. They fit nobody because they were made to fit everybody.

Schubert read Mueller, Goethe, Heine, Rueckert, Uhland, Shakespeare. Schumann read Rueckert, Geibel, Uhland, Eichendorff, Moerike. Chausson read DeLisle and Gautier. These men read the best poetry of their time, and they read it with true understanding and genuine respect. What greatness there was in them lay largely in their power to discriminate, to select fine poetry from the mediocre, and then to bend to the task of making worthy musical settings. Too often our young Americans write as though they thought the lyrics of which they try to make songs were not good enough for them . . .

I have frequently been asked by young aspiring composers to help them find words to set to music. They say: “You know—something you consider singable. I haven’t time to read.” This is rank impudence. I never offer such people much sympathy. I do not think they should be encouraged. It seems to me that one must read much poetry to understand a little. Reading, and reading with unusual intelligence, is part of a song-writer’s job.

Thus far Mr. Case’s indictment accuses the composers, but he concludes with a fling at the poets:

I have real sympathy for the trained, educated, honest-intentioned American composer who reads native poets and finds so little to inspire him to exercise his genius. Surely his material is limited. Eventually we shall have truly noble American songs. But first there must be noble American poetry. From the mass of it the song-writer must choose with a fine exercise of discrimination. We have many Americans who have the taste to choose and the ability adequately to set beautiful poetry to music. But American song-writing is at the same stage of development as American poetry. Let us hope that some of the lyrically gifted will start soon to write about something besides the sunset and the skyline from the Jersey shore, or the sensation of ascending Woolworth tower in a modern elevator!

Now, with all due deference to Mr. Case and his ‘trained, educated, honest-intentioned American com-
poser," we doubt whether either one of them has sympa­thetically investigated the extraordinary range and variety of modern American poetry. We doubt whether either one of them, having discovered a poet suggestive for his purpose, has ever tried to get acquainted with him, even if he was a neighbor, and discuss this highly interesting esthetic problem on which the future of American song depends.

There is among American artists—poets, musicians, and all the others—a curious professional aloofness which fights against co-operation. The architect makes his design, the sculptor models his isolated figure, the painter paints his easel picture, all separate and alone—they do not get together, as in the Phidian or the Gothic age, or the Renaissance, to pool their energies and make a grand, complete and monumental building. In the same infertile way the poet writes his poem apart in his traditional garret; and the musician, seeking a song poem, or a ballet motive, or an opera libretto, reads in his library uncharted seas of poetry, history and romance instead of going where modern poetry is created and swinging into its current, so that the two arts may move along together and mutually inspire each other.

Among themselves poets—and doubtless musicians, painters, and the rest—are free-and-easy enough in intercourse and criticism. But this professional aloof­ness, this shyness, comes in the way of attempts at co­operation. A distinguished Chicago composer says he
is "very familiar" with the work of certain equally distinguished Illinois poets, though, to his regret, he has never succeeded in harnessing up their poetry to his music; but we doubt if he has ever attempted to work together with any modern poet, in the frank give-and-take of such a partnership, toward the production of a wholly modern and American work of art. When I protest against his going back to the nineties for a pseudo-romantic motive for a ballet, when I suggest Stevens or Kreymborg, H. D. or Edna Millay, he answers by what might be called a flank attack:

I am very grateful to you for the copies of POETRY which you sent to me containing the Stevens and Kreymborg pieces. I like particularly the Three Travelers, although I doubt whether I could improve it any with music.

It seems to me that the thing we must all remember in talking about an opera libretto is the fact that we must depend for our effect on the poetry or the drama of the action rather than on the poetry or drama of the words. Therefore, the ideal opera librettist would be the poet gone dumb who, by his simple gesture, could make us jump through any hoop he pleases.

But even if this composer and others are turning toward pantomime and ballet rather than opera, preferring the orchestra to the human voice, even so they cannot eliminate the poet; for though no word be said, no song sung, the imaginative invention of some poet, dead or living, must furnish the motive, the story, the plot. And no doubt the ballet of the future will include the poem either as an introductory recitative or a series of lyric, perhaps choral, interludes; as in Rimsky-Kor-
sakov's ballet-opera, *The Golden Cockerel*. Thus it is for the composer to choose whether he will be true to his own age and race by linking up with modern poets and deriving his stimulus from imaginations now actively functioning; or go back to dead poets for his motive, and thereby run the risk of endangering the vitality of his own art, of not connecting it up with either the present or the past.

But however important ballet and pantomime may prove as motives for modern music, it is safe to predict that the human voice will not lose its prestige. And it must be safe to predict that the sooner our composers look to their poet-neighbors for the texts of opera, oratorio, cantata, song-cycle, ballad, madrigal, song, instead of searching all ages, myths and languages of the past, the sooner will our musical art become as up-to-date and as racially expressive as the musical art of Russia.

Something has been done, no doubt. The present writer would be ungrateful not to recall Mr. Chadwick's fine choral and orchestral setting of the lyrics in *The Columbian Ode*. Another effective instance is John Carpenter's beautiful setting of Tagore's lyrics from an early number of *POETRY*. And we are permitted to announce an oratorio, which is to be the joint creation of Louise Ayres Garnett and Henry Hadley, the text of which will appear, under the title *Resurgam*, in *POETRY* for December. But such instances are isolated cases; they do not yet represent a general tendency.
If PoETRY can do anything toward such a tendency by making poets and composers more aware of each other, bringing them more in contact personal and spiritual, we should be most happy to offer to the utmost any service in our power. And we shall be very glad of discussion and suggestions.  

H. M.

INFLUENCE OF THE ART-THEATRE ON POETIC DRAMA

If the new movement in the theatre had accomplished nothing else, it would nevertheless be justified by the release it has brought to poetic drama and to the poetic mood in drama. The new movement, long since established in continental Europe, still struggles precariously in the virgin soil of America. It exists, however; and having existed thus far, it probably will continue to exist until in time it flourishes.

Meanwhile, by the creation of a modern technique, it offers poetic drama in English the first justifiable hope of escape from the senile lethargy into which three centuries of imitation had plunged it. Strictly speaking, there had been no poetic drama since the Puritans stopped the rich stream of Elizabethan eloquence by closing the theatres in 1642. Occasionally a dramatist, deriving his method from a compromise between the continentals, the Greeks and Shakespeare, had made a play in verse; or, more stagnantly, had built a romantic hodge-podge, verbose and rhetorical, around the pseudo-realistic
formula of the days of gas-lamp illumination. But there had been no impetus, no technical incentive, towards a renascence of poetic drama until the new movement cleansed the theatre by challenging theatric values.

"To save the theatre," said Eleanora Duse, "the theatre must first be destroyed." And the younger men, the revolutionists, set themselves to destroy it in theory, and to recreate it in practice and theory both, by the simple but incisive idea of re-theatralization. No better proof could be offered of the sterility of poetic drama than the fact that these men were all, without exception, men of the theatre—directors, scenic artists, actors—none of them playwrights. In other words, the new movement differed from any earlier developments of the kind, so far as I know, in being almost wholly independent of the drama. The emphasis was shifted decisively from the drama to the theatre as the dominant art form.

Now, that habit of mind which insists that the theatre shall be the handmaid of the arts, and particularly of the art of writing, is apt to view such a transfer of emphasis with alarm. For the theatre to assert its own inherent vitality is permissible so long as it does not intrude this vitality into the sacred traditions of the drama. But the new movement involves an esthetic too fundamental not to re-open the entire problem of dramatic construction. Concerned chiefly with the production of the play in the theatre, it uncovers an esthetic resource that touches the very definition of poetic drama.
Influence of the Art-theatre on Poetic Drama

The reform in stagecraft is a protest against the fallacy of a realistic technique, against that ineptitude of the mise en scène which has made "theatrical" a synonym for the imitation of beauty by tinsel and exaggeration. It is toward a simplified and therefore an allusive and poetic decoration, toward an emotional and therefore a poetic use of light, toward a rhythmic and therefore a poetic movement. In synthesizing these visual elements into an organic whole, the new stagecraft has released in them a dramatic value entirely apart from representation. Just as poetry is the rhythmic expression of a theme to be developed by words, so these visual elements in the theatre serve both the purpose of representation and of rhythmic beauty. Thus, the background may be both a statement of locality, and a design holding the production in key. Movement may be utilized not only for its obvious and objective purpose, but also for the intrinsic beauty of motion. Light, treated emotionally, is capable of following, emphasizing, or even leading the mood of the action.

I have attempted briefly to indicate the trend of the new stagecraft because in this discovery of an independent esthetic resource in the visual elements of the theatre originates the essential difference between the new technique and the old, as it affects the dramatist. The central rhythm of the play, instead of being developed through words only, is developed through all the media of production—through light, stage decoration and movement.
as well as through the spoken word. These visual elements become a part of the inner structure of the play; and because of their poetic quality they bind the theatre inseparably to poetry, to poetic drama, making the theatre a place well fitted for the renascence of poetic drama.

But with these additional factors of expression, it is no longer necessary for the dramatist to trust so exclusively, and cling so tenaciously, to words. In the Elizabethan drama even the locality of the scene was often stated in words: every mood, every emotion was projected verbally. It was a drama of eloquence; and as such it suited, as no other form could, the torrential flood of Elizabethan poetry. But modern poetry, irrespective of the drama, is more restrained; it tends to leave much unsaid, to project the meaning by ellipsis and overtones. Unless I am mistaken, though I know little of the technique of poetry, this brevity is sometimes carried to extreme lengths, in which the imagination of the reader supplies much more at the poet’s instigation than the poet himself expresses. It is a subtle technique; and it is pre-eminently the technique of the dramatist.

With this distinction: that, instead of restraining verbal expression to stimulate the imagination of the reader, the dramatist uses words cautiously in adjustment to the other media of his expression. To take an obvious, and well understood, example: a gesture is sometimes equal in effectiveness to many words. In the theatre, where
economy of expression is imperative, gesture and words will often complement each other without duplication. And what is true of gesture becomes true in the art-theatre of all phases in movement, of stage decoration, of light; and on occasion of music.

The effect of this upon the poetry of the poetic drama, and especially upon verse structure, is significant and far-reaching. It necessitates the development of a verse form that will admit of distortions, interruptions and irregularities. These are more apparent than real. As soon as the poetic drama is conceived as a fusion of many arts into an organic whole, the rhythm of the play becomes an inclusive rhythm to the progression of which all the media are contributory and in a sense subordinate. The irregularities in such a drama would be due to the separation of the verse from its theatric context. When the play came into being in the theatre these irregularities would disappear, merging into the larger current of rhythmic beauty. To the dramatist this may seem the weakness or the strength of the new poetic drama—that it comes to fulfilment only in the theatre, as a symphony lives only in the orchestra.

Blank verse, which alone of the standard forms has been accepted as a proper medium for the poetic drama in English, depends for acceptance upon an insidious flexibility. This flexibility serves the purpose of the theatre so long as the characters keep talking. But talk they must; and the terrified volubility of the poetic drama is,
I think, one of the reasons why it has been in general a form displeasing to modern audiences. This is no fault of blank verse, which has been deflected from its original and legitimate intention to serve as best it might an art that lacks its own form. It has thus created a compromise between the printed page and the theatre which has made the poetic drama neither fish nor flesh, neither wholly satisfactory for reading nor wholly satisfactory for acting. Moreover, the need for well-rounded periods has reacted upon the dramatist by giving him a false sense of untroubled leisure. The time element, which scarcely exists in the printed page, is in the theatre of the utmost importance. The reader may take his own pace: the auditor must listen; he must accept the pace of the actor. The verse is spoken apparently with a retarded movement, and must therefore be quantitatively less, and more compact for the purpose. Such a compactness is hostile, one would say, judging by examples, to the mood of blank verse. One need only refer, among many instances, to the plays of Stephen Phillips or Zoë Akins, each of whom has a keen dramatic instinct; or to that parody of Elizabethan grandeur, that redactio ad absurdum of rhetoric in a theme not without power, Caius Gracchus, to note the clogging result of the intrusion of the stricter verse forms into the theatre. It may almost be stated as a generality that, other things being equal, the more smoothly a play reads the worse it will act.
Influence of the Art-theatre on Poetic Drama

A new verse form that will be native to the theatre, that will be an inseparable component of the flow of the complex rhythm of the play, cannot be created out of hand. It too, like the modification of painting for stage decoration, of illumination for emotional lighting, must develop through knowledge of the exigencies of the medium. To understand the poetic theatre is to understand the use of poetry in that theatre. In America the dramatist has grasped neither the technique nor the possibilities in expression that it offers him. Toy plays, Columbine plays, gay and adolescent trifles, thin tragedies—all superficial experiments in the externals of the new stagecraft—follow one another in an almost (but fortunately not quite) unbroken succession.

In a recent article the most brilliant director that the new movement has produced this side the Atlantic, Maurice Browne, summarizes thus the situation in respect of finding a drama for the art-theatre:

A fight which has hardly begun: the fight for the play. That is where the Chicago Little Theatre failed, and where all the artist-groups in America have failed, except perhaps the Provincetown Players.

But it may be true that out of a clearer understanding will come the dramatist who will evolve the form which his medium demands. And after him—the deluge.

Cloyd Head
MUSEUM SHIPS


What is there in David Morton's verse that seems to save it, that intervenes in moments of irritation with its punctual urbanity? There is not an original line in it. Not one cry, one intense expression comes from it; one vision, that the poet has kept from his privileged dreaming, which can draw the mind an inch out of even the shallowest rut.

Is it its cleanly manufacture, its unstraying measures and kempt familiar figurines? To me its charm has been a charm too soon worn out—the charm that sometimes attracts us to a diffident guest when we are overborne by the intrusions and ineptitudes of the vivacious, when the quiet and subdued deceptively appear to be powerful and profound.

It is fatal, however, to turn closely to the poems themselves for verification. They are demure enough, but thin and fragile; and made with earnest and helpless plagiarism. Never the robust piracies of a Shakespeare or Sterne, but a pallid imitativeness that paints the past more ruinous with perfunctory restorations, and blows about it feeble ghosts—pale, mute, and not recognizable as ghosts should be, of any of the shapes of destiny.

The book is called Ships in Harbor—there is such a poem in the book, and other occasional verses on ships. But
the reader who expects salt and storm, or anything authentically of the sea, should look elsewhere—in the dubious prose of Joseph Conrad, for instance. There are some conventionally nautical words and phrases, and the tidy thoughtfulness about mystical things that gives to diffident, cornered people their misleading impressiveness. It makes David Morton talk twice, on successive pages, of "weightless cargoes"—and one might add lifeless crews, and meaningless uses, and tinsel. The sea is brought in because it is on the same wall with Greece and Rome, spring and patriotism; and not being so bent with overuse, is more convenient to hang poems upon. Sonnets—for David Morton writes mostly in sonnets.

We agree that grammar is spoken language, stagnant; out of which nevertheless speech drips and sometimes splashes. We agree that rhetoric is literature, stagnant; that as there can be limitless variations of the correct sentences, phrases, clauses and what-nots of grammar, so there can be a limitless variation of forms of rhetoric. These verses are rhetoric, often skilful and surprising, often mildly intricate; but never poetry.

There should be a word bearing the same relation to subject matter which grammar and rhetoric bear to language. Pageant, perhaps; but pageant is free, ringing, and dramatic. Pageant is play, and this other thing pretends solemnly to poetry; but uses pageant properties. It rounds up all the popular places and heroes, the story-book locales and personae, and treats them with apologetic
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sophistication, and with a snuffling sentimentality very wide of the crude romantics of the pageant crowd.

The favorite property is the Past. After reading this book through (a Spartan exercise) I turned the pages casually at various places to see whether the Past appeared as often as I thought. I read, in On Hearing a Bird at Night:

Out of what ancient summers of soft airs.

Christ, Dante, Athens, Time, Roman, pyramid, Phidias, are all in one sonnet called Moments; Pan and the Gods are in Redemption; and in Encore,

This old slow music . . . with dancers who were graceful long ago.

Does Mr. Morton make a confession in Inviolate?

For present loveliness there is no speech:
A word may wrong a flower or face,
And stars that swim beyond our stuttering reach
Are safer in some golden, silent place.
Only when these are broken, or pass by,
Wonder and worship speak . . . or sing . . . or cry.

The thought seems more penetrating than it is. If the present and the future are inviolate to the pen of the poet, the past is equally so, and Mr. Morton should quietly take to other things. He knows that the past is beautiful only through the poets who recorded its beauty—and ugliness. The Past is a convention; time is a unity, and no fragment of it is less alive than another, unless one wittingly puts on blinders.

To continue our census, this from Transfiguration:
Museum Ships

What old historic dust gives back the rose!
What crumbled empires yield the creeping vine!

And these from *Survival* and *Ruins*:

Lead back the tragic chariots of Troy!
The spring comes in to me like spring in Rome.

I might add, and so on and so on, because Mr. Morton’s obsession is the Past, and it stalks him like a shadow everywhere he goes; although the other commonplaces of poetry, the ready-rapture articles of every variety, are not neglected, and although he succeeds as little in vitalizing the past as the sea. Perhaps for him the sea has run out, and the past has been neatly embalmed in a general history. There is even a curious indifference about them, as if they were a poetaster’s shop-talk.

And, oh yes, the sonnets are very carefully made. They are trim, rhythmic, proper sonnets in every respect.

*Isidor Schneider*

**NEW FIRE**


This is the first book of a mature woman too intelligent to be content with gifts already fulfilled and creations accomplished. The book, hiding “the hidden thing, making protection for Hapi, who is within,” indicates careful research into the forms of verse, and contains poems in various forms. The task of the reviewer is somewhat to disentangle the set of perceptions for which
the development of appropriate rhetoric will yield most to her ambition.

Mrs. Speyer's ambition is neither historical, evangelical nor journalistic, but esthetic. This in itself is noteworthy. It is often said that pursuits and ideas must now be estimated upon their contribution to the war problem, the food problem, or the proletariat problem. If this were true, every healthy-minded man should strive in a chemical laboratory to find the secret lair of energy, which men will control in the good day coming, so that drudgery will cease, and food and power become so cheap that they will not be worth fighting for.

But in the meantime, if conviction fails us, or an un­scientific education has forever limited our activities, there is a phase of thought in which a gifted woman may participate as well as a chemist or war-correspondent: these speculative adventures and flashes of interpretive insight, which, when fixed in pattern or rhythmic utter­ance, we call art. And if art is to remain as vital as protozoology, or, for that matter, as prize-fighting, its principal concern must be the search for new form, its own lairs of energy, however useless in the end.

In this search Mrs. Speyer is engaged. For convenient examination of the book, I shall take up certain qualities in more or less arbitrary order. In the construction of phrase which shall convey precisely a precise idea or impression, not a matter of verse-technique alone, her imagination is deft. Occasionally her abstraction is as
sharp-edged as a tangible object: “O pompous cry, O puny sin!” These are even stronger, and cling to the memory:

I am the path that my own feet tread.
Gulls flap unevenly through the muffled hours;
Spaces listen in hiding.

Rhythm is of course the special problem of verse. Two divisions of it may be dissociated: The first indicates an inner logic not otherwise shown, or an emotion not otherwise evoked, as in traditional or imposed forms. The other fuses with the rhythm of the fact, as that the old man walked amid the green rye, so that the old man may seem to walk. Movement is duplicated by movement-of-words. Coleridge is full of examples of this:

The moving moon went up the sky,  
And nowhere did abide:  
Softly she was going up,  
And a star or two beside.

Of this rhythm, Leonora Speyer may become a distinguished exponent. The lovely after-battle poem, *April on the Battlefield*—

And birds sit close for comfort  
On broken boughs—

*Squall*, and *First Snow on the Hills*, indicate this ability. Curiously, although an excellent musician, she does not invent musical schemes which are interesting in themselves.
The American genius has taken up satire. The axe, which has rusted since Swift, but for such bourgeois holidays as Thackeray afforded, is used with new intent and no reformatory zeal. The bias given to perceptions by scorn, not spleen, is recognized to be as true an emotional bias as another; and perhaps, in a world of newspapers and languid religions, the most pertinent of all. In her speech, Leonora Speyer may capture the most mordant and bewildering humor of her time. It is not negative wit, and may not be completely conscious; but it strips away all hoakum, however sweet, leaving our intent and passion like a shell crusted with salt. There are traces of this trenchancy in her verse:

O bottled widow's woe,
Standing in ostentatious row
Within the gloom
Of dear departed's tomb!
Evaporated lover's grief!

_A Canopic Jar_ has unpretentious beauty and clear thought, and no earmarks of vulgar success or sacrosanct largeness. She seems able to endure the inward conflict and sedentary work required even to commence art. And one may be sure that she will not rest upon the achievement of this book, or repeat it in her second, betraying those who have faith in her. Already her Magdalene ballad in a recent issue of the _Nation_ is a finer episodic lyric than any in this book. She is able to create passages of such intransient beauty as this:


New Fire

Does the heart grieve on
After its grief is gone,
Like a slow ship moving
Across its own oblivion?

Who shall say that her fire in the rushes, which gives so fair a light, may not come to burn gold?

Glenway Wescott

PAGEANTRY AND RHETORIC

Two Mothers (Eight Hundred Rubles and Agrippina), by John G. Neihardt. Macmillan Co.

The talent of Percy Mackaye lies in the field of pageantry; and it is no mean talent, as he proved in his St. Louis masque. In pageantry the picture must speak louder than words, and Mr. Mackaye unquestionably speaks louder with pictures than with words. For years he has been laboring to find his medium through poetry. The sensibilities of an artist, and a laudable ambition, have led him to fake poetry; but his words fail to augment or enhance his pictures. Until he practically discards the use of words, he will not be a free artist.

Rip Van Winkle has pageant values rather than poetic. Written as light opera, it is patterned in the usual manner—dialogues, lyrics, comedy, dance. It lacks the snap of light opera, but its pictures and ensembles are distinctly valuable as sublimated extravaganza, and poetically effective as pageant material. The author has a vision for pictorial symbolism in broad compositions filling large
canvases, for extravagant effects to be put across great distances and to register in the conglomerate comprehension of fifteen thousand people.

The story of *Rip Van Winkle* is a tradition. It is material for a drama if the protagonist, Rip—light-hearted, humorous, pathetic, tragic—is sincerely and profoundly characterized. Playing, drinking, dreaming—the outcast—we want it all to the bitter end, not a sugar-coated substitute. Mr. Mackaye’s more palatable arrangement of the story lacks the original tang. His tampering with the legend is like changing the theme of a play which has made the play. Washington Irving, Thomas Jefferson, Tony Sarg’s puppets, all retain the old flavor. Mr. Mackaye’s version is flat, lacks the old richness.

In the beginning of *Act III*, Rip for the first time takes the characterization familiar to us—a fantastic figure without locale. Later in the act he assumes the dialect of a New England farmer, and at the close he is suddenly transformed by the magic flask into a romantic youth.

Something of a fakir and something of an artist, Mr. Mackaye paints living pictures on an enormous canvas in a public park.

*Eight Hundred Rubles*, by John G. Neihardt, is a tragic episode compact in scenario but unbalanced in its development. The long speeches, the digressions, and the song at the beginning of the episode, hamper the progression at the start. They do not, to any extent, promote suspense
nor establish the exposition. In so short a play, the exposition must be precipitated into the drama immediately. Without premonition the tragedy is revealed, and the play is over before we know it has begun. The verse lacks ease, and the flow of line into line; it jolts over a corduroy road.

In *Agrippina* he again indulges in long speeches, and they in turn indulge themselves to the point of licentiousness in rhetorical luxury. The licentiousness of Nero pales by comparison, and the delayed story grows dull.

The stories of these two plays seem far removed, as does the verse; but it is possible that Mr. Neihardt’s spirit lives and breathes and has its being in the far removed. All a poet can do, and all that one can demand of a poet, is to react honestly. The sincerity of Mr. Neihardt is generally acknowledged, but Bacchus cannot be revived by filling his cup with grape-juice.

*Laura Sherry*

THE NOVELIST AS POET

*As the Wind Blows*, by Eden Philpotts. Macmillan Co.

Not a few novelists try their hand at poetry. Apparently it seems to them somehow the fitting thing to do. Commonly they write poetry which shows taste and literary craftsmanship rather than emotional impulse.

Mr. Philpotts’ book is of this kind. It manifests skill in the handling of rhyme and conventional rhythms. It has the sense of fitness which has characterized the
English literary tradition for generations. It has also the “poetic” vocabulary and attitude which have been a part of the same tradition. For example:

For June must joy though joy departs,
And life must laugh though sorrow smarts,
And buds must break as well as hearts.

Most of the author’s work, of course, is better than this, though still lacking in intensity and originality of expression. His lighter verse, such as *Gaffer’s Song* and *Scandal*, possesses humor and charm. As would be expected in the work of a novelist, however, the narrative poems carry most entertainingly the rather boyish naiveté of subject and style—*Tiger*, for example; or *The Fruit of the Tree*, which solemnly offers the suggestion that if ape or sloth had eaten of the Tree of Knowledge it might have ruled the kingdoms of the world “with kinder wit than man.” In *Tiger* there is a good deal of spirit and vividness, suggested by the rattling rhythm of the opening lines:

To the barking of the monkeys, to the shrieking of the birds;
To the bellow of the bison and stampeding of the herds;
At fiery edge of sunset, from the jungle to the wold,
Death stalks in shining ebony and orange-tawny gold.

*N. A. C.*

**THE PROFESSOR AS CRITIC**


James Russell Lowell, during his Harvard period, was the leading professor of English literature in the United States. John Erskine, now professor of English in Columbia, has a distinguished position in academic circles of the present day. The earliest essay in the Lowell volume was originally published in 1845, the latest in 1894. The earliest paper in Dr. Erskine's book first appeared in 1912, the most recent in 1920. The two books therefore afford opportunity to compare academic critical opinion of two quite distinct periods.

Few persons nowadays read Lowell’s criticism. The preface to the present volume, contributed by Albert Mordell, admits that some of Lowell's literary opinions “are old-fashioned to us”, though the learned commentator characteristically claims that “Lowell, before Freud, understood the psychoanalytic theory of genius in its connection with childhood memories.” Whether or not Lowell realized the influence of childish repressions, it is certain that he is old-fashioned. He speaks a language that we of today are not quite at home in and are not interested enough to learn. His classifications, his reduction of criticism to scientific laws, his rhetorical style, belong to the journalism of an earlier day. We shall not again attire our thought in this sort of raiment, any more than we shall wear the kind of clothes that Mr. Lowell wore.

This does not mean that Lowell’s critical work was valueless. It was not. He contributed to American criticism a degree of scholarship and fairness; and, except
when puzzled by the intrusion of a man of genius like Poe, he welcomed, sometimes very cordially, the new writer. He did much to turn criticism away from the personal blind alleys into which it had previously been so often led. He is a figure of interest in the history of criticism, but we do not turn to him for guidance today.

Dr. Erskine's book belongs to its own time as much as Dr. Lowell's. The difference is that Dr. Erskine's day is ours. His four essays make an interesting book, with a flavor of sly humor now and then which adds a zest to its solid value. I think the universities should require every student who expects to teach English literature to read it, not because it is the best book on poetry of the present day, but because it is the best on the subject for the sort of person who usually teaches literature. But the publishers will probably not get out an extra edition on the prospect of orders from the universities. They doubtless know that Lowell's book is more likely to get the academic orders than is Erskine's. Dr. Erskine has the quality, never forgiven by the true academician, of not being interested in what everybody else has forgotten.

The Erskine book is also suggestive for the poet; especially the closing essay, Scholarship and Poetry, in which the author shows the value to the poet of an unpedantic literary background. The essay on The New Poetry is hospitable to the new, but contains little material which the ordinary student of the movement does not already know. I must, however, quote one delicious sentence:
The Professor as Critic

"Many of the new poems do look at first a bit outrageous, especially to old-fashioned readers who have not read widely in old-fashioned literature."

Lowell was in tune with his time, and Erskine is with his. It is unfortunate that much academic criticism of today is living in Lowell's time instead of Erskine's.

Nelson Antrim Crawford

NOTES

Mr. Wallace Stevens, of Hartford, Conn., has appeared often in Poetry since 1914. Two years ago his Pecksniffiana received the Levinson Prize. Mr. Stevens has been a frequent and valued contributor to the special magazines, but he has not yet yielded to the solicitation of his admirers so far as to publish a volume.

H. D. (Mrs. Richard Aldington), originally of Philadelphia but now usually resident in England, is also a familiar contributor since her first appearance in Poetry's fourth number. Her book, Sea Garden, is published in America by the Houghton Mifflin Co.; and her translations from Euripides have been issued in pamphlet form by The Egoist.

Karle Wilson Baker (Mrs. Thos. E.), of Nacogdoches, Texas, is the author of Blue Smoke (Yale University Press).

Miss Loureine Aber, of Chicago, will issue her first book before Christmas through Ralph Fletcher Seymour.

Miss Louise Driscoll, of Catskill, N. Y., has contributed often to this magazine and others. Her tragic dialogue, Metal Checks, received a prize from Poetry as the best poem printed in its War Number—Nov. 1914, and it remains one of the finest poems suggested by the great catastrophe.

Mr. Nelson Antrim Crawford, of the faculty of the Kansas State Agricultural College at Manhattan, received last year a prize in a Kansas contest for the best poem published during the year by a resident of that state. The prize was awarded to The Carrying of the Ghost, which our readers will remember.

Miriam Allen deFord, who recently married Mr. Maynard Shipley, is [57]
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now a resident of San Francisco. She has written verse and prose for the radical papers.

Other contributors appear for the first time in this issue. Of these:

Maurine Smith was a highly gifted student at the University of Chicago, and a valued member of its Poetry Club, when she died about three years ago. Her friends have collected her best poems with the intention of publishing a small volume to perpetuate her memory.

Mr. Joseph Andrew Galahad, of Portland, Oregon, has contributed to various magazines.

Mr. Grant H. Code, of Cambridge, Mass., is in the faculty of Boston University.

Perhaps we should also remind our readers that Mr. Cloyd Head, of Chicago, who contributes the art-theatre article to our prose section, is the author of that powerful modern one-act tragedy, *Grotesques*, which received the Levinson Prize in 1916; and that Mrs. Laura Sherry, of Milwaukee, is the director of the Wisconsin Players, an organization which has been for years one of the most efficient and enlightened of the art-theatre companies in this country.

**BOOKS RECEIVED**

**ORIGINAL VERSE:**

*The Blue Ship*, by Herbert Jones. John Lane.

*Eyes of Vigilance*, by Furnley Maurice. Sydney J. Endacott, Melbourne, Australia.


*Curtains*, by Hazel Hall. John Lane Co.


*Wampum and Old Gold*, by Hervey Allen. Yale University Press.


*In Gossamer Gray*, by Oscar Williams. The Bookfellows, Chicago.
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