

# OTHERS

*A Magazine of the New Verse*

*Edited by Alfred Kreymborg*

MARCH 1916

Vol. 2 No. 3

*New York*

*Published by John Marshall, 331 Fourth Avenue*

*15 cents a Copy \$1.50 a Year*

# ANTON HELLMANN

*DESIGNER and FURNISHER of INTERIORS*

80 Washington Square East

Telephone Spring 6340

INTERIORS FURNISHED AS DIFFERENTLY  
FROM OTHERS AS THE POETRY IN  
"OTHERS" IS DIFFERENT FROM THAT  
IN OTHER MAGAZINES.

MY CLASSES IN INTERIOR DECORATION  
AT THE MODERN ART SCHOOL ARE AB-  
SOLUTELY DIRECT IN THEIR AIM.

Register Now For The Summer Session.

72 Washington Square

---

*DECORATING of INTERIORS for  
people who are tired of the conventional  
New York Apartments.*

*Hours by appointment, Plaza 8677*

*SKIPWITH CANNELL*

*21 EAST 49th STREET*

# OTHERS

ADELAIDE CRAPSEY

LELIA MILLER PEARCE

WALLACE STEVENS

ARTHUR DAVISON FICKE

CARL SANDBURG

KENNETH BURKE

EDWARD RAMOS

ROBERT ALDEN SANBORN

*All thanks are due Mr. Claud Bragdon of Rochester, N. Y.  
for his permission to use the verses of Miss Adelaide Cropsey.*

---

Commencing with the present issue, Others will be published by John Marshall, 331 Fourth Avenue, New York City, to whom all business communications should be addressed. All manuscripts, as formerly, should be directed to the editor, Alfred Kreyborg, in care of the publisher.

PS301.08  
V. 2, no. 3

## CINQUAINS

*November Night*

Listen. .  
With faint dry sound,  
Like steps of passing ghosts,  
The leaves, frost-crisp'd, break from the trees  
And fall.

*Release*

With swift  
Great sweep of her  
Magnificent arm my pain  
Clanged back the doors that shut my soul  
From life.

*Triad*

These be  
three silent things:  
The falling snow. . the hour  
Before the dawn. . the mouth of one  
Just dead.

*Trapped*

Well and  
If day on day  
Follows, and weary year  
On year. . and ever days and years. .  
Well?

*Moon-shadows*

Still as  
On windless nights  
The moon-cast shadows are,  
So still will be my heart when I  
Am dead.

*Susanna And The Elders*

“Why do  
You thus devise  
Evil against her?” “For that  
She is beautiful, delicate;  
Therefore.”

*Youth*

But me  
They cannot touch,  
Old age and death. . . the strange  
And ignominious end of old  
Dead folk!

*The Guarded Wound*

If it  
Were lighter touch  
Than petal of flower resting  
On grass, oh still too heavy it were,  
Too heavy!

*Winter*

The cold  
With steely clutch

Grips all the land. . . alack,  
The little people in the hills  
Will die!

*Night Winds*

The old  
Old winds that blew  
When chaos was, what do  
They tell the clattered trees that I  
Should weep?

*Amaze*

I know  
Not these my hands  
And yet I think there was  
A woman like me once had hands  
Like these.

*The Warning*

Just now,  
Out of the strange  
Still dusk. . . as strange, as still. . .  
A white moth flew. . . Why am I grown  
So cold?

*Fate Defied*

As it  
Were tissue of silver  
I'll wear, O fate, thy grey,  
And go mistily radiant, clad  
Like the moon.

## MACHINE MADE

I am the woman at the loom—  
Throwing the merry shuttles back and forth  
Flat-bosomed, I am moulded for the Task  
Gaunt and unwomanly—

The great wheels mutter, snarl, and jeer—  
Others ill shapen as I, strive persistently—  
Slope focused down, a vista with no end,  
Grey and unlovely—

From what drab beginnings did we spring?—  
Tossers of bobbins in a mad hemisphere?—  
Work-soddened, we are fathered by the Task—  
Sweat of factories—

These are our forbears—these—the looms—  
Fathers and mothers of dull, wan, humanity—  
Soul-starved, we are breeders of our Kind—  
Fruit of clamorings—

Dusk frees the woman from the loom—  
Hobbles the shuttles for the night, jarringly—  
Wheel-weaned, the loom-daughter dreads the Dawn's  
Call of nativity—



## DOMINATION OF BLACK

At night, by the fire,  
The colors of the bushes  
And of the fallen leaves,  
Repeating themselves,  
Turned in the room,  
Like the leaves themselves  
Turning in the wind.  
Yes : but the color of the heavy hemlocks  
Came striding—  
And I remembered the cry of the peacocks.

The colors of their tails  
Were like the leaves themselves  
Turning in the wind,  
In the twilight wind.  
They swept over the room,  
Just as they flew from the boughs of the hemlocks  
Down to the ground.  
I heard them cry—the peacocks.  
Was it a cry against the twilight  
Or against the leaves themselves  
Turning in the wind,  
Turning as the flames  
Turned in the fire,  
Turning as the tails of the peacocks  
Turned in the loud fire,  
Loud as the hemlocks  
Full of the cry of the peacocks?

Or was it a cry against the hemlocks?

Out of the window,

I saw how the planets gathered

Like the leaves themselves

Turning in the wind.

I saw how the night came,

Came striding like the color of the heavy hemlocks.

I felt afraid—

And I remembered the cry of the peacocks.

### TATTOO

The light is like a spider.

It crawls over the water.

It crawls over the edges of the snow.

It crawls under your eyelids

And spreads its webs there—

Its two webs.

The webs of your eyes

Are fastened

To the flesh and bones of you

As to rafters or grass.

There are filaments of your eyes

On the surface of the water

And in the edges of the snow.

## THE FLORIST WEARS KNEE-BREECHES

My flowers are reflected  
In your mind  
As you are reflected in your glass.  
When you look at them,  
There is nothing in your mind  
Except the reflections  
Of my flowers.  
But when I look at them  
I see only the reflections  
In your mind,  
And not my flowers.  
It is my desire  
To bring roses,  
And place them before you  
In a white dish.

## SONG

There are great things doing  
In the world,  
Little rabbit.  
There is a damsel,  
Sweeter than the sound of the willow,  
Dearer than shallow water  
Flowing over pebbles.  
Of a Sunday,  
She wears a long coat,  
With twelve buttons on it.  
Tell that to your mother.

## SIX SIGNIFICANT LANDSCAPES

## I

An old man sits  
In the shadow of a pine tree  
In China.  
He sees larkspur,  
Blue and white,  
At the edge of the shadow,  
Move in the wind.  
His beard moves in the wind.  
The pine tree moves in the wind.  
Thus water flows  
Over weeds.

## II

The night is of the color  
Of a woman's arm:  
Night, the female,  
Obscure,  
Fragrant and supple,  
Conceals herself,  
A pool shines,  
Like a bracelet  
Shaken in a dance.

## III

I measure myself  
    Against a tall tree.  
I find that I am much taller,  
For I reach right up to the sun,  
With my eye;  
And I reach to the shore of the sea  
With my ear.  
Nevertheless, I dislike  
The way the ants crawl  
In and out of my shadow.

## IV

When my dream was near the moon,  
The white folds of its gown  
Filled with yellow light.  
The soles of its feet  
Grew red.  
Its hair filled  
With certain blue crystallizations  
From stars,  
Not far off.

## V

Not all the knives of the lamp-posts,  
Nor the chisels of the long streets,  
Nor the mallets of the domes  
And high towers,

Can carve

What one star can carve,  
Shining through the grape-leaves.

## VI

Rationalists, wearing square hats,  
Think, in square rooms,  
Looking at the floor,  
Looking at the ceiling.  
They confine themselves  
To right-angled triangles.  
If they tried rhomboids,  
Cones, waving lines, ellipses—  
As, for example, the ellipse of the half-moon—  
Rationalists would wear sombreros.

## INSCRIPTION FOR A MONUMENT

To the imagined lives  
Evoked by music,  
Creatures of horns, flutes, drums,  
Violins, bassoons, cymbals—  
Nude porters that glistened in Burma  
Defiling from sight;  
Island philosophers spent

---

By long thought beside fountains;  
Big-bellied ogres curled up in the sunlight,  
Stuttering dreams. . .

### BOWL

For what emperor  
Was this bowl of Earth designed?  
Here are more things  
Than on any bowl of the Sungs,  
Even the rarest—  
Vines that take  
The various obscurities of the moon,  
Approaching rain  
And leaves that would be loose upon the wind,  
Pears on pointed trees,  
The dresses of women,  
Oxen. . .  
I never tire  
To think of this.

## THE DANCER

They were godly people, all of them,  
With whom I dined  
In the cafe that night—  
Substantial citizens  
With their virtuous wives  
And a stray daughter or two. . . .  
And when I spoke my admiration of your dancing,—  
You, the little half-clothed painted cabaret performer  
Who was pirouetting before us,—  
I received a curious answer.—  
It was only as the absurd voicing  
Of a preposterous fancy  
That one of the virtuous wives said to me—  
“Why don’t you go over and dance with her yourself!”  
Her voice stung me,—it was so sure  
That to dance with you would be a shameful and  
unpleasant thing.  
So I answered crossly— “For a nickel I would.”  
And one of the daughters,  
Who doubtless suffered later for her evil act,  
Handed me the nickel. . . . .

And that was how it came to be  
That you and I  
Before the gaping herd of my respectable fellow-  
townsmen



Forgot the world.

Light was the pressure of your hand

And your body was as answering to my touch

As is a little willow to the wind.

I could not see your painted face against my shoulder;

I forgot that you were clad in veils to lure the lustful  
crowd;

The tawdry glitter of the hour faded and died

As you and I soared up

Upon the music.

O soul of a bird!

O cooling wind from the mountains of wild laurel!

O dreamer of a pattern of whirling stars

Down which we moved

In dizzy orbits!

Perfumes of Arabia were around us;

Tremulous melody heard by none other

Out of some distant garden poured in wild song.

And there were lights in the air;

And there were memories

Of forgotten Thracian hillsides,

And madness, and oblivion,

And a fierce white peace.

Then the dance ended. . . . .

And you were once more a little painted harlot

In an ugly cafe

Before a vulgar audience.

So I led you back to your table  
And thanked you conventionally,  
And turned to go.— But a sudden impulse  
Swept me.—  
And in the sight of all the gaping respectabilities  
I turned to you again  
And kissed you  
In recognition and farewell  
To that winged spirit which you late had been.

## CHILD

The young child, Christ, is straight and wise  
And asks questions of the old men, questions  
Found under running water for all children  
And found under shadows thrown on still waters  
By tall trees looking downward, old and gnarled,  
Found to the eyes of children alone, untold,  
Singing a low song in the loneliness.  
And the young child, Christ, goes on asking  
And the old men answer nothing and only know love  
For the young child, Christ, straight and wise.

## STATISTICS

Napoleon shifted  
Restless in the old sarcophagus  
And murmured to a watchguard:  
"Who goes there?"  
"Twenty-one million men,  
Soldiers, armies, guns,  
Twenty-one million  
Afoot, horseback,  
In the air,  
Under the sea."  
And Napoleon turned to his sleep:  
"It is not my world answering;

It is some dreamer who knows not  
The world I marched in  
From Calais to Moscow."  
And he slept on  
In the old sarcophagus  
While the aeroplanes  
Droned their motors  
Between Napoleon's mausoleum  
And the cool night stars.

## LOUIS MAYER'S ICE PICTURES

### "ICY SHORES"

Why has the sea hurled itself on the land  
Now that summer is gone  
And winter is the big player?

Neither is the winner.

Both strugglers, sea and land,  
Are locked in a standstill.  
Only the ice is a victim.  
It happened to be caught between.  
So the ledges are crumpled. .broken playthings.  
They are equal to a toy town of blocks  
Kicked over by children  
Who are gone away.

---

“WALRUS BAY”

High banks with a hard feel to them  
Stand up from a slow splash of gray waves.  
Humped rocks too  
And looking twice at the humped rocks  
We see they are not walrus playing tag  
As we guessed at first.  
No life of blood, throat and nostril  
Runs under them; they are granite  
Heaved up years ago to companion the sea.

“SOLITUDE”

I can have this cool loneliness  
And you can take along what you want  
Here of this cool loneliness.  
It is not like prairie land  
Nor a single crag  
Nor a level of ocean.  
Little hills around it  
Keep off winter,  
The big rough player.  
A disc of cool loneliness,  
I always ask it:  
What are you waiting for?  
It seems so sure somebody is coming.

## ADAM'S SONG, AND MINE

You pass me merrily.

Your hair dashes back like the spray under a racing  
bowsprit.

Your eyes are alight.

You beckon me.

You dare to beckon me

Because you do not understand

The baby rabbits at your feet.

Virgin!

You do not understand my quivering.

Your legs are bare. I am ashamed!

Yes,

I am coming.

I am coming to scramble with you

Through the angry bushes.

I shall race with you over the wet sand,

And I shall bear with your innocence

Until

You feel how warm my breath is,—

Virgin!

## CHANSON TRISTE

My heart is sorrowful and my dreams are broken,  
The light of the sun shines not upon my house.

I went into the forest  
Treading the dry leaves  
And I saw two gleaming black eyes.

I thought it was a tiger  
And my bones cried out in terror.

I thought it was a snake  
And my soul writhed in anguish.

I tumbled on a wet tree-root  
And fell fainting into the morass,  
The green toads croaked at me  
The mud oozed round my belly . . . . .  
I turned and saw  
Two black gleaming eyes . . . . .

My heart is sorrowful and my dreams are broken,  
The light of the sun shines not upon my house.

## L'ARBRE MYSTIQUE

The slender tree  
Has leaves that droop like little folds of silk;  
Their delicate green  
Melts into the blackness of the night.

Passing beneath  
I seem to feel soft touches on my cheek  
As though invisible wings  
Or the stretching hands of some body-searching spirit  
Brushed past me.

My soul  
Disintegrates;  
Like a wave driven by the wind  
It bursts.  
Each spark  
Flies up  
To find a body in the silent leaves.

## RAPIERE A DEUX POINTS

(To G. K.)

Your eyes  
are like two flames  
dancing  
on the carved surface  
of a gem.



## THE DESERTED BALLROOM

## I

The dancers all have gone,  
Leaving their souls behind them;  
Pallid and frail their souls,  
With not a fleeting foot to mind them;  
Their souls are not their own.

Wearing their fleshly wraps,  
They have returned to the prose  
Of the sandy shore,  
Robed in the rags of dancers long before.  
And still,  
But never still,  
The lyric water of the ballroom floor  
Laps the firm prose of the sand,  
And ever laps.

The sea is still;  
Only the rhythm of the waltz,  
Sprinkled in waves upon the starlit space,  
Lingers like dropped petals of the dancers' grace  
The sea is mirror of the will  
To paint the laugh of pleasure  
Forever on the face.

## II

My breath faints upon my lips.  
For forth from the untenanted night  
One cometh wandering in a dream.  
Holding aloft a taper whose wan flame skips  
On the faded rhythm of the ballroom floor;  
Some sated dancer in a plight  
Of loss, spreading a ghostly gleam.  
There is no tide of music, is it to dance once more  
She brings her light?

The sea, how still.  
The moon, how very pale.  
Is it without avail  
Her beams drip from the eaten candle, spill  
Gouts of warm gold upon the sable floor?

*Who passed in sobbing haste from prose of sand  
To descend upon the sea that echoes with the dance?*

*A splash of welcome in the glance  
Of feeble rays descending;  
And a clasp of mortal hand  
With spirit, in a hope unending.*

The waxen moon confers a lure that glozes  
The prose of sandy shore, and closes  
The reaching gap from satiate dancer to his soul.

---

She comes with pity of forbidden light  
In which to find again his loosened aureole.

### III

There is a lustral peace abiding  
In the moon upon the sea;  
There is no lost soul hiding  
In hope bereft of Thee,  
O august Beauty!

Dropped cadences on the water mutter,  
And hush like fragrances in a deserted hall  
Where the last dancer closed the door.  
No more tonight does the candle gutter,  
And stain the ballroom floor.  
In the blue moon's sleep forgotten souls are gathered  
to the shore,  
Its prose melted in the rhythmic fall  
Of crescending light.

Ended in dream the wasted dancer's plight.

And yet I hesitate to sleep;  
For does not the revealing Goddess keep

The sanctity of pleasure  
And Artemis in her might  
Bestow the boon of Beauty on our fevered measure?

In the blinding nakedness of silence  
Over Poseidon's floor,  
On this sea of failed emotion,  
Is there not more  
The freed spirit of the dance  
When spent is the last forlorn devotion?

Grey prose of sand and shore  
Is to blue magic dedicated;  
And when, the fever of the quest abated,  
The body shakes its tattered clothes  
Upon the floor,  
Do we not pass from beauty simulated  
To the one Beauty that is more?





# MUSHROOMS

A BOOK OF RHYTHMS

BY

ALFRED KREYMBORG

READY EARLY IN APRIL

PRICE \$1.25

*JOHN MARSHALL*

*Publisher*

*331 Fourth Avenue  
NEW YORK*

---

The Subscription to OTHERS

for one year is \$1.50

OTHERS is published monthly at

331 Fourth Avenue, New York.

OTHERS makes its appeal to every person who is interested in poetry, and especially in the work of young Americans.

*SEND IN YOUR SUBSCRIPTION NOW.*

