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Poetry
A Magazine of
Verse

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Notes and Announcements

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THE PIPER



GEORGE BORROW in his *Lavengro*
Tells us of a Welshman, who
By some excess of mother-wit
Framed a harp and played on it,
Built a ship and sailed to sea,
And steered it home to melody
Of his own making. I, indeed,
Might write for Everyman to read
A thaumalogue of wonderment
More wonderful, but rest content
With celebrating one I knew
Who built his pipes, and played them, too:
No more.

Ah, played! Therein is all:
The hounded thing, the hunter's call;
The shudder, when the quarry's breath
Is drowned in blood and stilled in death;
The marriage dance, the pulsing vein,

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The kiss that must be given again;
The hope that Ireland, like a rose,
Sees shining thro' her tale of woes;
The battle lost, the long lament
For blood and spirit vainly spent;
And so on, thro' the varying scale
Of passion that the western Gael
Knows, and by miracle of art
Draws to the chanter from the heart
Like water from a hidden spring,
To leap or murmur, weep or sing.

I see him now, a little man
In proper black, whey-bearded, wan,
With eyes that scan the eastern hills
Thro' thick, gold-rimmèd spectacles.
His hand is on the chanter. Lo,
The hidden spring begins to flow
In waves of magic. (He is dead
These seven years, but bend your head
And listen.) Rising from the clay
The Master plays *The Ring of Day*.
It mounts and falls and floats away
Over the sky-line . . . then is gone
Into the silence of the dawn!

Joseph Campbell



BEYOND THE STARS

Three days I heard them grieve when I lay dead,
(It was so strange to me that they should weep!)
Tall candles burned about me in the dark,
And a great crucifix was on my breast,
And a great silence filled the lonesome room.

I heard one whisper, "Lo! the dawn is breaking,
And he has lost the wonder of the day."
Another came whom I had loved on earth,
And kissed my brow and brushed my dampened hair.
Softly she spoke: "Oh that he should not see
The April that his spirit bathed in! Birds
Are singing in the orchard, and the grass
That soon will cover him is growing green.
The daisies whiten on the emerald hills,
And the immortal magic that he loved
Wakens again—and he has fallen asleep."
Another said: "Last night I saw the moon
Like a tremendous lantern shine in heaven,
And I could only think of him—and sob.
For I remembered evenings wonderful
When he was faint with Life's sad loveliness,
And watched the silver ribbons wandering far
Along the shore, and out upon the sea.
Oh, I remembered how he loved the world,
The sighing ocean and the flaming stars,

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The everlasting glamour God has given—
His tapestries that wrap the earth's wide room.
I minded me of mornings filled with rain
When he would sit and listen to the sound
As if it were lost music from the spheres.
He loved the crocus and the hawthorn-hedge,
He loved the shining gold of buttercups,
And the low droning of the drowsy bees
That boomed across the meadows. He was glad
At dawn or sundown; glad when Autumn came
With her worn livery and scarlet crown,
And glad when Winter rocked the earth to rest.
Strange that he sleeps today when Life is young,
And the wild banners of the Spring are blowing
With green inscriptions of the old delight."

I heard them whisper in the quiet room.
I longed to open then my sealèd eyes,
And tell them of the glory that was mine.
There was no darkness where my spirit flew,
There was no night beyond the teeming world.
Their April was like winter where I roamed;
Their flowers were like stones where now I fared.
Earth's day! it was as if I had not known
What sunlight meant! . . . Yea, even as they grieved
For all that I had lost in their pale place,
I swung beyond the borders of the sky,
And floated through the clouds, myself the air,

Myself the ether, yet a matchless being
Whom God had snatched from penury and pain
To draw across the barricades of heaven.
I clomb beyond the sun, beyond the moon;
In flight on flight I touched the highest star;
I plunged to regions where the Spring is born,
Myself (I asked not how) the April wind,
Myself the elements that are of God.
Up flowery stairways of eternity
I whirled in wonder and untrammelled joy,
An atom, yet a portion of His dream—
His dream that knows no end. . . .

I was the rain,

I was the dawn, I was the purple east,
I was the moonlight on enchanted nights,
(Yet time was lost to me); I was a flower
For one to pluck who loved me; I was bliss,
And rapture, splendid moments of delight;
And I was prayer, and solitude, and hope;
And always, always, always I was love.
I tore asunder flimsy doors of time,
And through the windows of my soul's new sight
I saw beyond the ultimate bounds of space.
I was all things that I had loved on earth—
The very moonbeam in that quiet room,
The very sunlight one had dreamed I lost,
The soul of the returning April grass,
The spirit of the evening and the dawn,

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The perfume in unnumbered hawthorn-blooms.
There was no shadow on my perfect peace,
No knowledge that was hidden from my heart.
I learned what music meant; I read the years;
I found where rainbows hide, where tears begin;
I trod the precincts of things yet unborn.

Yea, while I found all wisdom (being dead),
They grieved for me . . . I should have grieved for them!

Charles Hanson Towne

ΧΟΡΙΚΟΣ

The ancient songs
Pass deathward mournfully.

Cold lips that sing no more, and withered wreaths,
Regretful eyes, and drooping breasts and wings—
Symbols of ancient songs
Mournfully passing
Down to the great white surges,
Watched of none
Save the frail sea-birds
And the lithe pale girls,
Daughters of Okeanos.

And the songs pass
From the green land
Which lies upon the waves as a leaf
On the flowers of hyacinth;
And they pass from the waters,
The manifold winds and the dim moon,
And they come,
Silently winging through soft Kimmerian dusk,
To the quiet level lands
That she keeps for us all,
That she wrought for us all for sleep
In the silver days of the earth's dawning—
Proserpine, daughter of Zeus.

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And we turn from the Kuprian's breasts,
And we turn from thee,
Phoibos Apollon,
And we turn from the music of old
And the hills that we loved and the meads,
And we turn from the fiery day,
And the lips that were over-sweet;
For silently
Brushing the fields with red-shod feet,
With purple robe
Searing the flowers as with a sudden flame,
Death,
Thou hast come upon us.

And of all the ancient songs
Passing to the swallow-blue halls
By the dark streams of Persephone,
This only remains:
That in the end we turn to thee,
Death,
That we turn to thee, singing
One last song.

O Death,
Thou art an healing wind
That blowest over white flowers
A-tremble with dew;
Thou art a wind flowing

Over long leagues of lonely sea;
Thou art the dusk and the fragrance;
Thou art the lips of love mournfully smiling;
Thou art the pale peace of one
Satiated with old desires;
Thou art the silence of beauty,
And we look no more for the morning;
We yearn no more for the sun,
Since with thy white hands,
Death,
Thou crownest us with the pallid chaplets,
The slim colorless poppies
Which in thy garden alone
Softly thou gatherest.

And silently;
And with slow feet approaching;
And with bowed head and unlit eyes,
We kneel before thee:
And thou, leaning towards us,
Caressingly layest upon us
Flowers from thy thin cold hands,
And, smiling as a chaste woman
Knowing love in her heart,
Thou sealest our eyes
And the illimitable quietude
Comes gently upon us.

Richard Aldington

TO A GREEK MARBLE

Πότνια, πότνια,
White grave goddess,
Pity my sadness,
O silence of Paros.

I am not of these about thy feet,
These garments and decorum;
I am thy brother,
Thy lover of aforetime crying to thee,
And thou hearest me not.

I have whispered thee in thy solitudes
Of our loves in Phrygia,
The far ecstasy of burning noons
When the fragile pipes
Ceased in the cypress shade,
And the brown fingers of the shepherd
Moved over slim shoulders;
And only the cicada sang.

I have told thee of the hills
And the lisp of reeds
And the sun upon thy breasts,

And thou hearest me not,
Πότνια, πότνια,
Thou hearest me not.

Richard Aldington

AU VIEUX JARDIN.

I have sat here happy in the gardens,
Watching the still pool and the reeds
And the dark clouds
Which the wind of the upper air
Tore like the green leafy boughs
Of the divers-hued trees of late summer;
But though I greatly delight
In these and the water-lilies,
That which sets me nighest to weeping
Is the rose and white color of the smooth flag-stones,
And the pale yellow grasses
Among them.

Richard Aldington

UNDER TWO WINDOWS

I. AUBADE

The dawn is here—and the long night through I have
never seen thy face,
Though my feet have worn the patient grass at the gate
of thy dwelling-place.

While the white moon sailed till, red in the west, it found
the far world-edge,
No leaflet stirred of the leaves that climb to garland thy
window ledge.

Yet the vine had quivered from root to tip, and opened
its flowers again,
If only the low moon's light had glanced on a moving
casement pane.

Warm was the wind that entered in where the barrier
stood ajar,
And the curtain shook with its gentle breath, white as
young lilies are;

But there came no hand all the slow night through to draw
the folds aside,
(I longed as the moon and the vine-leaves longed!) or to
set the casement wide.

Under Two Windows

Three times in a low-hung nest there dreamed his five
sweet notes a bird,
And thrice my heart leaped up at the sound I thought
thou hadst surely heard.

But now that thy praise is caroled aloud by a thousand
throats awake,
Shall I watch from afar and silently, as under the moon,
for thy sake?

Nay—bold in the sun I speak thy name, I too, and I wait
no more
Thy hand, thy face, in the window niche, but thy kiss at
the open door!

II. NOCTURNE

My darling, come!—The wings of the dark have wafted
the sunset away,
And there's room for much in a summer night, but no
room for delay.

A still moon looketh down from the sky, and a wavering
moon looks up
From every hollow in the green hills that holds a pool in
its cup.

The woodland borders are wreathed with bloom—elder,
viburnum, rose;

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The young trees yearn on the breast of the wind that
sighs of love as it goes.

The small stars drown in the moon-washed blue but the
greater ones abide,
With Vega high in the midmost place, Altair not far aside.

The glades are dusk, and soft the grass, where the flower
of the elder gleams,
Mist-white, moth-like, a spirit awake in the dark of forest
dreams.

Arcturus beckons into the east, Antares toward the south,
That sendeth a zephyr sweet with thyme to seek for thy
sweeter mouth.

Shall the blossom wake, the star look down, all night and
have naught to see?
Shall the reeds that sing by the wind-brushed pool say
nothing of thee and me?

—My darling comes! My arms are content, my feet are
guiding her way;
There is room for much in a summer night, but no room
for delay!

Mrs. Schuyler Van Rensselaer

THE SINGING PLACE

Cold may lie the day,
 And bare of grace;
At night I slip away
 To the Singing Place.

A border of mist and doubt
 Before the gate,
And the Dancing Stars grow still
 As hushed I wait.
Then faint and far away
 I catch the beat
In broken rhythm and rhyme
 Of joyous feet,—
Lifting waves of sound
 That will rise and swell
(If the prying eyes of thought
 Break not the spell),
Rise and swell and retreat
 And fall and flee,
As over the edge of sleep
 They beckon me.
And I wait as the seaweed waits
 For the lifting tide;

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To ask would be to awake,—
 To be denied.
I cloud my eyes in the mist
 That veils the hem,—
And then with a rush I am past,—
 I am Theirs, and of Them!
And the pulsing chant swells up
 To touch the sky,
And the song is joy, is life,
 And the song am I!
The thunderous music peals
 Around, o'erhead—
The dead would awake to hear
 If there were dead;
But the life of the throbbing Sun
 Is in the song,
And we weave the world anew,
 And the Singing Throng
Fill every corner of space—

Over the edge of sleep
 I bring but a trace
Of the chants that pulse and sweep
 In the Singing Place.

Lily A. Long

IMMURED

Within this narrow cell that I call "me",
I was imprisoned ere the worlds began,
And all the worlds must run, as first they ran,
In silver star-dust, ere I shall be free.
I beat my hands against the walls and find
It is my breast I beat, O bond and blind!

Lily A. Long

NOGI

Great soldier of the fighting clan,
Across Port Arthur's frowning face of stone
You drew the battle sword of old Japan,
And struck the White Tsar from his Asian throne.

Once more the samurai sword
Struck to the carved hilt in your loyal hand,
That not alone your heaven-descended lord
Should meanly wander in the spirit land.

Your own proud way, O eastern star,
Grandly at last you followed. Out it leads
To that high heaven where all the heroes are,
Lovers of death for causes and for creeds.

Harriet Monroe

THE JESTER

I have known great gold Sorrows:
Majestic Griefs shall serve me watchfully
Through the slow-pacing morrows:
I have knelt hopeless where sea-echoing
Dim endless voices cried of suffering
Vibrant and far in broken litany:
Where white magnolia and tuberose hauntingly
Pulsed their regretful sweets along the air—
All things most tragical, most fair,
Have still encompassed me . . .

I dance where in the screaming market-place
The dusty world that watches buys and sells,
With painted merriment upon my face,
Whirling my bells,
Thrusting my sad soul to its mockery.

I have known great gold Sorrows . . .
Shall they not mock me, these pain-haunted ones,
If it shall make them merry, and forget
That grief shall rise and set
With the unchanging, unforgetting suns
Of their relentless morrows?

Margaret Widdemer

THE BEGGARS

The little pitiful, worn, laughing faces,
Begging of Life for Joy!

I saw the little daughters of the poor,
Tense from the long day's working, strident, gay,
Hurrying to the picture-place. There curled
A hideous flushed beggar at the door,
Trading upon his horror, eyeless, maimed,
Complacent in his profitable mask.
They mocked his horror, but they gave to him
From the brief wealth of pay-night, and went in
To the cheap laughter and the tawdry thoughts
Thrown on the screen; in to the seeking hand
Covered by darkness, to the luring voice
Of Horror, boy-masked, whispering of rings,
Of silks, of feathers, bought—so cheap!—with just
Their slender starved child-bodies, palpitant
For Beauty, Laughter, Passion, that is Life:
(A frock of satin for an hour's shame,
A coat of fur for two days' servitude;
"And the clothes last," the thought runs on, within
The poor warped girl-minds drugged with changeless days;
"Who cares or knows after the hour is done?")
—Poor little beggars at Life's door for Joy!

The Beggars

The old man crouched there, eyeless, horrible,
Complacent in the marketable mask
That earned his comforts—and they gave to him!

But ah, the little painted, wistful faces
Questioning Life for Joy!

Margaret Widdemer



REVIEWS AND COMMENTS

MOODY'S POEMS



THE Poems and Plays of William Vaughn Moody will soon be published in two volumes by the Houghton-Mifflin Co. Our present interest is in the volume of poems, which are themselves an absorbing drama. Moody had a slowly maturing mind; the vague vastness of his young dreams yielded slowly to a man's more definite vision of the spiritual magnificence of life. When he died at two-score years, he was just beginning to think his problem through, to reconcile, after the manner of the great poets of the earth, the world with God. Apparently the unwritten poems cancelled by death would have rounded out, in art of an austere perfection, the record of that reconciliation, for nowhere do we feel this passion of high serenity so strongly as in the first act of an uncompleted drama, *The Death of Eve*.

Great-minded youth must dream, and modern dreams of the meaning of life lack the props and pillars of the old dogmatism. Vagueness, confusion and despair are a natural inference from the seeming chaos of evil and good, of pain and joy. Moody from the beginning took the whole scheme of things for his province, as a truly heroic poet should; there are always large spaces on his

canvas. In his earlier poetry, both the symbolic *Masque of Judgment* and the shorter poems derived from present-day subjects, we find him picturing the confusion, stating the case, so to speak, against God. Somewhat in the terms of modern science is his statement—the universe plunging on toward its doom of darkness and lifelessness, divine fervor of creation lapsing, divine fervor of love doubting, despairing of the life it made, sweeping all away with a vast inscrutable gesture.

This seems to be the mood of the *Masque of Judgment*, a mood against which that very human archangel, Raphael, protests in most appealing lines. The poet broods over the earth—

The earth, that has the blue and little flowers—
with all its passionate pageantry of life and love. Like
his own angel he is

a truant still
While battle rages round the heart of God.
The lamps are spent at the end of judgment day,
and naked from their seats
The stars arise with lifted hands, and wait.

This conflict between love and doubt is the motive also of *Gloucester Moors*, *The Daguerreotype*, *Old Pourquoi*—those three noblest, perhaps, of the present-day poems—also of *The Brute* and *The Menagerie*, and of that fine poem manqué, the *Ode in Time of Hesitation*. *The Fie-Bringer* is an effort at another theme—redemption, light after darkness. But it is not so spontaneous as the *Masque*; though simpler, clearer, more dramatic in

form, it is more deliberate and intellectual, and not so star-lit with memorable lines. *The Fire-Bringer* is an expression of aspiration; the poet longs for light, demands it, will wrest it from God's right hand like Prometheus. But his triumph is still theory, not experience. The reader is hardly yet convinced.

If one feels a grander motive in such poems as the one-act *Death of Eve* and *The Fountain*, or the less perfectly achieved *I Am the Woman*, it is not because of the tales they tell but because of the spirit of faith that is in them—a spirit intangible, indefinable, but indomitable and triumphant. At last, we feel, this poet, already under the shadow of death, sees a terrible splendid sunrise, and offers us the glory of it in his art.

The Fountain is a truly magnificent expression of spiritual triumph in failure, and incidentally of the grandeur of Arizona, that tragic wonderland of ancient and future gods. Those Spanish wanderers, dying in the desert, in whose half-madness dreams and realities mingle, assume in those stark spaces the stature of universal humanity, contending to the last against relentless fate. In the two versions of *The Death of Eve*, both narrative and dramatic, one feels also this wild, fierce triumph, this faith in the glory of life. Especially in the dramatic fragment, by its sureness of touch and simple austerity of form, and by the majesty of its figure of the aged Eve, Moody's art reached its most heroic height. We have here the beginning of great things.

The spirit of this poet may be commended to those facile bards who lift up their voices between the feast and the cigars, whose muses dance to every vague emotion and strike their flimsy lutes for every light-o'-love. Here was one who went to his desk as to an altar, resolved that the fire he lit, the sacrifice he offered, should be perfect and complete. He would burn out his heart like a taper that the world might possess a living light. He would tell once more the grandeur of life; he would sing the immortal song.

That such devotion is easy of attainment in this clamorous age who can believe? Poetry like some of Moody's, poetry of a high structural simplicity, strict and bare in form, pure and austere in ornament, implies a grappling with giants and wrestling with angels; it is not to be achieved without deep living and high thinking, without intense persistent intellectual and spiritual struggle.

H. M.

BOHEMIAN POETRY

An Anthology of Modern Bohemian Poetry, translated by P. Selver (Henry J. Drane, London).

This is a good anthology of modern Bohemian poetry, accurately translated into bad and sometimes even ridiculous English. Great credit is due the young translator for his care in research and selection. The faults

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of his style, though deplorable, are not such as to obscure the force and beauty of his originals.

One is glad to be thus thoroughly assured that contemporary Bohemia has a literature in verse, sensitive to the outer world and yet national. Mr. Selver's greatest revelation is Petr Bezruc, poet of the mines.

The poetry of Brezina, Sova and Vrchlicky is interesting, but Bezruc's *Songs of Silesia* have the strength of a voice coming *de profundis*.

A hundred years in silence I dwelt in the pit,

The dust of the coal has settled upon my eyes—

Bread with coal is the fruit that my toiling bore;—

That is the temper of it. Palaces grow by the Danube nourished by his blood. He goes from labor to labor, he rebels, he hears a voice mocking:

I should find my senses and go to the mine once more—

And in another powerful invective:

I am the first who arose of the people of Teschen.

They follow the stranger's plough, the slaves fare downwards.

He thanks God he is not in the place of the oppressor, and ends:

Thus 'twas done. The Lord wills it. Night sank o'er my people.
Our doom was sealed when the night had passed;
In the night I prayed to the Demon of Vengeance,
The first Beskydian bard and the last.

"The Music of the Human Heart"

This poet is distinctly worth knowing. He is the truth where our "red-bloods" and magazine socialists are usually a rather boresome pose.

As Mr. Selver has tried to make his anthology representative of all the qualities and tendencies of contemporary Bohemian work it is not to be supposed that they are all of the mettle of Bezruc.

One hears with deep regret that Vrchlicky is just dead, after a life of unceasing activity. He has been a prime mover in the revival of the Czech nationality and literature. He has given them, besides his own work, an almost unbelievable number of translations from the foreign classics, Dante, Schiller, Leopardi. For the rest I must refer the reader to Mr. Selver's introduction.

Ezra Pound

"THE MUSIC OF THE HUMAN HEART"

This title-phrase has not been plucked from the spacious lawn of *Bartlett's Familiar Quotations*. It grew in the agreeable midland yard of Mr. Walt Mason's newspaper verse, and appeared in a tribute of his to Mr. James Whitcomb Riley, whose fifty-ninth birthday anniversary, falling on the seventh of October, has been widely celebrated in the American public libraries and daily press.

Mr. Riley's fine gift to his public, the special happiness his genius brings to his readers, cannot, for lack of space, be adequately described, or even indicated, here. Perhaps a true, if incomplete, impression of the beauty of his service may be conveyed by repeating a well-known passage of Mr. Lowes Dickinson's *Letters from John Chinaman*—a passage which I can never read without thinking very gratefully of James Whitcomb Riley, and of what his art has done for American poetry-readers.

Mr. Dickinson says:—

In China our poets and literary men have taught their successors for long generations, to look for good not in wealth, not in power, not in miscellaneous activity, but in a trained, a choice, an exquisite appreciation of the most simple and universal relations of life. To feel, and in order to feel, to express, or at least to understand the expression, of all that is lovely in nature, of all that is poignant and sensitive in man, is to us in itself a sufficient end. . . . The pathos of life and death, the long embrace, the hand stretched out in vain, the moment that glides forever away, with its freight of music and light, into the shadow and bush of the haunted past, all that we have, all that eludes us, a bird on the wing, a perfume escaped on the gale—to all these things we are trained to respond, and the response is what we call literature.

Among Mr. Riley's many distinguished faculties of execution in expressing, in stimulating, "an exquisite appreciation of the most simple and universal relations of life," one faculty has been, in so far as I know, very little mentioned—I mean his mastery in creating character. Mr. Riley has expressed, has incarnated in the melodies and harmonies of his poems, not merely several

“*The Music of the Human Heart*”

living, breathing human creatures as they are made by their destinies, but a whole world of his own, a vivid world of country-roads, and country-town streets, peopled with farmers and tramps and step-mothers and children, trailing clouds of glory even when they boast of the superiorities of “Renselaer,” a world of hard-working women and hard-luck men, and poverty and prosperity, and drunkards and raccoons and dogs and grandmothers and lovers. To have presented through the medium of rhythmic chronicle, a world so sharply limned, so funny, so tragic, so mean, so noble, seems to us in itself a striking achievement in the craft of verse.

No mere word of criticism can of course evoke, at all as example can, Mr. Riley’s genius of identification with varied human experiences, the remarkable concentration and lyric skill of his characterization. Here are two poems of his on the same general theme—grief in the presence of death. We may well speak our pride in the wonderful range of inspiration and the poetic endowment which can create on the same subject musical stories of the soul as diverse, as searching, as fresh and true, as the beloved poems of *Bereaved* and *His Mother*.

BEREAVED

Let me come in where you sit weeping; aye,
Let me, who have not any child to die,
Weep with you for the little one whose love
I have known nothing of.

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The little arms that slowly, slowly loosed
Their pressure round your neck; the hands you used
To kiss. Such arms, such hands I never knew.
May I not weep with you.

Fain would I be of service, say something
Between the tears, that would be comforting;
But ah! so sadder than yourselves am I,
Who have no child to die.

HIS MOTHER

Dead! my wayward boy—my own—
Not *the Law's*, but mine; the good
God's free gift to me alone,
Sanctified by motherhood.

"Bad," you say: well, who is not?
"Brutal"—"With a heart of stone"—
And "red-handed." Ah! the hot
Blood upon your own!

I come not with downward eyes,
To plead for him shamedly:
God did not apologize
When He gave the boy to me.

Simply, I make ready now
For His verdict. You prepare—
You have killed us both—and how
Will you face us There!

E. W.

THE OPEN DOOR

Fears have been expressed by a number of friendly critics that POETRY may become a house of refuge for minor poets.

The phrase is somewhat worn. Paragraphers have done their worst for the minor poet, while they have

allowed the minor painter, sculptor, actor—worst of all, architect—to go scot-free. The world which laughs at the experimenter in verse, walks negligently through our streets, and goes seriously, even reverently, to the annual exhibitions in our cities, examining hundreds of pictures and statues without expecting even the prize-winners to be masterpieces.

During the past year a score of more of cash prizes, ranging from one hundred to fifteen hundred dollars, were awarded in Pittsburgh, Chicago, Washington, New York and Boston for minor works of modern art. No word of superlative praise has been uttered for one of them: the first prize-winner in Pittsburgh was a delicately pretty picture by a second-rate Englishman; in Chicago it was a clever landscape by a promising young American. If a single prize-winner in the entire list, many of which were bought at high prices by public museums, was a masterpiece, no critic has yet dared to say so.

In fact, such a word would be presumptuous, since no contemporary can utter the final verdict. Our solicitous critics should remember that Coleridge, Shelley, Keats, Burns, were minor poets to the subjects of King George the Fourth, Poe and Whitman to the subjects of King Longfellow. Moreover, we might remind them that Drayton, Lovelace, Herrick, and many another delicate lyricist of the anthologies, whose perfect songs show singular tenacity of life, remain minor poets through the

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

slightness of their motive; they created little masterpieces, not great ones.

The Open Door will be the policy of this magazine—may the great poet we are looking for never find it shut, or half-shut, against his ample genius! To this end the editors hope to keep free of entangling alliances with any single class or school. They desire to print the best English verse which is being written today, regardless of where, by whom, or under what theory of art it is written. Nor will the magazine promise to limit its editorial comments to one set of opinions. Without muzzles and braces this is manifestly impossible unless all the critical articles are written by one person.

NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

Mr. Ezra Pound has consented to act as foreign correspondent of POETRY, keeping its readers informed of the present interests of the art in England, France and elsewhere.

The response of poets on both sides of the Atlantic has been most encouraging, so that the quality of the next few numbers is assured. One of our most important contributions is Mr. John G. Neihardt's brief recently finished tragedy, *The Death of Agrippina*, to which an entire number will be devoted within a few months.

Mr. Joseph Campbell is one of the younger poets

closely associated with the renaissance of art and letters in Ireland. His first book of poems was *The Gilly of Christ*; a later volume including these is *The Mountainy Singer* (Maunsel & Co.).

Mr. Charles Hanson Towne, the New York poet and magazine editor, has published three volumes of verse, *The Quiet Singer* (Rickey), *Manhattan*, and *Youth and Other Poems*; also five song-cycles in collaboration with two composers.

Mr. Richard Aldington is a young English poet, one of the "Imagistes," a group of ardent Hellenists who are pursuing interesting experiments in *vers libre*; trying to attain in English certain subtleties of cadence of the kind which Mallarmé and his followers have studied in French. Mr. Aldington has published little as yet, and nothing in America.

Mrs. Van Rensselaer, the well-known writer on art, began comparatively late to publish verse in the magazines. Her volume, *Poems* (Macmillan), was issued in 1910.

Miss Long and Miss Widdemer are young Americans, some of whose poems have appeared in various magazines.

The last issue of POETRY accredited Mr. Ezra Pound's *Provenca* to the Houghton-Mifflin Co. This was an error; Small, Maynard & Co. are Mr. Pound's American publishers.

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BOOKS RECEIVED

- The Iscariot*, by Eden Phillpotts. John Lane.
The Poems of Rosamund Marriott Watson. John Lane.
Lyrical Poems, by Lucy Lyttelton. Thomas B. Mosher.
The Silence of Amor, by Fiona Macleod. Thomas B. Mosher.
Spring in Tuscany and Other Lyrics. Thomas B. Mosher.
Interpretations: A Book of First Poems, by Zoë Akins. Mitchell Kennerley.
A Round of Rimes, by Denis A. MacCarthy. Little, Brown & Co.
Voices from Erin and Other Poems, by Denis A. MacCarthy. Little, Brown & Co.
Love and The Year and Other Poems, by Grace Griswold. Duffield & Co.
Songs and Sonnets, by Webster Ford. The Rooks Press, Chicago.
The Quiet Courage and Other Songs of the Unafraid, by Everard Jack Appleton.
Stewart and Kidd Co.
In Cupid's Chains and Other Poems, by Benjamin F. Woodcox. Woodcox & Fanner.
Maverick, by Hervey White. Maverick Press.



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By AMY LOWELL

This collection of unusual poems, many of which have appeared in *The Atlantic Monthly*, combines marked technical ability with a rare and individual poetical feeling. \$1.50 net. Postage 6 cents.

Villa Mirafiore

By FREDERIC CROWNSHIELD

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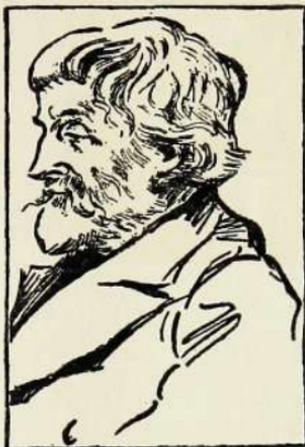
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