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No. II

# Poetry

A Magazine of Verse  
Edited by Harriet Monroe

November 1921

Prize-award Number

The Lions, by Edwin Curran  
The Jilt, by Agnes Lee  
Poems, by Henry Bellamann  
Jean Starr Untermeyer  
Florence Wilkinson  
Annual Award of Prizes

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MoPols

I think your July number is, not only the best issue you have ever printed, but the best issue of any poetry magazine that I have ever seen.

*William Stanley Braithwaite*

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No. II

POETRY for NOVEMBER, 1921

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NOVEMBER 1921

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THE LIONS

THE jungle glistens like a cloud—  
Purple-cool, tree-deep, lake-pearled;  
Where lions lurk and thrash and crowd,  
Like lands that battle for the world.  
Behold, one lion leaps for his prey,  
Trotting like a saffron mist,  
As savage nations in our day  
Pounce on some weak antagonist.

Across the jungle-painted grass  
His roar breaks through the tropic air;  
And he runs like a tawny flame—  
Swift yellow stroke of lightning there.  
His cry is like the thunder's sound,  
Shaking leaf and bough and bole;

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And he is part of Africa—  
The yellow monarch in her soul.

Painted birds fly through the trees  
And stain the sky with brown on blue,  
Hammering with their wings the breeze,  
Hitting songs across the dew.  
Parrots gaudy as a star  
Tap their bells and chatter sound.  
Each insect sweeps his dim guitar  
Like music hidden in the ground.

The tawny lion goes like a shot—  
A daub of gold against the green,  
Scenting a wounded bleeding doe  
That he is following unseen.  
A spangled serpent lights a tree,  
A coiling flame around it, curled;  
But the old lion goes great and free,  
The master of his jungle world.

Bravely born and bravely bred,  
Proud as a diamond of his fire,  
This yellow monarch of the south  
Goes like the hosts that swarmed to Tyre.  
Hungry to kill, he scents the air,  
And roars into beginning night,  
His blond mane tossing up its hair,  
His eyes two pools of blazing light.

He stops and lips the evening gale,  
    Reading the wind across the trees;  
Giant cat in his tawny mail,  
    Spelling out the trail-warm breeze.  
Then on he darts as though with wings,  
    To find his prey and drink the blood  
And feast upon the harmless things  
    That God has put into the wood.

A gorilla slouches through the bush;  
    A leopard's eyes shoot stars of light;  
The deep luxuriant forest hush  
    Hides serpents beetle-colored, bright.  
The crane nods sleeping, spindle-shanked;  
    Gray monkeys troop and clack and peer;  
A jungle stream goes emerald-banked,  
    Purring like a wild-cat near.

The cinnamon-colored land awakes  
    Around the lion fold on fold;  
Yellowing with fruit, blue with lakes,  
    Stuck with fireflies burnished gold.  
Gray monkeys watch the lion and talk,  
    Lassoing trees with leather tails;  
Some far palms by the seaside walk,  
    And near-by sing the nightingales.

The moon hangs like a petal of gold  
    Broken upon the western sky.

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The blue dusk deepens fold on fold,  
The shattered day lies down to die.  
Here in this wild primeval place,  
Savage, wooded, poisonous, still,  
Far from mankind and human face,  
The old lion goes to hunt and kill.

His prey is near, the scent is strong,  
He roars out in his ghastly mirth.  
There, bleeding like a shattered song,  
His wounded doe is run to earth.  
But as he leaps to take its throat  
A younger lion leaps up and cries;  
And there the two lions stand like stone,  
The fires of ages in their eyes.

It took the centuries to make  
These lions' sun-colored bodies bright,  
These great-teethed felines from the brake,  
Tawny, crouching, cruel as night.  
Their eyes turn red—these cats of brown  
Swift as wind, lithe as air,  
Savage-maned and monarch-crowned,  
With blazing eyes and yellow hair.

The painted snake makes not a sound;  
The frightened birds shake in the tree:  
Like two great russet clouds they bound,  
These monarchs, for the mastery.



The teak-tree groans, the gum is still,  
The coffee-tree nods to the duel;  
An elephant calf stares from a hill,  
A lizard watches from a pool.

White silver moon, an eye of snow,  
Looks from the dusk with beauty hung,  
Her pale lids open and aglow  
Where starry ladders are far-flung.  
The lions' steel sinews knot in cords;  
There is a crash of yellow forms;  
The zebu and chimpanzee run;  
The jungle with the battle storms.

A roar that rocks the ground is heard,  
And monkeys chatter, parrots flee.  
The coiled snake and the gaudy bird  
Slink from their everlasting tree.  
The colors of the painted land  
All disappear as quick as light;  
The great palms tremble, and the hand  
Of God draws over all the night.

The dotted turtles hunt the ground,  
Now rocking with the battling pair;  
The night birds, startled, make no sound,  
The vultures scent the bloody air.  
Hyenas wait to eat the dead  
And pick the polished bones and wail;

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A python crawls with silken tread  
On silver plates of sliding mail.

The wild things of the jungle know  
A battle of the kings is on;  
The zebras cry, the tree-cats yell;  
The tall giraffe has swiftly flown;  
The spiders hang on polished webs—  
Greenish discs of jeweled light;  
A frog is croaking in his well,  
The fireflies shower through the night.

The two huge cats are at their duel—  
Two yellow whirlwinds, hard as stones;  
Snapping, biting, wild and cruel,  
Tearing flesh and crunching bones.  
Jaws upraised and crashing shut,  
Lifting, sinking, slashing there;  
Paws like razors slitting skin,  
Teeth like knives of white that tear.

The painted flowers drip with blood,  
The hiding snake is crushed below;  
The lizard stamps into the ground;  
The trees shake as when whirlwinds blow.  
The monkeys swing away and run;  
The wildcat looks and leaps away;  
The leopard, spotted with the sun,  
Slides by into the mist of gray.

The poisonous flies have scented blood,  
And elephants have come to peer;  
Ant-eaters look into the wood  
To see the battle of the year.  
The scorpion squirms into the view,  
And things unspeakable, to see—  
Speared and horned and crusted blue,  
The toad and reptile infantry.

The jungle sees the battle rage  
Intense, ferocious, swift and fast—  
A terrible and an awful sight,  
So horrible toward the last  
The lions have cowed the very night,  
And stunned the shadows and the trees:  
A scuffle like the break of worlds,  
The shattering of centuries.

But the old lion shows greater skill,  
With harder blows and mastery;  
His teeth were longer trained to kill,  
His strength upholds his majesty.  
Yet the young lion is quick and strong—  
So wiry lithe he seems to float;  
He worries the old lion for long—  
Till the old lion leaps at his throat.

They wave in battle, spinning round  
Together, snarling, thundering, bright,

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Thrashing through the dry dead grass;  
    Until the day has turned to night,  
And left the young lion dead and still—  
    In ribbons, mangled on the sod,  
His broken body cold and chill—  
    The old lion still his lord and god.

The old master of the forest stands  
    With one paw on the fallen breast—  
The monarch of the jungle lands  
    Whose victory challenges the best.  
A king is dead—long live the king!  
    He roars, his eyes like coals aglow.  
He calls his mate, a lioness there,  
    To come and feast and eat the doe.

He calls his lady through the night,  
    And she replies and comes to him,  
Where the dead doe lies still and white,  
    To banquet in the shadows dim:  
Like nations, when the war is done,  
    Who gather at the feasting board  
To dine upon the hard-won prey,  
    Each like a monarch and a lord.

The snake slips back into his tree,  
    The monkeys chatter now in peace;  
And over the blue woods there falls  
    The age-old night of centuries.



The fireflies hang their lanterns back  
To star the dark; the beetles bell;  
The lizards creep, and nightbirds sing;  
The snail is dancing in his shell.

The yellow floods are still and quiet;  
The sky is blue like trembling glass;  
Beasts, birds and toads and insects riot  
Beneath the stars in jungle grass.  
After the battle night alone;  
Moon-mist, ghostly poison-flowers;  
Trumpeting of beasts that moan  
Through creeping crawling crimson hours.

A shaky moon rocks in the night,  
A grumbling sea, far palms, the crash  
Of monkeys chattering as they fight;  
Gray serpents going like a flash;  
Slow turtles, swifter bats on wing;  
Worms creeping back, and spiders, flies;  
Lizards with poisonous following,  
And fanged things in their paradise.

Slimy silken bellies squirming,  
Offal-scented beasts of prey;  
Hungry, lethal toads and reptiles  
Who move by night and hide by day:  
Tearing flesh of birds that nest,  
Rending bones that drip with blood.

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So the jackals strike and quest  
    In the world's jungle brotherhood.  
But must these creepers in their turn  
    Be conquered in the coming light,  
As new hope rises on the world  
    And the old lions go with the night?  
Yet who can tell what signs of death  
    Await the nations one by one?  
Ah, what will happen in earth's dark night  
    Before the rising of the sun?

*Edwin Curran*

## THE JILT

### I

Let other feet go drudging  
About the house he built!  
A free girl, a jilted girl—  
I'm glad he was a jilt.

We quarrelled till it almost  
Destroyed my breath of life.  
He nagged me and bullied me,  
As if I'd been his wife.

### II

We grew cold and bitter  
The more we would explain,  
And if we held our tongues  
The worse it was again.

He flashed a cruel sign,  
I flashed a cruel word,  
And neither could forget  
The blame the other heard.

### III

But his eyes could be tender with love, and his voice—  
how tender!  
Some words he sang are with me the whole day through.

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I hang out the linen and burnish the brass and copper,  
And they won't go out of my head, whatever I do.

Strange how they come when I feel alone and forsaken,  
How they wake me up when the dawn in my room is  
hazy,

How they drug me asleep when the night has darkened my  
pillow!

Ah, a song will sing in your head when your heart is  
crazy!

IV

What can I do but sit here and shake  
And let the windows rattle mournfully,  
While Sunday brings him never and Monday brings him  
not,  
And winter hides the town away from me?—

Dreaming how he drew my soul from my lips,  
Seeming just to hear forevermore  
What my heart tells the clock, what the clock tells my  
heart,  
Dreaming back the springtime at my door?

v

Why should I curl my hair for him?  
He said the trouble couldn't be mended,  
He said it must be good-by and go;  
And he took up his hat, and all was ended.



So all was over. And I'm not dead!  
And I've shed all the tears I'm going to shed!

And now he's wanting to come again?

Perhaps he's sorry, perhaps he misses  
The hill-top girl. Well, let him come!

But no more love and no more kisses—  
Whatever the future, gay or grim,  
Why should I curl my hair for him?

VI

I shall go out in the sun today.  
I don't know whether to laugh or pray,  
For along the waking paths of spring  
Bird calls to bird till the branches ring.

Something stirs me—spring's own will—  
To wander to the edge of the hill,  
Where I can see as I look down  
Patches of green on the gray old town.

THE BLUNTED AGE

*[The old man sips his broth and reads his paper before  
the fire. His daughters whisper at a window. One of them  
holds a letter.]*

*First Daughter*

I dread his knowing.

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*Second Daughter*

She was his favorite sister—  
Older than he, and very far away.  
Think of it—no one with her at the last!  
Better delay the telling . . . such a sorrow . . .

*First Daughter*

Ah, you remember how he loved our mother!  
And yet, last summer, after she had died  
He never seemed to take it hard at all.  
He seemed too much resigned, too much himself.  
It would have killed him twenty years ago!

*Second Daughter*

It is the age they come to. Something goes out,  
Goes mercifully out. I often think  
They learn to take death as they take their broth,  
Their daily walk, their game of solitaire.

*First Daughter*

And you and I, sister? Already youth  
Slips far and far behind us. Shall we, too . . . ?

*Second Daughter [Tearfully]*

How can you say it? How can you say it? Oh!

*First Daughter*

Here comes old Nurse Lucretia up the street,  
Heavy with her dull robes, and hurrying  
To be the first to bear the word to him.

*Second Daughter*

Sign to her, wave her away, wave her away!  
He has seen her close so many dead eyes!

*First Daughter*                      No,  
She has passed along, she was not coming in.

*Second Daughter*  
Hush, he may hear!

*First Daughter*                      His mind is on his paper.

*Second Daughter*  
Make some good reason, take the paper from him  
Before he reads . . . the names. Who knows but  
hers  
Might be already there?

*First Daughter*                      It is too late.  
His finger finds the column.

*The Old Man* [*Calling*]                      Here! See here!  
Why, Adelaide is dead! My sister Adelaide!

*Daughters*  
O father, father!

*The Old Man*                      I suppose it's true.

*First Daughter*  
A letter came. Now read it, deary, read it.

*The Old Man*  
No, let it wait. So Adelaide is dead!  
Well, she was restless—go and go she must,  
First to this place, then that place, till at last  
She settled in Nevada. As for me,  
Here I am still, and I shall count my hundred.  
Well, well, well, well, so Adelaide is dead!

Agnes Lee

FROM THE DAY-BOOK OF A FORGOTTEN  
PRINCE

My father is happy or we should be poor.  
His gateway is wide, and the folk of the moor  
Come singing so gaily right up to the door.

We live in a castle that's dingy and old;  
The casements are broken, the corridors cold,  
The larder is empty, the cook is a scold.

But father can dance, and his singing is loud.  
From meadow and highway there's always a crowd  
That gathers to hear him, and this makes him proud.

He roars out a song in a voice that is sweet—  
Of grandeur that's gone, rare viands to eat,  
And treasure that used to be laid at his feet.

He picks up his robe, faded, wrinkled and torn,  
Though banded in ermine, moth-eaten and worn,  
And held at the throat by a twisted old thorn.

He leaps in the air with a rickety grace,  
And a kingly old smile illumines his face,  
While he fondles his beard and stares off into space.

The villagers laugh, then look quickly away,  
And some of them kneel in the orchard to pray.  
I often hear whispers: "The old king is fey."



*Jean Starr Untermeyer*

But after they're gone, we shall find, if you please,  
White loaves and a pigeon, and honey and cheese,  
And wine that we drink while I sit on his knees.

And, while he sups, he will feed me and tell  
Of Mother, whom men used to call "The Gazelle,"  
And of glorious times before the curse fell.

And then he will fall, half-asleep, to the floor;  
The rafters will echo his quivering snore. . . .  
I go to find cook through the slack oaken door.

*My father is happy or we should be poor.  
His gateway is wide, and the folk of the moor  
Come singing so gaily right up to the door.*

*Jean Starr Untermeyer*

### A FILLET OF THORN

Tell me, how can I sing  
Who have not tasted pain?—  
Who, having grieved an hour,  
Laugh and am glad again?

It will take a winter of frost,  
Aching and storm-filled years,  
Before I am lord of life,  
Before I am king of tears.

*Anita Grannis*

THE WAGES OF SIN

God the Inscrutable  
Looked on complacently  
The while young Denison  
Slipped all his debts by careful insolvency,  
Broke his wife's heart, and ruined the serving girl.  
But Lobster Salad and Iced Watermelon—  
That was too much for even a godhead:  
"I'll smite him for that," quoth God the Inscrutable.  
And the wretch died in torment  
At two in the morning.

*Jessica Nelson North*

FOG

The sea is a meadow, pale meadow of silence  
Where flowers are blooming, white flowers of sound.  
And deep in the petals, the pale listless petals,  
Lost ships fumble grumbling, with blindness half crazy.

Does He muse, the Creator, as He peers in the vapor?—  
"So bumble bees trouble the heart of the daisy."

*Kathryn White Ryan*

## GEYSER

Presto!—  
A crystal dancer  
Shimmers into the air,  
Waving veils of mist.  
Stricken,  
She quivers—  
Sinks—  
Falling upon herself,  
Dead.

*John R. C. Peyton*

## GARGOYLE

Your tongue hangs out,  
You gloat  
And shout,  
You leer a ribald sophistry  
At me,  
From where,  
Half goat,  
You stare  
And lean in horizontal glee.

*Kate Buss*

DON JUAN IN PORTUGAL

At every pelhourinho's ledge  
Faces to set my teeth on edge—  
Gray gossips, like a dusty hedge,  
Whisper and crackle.

I lean at Alcobaca, dim  
With fig-leaves twisted round its rim.  
Pauses a slim  
Tall maid. Her name?—A Latin hymn,

Gloria da Madre de Deus;  
A white-rose face dipped tremulous—  
A profile carved as nobly clear  
As love-child of Aurelius.

White-clad, barefoot and straight she stood,  
Vase-bearing nymph ripe to be wooed  
In some delicious interlude.

. . . . .  
What need now to remember more?—  
The tiled and twisted fountain's pour,  
The vase forgotten on the floor,  
The white street ending in her door;

Her head, a dark flower on a stem;  
Her diadem  
Of heavy hair, the Moorish low *estalegem*;



*Florence Wilkinson*

Outside, the stillness and white glare  
Of Alcobaca's noonday square;  
My hands that dare—  
The beauty of her loosened hair:

White shift, white door, the white still street;  
Her lips, her arms, her throat, her feet;  
After a while—the bread and meat,

A dewy jar of cool red wine,  
Olives that glisten wet with brine.  
White rose of Alcobaca—mine—  
We kiss again above the wine!

. . . . .

The red wine drunk, the broken crust,  
We parted as all lovers must.  
*Madre in gloria*, be thou just  
To that frail glory—  
A white rose fallen into dust!

*Florence Wilkinson*

THE PASSERS-BY

THE PARADE

Faces, laughing and torch-lit,  
Passing and passing—  
Laughing and torch-lit and passing!

Voices, crying and shouting,  
Dying and dying—  
Crying and shouting and dying!

Drums, beating and thumping,  
Retreating, retreating—  
Beating and thumping, retreating!

Gone! There remains but the heat  
Of the August night-wind  
Blowing a leaf down the street.

TO THE HILLS AROUND NORTHAMPTON

Little New England hills,  
How tenderly  
You gather in this bit of world  
To comfort me,  
Encircling all I love  
As I would do  
Had arms the reach of heart!  
Small hills of blue,

If, having grown to be  
More tall than you,  
I shall be forced to see  
The farther view,  
How shall I feel  
The solace of your rounded form against the sky,  
Unless I kneel?

A VANITY

It is a vanity to make  
The little waves on my small lake  
Speak from their "deep spring depths."  
What can they have to say,  
Blown down the winking bay  
The first half of the day,  
Blown back all afternoon?  
See—in the early moon,  
Wind-driven home, they leap  
And scramble on the shore—  
And sleep.

AUDIENCE

Of what account the leafing trees—  
Dead leaves in autumn? What were these,  
Were there no poet's heart to please?  
Of you and me what can be said,  
Who are not, are, and then are dead—  
Without a poet overhead?

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LISTENING

Into the night I sent my call  
For you, and hung my head  
When there was no reply.

Tonight the singing sky  
Is calling me instead—  
Cry upon ringing cry.  
Although I do not hear your voice,  
My head is high.

MAY BASKET

I love you, dear;  
And all the little world  
Loves my simplicity.

For in my love  
There are no passions whirled  
In wild complexity.

No mystery  
Of "Does she love?" and "Whom?"  
Needs fathoming.

I gather love,  
And ever find more room  
For gathering.



Will you take this basketful today,  
Of old love and new flowerets, and say,  
"This much she loved me during May?"

THE TRANSIENT

Dear, take my love and do not hesitate.  
You think that I shall always wait,  
I am so calm.  
(It is to reassure, and to inspire  
New confidence in you.)  
Quick, take my love before it is too late!

Here are my hands held out to give to you  
Their treasures—some old, some new,  
All dear to me.  
Oh, do not agonize me by delay,  
And musing which to take!  
Quick!—say I gave them to you, passing through.

DIFFERENCE

If you will wander, so shall I—  
In opposite directions ply  
Our irresistible two ways  
Into the nights, into the days.  
The east and west shall draw apart,  
Like magnets, your heart from my heart.

. . . . .

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How vain our tears now we have seen  
That east and west have common lures.  
You were my magnet—I was yours,  
With all the world between.

PLEASE

Give me the old familiar things,  
Though they be very plain:  
The quaint old tune Joanna sings,  
The small house in a lane,  
Whose fragrance meets the open door;  
The faded carpet on the floor,  
The patient peace of furniture—  
Familiar things I can endure.

I have been brave a long, long while,  
Heard praise, and scorning afterward;  
I have met eyes that did not smile,  
And now I ask for my reward.  
I know the panoramic strand  
Of happiness, and grief's sequence.  
Rough grains have scratched my venturous hand.  
I beg no tribute nor defence;  
I only ask familiar things—  
The quaint old tune Joanna sings.

*Dorothy Butts*

## POEMS

### GARGOYLES OF NOTRE DAME

I watch them shuttle and weave and run  
Like dust before a scolding wind:  
Boats on the water,  
Leaves on the bank,  
And men on the streets and square.  
Leaves and snow and leaves again,  
And men.  
Boats to the sea,  
Leaves to the wind,  
Men to gibbet and wheel—  
To thrones,  
To bed,  
To Père Lachaise.  
Muddy tracks in the snow,  
And blood on the wheel,  
And rotting leaves on the tiles—  
The wind and rain will sweep them away  
As a soft curled plume might sweep  
Flecks from a silken gown.

Shuttle and weave and run—  
Boats to the sea,  
Leaves to the wind  
And men to Père Lachaise.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

EDGES

Edges are more beautiful than anything—  
Edges  
Where the quiet deep shallows into loveliness,  
Where the clouds feather to wavering silver,  
And color kisses its brighter self.

Life is most whitely light  
Where its low edge  
Melts in the still pool of death,  
As the sky-rim sinks  
In a moon-filled sea.

LULLABY

Tears for your pink, curled hands—  
They must strain to hold  
The smoke-thin garments of a dream.

Tears for your still eyes—  
They must be pierced  
By the keen blades of beauty.

Tears for your flower feet—  
They must bloom like first spring  
On wintry plains.

Tears, tears for your eyes,  
And pink, curled hands,  
And blossom feet—tears!

PEAKS

Quiet faces,  
That look in faith  
On distance,  
I will come to you  
And gaze upon that peace.

I cannot tell  
If it be wind you see  
Across the summer grain,  
Or the shaken agony  
Of driven seas.

GOD

I often spend week-ends in heaven,  
And so I know him well.  
Most times he is too busy thinking things  
To talk;  
But then, I like his still aloofness  
And superior ease.  
I can't imagine him in armor, or in uniform,  
Or blowing like a windy Caesar  
Across the fields of Europe,  
Or snooping in my mind  
To find what I am thinking,  
Or being jealous of the darling idols  
I have made.  
If ever that slim word—aristocrat—



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Belonged to anyone, it is to God.  
You should see him steadying the wings  
Of great thoughts starting out  
On flight—  
Very like a scientist trying a machine.  
Patrician, cool, in a colored coat  
Rather like a mandarin's;  
Silver sandals—quite a picture!  
I can't see him  
Fluttering in wrathful haste,  
Or dancing like a fool.

I don't go there often—  
Only when I'm at my best.  
I save up things:  
Pictures of the sea wild with white foam,  
Stories of engines beating through the clouds,  
News of earth in storm and sun,  
Some new songs—the best.

He's fond of being entertained  
With what I choose to tell him of myself—  
Very kind about tomorrow,  
Indifferent of yesterday.

He's like that—  
God in his heaven—alone.  
I know, for I made him, put him there  
Myself.

THE ARTIST

What would you do—  
If you had ear and brain attuned superbly  
To all the iridescent humming-birds of faint  
And delicate overtones  
That play like spirit flames  
Above the music?  
Suppose your eyes could see  
What mine see when a little wind passes,  
And all the garden is suddenly barred and starred  
With flying color.  
Suppose the tilting planes of dogwood bloom,  
In the green spring mist of young leaves,  
Caught your breath as though a hand  
Held your throat—  
Or that the red haw veiling herself in May  
Kept you awake at nights  
Remembering her bridal look.  
Oh, suppose this world of nuances,  
Opal-soft and frail and swift,  
Were for you a reality more hard  
Than things you call reality,  
And you lived always among the deaf and blind—  
What would you do?

*Henry Bellamann*

## COMMENT

FROM QUEEN ANNE TO GEORGE THE FIFTH

THE death of Austin Dobson early in September compelled us all to turn and count the milestones. Was it possible that he had lived till yesterday—this artist in triolets—lived to bridge over, with his trim little silver-silken foot-path, the depth on depth and height on height of wild and thunder-echoing change which lie between his time, his mood, and ours? Was it possible that a poet who reached backward even from Victoria to light his little candle at the wax taper of Queen Anne, that such an one could have lived through impressionists and futurists, through *fin-de-siècle* lassitude and Celtic revolt, through imagists, vers-libristes, aeroplanes, submarines, Russian revolutions and the world war—lived unperurbed in his eighteenth-century garden, a loyal citizen of an extinct world!

However, in the seventies and eighties Austin Dobson was a "new movement." Swinburne had been showing what might be done with English rhythmic; now Dobson, only three years younger, would open a fresh chapter by following the footsteps of Théodore de Banville in adapting to modern uses the old French forms of those fifteenth-century rhymers Marot and Villon. His art was of a neatness, a nicety; and all the circumstances of his life encouraged and developed its precision, its good-mannerly grace. A comfortable little government office,

with three-fourths of his salary continuing on retirement at sixty; a comfortable pension of two hundred and fifty pounds for his services to literature; a comfortable home and family and "troops of friends"; and a comfortable by-gone period to retire into out of this troublesome modern world. Too comfortable perhaps—apparently a bit enervating; for his books of verse and prose all antedate his retirement from office at the turn of the century. Through the last twenty eventful years this poet has had little to say.

A master-miniaturist?—perhaps not quite, because his eighteenth-century portraits, ballads, dialogues are scarcely the real thing after all, any more than the "period rooms" which our master-decorators create today. They were done with zest, but not with the eighteenth-century faith—their fragile artificiality lacks the true DuBarry bloom. A master of *vers de société*?—possibly again not quite, because the master, even in that genre, always makes you believe, or at least suspect, that he is really in love, or in joy, or in grief, in some wistful corner of his gay but battered heart; whereas Dobson merely plays with pretended emotions—he is always frankly in costume. And as is the way with masqueraders, he usually makes too many bows and gestures, he slightly over-acts the role.

The poems in French forms also—the ballades, villanelles, rondeaux, though done with superlative deftness, remain literary exercises.



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Always in costume, did I say? *Before Sedan* is a poem of simplicity and sincerity, with no superfluous words to mar the sad little story. And in this briefer poem, *The Cradle*, there is a quietly restrained feeling:

How steadfastly she'd worked at it!  
How lovingly had dressed  
With all her would-be-mother's wit  
That little rosy nest!

How longingly she'd hung on it!—  
It sometimes seemed, she said,  
There lay beneath its coverlet  
A little sleeping head.

He came at last, the tiny guest,  
Ere bleak December fled;  
That rosy nest he never pressed—  
Her coffin was his bed.

In the best of the gayer poems also one may find a hint of feeling, a kind of artistic sincerity, as in an idyl by Boucher or Fragonard; that is, behind the shepherdess symbol is a certain wistfulness of dream. We all remember *The Ladies of St. James*—here is the first of its seven stanzas:

The ladies of St. James's  
Go swinging to the play;  
Their footmen run before them,  
With a "Stand by! Clear the way!"  
But Phyllida, my Phyllida!  
She takes her buckled shoon,  
When we go out a-courting  
Beneath the harvest moon.

This poem seems to me Dobson's high-water mark—I



cannot find any other in his two volumes of quite so fine a quality. *The Ballad of Beau Brocade*, *Une Marquise*, and some of the *Proverbs in Porcelain*, are as lightly touched off, but their artificiality is less skilfully disguised.

It is interesting to note how many of the muse's gayer fashions of the last half-century were set by Dobson. First, the old French forms, which soon became a fever, a mania, until every magazine poet in two continents was writing rondels and villanelles—a trick easily learned, and tiresome unless turned off with the rarest grace. Then the library fashion of bookish poems, including the Horation fashion of light-winged tributes, imitations or free translations in the manner of the Augustan bard—fashions so effectively followed in Chicago by Eugene Field and B. L. T. of happy memory, and still pursued, often afar off, by every "colyumist" in the land. Indeed, most of the journalist-poets would confess that they had gone to school to Dobson, and that on the whole the discipline had been salutary.

The name of another venerable English poet leaps to one's mind by way of contrast—a poet also born in 1840, and now still sturdy in his eighty-second year. Thomas Hardy's mind, from youth to age, has looked forward, never back. He lit his torch at truth's camp-fire, and he has carried it ablaze toward the new age—no abyss or peak of change could find him unready or afraid.

Hardy, in his youth a man of our time or beyond; Dobson, in his old age a contemporary of Pope and Gay—

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was there ever a sharper sting of difference? The difference between a great soul and a little one, between a seer and an entertainer. However, each in his own way has been true to his vision. One may grant to each the epitaph Dobson begged for himself—

Saying, "He held his pen in trust  
To Art, not serving shame or lust."

But one must grant to Hardy also some more heroic line. H. M.

### REVIEWS

#### DRINKWATER AS POET AND PLAYWRIGHT

*Pawns* (four one-act plays), by John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Mary Stuart*, by John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Co.

*Poems*, by John Drinkwater. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Does Mr. Drinkwater, poet, use his prose material for his plays? Is it not the duty of a poet to continue being a poet in the theatre? Mr. Drinkwater should suspend business temporarily, take an inventory, and separate his art material from his merchandise. Strong speeches, prompted by fearless thinking, project themselves through the mass of his work, but they are in great danger of being engulfed in heavy waves of conventional mediocrity. Indeed, the proportion of poor stuff is so great that one becomes prejudiced against the whole unless one reads carefully.

*Drinkwater as Poet and Playwright*

In *Pawns*, a volume of one-act plays, *The Storm* demands some consideration because of its theme and a small section of its dialogue. It is reminiscent of Synge's *Riders to the Sea*, and of course it suffers by comparison. However, in this bit of the opening dialogue he has caught the quality and rhythm of the Irishman, and it leads one to believe that Mr. Drinkwater could write if he would orientate himself:

*Alice.* I have prayed these hours, and now I'm tired of it.  
He is caught in some grip of the rock, and crying out,  
And crying, and crying; and none can hear him cry  
Because of this great beastliness of noise.

*Sarah.* Past crying now, I think.

*Joan.* There, take no heed  
Of what she says—it's a rusty mind she has,  
Being old, and wizened with bad luck on the hills.

But he fails to sustain this simplicity of speech and the atmosphere of the storm, or to develop the tragic theme with power. The speeches drag out archaically. The Stranger, one of the characters, states:

I was a dream,  
A cold monotony suddenly thrust  
Into a waking world of lusty change,  
A wizened death elected from the waste  
To strive and mate with eager lords of tumult.  
Beauty was winged about me, darkling speed  
Took pressure of earth and smote against my face;  
I rode upon the front of heroic hours.

And through the remainder of the volume Mr. Drinkwater does not attempt to pull himself out of archaism. In the other plays he adds rhyme, which doesn't help any.

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The title *The God of Quiet* sounds like Lord Dunsany, and it is possible that Lord Dunsany might have disguised the triteness of the theme. The theme—the return to quiet, to peace after war, the futility of war, the ineffectual result of fighting, the planting of revenge which instigates the eternal round of war, peace, war—must antagonize the artist. Weak propaganda for peace is a just cause for inciting belligerency, and this play is full of it.

*Old Beggar.* It is the quiet mind that keeps  
The tumults of the world in poise.

*Soldier.* It is the angry soul that sleeps  
Where the world's folly is and noise;

*King.* For anger blunts us and destroys.

*Citizen.* We are little men to be so proud.

*Young Beggar.* We are fools: what was so long to build  
We break.

With the padding and piling of long speeches on the same theme, one feels that Mr. Drinkwater should have followed the trail of his King:

You god of quiet, some day shall men have spent  
All the wild humorous blood of argument.

*A Night of the Trojan War* is a tragic episode and a good theme, but one is reminded of a better handling of it by Henri Barbusse in one of his short stories. *Cophetua*, the last play in the volume, must have been written in the author's salad days.

If one may continue to suggest other authors for the handling of Mr. Drinkwater's ideas, James Joyce would



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be a good bet to develop the theme in *Mary Stuart*. Not that Mr. Drinkwater is incapable of handling it—the following speeches lead one to believe in him. If such speeches could grip him and control him to the end of a play, we should have something to reckon with:

*Mary.* My love is crazed, a turbulence, without direction. It was made to move in long deep assonance. I who should be love, may but burn and burn with the love that I am not.

*Mary.* Darnley, Riccio, Bothwell—there's a theme for a great heart to play! And there's so much to do. I have talent—as rare as any in Europe. It should be my broad road—that and my love. And I cannot use it, for my love is beaten up like dust, blinding me. To be troubled always in desires—that's to be cursed, not wanton. Little frustrations—and it should be the wide and ample movement of life.

Certain speeches have the depth and sweep of drama, they have the flesh and blood of drama; but they should be incorporated in another play.

The prologue is in modern dialogue, but without distinction; and it does not insinuate itself into the "dream." The dream is lugged in on a dray. It fails to win you with its spell because there is no magic. The modern characters in the prologue argue a theme old in point of time, but modern because it has yet to be developed and established. As if afraid of its modernity, these characters thrust it back into an old story with conventional manners, dialogue, and wit. Whereas the vitality of the theme could break old molds, and precipitate itself without apology into a great, free, modern expression.

The play ends with the voices coming back out of the



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“dream.” This is handled effectively, it has the glamour of hallucination; but Mary’s spirit’s answer to Hunter’s real question breaks the spell. It would be more dramatic and in better taste to let the play end with Hunter’s “My God!—What’s that?” and leave Mary’s answer to the imagination of the audience.

We seem to be passing through the phase of “sightless thought” in the theatre—the gathering of material from history, from industrial, psychological or sociological problems, and making copybook sketches of life instead of evoking the unseen through the magic of art. Because the art-theatres are endeavoring to reserve the theatre for works of the imagination, they are branded high-brow. As a matter of truth, the recorders of facts, the chroniclers of the literal, are the high-brows, the remote ones. As Mr. Drinkwater says in his poem *History*, feeling, beauty, fancy—

Such are the things remain  
Quietly and forever in the brain,  
And the things that they choose for history-making pass.

The book of poems opens with *Reciprocity*, which commends itself to the reader’s good-nature. It is pleasing, and springs from feeling. The poem *History* beckons with so pleasant a smile, and is really so charming, that one trips gaily over the trite poems which follow, until one receives a nasty bump in *Reverie*. After reading—

And only beautiful can be  
Because of beauty is in me—

it is hard to press on. But if one is to be a critic one must have the unflinching endurance of M. Jules Lemaitre—"What if I were perchance doing my part in killing a masterpiece!"

The book of poems has many pages. We have a large group in the folk-song manner, two sonnets (we swing into their familiar melody with indifference), a group of love-poems tempered with pastoral coolness—songs fashioned circumspectly without unchaperoned passions.

The long poem, *The Fires of God*, goes the way of too many long poems—limping, strutting and striding. Seven-league boots would compass the same journey in a few powerful steps. However, the ambling in *Travel Talk* is pleasant and restful, as ambling in relaxed moods always is. And *The Carver in Stone*, another too long poem, has beauty and an insinuating subtlety in its development. *The Building* is full of nice suggestions, and significant repetitions which give heft to its balance and harmony.

Mr. Drinkwater, in both his plays and his poems, has many moments of clear thinking, but when he summons his naked truth and meets it face to face one feels that he is inadequate. However, some of his thought digs so deep, and has such power that one hopes sincerely that his prayer will be answered—

Give us to build, above the deep intent,  
The deed.

*Laura Sherry*

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### OF DREAMS AND STITCHES

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

Comes Hazel Hall with her little book, every word and emotion of which is poignantly authentic. The usual first book of verse is conglomerate, and leaves its reader with the confused sense of having listened outside the tower of Babel. But this is the crystallization of a personality—one emerges from it as though one had sat opposite the woman sewing in her little room, plying her needle or stopping to thread it, and talking in a voice at once sad and indomitable.

Her judgment of the world is keen and impartial. She knows it by its footfalls. The step tells more than the chiselled expressionless face:

They pass so close, the people on the street!

Philosophy comes in through the open window. Inevitably,

Only one sound drifts up to me,  
The blend of every tread in one,  
Impersonal as the beat of the sea.

Often the poet's strength suggests itself even more in rhythm than in word, as in the three lines quoted above, and again:

The beat of life is wearing me  
To an incomplete oblivion,  
Yet not to the certain dignity  
Of death.

In *Curtains*, which is *Part I* of the little book, a certain wistfulness pervades, something compounded half of sad-

ness and half of hope. She is never bitter—even from *Defeat* she wrenches power:

Time's soft fingers gently close  
Over my outstretched hand, and in  
Their certain touch I feel repose.

In *Part II: Needlework* her touch is even surer, even more deft. I know nothing more definitely and delicately of woman than this handful of pages.

Every poem in the little volume is quotable. We have selected *The Long Day*, one of the less familiar, for beauty of form as well as for its representativeness:

I am sewing out my sorrow,  
Like a thread, wearing it thin;  
It will be old and frayed tomorrow.  
*Needle, turn out; needle, turn in.*  
Sorrow's thread is a long thread.  
*Needle, one stitch; needle, two.*  
And sorrow's thread is a strong thread,  
But I will wear it through.  
Then not only will sorrow  
Be old and thin and frayed;  
But I shall have tomorrow  
Something sorrow has made.

There is something in these poems as personal as the warm and vibrantly sympathetic touch of a hand. The poet has given of herself with generosity, and she leaves one with the sense of being near and intimate. More as a confidant than as some strange reader, one listens with wonder to her fragile fancies, so musically given forth, and weeps at her isolation.

*Pearl Andelson*



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### CORRESPONDENCE

#### POET AND COMPOSER AS ALLIES

*Dear Miss Monroe:* As a writer of both music and verse, your discussion of *Poetry and the Allied Arts* in the October issue of your magazine has an especial interest for me.

You quote Mr. Case as to the difficulty of arranging a program of American songs possessing sufficient variety of mood and treatment. I believe one reason for this, in the case of the individual composer, is that a publisher becomes accustomed to a certain style from a certain musician, and when the musician changes his idiom the publisher waggles a disapproving head. It is difficult to break away from old patterns and be received as the weaver of new, and often one's best work is a long time finding itself in print.

One of the reasons operating against poet and musician combining more freely is the scant recognition, even obliteration, often accorded the poet-member of the partnership. I am moved to a comment not pleasant to make, concerning as it does my own kinsmen. Observation has forced the conclusion that many musicians are a somewhat insular folk; or should one say indifferent? Surely not ignorant—at any rate, something that begins with I. They are apt to have a kind of unilateral art-sense, a squint-view, as it were, at creative expression, a proneness to feel not only that music's the thing, but the whole thing. It is a not uncommon experience to see the



text of a long work printed in a program headed by the name of the artist who has set it to music, the poet's name appearing not at all. Time and again song-poems are anonymously printed, singly and in groups, in the original or in translation; and the reader is left to infer—if he give it a thought—that the words had “jes' growed.” There is small doubt that the verse yoked to music is often, one may say usually, of negligible inspiration; but if it be given the dignity of program-printing, certainly the authorship should be acknowledged. I look forward to the time when the poet in his association with music will be considered worthy of his hire, be that hire nothing more than recognition of authorship; to the time when all programs shall print, between the title of a song and the name of its composer, the bracketed name of the poet; and when all music critics, not merely the distinguished few, know something of the fellow-arts as well as of music.

Music-publishers have done much to accent the value of the text by giving it separate printing in song publications. William Arms Fisher, a composer of songs and the editor of an eastern music house, takes the broad view that in a song the words are of chief import.

The creative publisher of sweeping vision and the will to dramatize those visions, can do much toward bringing together poet and musician and all allied artists. My collaboration with Henry Hadley in the writing of an oratorio, *Resurgam*, to which you referred, was originally due to the initiative of Mr. Fisher. He asked me for the

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text for a cantata, and, following his usual method of presenting his wishes infectiously and with a large measure of faith, launched the undertaking almost coincidentally with the reading of the letter. When the text was finished he invited Mr. Hadley to make the music. Thus was a happy unity established: music, poetry, opportunity—for certainly the editor or publisher stands for opportunity. After the production of the cantata and one other piece, Mr. Hadley wrote proposing that we do an oratorio together. He said he had “always wished to express in music the sombre passing of mortal life and the glory of immortality.” Upon completion of the text I urged him to make suggestions, and while he was at work on the third section he asked for the interpolation of a contrasting mood. Certainly the text was improved by the suggested addition. I was kept in touch with the music from time to time, being told for what voices in solo, chorus, etc., the various parts of the poem were scored.

There is no question in my mind that co-labor between artists increases the joy which should be the well-spring, and not a by-product, of art-creation.

*Louise Ayres Garnett*

### REACTIONARY COMPOSERS

*Dear Editor:* It has occurred to me many times, and with even greater force since reading your *Comment* in October's POETRY, that the present unalliance in America

between modern poetry and modern music is primarily due to the complacency of the reactionaries of the musical world. By this I mean not only the reactionaries among the composers and critics, but those in the audiences themselves, who insist, consciously or unconsciously, that our operatic, song and orchestral compositions should remain more than a little antiquated, scented with lavender, while the contemporary arts are keeping pace with the complexities of civilization.

I am aware that the thought which must be uppermost in the convictions of the conservative-minded person is that a torrent has swept into modern art, literature, poetry, sculpture, and even into the drama; something a little ribald, lacking in dignity and beauty as he has known it. And it is perfectly proper, doubtless, for those who are so inclined to hold back a bit before plunging into the swirl of this new movement. There is, of course, always the possibility that each apparent step forward is in reality merely a mood which has taken possession of the reasoning faculties among the free spirits of the generation, and which will prove in time to be just a slight stumble, possibly in the right direction, occurring before the next legitimate step of progress is finally achieved.

On the other hand, it is quite as true that unless there is a tendency in the arts to reflect the spirit of the age—unless they are vividly interpretive, it is evident that they are without constructive value.



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From this hypothesis let X equal progress plus logical development, and behold we have those who would solve the problem! Sherwood Anderson is the forerunner of one group, Amy Lowell of another; then there are the followers of Picasso and Brancusi, of Maurice Browne, and countless others. Whether or not they gain a foothold is as much our concern as theirs, for they *are* ourselves, our explanation, the story which the future generations shall read of us. And meanwhile music stands like a Boston bas-bleu, her skirt a little shortened because of the influence of Korsakov and Dvorak, but still wearing her New England rubbers.

This, perhaps, is the explanation of the answer I have so often received in talking with American song-writers. I have asked them why they do not set such and such a poem to music, and the inevitable answer is given to me: "It isn't adaptable." Adaptable to what? Certainly not adaptable to the music of fifty or twenty-five years ago; no, even not adaptable to the song-music that we loved last year. It must be something so splendidly new that modern music will be able to touch the out-stretched hand of modern poetry. *Kay Boyle*

*Note by the editor:* A word of encouragement comes to us from an enthusiast who has worked for years toward a closer alliance between American poetry and music—Eleanor Everest Freer, a Chicago composer who has used effectively many fine modern poems as the text for songs. Mrs. Freer has urged especially that operas and concert numbers should be sung in the English language and has inaugurated the Opera-in-our-language Foundation to that end.



## ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS

For the ninth time the editors and advisory committee of POETRY face the agreeable but difficult duty of awarding our annual prizes. Nine years ago prizes in this art were practically unheard-of in America, although many annual prizes and scholarships in painting, sculpture, architecture and music had been liberally endowed in perpetuity—awards now ranging in value from one hundred dollars to two thousand or more, even to the richest of all, the three-year scholarship of the American Academy in Rome, which carries studio, board and lodging, and a liberal income.

From the beginning we have believed in such awards, as both a stimulus to artists and a kind of advertisement to the public; and have argued that they are as well deserved, and as effective for these purposes, in poetry as in the other arts. We rejoice that the tide is beginning to turn, and hope that it may prove strong and high. *The Dial's* announcement of an annual purse of two thousand dollars to be given to some one of its contributors is not aimed at poets exclusively, but poets at least have a chance at it; and the five hundred dollars, with which the Poetry Society of America has of late annually crowned some book of American verse, has an air of permanency although not yet permanently endowed.

In his letter *Concerning Awards* in our September number, Mr. Aldis asked the following question, which

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the editor promised to answer, or at least discuss, in November:

Could you devise and suggest some plan by which prizes would not be awarded for an individual poem, but based on broader considerations of personal production and talent, youth and need?

In reply we would suggest that magazine editors and other publishers of verse are usually so well informed as to the "talent, youth and need" of their younger contributors that they would have no difficulty in awarding on that basis as many scholarships or "encouragement prizes" as they might be entrusted with. Every year POETRY has observed this rule in awarding its young poet's prize, always wishing it had eight or ten such prizes, instead of one, wherewith to aid a little with honor and money a few young poets on their stern and rock-bound path.

The difficulty is not here—it lies not in making the award, but in getting the money for it. And patrons of the arts are not wholly to blame for omitting poets from such annual endowments, because this art has as yet few permanent institutions to which people of wealth might give or bequeath such a fund in trust. The Poetry Society of America would accept such a trust with joy, but it is too strongly localized in New York, and too academic in its present tendencies, to inspire strong hope of its exercising a progressive influence. Still less confidence could be felt in the National Institute of Arts and Letters, or its sacred inner circle the Academy, whose leadership is so

hopelessly old-fashioned that it has not yet recognized the fellowship of women in the modern arts.

POETRY of course would rejoice to become the dispenser or initiator of such a fund, and would engage to satisfy any possible donor as to its disposition both during and after the continuance of the magazine. Some trust company of repute should be custodian, the interest to be paid annually by direction of the committee of award. In choosing this committee, the first rule should be that none but poets, poets of recognized standing and authority, should be eligible; and, second, this committee of poets should be instructed that the original and experimental work is to be honored rather than the conservative and assured.

The first committee of award might be chosen by the editor and donor, aided by such expert advice as they might call in. This committee—say of three, or possibly five poet-members, to be chosen from widely separated localities—should be self-perpetuating, but under a time restriction: that is, every three or five years one member should drop out on the election of a new one.

Such a committee of award would not derive from POETRY, and the possible discontinuance of the magazine would not interrupt it in the least. However, if the donor should happen to like POETRY and wish to endorse its policy, its editor might become *ex officio* a member of the committee.

Another method of selecting a committee of award was



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suggested by a lawyer of my acquaintance. Let the presidents of three widely separated institutions—say, the Universities of California and Illinois, and the Poetry Society of America; or Harvard, the University of Chicago, and the Poetry Society of South Carolina; or any other representative three—let such a group of colleges or societies be requested each year by the custodian of the fund (the trust company) to appoint each a member of the committee of awards, such committee-member to be a poet of high repute, one not a member of their faculty or board of officers. And let this committee bestow the award.

Either of these methods would seem to promise as much progressiveness and fluidity, and freedom from local prejudice, as any artistic endowment in perpetuity can be. It would be for the donor to decide whether his gift or bequest should be used for scholarships—that is, student awards to young poets; or for awards of honor, so to speak, to poets who have done high service in the art. If the award should be generously large, the honor would become correspondingly conspicuous, and this fact would be a strong influence toward the worthy disposal of it, as in the case of the Nobel Prize.

We strongly hope that some man or woman of sufficient wealth may be moved to follow this suggestion—someone who would like to turn out of the beaten paths with his gift or bequest, and do something original and constructive and inspiring.



## *Announcement of Awards*

With this rather long preliminary, we now proceed to award POETRY's three prizes for poems printed in its pages during its ninth year—October 1920 to September 1921. As usual, poems by members of the jury are withdrawn from competition—in this case *That Year*, by Marion Strobel, a group of seven poems in the February number; and Eunice Tietjens' translations, from the French of Antonin Proust, of *Modern Greek Popular Songs*, printed in November of last year. Indeed, no translations are considered for prizes.

We are enabled once more, through the liberality of Mrs. Edgar Speyer, of New York, to award the "young poet's prize," which for the past four years has been given, "as a mark of distinction and encouragement, to the young poet, comparatively unknown as yet, who, in the opinion of the jury, most deserves and needs the stimulus of such an award."

Hoping that our contributors and readers will grant to the members of the jury honesty of judgment, and will not demand infallibility, we now announce the awards:

The HELEN HAIRE LEVINSON PRIZE of two hundred dollars, for a poem or group of poems by a citizen of the United States, is awarded to

LEW SARETT

of Evanston, Illinois, for his poem, *The Box of God*, published in the April number.

This prize was founded in 1913 by Mr. Salmon O.

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Levinson of Chicago. Previous awards have been as follows:

- 1914—Carl Sandburg, for *Chicago Poems*.
- 1915—Vachel Lindsay, for *The Chinese Nightingale*.
- 1916—Edgar Lee Masters, for *All Life in a Life*.
- 1917—Cloyd Head, for *Grotesques*.
- 1918—J. C. Underwood, for *The Song of the Cheechas*.
- 1919—H. L. Davis, for *Primapara*.
- 1920—Wallace Stevens, for *Pecksniffiana*.

The prize of one hundred dollars, offered by an anonymous guarantor for a poem, or group of poems, without distinction of nationality, is awarded to

FORD MADOX HUEFFER

of London, England, for his poem, *A House*, published in the March number.

This prize, or other prizes similar in intent, have been previously awarded as follows:

- 1913—Vachel Lindsay, for *General William Booth Enters into Heaven*.
- 1915—Constance Lindsay Skinner, for *Songs of the Coast-dwellers*.
- 1915—"H. D.," for *Poems*.
- 1916—John Gould Fletcher, for *Arizona Poems*.
- 1917—Robert Frost, for *Snow*.
- 1918—Ajan Syrian, for *From the Near East*.
- 1919—Marjorie Allen Seiffert, for *The Old Woman*.
- 1920—Edna St. Vincent Millay, for *The Beanstalk*.

*Announcement of Awards*

The prize of one hundred dollars, offered by Mrs. Edgar Speyer, under conditions noted above, for good work by a young poet, is awarded to

HAZEL HALL

of Portland, Oregon, for her group of seven poems, *Repetitions*, published in the May number.

Six other special prizes, usually of one hundred dollars each, have been previously awarded: to Louise Driscoll, for *Metal Checks*, as the best poem of the war received in competition and printed in our War Number of November, 1914; to Wallace Stevens, for *Three Travellers Watch a Sunrise*, adjudged the best one-act poetic play received in a prize contest—July, 1916; and four times to young poets, viz.:

1916—Muna Lee, for *Foot-notes—III, IV, VII.*

1918—Emanuel Carnevali, for *The Splendid Common-place.*

1919—Mark Turbyfill, for poems of 1917-18-19.

1920—Maurice Lesemann, for *A Man Walks in the Wind.*

Besides the above three awards, the following poems receive honorable mention:

*Boys and Girls*, and *The Way Things Go*, by Genevieve Taggard (June and February).

*Down the Mississippi*, by John Gould Fletcher (October, 1920).

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✓ *A Hymn for the Lynchers*, by Isidor Schneider (October, 1920).

✓ *Gallery of Paintings*, by Marjorie Allen Seiffert (July).

*Swift's Pastoral*, by Padraic Colum (January).

✓ *Under the Tree*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (July).

*The Heart Knoweth its own Bitterness*, by Aline Kilmer (May).

✓ *Poems*, by Yvor Winters (December).

*A Song for Vanished Beauty*, and *An Old Tale*, by Marya Zaturensky (September).

✓ *Sappho Answers Aristotle*, by Maxwell Bodenheim (May).

✓ *Twenty-four Hokku on a Modern Theme*, by Amy Lowell (June).

✓ *Tanka*, by Jun Fujita (June).

*In Maine*, by Wallace Gould (November).

✓ *Still Colors*, by Elinor Wylie (April).

✓ *Advent*, and *The Cornfield*, by Charles R. Murphy (August, and October 1920).

*Cape Helles*, by Morris Gilbert (June).

✓ *Without Sleep*, and *The Poet at Nightfall*, by Glenway Wescott (September).

*Communion*, by Hildegard Flanner (February).

(The editor regrets that the extreme length of the poems by Mr. Sarett and Mr. Hueffer makes it impossible for us to reprint the prize poems of this year. We must refer our readers to our April, March and May numbers.)



## OUR CONTEMPORARIES

### A NEW "YOUTH"

We welcome the advent of a new monthly—*Youth: A Magazine of the Arts*—and wish it high inspiration and long life. The editors are H. C. Auer, Jr., and Sam Putnam, the business manager is Henry Drews, and the place of publication is 70 East Elm Street, Chicago. The first number, October, which appears as we go to press, contains prose and verse by Ben Hecht, Elsa Gidlow, Emanuel Carnevali, John McClure, Pierre Loving, Henry Bellamann, Jun Fujita, Oscar Williams and others; and pictures by Wallace Smith, Steen Hinrichsen and Frederick Dalrymple. The list of contributors, present and future, looks promising, and the size and format are convenient and in good taste.

### NOTES

Mr. Edwin Curran, who is a telegrapher in Zanesville, Ohio, has published privately two small books of verse, *First Poems* and *Second Poems*, since his first appearance in *POETRY* in March, 1918. In spite of their modest backing and poor typography, these have attracted a good deal of notice from critics of authority.

Agnes Lee (Mrs. Otto Freer), of Chicago, is the author of several books of verse, the latest being *The Sharing* (Sherman, French & Co.)

Jean Starr Untermeyer, (Mrs. Louis U.), is the author of *Growing Pains*, published in 1918 by B. W. Huebsch; and a new book of later poems will soon appear.

Florence Wilkinson (Mrs. Wilfred Muir Evans), of New York, is the author of *The Ride Home* (Houghton Mifflin Co.), and of a number of novels and plays.

## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Mr. Henry Bellamann, who is at the head of a music school in Columbia, S. C., has written verse and prose for the special magazines and music journals. His first book of verse, *A Music-Teacher's Note-book*, was issued in 1920 by the Lyric Society.

Miss Kate Buss, of New York, is the author of *Jeavons Block* (McGrath-Sherrill Press, Boston).

Mr. John R. C. Peyton is a young poet of Chicago.

The other poets of this number are new to our readers.

Miss Dorothy Butts, a native of San Francisco, but now resident in New York, graduated last June from Smith College.

Kathryn White Ryan (Mrs. Edward Ryan), went to New York from Denver two years ago, and has since published a few poems and prose sketches in some of the magazines.

Miss Jessica North, who is the private secretary of President Judson of the University of Chicago, has also published poems in magazines.

Miss Anita Grannis, of New York, divides her time "between the University of New York and Richmond Hill House, an East Side settlement in the congested Italian colony."

### BOOKS RECEIVED

#### ORIGINAL VERSE:

*Out of Mist*, by Florence Kilpatrick Mixer. Boni & Liveright.

*The Golden Darkness*, by Oscar Williams. (*The Yale Series of Younger Poets*.) Yale University Press.

*Selected Poems*, by Yone Noguchi. Four Seas Co.

*Rhymes and Ramblings*, by H. W. Stewart. Alexander McCubbin, Melbourne, Australia.

*Mexican Moonlight*, by Russell Meriwether Hughes. Richard G. Badger.

*New England Days*, by Hellyn George. Four Seas Co.

*Songs for Parents*, by John Farrar. Yale University Press.

*Yuletide and You*, by Henry E. Harman. Stone Publishing Co., Charlotte, N. C.

#### ANTHOLOGIES:

*Irish Poets of Today*, compiled by L. D'O. Walters. E. P. Dutton & Co.

*New Voices (New Edition, Revised and with New Material)*, by Marguerite Wilkinson. Macmillan Co.

# The Greatest Poet of Contemporary Europe

is the judgment of the French critic, Eugene Clement, regarding Kostas Palamas. As the latter has written only in the modern Greek, his work has been slow to reach English readers; but since the publication of "Life Immovable" in 1919 and of "A Hundred Voices" last spring, the majority of critics in America and England have endorsed the high praise accorded the poems on the Continent. The translator, Dr. A. E. Phoutrides, has provided critical and biographical introductions which do much to increase the reader's appreciation. Although the two volumes form a continuous whole, their virtual independence is indicated by difference in binding and typography. The price of "Life Immovable" is \$2.00; of "A Hundred Voices," \$2.50.

"This volume [*Life Immovable*] is doubtless the best English version of a modern Greek poet and will prove of surprising interest."—*Classical Journal*.

"Palamas is a true artist with an eye for all the beauties of Nature and a sense of the mystery and wonder of human life."—*London Quarterly Review*.

"This book [*A Hundred Voices*] is a thesaurus of passionate beauty and hymns by a man who is a Pantheist, one who utters the 'Everlasting Yea' of Nietzsche to Nature and all her works. In the original Greek his poems ought to be a priceless and immortal treasure. The translation of Mr. Phoutrides is as perfect a thing as can be done. It is a work of love and understanding. Mr. Phoutrides has enriched our emotional and intellectual worlds."—Benjamin de Casseres in the *New York Herald*, July 31, 1921.

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