Poetry
A Magazine of Verse
Edited by Harriet Monroe
December 1921
Christmas Number

Resurgam
by Louise Ayres Garnett
The Hostage
by Walter de la Mare
Neuríade
by Emanuel Carnevali

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Mr. Ford Madox Hueffer, the distinguished English poet, novelist and critic, wrote us last July:

If American periodical literature has today a little peak, a little group of journals, raising it to the level of the best of European cosmopolitanism, or at any rate in that direction, it is because you and your small paper showed how, editorially and economically, it could be done.

Vol. XIX No. III

POETRY for DECEMBER, 1921

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Title</th>
<th>Author</th>
<th>Page</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Resurgam</td>
<td>Louise Ayres Garnett</td>
<td>117</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Hostage</td>
<td>Walter de la Mare</td>
<td>124</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Supernal Dialogue</td>
<td>Harriet Monroe</td>
<td>125</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Negro Spirituals</td>
<td>Fenton Johnson</td>
<td>128</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Dream—The Wonderful Morning</td>
<td>Dorothy Dow</td>
<td>130</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Handful of Ashes</td>
<td>Pearl Andelson</td>
<td>133</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Captive—Waiting—Futility—Bound</td>
<td>Laurence Vail</td>
<td>136</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>From a Bay-window</td>
<td>Winifred Waldron</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Autumn Rain—Steeples—Portrait of an Old Lady—To a Dead Love—To Felix—April Snow—Solace—Beach Song—Song on Death—Out of a Cavalcade of Dust</td>
<td>Paul Tanaquil</td>
<td>138</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Grey Crust</td>
<td>Emanuel Carnevali</td>
<td>139</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Two Poems</td>
<td>Henry Saul Zolinsky</td>
<td>137</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Will Power—Pain</td>
<td>Glenway Wescott</td>
<td>149</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Arpeggio</td>
<td>Isidor Schneider</td>
<td>158</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Semper Eadem</td>
<td>Nelson Antrim Crawford</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Neuriade</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lake—Sleep—Aubade—Encounter—Sermon—Hope—Insomnia—Smoke—Funeral March—Italian Song—Old Accustomed Impudent Ghost—Invocation to Death</td>
<td>Isidor Schneider</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Renewal of Youth</td>
<td>H. M.</td>
<td>146</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Alexander Blok</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Reviews:</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>A Flourish of Trumpets</td>
<td>Marion Strobel</td>
<td>151</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Fletcherian Colors</td>
<td>Laura Sherry</td>
<td>155</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Minor Chords</td>
<td>Baker Brownell</td>
<td>162</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Post-martial Emotion</td>
<td>Nelson Antrim Crawford</td>
<td>165</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Color Sonatas</td>
<td>Isidor Schneider</td>
<td>167</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Prematurity of Immaturity</td>
<td>Charles Albert Case</td>
<td>169</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Correspondence:</td>
<td>Bertha Wardell</td>
<td>171</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Allied Arts Again I</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>The Allied Arts Again II</td>
<td></td>
<td></td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Notes and Books Received</td>
<td></td>
<td>173, 174</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

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OUT of the dust Thou hast raised me, God of the living;
Out of the dust Thou hast raised me and brought me to the light of morning.
My eyes are full of the wonders of creation,
And my spirit leaps within me.
I behold Thy glory lifted into mountains,
Thy kindness deepened into valleys,
Thy hospitable mercies poured unmeasured in the seas.
In plenteous ways Thou hast devised the telling of Thy dreams,
Entreating beauty from the clay,
And quickening man from out his dusty silence.

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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Thou floatest flakes of color in the air, and, breathing on them,
Wingest them to life;
Thou callest the dazed leviathan up from the watery reaches,
And summonest vasty creatures who come lumbering past,
Astonished at their being.
Who am I, Lord of Creation, that Thou shouldst think upon me?
Beside a mountain or a soaring bird, what am I that Thou shouldst give me place?

I can praise Thee, O God!
I can praise Thee to the summit of my singing;
With the flesh of me, with the breath of me, with the height of me!
Increase my stature even as the trees,
Increase my stature till I pass the oak and glimpse the towers of heaven!
With the waters of gratitude I brim my cup and pour it at Thy feet;
For thou hast shared the gift of life, and my spirit sings within me!

II: LIFE

Into the noon of labor I go forth that I may reap my destiny.
Sorrow is my lot, and labor my achievement,
The beauty of God's handiwork my compensation.
Something within me springs like a fountain and urges me to joy;
Sorrow is as beauty and labor as reward.
Thou art become a greater God, O God, because of my endeavor.

Listen through my ears, Thou of my singing sanctuary,
Listen through my ears that I hear Thy silent music;
Look through my eyes that I vision the unseen;
Speak through my lips that I utter words of gladness.
Walk Thou with me, work Thou through me, rest Thou in me,
That I may make Thee manifest in all my ways.
I will praise Thee, praise Thee with the labor of my hands
And with the bounty of my spirit!

III: DEATH

Into the valley land my feet descend, and man may not go with me;
But Thou, O God, companion me in love that I be unafraid.
The dream of death has flowered in my soul and sounds of earth fall dimly on my ears.
Slowly the sun goes westering in the hills, and the crimson pageant of my passing hour

[119]
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Flames in their deeps and moves across the sky.
Something within me reaches back to birth and fills me
with exulting.
As the waters of a river, sweep the wonders of creation
through my being,
And life and death are so inseparate I know not each from
each.

And yet a mighty fearing falls upon me.
Shadows descend and blur the crimson hills.
A wind flung from a womb of ice
Blows from the shores of nothingness.
The shadows shed their shoes of stealth;
They run in naked swiftness from the hills
Calling the hosts of darkness.
The winds sing a song of fury,
The winds arise and shout their passion down the world.
Drained in a pitiless draught
Are the splendors of the skies.
Towers of cypress touch the heights;
Even in a battlement of gloom
The towers of cypress overwhelm the heavens.
My peace is perished,
My dreams are fallen from me.
Into the night no planet speeds its glory;
The stars are drowned.
Lonely the hulk of a broken moon
Lifts its bloody sail.

[120]
Merged into rushing torrents are the shadows and the winds;
The shadows and the winds plunge high upon the shore
And swallow all the world.

Why hast Thou hidden Thyself, O God?
Why hast Thou turned Thy face aside
And burdened me with night?
Where is my dream of death,
And where its sanctuary?
The heat of hell assails me;
I am consumed in bitterness and pain.
Reveal Thyself, O unforgetting Spirit!
Reveal Thyself that I may be enshrined
In the beauty of Thy presence.

Drive forth this mocking counterfeit of Death,
For it is Thou who art my Death, O living God,
It is Thou who art my Death, and only Thou!

My fearing passes from me:
As a heavy mantle falling from tired shoulders,
My fearing slips away.
Candles are set at my feet that I be not lost forever.
Thou hast heard my cry, O Great Bestower!
Thou hast heard my cry, Thou hast lifted me up,
Thou hast delivered me!

Now does the hush of night lie purple on the hills.
The moon walks softly in a trance of sleep;
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Her whiteness cools the passion of the skies.
I hang my quiet lute upon her curve
And let the night winds chant my requiem.
Waters of peace arise and drift me down the spaciousness of silence and of sleep;
God lights His solemn watch-fires overhead to keep the vigil of man’s mystery.

In the triumph of surrender I take Thy gift of sleep.
Lean low, Thou Shepherd of my dreams; lean low to meet me as I lift on high
The chalice of my dying.

IV: RE-BIRTH

I feel my spirit stir and half awake,
Then look in bright bewilderment at dawn.
O waking past all dreaming!
O Love Imperious that hast called me forth from out my valley’s shadow!

A mighty whirlwind, breath of the living God,
Sweeps from beyond the barricades of night, and, stooping low,
Lifts me from out my dust and sets me free.
I feel the Power that moors me to Itself;
That keeps the rhythmic pattern of the stars;
That spins, like a fiery plaything in the air,
The earth that was my home.
My hour is great with leisure;
My day is manifest.
O clamorous world!—thy wasting fires
Have burned themselves to ashes.
O foolish pomp!—thy futile stride
As an image in a glass has passed away.
Time's mystery and menace are resolved:
The Now of Man is God's Forevermore.

My heart is as a forest treed with wonder.
The cymbals of my joyance make a stirring sound,
My singing shakes the day.
I know myself at last:
Thou, glorious One, hast revealed me to myself.
As new-born planets sang in ecstasy,
So sing the voices of my thankfulness.
I praise Thee!
I glorify Thee!
Thou art the Singer, man Thy Song;
My spirit on its summit shouts Thy name!

O Singer, Who hast sent me forth,
I am returned to Thee!
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

THE HOSTAGE

In dead of dark to his starry North
Saint Nicholas drew near—
He had ranged the world this wintry night,
His elk-bells jangling clear.
Now bitter-worn with age was he,
And weary of mankind, for few
Had shown him love or courtesy.

His sacks lay empty—all save one;
And this to his affright
Stirred as he stooped with fingers numb,
Ablaze with hoar-frost bright.
Aghast he stood. Showed fumbling thumb,
Small shoulder, a wing—what stowaway
Was this, and whence was 't come?

And out there crept a lovely Thing—
Half angel and half child:
"I, youngest of all Heaven, am here, to be thy joy," he smiled.

"O Nicholas, our Master Christ thy grief hath seen;
and He
Hath bidden me come to keep His tryst, and bring His love to thee:
To serve thee well, and sing Nowell, and thine own son to be."

*Walter de la Mare*

[124]
SUPERNAL DIALOGUE

Two beings
Stood on the edge of things—
Their breath was space,
And their eyes were suns.

I  It was this way he passed—
    I know the sound.

II  More worlds—
    He can not forbear—

I  Look down this lane—
    It was dark till he passed.
    Do you see—anything?

II  Seeds of light—glowing, whirling—
    A handful.

I  Separating now.

II  Fierce fire-balls—
    So many—so many.  Will he get what he wants—
    The perfect flower?

I  Flower of delight—to bloom beside his throne?
    Sometime he will.

    [A pause]

I  Look—that little one—
    Burning, aching—
    Trailing its tiny orbs—
II Which one?

I See—scarlet—oh, alive!
Deep in that right-hand cluster near the dark.

II With tiny trailers—will it be one of them?
That clouded one, maybe?

I Look—it foams down.
The clouds lift—
There are seas—

II Lands—a creeping green—
Sounds of air moving.

I Hush—oh, whisper!—do you see
Dark specks that crawl?
And wings that flash in the air?

II Spawn—immeasurably minute.
What does he mean, the fecund one, creating without reason or mercy?

I He must—life is his song.
He dreams—he wills.

II Watch now—they change, those atoms.
They stand on end—they lay stone on stone—
They go clad—they utter words.

I Proud—they take their spoil.
Kings—and slaves.

[126]
II Oh queer—ingenious! They gather in towns,
They filch our fires to carry them over land and sea.

I They measure the stars—they love—they dream.

II But war—pain—obliterative war and pain.

I So brief—each one a tiny puff—and out.

II Grotesque!

I A few look up—salute us before they fall.
A few dare face him.

II Is it enough?

[A pause]

I It cools down—their whirling world.
It is silent—cold.

II Has he lost again? Can he fail?

I Who are we to question? Though he fail again and again—

II Yes, who are we?

I He must go on—he must get the flower.

Two beings
Stood on the edge of things—
Their breath was space,
And their eyes were suns.
A DREAM

I had a dream last night, a wonderful dream.
I saw an angel riding in a chariot—
Oh, my honey, it was a lovely chariot,
Shining like the sun when noon is on the earth.
I saw his wings spreading from moon to earth;
I saw a crown of stars upon his forehead;
I saw his robes agleaming like his chariot.
I bowed my head and let the angel pass,
Because no man can look on Glory's work;
I bowed my head and trembled in my limbs,
Because I stood on ground of holiness.
I heard the angel in the chariot singing:
"Hallelujah early in the morning!
I know my Redeemer liveth—
How is it with your soul?"

I stood on ground of holiness and bowed;
The River Jordan flowed past my feet
As the angel soothed my soul with song,
A song of wonderful sweetness.
I stooped and washed my soul in Jordan's stream
Ere my Redeemer came to take me home;
I stooped and washed my soul in waters pure
As the breathing of a new-born child
Lying on a mammy's breast at night.
I looked and saw the angel descending
And a crown of stars was in his hand:
"Be ye not amazed, good friend," he said,
"I bring a diadem of righteousness,
A covenant from the Lord of life,
That in the morning you will see
Eternal streets of gold and pearl aglow
And be with me in blessèd Paradise."

The vision faded. I awoke and heard
A mocking-bird upon my window-sill.

THE WONDERFUL MORNING

When it is morning in the cornfield
I am to go and meet my Jesus
Riding on His white horse.
When it is morning in the cornfield
I am to be there in my glory.
Shout, my brethren! Shout, my sisters!
I am to meet the King of Morning
Way down in the cornfield.

Fenton Johnson
Beauty that shakes in lights,
   Beauty that gleams in mists,
Loveliness of still nights,
   Gold of the stars that twists,
Ribbon-like, into the sea . . .
Beauty is calling me.

Delicate crimson flames,
   Jewels with long histories,
Mysterious oft-said names,
   Blossoms beneath great trees,
Melodies deep and low,
Call me. I can not go.

Heliotrope, jasmine, rose;
   Lovers, at crumbling gates;
Silence, when eyelids close;
   Cliffs, where the sea-bird mates:
Beauty holds these for me
Whose eyes are too blind to see.

Beauty, when sunbeams blur,
   Calls me again and again.
I can not answer her.
   Beauty shall call me in vain,
Dorothy Dow

Sadly, from year to year . . .
Passion has chained me here.

WAITING

If you should walk in the park and not find me,
Or go in the market-place and not see me,
Would you not search further?
Does not your heart tell you I am somewhere?
Go out on the long roads—I may be at the end of one.

The sea to the ship,
The river to the little boat,
The cloud to the swallow—
One for the other, always.
And I, for you, forever.

FUTILITY

The nights grow long and the days cold—
I dream of you and love.
The dead leaf, falling from the tree,
Is not more sad than memory;
Nor is the rising wind as bold
As were your lips on me . . .
(What are you thinking of?)

The streets and trees and people pass
Like words beneath my pen;

[131]
Symbols, below a painted sky—
I have no part in them. I lie
Futile as footsteps on the grass.
Wind-torn, storm-drenched; I long to die.
(You might remember . . . then.)

BOUND

Take away the magic
You have put on me:
I am held by whispers—
I, who would be free.

I who would be free and false,
Why must I be true?
I fear to move, for hurting
The clinging thoughts of you.

So the sunny branches
Beckon me in vain:
I, beside the hearth-fire,
Huddle to my pain.

Dorothy Dow
FROM A BAY-WINDOW

My world is a pane of glass. These only
Of the shadowy without are mine:
They that pass;
The gray birds fluttering by;
The cloud that sometimes sails
Over the chimney-bitten sky,
When all else fails.

AUTUMN RAIN

To eyes hollow
With the gray distress
The passing swallow
Is all but a caress.

STEEPLES

They gaily pass
Within
Who would be freed (en masse)
Of sin.

PORTRAIT OF AN OLD LADY

Up flutters a hand to caress—
Midway in the prayer—
Her Sabbath dress,
The frail gray of her hair.

[133]
TO A DEAD LOVE

Why, O love,
Shall I not sing,
Who above her child
Would plant a flowering thing?

TO FELIX

Clear as water pooled in a cup
I hear your thoughts
Through all the spaciousness of my unrest.
You have no place
For the white bird at my breast,
Or the face your hands lift up.

APRIL SNOW

Oh, your words are bitter to me
As these last flakes of snow are
To the little shining buds; but no bud
That glistens like a raindrop on a tree
Is so fresh with love.

SOLACE

Knock at my pane
With your finger-tips,
O rain.
BEACH SONG

What are they weaving under the water?
They make sheer laces and drag them down.
They ruffle a lawn with a great grieving.
What are they making—what manner of gown?

What are they weaving, caught here,
Caught there, on the thin-washed blue?
Who is to be married or who is to be buried,
Under the water, under the water?

SONG ON DEATH

Death comes inexorably. His pale deft hand
Is never still. Swift and impalpable
He comes, taking what he will. Life is a circle
Which has gone its round. He tarries
Where old women sit, peering at the ground.

OUT OF A CAVALCADE OF DUST

In such a white procession,
In such a guise,
The dead might return
With pantomime of lips and eyes.
GREY CRUST

I am weary, unto desire of death,
Of the thought fretting in my body,
Of the body wrapped round my thought.

They go—
The curious panting creatures I would be—
Along the grey crust of the street.

I would be fused into her—
Girl going whither I know not!
I would have her shrill eager breasts—
Gusts of storm driving the sail of her blouse;
Her round polished knees, rising, moving like pendulums—
Engines urging the sail of her skirt;
Her sharp bird-like head cleaving the sail of the wind.
I would have the curious blood of her,
I would have her dream.

I would be fused into him—
Child carried in the arms of a mother,
Child carried whither he knows not!—
I would have the gurgling mirth
Emanating from gay-colored baubles;
The shiver, the sweat and the nightmare
Emanating from dark wrangling shadows:
I would have his untinted history,
Laurence Vail

And the hunger
To seize the whole world by the mouth.
I would be fused into anyone going new ways.

Laurence Vail

TWO POEMS

WILL POWER

I would rather grind my teeth to powder,
I would rather tread barefoot on thin, sharp stones,
I would rather let the blood of my veins freeze to red ice,
And the muscles of my legs stiffen to cold stone,
    Than be drawn by the warm breath
    Of transient things.

I would rather—
But . . . yet . . .
I am being drawn . . . I am being drawn . . .

PAIN

It is
The hush that falls
When screaming chords, drawn taut,
Break with a sudden snap!—and then
Recoil.

Henry Saul Zolinsky

[137]
ARPEGGIO

September
The bamboo stalks quiver—
Only one sways toward the moon face.

October
Spider telegraph wires
Flash from oak to sage!

November
Blackbirds printed on the sky.
Quick!—erase them for another print!

December
Tumble-weeds rolling 'cross lots,
And tumble-weed clouds on the mountain!

Winifred Waldron

SEMPER EADEM

Cheeks that are sunk and ashen,
Eyes that weep in vain:
Always the same passion
In the same futile fashion,
And the same pain—
Forever begun again.

Paul Tanaquil
NEURIADE
LAKE

Sitting on a bench facing God’s beautiful lake,
A poem to God beautiful.

Lake Michigan,
The love a poor sick body held
(Sifted by the sift of a hundred nights of pain),
A poor sick body gave it all to you.

Your absinthe
Has intoxicated me.

Having risen out of your waters,
In front of my great eyes now
There is a mad blur of sunlight,
And the City spread out before me calling from a great curve:
“Come, enter, conquistador!”

The line of your horizon, pure and long, hitched to the infinite both ways,
Where the mist lies like Peace.

Swimming, I flirted with Death;
Saw death running over the shadow-laced ripples;
And turned around, as you threw water in my eyes,
And laughed at Death, as Death’s brother, the devil, would.

[139]
You slammed open the doors of the sky,  
And there stood the tremendous sun.

Lake, gilded in the morning,  
I have come out of you,  
A fresh-water Neptune;  
And the water rang little bells  
Trickling down  
Along my flesh.  
Lake, garden of the colors,  
Sweet-breathing mouth of Chicago,  
Words die in the fingers of a sick man,  
As children dying on a poor father.  
Take my promise, lake.

SLEEP

At the bottom of the abyss of sleep  
A black cradle rocks.  
Pain, slight, with evanescent fingers  
Pushes it.  
Under the cradle is earth,  
To cover and stifle you.

AUBADE

The morning now  
Is a white corpse—  
The nightmares

[140]
Killed her.
Vainly the breeze
Wafts a terrible sadness
Over her body.

ENCOUNTER

Little grey lady sitting by the roadside in the cold,
My fire is to warm you, not to burn you up.

Little grey lady in your little grey house in the warmth,
Your warmth is to loosen my frozen arms and tongue,
Not to drowse me.

SERMON

Chao-Mong-Mu freely laid his hands over the sky:
You do not know how to lay your hands over the breasts
of your beloved.

Chao-Mong-Mu made the tree dance at his will:
You do not know how to hug a rough tree and say
“darling” to it.

Chao-Mong-Mu magnificently ran a shaft of sunlight to
smash against the treetops:
You walk carefully, carefully, and fend off the sunlight
with your grey clothes, although you’re very poor.

[141]
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

Chao-Mong-Mu painted a sky that was a pink-fleshed vase; then he became a very small thing and hid in the vase:
You build yourselves immense houses to live in, and you are afraid even there.

HOPE

Tomorrow will be beautiful,
For tomorrow comes out of the lake.

INSOMNIA

For a year his desperate hands beat the darkness. Then out of their rhythm a monster was created:
Three claws on his breast, so that he could not with facility heave it;
Three claws on his skull, so that he had waking nightmares the year long.
When at last his hands dropped, the monster stooped over him, and with his yellow beak plucked out his white heart.

SMOKE

All the smoke of the cigarettes of dreamers went over to the sky, and formed that blue vault you see up there.
FUNERAL MARCH

The great corpse
Is the crowd.

A whole day
It takes to bury it.

In the morning
They begin;

Not at night,
For they’re afraid.

I’m here for . . .
Oh, to wail a great goodbye.

ITALIAN SONG

Until your lips be red,
Until the winter-time,
Until the money be gone,
Until God see us:
Until God see us.

Until old age come, girl,
Until the other man come,
Until the jettatura get me,
Until God see us:
Until God see us.

[143]
OLD ACCUSTOMED IMPUDENT GHOST

That morning the dawn arose from the sodden grey city pavements,
And it was a sick grey breath.
I had spent myself asking the night for sleep.

Broken in pieces I was—only the evil spirit was whole in me;
There was a curse on my bitten bloody lips. . . .
And then . . .

Oh, then the old accustomed, impudent ghost came in:
He wore my bagged, ragged pants, and was unshaven;
And his face was the one I had seen in the mirror
Too many times.

INVOCATION TO DEATH

Let me
Close my eyes tight.
Still my arms,
Let me
Be.
Then,
Come!
Let me be utterly alone:
Do not let the awful understanding that comes with
The thought of Death
Bother me.
Emanuel Carnevali

Your love was not strong enough to hold me.

Death takes things away:
I have them here in my hands,
The rags.

I do not understand the cosmic humor
That lets foolish impossibilities, like me, live.

I have made a mess of it,
But I am no debtor.

It’s the yearning of a nervous man,
The yearning for peace,
The curiosity for a word:
Forever.

If She would only come quietly,
Like a lady—
The first lady and the last.

Just not to hear any longer
The noise swelling from the morning streets,
Nor the two desperate sparrows chirruping;
Just not to fear any longer
The landlady.

Emanuel Carnevali
THE Christmas season, winter-clad as it is, always utters the prophecy of youth. Celebrating the birth of a great renewer of life, it rings the first far-away bell, waves the first red-and-green banner, to usher in the springtime. It reminds us of the perennial miracle, the unconquerable hope and joy forever freshly blooming in the new life of this earth.

The passage of the generations—that is the great poem. The long epic of birth, growth and decay—the struggle of life to assert its dominion over destructive forces, the momentary conquest and the final defeat—this is the universal story of which all lesser tales are mere chapters and paragraphs. Absorbed in our small affairs, singing our individual little solos, we too often miss the immense chorus vibrating grandly through the ages—a chorus which accepts and harmonizes the whir of the cricket and the long drum-roll of the stars.

Life's bitter and unceasing fight is against the forces of decay: when it lapses, and turns to fight the forces of growth, the result is confusion and disaster. Through the battering by young minds alone may each generation forget to grow old; therefore let youth be free and strong, let it have room for its race and its shout, lest bars and shackles enslave the next age.
The battering by young minds—perhaps an editor’s office, especially a poetry-editor’s office, is the place most accessible of all to such battering, the place where some of the freest and strongest of young minds love to put up their first stiff fight against the forces of decay. Too often they find these forces entrenched in the editorial chair, so that the battlefield is conveniently narrowed down and the issue personified. And the editor, if he waives all advantage of position, age, experience, etc., will have to put up the best fight he is capable of, and often come out second-best at the end of it.

A recent article on *This Youngest Generation* by Malcolm Cowley (*New York Evening Post Literary Review of October 15th*) shows with what a simple gesture the young mind can throw away the immediate past—at least of its own race and language. Youth must avenge itself, not on the honored dead, but on the too-much-honored living; and so we find Shaw and Wells and Mencken and all the Georgian poets and prosers—and, oh yes, Chesterton and Schnitzler and Nathan—cast into the discard, while youth is reading Flaubert and Laforgue and Huysmans, diving deeper into the past toward Swift and Defoe, Racine, Molière, even Marlowe, Ben Jonson and Shakespeare, and then coming up again to salute Remy de Gourmont and certain new groups of French poets to whom he showed the way. Through all this the young writers are shaping their own ideals: there is to be “a new interest in form,” “a simplification of current

[147]
life into something rich and strange”; “our younger literature will be at least as well composed as a good landscape—it may even attain to the logical organization of music.”

Form, simplification, strangeness, respect for literature as an art with traditions, abstractness—these are the catchwords that are repeated most often among the younger writers. They represent ideas that have characterized French literature hitherto, rather than English or American. They are the nearest approach to articulate doctrine of a generation without a school and without a manifesto.

*Le roi est mort*, but he has prepared the people for the new reign:

The great advantage of this generation is the fact that a public has been formed. It has been formed exactly by those inchoate realists, like Dreiser, and by those anti-Puritanical critics, like H. L. Mencken, against whom this youngest generation is in revolt. But gratitude is not a literary virtue.

Yes, here as elsewhere gratitude is the rarest of the—shall we say, not virtues, but graces? It is an education in a still rarer virtue, and grace—humility, to note how easily the rising generation puts the risen one in its place. Shaw, Mencken, Dreiser—how they pawed the ground and trod the air not so long ago! What rebels, iconoclasts they were as they leapt all barriers toward the glamourous goal of art! Now conquering youth is mounted—soon he will ride them down with joy. *Le roi est mort*—for what happy heir shall we soon be shouting, “*Vive le roi!*”?
Renewal of Youth

Yes, the wave-movement of the arts is one phase of the universal epic. Birth, growth, decay; new birth, fresh growth, and yet at last decay—the rule is for you and me as well as another, and in each of us it is proved. So hail to conquering Youth—even to sacred Infancy in its mother's arms! May the newly risen or newly born solve the riddles and sing the songs of the world! May he rid the earth of war and disease, of poverty and ignorance—famine of body and soul! May he complete nature's beauty with the beauty of art, and nature's truth with the truth of the spirit, and lead on the millennium to which we all aspire!

H. M.

ALEXANDER BLOK

Alexander Blok's death in the late summer is a loss not only to Russia but to world-literature. He was forty-one years of age, and had achieved international fame only during the last two years through the circulation of his revolutionary lyric, The Twelve. He was the first distinguished Russian writer to espouse openly the Bolshevik cause, and was one of the few first-rate imaginations which seem to have been sufficiently nourished upon the black bread of revolution. In his youth he was a writer of intense and remote lyrics, full of mystic vision and the pungent odor of the flowers of evil. The translators point out that Blok "owed a cultural allegiance to the old order." But he had from the first, like the

[149]
typical Russian peasant, adored the Christ hanging in tormented effigy at the wind-raked cross-roads, and marching before the poor, their Brother of compassion; and it was inevitable that Blok should not despair of the blind, violent, but spiritual people, discovering in their wild fury the elements of redemption.

For the world of intellectual irony seemed to him rotten and ready for destruction. The nineteenth century, he wrote, “has cast upon the living face of man a blinding mask of mechanics, positivism, and economic materialism, and has drowned the human voice in the rumble and roar of machinery.” As to whether Blok felt before he died that the administrators of this revolution were betraying their ideal, “loving Her in heaven and betraying Her on earth,” opinions seem to differ. Certainly there is little likeness between the cold, dedicated Cromwellian executives who now direct the Soviet government, and the twelve mystic roisterers of Blok’s *The Twelve*, written in 1918.

This poem, the Russian edition of which exceeded two million copies, was recently translated by Miss Deutsch and Dr. Yarmolinsky. It portrays the procession, through the streets of Red Petrograd, of twelve holy ruffians, looting, killing, singing. The scheme of the poem is bold and flexible, including revolutionary songs, an episode of low passion and jealousy terminated by murder, and penetrating lyric passages with a movement like the folk-song. There is occasional convincing
symbolism, as when the old order is personified by a mangy cur: "Beatings are the best you'll get." Behind all the lurid light and noise is the huge bare vision, the flat endless unmoved steppe:

Hutted Russia
Thick-rumped and solid—
Russia, the stolid.

In the storm and cold the blackguards stumble on, like disciples of a starved gray-bearded introspective Dionysus. At the end of the poem, they meet their master, inscrutable, pitying, crowned with flowers—the white untouched Christ, bearing the red flag:

In mist-white roses garlanded,
Christ marches on. The twelve are led.

*The Twelve* is a stirring battle-song which will not soon be dissociated from the history of these mysterious blood-dripping days. The translation, while it gives little impression of beauty as English verse, permits the smoky fire of the original to shine through.

*Glenway Wescott*

**REVIEWS**

*A FLOURISH OF TRUMPETS*

*Second April,* by Edna St. Vincent Millay. Mitchell Kennerley.

If I could only sound a fanfare in words! If I could get up on some high place and blow trumpets, and shout

[151]
and wave my hands and throw my hat! If, too, I could gather together all those of my dear friends who have said: "Oh yes, I like poetry well enough—Longfellow, and Byron and those; of course I admit I can't understand this modern stuff!" And if I could gather together all the shrugging shoulders, all the supercilious smiles, and all those brows which have knitted at the mention of poetry, and could read to them—or get Edna St. Vincent Millay to read to them, if it were only possible!—her latest book, Second April! And then if I could give it to all those hungry people who have not the money for beauty, and give it to children—even be generous with it!—and let it lie on the library table of the fashionable house, beside the Golden Treasury, where it might be picked up by the casual caller so that he would get drunk in a new way! And later, after the shy emotions and the jaded ones have had their dance in the sun, if I could get away to some deserted place of beauty, and hold a solitary revel, an orgy of poetry!

And yet even if the copies of Second April rained down like manna, I suppose there would still be some, among the most needy, to spurn the fare, some who would look, and look in vain, for intricacies of form, for startling words, for grotesque similes, for splashing impressionistic phrases. And there would be those who would think an occasional sonnet indecent, because it flings high, unashamed, the joy of living!

Not with libation, but with shouts and laughter
We drenched the altars of Love's sacred grove,
Shaking to earth green fruits, impatient after
The launching of the colored moths of Love.
Love's proper myrtle and his mother's zone
We bound about our irreligious brows,
And fettered him with garlands of our own,
And spread a banquet in his frugal house.
Not yet the god has spoken; but I fear,
Though we should break our bodies in his flame,
And pour our blood upon his altar, here
Henceforward is a grove without a name—
A pasture to the shaggy goats of Pan,
Whence flee forever a woman and a man.

Perhaps, there would be some to belittle the group of
memorial poems, each one of which is so childlike in its
simplicity—so utterly, utterly poignant:

Heap not on this mound
Roses that she loved so well;
Why bewilder her with roses,
That she cannot see or smell?
She is happy where she lies
With the dust upon her eyes.

And the stark tragedy of the Chorus:

Give away her gowns,
Give away her shoes;
She has no more use
For her fragrant gowns.
Take them all down—
Blue, green, blue,
Lilac, pink, blue—
From their padded hangers.
She will dance no more
In her narrow shoes;
Sweep her narrow shoes
From the closet floor.
And there would be the happy young girl who confided to me that she could not see anything particularly wonderful or apt in the sentence, "Life in itself is nothing—an empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs."

To what purpose, April, do you return again?
Beauty is not enough.
You can no longer quiet me with the redness Of little leaves opening stickily.
I know what I know.
The sun is hot on my neck as I observe
The spikes of the crocus.
The smell of the earth is good.
It is apparent that there is no death.
But what does that signify?
Not only under ground are the brains of men
Eaten by maggots.
Life in itself
Is nothing—
An empty cup, a flight of uncarpeted stairs.
It is not enough that yearly, down this hill,
April
Comes like an idiot, babbling and strewing flowers.

Yet in spite of them all, and I believe there could only be a few—the meticulous, the unfortunates whose emotions have irretrievably atrophied—in spite of them, and right in their faces, I would shout aloud, blow trumpets, wave hands, and scatter Edna St. Vincent Millay's Second April over the world!

Marion Strobel
FLETCHERIAN COLORS


This volume of poems, while not a definite attempt to comprehend and express the spirit of America, by combining various groups leaves a general impression. The spirit which speaks loudest, however, is a universal one, although our ardent patriotism usually leads us to confine it to America.

It is a palimpsest which no one reads or understands, which none has time to heed, a loom-frame woven over with interspersed entangled threads, of which the meaning is lost, from which the pattern is not yet freed.

They are a great shallow sea, crinkling uneasily as if some giant's body were wallowing beneath.

The shuttles clatter and clamor and hammer at the woof of day and night. But the being—the thing that will master all the ages—still refuses to be born.

One does not squeeze this essence from the book, but finds it imbedded in long descriptions, externally conceived; often with the eye of a decorator nicely designed, more often with the hand of an artisan who labors over his pile of adjectives and colors and leaves a jumble.

Down the Mississippi is the best group. It has a sculptural quality in spite of certain passages which, with their natural southern heat, threaten to melt the modeling into a mass. But it is an excellent group. A
fine conception of a great river, moulded and colored by sensitive hands, guided by sympathetic eyes.

Of his prose poems—The Building of Chicago, The Old South and The Song of the Wind—The Old South is the most completely satisfying. It has quality and cadence and flavor. It charms and saddens, and leaves a stagnant pool in the spirit. The other prose poems in the volume work out of inspiration hours. There are some interesting photographs, some historical descriptions. An effort is made at times to heighten them to the point of poetry by the use of the names of strong colors, but the words are cold, they do not flush from within. The lines are sterile, and hanging decorations on them does not make them burgeon.

In New York, this sentence begins well:

Ivory and gold, heart of light petrified, bold and immortally beautiful, lifts a tower like a full lily-stalk.

Then it grows hysterical:

With crammed pollen-coated petals, flame-calyx fretted and carven, white phoenix that beats its wings in the light, shrill ecstasy of leaping lines poised in flight, partaken of joy in the skies, mate of the sun.

We frequently encounter this violent use of language, but for the most part the poet’s carousals in the names of colors fail to intoxicate him.

In The Grand Canyon of The Colorado

Yellow, red, grey-green, purple-black chasms fell swiftly below each other—

and

[156]
Fletcherian Colors

hammered from red sandstone, purple granite, and gold—

fail in their purpose, while

It was hidden
Behind layers of white silence

paints a picture.

Again, take from *The Well in the Desert*,

The desert below him seems burning: ashen-yellow,
red-yellow, faint blue and rose-brown—

and

At the horizon
The heat rose and fell,
Sharp flickering arpeggios . . .

Not a cloud-flake breaks with its shadow the great space
of sky and of earth.

The last two are Japanese prints, while the first is a colored photograph.

Mr. Fletcher's use of colors makes one feel their limitations; only occasionally does one feel their infinite variety.

The poems to the eye seem unrestrained, but there is not the flamboyant coloring of youth in these pages. Taking the volume as a whole, one feels a prodigal use of words of color but a paucity of colored words. If the Japanese prints, a few of which it undoubtedly possesses, were selected from the whole we should have a slimmer volume but a more rarely beautiful collection.

*Laura Sherry*
MINOR CHORDS

Selected Poems, by Lady Margaret Sackville. E. P. Dutton & Co.

These two books have no likeness of matter or manner that innately justifies their being written about together. My apology is that the authors of both are women, and that the books are both provided with prefaces so provocative that they stimulate attention perhaps more than the poetry itself.

Marguerite Wilkinson's preface is autobiographical, like her verses. It invites us into her workshop, as in her poems she invites us candidly into her homely house of life—into the kitchen and living-rooms and the empty nursery—to show us the vistas she likes, her porch and garden, her big husband, to chat a little about her ancestors and the poor and the weather, and to confide the mournful secret of her childlessness. In her workshop she lets us stand by while, between the stages of her demonstration of lyric-making, she gives an informal lecture.

To report the lecture briefly, for a summary may be made in a sentence—the poet may help himself by finding the tune which exists for each expression, and building them up together. She says:

What happens is simply this: While I am making a lyric, after the mood becomes clear, after the idea and image emerge from consciousness, I sing it, and sometimes slowly, sometimes quite rapidly, the words take their places in lines that carry a tune also. I am not giving conscious
effort to the tune; nor am I making an intellectual effort to combine words and music to get a certain effect. I am not thinking about the music. I am making a single-hearted and strong endeavor to say or sing what is felt or thought.

This leaves one well elbowed for reflection. Is this the way epics and folk-songs were written—did the bards and skalds and troubadours make their resonant verses thus? Is it analogous to the activities of any other poet—say Kreymborg, or Vachel Lindsay, in their somewhat readier improvisation?

As for the poems themselves, they are individually undistinguished. But a full sequential reading of them makes one aware of a bright, impulsive, open temperament, a small clear voice singing a small clear soul. It is frank and personal in the way that women are frank and personal, not a challenge but a confidence. It is autobiography as self-concerned and intimate, in its demure scale, as that of Benvenuto Cellini.

Mrs. Wilkinson writes most stridently, most rhetorically, when, as in the title-poem, she invokes ancestors. *Songs from beside Swift Rivers* is a pleasant, energetic group, although it contains the worst thing in the book, *The Really Truly Twirly-whirly Eel*. In *Preferences*, *Long Songs*, *Songs of an Empty House*, *Songs of Laughter and Tears*, *Whims for Poets* and *California Poems* she does better work. These in a certain way satisfy if they do not thrill us; they are, if not original, personal. Here she is busy on her autobiography; she tells a small old story, offers a bright comment.
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The closing poem, however, *The Pageant*, is to my mind the finest of the book. It is almost the only impersonal poem. It is not new or profound; but it is a conceit such as comes coolly from the hands of women whereas men’s hands mold sweatily and hard; also men’s eyes are sneeringly careless while women’s are maternally watchful. I will quote the second stanza, and take my leave of a book pleasant but not upsetting, containing some singularly inept verses which, however, may help in the final witnessing of an unheroic, untormented and engaging personality:

> Forever is a broad road where have met together  
> Brave Deeds in red robes and Deeds of golden fire;  
> Grave Deeds in silver gowns, quaint Deeds in motley,  
> Quiet Deeds in homely gray that only saints admire;  
> Gentle Deeds that love the green raiment of the summer;  
> Pure Deeds in very white without the chill of snow;  
> Squalid Deeds in dull rags, pitiful and ugly:  
> Down the broad highway they go.

The testimonial to Lady Margaret Sackville’s *Selected Poems* is written by no less a doctor than Wilfrid Scawen Blunt. It is short and perfunctory, having the familiar sound of the literary ballyhoo. It begins by calling her ladyship the best of England’s woman poets. Being quite ignorant of the poetry young Britannia is writing, I cannot enter into controversy. But I remember some sharp work by the feminine Sitwell; and some interesting perceptions in quotations from Charlotte Mew; and even though the women of talent, like the men, are diluting their poetry in the traditional English schooner, the novel—Virginia Wolf, May Sinclair, Dorothy Richardson, E. M. Delafield
and others—there must be women who are writing poetry less pallid and Hellenic, and more original than this.

Mr. Blunt, like other comfortable people, is waiting for the world to quiet down to "its ancient bourgeois ways of peace, prosperity, romance, and beauty." We may look for the blooming of an art that will cover the ruins, a peaceful bourgeois poetry written in the benignant, lattice-tempered "daylight of sound rhyme, metre and melody," like Lady Sackville's. It will even be free from the rhetorical independence of blank verse, which is "not really verse at all even in master-hands; say, rather, a dignified kind of prose pompous in recitation and, for common reading, dull."

Mr. Blunt is sure it will emerge from the bewildered forms of the "delirium"—such profound, powerful, denying poetry as is being written by D. H. Lawrence, the imagists, the Sitwells and Aldous Huxley. I gather that Mr. Blunt means them although he mentions no names. Their work is a delirium to him because their subject-matter is not the Greek hash served up by a muse whom people have made a slavey, but fresh fodder pungently spiced that gives savor and nourishment; because their measures are ungentle, and their language cleaned and filtered of the débris of overlapping preciosities.

In spite of this survivor of the nineties, such feeble voices as Lady Sackville's will inevitably be silenced by the "delirium." True it is a voice of some subtle cadences; of a tone pleasing and serene. It even murmurs some
exquisite lyrics, offers some sonorous recitations, makes a shy jest. But it observes all the politeness of conventional rhyming; it never leaves its orderly park of cultivated flower-beds exhaling a luxurious odor, with nymphs and fauns pensive among the trees, fastened forever in the postures of elegantly sylvan courtship.

There is a staid, deliberate and wise sentiment in the war poems. They are not poignant or biographical, but they are pitying, even querulous, comments upon an organized cataclysm. They are bright bits of emotion, like bright colors against an elegant but monotonous background.

Lady Sackville’s poetry has none of the impulse and swing of Marguerite Wilkinson’s. It is impersonal and detached, and does not leave us as a palpable presence. But it has greater delicacy, mellower polish, maturer choice of material. One can see in these books an analogy; for England and America, if England did not have its own r’voltés and America its bland traditionalists.

Isidor Schneider

POST-MARTIAL EMOTION


From the ardors and endurances of war this poet, like many another, has retired into his sensibilities. It is a luxury no doubt justified in one who suffered so severe a war experience as Robert Nichols, but it is a disappoint-
Post-martial Emotion

ment to many who read his first book. From this earlier book there were two courses possible: one, to retain the war experience, if not its incidents, as a structural fact in his future work; the other, to throw it away as one would a soiled and bloody shirt and return to the cool, sterile delicacies of his domestic experience. With the exception of the beautifully reminiscent Yesterday, the poet in this book has returned frankly to pre-war psychology and subject matter. The book as a whole, including, Four Idylls, Encounters, twenty-seven Elisabethan Sonnets to Aurelia, The Flower of Flame, has assumed in manner, emotion and subject the conventional limitations of the finely wrought but minor poetry of academic England.

If war came without welcome, a thick and bulging episode in his experience, its subsidence at any rate has not left the poet voiceless. The transition from his engravings on the crude steel of war to their continuation on the ivory of peace is no doubt appropriate to this type of poet. Three strains of interest, none of them associated with warlike violence, may be noted: A contemplative and introspective interest, as in Night Rhapsody:

How beautiful to wake at night,
Within the room grown strange, and still, and sweet,
And live a century while in the dark
The dripping wheel of silence slowly turns;
To watch the window open on the night,
A dewy silent deep where nothing stirs,
And, lying thus, to feel dilate within
The press, the conflict, and the heavy pulse
Of incommunicable sad ecstasy.

An interest in nature observation, as in *From the Budded Branch*:

Below a beetle on a stalk of grass
Slowly unharnesses his shuttered wings,
His tiny rainbow wings of shrivelled glass.
He leaps! He whirs away. The grass-blade swings.

An interest in personal emotion, as in the tritely facile *Sonnets to Aurelia*:

Whatever substances of love may dwell
Within the passionate heart of such as I,
Whatever waters of pure pity well
In the dark orb of a most loving eye,
I have yielded you. Whatever were the pain
If power within me so to do did live,
I, at your need, had made these yours again,
But now I know I have no more to give.

But the weaver of these has not yet a certain hand. His imaginative facility, his ability to subordinate the crude image to the structural idea of his poem without diminishing its vividness, his technical excellence in poetic detail, do not save him from casualness in the larger principles of his work.

It is unfortunate that Robert Nichols should have only the poised and static culture of his particular English group to support him. Rarely if ever does he break over the narrow boundaries of self-centered sophistication,
of fagged and too mature emotion. Mr. Nichols and his group seem to be too little in literary touch with the massive energies of contemporary life to be moved by any great or unifying poetic idea. The environment is luxuriously sweet to the minor poet, but its very graciousness undermines stronger men. It is too small a pot for great broth. In the gratuitous energy of great poetry this book is lacking.

Baker Brownell

COLOR SONATAS

Poems, by Iris Tree. John Lane Co.

An organ exists which plays in color instead of in tone and pitch. Its invention was a recognition of the synesthetic power which every artist to some extent possesses—the power to translate images received through one sense into terms of another sense.

If one could carry the principle of synesthesia inventively several steps farther than the color organ, and produce a device that would interpret sound in terms of fragrance, and color in terms of odor, and so on, one would have something very like Iris Tree’s book. It is, to quote her own words, “a kaleidoscope of roaring color,” using the word “color” itself in a rather synesthetic sense. Such figures as “scarlet rhapsodies and beryl-cold sonatas,” “The pale smell of their falling blossoms,” and “Its scent is sweeter than ghostly music,” are characteristic.

Rebecca West, I believe, once referred to the works of
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Compton Mackenzie as not precisely novels but brilliantly colored cushions. I have somewhat the same feeling about Iris Tree’s volume—it does not seem exactly a book. It is not a cushion; sometimes it seems a tapestry, at other times a bouquet of highly perfumed flowers, and still again a series of ariettes. This is nothing against it; anybody can make a book that seems like a book, but few can make a book that seems like—well, perhaps “a kaleidoscope” is the most inclusive term. The author, in her own words, opens wide

the violet-petalled doors
Of every shy and cloistered sense
That all the scent and music of the world
May rush into the soul.

The poems are dazzling, arresting, with imagery now a bit Keatsian in suggestion, but more often altogether modern. Verses like these represent the author’s method:

Moonlit lilacs under the window,
And the pale smell of their falling blossoms,
And the white floating beams like luminous moths
Fluttering from bloom to bloom.
Sprays of lilac flowers
Frothing at the green verge of midnight waves,
Frozen to motionless icicles.
Moonlight flows over me,
Full of illicit, marvelous perfumes
Wreathed with syringa and plaited with hyacinths;
Hair of the moonlight falling about me,
Straight and cool as the drooping tresses of rain.

The spiritual interpretations which the author makes are as unvivid as her imagery is vivid. Neither “the dim

[166]
psychic crystals” of her soul nor her wish that she were “God in a colored globe” moves one to more than casual interest. Perhaps this is partly because one looks for sensuous instead of spiritual beauties in a kaleidoscope.

Illustrations and decorations usually spoil a book of poems. In this case the decorations, done by Curtis Moffatt, the author’s husband, have the same quality as the verses and add to their flavor.

Nelson Antrim Crawford

THE PREMATURITY OF IMMATURE


It is hard to call this the poetry of a young man. There is feeling and experience in it; it is immature not in knowledge of life but in the mechanics of expression, in the practice of poetic craftsmanship. Where other poets can amble and even trip gaily and gracefully, in well trodden and frequented ways, Mr. Hungerford plods lonely and stumbling. He presents almost pathetically the figure of a man desperately concerned with self-expression, not as a necessity born with him but out of some troubling circumstance. I feel that things are maddeningly dull for Mr. Hungerford, wherever he is; that he has an insuppressible desire to find a kinder environment.

That is why opening his book gave me the thrill that a man might feel if he picked up a stray message from a lost man—say, something in a bottle, or between the halves of a fruit. There is a distracting personal interest in

[167]
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

every poem that makes its status as poetry unimportant. And the regrettable element in the matter is that the author deliberately aims to achieve this effect. He writes in his introductory poem:

Reader . .
That these poems are now in your hands
Is proof that they are meant for you.
Whatever your race, color, or creed, you are brother
To him who wrote them,
And to him who placed them in your hands.

It is the old plea of the beginner not sure of his audience, the old futile defiance of criticism, futile because of its unconscious confession of a lack of technique. Somewhere else in the book, he makes the stock challenge:

O ready condemners,
Isn't it just possible
You and I are thinking of something
Entirely different?

The persistent illusion of being misunderstood (when one is merely ignored), the illusion that others in his plight may take heart from his avowals, is the inspiration of a good many of these poems. Throughout, the reader is left with the consciousness of listening to a muddled eager man, who can hardly resist the temptation to buttonhole his few auditors. The very titles of this and a previous book—Hidden Path, Uncertain Trail—give Mr. Hungerford’s own estimate of his literary journey.

If Ned Hungerford is comparatively young, he may find out eventually whither he is bound, in which case he

[168]
The Prematurity of Immaturity

will regret publishing this misgiven itinerary. If he is not a young man and is bogged fast in bewildering crossroads, the book will be one more of the crowded minor fatalities on the literary front. From any standpoint it is premature; it may have satisfied momentarily a craving to appear in print, but already it must have obliterated that satisfaction by coming back in all its gruesome immaturity to haunt its author. It would have been passed over in silence; but as it is typical of many books of verse sent out in quest of reviews, the above remarks may serve as a hint to other self-deceived, and often embittered, would-be poets.

Isidor Schneider

CORRESPONDENCE

THE ALLIED ARTS AGAIN

I

Dear Editor: It was with great interest that I read in Poetry for October, your comments upon my Musical America article. I am glad to have the opportunity and the invitation to express an opinion I have long held.

I believe we should have something in the nature of a National Committee for the Protection of the Native Lyric from the Distortions Practised by Incompetent Composers. Poets, when asked for permission to make "settings" of their words, often grant it graciously and trust to luck. What a writer ought to do is to tell the

[169]
composer to make a setting and submit it to him for approval. But as few poets are willing to profess expertness in musical judgments, the writer usually has to submit to whatever outrageous interpretation the composer may perpetrate. I see no reason why a poet should not say to a composer: "Yes, you may make a setting of my poem, provided that, before publishing it, you will submit it to a committee on which both poetry and music are represented." Such a committee would be a step toward establishing a standard, and perhaps it might do a great deal, in ways other than censorship, to stimulate the progress of American song.

One other thing might be spoken of as a possible reason why there is not greater co-operation among poets and musicians: often of late the poet talks business and proposes a division of royalty, whereupon the negotiations are soon at an end. There are different reasons in different cases, but usually this happens because the composer knows, if he has ever published anything, that the royalty will be too small to divide—a fact which he dislikes to confess, even to a fellow-artist. And he does not want to be forced to keep books and mail out each month a cheque which would probably fluctuate between two dollars and six. If there is money in music-publishing, the music-publisher must get most of it.

Referring again to your editorial, you express doubt whether I have taken the trouble to get acquainted with, or try to understand, contemporary poets. But
The Allied Arts Again

I can plead guilty only in part—I have not been able to keep pace with all our American poets, it is true, but I have known some of them, and I am eager to meet others and try to understand their art.

Instead of citing Carpenter’s settings of the Tagore things in your editorial, you might more fitly have mentioned his use of The Heart's Country, by Florence Wilkinson; or the delightful song Henry Hadley made last year out of When I Go Away from You, by Amy Lowell.

Please let me say in conclusion that I never have said there were not fine American songs. But they are remarkably few, and remarkably hard to place effectively in a recital programme.

Charles Albert Case
Northampton, Mass.

II

Dear Poetry: To all serious students of the dance, the first sentence in your October article, “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,” is encouraging. That “perhaps” is deserved: only those who come in daily contact with the too-popular belief that the door to real achievement may be kicked open by a perfectly pointed toe, can realize how far the dance has traveled from its dignified origin. In alliance with that music and poetry to which the dance really gave birth lies her only hope. Music and poetry give the dancer a reason for existence.
We had the pleasure of working with Alfred Kreymborg in the summer of 1920, and not only felt that we, as dancers, had profited, but we gained an insight into, and a feeling for, the rhythm of modern poetry that nothing but the actual bodily expression of it could have given us. We have been fortunate also in being associated with a musician who has used pieces of Sara Teasdale's, Vachel Lindsay's, Bliss Carman's, and other moderns, as themes for dance-music.

Certainly poets, musicians and dancers need not fear to join forces. They have the fundamentals in common. With such different, yet harmonious, outward manifestations of those fundamentals, surely the result will not be unworthy of poetry or music, and will surely be of infinite value to the dance in its reinstatement among the arts.

We so often fail to say the pleasant things we think. 

Poetry is a monthly refreshment. It is like a breath from freshly opened flowers, or a drink of mountain water.

Bertha Wardell

Los Angeles, Cal.

Note by the Editor: Another correspondent reminds us that Rupert Hughes, well known both as novelist and composer, has used a number of modern lyrics: for example, one of the editor's own, I Love my Life, originally published in Poetry; and quite recently Evening in the West, or better The Ivory Moment, by John Drury, from the new Los Angeles monthly, The Lyric West. Schirmer & Co. are Mr. Hughes' publishers.
NOTES

Mr. Lew Sarett, of Chicago, or rather of her neighbor-city Evanston, has consented to act henceforth as a member of the Advisory Committee of POETRY. Mr. Sarett is the author of Many Many Moons; and the award of last month to his poem, The Box of God, makes him the latest winner of the Helen Haire Levinson Prize. He has been, for the last year, in the Public Speaking Department of Northwestern University.

In our advertising pages the Poetry Society of South Carolina makes an announcement of great interest to poets. A prize of $250, donated by W. Van R. Whitall, Esq., of Pelham, N. Y., is to be awarded annually, under the Society’s auspices, for the best poem sent in competition before Jan. 1st of each year. Mr. Pelham makes sure of a competent choice this year by appointing Miss Amy Lowell to the honor of initiating the award by acting as the first judge.

Louise Ayres Garnett (Mrs. Eugene H.), of Evanston, Ill., wrote the poem Resurgam as the text of an oratorio for which Mr. Henry Hadley is now composing the music. In our November Correspondence Mrs. Garnett told the story of this collaboration; and the complete work, which will soon be published, may be regarded as an essay in that closer alliance between poetry and music which the editor has pleaded for in recent numbers of POETRY.

Mrs. Garnett has published, through Rand, McNally & Co., three books of verse for children; and she wrote both words and music of Creature Songs (Oliver Ditson Co.). The Macmillan Co. published her play Master Will of Stratford, and The Drama has printed two or three of her plays for children.

Mr. Walter de la Mare, the well known English poet, is the author of numerous books of verse for adults and children; and his Collected Poems—1901-1918 were published in a two-volume edition by Henry Holt & Co. in 1920.

Mr. Fenton Johnson, of Chicago, who stands facile princeps among living poets of his race, is the author of three small privately printed books of verse, the latest being Songs of the Soil (1916). He founded, and edited for some time The Champion, a magazine for Negroes, and he has been on the staff of The Favorite Magazine.
Mr. Emanuel Carnevali, of Chicago, has contributed verse and prose to most of the special magazines, but has not yet published a volume. In 1918 he received a Young Poet's Prize from POETRY.

Miss Winifred Waldron, of North Glendale, Cal., has printed poems in various magazines. “Paul Tanaquil” is a pseudonym.

Of the poets who have not hitherto appeared in POETRY:

Miss Pearl Andelson, of Chicago, was until recently a member of the Poetry Club of the University of Chicago, which has been a good training-school for a number of young poets.

Miss Dorothy Dow, of Winchester, Ill., has published little as yet.

Mr. Laurence Vail lives in New York.

Ditto Mr. Henry Saul Zolinsky, who, although only seventeen, has already been newsboy, bell-boy, office-boy, electrician, shoe-salesman and ad-solicitor; and who hopes to become a student again some day and finish his interrupted course at college.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:


A Brochure of Verse, by Ralph S. Woodworth. Privately printed, Elkhart, Ind.


Little Visits, by Raymond E. Manchester. F. W. Orth Co., Cuyahoga Falls, O.

Memorial Poems, by Henry Polk Lowenstein. Privately printed, Kansas City.


(Other books received will be listed next month.)
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State of Illinois, County of Cook. Before me, a notary public in and for the State and county aforesaid, personally appeared Harriet Monroe, who, having been duly sworn according to law, deposes and says that she is the editor of Poetry, and that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the ownership, management, etc., of the aforesaid publication for the date shown in the above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443, Postal Laws and Regulations, printed on the reverse of this form, to wit:

That the name and address of the publisher, editor, managing editor is Harriet Monroe; business manager, Mila Straub, 543 Cass street; owner, Harriet Monroe.

That there are no bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders.

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Sworn to and subscribed before me this 24th day of September, 1921.

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Further information will be furnished upon request by DuBose Heyward, Secretary of the P.S.S.C., 76 Church St., Charleston, S. C.

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