**POETRY for SEPTEMBER, 1922**

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RIDGE PEOPLE

MY COUNTRY

THEY were my people,
And this country was my country.

Deep ravines
Send strange shadows into the valley.
Rock ridges
Bulwark returning ferns and flowers.
Rock towers
Watch the invading shadows.

Hills mother children.
Hills watch while children sleep.

Fathomed in coulees,
The spirit water-falls
Say all there is to say.
A NATIVE

There ain't no poetry
Like these middlin' hills
And a slow stream gurglin' over stones.
Them pines has lived four hundred years
And asked nothin' of no one.
Straight and tall and strong—
Nothin' crooked about a pine.
Religion, I call it,
Pointing to the sky
And slinging incense free.
Did you ever hear
A cedar valley moan a dirge
Or sing an anthem?

NOTHIN'—SOMETHIN'

It ain't worth nothin' as land goes,
And yet it's somethin'.
Kinda nice—
A hill of boulders
Smilin' in the sun.
I only took it because 'twas cheap.
I wasn't one of them
That had the earnin' guts
To pick and choose.
My girl and I have worked
Laura Sherry

To coax the crops around these stones.
She was pretty once—
Lord, now her bones stick out
Like ridge-poles in a tent.
I ain’t complainin’.
The land—
She’d say it wasn’t any good
Except to hold the world together.
It’s held her
And me.

Howard Bentley

Jim Burgantine said,
“If any other man had tried
To put over a plug hat
In this Western burg
He’d a been egged.”

Howard Bently
Didn’t follow fashion.
He brought his hat from Massachusetts—
It was a good hat
And lasted forty years.
For the matter of that,
Eight months of the calendar
He didn’t wear a hat;
He never did unnecessary things.
He split a cracker
If the scales tipped over a pound.
He split a cracker
If the scales tipped under a pound.
When a neighbor was sick
He sat up nights,
And took the orphans home.

Twenty-five thousand dollars,
Earned in his corner grocery,
Was scattered about the country
Among the struggling farmers.
Howard Bently died
Without trying to collect.

He never said unnecessary words—
He was a quiet man.
No tombstone
Shouts his name above the sod.

GRAND-DAD'S BLUFF

I knelt all day,
Grand-dad,
Pleading with you—
But you had nothing to say.
Night fell,
And a message came
Through your ravines.
Laura Sherry

It did not speak either,
But I heard it pass among the leaves of the trees.
I drank it through my nostrils
As one drinks wine through the mouth,
And it tingled to the finger-tips of my spirit.
I came to you, Grand-dad, with my heart.
God bless you, Grand-dad.

IN MIST

When you can see the ground’s breath,
And the sky goes muggy
And drops before the world
Like a perspiring window-glass;
When beasts and humans creep to cover
And the steam-boats speak fog-language;
The farm buildings sit still
Folding their hands
As if they hadn’t a thing in the world to do.
A chimney’s belch smudges into nothing;
The earth’s breath noses around the roots of trees;
Heaven-mist seeps through branches
And wraps the country’s heart.

LIGHT MAGIC

The valley curves like a bridge-span to the sky.
Blue granite stew-pans spill pink begonias along the road.

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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The town hall, blazing red, focuses the red stubble of the fields
Which stretch away to gold-stacked corn-stalks,
And Wisconsin hills—piled cubes of red and yellow.
The sunset catches the landscape in layers.
Its amber floats a banner of pastels around the town.

*LATE AUTUMN IN THE HILLS*

A flock of birds
Spurts down the trail of autumn.

Bare hills
Wrap fog-blankets about them,
And nod. . . .

A whirl of wind
Scatters wild rice over the lake.

There is a shake of snow in the air.
My boat moors in the sedges.

My hand
Droops over the side of the boat.
My fingers
Touch a lotus pod.
The seeds rattle in the husk.

Autumn is anchored.

[298]
THE SEASON

It is mating time—
How can I go gipsying?

It is planting time—
How can I go adventuring?

It is harvest time—
In the twilight the camp-fire smoulders;
On the hearth-stone
Ashes hold memories.

It is dying time—
And the unknown road.
ANTAGONISMS

LAUGHTER

See!
I thrust at you laughter—
Clusters of pomegranate in the sun.

See!
I dangle clusters of red sun-ripened laughter
Before your eyes, that are colorless
Like the eyes of the fishes.

What are you peering at,
Sallow-face?
Your hand—
It is limp and clammy;
It has never clutched at a thing
Strongly.
Those pale pinched lips of yours
Have never blossomed under kisses,
Have never whispered little words
Luminous with tenderness.

Rigid one!
My laughter,
Let it shake you like a wind—
Red wind
Tearing to shreds
Your pale hypocrisy.
Emmy Veronica Sanders

My laughter,
Let it thaw
Those boulders of black ice—
Your hard moralities,
Your bleak utilities—
And sow violets in their place.

There is laughter ringing softly
From the golden shell of the sky.
There is laughter ringing in the rills
That come tripping down the bronze and purple hillside
Insolently.
Trees are swaying to and fro,
Laughter in the rustle and the flitter of their leaves.
And the air is warm and tremulous with laughter
Rising from the lips that lie
Mute beneath tombstones.

Deaf one,
Listen
To the scarlet wind!

There are sobs in the wind.

INTO THESE THINGS

The grasp of their hands has grown cold.
Furnaces needed
Red fire.

[301]
Their little souls,
Their cowardly cramped souls—
Bigness went
To steel and to stone.

Slow and feeble their breath.
Do you hear the white steam
Panting?

There is no music in their hearts.
Engines know rhythm,
Engines make
Loudness.

If their eyes are
Without longing,
Do not numbers
Create themselves?

And if their lips show not
The deep proud curve of passion,
Are not cities
Passionate?

Furnaces, steel towers, engines, cities—
And the pale-eyed people crawling,
Emptied
Into these things.
I am tired of roads.
I am tired of the going—the going;
And I am tired of passing people.

In the east a narrow streak of gold
And the flutter of wings of the little desires.
Bleakness of snow in the north
And in the south the taste of ashes on hot lips.
Westward a loneliness.
Roads over sand, and roads over snow, and roads across rivers.

I am tired of roads.
I am tired of the going—the going;
And I am tired of passing people.

I am tired of passing them on the glistening pavements
under the lamplight
And in the places where you order things to eat.
I am tired of passing them at noon under the flat stare of the sun
And in the street-cars, the elevated trains and the taxis.
Passing glances and feet passing—
Feet of six million people passing and gliding by,
Shuffling and jostling by—
Passing—passing;
And those that pass on the screen in the movies,
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

And the people that pass—slowly—hurriedly—
With a half-caught gest through the pages of books.

I am tired of the winds that hasten by,
And of the little waves that skip and never once look back,
And of stars coming and going.

Fleeting glimpses—
Hands fluttering past like autumn leaves...

I am tired of roads.
I am tired of the going—the going;
And I am tired of passing people.

HILL SPEECH

I listened to the hills as they spoke
At nightfall.

I listened to the haughty calm flowing of line speech,
And to vehement words
Jagged and bitten into the sky face.
I saw hieroglyphs scrawled on a pale wall of sky
With fingers of granite.
There was motion gripping the masses
Urging and waving
Onward.
I heard cadences of hill speech

[304]
Emmy Veronica Sanders

Falling and rising
Softly,
With soothing interference.

And there was one standing alone on the smoldering horizon,
Standing aloof and detached
Always;
Saying "I" and "I" and "I,"
Answering "No" and "No" and "No"—
Always—
To the biting words and to the flowing line speech,
And to the hieroglyphs scrawled with fingers of granite.

There was one
Saying "No"
To the dull gray abysses
Of sky and of sea—
Saying "No"
To the masses. . . .
TWO SONNETS

"ALL ROADS LEAD TO ROME"

She bore the smear of insult on her face,
   And heard the ruffian voices, and the din
Of penny horns and whistles that had been
Her heart; and she knew only this disgrace—

That one had dressed her in a ragged gown.
   Caesar had been met in various ways;
   Like thought too vast to feel or to erase,
She knew the hosts of Rome were sweeping down.

In various fashions Caesar had been met—
   With crimson violence or more brilliant lies,
The poisoned fang, or chain of chariot.
   She did not choose, but slain by her surprise,
She could not see the choice that waited yet—
   The veiled, derisive, plebeian disguise.

JEST

In a gutter between wind-bitten glaciers,
   A little man stands, blowing upon a toy.
Is he not mad—is he not audacious,
   In such a curious place, in such employ?

The wind’s blue insult swells upon his face.
   A whisking hunger, like a mouse at bay,
Has cowed his eyes which, vaguely in disgrace,
Bear up the heavy menace of Broadway.

A dim presentiment of an awful hoax
Scalded his heart and simmered to his feet—
The secret jest that counted off the strokes
Of hours men spent at various tasks secrete,
That made of some of them quite obvious jokes,
And saved for others labors more discreet.

ANGUISH

Pain is cutting through my heart,
Like a thin knife,
With the keen abiding smart
Men call life.

Pillowed cool in marble state,
Ah, let me sleep;
And afar from love or hate
Bury me deep.

Sally Bruce Kinsolving
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

REFLECTIONS

DUET

(I sing with myself)

Out of my sorrow
I’ll build a stair,
And every tomorrow
Will climb to me there;

With ashes of yesterday
In its hair.

My fortune is made
Of a stab in the side,
My debts are paid
In pennies of pride:

Little red coins
In a heart I hide.

The stones that I eat
Are ripe for my needs;
My cup is complete
With the dregs of deeds.

Clear are the notes
Of my broken reeds.

I carry my pack
Of aches and stings,
Light with the lack
Of all good things;
But not on my back,
Because of my wings!

AT THE HOSPITAL FOR THE INSANE

They said to me: “We are not crazy, dear!
But they are mad . . . and so they keep us here.”

I thought: “We are all mad!—in this walled place,
And out beyond, and through all time and space;
Save he who looks his madness in the face!”

SONG OVERHEARD

I wrote your name within my heart
Most carefully—
I never could remember names or faces;
And then, one day,
I lost my heart along the shining places.

I must have let it fall,
Plucking a flower I did not want
And listening to a bird I did not see:
Now would I call—
And you would answer me.

Do hearts have wings?
I am so careless about losing things.

[309]
KIND FATE

You strike at hearts of gentle ways;
And in their grief they give you praise.

Once, once you struck at me . . .
And will not strike again.
You do not like to bruise your hands
On hearts that hoard their bright hard pain.

THE STRONGHOLD

Here he lies
Under the solemn stones,
Secure from Life—a little while;
Old Death,
With his ready smile,
Busy among his bones.

LOOKING ON

I urged my mind against my will:
My will shook like a rocking wall,
But did not fall;
My mind was like a wind-swept tree,
And neither knew the victory.

I dashed my mind against my will:
They did not break or bend or spill,
But in my heart the songs grew still.

[310]
Leonora Speyer

A TRUTH ABOUT A LIE

I lied, trusting you knew
I could not lie to you.
Beloved friend, I lied and am forgiven; but I
Cannot forgive that you believed my lie.

COUPLETS

Forest Fires
Summer is burning! From trees’ red crown
Ashes of June pour hotly down.

Night of Stars
They crowded round me more and more;
I had to shove to shut the door.

Ascent
Mountains take too much time.
Start at the top and climb.

Reproach
You gave me wings to fly;
Then took away my sky.

Down to the Heights
In the deep valleys, and deeper still,
I found my heights . . . against my will.

Leonora Speyer

[311]
LAMENTATION

Chrysanthemums and late roses
And the plane-leaf's fall—
All that is left us now.
Hoarsely the flower-girls cry,
Pale shake the street-lamp lights;
Chilled gusts come puffing by,
Sigh the poor year away.
All that is left us now
Regrets without perfume; dead thoughts;
Chrysanthemums, and late roses.

VIRGIN MOON

Having chattered out
The overbrimming of their light hearts,
When the old moon had traveled over the housetops
Far enough to dangle dancing shadows of leaves
Across their bed,
Veils of silence also were let down,
And they slept, virgin beside virgin.
The whisper of leaves outside the window
Filled the room
Long after the moon had trailed
Her net of shadow-boughs across their dreams
And was gone.
AN UNPOSTED LETTER

How bitter must the smile
Of the wise Future be
Behind her veil!
O letter of last year,
Can my hopes and aims,
   Like moons,
Have changed so?
Those dead desires,
Like shriveled fruits,
Hang, shamed,
On the bough of time.

NOCTURNE

The veil of light slipped
From the sky:
Only greyness.
And in the valley
One home light—
Not mine.

I most remember, then,
Shadows of boughs
Lattice-wise falling
On white walls
Of my home
Beneath the moon.

Iris Barry
A TRIFOLIATE

BEAUTY

Over beauty I am a weeping willow.
I begged of God to grant me a look at beauty,
And He sent me traveling a billion years
To come to this world.
I came my way an empty vessel, longing for beauty.
I shall go my way fulfilled, glorifying beauty.

When I look on beauty
I secure a day’s provision;
Thus I accumulate food for another billion years.
When I see beauty
It propels wheels in me,
And puts me in communication with God instantly,
To thank Him that I am arrived.

My only grief in life is to see a thing without beauty.
Over beauty I am a weeping willow.

MY WEDDING

My adopted little sister-dreams,
As soon as they heard
The wedding news of their brother,
Shouted: “Brother, our brother,
You have cared for and sustained us
All our painful lives.

[314]
For this hour we have been waiting,
The hour of our culmination.
Brother, you were betrothed when you were born."
Then they danced alone to the garden
To gather star-daisies.

Now comes the lady of my heart
In her purple-bordered, lightning-colored gown.
The maiden Day, in whom I breathe, comes
With the sun-bouquet at her breast;
Led by my sister-dreams, the maids of honor.
And Life, the best man, leads me to her.

The pagan musicians Ocean and Wind!
Ocean the pianist, with jeweled and manicured fingers,
Thunders and pounds the wide-ranged key-board of the shore;
And the Wind, with hair unbound,
Holding the violin-woods under her chin,
Thrills my bride and her maids of honor,
And Life my best man,
And me.

IN YOUR EYES

Never before did I dare
To look in your eyes.
To see one's self
In love's mystic eyes

To M. H.
Is leading
Life in Paradise.

(Creator dreamed
And looked deep in space.
Then Being, the grace of His dream,
Began to evolve.
Thus He became famous,
And God is His name.)

When the light from my eyes
Falls in yours,
Immortal songs will take course—
Tuneful songs, the grace of my dreams.

Leon Herald

TRIAD
In the church of St. Pierre, August, 1918

Old music wove its beauty through each word
Which echoed from the chancel down the nave.

Old beauty of fled twilights stained each beam,
Carved like the fingers of some soul in prayer.

A woman veiled in black knelt on the stone,
The beauty of old suffering on her face.

Arthur H. Nethercot
A WALKING POEM

I believe there is moving more than colored jackets
Down the street among the city rackets.
I do not think the sun-rain on the corner wall
Is all.

I cannot think the swirl is much
More than a little touch
Of souls, to steady to an equipoise
Their private thunderings, the subterranean noise.

For I have gathered scowl and elbow-thrust
And glint of pupil of the eye; there must,
I think, be lashing foam in canyons under there,
And this a heavy silence on the little empty air.

I do not think her ankles mincing through,
And round smile, are the flowers that we thought we knew.
Red jacket—stealthy lioness yawning in the wood,
And stealthy passion creeping in the blood.

The sun moves, and the colors of the air.
I think each canyon-river keeps its flowing there
Within the deepest constancy.
Call then the sun and jackets pageantry.

Edward Sapir
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

POEMS

THE LITTLE DEITY ALONE IN THE DESERT

My life is here
A contemplation of slow days and distant women.

Women standing in the sky-line
As if about to turn into their shawls and leave their doorways.

The illimitable movement of my hand
Across the desert
Contrives against their motions and my being.

LATE WINTER

The duller plains of dawn
near this
Gray 'dobe of bare fruit-trees—

hesitant
A foot upon the sill.

A REQUIEM FOR THE MEMORY OF BEES

Lake Michigan

A brown flowering tree
On twilight
Was but a farther spinning of
the sprinkled blackbirds.

[318]
A woman walking,
The evening dying.
Her dress among low blossoms.

Among low blossoms
Lake water humming.

CHICAGO SPRING

Before returning to Santa Fe

I walk on the streets
Before nightfall—
The lake clear and still
Between young leaves.

My body is gentle
As the light on the pavement.
My fingers play on the air
Like evening wind running in leaves.

But there is no one—
Only return,
Only old roads of last summer,
An old fence like dead leaves.

The hand of God
Is heavier than mountains.
It stands on the air
Like an odor.
OLD SPRING

The flowering crabtrees
Have melted like the twilights.

Here a brown road
Dull amid bark shadows
And an old man walking—

And between the woods
The dandelions
Like dried scattered leaves.

But in my country
The spring is old.
The violet and red
Are laid in earth,
Will not be lost.

And I there, standing,
Or moving slowly.

THE SILENT DAYS

Here men go
In and out of doors
And women stand—

Beneath dry trees
A child drifts and is still.

[320]
With brevity
Men break a bitter bread.

My books
Are fallen leaves—
I, unidentified,
As books passed by at will.

LAMENT, BESIDE AN ACEQUIA, FOR THE WIFE OF
AWA-TSIREH

Two caballeros,
Smooth in the valley,
Laughed—their horses bucked.
The summer foaming.

San Ildefonso
In colors
Faint as dust—
Flower-dripping dancers—
One cannot think
So far away.

And thinking,
Women die,
O Awa-tsireh!

The faded roads
May never move.

[321]
"THE FRAGILE SEASON"

The scent of summer thins,
The air grows cold.

One walks alone
And chafes one's hands.

The fainter aspens
Thin to air.

The dawn
Is frost on roads.

This ending of the year
Is like the lacy ending
Of a last year's leaf
Turned up in silence.

Air gives way to cold.  

Yvor Winters
COMMENT

MEA CULPA

WITH this number POETRY completes a decade—October first it will be ten years old. The eve of one's birthday may be the appropriate moment for reflection and more or less penitential confession.

Mea culpa—so the orthodox confession begins; with a humble mind must one approach the sacred closet. And the mood is not difficult, considering how frequently we are prodded toward humility. "You have wasted a great opportunity," writes one correspondent. "You are possibly five per cent better than The Century," says another—no less trenchant an authority than Ezra Pound. "I have loved POETRY, but your disparagement of the great Rostand makes me wish I had a five-year subscription to withdraw," deposes a third. "Will you never stop dealing out free verse and pretending it is poetry?" cries a fourth. And a fifth complains that only the rhymer's tinkle rings through our pages now.

All this—and much more—on the artistic side. Of course we might put up a defence, setting forth our manifold achievements; but that would not be fitting in a penitent. And the editor realizes only too deeply the magazine's many errors and derelictions; whatever it has done for the cause, unquestionably it might have done much more under the all-wise guidance of complete and perfect competence.

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POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

But it is on the business side that the editor is most sincerely penitent and humble: here, somehow or other, we have indeed missed our opportunity—we have not persuaded the poetry-loving public to subscribe in sufficient numbers to support the magazine. Ten years ago our guarantors—more than an hundred they were then—accepted the responsibility of a rash experiment for the benefit of an art then neglected and decried. It seemed reasonable to hope that within five years a circulation of ten thousand or more would assure the magazine's continuance by making it modestly self-supporting. Now that twice five years have passed there is still no prospect of the fulfilment of this hope; the future of the magazine is precarious because it still rests on the generosity and continued loyalty of its guarantors.

The editor accuses herself. If she had had a small modicum of ordinary business instinct, she might have found a larger "audience" and rallied it to the support of the poets' organ—for, imperfect as it may be, POETRY is, by general consent, the leading organ of the art in the English-speaking world. There must be at least ten thousand people in this country who would wish to help support this organ if we could reach them and persuade them of their need of it, of the country's need of it. But unfortunately we have not known how to reach out and persuade. Small advertising, in these days of enormous expenditures for publicity, is simply money wasted. Circularizing, in these days of over-burdened
mails, doesn't pay for the stamps on the envelopes. Yet the public has become so accustomed to the advertiser’s dope that they rely on it like a morphine-eater, and pay no attention to those who do not supply, in conspicuous and never-ceasing profusion, the artificial stimulus.

What is to be done? The editor confesses frankly that she does not know. The magazine ought to go on, it would be bitterly missed—this seems beyond question if one may believe the proofs that come by every mail, and the emphatic assurances of people who know the work it is doing. Its influence is out of proportion to its subscription list, because it is widely quoted by the newspapers and is used in extenso by all the innumerable modern anthologists; not to mention the young men and women far and near who receive from it their first stimulus toward artistic expression, and feed their souls on it, often in remote corners of this vast country and against formidable spiritual isolation.

The editor is tempted to quote here an editorial which appeared in the magazine eight years ago this month. By this time we should have outgrown the need of it, but, mea culpa, it is as true now as it was then. It was entitled A Word to Our Readers:

Are you convinced of the value of our unique experiment for the support and encouragement of a universal and indispensable art? Do you wish the magazine to continue beyond the period for which it is subsidized? Do you wish its policy to be one of increasing liberality toward the poets and their public, working always toward more just appreciation and recompense for the former, and for the latter a presentation of the best the art has to offer?
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The permanence of the magazine lies not with us, but with you. Given life and health, we can pledge to its support our best service, and—under the usual limitations of human error—increasing knowledge and efficiency; for there is much education in such work as this. But our labor will not avail for permanence unless we can reach the public for poetry which must exist in this vast country, and in the wide provinces of the English-speaking world. And we can not find that public unless you help us.

We must be advertised by our friends. Other advertising, in these days of enormously expensive displays of it, is costly and often futile. We have preferred to reserve our endowment fund for our contributors, the poets, in order to increase the intrinsic value of the magazine. The direct advertisement of recommendation is the only possible means of increasing its scope and influence.

Thus you, and you alone, can give us really effective aid toward reaching a circulation large enough to enable us to stand alone. You can help us in any or all of the following ways:

*First,* send or renew your own subscription.

*Second,* persuade one or more of your friends and neighbors to subscribe.

*Third,* see that your social and literary clubs subscribe.

*Fourth,* see that the public library in your town carries one or more subscriptions.

*Fifth,* talk about the magazine; either praise or blame will indicate your interest.

To those who wish to give more to the magazine than the amount of their subscription, we extend a cordial invitation to join our body of guarantors. Full guarantors pay fifty dollars a year, or in a few instances one hundred. They receive the magazine each month, as many copies as they order, and full reports once a year. Like members of art institutes, and of operatic, dramatic and orchestral societies, like donors of prizes and scholarships in schools and exhibitions of painting, sculpture, architecture and music; like these, our guarantors are patrons of a great art, one which, equally with the other arts, needs public encouragement, and even endowment, if it is to achieve its triumphs. By encouraging the art, by staking something on their faith in those who practice it, they increase their own enjoyment of it, and receive
perhaps more than they give, so that the adventure is of mutual benefit.

Another way of contributing largely is to offer a prize. This way is recommended especially to clubs. We should like to give as many prizes annually as the Carnegie Institute of Pittsburgh or the Art Institute of Chicago.

In this art an urgent need is for the endowment of scholarships, especially traveling scholarships. The modern world—modern thought and art—is cosmopolitan. A young poet, even more than a young aspirant in the other arts, needs a certain amount of cosmopolitan training and experience. For the lack of it he may develop narrowly, remaining provincial and laggard-minded. It is an incredible and inexcusable omission that the expensively endowed American Academy at Rome does not include poets among the young artists it subsidizes; indeed, they are precisely the ones who would perhaps benefit the most by a few years' residence in Rome. The editor has in mind now three or four promising young poets to whom a scholarship would be of incalculable benefit.

Many inspiring words encouraged me while I was explaining the project of the magazine to possible guarantors. One of these, a Chicago lawyer, said, "Of course put me down—I don't know any better way to pay my debt to Shelley." What do you owe, you who read this article, to Shelley? to Coleridge, Milton, Shakespeare? to Molière, Dante, Sappho, Homer? to all the great poets whose immortal singing has incalculably enriched life, become an integral part of the mind of the race? Have you ever felt an obligation to pay a little of that immeasurable debt? Is there any other way to pay your debt to the great dead poets than by supporting and encouraging the poets now alive? Among them may be the founders of a renaissance, among them may be an immortal. In a sense not only actual and immediate, but permanent, mystic and profound, their fate is in your hands.

Like many another penitent confessing his sins, the editor ends with a nefarious attempt to shift, or at least to share, responsibility. She does not know how to make the magazine self-supporting—do you?

H. M.
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ON TRANSLATING CHINESE POETRY

II

Probably most of us met these poems first in the translations by scholars—Herbert A. Giles of Cambridge or Legge of Oxford. Legge’s translations are in scrupulous prose, Giles’ in rhymed verse which Arthur Waley says “combines rhyme and literalness with wonderful dexterity.” Giles’ translations are the more widely known, but are now rather scoffed at by many of the newer school of poets. In justice to Giles, however, it must be remembered that at least the greater part of these translations appeared in 1896, before the present movement towards simplification of poetry was started, and before the English poets themselves had discovered that English may be used with classic simplicity. They are therefore in a poetic idiom foreign to our day. But we owe Giles none the less a great debt of gratitude on this as well as on other scores.

In 1913 Helen Waddell published a slender volume, _Lyrics from the Chinese_—the first translations into English, so far as my knowledge goes, which belong to the new movement in English poetry. They are done from Legge’s literal translations, and although they have never been so generally known as they deserve to be, they seem to me to controvert the claim made by the publishers of Amy Lowell’s and Florence Ayscough’s new volume, _Fir-flower Tablets_, that “This is the first time that an English version of Chinese poems has been
at once the work of a sinologue and a poet.” They are in rhymed verse as direct as Sara Teasdale’s lyrics, and to me often very beautiful. Here, for instance, is her version of one of the odes:

How say they that the Ho is wide,
When I could ford it if I tried?
How say they Sung is far away,
When I can see it every day?

Yet must indeed the Ho be deep
When I have never dared to leap;
And since I am content to stay,
Sung must be very far away.

If one bears in mind the fact that the original is rhymed and patterned, does Miss Lowell’s new free-verse version, with its American colloquialisms, seem an improvement?

Who says the Ho is wide?
Why, one little reed can bridge it.

Who says that Sung is far?
I stand on tiptoe and see it.

Who says the Ho is wide?
Why, the smallest boat cannot enter.

Who says that Sung is far?
It takes not a morning to reach it.

L. Cranmer-Byng, with his *A Lute of Jade* and *A Feast of Lanterns*, struck a more popular chord, and it is perhaps a personal matter that they do not move me as the Waddell translations do. They are partially rhymed and partially unrhymed. To me it seems that they are not
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quite one thing or the other, neither very good English verse nor very scrupulous translations.

Another interesting, though slightly Latinized, volume is Whitall's rendering of the French versions of Judith Gautier's *Le Livre de Jade*. And we have had other sorts of translations: the airy snatches of Ezra Pound some years ago, who chose a single image that pleased him from a long poem and gave us that only; the fantasies of E. Powys Mathers, so over-decorated as to be genuinely dishonest, the dreadful doggerel of W. A. P. Martin, the trite and wearisome mouthings of Charles Budd, not to mention the numerous "interpretations."

Then came Arthur Waley's admirable translations, at once so simple and so scholarly, carrying with them an instant conviction of authenticity. This, we felt, was the substance and spirit of these old poets at last.

Yet, such is the carping nature of mankind, we no sooner had so much than we began to wish for the magic also. For Mr. Waley's word sense, excellent as it is, still falls short of the ultimate subtlety of magic. It is probably with the hope of restoring this magic that Amy Lowell with Florence Ayscough, and Witter Bynner with Dr. Kiang Kang-hu, have now taken up the work. Miss Lowell's book is a welcome addition, since it gives us many new and charming poems in a contemporary technique. Yet I for one cannot quite trust Miss Lowell. She has given us so many racial interpretations—Japanese, Indian and others—which were all essentially herself,
that when I find that this too reads like her own poems I doubt their essentially Chinese quality. She has surely too vivid a personality to make a good translator. Mr. Bynner’s book is not yet out, but from the examples I have seen it promises to be the most satisfying of the free-verse translations in the matter of magic.

Such, roughly, is the history of the recent attempts to translate Chinese classical poetry into English. Let me give, for comparison, three different versions of the same poem. It is by the Lady Pan Chieh-Yu, chief favorite of the emperor who ruled China B. C. 36-32 and was sent him with a fan by the lady when she had been supplanted by a younger rival. The first translation is by Giles, in his history of Chinese literature:

O fair white silk, fresh from the weaver’s loom,
Clear as the frost, bright as the winter snow—
See! friendship fashions out of thee a fan,
Round as the round moon shines in heaven above;
At home, abroad, a close companion thou,
Stirring at every move the grateful gale.
And yet I fear—ah me!—that autumn chills,
Cooling the dying summer’s torrid rage,
Will see thee laid neglected on the shelf,
All thought of bygone days like them bygone.

Here is Ezra Pound’s version—he does not call it a translation—of the same, from the first Imagist anthology:

O fan of white silk
    clear as frost on the grass-blade,
You also are laid aside.

The third is Amy Lowell’s, from Fir-flower Tablets:
Glazed silk, newly cut, smooth, glittering, white,
As white, as clear, even as frost and snow.
Perfectly fashioned into a fan,
Round, round, like the brilliant moon,
Treasured in my Lord's sleeve, taken out, put in—
Wave it, shake it, and a little wind flies from it.
How often I fear the autumn season's coming,
And the fierce, cold wind that scatters the blazing heat.
Discarded, passed by, laid in a box alone;
Such a little time, and the thing of love cast off.

Perhaps by comparing the three the western reader may arrive at some idea of what the Chinese poem is like, as a surveyor, by taking three slants at a mountain, can measure it. And if he adds thereto a knowledge of the complex form in which it is written, he may even get a fairly correct idea. It is a laborious process, but can one who does not read Chinese find a better?

Eunice Tietjens

REVIEWS

HIS HOME TOWN

Slabs of the Sun-burnt West, by Carl Sandburg. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

The books of this man are piling up. Chicago Poems, Cornhuskers, Smoke and Steel, and now these Slabs—all these since that day in 1914 when, unknown to fame, he stormed POETRY’s doors and picked up the first Levinson Prize, thereby exciting a loud hee-haw of protest from the arbiters of taste; indeed, all these since 1916,
when the first book was published. Eight years, and the arbiters of taste have come round, so that two of these books have been beprized without arousing their derision. Eight years, and this radical of 1914 is becoming vieux jeu to the young radicals of 1922, who would elbow him out of the muses’ presence even as he unwittingly elbowed out Neihardt and George Sterling and Madison Cawein.

What of this fourth book?—does it keep up the pace? Well, any book which contains *The Windy City* and *Washington Monument by Night* can not be said to show a flagging of poetic energy. The former is more compact, more definitely planned and shaped, than either *Prairie* or *Smoke and Steel*, and it carries its big subject throughout with an assured and easy power. It is perhaps too early to say whether it contains passages of such imaginative intensity as a few in these other two long poems—for example, the finale of *Prairie*, with the line, “The past is a bucket of ashes”; but it does achieve a certain splendor; it is a magnificent interpretation of a great modern town, with all her imperfections on her head, and all her glories too.

Let us examine this modern ode, the poet’s latest word about Chicago, as “Hog-butcher of the world” was his earliest. The early poem had the forthright directness of a powerful etching done in a few bold lines. The second swings a big brushful of color, puts in background and foreground, light and shadow, shapes up a balanced
composition on a large canvas. We see "the lean hands of wagon men . . . shaping the junk of the earth to a new city," we see how "the junk stood up into skyscrapers." We hear the red men naming

The place of the skunk,
The river of the wild-onion smell,
Shee-caw-go.

And later the poet commands:

Lash yourself to the bastion of a bridge
And listen while the black cataracts of people go by, baggage, bundles, balloons—listen while they jazz the classics.

And this is what we hear:

"Since when did you kiss yourself in?
And who do you think you are?
Come across, kick in, loosen up.
Where do you get that chatter?"

"Beat up the short-change artists—
They never did nothin' for you.
How do you get that way?—
Tell me and I'll tell the world.
I'll say so, I'll say it is."

"You're trying to crab my act.
You poor fish, you mackerel,
You ain't got the sense God
Gave an oyster—it's raining—
What you want is an umbrella."

... ... ... ...

"Hush baby,
It ain't how old you are,
It's how old you look,

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His Home Town

It ain’t what you got,
It’s what you can get away with.”

“Tell ’em, honey.
Ain’t it the truth, sweetheart?
Watch your step.
You said it.
You said a mouthful.
We’re all a lot of damn fourflushers.”

The American temperament is there—American good-humor joshing itself in a slouching march-movement of slang.

We feel a big poet-spirit going along with the founding of the city and the lifting up of “the living lighted skyscrapers,” going along with all the man-size jobs that changed a few huts on a marsh into a great modern town; and there is a large broom-sweeping irony for the comfortable people who profit by these labors in their smoothly ordered lives, and for the superior people who criticize the results:

It is easy to listen to the haberdasher customers hand each other their easy chatter—it is easy to die alive, to register a living thumbprint and be dead from the neck up.

It is easy to come here a stranger and show the whole works, write a book, fix it all up—it is easy to come and go away a muddle-headed pig, a bum and a bag of wind.

And then the spirit of the city rises and shakes off these little encumbrances with a grin:

Chicago fished from its depths a text: “Independent as a hog on ice.”

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That grotesque old saying was as familiar as Yankee Doodle in my childhood, for my father found it a beloved simile. Applied to Chicago, it is a true "text," in spite of the seeming sensitiveness of local pride. And like other grotesques flirting for an instant their rags of scarlet, it trails the purple shadow of tragedy:

Forgive us if the monotonous houses go mile on mile
Along monotonous streets out to the prairies;
If the faces of the houses mumble hard words
At the streets, and the street voices only say:
"Dust and a bitter wind shall come."
Forgive us if . . .

There are many ifs, especially:

Forgive us if we work so hard,
And the muscles bunch clumsy on us,
And we never know why we work so hard—
If the big houses with little families
And the little houses with big families
Sneer at each other's bars of misunderstanding;
Pity us when we shackle and kill each other,
And believe at first we understand,
And later say we wonder why.

And out of it all—beauty; beauty beaten out of the innumerable desperate dreamful shifts of change:

The library building named after Crerar, naked as a stock-farm silo, light as a single eagle-feather, stripped like an airplane propeller, takes a path up.
Two cool new rivets say, "Maybe it is morning"—"God knows."
Put the city up; tear the city down; put it up again; let us find a city.
Let us remember the little violet-eyed man who gave all, praying, "Dig and dream, dream and hammer, till your city comes."

[336]
Every day the people sleep and the city dies; every day the people shake loose, awake and build the city again.

"I will die as many times as you make me over again," says the city to the people.

So the poet goes on to "mention proud things"—there is a high pride throughout the poem, as well as the hog-on-ice independence of the man who cares not whether all the world decries and defames. Proud things such as:

The jack-knife bridge opening; the ore boats,
the wheat barges passing through.

Three overland trains arriving the same hour . . .

... a carload of shorthorns . . .

And the final section of the poem is an invocation to the winds, the city's fierce-breathing blessing and bane:

Winds of the Windy City,
Winds of corn and sea blue,
Spring wind white and fighting winter gray,
Come home here—they nickname a city for you.

The winds of Chicago are in the poem—it has a big sweeping generous movement. It goes—and it goes forward.

Washington Monument by Night is one of its author's finest lyrics—and that is saying a great deal. At the Gates of Tombs has something of the big sad grotesque humor we remember in Losers; and we linger a minute with Primer Lesson and the closing lines of Harsk, harsk. But the rest of the book seems loosely put together. The unknown soldier poem, And So Today, says nothing
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new or in a new manner; surely there was a subject here, but this serves up what we all read in the newspapers. As for the title-poem, in the second section it succeeds at first in suggesting something of the exalted but flabbergasting bewilderment—as of a man knocked cold by sublimity—which overwhelms many a tourist at his first view of the Grand Canyon of Arizona. The interview with God, and the summing-up of man's absurd incompetence, are not bad—through their rough-and-tumble humor one feels the deeper inexpressible emotion. But the mood thins out, lifting again for only the final lyric, which is fine.

Perhaps Mr. Sandburg hasn't stayed long enough as yet in the sun-burnt Far West. He doesn't feel it as deeply as he does his own Windy City. H. M.

MURIEL STUART


Courage and passion blow out the structure of these poems. The initial idea is slight, as in the heartrending tale of war, It's Rose-time Here; and sometimes fantastic, as in The Centaur's Love; but always it is handled with sureness, with a high fearlessness, and passion is always there sweeping each poem along, farther and farther away from the commonplace. There is never any sentimentality; even with such a subject as The Bastard Miss Stuart manages to keep gloriously free of this customary fem-
inine weakness. This poem, like most of the others, is too long to quote in its entirety:

Here thou art safe as roses in the bud,
Safe from the wind that will not spare the rose;
Here thou art daily and divinely fed
   On holy wine and bread
That none deny—my body and my blood.
I house thee, myself the sacrament;
And I am great with thee, as souls with God.

Lie still awhile; thy beauty builds my shame—
The shame thou dost so innocently bring:
At thy beseeching blood my blood grows tame;
Thy body makes my own most wearisome,
And with thy kindling lips my lips become
Colder; within me something daily dies.
Yet oh, most sweet, I do not quarrel thee,
For more desired thou art than chastity;
Closer thou art than eyelids over eyes,
Than kissing lips or clasping hands can be;
As flame with flame, as tide with tide thou art;
Nearer, much nearer, than myself to me:
I carry Heaven beneath my laboring heart.

In The Cockpit of Idols, a young priest converses with a harlot—a melodramatic theme, yet it justifies itself, because here again Miss Stuart is sure in her treatment and unfaltering in her courage. And the inevitable and obvious end, when the priest says:

I walked with God in every noisy street,
And saw in every creature that passed by
Christ go forth too and mingle with the crowd . . .

though weak, is forgiven, because of such lines as:

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In the dim church the warm deep-bosomed air
Swelled on remembered music, whose last note
Yearned in the organ's throat.

The shorter poems are like charming asides, which are not unusual, but linger because of the directness of their appeal. For instance, Common Fires:

The fern and flame had fought and died together,
From fading front the failing smoke crept grey;
The heath drew close her old brown shawl of heather,
   And turned her face away.

Today the bee no bell of honey misses,
The birds are nesting where the bracken lies
Green, tranquil, deep, quiet as dreams or kisses
   On weary lips and eyes.

The heath has drawn the blackened threads together,
My heart has closed her lips upon old pain,
But somewhere, in my heart and in the heather,
   No bud shall grow again.

Marion Strobel

TRANQUIL TUNES

Cross-currents, by Margaret Widdemer. Harcourt, Brace & Co.

A pleasant and well-mannered collection, which has what might be termed a stage presence; for the fundamental idea of each poem—and all of them have an idea, though seldom a very original one—is put across with authority. Miss Widdemer is no novice. Her ear is keenly attuned to the popular taste; sometimes too keenly attuned, for occasionally she overdoes her effort to please,
and her verses become as conventionally sentimental as the *Blue Danube* waltz. It is as though she shouted to her audience: "Stay with me. I have pleased you—I can please you still more!" And as a proof of it she offers *Wisdom*:

I wonder, was it well  
That you should lift your hand  
And call me from the withered ring  
I thought was fairyland?

For where I heard the pipes and flutes  
Now I can only hear  
A little sad wind blowing,  
A little wind of fear.

And where I saw wild banners wing  
Gold-purple in the sky  
I see the world where sorry folk  
With heavy hearts go by. . . .

Oh, it is true, is true—  
But oh, the cruel hand  
That called me from the withered ring  
I thought was Fairyland!

However, though there are several poems as mild as the above, and though we look in vain for unusual wording, or rhythm, or for an arresting simile, nevertheless the poems have a charm of simplicity. They are clear-cut. An emotion, though at times a superficial one, is there. And in a number of instances, most of which are to be found under the subdivision *About Living*, there is delicacy of feeling, knowledge of life, and sweetness without sentimentality. For instance, *Liberation*: 

[341]
I used to think I mattered so
    That when I laughed and when I cried
The sun and stars would turn to know
    If what I asked for was denied;
I did not know of this my pride,
Nor how my thoughts with stars were strung . . .
    Such stately dreams God lets us ride
When we are innocent and young.

Instead of dancing down my spring
    Oh, I went grave and watchfully—
They seemed so very great a thing,
    My ways to Life and hers to me . . .
How good it is to go so free,
To let all stars and sceptres fall!
    For nothing matters now to me,
Who do not matter now at all.

Miss Widdemer speaks many times of God and Heaven, two words which do not appear often in modern poetry. And her belief that “He is so serviceable and so kind” is, in itself, refreshing, and an interesting contrast to the popular pagan cry.

Marion Strobel

ONE POET SPEAKS FOR HIMSELF

The Magpie’s Shadow, by Yvor Winters. Musterbook-house, Chicago.

Yvor Winters is one of the rare American poets who are active critically, and whose theories are not laid by during the creative process. With him art is sacrosanct; therefore, he says, let us discover the nature of this art. His first book, The Immobile Wind, was an inquiry and an answer. The elementary thought, what Croce calls
the "intuition," forms, unforms, and re-forms itself like protoplasm. Ultimately it assumes a conclusive shape. However, no matter what the terms into which it has been translated, the elementary thought will still be sensed as a nucleus. Form is indigenous, although certain formal habits may accrue. Thus one finds in the same small book a poem as dry and sparse metrically as Hawk's Eye, and another, Death Goes Before Me, transforming the English language, by attention to harmony of vowel-pitch, into a medium as fluent as that employed by Verlaine. The Magpie's Shadow is prefigured by lines like these from poems in The Immobile Wind:

Far whispers creeping through an ancient shell.
Life is in lichens
That sleep as they run.
And if men pass
They pass like birds
With necks craning aside.
Stillness is like the beating of a drum.

A disillusionment which knows science and discounts reality universalized through the emotions. I have found Vico quoted as saying: "Metaphysics lifts itself above the universals; the poetical faculty must plunge itself in particulars." Yvor Winters does both, forcing the first into coherence by means of the second.

Of The Magpie's Shadow there is little to say. It has violent friends and violent antagonists who argue viciously [343]
and futilely with "I like" and "I don't like." For myself, when I find in twenty-eight six-syllable poems not only a complete seasonal cycle but such a cycle with both individual and universal implications, "I like." Here is one of them, No Being:

I, bent. Thin nights receding.

It is impossible to classify this poetry, which is so new to us. It is as fundamental and economical as a primitive (I am thinking of certain Chippewa poems), and at the same time, with its surgically conscious introspective-ness, distinctly modern. One might say, impressionism; one might say, symbolism. It includes both and more.

*Spring Rain*  My door-frame smells of leaves.

*Fields*  I did not pick

   a flower.

*Alone*  I saw day's shadow strike.

I should say Mr. Winters speaks for himself.

Pearl Andelson

TEACHER AND CRITIC


There is an abundance of books which analyze poetry, and of books which tell how to write poetry. Since Poe, however, few poets have explained how they write. Robert Graves does this and does it well. He gives concrete examples from his own experience as a poet, and
discusses the subjective experiences which he holds are the bases of a number of well-known poems not of his own composition.

At the same time this is no mere textbook on the writing of verse. The author treats of the fundamental subjective basis for poetry. He adopts largely the theory of Dr. Freud, with which I believe most practicing poets will agree. This, in brief, is his explanation:

The poet, consciously or unconsciously, is always either taking in or giving out; he hears, observes, weighs, guesses, condenses, idealizes, and the new ideas troop quietly into his mind until suddenly every now and again two of them violently quarrel and drag into the fight a group of other ideas that have been loitering about at the back of his mind for years. There is great excitement, noise and bloodshed; with finally a reconciliation and drinks all around. The poet writes a tactful police-report on the affair, and there is the poem.

The book contains also comments on a wide variety of subjects related to poetry, ranging from the poet's dress to details of cross-rhythm and resolution. The remarks are of varying merit—the discussion of vers libre, for example, is inconsequential; but Mr. Graves makes no claim to utterance ex cathedra.

This is one of the few works on English verse that possess any magic of style. In this respect it deserves a place in the honorable succession represented by Sidney, Shelley, Poe, and Eastman. Indeed, the style is one of the chief charms of the book. The fanciful humor, the aphoristic satire, and the quiet whimsicality which are present in Mr. Graves' poems are evident to an even
greater extent in this prose volume. Never does he commit the common fault of the critic—taking himself too seriously.

Nelson Antrim Crawford

ASIA


*Selections from the Rubaiyat of Hafiz*, translated by a member of the Persia Society of London. John Lane.


China and Japan, their literature and their art, have had of late a renascence within another renascence—that of our own art and literature. Discussions and imitations of Chinese and Japanese poetry have inundated the poetry magazines and publishers; and some modern poets go so far as to tell the vers-librists that they should all write like the Japanese of old, or bosh to that effect. Although the discussions and imitations bore us, we stand in awe at the portentous spectacle that artistic Asia offers.

This portentous spectacle would be made more magnificent by the advent of two little books by E. Powys Mathers, would-be translations of folk-songs and ancient and modern poems of Asia, love songs mostly, if . . . . there is an if: if said poems and songs were actually of ancient and modern Asia, and not, as some scholars
assure us, more or less faked. But Mr. Mathers is not just a faker, he is a poet, as the following, whether a translation or not, bears witness:

I thought it was snowing
Flowers; but it was this young lady
Coming towards me.

These two books, bearing such lovely titles, are full of such poems as that. *Colored Stars*, being the shorter, is the better book.

A laudatory word should be due to every person who gives us a glimpse of the art of Asia. But sometimes this glimpse is so perverted, as in the case of the Hafiz selections and the translations we find in *Early Persian Poetry*, that our thanks are given grudgingly if at all. This member of the Persian Society of London, translator of Hafiz—his being unnamed is probably an apology—ought to have had one good friend to tell him to keep his hands off Hafiz; said friend would have proved a good friend of Hafiz also. This turban-and-slippers, ancient and venerable Turk, who, they assure us, is as great as Dante, is made up by the member of the Persia Society of London to look like the Sweet Singer of Michigan. And all this because the translator has taken it upon himself to render in rhyme the Rubaiyat of Hafiz; rhyme being one too many for him. Possibly he would have done a better job had he undertaken to translate Hafiz literally, and in prose. The effort wasted in frantically fishing for the rhyme might have been turned to better
use in a search for the right word. But who knows?—it might have turned out something like Mark Twain’s translation of his own Jumping Frog from the French. It’s no use. Mere scribblers ought to leave the poets of other nations alone, they ought to let dead poets sleep the sleep of the just in their cool tombs. Only a poet, and a good one, may translate adequately the work of another poet. It is this fact that makes works of art of Fitzgerald’s translation of the Rubaiyat of Omar Khayyam, Baudelaire’s translations of Poe’s tales, etc.

We make the same complaint concerning Chips of Jade and Betel Nuts, except that the rhymed translations by Arthur Guiterman are graceful and attractive:

Oh, when the Whale lies floundering in the Shoal
How all the Minnows laugh to see him roll!

But who knows whether the originals were merely graceful and pretty, or sheer funny, as some of these proverbs of China and India are? Who knows how much of the spirit of majestic Hindu and Chinese proverbs, how much of the mysticism of them, was lost in this graceful and pretty handling, which inevitably makes the proverbs petty and levels them all?

Early Persian Poetry is interesting as a book of history. But if we must consider the translations included as fair examples of the work of these Persian poets we must perforce reach the conclusion that they are a race of drivellers and doggerel-makers; which cannot, of course, be true.

Emanuel Carnevali
NOTES

Mr. Ezra Pound announces the formation of a group called the Bel Esprit, to consist of thirty or more persons who will have the high privilege of contributing fifty dollars each a year toward the support of some literary artist, in order that this artist may have enough leisure and freedom from care to devote himself to his art.

The first beneficiary of the fund so contributed is to be T. S. Eliot, whose work in Lloyd's Bank has been exhausting not only to his art but to his health as well. A three-months' rest last winter was insufficient to restore him, as anyone with jangled nerves would know; and work in a bank is at best hardly conducive to intimate service of the muse.

About ten more subscribers are needed in the Bel Esprit. If any of Poetry's readers should care to join this group, the editor will be glad to forward his name, or money, or both, to the committee in charge. It is understood, but not precisely stated, that the beneficiaries of the Bel Esprit are to be Americans, as this country, unlike England, bestows no literary pensions.

Laura Sherry (Mrs. Edward P.), of Milwaukee, Wis., has been for some years director of the Wisconsin Players, an organization which has been prominent in the "little theatre" movement, and has published two or three volumes of plays.

Mr. Yvor Winters, formerly of Chicago, but now a resident of Santa Fe, N. M., is the author of The Immobile Wind, (Monroe Wheeler) and of The Magpie's Shadow (Musterbookhouse) reviewed in this number.

Miss Emmy Veronica Sanders, now sojourning in Italy, is a cosmopolite, born in Amsterdam, who has lived in many countries and has published essays, poems, etc., in a number of languages. She now swears allegiance, however, to English.

Leonora Speyer (Mrs. Edgar Speyer), of New York, is the author of A Canopic Jar (E. P. Dutton & Co.). Poetry is a recent discovery with Mrs. Speyer; as a girl she was a violinist of high repute.

Mr. Edward Sapir, a graduate of Columbia, is now a resident of Ottawa, being employed in the Geological Survey of Canada.
Mr. Louis Grudin, of New York, hopes to publish this fall his first book of verse, *Charlatan*.

Miss Iris Barry is a young English poet.

The other three poets appear here for the first time.

Mr. Arthur H. Nethercot, of Evanston, Ill., has been of late in the English department of Northwestern University, and president of its Poetry Club.

Sally Bruce Kinsolving (Mrs. A. B.), of Baltimore, is the author of *Depths and Shallows*; also of *David and Bathsheba*, a play and lyrics, to be offered this autumn by the same publishers, the Norman Remington Co.

Mr. Leon Herald is a young poet of Milwaukee, Wis.

Mr. Aksel K. Bodholdt, a vice-president of the Central Trust Company of Illinois which is the custodian of *Poetry’s* trust-fund, has kindly consented to serve on our Administrative Committee in the place made vacant by the untimely death of William T. Abbott. Mr. Abbott’s long service to the magazine is gratefully recorded in the title-page section accompanying this number.

**BOOKS RECEIVED**

**ORIGINAL VERSE:**

*Gedichte*, by George Sylvester Viereck. Translated into German, Hesse & Becker, Leipsig, Germany.

*Lute and Furrow*, by Olive Tilford Dargan. Chas. Scribner’s Sons.


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"The introduction of this anthology gives a most enlightening discussion of the development and tendencies of the so-called 'new poetry.'"—From the classified list of contemporary poets compiled by Anne Morris Boyd, A. B., B. L. S., Instructor in the University of Illinois Library School.

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

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

To Mr. S. O. Levinson, for the Helen Haire Levinson Prize of two hundred dollars, to be awarded for the ninth time; to the anonymous guarantor who will present, for the eighth time, a prize of one hundred dollars; and to the Friday Club of Chicago, which has donated one hundred dollars for a prize to a young poet.

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

The editor records with deep regret the death, on May twenty-ninth, of Mr. William T. Abbott. In spite of his arduous more important duties, Mr. Abbott has most graciously served as a member of POETRY’s Administrative Committee ever since the magazine was founded; and the high authority of his name has been, to our guarantors and the public, an assurance of financial soundness. This service will always be remembered with gratitude by the staff of the magazine.

The death, on February sixteenth, of Mr. John S. Miller, the distinguished Chicago lawyer, removed from our immediate presence one of the most loyal friends of the magazine, who had been one of its guarantors from the beginning. The editor remembers vividly and gratefully a witty and discriminating speech which Mr. Miller made at a POETRY banquet, showing the depth of his appreciation of the “new movement,” and of the magazine’s aims and ideals.
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To have great poets
there must be great audiences too.

Whitman

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