The Evening Land
by D. H. Lawrence
“Picture Ahead”
by John V. A. Weaver
Women
by Florence Kiper Frank
Announcement of Awards
I have been Chairman of the Committee on Poetry for the New York State Federation, and have been giving a good many talks on poetry. I have found your magazine more real help than any other source of information—I refer constantly to my files for both poems and reviews.

Louise Driscoll

Vol. XXI No. II

POETRY for NOVEMBER, 1922

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O AMERICA,
The sun sets in you!
Are you the grave of our day?

Shall I come to you, the open tomb of my race?

I would come, if I felt my hour had struck;
I would rather you came to me.

For that matter,
Mahomet never went to any mountain
Save it had first approached him and cajoled his soul.

You have cajoled the souls of millions of us,
America—
Why won’t you cajole my soul?  
I wish you would.

I confess I am afraid of you.

The catastrophe of your exaggerate love,  
You who never find yourself in love  
But only lose yourself further, decomposing.

You who never recover, out of the orgasm of loving,  
Your pristine isolate integrity, lost aeons ago,  
Your singleness within the universe.

You who in loving break down,  
And break further and further down  
Your bounds of isolation,  
But who never rise, resurrected, from this grave of mingling,  
In a new proud singleness, America.

Your more-than-European idealism,  
Like a be-aureoled, bleached skeleton hovering  
Its cage-ribs in the social heaven, beneficent.

And then your sing’e resurrection  
Into machine-uprisen perfect man.

Even the winged skeleton of your bleached ideal  
Is not so frightening as that clean smooth  
Automaton of your uprisen self,  
Machine American.

[60]
Do you wonder that I am afraid to come
And answer the first machine-cut question from the lips of
your iron men?—
Put the first cents into metallic fingers of your officers,
And sit beside the steel-straight arms of your fair women,
American?

I am so terrified, America,
Of the solid click of your human contact;
And after this
The winding-sheet of your selfless ideal love—
Boundless love,
Like a poison gas.

Does no one realize that love should be intense,
Not boundless?
This boundless love is like the bad smell
Of something gone wrong in the middle—
All this philanthropy and benevolence on other people’s
behalf
Just a bad smell.

Yet, America,
Your elvishness,
Your New England uncanniness,
Your western brutal faery quality.

My soul is half-cajoled, half-cajoled.

Something in you which carries me beyond,
Yankee, Yankee—
What we call human—
Carries me where I want to be carried.

What does it matter
What we call human, and what we don’t call human?
The rose would smell as sweet.
And to be limited by a mere word is to be less than a hopping flea, which hops over such an obstruction at his first jump.

Your horrible, skeleton, aureoled ideal;
Your weird bright perfect productive mechanism—
Two spectres.

But moreover,
A dark unfathomed wistfulness, utterly un-Jewish;
A grave stoic endurance, non-European;
An ultimate fearlessness, un-African;
An irrational generosity, non-Oriental.

The strange unaccustomed geste of your elvish, New World nature
Glimpsed now and then.

Nobody knows you;
You don’t know yourself.
And I, who am half in love with you,
What am I in love with?—
My own imaginings?
Say it is not so.

Say, through the branches,
America, America,
Of all your machines;
Say, in the deep sockets of your idealistic skull—
Dark aboriginal eyes,
Stoic, able to wait through ages,
Glancing.

Say, in the sound of all your machines
And white words, white-wash American—
Deep pulsing of a strange heart,
New throb, like a stirring under the false dawn that precedes the real.

Nascent American,
Elvish, lurking among the undergrowth
Of many-stemmed machines and chimneys that smoke like pine-trees.

Dark faery,
Modern, unissued, instinctive America,
Your nascent faery people
Lurking among the deeps of your industrial thicket,
Allure me till I am beside myself,
A nympholept.

"These States!" as Whitman said—
Whatever he meant!

[63]
TURKEY-COCK

You ruffled black blossom,  
You glossy dark wind.

Your sort of gorgeousness,  
Dark and lustrous  
And unfathomable  
And poppy-glossy,  
Is the gorgeousness that evokes my darkest admiration.

Your aboriginality,  
Deep, unexplained,  
Like a Red Indian darkly sumptuous and aloof,  
Seems like the black and glossy seeds of wonderful centuries.

Your wattles are the color of steel which has been red hot  
And is going cold,  
Cooling to a powdery pale-oxidized sky-blue.

Why do you have wattles, and a naked wattled head?  
Why do you arch your naked-set eye with a more than comprehensible haughtiness?

The vulture is bald; so is the condor, obscenely;  
But only you have thrown this amazing mantilla of oxidized sky-blue  
And hot red over you:

[64]
This queer fine shawl of blue and vermilion,
Whereas the peacock has a diadem.

I wonder why.
Perhaps it is a sort of Spanish discretion, a veil;
Perhaps it is your reserve, in all this ostentation.
Your wattles drip down like a shawl to your breast,
And the point of your mantilla drops across your nose.

Some races veil the head,
And some put flowers in the hair, to attract attention.

Or perhaps there is something in your wattles of a bull's
dew-lap,
Which slips down like a pendulum to balance the throb­
ing mass of a generous breast,
The over-drip of a great passion hanging in the balance.

You contract yourself;
You arch yourself as an archer's bow,
Which quivers indrawn as you clench your spine,
Until your veiled head almost touches backward
To the root-rising of your erected tail;
And one intense and backward-curving frisson
Seizes you as you clench yourself together
Like some fierce magnet bringing its poles together.

Burning, pale positive pole of your wattled head!
And from the darkness of that opposite one
The upstart of your round-barred, sun-round tail!

[65]
Whilst between the two, along the tense arched curve of your back,  
Blows the magnetic current in fierce blasts,  
Ruffling black shining feathers like lifted mail,  
Shuddering storm wind, or a water rushing through.  

Your august super-sensual haughtiness  
Tosses the crape of red across your brow and down your breast  
As you draw yourself upon yourself in pride.  

It is a declaration of such tension in pride  
As Time has not dared to avouch, nor eternity been unable to unbend,  
Do what it may.  

The peacock lifts his rods of bronze  
And struts blue-brilliant out of the far East;  
But watch a turkey prancing low on earth,  
Drumming his vaulted wings as savages drum  
Their rhythms on long-drawn hollow sinister drums—  
The ponderous sombre sound of the great drum of Huichilobos  
In pyramid Mexico, during sacrifice.  
Drum, and the turkey onrush,  
Sudden demoniac dauntlessness, full abreast,  
All the bronze gloss of all his myriad petals  
Each one apart and instant.  
Delicate frail crescent of the gentle outline of white
D. H. Lawrence

At each feather-tip,
So delicate;
Yet the bronze wind-bell suddenly clashing,
And the eye over-weening into madness.

Turkey-cock, turkey-cock,
Are you the bird of the next dawn?

Has the peacock had his day, does he call in vain,
    screecher, for the sun to rise?
The eagle, the dove, and the barnyard shouter, do they
    call in vain, trying to wake the morrow?
And do you await us, wattled father, Westward?
Will your yell do it?

Take up the trail of the vanished American
Where it disappeared at the foot of the crucifix.
Take up the primordial pride,
The more than human, dense magnificence,
And disdain, and indifference, and onrush; and pry open
    the new day with them.

Is the East a dead letter, and Europe moribund?
But those sumptuous, dead, feather-lustrous Aztecs,
    Amerindians,
In all the sombre splendor of their red blood,
Stand under the dawn, half-godly, awaiting the cry
    of the turkey-cock?

D. H. Lawrence
POETRY: A Magazine of Verse

THREE POEMS

IN THEIR IMAGE

I am one of the wind's stories,
I am a fancy of the rain,
A memory of the high moon's glories,
The hint the sunset had of pain.

They dreamed me as they dreamed all other—
Hawthorn and I, I and the grass;
With sister shade and phantom brother
Across their sleep I glide and pass.

Twilight is in my blood; my being
Mingles with trees and ferns and stones;
Thunder and stars my lips are freeing,
And there is sea-rack in my bones.

Those that have dreamed me shall out-wake me,
But I go hence with flowers and weeds;
I am no more to those who make me
Than other drifting fruit and seeds.

And though I love them, mourn to leave them—
Sea, earth and sunset, stars and streams—
My tears, my passing do not grieve them . . .
Other dreams have they, other dreams.
THE SEED-SHOP

Here in a quiet and dusty room they lie,
Faded as crumbled stone and shifting sand,
Forlorn as ashes, shrivelled, scentless, dry—
Meadows and gardens running through my hand.

Dead that shall quicken at the voice of spring,
Sleepers to wake beneath June's tempest kiss;
Though birds pass over, unremembering,
And no bee find here roses that were his.

In this brown husk a dale of hawthorn dreams;
A cedar in this narrow cell is thrust
That shall drink deeply at a century's streams;
These lilies shall make summer on my dust.

Here in their safe and simple house of death,
Sealed in their shells, a million roses leap;
Here I can stir a garden with my breath,
And in my hand a forest lies asleep.

IN THE ORCHARD

I thought you loved me.
No, it was only fun.

When we stood there, closer than all?
Well, the harvest moon
Was shining and queer in your hair, and it turned my head.
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

That made you?
Yes.

*Just the moon and the light it made*

Under the tree?
Well, your mouth too.

Yes, my mouth?

And the quiet there that sang like the drum in the booth. You shouldn’t have danced like that.

Like what?

So close,

With your head turned up, and the flower in your hair, a rose

That smelt all warm.

I loved you. I thought you knew I wouldn’t have danced like that with any but you.

I didn’t know. I thought you knew it was fun.

I thought it was love you meant.

Well, it’s done.

Yes, it’s done.

I’ve seen boys stone a blackbird, and watched them drown a kitten . . . it clawed at the reeds, and they pushed it down

Into the pool while it screamed. Is that fun, too?

Well, boys are like that . . . Your brothers . . .

Yes, I know.

But you, so lovely and strong! Not you! Not you!

[70]
They don't understand it's cruel. It's only a game.
And are girls fun, too?
No, still in a way it's the same.
It's queer and lovely to have a girl . . .

Go on.

It makes you mad for a bit to feel she's your own,
And you laugh and kiss her, and maybe you give her a ring;
But it's only in fun.

But I gave you everything.

Well, you shouldn't have done it—you know what a fellow thinks
When a girl does that.
Yes, he talks of her over his drinks
And calls her a—
Stop that, now—I thought you knew.

But it wasn't with anyone else—it was only you.

How did I know? I thought you wanted it too—
I thought you were like the rest. Well, what's to be done?

To be done?
Is it all right?
Yes.
Sure?
Yes, but why?

[71]
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

I don’t know—I thought you were going to cry—
You said you had something to tell me. Yes, I know.

It wasn’t anything really . . . I think I’ll go.

Yes, it’s late. There’s thunder about, a drop of rain
Fell on my hand in the dark. I’ll see you again
At the dance next week. You’re sure that everything’s right?

Yes.

Well, I’ll be going.

Kiss me . . .

Good night.

Good night.

*Muriel Stuart*

---

**SIXTEEN**

Love is a very big thing—a very great thing, mother;
And I am afraid.

“I love you”—that is what he said;
But he looked away as he spoke,
And he faltered when he kissed me.

Love is a very big thing—a very great thing, mother;
And I am afraid.

*Edward Pickerill*
FATHER, WHERE DO THE WILD SWANS GO?

Father, where do the wild swans go?
Far, far. Ceaselessly winging,
Their necks outstraining, they haste them singing
Far, far. Whither, none may know.

Father, where do the cloud-ships go?
Far, far. The winds pursue them,
And over the shining heaven strew them
Far, far. Whither, none may know.

Father, where do the days all go?
Far, far. Each runs and races—
No one can catch them, they leave no traces—
Far, far. Whither, none may know.

But father, we—where do we then go?
Far, far. Our dim eyes veiling,
With bended head we go sighing, wailing
Far, far. Whither, none may know.

Translated from the Danish of Ludwig Holstein
by Charles Wharton Stork
BUS-RIDE IN A FOG

Out from the house to the street—
From the colored and sounding house
To the thin grey shape of the street as it steals
Before one's feet
Like a mouse.

A wavering lamp competes
With the darkness; from vacancy spring
Tall trees by the pavement's edge, till it wheels
To the high street's
Beckoning.

The 'bus . . . Up a phantom stair,
And alone on a spectral seat;
And the endless purr of the wheels as we go
(To a bell somewhere)
Down the street.

And the street is a tale that is told;
And a wraith is London town;
Under ochre seas—oh, far below!—
Is her glory, her gold
Gone down!

From shadows among the shades,
In a city that once has been,
Here a muted voice swims half into ken,
There a white face fades
Half seen.

And still the drone of the 'bus,
Like a coma, a swoon, a drug:
"Dead, dead—down, down—among all dead men;
And your grave with us
Is dug . . ."

Out from the sulphurous soul,
Out from the tortured heart
Of the purgatorial city, where death
Is the goal
And the better part.

The journey’s end?—to arrive?
How queer, how almost pain
To stretch stiff limbs and recover breath—
To come alive
Again!

V. H. Friedlaender
BLACK LONDON

I
Dust of the noon-day world
Scattering over the land—
Dust from the rags of the world
Falls on the dusk of my hand;
Out of the east and west,
Out of the north and south,
Over my brow and eyes,
Over my hands and mouth.

II
What will you have from me
You have not taken yet?
Take—or it may be late;
Take—or I may forget.
This is the time of times,
Dear, for your gathering.
Quick! for the cross-eyed crow
Flaps with her fatal wing.

III
Where Westminster Abbey shades
Lean on narrow green-leaf glades,
I, a brother to the grass,
Stand and watch the sunlight pass.
One and one more century
Here passed by so quietly.
One more, two more centuries,
Come—for all the use there is.

NORTH OHIO VILLAGE

Quietness over my spirit, like
The shadows of an old dead town:
Grass between the flagstone-walks,
Yellow houses fading to brown,
Lawns and streets growing to weeds and dust,
And the intolerable rust
Of barren souls.

Beyond the reach of time,
Last year’s leaves have covered all the lawns.
The piercing beauty of many dawns
 Strikes at the day;
Yet old stone walls and empty garden-pools
Have a stale odor of gradual decay.

This is the quietness of an old dog’s nose—
Not too much heat,
Sometimes a chill that through the garden goes:
Eternal beauty fading in
An agony of uncommitted sin.

Frederick Shea Jesson
THE HOUSEWIFE

In that rich room it is not dusk, not day.
A few late sunbeams fall like silver rain
And pool themselves upon the counterpane;
She does not notice when they move and stray.
So peacefully she lies! Her fingers fray
The covering beneath, but in her brain
She feels no knotting of the silken skein—
So softly does life wind itself away.

While others, restless, mark the hours' slow ebb,
And stop the tinkling bell, the clicking gate;
Or trembling turn to listen, whisper, wait—
While Death, the spider, weaves its gauzy web—
There placidly she lies beneath its loom,
Planning new curtains for the living-room.

OLD FOLK

Two old women live in our street:
One is sour and the other is sweet.

Here is a secret hid in youth:
Young lips and eyes may mask the truth,

But wrinkled faces hold the print—
Coins they are that speak their mint.
Youth is a spicy potpourri—
None may guess what the contents be;
But old folk all must come to an hour
When they turn quite plainly sweet or sour.

AUTUMN

My maple tree is yellow green
Against a blue-gray sky.
In little groups of three and four
I see the restless pigeons fly.

The air is rain-washed—fresh and sweet,
Mingled with pungent scent of pine.
Kissed by the faintest glint of sun,
Amber and bronze the poplars shine.

He knew the woods—how many times
I’ve seen him tramping in the rain,
Singing among the trees he loved
The songs I’ll never hear again!

Francesca Rios
"PICTURE AHEAD"

I was hikin' along the road by Simmonsville. 
I useta go out somewheres every Sunday 
And walk off all the dirt and noise and nerves 
That come from the week in the city in the store; 
And say, it was like I made myself clean over.

I could see the top of the hill from where I was, 
And I was gettin' excited the way I did 
When I been trampin' up-hill for a ways 
In some place where I never was before 
And played games with myself about the view 
That's comin' when I hit the top—you know: 
"Will it be a river twistin' through the woods, 
Or a drop that makes your breath stick in your throat, 
Or will it be only nothin', after all, 
Exceptin' just the plain everyday country?"

It's a great game, I'll say. . . . I useta love it. 
And half the fun's not knowin' what is comin'. . . .

Well, fifty yards, maybe, is still to go, 
And I stops up to get my second wind, 
And then that sign it slaps me in the eye: 
"Picture Ahead!"

Can y' imagine it?
"Picture Ahead!" . . . I ast you! What the hell! 
Is that the fix that all of us has got to? 
Is that what machinery has went and done?
Autos, and airryoplanes, and railroad trains,
And all the helps the papers yells about,
Tellin' us how the worl' is so much better,
And what a bunch of boobs our fathers was?
They want to make us all machines, is that it?
Even they got to take away the fun
Of guessin' what is comin' on the road!
They tell us, "Hurry! Get the camera out!
You ain't got sense enough to tell what's what.
You can't tell when they's anything worth seein'."
I got so mad, I went and jumped the fence,
And run acrost the field. Damned if I'd go
And see a sight that was all canned, you might say,
Or like a travel-movie. . . .

All my life
I had my fun pretendin' to myself
That every view I seen belonged to me,
Different from anybody's, mine especial.
"Picture Ahead!"

I stopped there in the field,
And turned aroun', and beat it for the train.

I just can't get the heart to go no more.
The country's spoilt, and lots of things is spoilt,
Just on account that sign. . . . I feel so old,
And everything I see looks old and worn-out.


[81]
POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

DILEMMA

Gee, she's sweet! So sorta eyes wide open
And shiny, like the street-lights do at night
When rain is on the sidewalk. They's a somethin'
About the way her whole face has that light

Whenever she looks at me. It always says,
"I believe in you! Oh, I believe in you!" 
That face like a little flower, starin' at me—
It scares me! What should I do? What *can* I do?

I tell her not to go and dream about me,
I ain't no fine guy, and I tell her so;
She keeps on thinkin' I'm just kiddin' her
And answers back, "You can't fool me! I know!"

And just to think, that lovely dream about me
Has got to smash all up some awful day
When she finds out the way that I am really... 
It'll hurt her so... I ought to get away

Where she can't never see me any more,
Before that dream and all that sweetness dies... 
But can I do it? Can I do without her?
Can I stand not seein' that lovin' in her eyes?

*John V. A. Weaver*
WOMEN
Studies in the Erotic Emotion

DIALOGUE

He. If I should touch you now—

She. Flame would follow your hands,
Flame upon hair and brow
Curling in little strands.
My body is light with love
As a little sun-drunk tree.
My body is pierced through—

He. With me—with me!

She. Say over again, again,
Anything wild and sweet.

He. Shall we make magic names,
Queer, to repeat?

She. Crumple this moment up,
Toss it against a star!

He. Your body is in my arms!

She. Yet I know not where we are!

[83]
BABY

Pooh—men!
We are done with them now,
Who had need of them then—
I and you!

Rounding face,
Little feet,
Hair to love—
You sweet!

Men!
I shall laugh at them now
Who had sighed moon-sick then.
I have you!

Florence Kiper Frank
Your bundle of balanced hair, beloved—soft, silky, 
letting lights 
Slip down to darkness; 
Juggling lights fantastically, colored lights dripping like 
the chords of dreamed music; 
Your eyes absorbing blue, giving out blue 
As though your face were turned forever to an unseen sky; 
Your hands pointed like almonds, 
White like ivory traced with blue enamel: 
These are gone. 
I see these 
No more. 

Gus, the romantic lad, plays old plaintive melodies on 
the mandolin, 
Trying to make me know he understands. 
But I am feeling the slide 
Of your hand on my forehead, 
Hand like weather-stained ivory 
Written on in faded blue ink. . . . 
I have chords of wistful music 
Crowding for you to open the gate, 
To drift off like smoke 
Over aged hills.
Robert J. Roe

PORTRAIT OF A MAN

"I did it, yes," he said;
And looked at me
When I asked him
If the things they said of him were true—
His neighbors gabbling amongst themselves.

He looked at me:
His eyes were clear as water,
And there shone
A mystical elation on his face:
"I did it, yes,"
Was all he said.

APPRENTICE

You bid me sing
The deep harmonies of stars.
But how can I sing of stars
When I cannot chant for you
How mountains at sunset
Are like far-off purple isles
In a varnished saffron sea?

Or how shall I prophesy concerning planets
Who am unable
To explain how the bony-backed mesa,
With bare flanks blown in and out with shadows,
Is like a lean horse sniffing spring?

[87]
Cortege

Winter's gone with melancholy tolling of bells.
To the tolling of slow bells
The cortège winds up the canyon
On the north trail;
    Clanging a heavy bell,
    Flying dark banners.

Death

What can death do to you
That life has not already done?
What do you fear?

It is a gentle falling
Of the light... .
    A splendor is done.

Twilight... . some stars appear
Silently, one by one.
A stranger splendor is begun.

Robert J. Roe
COMMENT

FLAMBOYANCE

"America needs the flamboyant to save her soul"—so said Vachel Lindsay at one of those Glacier Park camp-fires where he and Stephen Graham talked of art and life to the indifferent mountains.

He might have added that America tries to satisfy this need in strange and often uncatalogued ways. America, living an exemplary three-meals-a-day-and-bed-time life in a wall-papered home, goes now and then en masse to the circus to see men, women and animals perform exquisite and impossible feats of grace and daring. What could be more flamboyant than the trapeze-performer hurtling through the air, the tiger leaping through man-made hoops, or the elephant poising his mighty bulk on his two forelegs lifted to the top of bottles? What more flamboyant than the painted clown, timeless type of the race, laughing that he may not weep, grinning through a thousand tragic jests while little human beings perform their miraculous tricks around him?

And America, sitting respectably at home with its newspaper; America, suppressing its feelings and censoring its artists; America, fearing emotion as the gateway to perdition—America finds the flamboyant in the courts, and listens to every passion-molded word uttered to judge and jury in Reno or New Brunswick or South Bend.

Jazz, the Follies, the flapper in orange and green gown
and war-paint of rouge, the skyscraper lighting its thousand windows, the airplane skimming the clouds, the freshman shouting his college yell—these are all extravagant, impossible frenzies of color in a world that refuses to be drab. Even the movies, devoid as they are of color in the physical sense, are gaudy in the imaginations of the people who watch them; gaudy with exaggerated romance, exaggerated comedy, exaggerated splendor or grotesqueness or passion. Human souls who are not living impassioned lives, not creating romance and splendor and grotesqueness—phases of beauty's infinite variety—such people wistfully try to find these things outside themselves; a futile, often a destructive quest.

The imagination will not down. If it is not a dance, a song, it becomes an outcry, a protest. If it is not flamboyance it becomes deformity; if it is not art, it becomes crime. Men and women can not be content, any more than children, with the mere facts of a humdrum life—the imagination must adorn and exaggerate life, must give it splendor and grotesqueness, beauty and infinite depth. And the mere acceptance of these things from without is not enough—it is not enough to agree and assert when the imagination demands for satisfaction creative energy. Flamboyance expresses faith in that energy—it is a shout of delight, a declaration of richness. It is at least the beginning of art.

H. M.

[90]
The Southern Methodist University at Dallas, Texas, recently emerged from a prize contest which had a strange dénouement. Three prizes were offered for original poems: first, a National Prize of one hundred dollars, open to all undergraduate students in American colleges; second, a Texas Prize of fifty dollars, open to all residents of the state; and third, a S. M. U. Prize of twenty-five dollars, open only to S. M. U. students. Three independent committees were appointed to award the three prizes; containing poets as well known as Messrs. Bynner, Benét and Wheelock. The net result of the three separate deliberations was that all three prizes went to the same poem, which had been submitted separately in the three contests—Sketches of the Texas Prairie, by George D. Bond, a student of the S. M. U.

The prize poem and a number of honorable mentions have been issued in a pamphlet by the S. M. U. professor of English, Mr. Jay B. Hubbell. The entries are quite encouraging as to the undergraduate talent sheltered, and let us hope encouraged, by American colleges. Apparently all these young students of the art write simply, and in modern diction—there is a refreshing absence of contractions and inversions and old-fashioned "poetic" phrasing. Free verse, of a rather loose type in most cases, is used oftener than rhyme and exact metrics; but although this is a dangerous form for beginners, one finds now and then some intuition of its rhythms.
The prize poem consists of five brief sections; perhaps the fourth, *A Summer Night*, will suggest its motive and movement:

Only the locusts cry in the black midnight,
Only the wind stirs in the lonely grass.
No light, no other life, no other sound—
Only the vast black prairie, and the dim, limitless space where the worlds revolve.
And in the dark the prairie lies awake and restless,
Impatient of man’s control, hating his cities and his fences and himself;
Waiting for him to join the mammoth and the laelaps,
Knowing his time will come, and waiting, waiting, waiting,
Biding her time to rise and cover him up;
Dreaming a dream of cities silent, deserted,
And of prairie grass creeping slowly over their ruins;
Dreaming a dream of a tyrant overcome, and of many, many bones beneath the thick wild-flowers;
Dreaming a dream of many years of silence, broken only by the song of the wind and the cry of the locust.

Two poems by girls must have given Mr. Bond a close call if the judges had any respect for genuinely feminine emotion as a motive for poetry. *Eighteen*, by Janet Pressley of the University of Nebraska, is exquisite in feeling, though, it must be confessed, weak as an attempt at free-verse rhythms. In *Adolescence*, Irene Glasscock, of Mount Holyoke College, is on safer ground with blank verse, though she has not yet acquired much subtlety of sound or phrase. The poem, however, has emotion and shape and climax:

I am so much a child that without end
I play at games and childishly believe
My own pretendings—ever fill my days
With changing faiths and loves and strange young griefs
That I invent. And though I quickly tire
Of each toy passion, still—with eagerness
As keen—I turn to the next game and cry,
"At length I love!" or "This time I believe!"
—And yet I know (sometimes) that I have found
No God who was not tenuous as smoke
Of fragrant, futile incense—never love
Of which I could say, certainly: "The years
Will not touch this"—nor any grief a month
Would not suffice to mend. And to my youth
The thought is terrible that age or death
May find me still absorbed in child's pretence—
Stretching vain hands to touch reality.

These, it must be remembered, are student poems, the
work of undergraduates. In the Texas contest there
was no such limitation, and one may reasonably question
the award of the Texas Prize to Mr. Bond. One of the
committee, John Hall Wheelock, gave first place to Karle
Wilson Baker's Song of the Fore-runners, and probably the
state of Texas will endorse his verdict by remembering it
longest. Here is the poem:

The men who made Texas
Rode west with dazzled eyes
On the hot trail of the Future,
To take her by surprise;

They were dreamers on horseback,
Dreamers with strong hands,
Trailing the golden Lion
That couches in far lands:

Old men and young men, little men and tall,
Bad men and good men—but strong men, all.

The women who bore Texas
Could see beyond the sun:
They sat on cabin doorsteps
When the long day was done,

[93]
And they crooned to lusty babies,
But their look was far away—
For they gazed straight through the sunset
To the unborn day.

Stern women, laughing women, women stout or small,
Bronzed women, broken women—brave women, all.

The men who made Texas
Laughed at fate and doom—
Dreamers on horseback,
Men who needed room;

And the women in young Texas
Hanging homespun clothes to dry,
Loved a prairie for a dooryard,
For meeting-house the sky—

Wide visions and wide spaces, man and land were large of lung:
Texas knew not cheap and easy, slack and small, when she was young.

But the men who made Texas
Left their work half-done—
For nothing stands full-finished
Beneath the spinning sun;

And the women who dreamed Texas
Had much work to do
When they lay down for their last sleep
In a land still new;

And a yet-unbuilded Texas, cloud-paved and glimmering,
Burns yet before the eyes of us, who toil and dream and sing.

The S. M. U. announces that all three prizes will be repeated next year, the entries to reach Dallas by March 15th, 1923. Undergraduates in any American college may address Mr. Hubbell for further information about the National Prize.

H. M.

There is a fear in America of becoming old. Not so much a physical fear as a fear of becoming ancient through a process of thinking. We are impatient on the verge of inspection and would rather trust to our small emotions first. Ours is the continuous modern motley. The motley, however, has given us, among others, Ezra Pound: a poet and critic who has been able, through the last decade or two of our renaissances in poetry and prose, with their vagrant discrepancies, their lèger-demain exhibitions, and their impudencies in manner, to maintain underneath a disillusioned equilibrium. Without stopping at the market-place to deal in small sales, being in the business of poetry and art, he explored some of its earlier sources. This in itself is beyond the usual procedure of American poets; and the mental conclusiveness required by this stretch back to static sources is a little too stiff for their homespun conceptions and their sacred sentimentalities. The feat has inspired, from time to time, many amusing protests, and has succeeded in stirring up more than a few inactive dregs. But Pound, with his unique indifference, rises, without even the ambitious clamorings of effort, above irritations and denials.

Let us look into this man and see what he has done for American poetry. He says in The Spirit of Romance:

[95]
The spirit of the arts is dynamic. The arts are not passive, nor static, nor, in a sense, are they reflective, though reflection may assist at their birth. Poetry is about as much a “criticism of life” as red-hot iron is a criticism of fire.

Now this, with its confidence, might easily be mistaken as a point against Pound, in that certain callous and inflexible minds fail to detect or to receive any surcharge of dynamic force from his poetry. The matter explains itself as one of identification—whether one is susceptible to mental experiences, and recognizes a play on those experiences, or whether one is responsive only to his own immediate contacts. The dynamics of Pound come from the percussion of sustained intellect. He has no elemental compromises to make, and he is too sure of himself to be confused. So confirmed in his contentions has he become, in fact, that the frequency with which he rehearses his position in the poems of this last book borders on a designed but gracious acceptance:

He strove to resuscitate the dead art
Of poetry; to maintain “the sublime”
In the old sense. Wrong from the start—

No, hardly—but, seeing he had been born
In a half-savage country, out of date;
Bent resolutely on wringing lilies from the acorn;
Capaneus; trout for factitious bait.

And this, half humorously, half cynically, gives his present mood toward his art:

For this agility chance found
Him of all men, unfit
As the red-beaked steeds of
The Cytherean for a chain bit.

Invitation, mere invitation to perceptivity,
Gradually led him to the isolation
Which these presents place
Under a more tolerant, perhaps, examination.

By constant elimination,
The manifest universe
Yielded an armor
Against utter consternation.

A Minoan undulation,
Seen, we admit, amid ambrosial circumstances,
Strengthened him against
The discouraging doctrine of chances;

And his desire for survival,
Faint in the most strenuous moods,
Became an Olympian apathein
In the presence of selected perceptions.

Here is the final deduction, the proposed estimate, the elevated résumé, without the enumeration of uninteresting activities. The synthesis without the catalogue.

The "poseur" mannerisms with which Pound's poetry seems to some critics to be infested, which they believe to be deliberately spouted out for their amusement, is not the important thing or the point about him. This part of his poetry has been, however, much to the advantage of poetic form so far as mere surface expression is concerned. The crucial significance inherent in his work, and the one thing to be mentioned as his chief service to American poetry, is the process of elimination he first applied, and has continued to apply, to the chaos of material brought into notice by Whitman, and the in-
numerous compilations heaped up by different epochs and periods in continental literature. He has been able, through all this, to clarify the muddy by-paths of the mind, particularly his mind. He is able to juggle, as it were, the ideas accompanying these paths, and at the same time note the resultant significance of each. He has been able, during the excursion, to smile over the irony and the pathetic crumble of each endeavor. Such an attitude, of course, is much too caustic and superior a direction to take against our frail ambitions. But the irritation provoked proves, without a doubt, our inability to indulge in mental combats either at the expense or through the suppression of our feelings. A genuine response to the thrust and parry of mental gymnastics will, nevertheless, eventually arrive among us; will no doubt be forced upon us sooner or later when our intellectual conflicts become keener and less detached.

It is possible to ask of what direct benefit this can be to American poetry. To which I would answer, that the gradual infusion of a native intelligence and consciousness in our poetry, so promising at the present moment, has received more than one impetus from Ezra Pound; and that the musty shelves of the past having been unable to choke him, as some would like to believe, he has helped to bring home the fact that there is an international standard of art, as well as the local one which we are inclined to celebrate; and that the international is the one with which ultimately we shall have to stand.

[98]
The four cantos in this book give me my first chance to draw the line on what is otherwise a most persuasive and enjoyable collection. They contain, in parts, some excellent passages, but as a whole their verbosity is too cryptic. They give, adequately enough, the consensus of Pound's mental manoeuverings, and they even give his vagrancies in erudition and his antiquarian journeys; but they do not sustain the mental affilations which I find in the other poems. They are, in his own words,

Mouths biting empty air;
The still stone dogs,
Caught in metamorphosis, were
Left him as epilogues.

If Pound could be approached, though it is quite certain he never will be, as an embodiment and manifestation of revolutionary art, it might be possible to come to a better understanding of him. The refusal, in America, to distinguish between sentiments of revolution and forces of revolution will hardly permit. It is too generally ignored, though possibly not fully apprehended, that in order to create a disruption there must be some tradition to react on. Our traditions are over-night traditions; platitudes and maudlin satieties. When we turn to art and literature these things offer little resistance, and our poets have been simply singing their own clear voices under an open sky, with no frictional barriers to contend with. Pound has fructified this spontaneity with ideas, and this comes nearer to a revolutionary force than is at present realized. And he has not lost the spirit of dis-
covery, about which there has been much question, hurried prophecy, and unnecessary lamentation.

The influence of this frigid force is not stilled, and *Poems 1918-21* remains, as no other book has done, the complete and unalloyed disclosure of Ezra Pound.

*Virgil Geddes*

**MAXWELL BODENHEIM: MATHEMATICIAN**


*Minna and Myself*, 1918, was the poised intoxication of a lover in pursuit of the scented outlines that had intrigued him. *Advice*, 1920, was the swift oriental comprehension of one whose fingers had been singed, one to whom his emotions had become mistresses slightly passé, and who had learned to chide and escape their tyrannies with a deftness that suggested more than the esthetic courtier. *Introducing Irony*, 1922, is a book in which new territories of the imagination have been surveyed by an intelligence direct, modern and impersonal as a flashlight, unhampered by the superstitious glows and half-shadows of the lanterns with which contemporary poets still seek their desires.

The poems in *Introducing Irony*—meticulous geometric patterns—are finely drawn by a hand to which the medium in which it works is only a stimulus. It is Bodenheim’s unassuming, unrelenting search, straight and ascetic, for outlines that are sweeping in significance
Maxwell Bodenheim: Mathematician

because they are not distorted in detail, and are freed from realistic or emotional "débris," that has left an effect of technical brilliance in his poems.

His metaphors arise like a subtle giant whose face captures and commands recognition. He stands outside the frontiers touched by Pound, Eliot and Wyndham Lewis, striding across the wilderness they broadly glimpsed with vertiginous and controversial eyes. His Sirona in the poem Manners, for example, has nothing of the caricature that typifies Eliot's Grishkin, a portrait done with a sophistication which often passes as satire. He brings to a social gathering a whimsical detachment revealing the clumsy subconscious drama of small encounters, and from them leaps into that nimbler realism which is known as phantasy.

Maxwell Bodenheim is a mathematician of color and sound, who turned to words because they are sufficiently fluid and evanescent for his pursuit of skies that vanish before the mechanical glare of logic and the eloquence of orators.

So far, he has stated his own position more clearly than any of his critics, as in the poem, An Acrobat, A Violinist and a Chambermaid Celebrate, fragments of which I quote in their sequence:

Men will fail to tell you
That an arm rising to the sky
Takes a straight line of the soul
And tries to comprehend it.

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The squares and angles and oblongs of the soul
Are pestered by a débris of words.
Men shoveled away the words
Falteringly in youth;
Tamely and pompously in middle age;
Vigorously in old age.

Nothing is wise except outline.

Men with few outlines in their minds
Try to give the outlines dignity.

Men with many outlines
Break them into more, and thus
Playing, come with quickened breath
To hints of spiritual contours.

Avoid the embryonic yelpings
Of argument, and scan your patterns
For angles and squares and oblongs of the soul.

Bodenheim has himself first followed this austere practice. He has humiliated nouns and adjectives, stripped them of their old despotisms and loyalties, of the importance which ages of power as vehicles of broad emotions had given them over the minds of poets and men. He has given them the roles of impersonal figures tracing his mathematics of the soul. His words are sharp, neatly strung, with tapping consonants and brief unemotional vowels, like the clip of a fatal chisel.

In his new book he converses with the fundamental emotions of men and women, their defenses and glorifications by poets and philosophers; as in Impulsive Dialogue, a quarrel between a poet (himself) and an undertaker (his critics). In a number of poems he formulates his
esthetic intuitions and intentions into clearly defined statements, or traps the outlines of faces, streets and skies with the wary cunning of one unhampered by allegiance to any philosophic or poetic forms. The startled exhilaration with which one greets his phrases is the dazed homage announcing a truly original work; and his poems are in the best tradition not because they are rigorously formal and move with effortless precision, but because they are new.

When, in *Meditations in a Cemetery*, he mentions "the perturbation of a stone removed from the comprehension of a mountain and branded with the name of A. Rosinsky," adding:

Recollecting journeys of my own,
I close my eyes and leave the stone,

it is the "comprehension of the mountain" which is original. But when he describes a man as—

Manikin at peace
With the matchless deceit of a universe,

he hints at an intimacy with Aristotle and Buddha. This, however, is a matter for a more extended study of his symbolisms.

He eludes the metaphysicians, having carved their concepts into minute esthetic curios. Metaphysics is a man's choice of his own *mise en scène*—in Bodenheim's poems it is an arctic light in which his brilliant images accept their own insignificance as finalities, yet are animated by the macabre elation which has thrown them

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into relief. Bodenheim says, "Nothing is wise except outline," only because outline traces the path of a search:

Emotions and thoughts are merely
The improvisations of motion,
And lack a permanent content.

In the ten poetic short stories in this book, Bodenheim challenges his contemporaries with a new narrative technique. His characters move through his stories with the transparency and speed of ghosts rehearsing memories stripped by time to their intense essentials. They improvise for a few moments upon the motif of a significant emotion. They have the quality of images in a dream, that vanish as soon as they have become manifest. They have the hysterical, unerring fatality of hallucinations. Their effect is that of a clarified Dostoievsky, robbed of his ponderous physique. The style is a tarantella accompaniment made by consonants linked in an unbroken rhythm.

Louis Grudin

A TYPE

The Shepherd, by Edmund Blunden. Alfred A. Knopf.

Edmund Blunden is not a poet for poets, or for those laymen who take a poem not as an end but as a point of departure. His method follows nature in detail; and he is very careful not to miss a single detail, with punctilious respect for traditional English metrics. This is praiseworthy enough, and to those readers of poetry who still prefer itemized conclusions, and each hair finely separated
from its fellow, I recommend Edmund Blunden. His country pieces are of a certain homely charm lacking in the work of most poets of the same rank; a Chaucerian flavor brought about by the use of such uncommon phrases as: "nid-nodding," "dropples," "sloven mottle," "On the black hop-pole slats the weazen bine," "Where merry younkers roach and rudd."

His war poems are mostly the usual muddled bombast:

Triumph! how strange, how strong had triumph come
On weary hate of foul and endless war!

One catches occasional glimpses of a genuine horror, but these are too obscured in verbiage to be successful. In fact Mr. Blunden is wordy throughout, thereby losing in unity, which should be implicit in a work of art. He leaves nothing for the reader but to be happy with a handful of quaint expressions and a bit of English coloring. The Poor Man's Pig is as felicitous a poem as any:

Already fallen plum-bloom stars the green,
And apple-boughs as knarred as old toad's backs
Wear their small roses ere a rose is seen.
The building thrush watches old Job who stacks
The bright-peeled osiers on the sunny fence;
The pent sow grunts to hear him stumping by
And tries to push the bolt and scamper thence,
But her ringed snout still keeps her to the sty.
Then out he lets her run; away she snorts
In bundling gallop for the cottage door,
With hungry hubbub begging crusts and orts,
Then like the whirlwind bumping round once more;
Nuzzling the dog, making the pullets run,
And sulky as a child when her play's done.

Pearl Andelson

[105]
ANNOUNCEMENT OF AWARDS

For the tenth time the editors and advisory committee of POETRY assume the agreeable but difficult duty of awarding our annual prizes. When the magazine began its campaign for more appreciative recognition of the art, prizes for poets were unheard of in this country, although almost every large city could show prizes and scholarships endowed in perpetuity for the benefit of painters, sculptors, architects and musicians. The Art Institute of Chicago, for example, dispenses forty-four hundred dollars in prizes each year at its American exhibition, nearly three thousand at its Chicago exhibition, hundreds at other annual shows, and many thousands in scholarships through its school. Pittsburgh, New York, Washington, Philadelphia and other cities also show liberal records and the highly endowed American Academy at Rome, which should, but does not, include poets among its beneficiaries, gives three-year scholarships carrying studio, board, lodging and a liberal income.

From the beginning we have believed in such awards, as both a stimulus to artists and a kind of advertisement to the public; and have argued that they are as well deserved and as effective for these purposes, in poetry as in the other arts. We rejoice in many evidences that the tide is beginning to turn, and we hope for further proof as time goes on. The Dial’s initial award of its annual two thousand dollars to Sherwood Anderson is highly
encouraging; also the fact that the trustees of the Pulitzer estate have remedied Mr. Pulitzer’s strange omission by providing an annual thousand for the year’s best book of American verse, the initial award going to the *Collected Poems* of Edwin Arlington Robinson; and the Poetry Society of America manages to collect five hundred a year for a similar award.

These facts are encouraging, but we should still remember what a beggarly pittance the poet is supposed to live on. Recently, in sending a small check to a distinguished poet, I reminded him that a portrait-painter of his rank would easily receive five thousand dollars for a portrait requiring no more time and thought than his poem. He wrote in reply: “Yes, the wages are dire, much like those of sin; but I don’t know just what we are going to do about it.”

Something should be done about it. There should be more foundations of honor and profit for the benefit of poets who, at a heavy cost, make so much honor and profit for their spiritual constituents of the present and future. It may be in order to remind our readers of two plans outlined last year for the information of possible donors and testators. Under the first plan the donor, aided by the editor of *Poetry* and other expert advisers, would appoint the first committee of award—a jury strictly professional, consisting of poets only: this jury to be self-perpetuating through the triennial resignation of one member and election of a new one. Under the second,
let the presidents of three widely separated institutions—say the Universities of California and Illinois, and the Poetry Society of America; or Harvard, the University of Chicago, and the Poetry Society of South Carolina; or any other representative three—let such a group of colleges or societies be requested each year by the custodian of the fund (the trust company) to appoint each a member of the committee of awards, such committee-member to be a poet of high repute, one not a member of their faculty or board of officers. And let this committee bestow the award.

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

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

With this preliminary plea, we now proceed to award POETRY's three prizes for poems printed in its pages
Announcement of Awards

during its tenth year—October 1921 to September 1922. As usual, poems by members of the jury are withdrawn from competition—in this case *Fire* by Eunice Tietjens, *Song Sketches* by Marion Strobel, and *Supernal Dialogue and Notes of Travel* by Harriet Monroe. And translations are not considered.

We are enabled to continue the Young Poet’s Prize this year through the generosity of the Friday Club of Chicago, which voted fifty dollars for this purpose last winter, and afterwards doubled the appropriation. This literary club of women has always been progressive, from the time when it undertook to finance the Children’s Building at the World’s Columbian Exposition. We commend this example to other women’s literary clubs, which devote much time to the works of poets but rarely attempt to pay their debt to them. Frances Shaw (Mrs. Howard Shaw), one of the officers of the Friday Club and a poet of distinction, becomes a member of the jury for the award of this prize.

Trusting that our readers will grant us honesty of judgment even if they disagree with us, we now announce the awards for poems published during Poetry’s tenth year—October 1921, to September 1922, inclusive:

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

ROBERT FROST

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of South Shaftsbury, Vermont, for his poem, *The Witch of Coös*, published in the January number.

This prize was founded in 1913 by Mr. Salmon O. Levinson of Chicago. Previous awards have been as follows:

1914—Carl Sandburg, for *Chicago Poems*.
1915—Vachel Lindsay, for *The Chinese Nightingale*.
1916—Edgar Lee Masters, for *All Life in a Life*.
1917—Cloyd Head, for *Grotesques*.
1918—J. C. Underwood, for *The Song of the Cheechas*.
1919—H. L. Davis, for *Primipara*.
1920—Wallace Stevens, for *Pecksniffiana*.
1921—Lew Sarett, for *The Box of God*.

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

Alfred Kreymborg

of New York but now sojourning in Italy, for his poetic dialogue, *Pianissimo*, published in the July number.

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

1913—Vachel Lindsay, for *General William Booth Enters into Heaven*.
1914—Constance Lindsay Skinner, for *Songs of the Coast-dwellers*.
1915—H. D., for *Poems*.
1916—John Gould Fletcher, for *Arizona Poems*.
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1917—Robert Frost, for Snow.
1918—Ajan Syrian, for From the Near East.
1919—Marjorie Allen Seiffert, for The Old Woman.
1920—Edna St. Vincent Millay, for The Beanstalk.
1921—Ford Madox Hueffer, for A House.

The prize of one hundred dollars, offered by the Friday Club of Chicago, for good work by a young poet, is awarded to

ROBERT J. ROE

a citizen of the world now residing in Hohokus, New Jersey, for his group of sea poems, A Sailor's Note-book, published in the June number.

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

1916—Muna Lee, for Foot-notes—III, IV, VII.
1918—Emanuel Carnevali, for The Splendid Common-place.
1919—Mark Turbyfill, for poems of 1917-18-19.
1920—Maurice Lesemann, for A Man Walks in the Wind.
1921—Hazel Hall, for Repetitions.

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Besides the above three awards, the following poems receive Honorable Mention:

*Hesperides*, by H. D. (October, 1921).

*Conversation*, by Isidor Schneider (June).

*Songs of Night*, by Marjorie Meeker (January).

*Another Weeping Woman, Tea at the Palaz of Hoon, Of the Manner of Addressing Clouds, and Hibiscus of the Sleeping Shores*, by Wallace Stevens (October, 1921).


*Resurgam*, by Louise Ayres Garnett (December).

*These Are But Words*, by Muna Lee (August).

*In Russia*, by Lola Ridge (July).

*Talk from the Dust*, by Elizabeth Madox Roberts (August).

*At Night*, by Jessica Nelson North (August).

*Don Juan in Portugal*, by Florence Wilkinson (November).

*In Praise of Abrigada*, by Leonora Speyer (February).


*Invocation to Death*, by Emanuel Carnevali (December).

*A Psalm for Cathleen Ni Hoolihan*, by David Greenhood (May).

*Dusk*, by DuBose Heyward (April).

*Sic Passim*, by Joseph Andrew Galahad (October, 1921).

The following translations also receive Honorable Mention:

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MARRIED

"I had sought you, seeking her.
You were lost; she was near.
Oh, believe this of me, dear!"

"Men are queer.
Love's a twisted, bitter thing.
I must cling
To some inner fact of trust:
I've your child here. I must
Say it to my sickening youth,
'It's the truth!'"

"Dust and shame are on my head!"

"Quiet now! Let's go to bed."

INTERIOR

Since we have said it,
There is no ease together;
The piano is disquieted,
A vague uncomfortableness
Stirs in blue curtains.
I am ashamed of you,
Troubling thus the wall-paper.
Announcement of Awards


Poems from the Chinese, translated by Louise S. Hammond (August).

Whenever it is possible, we like to reprint the prize poems for the convenience of our readers. But this year the poems by Mr. Frost and Mr. Kreymborg are manifestly too long to be repeated; and even Mr. Roe’s series of sailor poems required six pages, and would be injured by the omission of any of its numbers. So we shall have to refer our readers to POETRY for January, July and June, which may still be furnished from this office.

NOTES

The first number of POETRY—the issue of October, 1912—was published September twenty-third of that year. On the afternoon of Saturday, September twenty-third, 1922, POETRY celebrated its tenth birthday by inviting its guarantors, subscribers, the poets who have honored its pages, and other friends to a party at the new office, plus a suite of extra rooms courteously lent by their owner.

The program, if one may so call it, was very informal. Poets who happened to be within reach at the season of vagabondage each read one or two of his poems from back numbers of the magazine—among them Eunice Tietjens, Lew Sarett, Edith Wyatt, Mark Turbyfill, Louise Garnett, Laura Sherry, Florence Kiper Frank, Pearl Andelson and Jun Fujita. The editor read some of the most famous poems of POETRY’s past—such things as Lindsay’s General Booth Enters Into Heaven, Rupert Brooke’s war sonnet The Soldier, Joyce Kilmer’s Trees, Carl Sandburg’s Chicago, one of Tagore’s Gitanjali, one or two of Ezra Pound’s
Contemporania, some early imagist poems by H. D. and Richard Aldington and Amy Lowell, a few of Edna Millay’s Figs from Thistles, etc., etc., time being the only limit to the list. Notes and telegrams of congratulation were read—from Sara Teasdale, Witter Bynner, Alice Corbin, Louis and Jean Untermeyer, Edgar Lee Masters, and others.

After this hour or more with the poets, the party gathered around a prohibition punch—fortunately it was a warm day—and a marvelous birthday cake presented by one of the magazine’s earliest and best friends, Mrs. William Vaughn Moody; a cake two feet in diameter, adorned with a garland of sugar roses and leaves, and a flutter of sugar ribbons, all surrounding an exact confectionery model of the birthday number of POETRY.

Among the greetings were many good wishes that the magazine might live through a second decade. At least the editor felt that the new period was auspiciously begun.

Mr. D. H. Lawrence, the distinguished English poet and novelist, recently landed in San Francisco from the Orient, and is now sojourning in the wilds of New Mexico. Beginning thus, contrary to the habit of his countrymen, with a study of the earliest Americans—not to speak of the colonies of artists and poets who rediscovered them some years ago—Mr. Lawrence will proceed gradually, at his pleasure, to the highly civilized East; stopping at Chicago, let us hope, as a half-way house.

Mr. Lawrence is the author of a number of novels and books of verse, the most recent of the latter being New Poems (B. W. Huebsch).

Two other English poets are represented in this number: Miss Muriel Stuart, author of The Cockpit of Idols (Methuen & Co.); and Miss V. H. Friedlaender, author of A Friendship and Other Poems (Country Life Press, 1919), besides fiction and essays.

Mr. John V. A. Weaver, late of Chicago but now of New York, is well known to our readers and others as the author of In American (Alfred A. Knopf).

Florence Kiper Frank (Mrs. Jerome N. F.), of Chicago, is the author of A Jew to Jesus (Mitchell Kennerley) and a number of plays.

Mr. Samuel Roth, once the editor of The Lyric, who is now back in New York after his foreign sojourn, is the author of Europe: A Book for America (Boni & Liveright).
Mr. Robert J. Roe, whose wandering life by sea and land makes it difficult to place his residence, receives, elsewhere in this number, a prize for the group of poems with which, last June, he first appeared in POETRY.

Mr. Frederick Shea Jesson is a very young poet of Mansfield, Ohio.

Four poets, besides Miss Friedlaender, make their first appearance in this magazine:

Mr. Charles Wharton Stork, of Philadelphia, author of *Sea and Bay* and of many translations from Scandinavian poets, is well known as the editor of *Contemporary Verse*.

Mildred Plew Merryman (Mrs. Carl M.), and Mr. Edward Pickerell are residents of Chicago, and Miss Francesca Rios of Seattle.

The editor apologizes for the misprint on the cover of the October number which makes it read *Vol. XX, No. VI*, instead of *Vol. XXI, No. I*. The numerals are correct inside.

**BOOKS RECEIVED**

**ORIGINAL VERSE:**


*Shoes of the Wind*, by Hilda Conkling. Fred. A. Stokes.


*From Behind the Factory Walls*, by A. Zimmerman. Privately Printed, Elizabeth, N. J.


*Poems*, by Margaret Kelly McPhelim, Kate McPhelim Cleary, and Edward Joseph McPhelim. Privately Printed.


*Yankee Notions*, by George S. Bryam. Yale Univ. Press.

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Streets and Shadows, by Mercedes de Acosta. Moffat, Yard & Co.

The Garden of the West, by Louise Driscoll. Macmillan Co.


Anthologies:


Figs from California, by W. W. Lyman. Priv. ptd., Berkeley, Cal.


An Anthology of Italian Poems, translated and selected by Mme. Lorna de’Lucchi. Alfred A. Knopf.


Figs from California, ed. by W. W. Lyman. Lederer, Street and Zeus Co., Berkeley, Cal.

Translations:

Diadems and Fagots, translated from the Portuguese of Olavo Bilac, by John Meem; and from the French of Pierre de Ronsard by Yvor Winters. Priv. ptd., Santa Fe., N. M.

Spanish Folk Songs, selected and translated by S. de Madariaga. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Prose:

The Little Corner Never Conquered, by John van Schaick, Jr. Macmillan.


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that the following is, to the best of her knowledge and belief, a true statement of the
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above caption, required by the Act of August 24, 1912, embodied in section 443,
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