Mr. Robertson
H. Pf.

Vol. XI No. V

Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

Edited by Harriet Monroe

February 1918

Page 283

Peruvian Poems by Chocano
Translated by John P. Rice

The Tired Woman, a Play
by Max Michelson

Poems by Louise Driscoll, Lucy Eddy, Ben Hecht, Maurice Browne

543 Cass Street, Chicago

$2.00 per Year Single Numbers 20¢

The livest art in America today is poetry, and the livest expression of that art is in this little Chicago monthly.
New York Tribune (Editorial)

POETRY *for* FEBRUARY, 1918

PAGE

Peruvian Poems . . . . . *José Santos Chocano* 229
Translated by *John Pierrepont Rice*
Oda Salvaje—A Song of the Road—El Charro—The Magnolia.

Old Roofs I-II—Harbury . . . . . *Louise Driscoll* 237

Silence of the Night I-III . . . . . *Maurice Browne* 240

Snow Monotones . . . . . *Ben Hecht* 246

Valley and Mesa . . . . . *Lucy Eddy* 248
Iris—The Flowering Acacia—Ophelia Roses—Red Eucalyptus Blossoms—The Jacaranda—The Olive Tree—Bougainvillea—Sea-gardens, Avalon—New-born—Lullabies I-II—The Singing Sands.

Chinese Poems . . . . . Translated by *Arthur Waley* 252
The Orphan—Fighting at Lung-tou—On Barbarous Modern Instruments.

The Tired Woman, a Present-day Myth Play *Max Michelson* 255

José Santos Chocano . . . . . *John Pierrepont Rice* 260

The Hard and the Soft in French Poetry . . . . *E. P.* 264

Back to China . . . . . *H. M.* 271

Reviews:

Anthologies and Translations . . . . . *H. H.* 274
Ellen Fitzgerald 279

Strains of Yesterday . . . . . *Salomón de la Selva* 281

Our Contemporaries: Academic Back-water 283

Notes and Books Received 285

Manuscripts must be accompanied by a stamped and self-addressed envelope.
Inclusive yearly subcription rates: In the United States, Mexico, Cuba and American possessions, $2.00 net; in Canada, $2.15 net; in all other countries in the Postal Union, $2.25 net. Entered as second-class matter at Post-office, Chicago.

Published monthly at 543 Cass St., Chicago

Copyright 1918, by Harriet Monroe. All rights reserved.

POETRY *asks its friends to become Supporting Subscribers by paying ten dollars a year to its Fund. The magazine began under a five-year endowment which expired Sept. 30th, 1917; and although the endowment has been partly resubscribed for another period, this Fund is insufficient and expenses are constantly increasing. The art of poetry requires, if it is to advance, not only special sympathy from a discriminating public, but also endowment similar to that readily granted to the other arts. All who believe in the general purpose and policy of this magazine, and recognize the need and value of such an organ of the art, are invited to assist thus in maintaining it.*

Poetry
A Magazine of Verse

VOL. XI
NO. V

FEBRUARY, 1918

PERUVIAN POEMS

ODA SALVAJE

FOREST of my fathers, deity
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,
I stand and greet you from the trembling sea,
That like some white-haired slave before a queen,
With all its shining foam, fawns at your feet.

I greet you from the sea above whose combers
Your heavy perfumes break upon the wind.
Behind them tower your mutilated trunks
And beckon me to the Americas.

I greet you from the sea that woos you still
Like some wild chieftan with dishevelled locks
Knowing that deep in your inviolate heart
Is born the hollow ship that scars its face
And mocks its depths with straining keel and sail.

O forest of my fathers, deity
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,
I stand and greet you from the shining sea.
I turn to you and feel my soul set free.
Behind me lies the stress of modern ways:
I have become, for very sight of you,
Like one of your wise tribal patriarchs,
Who slept of old upon your tender grass,
And drank the milk of goats, and ate their bread
Sweetened with honey of the forest bee.

I look on you and I am comforted,
For the thick ranks of all your tufted trees
Recall to me how centuries ago,
With twice ten thousand archers at my heels,
I led the way whither the mountains smoke
And lift their craters from the shores of lakes;
And how at length I wandered to the realm
Of the great Inca Yupanqui, and went,
Following him upon the mountain-tops,
Down to Arauco and its peaceful slopes,
And rested in a tent of condors' wings.

I look on you and I am comforted,
Because the centuries have marked me out
To be your poet, and to raise the hymns
Of joy and grief that in heroic dawns
The Cuzco smote upon his lyre of stone:
Legends of Aztec emperors, and songs

Of bold Palenkes and Tahuantisuyos,
Vanished like Babylon from off this earth.

Here in your presence, with your savage spell
Leaping in all my veins, the centuries
Lift like a vision from the abyss of time
And pass before me in unfading youth.

So I evoke the ages still unformed
That saw your first tree burst its bonds of stone,
And all the others headlong on its track,
With the ordained disorder of the stars.
So I evoke the endless chain of time,
Of creeping growth and slow monotony,
That passed before your roots were fired with sap,
And all your trunks took form beneath their bark;
And all the knots of every branch were loosed,
To join the hymn of your primeval Spring.

And now your flowering branches are a cage
For singing birds—fantastic orchestra—
Above whose din the fickle mocking-bird
Pours its strange song; and only one is mute—
The solemn *quetzal,* that in silence flaunts
His rainbow plumage with heraldic pomp
Above the tombs of a departed race.

Your countless blue and rosy butterflies
Flutter and fan themselves coquettishly;
Your buzzing insects glitter in the sun,

Glimmer and glow like gems and talismans
Encrusted in the hilts of ancient swords.
Your crickets scold, and when the day is spent
And fire-flies light your depths where beasts of prey
Stalk in the gloom, as through a nightmare gleam
The sulphurous pupils of satanic eyes.

Yours is the tapir, that in mountain pools
Mirrors the shape of his deformity,
And rends the jungle with his monstrous head;
Yours the lithe jaguar, nimble acrobat,
That from the branches darts upon his prey;
And yours the tiger-cat, sly strategist,
With gums of plush and alabaster fang.
The crocodile is yours, that venerable
Amphibious guardian of crops and streams,
Whose emerald eyes peer from the oozy caves;
And yours the boa, that seems a mighty arm
Hewn from the shadow by a giant axe.

But like a sponge, into your labyrinth
Of tropic growth you suck each living thing—
The strength of muscles and the blood of veins—
There to beget in your exuberance
The warlike plumes of your imperial palms,
Whose milky fruits refreshed in by-gone day
The tribes grown weary with long pilgrimage.

And there the patriarchal *ceiba* tree
Offered its canopy to pondering chiefs

Counselling war or peace beneath its boughs.
And there is Pindar's oak, and there the tree
Of Lebanon, and the mahogany,
Whose fragrant wood in European courts
The cunning craftsman polishes and shapes
To thrones of kings and marriage-beds of queens.

Forest of my fathers, deity,
To whom the Incas and the Aztecs bowed,
I greet you from the sea, and breathe this prayer:
That with the night—the close approaching night—
You may entomb me in your sacred dusk
Like some dim spectre of forgotten cults;
And that—to fire my eyes with savage light
And wild reflection of your revelry—
Burning upon the tip of every tree
That points into the night, you set a star!

A SONG OF THE ROAD

The way was black,
The night was mad with lightning; I bestrode
My wild young colt upon a mountain road.
And, crunching onward, like a monster's jaws
His ringing hoof-beats their glad rhythm kept;
Breaking the glassy surface of the pools
Where hidden waters slept.
A million buzzing insects in the air
On droning wing made sullen discord there.

But suddenly, afar, beyond the wood,
Beyond the dark pall of my brooding thought,
I saw lights cluster like a swarm of wasps
Among the branches caught.
"The inn!" I cried, and on his living flesh
My broncho felt the lash and neighed with eagerness.

And all this time the cool and quiet wood
Uttered no sound, as though it understood.

Until there came to me upon the night
A voice so clear, so clear, so ringing sweet!—
A voice as of a woman, and her song
Dropped like soft music winging at my feet,
And seemed a sigh that, with my spirit blending,
Lengthened and lengthened out, and had no ending.

And through the empty silence of the night,
And through the quiet of the hills, I heard
That music; and the sounds the night wind bore me,
Like spirit voices from an unseen world,
Came drifting o'er me.

I curbed my horse, to catch what she might say:
"At night they come, and they are gone by day."
And then another voice, with low refrain
And untold tenderness, took up the strain:
"Oh, love is but an inn upon life's way—
At night they come, and they are gone by day."
Their voices mingled in that wistful lay.

Then I dismounted and stretched out my length
Beside a pool, and while my mind was bent
Upon that mystery within the wood
My eyes grew heavy and my strength was spent.
And so I slept there, huddled in my cloak.
And now, when by untrodden paths I go
Through the dim forest, no repose I know
At any inn at nightfall, but apart
I sleep beneath the stars, for through my heart
Echoes the burden of that wistful lay:
"At night they come, and they are gone by day;
And love is but an inn upon life's way."

EL CHARRO

A coat of silk, cheap jewels he loves to flaunt,
  Some tawdry lace that serves him for a frill:
He grasps a pistol butt, and seems to taunt
  The world and grip it in his ugly will.

Striding his bronco with its braided tail,
  Crowned by a hat that tapers to a cone—
One feels no bribe nor violence could prevail
  To make him change his saddle for a throne.

Proud of his seat, he cracks his rawhide lash.
  The brute obeys, a spark flies from his hoof,
He plunges; and with pistol at his sash
  His master strides him, haughty and aloof.

These seem no man and horse in mortal strife,
But some Olympic figure come to life.

THE MAGNOLIA

Deep in the wood, of scent and song the daughter,
  Perfect and bright is the magnolia born;
White as a flake of foam upon still water,
  White as soft fleece upon rough brambles torn.

Hers is a cup a workman might have fashioned
  Of Grecian marble in an age remote.
Hers is a beauty perfect and impassioned,
  As when a woman bares her rounded throat.

There is a tale of how the moon, her lover,
  Holds her enchanted by some magic spell;
Something about a dove that broods above her,
  Or dies within her breast—I cannot tell.

I cannot say where I have heard the story,
  Upon what poet's lips; but this I know:
Her heart is like a pearl's, or like the glory
  Of moonbeams frozen on the spotless snow.

José Santos Chocano
Translated by John Pierrepont Rice

OLD ROOFS

I

I have seen old roofs,
Broken for winds to enter,
All their secrets flown like homing birds.
It seemed to me they were like broken words.
They babbled, inarticulate, of men
Who came and went and will not come again.
They were full of whispers and of shadows,
Provisioned for a dream's viaticum.
These only had a voice,
All, all the other roofs were dumb!

II

Under an old roof I went one day,
  But there was naught to see.
Singing, silken drapery
  Went down the hall with me.
I was aware
Of feet upon the stair;
  Soft laughter and a little sound of tears,
  Muffled by many years.
It was the roof, the broken roof, that sung.
  The living roofs were silent,
But the dead roof had a tongue!

HARBURY

All the men of Harbury go down to the sea in ships,
The wind upon their faces, the salt upon their lips.

The little boys of Harbury when they are laid to sleep,
Dream of masts and cabins and the wonders of the deep.

The women-folk of Harbury have eyes like the sea,
Wide with watching wonder, deep with mystery.

I met a woman: "Beyond the bar," she said,
"Beyond the shallow water where the green lines spread,

"Out beyond the sand-bar and the white spray,
My three sons wait for the Judgment Day."

I saw an old man who goes to sea no more,
Watch from morn till evening down on the shore.

"The sea's a hard mistress," the old man said;
"The sea is always hungry and never full fed.

"The sea had my father and took my son from me—
Sometimes I think I see them, walking on the sea!

"I'd like to be in Harbury on the Judgment Day,
When the word is spoken and the sea is wiped away,

"And all the drowned fisher boys, with sea-weed in their hair,
Rise and walk to Harbury to greet the women there.

"I'd like to be in Harbury and see the souls arise,
Son and mother hand in hand, lovers with glad eyes.

"I think there would be many who would turn and look
with me,
Hoping for another glimpse of the cruel sea!

"They tell me that in Paradise the fields are green and still,
With pleasant flowers everywhere that all may take who
will,

"And four great rivers flowing from out the Throne of God,
That no one ever drowns in and souls may cross dry-shod.

"I think among those wonders there will be men like me,
Who miss the old salt danger of the singing sea.

"For in my heart, like some old shell, inland, safe and dry,
Anyone who harks will still hear the sea cry."

Louise Driscoll

SILENCE OF THE NIGHT

I

The silence of the night is full of voices,
Voices like the trumpets of angels
Blown across the stars from the ramparts of heaven,
Voices like the stillness
Of one newly dead.
The silence of the night,
Empty of cry of bird or beast,
Empty of stir of leaf or branch,
Empty of all human utterance,
Is filled with voices.

In the silence of the night
I stood by the garden pool in the darkness
And I heard a voice crying,
Wake!
For the feet of Him who comes are on the threshold of the worlds.
Wake!
For He holds the worlds in His hands.

In the silence of the night
In the shadows by the pool in the darkness
I heard a voice answer:
Sleep:
For the hour of waking will come, will come.

Sleep, and dream not. Sleep, and be at rest.
Sleep,
While ye may.

In the silence of the night
I heard a voice
Like the trumpet of an angel;
In the silence of the night
I heard a voice
Like a soul passing:
Where the trees brood over the pool
In the darkness of my garden.

II

Then
In the silence of the night
Suddenly
I heard a woman weeping,
And I heard a girl singing:
By the pool
In the darkness of my garden
In the stillness of the night.

O singing girl, singing girl, singing girl,
Singing through the night,
Singing, singing, under the trees,
Singing, singing, singing, beside the pool in the darkness,
"Come away," singing, "Come away, O my lover,"

"Love! Love! Love!" singing like a bird among the branches,
Golden-throated singer, young for ever, undying,
Singing of love all night among the shadows under the silence,
Under the silence of the stars,
Under the silence of the night,
Under the eternal silence:
Sing! sing! sing!
Sing for ever, for ever through the darkness,
Sing through the silence, sing through the everlasting silence,
Sing! shattering the silence—
You also
For ever.

In the silence of the night
I heard a girl singing,
And I heard a woman
Weeping in the darkness.

O singing girl, singing girl,
Singing all night long,
Singing of love, of love, to my heart in the darkness of the
garden,
"Love! Love! Love! Love!" singing full-throated, triumphal,
Virginal, golden-hearted, magical in the stillness:
Sing for ever, for ever.

In the silence of the night
I heard a girl singing,
And I heard a woman weeping:

A woman weeping,
Weeping in the darkness.

Singing girl, O singing girl,
Sing for me again in the darkness,
Sing for me, sing for me, in the darkness,
Sing again, sing again for me in the darkness:
O singing girl, singing girl,
Sing for me again.

By the pool
In the silence of the night
I heard a woman weeping,
A woman weeping in the darkness,
Quietly, ceaselessly
Weeping in the darkness
Through the long night,
Through the night that will not end,
Through the eternal night.

O singing girl, my singing girl . . .
Rain, rain, rain.
Rain among the leaves and on the branches,
Rain on the branches in the darkness:
Rain.

Lost, lost, lost.
O lost, O lonely, O forsaken!
O my lover, O lonely, O my lover!
Lost.

Never, never, never.
Nevermore his feet upon the threshold:
O the trumpet that pealed upon the threshold!
Nevermore, never, never.

Thereafter,
By the pool, listening,
I heard silence enfold the night:
Where the wet trees
Make a darkness of my garden.

III

And again, a third time,
The silence of the night was filled with voices:
Antiphonal voices like the trumpets of the sons of God
Pealing from star to star across the ramparts of heaven;
Answering voices hushed like the stillness
Of one dead who will not awaken.
The silence after the song had ceased,
The silence that followed after
The tears of another,
Were aflame and terrible with voices.

What is the silence of the night to us?
Or the tears of a woman?
Or the singing of a girl in the darkness?
Or the silence after the singing?
What to us are silence and song?

Then
Over and under and about the silence
And through the silence
And filling the silence,
While dawn
Moving over the darkness
Touched like a lover the pool in my garden,
The voices of the night met and mingled
And were one:

Make an end of tears in the night:
Make an end of singing in the darkness:
Sing in the dawn, the dawn!
In the dawn make a song of your tears:
Let your tears be a song for ever
In the great silence.

In the hush of dawn
Between the night and the day
I heard this voice,
A voice like the stillness of God.

Maurice Browne

1916

SNOW MONOTONES

A great white leopard prowling silently
Over the house-tops, up and down the sky,
Trailing its ermine and its ivory—
The lithe and sinuous snow creeps softly by.

The air is crowded and the day alight;
The houses etched in stuccoed boundaries
Loom radiant, while in capricious flight
The snow paints ghostly summer on the trees.

With opals and with lustered silks inlaid
The snow spreads out its long unbroken seas,
And frames each house in candied masquerade
Of quaint and crystaline geometries.

Perhaps the snow is an enchanted rain,
Or, swarming white and gently to and fro,
The souls of little birds come back again
And searching for the sky they used to know.

The snow falls thicker, and a spectral night
Bursts without sunset in a wind-whirled glow,
Blotting the day and leaving more alight
The glistening white nocturne of the snow.

The stiff and tangled avenues become
Like some vague field of dreams that hides behind

Ben Hecht

A strange and delicate delirium
Of labyrinthine pallors, swift and blind.

The snow seems rising—a fantastic spray
Some sharp and sinister wind has given wing;
And all the world is blowing fast away,
The houses and the trees first vanishing.

The world is but a shimmering pastel,
A whimsically chiseled cameo
Whose life seems only the ephemeral
And pale diaphonous music of the snow.

The snow has ended and the highways lie
In lacquered desolation; and outthrown
The blue and staring shadow of the sky
Appears above the emptied air—alone.

The night is not so silent as the snow
And yet the night is dark and mute and deep—
The faery stains that wander to and fro
Are what the night is dreaming in its sleep.

Ben Hecht

VALLEY AND MESA

IRIS

The morning is
Sunlight—rainlight. . .
O morning of blowing rainbows!
It glistens and sings
Like a sea-shell
Out of cool, curling waters.

THE FLOWERING ACACIA

Over the bending boughs
Of the acacia
Falls a shower
Of golden light,
Shining—
Like the song of sun-rains.

OPHELIA ROSES

Out of the dawn
Trembling with moon-mist
The glow of a sun-gold rose!
Wild as a wood-bird note,
Fragrant as crushed red wine.

RED EUCALYPTUS BLOSSOMS

A flame of scarlet
Flares in the tree-tops;
It spreads like wild-fire
And runs crackling over
The blue-green leaves.

THE JACARANDA

The purple breeze
Sings through the jacaranda
And wings away,
Leaving the shadows to flower.

THE OLIVE TREE

Branches of blowing rain,
Of gray-winding winds,
Of twilight brooding.

BOUGAINVILLEA

Garlands of royal purple;
Proud, regal notes of pageantry
Sounding imperial color;
A fanfare of trumpets
Triumphant, barbaric;
Bells and chimes and cymbals
Clanging crimson.

SEA-GARDENS—AVALON

Sea-wind, sea-wind,
  Gently go—
Over the sapphire waters
  Where anemones glow,
On the crest of the waves
  Where the foam-flowers blow—
Soft as light,
  White as snow.

Sea-wind, sea-wind,
  Softly sing;
For the water-bells lightly
  Bubble and ring;
Where the golden kelp-weeds
  Curl and swing,
And a flying-fish,
  On gauzy wing,
Whirs
  Glistening.

NEW-BORN

A breath of sleep waking,
Warm as rose-pink breaking
  Over petals sunglown.
Folding and unfolding
Are the tiny fingers holding
  The world unknown!

LULLABIES

I

Sleep, my little sun-god,
  Dream of gold and blue!
Skies that shone with song-light
  Swing their bells of dew,
Tapping silver music
  Soft and low for you.
Listen! they are singing,
  "Little one, dream true."

II

Hush! the brooding wood-notes
  Fainter grow;
Violet are the vineyards,
  Wine-winds blow;
Purple music hymning
  Deep and low.

THE SINGING SANDS

Over the graying desert
  Broods the sky.
Clouds drift—sands shift—
  Night winds sigh.
Through the hush and stillness
  Silver shadows fly.
In the sand a foot-fall
  Sings and passes by.

Lucy Eddy

CHINESE POEMS

THE ORPHAN

To be an orphan,
To be fated to be an orphan,
How bitter is this lot!
When my father and mother were alive
I used to ride in a fine carriage
Driving four horses;
But when my father and mother died,
My brother and his wife made of me a merchant.
In the South I travelled to the Nine Rivers
And in the East as far as Ch'i and Lu.
At the end of the year when I came home
I dared not tell them what I had suffered—
Of the lice and vermin in my head,
Of the dust in my face and eyes.
My brother told me to get ready the dinner;
My sister-in-law told me to see after the horses.
I was always going up into the hall
And running down again to the parlor.
My tears fell like a shower of rain.
In the morning they sent me to draw water;
I didn't get back till night-fall.
My hands were all sore,
And I hadn't any shoes;
I walked the cold earth
Treading on the thorns and brambles.

As I stopped to pull out the thorns,
How bitter my heart was!—
My tears fell and fell
And I went on sobbing and sobbing.
In winter I have no great-coat,
Nor in summer thin clothes.
It is no pleasure to be alive;
I had rather quickly leave this earth
And go beneath the Yellow Springs.
The April winds blow
And the grass grows so green:
In the third month, silk worms and mulberries;
In the sixth month, the melon-harvest.
I went out with the melon-cart,
And just as I was coming home
The melon-cart turned over.
The people who came to help me were few,
But the people who ate the melons were many.
All they left me was the stalks;
I took them home as fast as I could.
My brother and sister-in-law were harsh;
They asked me all sorts of awful questions.
Why does every one in the village blame me?
I want to write a letter and send it
To my father and mother under the earth
And tell them I can't go on any longer
Living with my brother and my sister-in-law.

Anonymous—First Century B. C.

FIGHTING AT LUNG-TOU

The road that separates me mounts eight thousand feet,
The river that parts me hangs one hundred fathoms
In summer the brambles so thick that one cannot pass—
In winter the snow so high that one cannot climb!
With branches that interlace Lung Valley is dark;
Against cliffs that tower one's voice beats and echoes.
I turn my head and it seems only a dream
That I ever lived in the streets of Hsien-yang.

Hsü-ling—Sixth Century A. D.

ON BARBAROUS MODERN INSTRUMENTS

Of cord and cassia-wood is the harp compounded.
Within it lie ancient melodies—
Ancient melodies, weak and savorless,
Not appealing to present men's taste.
Light and color are faded from its jade stops;
Dust has covered its rose-red strings:
Decay and ruin came to it long ago.
But the sound that is left is still cold and clear,
And I do not refuse to play it to you.
But even if I play, people won't listen.

How did it come to be neglected so?
It was because of the Ch'iang flute and the Ch'in flageolet.

Po Chü-i—Eighth and Ninth Centuries
Translated by Arthur Waley

THE TIRED WOMAN

A present-day myth-play

The Woman
Messengers of Rest
Messengers of Light
Messengers of Beauty
The Apparition

Scene: A street of ugly red-brick rooming-houses. It is sunny but clouds are visible. The Woman is walking slowly. Messengers of Rest, clad in dark-grey and carrying a flowered carpet, appear.

First Messenger, spreading the carpet:

Bend, grains of wool,
Keep the blows
Of the sharp earth
From her tired feet.

Second and third Messengers:

Curl under,
Bend halfway,
Lift them gently,
Push them softly.

First Messenger:

As the sea-children at play
Carry a ship,
As the delicate grass-spirits a bird.

[*They disappear. Messengers of Light, dressed in gleaming greyish white, and riding on silver horses with gold reins, appear. They carry tall urns.*]

Messengers of Light, pointing to the cloudy sky:

Odd-shaped monsters,
Some with tails and some with wings,
Pursued us,
But our gleaming silver horses
Outran them.
We see them—
Hurry—hurry!

[*They pour from the urns something which makes the pieces of wood and stone shine, and then disappear. Messengers of Beauty, clad like wall-painters, and carrying long brushes, appear.*]

First and second Messengers of Beauty, painting the walls and sprinkling through the open windows:

Sorrow and squalor
Fly, fly away!

Third and fourth Messengers of Beauty:

Spirit of beauty,
Spirit of youth,
Blow on tired hearts,
Breathe on tired eyes.

Fifth, sixth and seventh:

Pop up from your corners.

Delicate little joys—
Peeping joys,
Sleeping joys.
Wake up—sleeping lights,
Sleeping colors!

[*The woman sits down on a bench in a little park which is near. The Apparition comes slowly and sits down on the edge of the bench.*]

The Apparition:
Did I frighten you?
Shall I go away?

The Woman—in a low voice as if to herself:
Have I—seen you before?
Yes . . . years ago . . . Where?

The Apparition:
Years ago. . . . Yes.
You were young . . .

The Woman—dreamily:
Odorous grasses,
Trees molten in darkness,
A mild little wind
Bounding like a willow,
Like a playful dog . . .

The Apparition:
You were—

The Woman—as before:

I loved him.
I was not I—I was a spirit.
I was borne, borne . . .

The Apparition:

I know. I knew.
I knew all.

The Woman:

I think I can remember
A glimpse of your face
In the distance . . . always . . .

The Apparition—enigmatically:

Half of your kisses
Were for me.

The Woman:

For you? [*As if from a trance.*]
I climbed a mountain,
I waded a thick wood,
Your face always shone before me.
The butterfly
I could not catch . . .

The Apparition:

And later—in later years—

The Woman:

Yes,
In later years—

The Apparition:

Even when you were with Whiteley
That night in New York—

[*The Woman screams and hides her face.*]

The Apparition:

Even then
Your hands reached out to me,
Clutched at me.

The Woman, raising her tear-stained face a little:

Its wings shone
Even in the dark. . . . It was
Made of light.

The Apparition:

I kept each thorn
From going too deep
In your soul.
Each shame
I washed.
And the pain
I soothed,
Soothed . . .

[*The Woman sits long with lowered head softly crying. Then she raises her face, and it beams with a strange proud light. The Apparition walks slowly away.*]

Max Michelson

COMMENT

JOSÉ SANTOS CHOCANO

THERE is a poem of Chocano's which well expresses his conception of the relations between the Old World and the New. He calls it a *Chronicle of the Reign of Alfonso the Thirteenth.*

In the middle of the ocean which separates Europe from America, two ships are about to cross each other's path at night. One flaunts as a figure-head, the golden lion, which is the emblem of León. The prow of the other bears the silver castle of Castile. Both ships are otherwise alike. Their crews hail one another in the same language—in the tongue of the country of Utopia, the tongue of Spain.

On the deck of one stands Dulcinea, Cervantes' heroine, as grave as an ideal, wrapped in her Spanish cloak. She is bearing to the New World the pure illusion, the gentle faith, the divine madness of old Spain. All its idealism, all its enchantment, all its dreams are hers.

On the deck of the other stands Jimena, of the *Chronicle of the Cid.* On her feet are the anklets of the savage, in her hand she bears a fan made of the gorgeous plumage of the rarest tropic birds. She is bearing from the New World, back to the awakening consciousness of Spain, the joy of combat, the holy wrath, the soul of great decisions.

But the intrepid Don Rodrigo casts in his lot with the visionary Dulcinea, whose soul completes his own, and the fantastic Don Quijote fares back to Spain in the company

of Jimena, fired with the inspiration of her dauntless courage. "A stupendous fantasy," says Chocano, "but one that increases through two worlds and through four centuries."

. . . . . .

The names of two Latin-American poets, whose works have already become widely known, were linked together on the program of a reception given last spring by the Joint Committee of the Literary Arts to distinguished men of letters from Central and South America: those of Rubén Darío of Nicaragua and José Santos Chocano of Peru. This was right, for these men were friends; and that was more than a mere metaphor in which Darío once spoke of fixing in the button-hole of the younger poet a leaf from his own laurels.

These poets have in common their devotion to the cause of poetry, but I shall try to emphasize in what respects they differ, and how their natures complement each other; as in Chocano's poem the warlike soul of Rodrigo finds its completion in the idealism of Cervantes' heroine, and the divine madness of Don Quijote in the unflinching purpose of Jimena.

In the work of Rubén Darío one cannot fail to catch that note of cosmopolitanism combined with a sort of personal aloofness, that universality of expression, which makes him, like so many other poets of high rank, the spokesman of no single time or race. As Rodó has aptly said of him, Rubén Darío is not the poet of America. But this distinction cannot be denied to Chocano; witness the very titles of his works. *Alma America* and *Oro de las Indias*—the western

Indies of course are meant—suggest immediately the source of his inspiration.

I shall try to give my impression of this poet who has already made himself the spokesman of a continent, as far as possible in his own words: for in more than one of his poems Chocano has sketched his own portrait. In *Epopeya Salvaje* he has described the conflict in his own person of the dreams of a Segismundo—the hero of Calderón's *Life is a Dream*—with a passionate attraction towards every manifestation of external power: until at last he finds in his Andes, because they touch the sky; in his plains, because they are oceans of verdure; in his woods, because they are full of mystery and terror, an outlet for his emotion. And against this stupendous background of his native scenery he places the heroic Incas and the pomp of Spanish viceroys, in whom, as well as in the lion of the jungle and the condor of the mountain peak, he finds his ancestry. Yet the dreams of the young Segismundo are not forgotten, and from the caverns of his soul, in which they dwell, he draws an epic of the vast New World.

It is this epic quality that predominates increasingly in Chocano's later work, until the scope of it enlarges to include, not only the inspiring grandeur of natural scenery, but all the life that animates the jungle, and all the peoples that inhabit the Americas. His imagination reaches backward to evoke the forgotten dawns of the creation, and forward to anticipate the day of which Bolívar dreamed, when the peoples of the Southern Continent shall unite to form, like the

Cordillera, an unbroken chain from the Caribbean to the Horn. In his *Isthmus of Panama,* and in his *Hymn of the Future,* even the great republic of the north is included in this vision; and in the latter poem he prophesies the union of a hemisphere.

But even more than on these fine epics, conceived so broadly and full of so much contagious enthusiasm, I think Chocano's fame will rest on certain poems of a more restricted scope, but appealing more directly and simply to the heart. I mean those poems in which he touches on mysterious contacts between human life and the great natural setting in which it unfolds; those which unite the lyric with the epic vein. Some of these have a peculiar elemental quality and give one the impression, almost, of never having been written down by Chocano, but rather of having been spoken aloud by him as he rides along on horseback through his forests. Other poems give us simple but unforgettable word-pictures of some single impression of the life around him—the picturesque figure of the *gaucho* or *llanero* (the cowboy or the plainsman), the fragrance of the tropic forest, the exuberant loveliness of a flower, the horror and fascination of the beast of prey.

It is from such poems as these that I have made my translations, because I feel that the Pan-American fellowship, in which we are all so much interested at present, is to be achieved not so much by proclaiming it as by feeling it. And it is through such poems that we are made to see with the eyes of our southern neighbors.

There is sound philosophy in the fantastic conception of the *Crónica Alfonsina,* in the idea that the most perfect union results from a fusion of unlike but complementary natures. We of the North and the men of the South must come bearing our best gifts. Then we shall meet half-way, like the ships in the poem, and both crews shall speak the same language, though each may bear a different figure-head.

Such an understanding can never be the result of mere treaty-making or diplomacy. It must be built on the solid foundation of mutual respect and sympathy. Men of letters can best bring about the consummation of this understanding. Could we find better emblems to place side by side on our new Pan-American escutcheon than those of Chocano's poem—the golden lion of an undaunted purpose and the silver castle of our dreams? *John Pierrepont Rice*

THE HARD AND THE SOFT IN FRENCH POETRY

I apologize for using these metaphorical terms "hard" and "soft" in this essay, but after puzzling over the matter for some time I can see no other way of setting about it. By "hardness" I mean a quality which is in poetry nearly always a virtue—I can think of no case where it is not. By softness I mean an opposite quality which is not always a fault. Anyone who dislikes these textural terms may lay the blame on Théophile Gautier, who certainly suggests them in *Emaux et Camées;* it is his hardness that I had first

in mind. He exhorts us to cut in hard substance, the shell and the Parian.

We may take it that Gautier achieved hardness in *Emaux et Camées;* his earlier work did in France very much what remained for the men of "the nineties" to accomplish in England. An examination of what Gautier wrote in "the thirties" will show a similar beauty, a similar sort of technique. If the Parnassians were following Gautier they fell short of his merit. Heredia is perhaps the best of them. He tries to make his individual statements more "poetic"; his whole, for all this, becomes frigid. Samain follows him and begins to go "soft," there is just a suggestion of muzziness. Heredia is "hard," but there or thereabouts he ends. It is perhaps that Gautier is intent on being "hard"; is intent on conveying a certain verity of feeling, and he ends by being truly poetic. Heredia wants to be poetic *and* hard; the hardness appears to him as a virtue in the poetic. And one tends to conclude that all attempts to be poetic in some manner or other defeat their own end; whereas an intentness on the quality of the emotion to be conveyed makes for poetry.

Another possible corollary is that the subject matter will very nearly make the poem. Subject matter will, of course, not make the poem; *e. g.,* compare Mangan's *Kathleen ni Houlihan,* with Yeats' *Song that Red Hanrahan made about Ireland*, where the content is almost identical.

On the other hand the man who first decides that certain things are poetry has great advantage over all who follow

him, and who accede in his opinion. Gautier did decide that certain things were worth making into poems, whereas the Parnassians only acceded in other men's opinions about subject matter, and accepted Gautier's advice to cut, metaphorically, in hard stone, etc.

Gautier is individual and original even in such poems as the *Poem of Woman,* and the *Symphony in White Major,* which seem but variants on old themes. I have found what might be a germ of the *Symphony* in Renaissance Latin, and there is an Elizabethan lyric about *Swan's down ever.* Nevertheless Gautier's way of thinking about these things was at bottom his own.

His originality is not in his form, his hard, close-cut lines and stanzas. Bernard, a poet praised by Voltaire, and at one time Rameau's librettist, wrote French in clear hard little stanzas:

> J'ai vu Daphné, Terpsichore légère,
> Sur un tapis de rose et de fougère,
> S'abandonner à des bonds pleins d'appas,
> Voler, languir. . . . . .

This is not from a stanza but it shows Bernard's perfectly orderly method.

Gautier writing in opposition to, or in rejection of, the swash of Hugo, DeMusset & Co. came undoubtedly as a contrast, but he can scarcely have seemed so "different" to Frenchmen versed in their own earlier poetry as he does to the English reader coming upon him with slight prelude save English.

We have however some hardness in English, and in Landor we have a hardness which is not of necessity "rugged";

as in "Past ruin'd Ilion Helen lives." Indeed, Gautier might well be the logical successor to Landor, were he not in all probability the logical co-heir with Landor of certain traditions.

Landor is, from poem to poem, extremely uneven. Our feeling of him must in part rest on our admiration of his prose. Lionel Johnson had a certain hardness and smoothness, but was more critic than poet, and not a very great poet. There is definite statement in George Herbert, and likewise in Christina Rossetti, but I do not feel that they have much part in this essay. I do not feel that their quality is really the quality I am seeking here to define.

We have in English a certain gamut of styles: we have the good Chaucerian, almost the only style in English where "softness" is tolerable; we have the good Elizabethan; which is not wholly un-Chaucerian; and the bad, or muzzy, Elizabethan; and the Miltonic, which is a bombastic and rhetorical Elizabethan coming from an attempt to write English with Latin syntax. Its other mark is that the rich words have gone: *i. e.,* words like *preluciand,* which have a folk tradition and are, in feeling, germane to all Europe: *Leuchend, luisant, lucente;* these words are absent in Miltonism, and purely pedantic words, like *irriguous,* have succeeded them.

We have Pope, who is really the Elizabethan satiric style, more or less born out of Horace, and a little improved or at least regularized. And we have Landor—that is, Landor at his best. And after that we have "isms" and "eses": the pseudo-Elizabethanism—*i. e.*, bad Keats; and the romantics, Swinburnese, Browningese, neo-celticism. And how

the devil a poet writing English manages to find or make a language for poems is a mystery.

It is approximately true, or at least it is a formulation worth talking over: that French prose is good in proportion as it reaches a sort of norm; English prose is good in proportion as a man makes it an individual language, one which he alone uses. This statement must not be swallowed whole. And we must also remember that when Italians were writing excellent and clear prose—in the time of Henry VIII—Englishmen could scarcely make a clear prose formulation even in documents of state and instructions to envoys; so backward were things in this island, so rude in prose the language which had been exquisite in the lyrics of Chaucer.

French "clarity" can be talked to death, and there are various kinds of French prose—the Voltaire-Anatole-France kind, the Stendhal roughness and directness, the Flaubertian art, and also the "soft" prose. Flaubert and Anatole France are both "softer" than Voltaire and Stendhal. Remy de Gourmont is almost the only writer who seems to me good in a French prose which must, I think, be called "soft." It is with him a peculiar and personal medium.

If this seem an over-long prologue, think how little discussion there is of these things. Only a few professors and their favorite students seem to have read enough to be able to consider a matter of style with any data at their disposal—these and a few poets of the better sort; and professors are not paid to spread heresies and bring uncertain-

ties into accepted opinion; and poets of the worse sort seem seldom to have any reading. So a prologue is needed even for a brief attempt to find out where French verse has got to; or where it had arrived a few years ago, seeing that since the war, *faute de combattants*, no one has had time to go forward, or even to continue the work of 1912-1914—since undigested war is no better for poetry than undigested anything else.

Since Gautier, Corbière has been hard, not with a glaze or parian finish, but hard like weather-bit granite. And Heredia and Samain have been hard decreasingly, giving gradually smoothness for hardness. And Jammes has been "soft," in his earlier poems with a pleasurable softness. And De Regnier seems to verge out of Parnassianism into an undefined sort of poetry. Tailhade is hard in his satire.

Romains, Vildrac, Spire, Arcos, are not hard, any one of them, though Spire can be acid. These men have left the ambitions of Gautier; they have done so deliberately, or at least they have, in the quest of something well worth seeking, made a new kind of French poetry. I first wrote of *Unanimisme* in the *New Age* something over four years ago. Romains is the centre of it. A recent English essay on the subject, trying to point to English *unanimistes,* is pure rubbish, and shows no comprehension on the part of its author. Romains' *unanimisme* is a definite theory, almost a religion. He alone of the better French poets seems to have written at its dictates. The rest of the men of his decade have not written to a theory. Romains has, I think,

more intellect than the rest of them, and he is an equally notable poet. He has tried to make, and in places succeeded in making, poetry out of crowd-psychology. Vildrac has been personal and humanitarian. Arcos and Spire have delineated. Romains' portrayal of the collective emotions of a school of little girls out for the day is the most original poem in our generation's French. His series of "prayers"—to the God-one, the god-couple, the god-house, the god-street, and so on—is extremely interesting. Vildrac's short narrative poems are a progress on the pseudo-Maupassant story, and have parallels in English. Romains has no English parallel. Allowing for personal difference, I should say that Spire and Arcos write "more or less as I do myself." I do not mean to make any comparison of merits, but this comparison is the easiest or simplest way of telling the general reader "what sort of poems" they have written.

I do not think I have copied their work, and they certainly have not copied mine. We are contemporary and as sonnets of a certain sort were once written on both sides of the channel, so these short poems depicting certain phases of contemporary life are now written on both sides of the channel; with, of course, personal differences.

Vildrac has written *Auberge* and *Visite,* and no doubt these poems will be included in any anthology of the period. The thing that puzzles me in attempting to appreciate both Romains and Vildrac is just this question of "hardness," and a wonder how poetry can get on without it—not by any means demanding that it be ubiquitous. For I

do not in the least mean that I want their poems rewritten "hard"; any more than I should want Jammes' early poems rewritten "hard." A critic must spend some of his time asking questions—which perhaps no one can answer. It is much more his business to stir up curiosity than to insist on acceptances.

E. P.

BACK TO CHINA

Literary currents in America often remind one of a switch-back road. Somebody over here starts something, but the trail seems to end—get lost in the rocks or the bushes. After months or years, however, it reappears near its source—American papers quote the great news as coming from London.

For example, the *Literary Digest* of December 29th quotes the London *Times* on *What Chinese Poets can Teach Ours.* Of course POETRY from its beginning has emphasized the oriental influence, and nearly three years ago it printed Mr. Pound's translation (from Fenollosa's notes) of *An Exile's Letter,* by Li Po—facts which the *Digest* forgets to mention. Also POETRY from the first has been urging upon occidental poets the qualities for which the *Digest* now praises the Chinese—simplicity, immediacy, unpretentiousness, etc. "The wonder is, why no European poet has ever written thus," it exclaims, and continues, quoting from the *Times:*

> The difference seems to be that the Chinese poet hardly knows he is one. "The great poets of Europe, in their themes and their language, insist that they are poets—" what they do is accompanied

with "a magnificent gesture; but the Chinese poet starts talking in the most ordinary language and voice of the most ordinary things, and his poetry seems to happen suddenly out of the commonplace as if it were some beautiful action happening in the routine of actual life."

How often we have urged the poets to forget the "magnificent gesture," to talk "in ordinary language of ordinary things!" How persistently we have declined the "O thou" and "lo and behold" kind of poetry, the poems on grandiloquent and remote subjects, sprinkled with *forsooths, erstwhiles, eftsoons,* and all the worn-out machinery of rhymed eloquence.

As an admirable reinforcement of principles no modern poet can afford to neglect, we can not do better than quote, like the *Digest,* from the enthusiasic writer in the *Times:*

It is the peculiar art of Chinese poets not to arouse any expectation in us by their method of address. European poets have the ambition to make an orchestra out of language; but the Chinese seem to play on a penny whistle, and then suddenly, with a shy smile, to draw the most wonderful thin music out of it. Any one could do it, they seem to say; and they convince us that poetry is not a rare and exotic luxury, but something that happens in life itself, something that one needs only to watch for and record. They are passive to this poetry of reality; they take it in and then give it out again, without insisting that it is their own achievement, without wishing us to be impressed with the momentousness of their passions or the depth of their sorrows. And for them there is no class of poetic events; they are the most utter realists, but not on principle or in any reaction from the romantic. Nothing is common or unclean to them, and they have the innocence of paradise with the sensitiveness of an old and exquisite civilization. They have ideas; but ideas have not made them blind to things; rather they see things more vividly in the light of ideas. . . .

Our poets seem often to be looking away out of their own lives into some distance of the past. Po Chu-i finds all his wonder in his own life; it is on the ground he treads and not in the blue, far-away

mountains, and it is in the language, the images, of ordinary life. Yet it is never prosaic in the bad sense, never subdued to the routine of life or ill-natured with mere discontent. He and the other Chinese poets do not complain of the world that it is stupid and hostile. Their business is to surprise the beauty of the world and to be surprised by it. They are like good craftsmen who make lovely things out of objects of use by shaping them, not by ornament. And there is for them a likeness, not a romantic contrast, between human life and the beauty of nature.

The *Times* article is an appreciation of Mr. Waley's translations of Chinese poems, which have been printed in the *Little Review* and POETRY, and issued, some of them, in a bulletin of the Oxford School of Oriental Studies.

A writer in the *Smart Set,* no doubt Mr. Mencken, is more appreciative than the *Times* and the *Digest* of Mr. Pound's work in this direction. He says:

Pound and Eunice Tietjens, the former in *Lustra* and the latter in *Profiles from China,* offer poetical evidence of that belated discovery of the Chinese spirit which has already had its influence in decoration. . . . Pound himself gets something of the true Chinese simplicity, the Chinese skill at image-making, the Chinese dignity and delicacy, into his transcriptions. And Mrs. Tietjens, though she never drops the Caucasian robe, nor even that of the frank tourist, yet gives us a glimpse of the unfathomable romance and mystery of old China in her disorderly pieces. Both poets war upon the commonplace, the obvious, the stale.

Anyone who has been long enough in China to note in the national mind and attitude toward life a certain combination of whimsicality and exquisiteness, begins to suspect that every Chinese writes poetry, that but for the barrier of language one's head-boy or one's neighbor's cook would stand revealed as a lyrist of thrush-like purity. Perhaps, however, this hope might be disappointed, for today is not as the past in China. But in the poetry of the great dynasties there

must be that same quality of ineffable beauty which is found in paintings, sculptures, potteries, from Chou to Sung—nay, even in the Temple of Heaven of the Manchu conquerors of Peking. This quality goes far to cheapen all occidental art—whom did it not strike with divine despair during the recent exhibition, at the Chicago Art Institute, of Chinese masterpieces of the great ages chosen by Charles L. Freer of Detroit—that generous servant of beauty—from the wonderful collection which he is making for the people of the United States! Alas that Dürer and Michel Angelo could not have wandered there! *H. M.*

REVIEWS

ANTHOLOGIES AND TRANSLATIONS

Others, An Anthology of the New Verse, edited by Alfred Kreymborg. Alfred A. Knopf.

A new *Others* anthology! This time the editor has not limited his choice, as in the 1916 compilation, to material which first appeared in the magazine *Others,* but has drawn from several periodicals including *The Masses, The Egoist, The Little Review,* and four of the poetry magazines. There is also another change of policy: fewer poets are represented, so that each one may have more space. The first anthology had thirty-five names, this one has seventeen: five women—Mary Carolyn Davies, Jeanne D'Orge, Helen Hoyt, Mina Loy, Marianne Moore; and twelve men—Messrs. Arensburg, Bodenheim, Cannéll, Eliot, Johns, Kreymborg, O'Neil, Rodker, Sanborn, Sandburg, Stevens,

and Williams. The only name new to *Others* is David O'Neil.

You do not expect friends to change in a little over a year and a half. Mr. Bodenheim, Mr. Cannéll, Miss Davies, have the same flavors to be tasted as before. Mr. Sanborn has become less interesting. Orrick Johns offers new *Songs of Deliverance,* but they lack some of the aplomb of the earlier ones, and nothing could quite take the place of his *Olives* in the first anthology. T. S. Eliot pictures the moods of dingy furnished-rooms—"with smells of steak in passage ways"—instead of the *Boston Evening Transcript* elegance one might look for. And Mina Loy has strangely turned understandable—and less fragmentary—though still scorning the use of punctuation marks.

We are glad Marianne Moore's *There is a great amount of poetry in unconscious fastidiousness* was included in this book. It is a fascinating thing, and unlike anyone but Marianne Moore, as all her poems are. But some of her pieces are too compact and keen—too "fastidious"—for comfort. Jeanne D'Orge also is distinct, never echoes, and while seemingly at opposite poles in temperament and style from Marianne Moore, these two have in common a satirical power, and humor; in which Mina Loy also shares.

From the editor himself several new poems appear, as fine as any he has written. *Berceuse Ariettes* is a picture of honeymoon housekeeping, most charming. From the Williams group a reader of the magazine misses that sharply etched and delighting *Portrait of a Lady in Bed* and also the

Persian Cat. The "lady" in bed and the Persian cat behaved as nature, rather than the convenience of society, dictated, and perhaps success is making *Others* proper: success often does that.

Wallace Stevens shows variety of interest and manner, and originality in experiment. The poem about Saint Ursula, and the one called *Explanation* are less sure in touch than the others. There is not much of the new poetry that mouths well, but this, *The Worms at Heaven's Gate,* is rich on the tongue:

> Out of the tomb we bring Badroulbadour
> Within our bellies—we her chariot.
> Here is an eye; and here are, one by one,
> The lashes of that eye and its white lid.
> Here is the cheek on which that lid declined;
> And finger after finger; here, the hand,
> The genius of that cheek. Here are the lips,
> The bundle of the body and the feet. . . .
> Out of the tomb we bring Badroubadour.

Walter Conrad Arensburg, who told us in the last anthology of "the swan existing," has abandoned, we surmise, his *Voyage à l'Infini* for a voyage in the fourth dimension. Here follows the *Arithmetical Progression of the Verb "To Be":*

> On a sheet of paper
> dropped with the intention of demolishing
> space
> by the simple subtraction of a necessary plane
> Draw a line that leaves the present
> in addition
> carrying forward to the uncounted columns
> of the spatial ruins
> now considered as complete
> the remainder of the past.

The act of disappearing
    which in the three-dimensional
    is the fate of the convergent
    vista
is thus
    under the form of the immediate
arrested in a perfect parallel
    of being
    in part.

This is the most intelligible of the poems by Mr. Arensburg, and therefore a good one to begin on. I believe I have arrived at an understanding of it, and if some other reader gets any one of the other five I shall be glad to exchange assistance. Often it is only necessary to be given the clue to a seemingly unintelligible poem for it to assume immediately full meaning. Such a poem is the one in this book by Carl Sandburg entitled *Others, Fantasia for Muskmelon Days:*

Ivory domes . . . white wings beating in empty space . . .
Nothing doing . . . nuts . . . bugs . . . a regular absolute
    humpty-dumpty business . . . pos-i-tive-ly . . .
    falling off walls and no use to call doctor,
    lawyer, priest . . . no use, boy, no use.

O Pal of Mine, O Humpty Dumpty, shake hands with me..
O Ivory Domes, I am one of You:
    Let me in.
    For God's sake—let me in.

This was the answer to an invitation. There was to be a gathering of the contributors to *Others* in the summer of 1916—in the muskmelon days—and the jovial Carl's acceptance was the above fantasia. A "regular absolute humpty-dumpty business" expresses well the general verdict at that time on the *Others* magazine and group; but

those who shook their heads are now growing used to the new verse, and they will feel less bewildered with this volume than with the first one. David O'Neil's delicate carvings, John Rodker's picture of the lovers playing with the croquet ball in the garden and his *Spring Suicide;* and many more of the poems, are directly enough in line with the accepted traditions for anyone to like them who has come into sympathy with the new verse at all. That the whole book will be a treasury for those who admire the Ivory Domes may be assured. *H. H.*

The Answering Voice—One Hundred Love Lyrics by Women, selected by Sara Teasdale. Houghton Mifflin Co.

Those who will receive this book the most eagerly are feminists and lovers. The feminist may find that she is disappointed, or, rather, that she cannot quite tell whether she is disappointed or not. Surely the poems are of fine quality, for the whole sex to take pride in—what did she expect of a collection of love-poems by women? and may the lack of what is missing be charged against the editor, or against woman herself? It is still too early in woman's dawning day of expression for many questions to be answered. Neither of herself nor of love does she tell us in this book anything that we could not have learned in a book of love-poems by men. A larger amount of material, or material of greater variety, might have let her tell more.

The editor's definition of *lyric* is narrower, perhaps, than poems are usually measured to. The volume is made up

almost exclusively of pieces regular in form. There are only two or three in free verse, although good love poems have been written in that mood. And always the poems are delicate, in mood as well as texture; although woman is not always delicate. There are no poems of rebellion against love, against the hampering it works or against its compulsion. *Love is a Terrible Thing* may be excepted, but here too the expression is almost too dainty. There is one poem taunting a man with his unworthiness to be loved, but never any mood of arraignment toward love or toward man in general. The book is perfectly entitled, and perhaps the title in its turn put constraint upon the selection of content. One regrets that none of the compiler's own songs are included. *H. H.*

Poems of Heinrich Heine, Selected and Translated by Louis Untermeyer. Henry Holt & Co.

Mr. Untermeyer's selection does justice to Heine's range; the translation itself may be fairly tested by:

First, *Ich kam von meiner Herrin Haus,* from *Die Traumbilder.* This is Heine's Spoon River bit. It has a romantic glamour adequate to ghosts who gibber woeful tales, a compelling atmosphere of a lyric graveyard. The tales lose their horror and hence the poetry its shiver in this translation. Lack of space forbids a verbal parallel of the two versions.

Second, *Die Nordsee,* a strenuous test of any translator, invites several comparisons, which cannot be made in a brief review. Mr. Untermeyer's interpretation of this sea poem

makes one wish he had keener insight into the many subtle identities between German and English. The two languages have too many root intergrowths to justify (that is, if a translation is to retain the essence of the original) Mr. Untermeyer's too free rendering of a poem which is at once the one high-wrought piece of Heine and the sure proof of his small command of really great poetry.

The third type of lyric—the patriotic—will illustrate how this too free rendering of the German not only does not make for vigor in English, it totally mispresents Heine's meaning. To illustrate the translator's method here is one stanza of *Germany,* a poem which should be quoted entire as it is a sinister prophecy—though the poet may have been unaware of it:

> Germany's still a little child:
> The sun's her nurse, she'll feed him
> No soothing milk to make him strong,
> But the wild fires of freedom.

This is the German of the third and fourth verses:

> Sie säugt es nicht mit stiller Milch,
> Sie säugt es mit wilder Flamme.

Poem after poem might be shown turned in this way from its real meaning by a too loose rendering. A translator should translate.

One wishes that Mr. Untermeyer had given instead of all these poems a searching criticism of Heine. Heine is a force in poetry of a certain kind. None knew better than he how to distil the verse of others into his own. No poet better demonstrates the evil of being too facile. This is

why in reading Heine entire one comes to care for his prose more than for his poetry. Much of his poetry translates well into prose, and as a translator Heine himself is a success. His Byron pieces in German are better than Byron. There is in Heine, too, an American interest which as yet has not been fully noted. Heine was not only read by American poets at the time when many of them were flowering in the thirties, forties and fifties—he was absorbed by them. This was the period when German was the second tongue of educated Americans, and it was Heine's ready verse, his *Liebkosen* sentiment, easily read, easily adopted, with which they weakened their own poetry. Mr. Untermeyer's introduction is a start for a real controversy as to Heine's worth as a poet. There are many reasons why he is not a great poet; his lyric sweetness is too often only sweetish, and his lyric cry is never anything but a personal hurt, or at best only what he himself called his *Westöstliche Spleen.*

Ellen Fitzgerald

STRAINS OF YESTERDAY

Glad of Earth, by Clement Wood. Laurence Gomme.
Main Street and Other Poems, by Joyce Kilmer. George H. Doran Co.

With the War has come to all the want, sudden where it did not exist before, emphatic where it did, of intenser realization of life; and the problems and aspirations that are Mr. Wood's themes, on which he plays with insufficient or unconvincing mastery, and the fancies and sentiments

Mr. Kilmer has chosen to sing, with a simplicity of style that almost exasperates, seem pale by the light of what have become common hopes and fears. There is little peace, even in Main Street; and to quarrel with Social Doctors and to slap mayors vigorously on the back, seem unworthy futile things to do. The world is out of tune with songs that yesterday might have charmed or quickened it. The pity of these books is chiefly that they were born beyond their time. Magic potency they have none to cheat this nightmare present; their virtue is rather one that requires whole heartedness on the part of the reader to become effectual, and the reader's heart is out of him and "over there." But of both poets the critic faculty may observe that their utterance, at its best—Mr. Wood's in *New Roads* and Mr. Kilmer's in *The Proud Poet*—does possess "a past of experience and a future of power."

Mr. Kilmer is already at the front, in Flanders or in France; although he has a growing family, he was one of the first to volunteer. That gesture is worthy many a volume, and to such a poet the experience of war cannot but prove ennobling and enriching. We pray, as for victory, that he may return to us having tasted, in the sleep between battles, the "milk of Paradise." As for Mr. Wood, we know his lyric restlessness and do not imagine him asleep over the laurels the city of Newark grew for him; but, fully awake to the spectacle of these tremendous years, rising to the full measure of his day.

Salomón de la Selva

OUR CONTEMPORARIES

ACADEMIC BACK-WATER

The difficulty of getting progressive work done through academic channels is illustrated by a recent episode at the University of Chicago.

A year ago some patron of generous intentions presented a fund for the securing of lectures from "leaders of thought" outside the institution, the fund yielding an income of about $1,500 a year. By way of further distinguishing the endowment, and of honoring at the same time the memory of a poet whose work had honored the university, the faculty entitled the course the William Vaughn Moody Memorial Lectures.

This title seemed to give the projected lectures a slant toward modern poetry, and the more progressive members of the English department, including a high-hearted Poetry Club of students, felt confident that now at last the art which Mr. Moody followed would be fitly recognized in the person of one or more distinguished living poets of America or England.

Apparently, however, no one especially interested in modern poetry has been allowed any voice in the selection of lecturers. A committee, consisting of the head professors of Greek and of history and an associate professor of English, affronted Mr. Moody's memory by inviting Alfred Noyes to give the initial lecture. The result was what might have been expected; as one of the professors of English remarked the next day to his class, "the lecture was a marvellous exhi-

bition of what a man of some reputation can do to an unoffending audience and get away with it."

The second leader of thought chosen to enlighten the university and absorb some of the $1,500, was the humorist Stephen Leacock, who sadly upset at least one member of the committee by ruling the classics out of court. By way of reprisal for this sacrilegious act, the third lecturer invited by the learned committee was that safe-and-sane upholder of all formulas, Paul Elmer More.

That was last season's record—the best that a great university could do with its chance to enlighten or stir up its students and the community. This year the committee's utmost has been to engage another English poet, Mr. Gibson, an advance over Mr. Noyes, and Wm. Lyon Phelps, hardly an advance over Mr. More.

Meantime the students are up in arms. One of them writes in the *Maroon:*

> That there is a widespread interest in poetry among the students cannot be questioned in view of the prize contest recently conducted by the Poetry Club. This is not an interest in anachronistic Victorians nor conservative critics, but an interest in modern poetry which demands the assistance and inspiration which only representative modernists can supply.
>
> The Poetry Club, under the handicap of a lack of funds, is attempting to bring a few representative poets before university audiences and may perhaps succeed in a very limited degree, but, in the meantime, who can wonder if we protest against an unpardonable waste of a memorial fund in a manner which many of us cannot help feeling is a desecration?
>
> *H. M.*

NOTES

Señor Jose Santos Chocano, the Peruvian poet, is sufficiently introduced in the article by his translator, Prof. John Pierrepont Rice, who is a member of the faculty of Williams College. Señor Chocano has been for some time in this country, and he read some of his poems to the Poetry Society of America at their December meeting in the National Arts Club, New York.

Mr. Arthur Waley's work in the translation of Chinese poetry is also referred to editorially. The first series of these translations was printed last month.

Miss Louise Driscoll, of Catskill, N. Y., received POETRY'S prize for a war poem, in November, 1914, with her one-act drama *Metal Checks.*

Of the four Chicago poets represented, to the editor's surprise, in this number, only one is a new adventurer into these pages—Mr. Ben Hecht, well known as a contributor of prose to *Smart Set* and other magazines, a writer of plays, sometimes in collaboration, produced by certain of the little theatres, and a member of the staff of the Chicago *Daily News.*

Mr. Maurice Browne, though English by birth and early residence, has been for five years director of the Chicago Little Theatre, now unfortunately closed. Mr. Max Michelson has been a frequent contributor to the more advanced poetry magazines and the London *Egoist.* Lucy Eddy (Mrs. Arthur J. Eddy) has published little as yet.

BOOKS RECEIVED

ORIGINAL VERSE:

Imaginaires, by Pierre de Lanux. L'Edition Romane, Paris.

Narcissus and Other Poems, by Blance Shoemaker Wagstaff. Jas. T. White, New York.

Common Men and Women, by Harold W. Gammans. Four Seas Co., Boston.

Star Drift, by Brian Padraic O'Seasnain. Four Seas Co.

In the Paths of the Wind, by Glenn Ward Dresbach. Four Seas Co.

In the Red Years, by Gerve Baronti. Four Seas Co.

Nocturne of Remembered Spring and Other Poems, by Conrad Aiken. Four Seas Co.

Songs of the Celtic Past, by Norreys Jephson O'Conor. John Lane Co.

Gardens Overseas and Other Poems, by Thomas Walsh. John Lane Co.

The Closed Door, by Jean De Bosscnère. Illustrated by the Author, with a Translation by F. S. Flint and an Introduction by May Sinclair. John Lane Co.

The Moods of Ginger Mick, by C. J. Dennis. John Lane Co.

Elegy in Autumn—in Memory of Frank Dempster Sherman, by Clinton Scollard. Privately Printed, New York.

Earth of Cualann, by Joseph Campbell, with 21 Designs by the Author. Maunsel & Co., Dublin.

Al Que Quiere, by William Carlos Williams. Four Seas Co.

Sonnets and Other Lyrics, by Tobert Silliman Hillyer. Harvard Univ. Press.

Reed Voices, by James B. Kenyon. Jas. T. White & Co.

One Who Dreamed, by Arthur Crew Inman. Four Seas Co.

The Soul of America, by Robert M. Wernaer. Four Seas Co.

The Last Blackbird and Other Lines, by Ralph Hodgson. Macmillan Co.

Trackless Regions, by G. O. Warren. B. H. Blackwell, Oxford, Eng.

Poems, by Carroll Aikins. Sherman, French & Co.

Songs of the Heart and Soul, by Joseph Roland Piatt. Sherman, French & Co.

Green Fruit, by John Peale Bishop. Sherman, French & Co.

The Hill Trails, by Arthur Wallace Peach. Sherman, French & Co.

A Voice from the Silence, by Anna B. Bensel, with an Introduction by Bishop Brent. Sherman, French & Co.

A Banjo at Armageddon, by Berton Braley. Geo. H. Doran Co.

Song Drops, by Louise Hart. Privately printed, Columbus, Ga.

When the Baby Cries at Night and Other Poems, by James M. Woodman. Privately printed, Waukegan, Ill.

Silence and True Love, by J. Brookes More. Thrash-Lick Pub. Co., Fort Smith, Ark.

ANTHOLOGIES AND A PLAY:

The Defenders of Democracy—Contributions from Representative Men and Women of Letters and Other Arts from our Allies and Our Own Country. Edited by the Gift Book Committee of The Militia of Mercy. John Lane Co.

A Book of Yale Review Verse, with a Foreword by the Editors. Yale Univ. Press.

The Book of New York Verse. Edited by Hamilton Fish Armstrong. G. P. Putnam's Sons.

Danae, by Edward Storer. Athene Press, Rome, Italy.

THE EGOIST

This journal is NOT a chatty literary review; its mission is NOT to divert and amuse; it is NOT written for tired and depressed people. Its aim is rather to secure a fit audience, and to render available to that audience contemporary literary work bearing the stamp of originality and permanence; to present *in the making* those contemporary literary efforts which ultimately will constitute 20th century literature.

The philosophical articles which THE EGOIST publishes, by presenting the subject matter of metaphysics in a form which admits of logical treatment, are promising a new era for philosophy. The power of its fictional work is investing that commonest but laxest form — the novel as written in English, with a new destiny and meaning. In poetry, its pages are open to experiments which are transforming the whole conception of poetic form, while among its writers appear leaders in pioneering methods radically affecting the allied arts.

Obviously a journal of interest to virile readers only. Such should write, enclosing subscription, to

THE EGOIST

23 Adelphi Terrace House, Robert St., London, W. C. 2.

PUBLISHED MONTHLY

Price, fifteen cents a number. Yearly subscription, one dollar sixty cents.

SPECIAL OFFER TO SUBSCRIBERS OLD AND NEW

POETRY IS NOW $2.00 A YEAR

Increase in cost of paper and other essentials makes this necessary.

But for an even

THREE DOLLARS

sent for a new subscription or a renewal, you may have

POETRY for one year (price $2.00), and
THE NEW POETRY — AN ANTHOLOGY

(Macmillan Co. — $1.75 postpaid), a representative collection of contemporary verse edited by the editors of this magazine.

Or, add $1.50 (the old price of POETRY) to the retail price of any book of contemporary verse on the lists of the following publishers:—THE MACMILLAN CO., HENRY HOLT & CO., MITCHELL KENNERLEY, GEO. H. DORAN CO., JOHN LANE CO., THE CENTURY CO., G. P. PUTNAM'S SONS, RICHARD G. BADGER and SHERMAN FRENCH & CO.

You will get the book postpaid and a year's subscription to the magazine.

Send your order at once to

POETRY - - 543 Cass St., Chicago

The livest art in America today is poetry, and the livest expression of that art is in this little Chicago monthly.

New York Tribune. **(editorial)**

Horlick's Malted Milk

The Original

TAKE A PACKAGE HOME FOR CONVENIENT USE

Serve in place of tea or coffee, as a quick luncheon and hot at bed time to induce refreshing sleep

SEND TO YOUR SOLDIER BOY

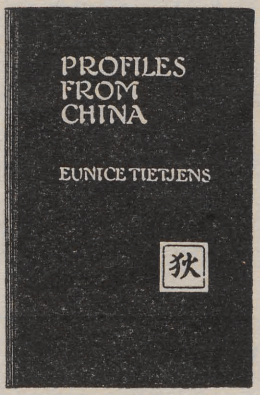
in Lunch Tablet form. Sustains, relieves fatigue. In ration tins and flasks, 15c to 30c. (35c by mail.)

Horlick's Malted Milk Co., Racine, Wis.

This little book of poems is one you will really enjoy. If you, now and then, buy a book of verse, buy this one.

"A serious and penetrating study, true both to the inexplicable beauty and the tragic desolation of all human life." *Llewellyn Jones*

"She makes you hate the East" *William Marion Reedy*



RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR
Publishers, FINE ARTS BUILDING
CHICAGO, ILLINOIS

$1.00 *prepaid*

Owing to the advance in the cost of paper and binding, POETRY *is obliged to increase the cost of the bound volumes 25c each as listed below.*

BOUND VOLUMES *of* POETRY

Complete volumes of POETRY bound in buckram with Index and Title Page

Vol. I—October, 1912-March, 1913 (*Reprint*)	$2.75
Vol. II—April-September, 1913	1.75
Vol. III—October, 1913-March, 1914	1.75
Vol. IV—April-September, 1914	1.75
Vol. V—October, 1914-March, 1915	1.75
Vol. VI—April-September, 1915	1.75
Vol VII—September, 1915-March, 1916	1.75
Vol. VIII—April-September, 1916	1.75
Vol. IX—September, 1916-March, 1917	1.75
Vol. X—April-September, 1917	1.75

Subscribers may have their copies of POETRY bound at a cost of $1.25 a volume.

POETRY - - 543 CASS STREET

RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR
FINE ARTS BLDG., CHICAGO

To have great poets
there must be great audiences too.
—Whitman.

Harriet Monroe
Editor

Alice Corbin Henderson
Associate Editor

Henry B. Fuller
Edith Wyatt
H. C. Chatfield-Taylor
Advisory Committee

Ezra Pound
Foreign Correspondent

Moody Lectures

Chicago, January 12, 1918

Miss Harriet Monroe
64 East Elm St., Chicago

Dear Miss Monroe:

On the matter of the William Vaughan Moody Lectures, of which you spoke to me yesterday, of course I should be very glad to make an appointment with you at any time. Perhaps it would be well, before any discussion that we may have, to have a clear understanding as to the purpose of those lectures. The donor gave them with the explicit purpose of bringing before the students eminent leaders of thought in various fields. The name was selected, after conference

Chicago, January 12, 1915

Miss Harriet Monroe
64 East Elm St., Chicago

Dear Miss Monroe:

On the matter of the William Vaughan Moody Lectures, of which you spoke to me yesterday, of course I should be very glad to make an appointment with you at any time. Perhaps it would be well, before any discussion that we may have, to have a clear understanding as to the purpose of those lectures. The donor gave them with the explicit purpose of bringing before the students eminent leaders of thought in various fields. The name was selected, after conference

mainly because his outlook on the donor's name to Moody's

the donor, as he did not wish his own name to be used, because of Mr. Moody's great breadth of sympathy in his outlook on life; and not merely because he was a poet; or in fact not mainly because he was a poet. The Lectures are not limited to poetry. They are not limited to literature. They in fact are intended to cover a variety of fields. A lecture on chemistry, for instance, would be appropriate. A lecture on international law would be appropriate.

I have thought that possibly some of our friends might have been somewhat misled as to the purposes of the Lectures by the name selected for them.

Very truly yours,

H.P.J. - L.

with the donor, as he did not wish his own name to be used, because of Mr. Moody's great breadth of sympathy in his outlook on life; and not merely because he was a poet; or in fact not mainly because he was a poet. The lectures are not limited to poetry. They are not limited to literature. They in fact are intended to cover a variety of fields. A lecture on chemistry, for instance, would be appropriate. A lecture on international law would be appropriate.

I have thought that possibly some of our friends might have been somewhat misled as to the purposes of the lectures by the name selected for them.

Very truly yours,

H.T.J. - L.