

MUSICAL METHODS IN MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

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MUSICAL METHODS IN MODERN AMERICAN POETRY

by Charles Stratton

Abstract

Purpose:

My purpose in this investigation is to determine if there is any relationship between the methods and devices used for the expression of emotional experiences in the two fields of poetry and music. The medium of expression in both poetry and music is the same--sound and rhythm. Both are in a state of flux or movement, i.e. they begin, they proceed, they continue, and they end. There is no opportunity in either, from the listening point of view, to return to any idea without interrupting the movement or repeating the idea. Every point must be realized as the movement proceeds. It is reasonable, therefore, to expect that methods which are striving for the same end should be similar.

Method of procedure:

The work presented in this investigation is almost wholly original. There is an extremely small amount of material on the subject. My method has consisted of a correlation of my knowledge of theoretical and practical music

acquired through the teaching and study, over a number of years, of musical literature and theory with an intuitive and practical critical attitude developed through contact with a great amount of good literature, especially poetry.

The results of my investigations have been compared with the critical writings of the poets themselves: the preface by Conrad Aiken to The Sig of Forsalin and his comments on contemporary poetry in Scepticism, the preface by John Gould Fletcher to Goblins and Pagodas, the introductions by Amy Lowell to Sword Blades and Poppy Seed, Men, Women, and Ghosts, Pictures of a Floating World, Legends, and Can Grande's Castle, and the statement of method and creed in the first volume of the anthology issued by a group of poets called the Imagists--Some Imagist Poets, 1915. I have also consulted Amy Lowell's criticism of modern French poetry in Six French Poets and Arthur Symonds' study, The Symbolist Movement in Literature. The critical comments of Louis Untermeyer in his anthologies--Modern American Poetry and Modern British Poetry have been of service.

The chief difficulty with these sources has been the fact that the poets have very little technical knowledge of music and its methods. Through my study of musical literature--pianistic, vocal, and instrumental-- and through my study and teaching of musical theory--harmonic and contrapuntal,--and the theories of musical form I am better

equipped to state more definitely the degree to which their work is based on and related to methods in music than they. For source material in music I am indebted to Lehmann's The Analysis of Form in Music, Goetschius' The Larger Forms of Musical Composition, The Homophonic Forms of Musical Composition, and The Theory and Practice of Tone-Relations, Adolf Weidig's Harmonic Material and Its Uses and Heacox-Lehmann's Lessons in Harmony.

I have read carefully the principal works of the chief modern poets and such work of the minor ones as has been available in anthologies. By modern poets I mean those whose work has been written since 1900, and especially those whose principal work appeared between 1914 and 1920. I have read the complete works of Edwin Arlington Robinson, of Vachel Lindsay, of Robert Frost, of Edna St. Vincent Millay, of Elinor Wylie, of Carl Sandburg, of Ezra Pound, of H.D., of Robinson Jeffers, and the majority of the poetry of Amy Lowell, Conrad Aiken, John Gould Fletcher, Wallace Stevens, and Edgar Lee Masters. Others whose work has been important, though less completely available, are William Carlos Williams, Alfred Kroeppel, Hart Crane, Lola Ridge, James Oppenheim, Adelaide Crapsey, and T.S. Eliot. I have also read much British poetry. In French I have read some of the work of Albert Samain, Francis Jammes, Emile

Verhaeren, Paul Fort, Paul Verlaine, and Henri de Regnier. These latter were particularly valuable as they are the models and inspiration for much modern poetry, especially the Imagistic poets and their followers. In reading this poetry I have carefully considered it with respect to its aim, purpose, and method and have sought to establish a relationship with musical procedure wherever possible. I have analyzed carefully my own reading of this poetry and have asked others to read some aloud to me in order to compare my reading with theirs. In this kind of reading I have tried to analyze the emotional effect of the poetry. Having formed conclusions from this procedure I have compared my results with the critical writings mentioned earlier.

Results:

I have pointed out the relationships and similarities which exist between the sound elements in both poetry and music and have indicated the difference which the use of words for the communication of sound makes. The development of the melodic and harmonic idea in both has been discussed. The means of developing an idea through repetition and balance of materials has been explained.

After such general consideration of the above relationships, I have shown similarities of a more subtle, though

nevertheless quite real, character. These are the development and use of rhythmic and tonal cadences or conclusions for the completion of thought units; the means of expanding an idea through the use of refrains and repetitions which lead to forms very similar in method to those of the rondo in music; the employment of set "melodic" and "harmonic" patterns which are treated in the manner of variations in music, especially in the style of the Chaconne and Passacaglia; the attempts, not wholly successful, to imitate the highest forms of musical expression, the sonata form or the symphony; and the manner in which short poems of fairly closely related ideas, but of different mood and character are moulded into a form closely resembling that of the suite in music.

Minor considerations growing from the study of the preceding are those of contrapuntal or fugal treatment of poetry and of tone color--onomatopoeia--employed to develop a mood and utilized at times for effects comparably to those achieved in "jazz." I have also mentioned the influence of Impressionistic music of the modern French school of modern poetry. I have touched briefly on another type of poetry which owes its inspiration to music--a group of poems which were definitely inspired by musical compositions and which in some cases have tried to imitate the composition which was the source of their inspiration.

MUSICAL METHODS IN MODERN POETRY

Sound and Rhythm in Poetry and Music

Poetry and music are the quintessence of personal experience revealed through the medium of sound and given further definition through the element of rhythm. Poetry uses the sounds of ordinary practical speech--the multitudinous variety of vowel and consonantal sounds each possessed of its own peculiar shade of tonal color, its own distinctive duration of utterance. All of these qualities may be intensified or diminished by the degree of power with which they are uttered. Music uses tones which are produced by the regular and sustained vibration of some moving body. The number of vibrations produces the sensation of pitch, the amplitude of these vibrations produces the sensation of intensity, and the relative power and intensity of harmonic series of the fundamental tone produce the different timbres which we are accustomed to associate the various instruments of the orchestra and the various types of human voices.

Time is consumed in the expression of a musical or poetical idea. Both are, in performance or reading, in a state of flux--they begin, they proceed, they continue, and they end. Even the manners in which this period of time is

divided possess much similarity. In considering the similarity of the time element in poetry and music it is important to keep in mind this point,--that the achievement of expression--emotional, pictorial, and intellectual--is accomplished in music at a much slower rate of speed than in poetry because in the latter the sound element is conveyed to the listener by means of words which possess a definite meaning, produce a certain emotional reaction, and construct or recall fairly concise images. Time in music is divided into small equally distanced points called pulses or beats. A distinction is made between these pulses by means of intensity--stressing either one in two or one in three pulses. The period of time between one stressed and the next equally stressed pulse constitutes a measure. These measures may be filled with note values of varying length. Poetry is traditionally divided into feet or metrical units of a varying number of syllables, all of which occupy approximately the same amount of time.

In both music and poetry too much stress has been laid on the importance of accent, both in a measure and in a foot. A more important element in both is that of the "thought-rhythm." This rhythm is the movement or progression which carries one forward to the important words--verbs or nouns--of the clauses, phrases, and sentences which make up the poem. To be effective these thought groups must

possess varied though approximate time value, must coincide with the length of lines and stanzas, and must be balanced and contrasted with each other in such a manner as to avoid monotony. Musical structure is based on the same type of thought groups. Here, motives, short figures, phrases--complete or incomplete--, and periods are the thought units. In each of these sections there is a definite goal--a definite feeling of increasing tension followed by relaxation--an important point toward which all leads and from which the conclusion follows, which gives meaning to that which has gone before and which defines that which is to follow. By careful balance, variation, and valuation of these different elements all of the interest and growth of a musical composition is achieved. These thought-groups in poetry are set off further by means of rhyme, the arrangement into lines and stanzas, and as will be seen later by definite patterns or cadences which bring the thought to a conclusion. The flow of thought in music is interrupted and clarified by means of rests and by means of tonal and rhythmical cadences of various types.

The Characteristics of Words and Tones as Sound Conveyors

In addition to being the vehicles through which sound is given to the listener words carry further implications. A word has a definite meaning--a dictionary definition. Musical tones do not possess any such definiteness, although

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certain people suffering from synaesthesia do see definite colors in tone. The fact that words do have definite meaning is the greatest hinderance to absolute poetry. Some work in absolute poetry has been attempted in the writings of Gertrude Stein and in James Joyce's book Work in Progress. Words possess an emotional sense which has been gained largely through the auditor's association with them. It recalls to him other circumstances under which the word has occurred and thus calls up a further emotional response beyond that actually conveyed in the definition. Music to a degree possesses this same quality. Certain types of melody--as brass fanfares--pastorale-like tunes and in certain orchestral instruments--as a trumpet--a piccolo--have characteristics which resemble the emotional connotation of a word. A series of intervals in some melody may suggest some tune which has been heard previously. The flute and oboe are almost invariably associated with melodies of a pastorale nature. When we hear any of these melodies or instruments an effect is created in addition to the actual meaning of the tones. In literature, words come to possess this connotation through familiarity; in music, this same feeling arises through association with much music.

Words convey in addition to denotation and connotation a sense of imagery. This last is not true of all words,

especially is it not true of abstract ones. Musical imagery is practically non-existent. Take the case of program music. If most of it is heard without any knowledge of the program, the listener can interpret in many different ways, unless there are direct imitations from nature as bird calls, cocks crowing, or bleating sheep as in Strauss' Don Quixote. A musical idea does not invoke any image unless it happens to recall some circumstance under which the same or similar music has been heard.

Emotional effect is produced in music and poetry through rhythm and association--the latter to a lesser degree in music than in poetry. Music does not contain definite ideas concerning nature as poetry may, it does not develop any philosophical or ethical ideas as does poetry, but it does contain feelings or emotion without definite meanings. The ways in which emotional states are developed in music and poetry are different. Poetry tends to concentrate the feeling, while music tends to expand it. In poetry when the sound element--the music of the words--predominates, the thought and meaning of words and sentences becomes obscure. This fact is true of much modern poetry and has been one of the factors in keeping it from being more widely accepted and understood. The same is true of poetry in which images predominate. Poetry of this type requires an unusual critical ability of the poet in order

not to lose the meaning entirely. When the thought is profound the music and imagery tend to become subordinate. This fact is evident in the mass of Imagist verse where the emphasis is on the sound and imagery. Thought is not profound. Much of it does not penetrate beneath the surface. True poetry is achieved when it contains an emotional thought to which music and imagery can contribute.

Rhythm, Melody and Harmony in Poetry and Music

Music is generally considered to possess three fundamental elements--rhythm, melody, and harmony. I have already discussed the rhythmic aspect of music. Melody is a succession of intervals given shape and meaning by means of rhythm. Just any series of tones will not constitute a melody. One of the outstanding attempts in music to give an idea of vagueness and formlessness is the bass aria from Handel's Messiah The people that walked in darkness. This mood is accomplished by using a series of unrelated intervals sung in an even, undistinctive rhythm. The very fact that poetry uses rhythm to give shape and meaning to words constitutes one of the principal differences between it and prose. True, much prose is poetry or perhaps poetical. The finest prose is very near the border line, while ordinary text-book prose is far removed. Much poetry is prose. Great sections of Milton's Paradise Lost are prose. We read both

prose and poetry for the passages which approach the melodic idea--for the places in which the words embody a more subtle relationship of sound, rhythm, and thought. Such passages are very similar in method and result to the melodic line in music. The melodic line is as difficult to achieve in music as in poetry and there is much music in which there are long passages of arid "prose." The passages in which the composer has most successfully welded the form, emotion, melody, harmony, and rhythm are the most satisfying and memorable.

Harmony is the art of the blending of tones sounded simultaneously--the creation through combinations of tones of an emotional tension and its relaxation or resolution. This is accomplished through the use of dissonances, in-harmonic tones--suspensions, anticipations, appoggiaturas, passing tones, and neighboring tones. Harmony in prose and poetry is achieved in much the same manner. Interrelated ideas and contrasting ideas are so connected and fitted together that a single impression of unity is obtained--that an idea is introduced, developed, sustained and brought to a satisfactory conclusion. Harmony is then very closely related to the rhythm and flow of a selection. It is harmonic poetry when rhythm is used in combination with the sustained thought group. It is prose when the rhythm is

less pronounced and is irregular. Harmony is not at all times desirable in either prose, poetry, or music. Sustained flow such as it necessitates is not always useful, especially in more agitated passages. However, it is an essential part of the highest lyrical expression. In melodic passages--passages which stand out as memorable--it is invariably present.

The remainder of the elements of poetry--its "voices"--are rhyme, alliteration, and assonance. Such features do not have exact similarities to musical procedure. These three elements are those used in the developing and exposition of an idea. They are used to call attention to certain important words, especially rhyme. Their greater effect, however, is their sound. The repetition of sounds, letters, and approximate sounds plays a very important, though very subtle, part in the creation of emotional and pictorial effects. The methods used in the exposition and development of a musical idea are repetition and sequence. Repetition may be a literal repeating of a phrase, motive, or figure on the same scale steps. This method corresponds roughly to that of alliteration in poetry. Sequence is the reproduction of an idea or portion of it on different scale steps with either an exact duplication of intervals or an approximate duplication. This procedure is comparable to

that of assonance. Repetitions and sequences in music may be of three kinds, rhythmic, melodic, and harmonic.

The Origin of Poetry and Music and Its Influence on Form

Poetry and music have their common origin in the desire for impassioned expression arising from deep emotion. Rejoicings in victories, lamenting for the deceased, and praise of a deity were probably the first things to inspire men to express their feelings. This emotion found outlet in impassioned speech or intonation which eventually lead to song. Poetry and music were constantly allied throughout almost the first ten centuries of the Christian era. The Anglo-Saxon poetry was composed, spoken and sung, and accompanied on the harp or some instrument by the author. As long as there was no definite way of writing down either words or music and the manner of composing both was passed down from one musician-poet to the next by word of mouth and example, poetry and music were inseparable. The separation of the two came when a system of writing was developed. Notation for music evolved more slowly and it was not for three or four centuries that an adequate and at the same time simple system was developed. Music and poetry have been more or less separated since that time. During the Elizabethan period most of the poets were also musicians

and wrote the music for their lyrics.

As both poetry and music had their origin in song, it is not unreasonable to search for some elements which could be traced to that source. The most obvious factor in both is the need for pauses for renewing the breath supply. Thought units and melodic ideas must of necessity not be continued beyond the limits of what can be spoken or sung on one breath. Poetry is broken into lines of fairly even length. This division is necessary. The other division of poetry, into stanzas, is more arbitrary and is based more on the time needed for the expression of a complete idea. The line is then generally, though not necessarily, incomplete as far as thought is concerned. Some lines form complete sentences, but a series of complete lines is very unsatisfactory and does not hold the attention for long. The stanza then is a complete unit in itself. It may not complete the idea of the whole poem, but it does complete the idea which it contributes.

In music the device which corresponds to the line is the phrase. It is the smallest unit which can be sung on one breath. A regular phrase is four measures in length, although it may be, depending on the tempo of the composition, from two to sixteen measures in length. A phrase may be complete in itself, in which case it ends with a

cadence or close which halts the movement of the piece completely. Such a close is called an Authentic Cadence. Its use corresponds roughly to that of a period in literature. If the phrase is incomplete it ends with a half close or semicadence corresponding roughly to a comma. The unit in music which expresses a complete idea and is similar to the stanza in poetry is the period. A period consists of two phrases, the first called the antecedent or thesis, ending with a semicadence, and the second called the consequent or antithesis, ending with an authentic cadence. Musical compositions are built up of periods or strings of phrases in just the same manner in which poems are composed of stanzas or groupings of lines.

In poetry the ends of lines were generally made apparent by the end rhymes. A couplet is the simplest illustration of this process. The sense should never run beyond the two lines of the couplet. Such a scheme is monotonous, so many other rhyme schemes have been developed, but all with the same end in view--of clarifying the thought and of indicating the end of an idea and a line. Because of the regular rhythm and rhyme scheme of poetry no other means of indicating the ends of lines and stanzas were necessary, but modern verse has dispensed with regularity in length of line and to a lesser extent in rhythm. End rhyme is almost

never used in free verse. In order to indicate the end of ideas and to conclude thought units, modern poets have found it necessary to discover another way of accomplishing this end. The methods of free verse draw largely upon the long, flowing periods of oratory and the requirements of speech. From oratorical methods and from musical procedure was developed this closing formula of poetry. This close is very similar to the cadence in music.

A BRIEF STUDY OF CADENCE IN MODERN POETRY

Cadence is a technical term employed in both music and poetry. Poets who have written cadenced verse fail to see any relationship between the use of cadences in music and in poetry. In the preface to Some Imagist Poets, 1916, there is an explanation of cadenced verse which denies such a relationship. "Now cadence in music is one thing, cadence in poetry quite another, since we are not dealing with tone, but rhythm." Evidently the Imagists have failed to realize the full meaning of cadence in music and are not even fully cognizant in a sense of its full significance in poetry. A cadence in music consists of two elements, a certain familiar succession of chords, i.e. tone, and their rhythmic location. In poetry the tone-quality of vowels and consonants help in determining the rhythm and the

length of a cadenced line. The Imagists seemingly recognize cadence in only one sense, that is as applied to the length of every "idea" line. They do not distinguish between lines which leave the sense incomplete and those which do not. A study of their poetry seems to reveal the fact that they do make a difference of which they make no mention.

Cadence in Music

A cadence in music is a technical formula which is used to conclude a phrase or a period, a musical sentence, and which confirms the tonality or key. It is a means of expression in that it divides and emphasizes the musical thought. Since the cadence is the strongest expression of tonality, it must also be the purest in part-writing. Cadence refers to the last two tones in a melody or to the last two chords in harmony. However, certain chords usually precede these last two and are generally recognized as part of the cadence. The general plan is some subdominant harmony, as the chord of IV or II, followed by some dominant harmony, V or V7, and a final tonic chord. Such a cadence is known as an Authentic Cadence. A tonic six-four chord may be inserted before the dominant harmony, further intensifying the conclusive ending. If the final tonic chord

has the root of the chord in the soprano and in the bass the cadence is perfect, if not, it is imperfect.

The next most important cadence in music is the half cadence or semicadence. Its purpose is to check only partially the flow of the composition. It is comparable to a comma in a sentence. The chords are the same as for a full cadence but are reversed, that is, the tonic chord precedes the dominant. The cadence is then left unfinished on the dominant chord. Occasionally other chords than the dominant are used, but their frequency is not great.

The Plagal Cadence is an added cadence and consists of some subdominant harmony followed by a tonic chord. It is the series of harmonies which make up the "Amen" at the conclusion of a hymn. The third type of cadence recognized in music is the deceptive or interrupted cadence, in which some chord is substituted for the final tonic. This form of cadence is not available at the end of a composition, but is very frequently used shortly before the close to extend the composition.

Thus far I have spoken only of the tonal requirements of a cadence. There are rhythmical requirements as well. The final tonic chord, or the last chord of the cadence must occur on a strong beat and must be longer in duration than the chords which surround it so that it forms a real interruption of the rhythmic movement. The tonic six-four

chord when used in the Authentic Cadence must also occur on an accented beat. It might be considered as a warning chord, as invariably after an accented six-four chord comes a dominant chord and then the final tonic. Also the final chord of the cadence must occur on a strong beat of the phrase or period in order to sound complete. Other details and variations occur which I shall mention principally because they seem to have some counterparts in poetic practice. Sometimes part of the dominant harmony is suspended into the tonic chord on the strong beat and then resolved on the weak beat. Such an ending is referred to as feminine. The general plan of an Authentic Cadence may be considered as consisting of two active chords, that is, chords which require resolution, followed by a passive chord. The activity must be cumulative in such a case.

Cadence in Verse

I should like to state the relationship which exists between the phrase or period in music so that it will be in line with the term cadence in poetry. Music consists entirely of rhythmic units, in a larger sense, made up of phrases, which are four measures in length and thus consume according to the movement of the piece, whether it be fast or slow, a certain amount of time and which embody a

complete idea although they may not be complete in themselves, and of rhythmic units consisting of periods, which are eight measures in length consisting of two phrases, the first of which is incomplete and the second complete, which consume a certain period of time, and embody a complete idea or sometimes two closely related ideas. These phrases and periods end with some form of cadence formula. In poetry, cadence is applied to the unit of time, which corresponds roughly to that consumed by a phrase, whether it be complete or incomplete. A sentence consisting of several cadences and embodying a complete idea corresponds roughly to a period. There is no mention in discussing cadenced verse of anything corresponding to the closing cadential formula in music. A study of the finest of cadenced prose, of free verse, and cadenced verse seems to reveal the fact that such a formula has been intuitively felt though not necessarily realized or recognized. The Imagist use of cadence may be defined as a measurement of movement, that is, a measure of fairly equal lapses of time, each of which embodies a different, though not necessarily complete, idea. Cadence is used with much the same significance in relation to the movement of marching troops.

Cadence in the Preface to Some Imagist Poets, 1916

The following explanation of cadence from the preface to Some Imagist Poets, 1916, is worthy of close study, as it contains in addition to their ideas concerning cadence an expression of an idea which has a counterpart in rubato in music:

"Now cadence in music is one thing, cadence in poetry quite another, since we are not dealing with tone, but rhythm. It is the sense of perfect balance of flow and rhythm. Not only must the syllables so fall as to increase and continue the movement, the whole poem must be as rounded and recurring as the circular swing of a balanced pendulum. It can be fast or slow, it may even jerk, but this perfect swing it must have, even its jerks must follow the central movement. To illustrate (and this illustration is a perfect description of rubato tempo in music); Suppose a person were given the task of walking, or running, round a large circle, with two minutes given to do it in. Two minutes which he would just consume if he walked round the circle quietly. But in order to make the task easier for him, or harder, as the case may be, he was required to complete each half-circle in exactly a minute. No other restrictions were placed upon him. He might dawdle in the beginning, and run madly to reach the half-circle mark on time, and then complete his task by walking steadily round the second half to goal. Or he might leap, and run, and skip, and linger in all sorts of ways, making up for slow going by fast, and for extra haste by pauses, and vary these movements on either lap of the circle as the humour seized him, only so that he were just one minute in traversing the second. Another illustration which may be employed is that of a Japanese wood-carving, where a toad in one corner is balanced by a spray of blown flowers in the opposite upper one. The flowers are not the same shape as the toad, neither are they the same size, but the balance is preserved.

"The unit of vers libre is not the foot, the number of syllables, the quantity, or the line. The unit is the

strophe, which may be the whole poem, or may be only a part. Each strophe is a complete circle; in fact, the meaning of the Greek word "strophe" is simply that part of the poem which was recited while the chorus was making a turn round the altar set up in the centre of the theatre. The simile of the circle is more than a simile, therefore; it is a fact. Of course the circle need not always be the same size, nor need the times allowed to negotiate it be always the same. There is room here for an infinite number of variations. Also, circles can be added to circles, movement upon movement to the poem, provided each movement completes itself, and ramifies naturally into the next."

I interpret the statement which says that the syllables must fall in such a way as to increase and continue the movement to mean that there should be created an urge that would carry one forward to the end of the cadence. Such a notion in itself recognizes a need for sufficient movement so that when the end of the cadence is reached the pause will be noticeable. Later I shall show how this increase of movement carries the line forward to its conclusion and how that in accomplishing this end certain methods of procedure seem to have been developed.

An Illustration of Cadence in Poetry

I shall now illustrate with James Stephens' Chill of the Eve a cadence in the musical sense of the word. The last four lines of each stanza appear like a formula which inevitably draw the reader on to the last word in the same manner in which a final cadence does in music.

"A long green swell
Slopes soft to the sea:
And a far-off bell
Swings sweet to me:
As the grey
Chill day
Slips away
From the lea.

Spread cold and far,
Without one glow
From a mild pale star,
Is the sky's steel bow;
And the grey
Chill day
Slips away
Below.

Yon green tree grieves
To the air around;
And the whispering leaves
Have a lonely sound;
As the grey
Chill day
Slips away
From the ground.

And dark, more dark,
The shades settle down;
Far off is a spark
From the lamp-lit town;
And the grey
Chill day
Slips away
With a frown."

It seems to me that the last four lines of each stanza should be written as one or perhaps two lines containing internal rather than end rhyme. The chief characteristic of the rhythmic flow of these last four lines is their even smooth metre with their almost jingly rhyming and stress. The least successful line in giving a cadential effect is

that of the second stanza in which the last foot is an iamb while the other feet with the exception of "chill day" are anapests. "Chill day" is of equal length with the anapests, but "below" is not, its first syllable being too short. One of the characteristics of a successful cadence seems to be a smooth regular rhythm. There are four accents in this cadence.

Cadence in Cadenced Prose

Next, let us examine some of the finest of cadenced prose and see if there seems to be anything resembling a cadence formula at the conclusion of prose sentence. Here is a paragraph from Sir Thomas Browne's Hydriotaphia;

"But the iniquity of oblivion blindly scattereth her poppy and deals with the memory of men without distinction to merit of perpetuity. Who can but pity the founder of the pyramids? Herostratus lives that burnt the temple of Diana; he is almost lost that built it. Time hath spared the epitaph of Adrian's horse, confounded that of himself. In vain we compute our felicities by the advantage of our good names, since bad have equal durations, and Thersites is like to live as long as Agamemnon. Who knows whether the best of men be known, or whether there be not more remarkable persons forgot than any that stand remembered in the

known account of time? Without the favor of the everlasting register, the first man had been as unknown as the last and Methuselah's long life had been his only chronicle."

Practically every sentence in this paragraph finishes with three, sometimes four or more, scannable feet usually iambic. In reading through Browne's work one is impressed with the fact that the majority of sentences end in this way. Almost invariably an important word starts the concluding words off into this metrical ending and would seem to be an important part of the scheme. There are two types of final words in this paragraph, those in which the accent comes on the last syllable and those in which it occurs on the next to the last syllable. This latter is a feminine ending. Some paragraphs seem to carry this feminine ending idea throughout. These are the last few words of the sentence in another paragraph from Browne's Hydriotaphia: "beyond all conjecture," "admit a wide solution," "or tutelary observers," "in the art of perpetuation," "a fallacy in duration," "and madding vices," "with the necessity of oblivion," "and mechanical preservations," and "within two Methuselahs of Hector." Such a series of feminine endings carried through a whole paragraph does not seem an accident. The bare outlines of a cadence formula seem to exist in this prose of Browne's. Three or four accents con-

clude each sentence and some of the endings are fairly smooth and poetical, although others are prose rather than poetic rhythm. It is interesting, though, to find in cadenced prose a semblance of a metrical finish to each thought.

Here is a later example of cadenced prose in Thomas de Quincey's Levana and Our Ladies of Sorrows;

"The eldest of the three is named Mater Lachrymarum, Our Lady of Tears. She it is that night and day raves and moans, calling for vanished faces. She stood in Rama, when a voice was heard of lamentation--Rachel weeping for her children, and refusing to be comforted. She it was that stood in Bethlehem on the night when Herod's sword swept its nurseries of Innocents, and the little feet were stiffened forever, which, heard at times as they tottered along floors overhead, woke pulses of love in household hearts that were not unmarked in heaven." Here we have the same type of rhythmical close as was noted in Browne's prose, but the effect is not as musical.

Cadence in the Poetry of Walt Whitman

In the poetry of Walt Whitman practically every sentence is metrically cadenced with three accents, or sometimes three parallel ideas convey the same impression. Whitman has a greater variety of poetic feet in his conclud-

ing cadences that the modern poets. In addition to rhythmic feet there are also slow, heavy feet which effectively stop the movement. These are also found in modern poetry.

"And royal feudal Europe sails with thee."

Such a concluding cadence as this I consider regular because it seems to be frequent in Whitman as well as in modern poetry.

"He sees the slaughter of the southern braves con-
fided to him by their parents."

Here the concluding cadence is anapestic with a feminine ending. The next example is interesting in that it has four accents and consists of single words. I shall quote the rest of the sentences in order that the concluding function of the last lines may be evident.

"I wander all night in my vision,
Stepping with light feet, swiftly and
noiselessly stepping and stopping,
Bending with open eyes over the shut
eyes of sleepers,
Wandering confused, lost to myself, ill-
assorted, contradictory,
Pausing, gazing, bending, and stopping."

The next example closes with a beautifully solemn slow

cadence.

"This face owes to the sexton his dismalest fee,
An unceasing death-bell tolls there."

Examples of Cadence in Modern Poetry

In choosing examples from the modern poets I shall try to give as many as I can without quoting more than are necessary to confirm the idea that cadenced verse does possess a concluding cadence in musical sense. Adelaide Crapsey's curious five-line stanza form, with the lines, having, respectively, two, four, six, eight, and two syllables, possesses such a regular cadence using the last four syllables of the fourth line and the two of the fifth. Miss Crapsey seems to recognize this fact also as she makes the sense continuous. Her concluding cadences have three accents which are very smooth.

"November Night"

"Listen..."

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

"Triad"

"These be

Three silent things:

The falling snow . . . the hour

Before the dawn . . . the mouth of one

Just dead."

"The warning"

"Just now,

out of the strange

Still dusk . . . as strange, as still . . .

A white moth flew. Why am I grown

So cold?"

Another poem of Miss Crapsey's shows the same type of concluding cadence.

"On Seeing Weather-Beaten Trees"

"Is it as plainly in our living shown,

By slant and twist, which way the wind hath
blown?"

Carl Sandburg has a beautiful example of a slow concluding cadence in Cool Tombs .

"When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the
tombs, he forgot the copperheads and the
assassins . . . in the dust, in the cool
tombs."

Each of the four stanzas end with the words "cool tombs" and the effect is indescribably beautiful. Sandburg's Four Preludes on Playthings of the Wind have a concluding cadence which is used for a refrain.

2

"The doors were cedar
and the panel strips of gold
and the girls were golden girls
and the panels read and the girls chanted:

We are the greatest city,

and the greatest nation:

nothing like us ever was.

The doors are twisted on broken hinges.
Sheets of rain swish through on the wind
where the golden girls ran and the panels read:

We are the greatest city,

the greatest nation,

nothing like us ever was."

The next two preludes use the same refrain. Here is Sandburg's Limited which has at least three definitely concluding cadences with three accents and feminine endings.

"I am riding on a limited express, one of the crack
trains of the nation.

Hurtling across the prairie into blue haze and dark

air go fifteen all-steel coaches holding a
thousand people.

(All the coaches shall be scrap and rust and all
the men and women laughing in the diners and
sleepers shall pass to ashes.)

I ask a man in the smoker where he is going and he
answers: "Omaha."

The following are the concluding words of each
sentence in Sandburg's Chicago: "For I have seen your
painted women under the gas lamps luring the farm boys,"
"the gunman kill and go free to kill again," "I have seen
the marks of wanton hunger," "so proud to be alive and
coarse and strong and cunning," "building, breaking, re-
building," and "Player with Railroads and Freight Handler to
the Nation." Practically all of these have feminine end-
ings. Frequently it seems to me that the first of the three
stresses is a kind of warning of an impending close in
about the same way that a tonic six-four chord signifies an
ending. This is well illustrated in this line from Sand-
burg's "Smoke and Steel."

"This is the slang of coal and steel."

Notice how "slang" is the warning stress and the rest fol-
lows inevitably.

The following passages from Wallace Stevens' Peter

Quince at the Clavier contain regular concluding cadences of three accents.

"In the green water, clear and warm,
 Susanna lay,
 She searched
 The touch of springs,
 And found
Concealed imaginings.
 She sighed,
 For so much melody.

Upon the bank, she stood
 In the cool
 Of spent emotions.
 She felt, among the leaves,
 The dew
 Of old devotions."

William Carlos Williams' Metric Figure shows this same type of ending.

"There is a bird in the poplars - -
 It is the sun!
 The leaves are little yellow fish
Swimming in the river;
 The bird skims above them - -

Day is on his wings.

Phoenix!

It is he that is making

The great gleam among the poplars.

It is his singing

Outshines the noise

Of leaves clashing in the wind."

There is also in this poem a "semicadence" which uses the three accent plan, "Swimming in the river;" and the last line has the stress on "clashing" which gives a warning of the close.

Alfred Kreyborg uses concluding cadences in his poetry. I shall quote his Advertisement and Peasant."

"Advertisement "

"We want a man of forty for the job.

One who has enjoyed his little fill of romance.

And suffered intermittent indigestion ever since.

One whose memories are sufficiently cold

successfully to resist the embraces of truancy.

To whom a mountain

no longer looms an ideal

to scramble up and tumble down,

but is an actual thing made of stone

bristling with multitudinous edges

to bark one's shin or break one's neck upon.
 To whom a lake or river
 or other body of water
 no longer entices the search for one's likeness
 (we only ask a man to be himself
 and not go diving after phantoms)
 but is a place one might readily drown in,
 one's muscles no longer quite what they were.

Who has achieved

that ultimate disillusionment:
 not to be able to differentiate
 the respective features, limbs or what not
 of his whilom Graces and Gwendolyns,
 and if he could wouldn't want to,
 would devote the rest of his days to a desk
 piled sky-high with ledgers and cash-books:
 Such a man would be certain to stick.
 We want such a man for the job."

"Peasant"

"It's the mixture of peasantry
Makes him so slow.
 He waggles his head
 before he speaks,
 like a cow

before she crops.
He bends to the habit
of dragging his feet
up under him,
like a measuring-worm:
some of his forefathers,
stooped over books,
ruled short straight lines
under two rows of figures
to keep their thin savings
from sifting to the floor.
Should you strike him
with a question,
he will blink twice or thrice
and roll his head about,
like an owl
in the pin-pricks
of a dawn he cannot see.
There is mighty little flesh
about his bones,
there is no gusto,
in his stride:
he seems to wait
for the blow on the buttocks

that will drive him
another step forward - -
step forward to what?

There is no land,

no house,

no barn,

he has ever owned:

he sits uncomfortable

on chairs

you might invite him to:

if you did,

he'd keep his hat in hand

against the moment

when some silent pause

for which he hearkens

with his ear to one side

bids him move on - -

Move on where?

It doesn't matter.

He has learned

to shrug his shoulders,

so he'll shrug his shoulders now:

caterpillars do it

when they're halted by a stick.
 Is there a sky overhead? - -
 a hope worth flying to? - -
 Birds may know about it,
 but it's birds
 that birds descend from."

Cadence in the Poetry of Miscellaneous Modern Poets

Now I am going to quote a series of poems by various authors which show these concluding cadences. The poems are selected from those of a great number of poets who have written free verse. They reveal concluding cadences of two types; a concluding cadence consisting of three, sometimes four, accents with the first accent slightly stronger, although not necessarily so, and the final word either accented on the last syllable or the next to the last syllable; and a slow cadence of two slow syllables which retard the movement. In the last type the words are usually monosyllables and possess long vowels or consonants which take some time to enunciate. In the accented concluding cadence the words contained in the group contain a complete phrase or a short dependent clause. Frequently there is a break before the cadence starts. Sometimes instead of an accented cadence a series of three ideas in almost parallel form

occur. This short poem of James Oppenheim's contains examples of both of these kinds of cadence: in the first line the phrase, "striking off his chains . . .," contains three accents and is preceded by a pause, notice the way in which the lines "to servility," "to indolence and sloth," and "by fear and superstition" slip away to a conclusion after the retarded movement of "chained," "manacled," and "bound," a line of three ideas is present in "By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery....," and finally there the slow cadence of "But in himself..." and "Free men set themselves free."

"The Slave"

"They set the slave free, striking off his chains ...

Then he was as much of a slave as ever.

He was still chained to servility,

He was still manacled to indolence and sloth,

He was still bound by fear and superstition,

By ignorance, suspicion, and savagery...

His slavery was not in the chains,

But in himself....

They can only set free men free...

And there is no need of that:

Free men set themselves free."

Oppenheim seems to be very fond of slow cadences, both at the end of a sentence and at the end of line where the thought is unfinished. These slow moving conclusions give a breadth and majesty to the style which account in a measure for the sweeping rhapsodic flow of ideas which suggests comparison with the Psalms of the Bible. Notice also the pauses at ends of slow lines which he represents with a long dash and the repetition of words which lends more sweep and continuity to the poem.

"The Lincoln Child"

"Clearing in the forest,

In the wild Kentucky forest,

And the stars, wintry stars strewn above!

O night that is the starriest

Since Earth began to roll - -

For a Soul

Is born out of Love!

Mother love, father love, love of Eternal

God - -

Stars have pushed aside to let him through - -

Through heaven's sun-sown deeps

One sparkling ray of God

Strikes the clod - -

(And while an angel-host through wood
and clearing sweeps!)

Born in the wild

The Child - -

Naked, ruddy, new,

Wakes with the piteous human cry and at the
mother-heart sleeps."

The rest of the poem follows much the same plan as suggested in the opening section. Here are some of the other concluding cadences in the poem; "In the godliest human annal," a rather slow cadence with three accents as is also "That giveth wisdom sure. . . ." and "Felt his future manhood stir!" a lighter three accent cadence in "And clouds across the heavens lightly fanned," and these heavy slow cadences "Must leave the wilderness, the wood-haunts wild" and the concluding line "Work wrought through love!" A careful reading of the whole poem with these suggestions in mind will, I think, reveal to what extent Oppenheim's style is based upon the type of cadence which he employs.

Another poet who employs slow cadences and whose style depends on them to a degree is Lola Ridge. Notice the slow cadences in New Orleans, the use of a dash to indicate a longer pause, and the use of several periods to slow down the line-end. In this poem the effect of the warm air and

the languid laziness of the South are conveyed by the use of this type of cadence. This cadence, however, predominates in her other work so that it is not used for a particular effect in this poem.

"New Orleans"

"Do you remember

Honey-melon moon

Dripping thick sweet light

Where Canal Street saunters off by

herself among quiet trees?

And the faint decayed patchouli - -

Fragrance of New Orleans . . .

New Orleans,

Like a dead tube rose

Upheld in the warm air . . .

Miraculously whole."

Slow endings predominate in Lola Ridge's Faces. There is a beautiful slow-moving cadence in "Pulling aprons about their heads." Again in this poem Miss Ridge is careful when there would be the slightest doubt as to the length of pause to use in a series of periods as

"Caper and disappear. . .

Where the Bowery"

Ordinarily in reading this there would not be a very long

break after "disappear", but Miss Ridge has indicated by means of the periods that she desires the movement to be retarded.

"Faces"

A late snow beats
 With cold fists upon the tenements - -
 Hurriedly drawing blinds and shutters,
 Like old tall slatterns
 Pulling aprons about their heads.

Lights slant out of Mott Street
 Gibber out,
 Or dribble through bar-room slits,
 Anonymous shapes
 Conniving behind shuttered panes
 Caper and disappear . . .
 Where the Bowery
 Is throbbing like a fistula
 Back of her ice-scabbed fronts.

Livid faces
 Glimmer in furtive doorways,
 Or spill out of the black pockets of alleys,
 Smears of faces like muddied beads,
 Making a ghastly rosary

The night mumbles over
 And the snow with its devilish and silken
whisper . . .

Patrolling arcs
 Blowing shrill blasts over the Bread Line
 Stalk them as they pass,
 Silent as though accouched of the darkness,
 And the wind noses among them

Like a skunk
 That roots about the heart . . .

Colder;
 And the Elevated slams upon the silence
 Like a ponderous door.

Then all is still again,
 Save for the wind fumbling over
 The emptily swaying faces - -

The wind rummaging
 Like an old Jew . . .

Faces in glimmering rows . . .
 (No sign of the abject life - -
 Not even a blasphemy . . .)

But the spindle legs keep time
 To a limping rhythm,
 And the shadows twitch upon the snow

Convulsively - -
 As though death played
 With some ungainly dolls."

Marianne Moore's A Talisman contains an excellent example of a slow concluding cadence.

"A Talisman"

"Under a splintered mast,
 torn from the ship and cast
near her hull,
 a stumbling shepherd found,
 embedded in the ground,
a sea-gull
 of lapis lazuli,
 a scarab of the sea,
 with wings spread - -
 curling its coral feet,
 parting its beak to greet
men long dead."

Miss Moore's To a Steam Roller contains fairly regular three-accented concluding cadences. Notice in the last line how the movement comes to a conclusion with the word "vain" and how there is added a short cadence reminding one of the Plagal cadences used at the end of hymns.

"To a Steam Roller"

"The illustration

is nothing to you without the application.

You lack half wit. You crush all the particles
down into close conformity, and then walk
back and forth on them.

Sparkling chips of rock

are crushed down to the level of the parent block.

Were not 'impersonal judgment in esthetic
matters, a metaphysical impossibility, ' you
might fairly achieve

it. As for butterflies, I can hardly conceive
of one's attending upon you; but to question
the congruence of the complement is vain,
if it exists."

Archibald MacLeish's Ars Poetica contains cadences of
both kinds. The illustration of the thought in most cases
is rhythmic and cadential as well as verbal through the
meaning of the words.

"Ars Poetica"

"A poem should be palpable and mute

As a globed fruit

Dumb

As old medallions to the thumb
 Silent as the sleeve-worn stone
 of casement ledges where the moss has grown - -

A poem should be wordless

As the flight of birds

.

A poem should be motionless in time

As the moon climbs

Leaving, as the moon releases

Twig by twig the night-entangled trees,

Leaving, as the moon behind the winter leaves,

Memory by memory the mind - -

A poem should be motionless in time

As the moon climbs

.

A poem should be equal to:

Not true - -

For all the history of grief

An empty doorway and a maple leaf

For love - -

The leaning grasses and two lights above the

sea - -

A poem should not mean

But be."

Despite the typographical arrangement of E.E. Cummings' Sunset the last seven lines contain a cadence of three accents with a warning accent in "dragging".

"Sunset"

"stinging

gold swarms

upon the spires

silver

chants the litanies the

great bells are ringing with rose

the lewd fat bells

and a tall

wind

is dragging

the

sea

with

dream

-S"

The cadences in E.E. Cummings' Song are interesting.

They are a combination of slow cadences with some double rhymes and feminine endings.

"Song"

"Thy fingers make early flowers of

All things.

thy hair mostly the hours love:

a smoothness which

sings, saying

(though love be a day)

do not fear, we will go amaying.

thy whitest feet crisply are straying.

Always

thy moist eyes are at kisses playing,

whose strangeness much

says; singing

(though love be a day)

for which girl art thou flowers bringing?

To be thy lips is a sweet thing

and small.

Death, thee i call rich beyond wishing

if this thou catch,

else missing.

(though love be a day
and life be nothing, it shall not stop
kissing)."

Joseph Auslander's Interval is unusual in that many of the lines have a double cadence. This repetition of the cadence strengthens the impression made by the first one. A few of the closes are regular with three accents. I have used a line (/) to indicate the separation of the double cadence where the break is not indicated by the punctuation.

"Interval"

"Water pulls nervously whispering satin across

cool roots, cold stones:

And a bird balances his soul on a song flash,

a desperate outcry:

These are the minor chords, the monotones;

This the undefeated gesture against an armored

sky.

The moment is metal; the sun crawling over it / is

a fly

Head down on a bronze ceiling; the hot stillness

drones:

And you go sliding through green sea shafts / and I

Am an old mountain warning his tired bones."

Many of the short prose-poetry epitaphs from Edgar Lee Master's Spoon River Anthology possesses definite cadences. The poems in which these cadences are most marked create a much finer impression than those in which they are not present. The form of the poems was experimental and many times he succeeded in giving little more than ordinary prose.

"Anne Rutledge"

"Out of me unworthy and unknown
 The vibrations of deathless music;
 'With malice toward none, with charity for
all.'
 Out of me the forgiveness of millions
 toward millions,
 And the beneficent face of a nation
Shining with justice and truth.
 I am Anne Rutledge who sleep beneath these
weeds,
 Beloved in life of Abraham Lincoln
 Wedded to him, not through union,
But through separation.
 Bloom forever, O Republic,
 From the dust of my bosom!"

"Nicholas Bindle"

"Were you not ashamed, fellow citizens,
 When my estate was probated and everyone knew
How small a fortune I left? - -
 You who hounded me in life,
 To give, give, give to the churches, to the poor,
 To the village! - - me who had already given
much.

And think you I did not know
 That the pipe-organ, which I gave to the church,
 Played its christening song when Deacon Rhodes,
 Who broke the bank and all but ruined me,
 Worshipped for the first time after his
acquittal?"

"Hamilton Green "

"I was the only child of Frances Harris of
 Virginia
 And Thomas Greene of Kentucky,
 Of valiant and honorable blood both.
 To them I owe all that I became,
 Judge, member of Congress, leader in the State.
 From my mother I inherited
Vivacity, fancy, language;
 From my father will, judgment, logic.

All honor to them

For what service I was to the people!"

Conrad Aiken has written poetry in which there is more orthodox rhythm and rhyme. It is more difficult to distinguish in his poetry where the lines form cadences or where the rhythm is perfectly regular. He seems to use slow cadences occasionally as in the refrain from The Morning Song from Senlin. Frequently a line with rather irregular and indefinite rhythm is followed by a very regular one which concludes the idea. At other times the conclusion consists of a phrase with three accents sometimes preceded by a pause. This is the first section of Part IV from the Jig of Forslin.

"Twilight is spacious, near things in it seem far,
And distant things seem near.

Now in the green west hangs a yellow star.

And now across old waters you may hear

The profound gloom of bells among still trees,
Like a rolling of huge boulders beneath seas.

Silent as thought in evening contemplation
Weaves the bat under the gathering stars.

Silent as dew we seek new incarnation,
Meditate new avatars.

In a clear dusk like this
 Mary climbed up the hill to seek her son,
 To lower him down from the cross, and kiss
 The mauve wounds, every one.

Men with wings

In the dusk walked softly after her.
 She did not see them, but may have felt
 The winnowed air around her stir,
 She did not see them, but may have known
 Why her son's body was light as a little stone.
 She may have guessed that other hands were there
Moving the watchful air.

Now unless persuaded by searching music
 Which suddenly opens the portals of the mind,
 We guess no angels,
 And are contented to be blind.
 Let us blow silver horns in the twilight,
 And lift our hearts to the yellow star in the green
 To find perhaps, if, while the dew is rising,
Clear things may not be seen."

The next quotation from Conrad Aiken is section II of Part II from Senlin: A Biography. Notice the slow cadence of the refrain. The line (/) is used to indicate a break

in the line especially before a final cadence.

"It is morning, Senlin says, and in the morning
When the light drips through the shutters like
the dew,

I arise, I face the sunrise,
And do the things my fathers learned to do.
Stars in the purple mist above the rooftops
Pale in a saffron mist / and seem to die,
And I myself on a swiftly tilting planet
Stand before a glass / and tie my tie.

Vine leaves tap my window,
Dew-drops sing to the garden stones,
The robin chirps in the chinaberry tree
Repeating three clear tones.

It is morning: I stand by the mirror
And tie my tie once more:
While waves far off in a pale rose twilight
Crash on a white sand shore:

I stand by a mirror and comb my hair:
Now small and white my face! - -
The green earth tilts through a sphere of air
And bathes in a flame of space.

There are houses hanging above the stars

And stars hung under a sea . . .
 And a sun far off in a shell of silence
Dapples my walls for me . . .

It is morning, Senlin says, and in the morning
 Should I not pause in the light to remember God?
 Upright and firm I stand on a star unstable,
 He is immense / and lonely as a cloud.
 I will dedicate this moment before my mirror
 To him alone, for him I will comb my hair.
 Accept these humble offerings, cloud of silence!
 I will think of you as I descend the stair.

Vine leaves tap my window,
 The snail-track shines on the stones,
 Dew-drops flash from the chinaberry tree
 Repeating two clear tones.

It is morning, I awake from a bed of silence,
 Shining I arise from the starless waters of sleep.
 The walls are about me still as in the evening,
 I am the same, and the same name still I keep.

The earth revolves with me, yet makes no
 motion,

The stars pale silently in a coral sky.

In a whistling void I stand before my mirror,
Unconcerned, and tie my tie.

There are horses neighing on far-off hills
Tossing their long white manes,
And mountains flash in the rose-white dusk,
Their shoulders black with rain . . .
It is morning. I stand by the mirror
And surprise my soul once more;
The blue air rushes above my ceiling,
There are suns beneath my floor . . .

. . . It is morning, Senlin says, I ascend from
darkness

And depart on the winds of space for I know
not where,

My watch is wound, a key is in my pocket,
And the sky is darkened as I descend the stair.
There are shadows across the windows, clouds
in heaven,

And a god among the stars; and I will go
Thinking of him as I might think of daybreak
And humming a tune I know . . .

Vine leaves tap at the window,

Dew-drops sing to the garden stones,
 The robin chirps in the chinaberry tree
 Repeating three clear tones."

One of the functions of a cadence in music is to confirm the key or tonality of the section. In the Morning Song a similar function is performed by the repetition of the short sentence, "It is morning." The sentence establishes an idea and its recurrence confirms and strengthens that impression.

Cadence in the Poetry of the Imagists

Finally, I am going to consider the work of the three Imagist poets, H.D., John Gould Fletcher, and Amy Lowell. This group was interested in the creation of new rhythms which would be suited to new and different moods. They did not insist upon free verse as the only medium, but did consider that with it one could express his personality more sincerely and fully. It is interesting to see how each of these poets developed a style, wholly individual, with a maximum amount of freedom. In the development of this style much depended on the type of cadences which each employed. H. D. makes an extensive use of slow cadences, of cadence resulting from the repetition or parallelism of an idea or

phrase, and of metrical cadences of two or three accents. H. D.'s slow cadences retard the movement but do not give an effect of heaviness or weight such as those of Lola Ridge, or James Oppenheim. Her use of extremely short lines, and single words is a new though not generally used type of cadence. H. D. has without writing definitely rhythmic verse given the most successful feeling of cadence of any modern poet. When three phrases or words are used for a cadence I have indicated the separate groups with a line (/).

"Sea Rose "

"Rose, harsh rose,
 Marred and with stint of petals,
 meagre flower, / thin, /
 sparse of leaf, /

more precious
 than a wet rose
single on a stem - -
 you are caught in the drift.

Stunted, / with small leaf, /
 you are flung on the sand,
 you are lifted
 in the crisp sand
 that drives in the wind.

Can the spice-rose
drip such acrid fragrance
hardened in a leaf?"

H. D. never allows the rhythm of an idea or line to carry her away so consequently there is not much of a warning or period of slowing down needed. The Helmsman develops a type of cadence peculiar to H. D. namely that arising from the repetition of an idea or phrase of similar type.

"O be swift - -

We have always known you wanted us.

We fled inland with our flocks,
we pastured them in hollows,
 cut off from the wind
 and the salt track of the marsh.
We worshipped inland - -
we stepped past wood-flowers,
we forgot your tang,
we brushed wood-grass.

We wandered from pine-hills
 through oak and scrub-oak tangles,
we broke hyssop and bramble,

we caught flower and new bramble-fruit
 in our hair: we laughed
 as each branch whipped back,
we tore our feet in half buried rocks
 and knotted roots and acorn-cups.

We forgot - - we worshipped,
we parted green from green,
we sought further thickets,
we dipped our ankles
 through leaf-mould and earth,
 and wood and wood-bank enchanted us - -
 and the feel of the clefts in the bark,
 and the slope between tree and tree - -
 and a slender path strung field to field
 and wood to wood
 and hill to hill
 and the forest after it.

We forgot - - for a moment
tree-resin, tree bark,
 sweat of a torn branch
 were sweet to the taste.
 We were enchanted with the fields,
 the tufts of coarse grass

in the shorter grass - -

we loved all this.

But now our boat climbs - - hesitates - -

drops - -

climbs - - hesitates - - crawls back - -

climbs - - hesitates - -

O be swift - -

we have always known you wanted us."

The Contest

I

"Your stature is modelled

with straight tool-edge;

you are chiselled like rocks

that are eaten into by the sea.

With the turn and grasp of your wrist

and the chord's stretch,

there is a glint like worn brass.

The ridge of your breast is taut,

and under each the shadow is sharp,

and between the clenched muscles

of your slender hips.

From the circle of your cropped hair

there is light,
 and about your male torso
 and the foot-arch and the straight ankle.

II

You stand rigid and mighty - -
granite and ore in the rocks;
 a great band clasps your forehead
 and its heavy twists of gold.

You are white - - a limb of cypress
 bent under a weight of snow.

You are splendid,
 your arms are fire;
 you have entered the hill-straits - -
 a sea treads upon the hill-slopes.

III

Myrtle is about your head,
 you have bent and caught the spray:
 each leaf is sharp
 against the lift and furrow
 of your bound hair.

The narcissus has copied the arch
 of your slight breast:

your feet are citron-flowers,
your knees, cut from white-ash,
your thighs are rock-cistus.

Your chin lifts straight
 from the hollow of your curved throat.
 your shoulders are level - -
 they have melted rare silver
for their breadth."

"Oread"

"Whirl up, / sea - -
 whirl up your pointed pines,
splash your great pin
on our rocks,
hurl your green over us,
 cover us with your pools of fir."

John Gould Fletcher uses cadences of much the same type as those of H. D. He uses short lines rarely letting the movement move forward with enough emphasis to need deliberate slowing down. His division into lines is more artificial than H. D.'s. Much of his work is marred by the too frequent use of prose rhythm or no very definite rhythm of any kind. His cadences in the Imagist sense are developed in a slightly different way from those of the

poets whose work I have been considering. His cadences are harmonic rather than rhythmical. In music a feeling of tension is created and then relaxed - a key or tonality is established and left, and at the last re-established.

Fletcher creates a feeling of suspense which he resolves at the conclusion of the cadence. The resolution of these cadences is usually in the form of a rhythmical cadence. Occasionally the resolution of the suspension suffices. This short poem from Irradiations contains in the second stanza an example of this harmonic cadence--harmonic in the sense of the creation of a feeling of suspension followed by its relaxation. This stanza has faintly rhythmical close.

"Over the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds;
Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down the
streets.

Whirlpools of purple and gold,
Winds from the mountains of cinnabar,
Lacquered mandarin moments, palanquins swaying
and balancing
Amid vermilion pavilions, against the jade
balustrades,
Glint of the glittering wings of dragon flies
in the light;

Silver filaments, golden flakes settling downwards,
 Rippling, quivering flutters, repulse and surrender,
 The sun broiled upon the rain,
 The rain rustling with the sun.

Over the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds;
 Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down the
 street."

More rhythmical closes to these "harmonic cadences" are to be found in some of the shorter cadences in the symphonies. From the Blue Symphony I have chosen the following stanzas.

"The darkness rolls upward.
 The thick darkness carries with it
 Rain and a ravel of cloud.
 The sun comes forth upon the earth.

Palely the dawn
 Leaves me facing timidly
 Old gardens sunken:
 And in the gardens is water.

Sombre wreck - - autumnal;
 Shadowy roofs
 In the blue mist,

And a willow-branch that is broken.

.

Blue and cool:

Blue, tremulously,

Blow faint puffs of smoke

Across sombre pools.

The damp green smell of rooted wood;

And a heron that cries from out the water.

.

Long upward road that is leading me,

Light hearted I quit you,

For the long loose ripples of the meadow-grass

Invite me to dance upon them.

.

On the left hand there is a temple:

And a palace on the right-hand side.

Foot passengers in scarlet

Pass over the glittering tide.

.

For me silks are outspread.

I take my ease, unthinking.

.

Afterglow:

Before the stars peep

I shall creep out into darkness."

These examples embody the types of cadence which are found throughout the work of John Gould Fletcher.

The poetry of Amy Lowell is very musical and possesses much fine rhythm. Her cadences are usually rhythmical, although there are occasionally some slow closes. Patterns illustrates her treatment of rhythmical endings. The lightness and regularity of them contribute to the impression of good-natured contentment and security which is such a feature of her style. . . .

"I walk down the garden paths,
And all the daffodils
Are blowing, and the bright blue squills.
I walk down the patterned garden-paths
In my stiff, brocaded gown.
With my powdered hair and jeweled fan,
I too am a rare
Pattern. As I wander down
The garden paths.

My dress is richly figured,
And the train
Makes a pink and silver stain
On the gravel, and the thrift
Of the borders.
Just a plate of current fashion,

Tripping by in high-heeled, ribboned shoes.
Not a softness anywhere about me,
Only whalebone and brocade.
And I sink on a seat in the shade
Of a lime tree. For my passion
Wars against the stiff brocade.
The daffodils and squills
Flutter in the breeze
As they please.
And I weep;
For the lime-tree is in blossom
And one small flower has dropped upon my bosom.

And the plashing of waterdrops
In the marble fountain
Comes down the garden-paths.
The dripping never stops.
Underneath my stiffened gown
Is the softness of a woman bathing in a
 marble basin,
A basin in the midst of hedges grown
So think she cannot see her lover hiding,
But she guesses he is near,
And the sliding of the water
Seems the stroking of a dear

Hand upon her.

What is Summer in a fine brocaded gown!

I should like to see it lying in a heap upon
the ground.

All the pink and silver crumpled up on the
ground.

I would be the pink and silver as I ran along
the paths,

And he would stumble after,

Bewildered by my laughter.

I should see the sun flashing from his sword-
hilt and the buckles on his shoes.

I would choose

To lead him in a maze along the patterned paths,
A bright and laughing maze for my heavy-booted
lover.

Till he caught me in the shade,

And the buttons of his waistcoat bruised my
body as he clasped me,

Aching, melting, unafraid.

With the shadows of the leaves and the sundrops,

And the plopping of the waterdrops,

All about us in the open afternoon—

I am very like to swoon

With the weight of this brocade,
For the sun sifts through the shade.

Underneath the fallen blossom

In my bosom

Is a letter I have hid.

It was brought to me this morning by a rider
from the Duke.

'Madam, we regret to inform you that Lord
Hartwell

Died in action Thursday se'nnight.'

As I read it in the white, morning sunlight,
The letters squirmed like snakes.

'Any answer, Madam,' said my footman.

'No,' I told him.

'See that the messenger takes some refreshment.

No, no answer.'

And I walked into the garden,

Up and down the patterned paths,

In my stiff, correct brocade.

The blue and yellow flowers stood up proudly
in the sun,

Each one.

I stood upright too,

Held rigid to the pattern
 By the stiffness of my gown;
Up and down I walked,
Up and down.

In a month he would have been my husband.
 In a month, here, underneath this lime,
 We would have broke the pattern;
 He for me, and I for him,
 He as Colonel, I as Lady,
On this shady seat.
 He had a whim
 That sunlight carried blessing.
 And I answered, 'It shall be as you have said.'
 Now he is dead.

In Summer and in Winter I shall walk
 Up and down
 The patterned garden-paths
 In my stiff, brocaded gown.
 The squills and daffodils
 Will give place to pillared roses, and to
asters, and to snow.
 I shall go
Up and down

In my gown.

Gorgeously arrayed,

Boned and stayed.

And the softness of my body will be guarded
from embrace

By each button, hook, and lace.

For the man who should loose me is dead,

Fighting with the Duke in Flanders,

In a pattern called a war.

Christ! What are patterns for?"

Occasionally as in Amy Lowell's Purple Grackles, there are cadences which resemble more fully all the aspects of the cadence in music. A cadence in music is a certain series of chords which establish a preconceived tonality. It furnishes a feeling of unity by returning to the original mood or one closely related at fairly regular intervals rhythmically. In the following poem there are the usual rhythmic cadences and in addition cadences which establish and return to a given tonality or mood. The short sentence with two very final accents, "The grackles have come", creates and recalls the serious melancholy feeling of regret and sadness which the passing of summer causes. Some of the cadences in this poem depend on suspension and resolution in addition to the rhythmic cadence.

"The grackles have come.

The smoothness of the morning is puckered with their
incessant chatter.

A sociable lot, these purple grackles,
Thousands of them strung across a long run of wind,
Thousands of them beating the air-ways with quick
wing-jerks,

Spinning down the currents of the South.

Every year they come,

My garden is place of solace and recreation evidently,

For they always pass a day with me.

With high good nature they tell me what I do not
want to hear.

The grackles have come.

I am persuaded that grackles are birds;

But when they are settled in the trees,

I am inclined to declare them fruits

And the trees turned hybrid blackberry vines.

Blackness shining and bulging under leaves,

Does not that mean blackberries I ask you?

Nonsense! The grackles have come.

Nonchalant highwaymen, pickpockets, second-story
burglars,

Stealing away my little hope of Summer.

There is no stealthy robbing in this.

Who ever heard such a gabble of thieves' talk!

It seems they delight in unmasking my poor pretence.

Yes, now I see that the hydrangeas are rusty;

That the hearts of the golden glow are ripening to
lustreless seeds:

That the garden is dahlia-coloured,

Flaming with its last over-hot hues;

That the sun is pale as a lemon too small to fill the
picking-ring.

I did not see this yesterday,

But to-day / the grackles have come.

They drop out of the trees

And strut in companies over the lawn,

Tired of flying, no doubt;

A grand parade to limber legs and give wings a rest.

I should build a great fish-pond for them,

Since it is evident that a bird-bath, meant to accom-
modate two goldfinches at most,

Is slight hospitality for these hordes.

Scarcely one can get in,

They all peck and scrabble so,

Crowding, pushing, chasing one another up the bank
with spread wings.

'Are we ducks, you, owner of such inadequate comforts,
That you offer us lily-tanks where one must swim or
drown,

Not stand and splash like a gentleman?'

I feel that reproach keenly, seeing them perch on the
edges of the tanks, trying the depth with a chary
foot,

And hardly able to get their wings under water in the
bird-bath.

But there are resources I had not considered,

If I am bravely ruled out of count.

What is that thudding against the eaves just beyond
my window?

What is that spray of water blowing past my face?

Two--three--grackles bathing in the gutter,

The gutter providentially choked with leaves.

I pray they think I put the leaves there on purpose;

I would be supposed thoughtful and welcoming

To all guests, even thieves.

But considering that they are going South and I am not,

I wish they would bathe more quietly,

It is unmannerly to flaunt one's good fortune.

They rate me of no consequence,
 But they might reflect that it is my gutter.
 I know their opinion of me,
 Because one is drying himself on the window-sill
 Not two feet from my hand.
 His purple neck is sleek with water,
 And the fellow preens his feathers for all the world
 as if I were a fountain statue.
 If it were not for the window,
 I am convinced he would light on my head.
 Tyrian-feathered freebooter,
 Appropriating my delightful gutter with so extrava-
 gant an ease,
 You are as cool a pirate as ever scuttled a ship,
 And are you not scuttling my Summer with every peck
 of your sharp bill?

 But there is a cloud over the beech-tree,
 A quenching cloud for lemon-livered suns.
 The grackles are all swinging in the tree-tops,
 And the wind is coming up, mind you.
 That boom and reach is no Summer gale,
 I know that wind,
 It blows the Equinox over seeds and scatters them,

It rips petals from petals, and tears off half-turned
leaves.

There is rain on the back of that wind.

Now I would keep the grackles,

I would plead with them not to leave me.

I grant their coming, but I would not have them go.

It is a milestone, this passing of grackles.

A day of them, and it is a year gone by.

There is magic in this and terror,

But I only stare stupidly out of the window.

The grackles have come.

Come! Yes, they surely came.

But they have gone.

A moment ago the oak was full of them,

They are not there now.

Not a speck of a black wing,

Not an eye-peep of a purple head.

The grackles have gone,

And I watch an Autumn storm

Stripping the garden,

Shouting black rain challenges

To an old, limp Summer

Laid down to die in the flower-beds."

In these examples I have found that there is a tendency to group words rhythmically into three or four feet in order to bring to a close a thought unit. Occasionally there is an accented word which gives a warning of the close. Some cadences are composed of slow heavy accents usually two words. In free cadenced verse a type of cadence is developed which depends on suspension and resolution. And finally examples may be found where a cadence is used to establish and recall a mood or tonality. The type of cadence was also found to have a great bearing on the individuality of the poets' style.

These types of cadence are similar to cadences in music. A certain series of chords is used to bring a piece to a close. This close must establish a tonality or mode and must be located rhythmically on a strong pulse. Sometimes a warning chord, an accented I $\bar{6}$ chord, occurs before the dominant chord in the cadence. A close is also a relaxation of a tension which has been created earlier in the phrase. Cadenced closes in both music and poetry are quite similar in method and purpose. Practice in their poetic use is not so well defined or codified as in music.

RETURN AND REPETITION IN MODERN POETRY

In order to give unity and balance to musical and poetical ideas it has been found necessary to resort to the idea of return or repetition of one central theme. This is necessary because both music and poetry are in a state of flux--are moving--and it is not possible to stress or refer back to an idea without repeating it. It is important in both to establish a tonality and mood and to return to that mood periodically.

Cadential Return

The beginning of such an idea has been discussed in connection with cadences which establish and reaffirm a tonality or mood. In Amy Lowell's Purple Grackles the recurrence of the short sentence, "The grackles have come," constitutes a simple return to an established mood. Carl Sandburg's Cool Tombs in its title and the phrases, "in the dust, in the cool tombs" recalls a certain mood.

"When Abraham Lincoln was shoveled into the tombs, he
forgot the copperheads and the assassin . . .
in the dust, in the cool tombs.
And Ulysses Grant lost all thought of con men and
Wall Street, cash and collateral turned ashes . . .
in the dust, in the cool tombs.
Pocahontas' body, lovely as a poplar, sweet as a

red haw in November or a pawpaw in May, did she wonder? does she remember? . . . in the dust, in the cool tombs?

Take any street full of people buying clothes and groceries, cheering a hero or throwing confetti and blowing tin horns . . . tell me if the lovers are losers . . . tell me if any get more than the lovers . . . in the dust . . . in the cool tombs."

Song Forms in Music and Return in Shorter Poems

By the combination of periods or thought groups in music, song-forms are obtained. The simplest is the two-part song-form consisting of one thought group and a contrasting thought group. This song-form is rarely found since it does not give a satisfactory impression because of the failure of the first idea to reappear. A more satisfactory song-form is the three part song-form consisting of a thought group, a contrasting thought group, and a repetition of the first thought group. In music these three sections are very nearly the same length. In poetry which uses these same three sections, the middle group is generally more extended. The material used in the second section must be contrasting to that in the first and last but must be closely related and is sometimes a development of different aspects of the idea of first part. A statement which was made earlier that the achievement of a mood was accomplished much faster in poetry than in music is responsi-

ble in this case for the varying lengths of the sections. Furthermore the origin of such a form in music was in the dance and song melodies--music for the group alternating with music for a soloist--and in such a case the music of the two contrasting groups would tend to become more nearly equal in length. The following poems show use of three parts in which the first and last vary from one line to stanzas of equal length with the other section.

"Smoke"

"I sit in a chair and read the newspapers.

Millions of men go to war, acres of them are
buried, guns and ships broken, cities
burned, villages sent up in smoke, and
children where cows are killed off amid
hoarse barbecues vanish like finger-
rings of smoke in a north wind.

I sit in a chair and read the newspapers."

(Carl Sandburg)

"Irradiations I"

"Over the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds;
Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down
the street.

Whirlpools of purple and gold,
Winds from the mountains of cinnabar,
Lacquered mandarin moments, palanquins swaying
and balancing
Amid vermillion pavilions, against the jade
balustrades,
Glint of the glittering wings of dragon-flies
in the light:
Silver filaments, golden flakes settling downward,
Rippling, quivering flutters, repulse and
surrender,

The sun broidered upon the rain,
The rain rustling with the sun.

Over the roof-tops race the shadows of clouds;
Like horses the shadows of clouds charge down
the street."

(John Gould Fletcher)

"Sketch"

"The shadows of the ships
Rock on the crest
In the low blue lustre
Of the tardy and soft inrolling tide.

A long brown bar at the dip of the sky
Puts an arm of sand in the span of salt.

The lucid and endless wrinkles
Draw in, lapse and withdraw.
Wavelets crumble and white spent bubbles
Wash on the floor of the beach.

Rocking on the crest
In the low blue lustre
Are the shadows of the ships."

(Carl Sandburg)

"Caboose Thoughts"

"It's going to come out all right - do you know?
The sun, the birds, the grass - - they know:
They get along - - and we'll get along:

Some days will be rainy and you will sit waiting
And the letter you wait for won't come;
And I will sit watching the sky tear off gray and
gray
And the letter I wait for won't come:

There will be ac-ci-dents:
I know ac-ci-dents are coming:
Smash-ups, signals wrong, washouts, trestles rotten,
Red and yellow ac-ci-dents,
But some^{where} and somewhere the end of the run

The train gets put together again
 And the caboose and the green tail lights
 Fade down the right of way like a new white hope.

I never heard a mockingbird in Kentucky
 Spilling its heart in the morning.

I never saw the snow on Chimborazo.
 It's a high white Mexican hat, I hear.

I never had supper with Abe Lincoln.
 Nor a dish of soup with Jim Hill.

But I've been around.
 I know some of the boys here who can go a little.
 I know girls good for a burst of speed any time.
 I heard Williams and Walker
 Before Walker died in the bughouse.

I knew a mandolin player
 Working in a barber shop in an Indiana town,
 And he thought he had a million dollars.

I knew a hotel girl in Des Moines.
 She had eyes; I saw her and said to myself
 The sun rises and the sun sets in her eyes.
 I was her steady and her heart went pit-apat.
 We took away the money for a prize waltz at a
 Brotherhood dance.
 She had eyes; she was safe as the bridge over
 the Mississippi at Burlington; I married her.

Last summer we took the cushions going west.
 Pike's Peak is a big old stone, believe me.
 It's fastened down; something you can count on.

It's going to come out all right - - do you know?
 The sun, the birds, the grass - - they know.
 They get along - - and we'll get along.

(Carl Sandburg)

Chicago

Hog Butcher for the World,
 Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat,

Player with Railroads and the Nation's
 Freight Handler;
 Stormy, husky, brawling,
 City of the Big Shoulders:

They tell me you are wicked and I believe them, for
 I have seen your painted women under the gas
 lamps luring the farm boys.
 And they tell me you are crooked and I answer:
 Yes, it is true I have seen the gunman kill
 and go free to kill again.
 And they tell me you are brutal and my reply is:
 On the faces of women and children I have seen
 the marks of wanton hunger.
 And having answered so I turn once more to those
 who sneer at this my city, and I give them
 back the sneer and say to them:
 Come and show me another city with lifted head
 singing so proud to be alive and coarse and
 strong and cunning.
 Flinging magnetic curses amid the job of piling
 job on job, here is a tall bold slugger set
 vivid against the little soft cities;
 Pierce as a dog with tongue lapping for action,
 cunning as a savage pitted against the
 wilderness,
 Bareheaded,
 Shoveling,
 Wrecking,
 Planning,
 Building, breaking, rebuilding,
 Under the smoke, dust all over his mouth, laughing
 with white teeth,
 Under the terrible burden of destiny laughing as
 a young man laughs,
 Laughing even as an ignorant fighter laughs who
 has never lost a battle,
 Bragging and laughing that under his wrist is the
 pulse, and under his ribs the heart of the
 people,
 Laughing!
 Laughing the stormy, husky, brawling laughter of
 Youth, half-naked, sweating, proud to be Hog
 Butcher, Tool Maker, Stacker of Wheat, Player
 with Railroads and Freight Handler to the Nation."

(Carl Sandburg)

In these poems which I have quoted the return is quoted almost exactly in the nature of a refrain. In Chicago the return is slightly varied. Edwin Arlington Robinson's Luke Havergal is in three-part form with the third part not exactly like the first. The same things are mentioned but are colored by the change of mood which the second or middle part of the poem has produced. This is a very artistic use of three-part song-form.

"Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal,
There where the vines cling crimson on the wall,
And in the twilight wait for what will come.
The leaves will whisper there of her, and some,
Like flying words, will strike you as they fall:
But go, and if you listen, she will call.
Go to the western gate, Luke Havergal - -
Luke Havergal.

No, there is no dawn in eastern skies
To rift the fiery night that's in your eyes;
But there, where western glooms are gathering,
The dark will end the dark if anything:
God slays himself with every leaf that flies,
And hell is more than half of Paradise.
No, there is not a dawn in eastern skies - -
In eastern skies.

Out of the grave I come to tell you this,
Out of the grave I come to quench the kiss
That flames upon your forehead with a glow
That blinds you to the way that you may go.
Yes, there is one way to where she is,
Bitter, but one that faith may never miss.
Out of the grave I come to tell you this - -
To tell you this.

There is the western gate, Luke Havergal,
There are the crimson leaves upon the wall.
Go, for the winds are tearing them away, - -
Nor think to riddle the dead words they say,
Nor any more to feel them as they fall;

But go, and if you trust her she will call.
There is the western gate, Luke Havergal - -
Luke Havergal."

Each stanza in itself possesses a three-part form. Each repeats and echoes the first line in itself.

Amy Lowell on Return

In order to extend and unify a poem which does not possess a narrative element or a logically developed idea it is necessary to repeat the principal idea so that the reader does not lose track of the central theme. Amy Lowell in the preface to Can Grande's Castle says the following about return in poetry, especially in polyphonic prose;

"Return in 'polyphonic prose' is usually achieved by the recurrence of a dominant thought or image, coming in irregularly and in varying words, but still giving the spherical effect which I have frequently spoken of as imperative in all poetry."

It is well to notice in this quotation that the return must give a "spherical effect" or an effect of fairly regular periodic appearances which is at variance with the phrase, "coming in irregularly." The longer the poem, the more returns are to be found. There is no limit set for the number of repetitions.

The Song-form and Trio in Music

The forms in music which employ this method are much more fixed. The simplest of these is the song-form and trio. This consists of a complete or two- or three-part song-form followed by another complete two- or three-part song-form of contrasting though related material and a repetition, either exact or approximate (occasionally shortened), of the first song-form. The middle song-form is referred to as a trio owing to the fact that in the earlier days in music this section was performed by three woodwind instruments, two oboes and a bassoon. This form may be extended further by the addition of a second trio followed by a third repetition of the first song-form.

The Rondo Forms in Music

The various rondo forms are the highest types in music which used the idea of a periodic return of a principal idea, called the subject. This theme must appear three times. The origin of this form is as a song with dance. The principal idea, called the Rondeau, was sung and danced by a chorus, while the transitions, called couplets, leading from the principal idea and its repetitions, were sung by a solo voice. There are two general rondo classes, the

simple or small rondo and the rondo-sonata. There are several types of the former; those rondos which contain one subject which alternates with material of less important nature almost transitional or bridge-like in character; those in which there are two subjects -- one of the sections between appearances of the theme being of sufficient importance to call it a second subject; and those which contain three subjects. The types of the rondo-sonata are: (a) Those in which there is the principal subject I followed by a transitional group leading to Subject II after which subject I returns and a third subject is introduced, trio-like, the whole concluding with the repetition of subject I, the transitional passage leading to subject II, subject II, a short return to subject I and a coda; (b) those in which a closing group of themes replaces the appearance of the principal subject after the second subject; and (c) those in which the themes appear as in (a) except that a development section is substituted for the third subject. The only similarity which exists between these forms and poetic form is the fact that both use the idea of return. Poetry is much freer in its use of this idea than music and consequently it is almost impossible to find forms which correspond exactly to the form schemes which I have just explained as existing in music. That fact

does not lessen the point though that both poetry and music recognize and use the principle of return or repetition of a principal idea or thought.

The Use of Return in Elaborating Long Poems

In the series of poems which I am going to quote now the number of returns is more than two. They start with poems which contain a refrain-like repetition of an idea and then those that begin to state the idea in different words and finally some in which the idea is so subtly introduced that one is hardly aware of what is being done. And so today, Carl Sandburg's Armistice Day poem, begins with the principal idea which is repeated refrain-like at first and then the rest of the returns are varied.

"And so to-day - - they lay him away - -
the boy nobody knows the name of - -
the buck private - - the unknown soldier - -
the doughboy who dug under and died
when they told him to - - that's him.

Down Pennsylvania Avenue to-day the riders go,
men and boys riding horses, roses in their teeth,
stems of roses, rose leaf stalks, rose dark
leaves - -
the line of green ends in a red rose flash.

Skeleton men and boys riding skeleton horses,
the rib bones shine, the rib bones curve,
shine with savage, elegant curves - -
a jawbone runs with a long white slant,
a skull dome runs with a long white arch,
bone triangles click and rattle,
elbows, ankles, white line slants - -

shining in the sun, past the White House,
 past the Treasury Building, Army and Navy
 Buildings,
 on to the mystical white Capitol Dome - -
 so they go down Pennsylvania Avenue to-day,
 skeleton men and boys riding skeleton horses,
 stems of roses in their teeth,
 rose dark leaves at their white jaw slants - -
 and a horse laugh question nickers and whinnies,
 moans with a whistle out of horse head teeth:
 why? who? where?

('The big fish - - eat the little fish - -
 the little fish - - eat the shrimps - -
 and the shrimps - - eat mud.' - -
 said a cadaverous man - - with a black
 umbrella - - spotted with white polka
 dots - - with a missing ear - - with a
 missing foot and arms - - with a
 missing sheath of muscles singing to
 the silver sashes of the sun.)

And so to-day - - they lay him away - -
 the boy nobody knows the name of - -
 the buck private - - the unknown soldier - -
 the doughboy who dug under and died
 when they told him to - - that's him.

If he picked himself and said, 'I am ready to
 die,'
 if he gave his name and said, 'My country,
 take me,'
 then the baskets of roses to-day are for the Boy,
 the flowers, the songs, the steamboats whistles,
 the proclamations of the honorable orators,
 they are all for the Boy - - that's him.

If the government of the Republic picked him
 saying,
 'You are wanted, your country takes you' - -
 if the Republic put a stethoscope to his heart
 and looked at his teeth and tested his eyes
 and said,
 'You are a citizen of the Republic and a sound
 animal
 in all parts and functions - - the Republic
 takes you' - -

then to-day the baskets of flowers are all
 for the Republic,
 the roses, the songs, the steamboat whistles,
 the proclamations of the honorable orators - -
 they are all for the Republic.

And so to-day - - they lay him away - -
 and an understanding goes - - his long sleep
 shall be
 under arms and arches near the Capitol Dome - -
 there is an authorization - - he shall have
 tomb companions - -
 the martyred presidents of the Republic - -
 the buck private - - the unknown soldier - -
 that's him.

The man who was war commander of the armies
 of the Republic
 rides down Pennsylvania Avenue - -
 the man who is peace commander of the armies
 of the Republic
 rides down Pennsylvania Avenue - -
 for the sake of the Boy, for the sake of the
 Republic

(And the hoofs of the skeleton horses
 all drum soft on the asphalt footing - -
 so soft is the drumming, so soft the
 roll call
 of the grinning sergeants calling the
 roll call - -
 so soft is it all - - a camera man
 murmurs, 'Moonshine.')

Look - - who salutes the coffin - -
 lays a wreath of remembrance
 on the box where a buck private
 sleeps a clean dry sleep at last - -
 look - - it is the highest ranking general
 of the officers of the armies of the Republic.

(Among pigeon corners of the Congressional
 Library - - they file documents quietly,
 casually, all in a day's work - - this
 human document, the buck private nobody
 knows the name of - - they file away in
 granite and steel - - with music and
 roses, salutes, proclamations of the
 honorable orators.)

or any bubbles of shell shock gibberish
from the gashes of No Man's Land.

Maybe some buddy knows,
some sister, mother, sweetheart,
maybe some girl who sat with him once
when a two-horn silver moon
slid on the peak of a house-roof gable,
and promises lived in the air of the night,
when the air was filled with promises,
when any little slip-shoe lovey
could pick a promise out of the air.

'Feed it to 'em,
they lap it up,
bull ... bull ... bull.'

Said a movie news reel camera man,
Said a Washington newspaper correspondent,
Said a baggage handler lugging a trunk,
Said a two-a-day vaudeville juggler,
Said a hanky-pank selling jumping-jacks.
'Hokum--they lap it up,' said the bunch.

And a tall scar-face ball player,
Played out as a ball player,
Made a speech of his own for the hero boy,
Sent an earful of his own to the dead buck
private:

'It's all safe now, buddy,
Safe when you say yes,
Safe for the yes-men.'

He was a tall scar-face battler
With his face in a newspaper
Reading want ads, reading jokes,
Reading love, murder, politics,
Jumping from jokes back to the want ads,
Reading the want ads first and last,
The letters of the word JOB, 'J-O-B,'
Burnt like a shot of bootleg booze
In the bones of his head--
In the wish of his scar-face eyes.

The honorable orators,
Always the honorable orators,
Buttoning the buttons on their prinz alberts,
Pronouncing the syllables 'sac-ri-fice,'

Juggling those bitter salt-soaked syllables--
 Do they ever gag with hot ashes in their mouths?
 Do their tongues ever shrivel with a pain of fire
 Across those simple syllables 'sac-ri-fice'?

(There was one orator people far off saw.
 He had on a gunnysack shirt over his bones,
 And he lifted an elbow socket over his head,
 And he lifted a skinny signal finger.
 And he had nothing to say, nothing easy--
 He mentioned ten million men, mentioned them
 as having gone west, mentioned them as
 shoving up the daisies.
 We could write it all on a postage stamp,
 what he said.
 He said it and quit and faded away,
 A gunnysack shirt on his bones.)

Stars of the night sky,
 did you see that phantom fadeout,
 did you see those phantom riders,
 skeleton riders on skeleton horses,
 stems of roses in their teeth,
 rose leaves red on white-jaw slants,
 grinning along on Pennsylvania Avenue,
 the top-sergeants calling roll calls--
 did their horses nicker a horse laugh?
 did the ghosts of the boney battalions
 move out and on, up the Potomac, over on
 the Ohio,
 and out to the Mississippi, the Missouri,
 the Red River,
 and down to the Rio Grande, and on the Yazoo,
 over to the Chattahoochee and up to the
 Rappahannock?
 did you see 'em, stars of the night sky?

And so to-day--they lay him away--
 the boy nobody knows the name of--
 they lay him away in granite and steel--
 with music and roses--under a flag--
 under a sky of promises."

"Ballad for Gloom"

"For God, our God is a gallant foe
 That playeth behind the veil.

I have loved my God as a child at heart
 That seeketh deep bosoms for rest,
 I have loved my God as a maid to man--
 But lo, this thing is best:

To love your God as a gallant foe that plays behind the
 veil;
 To meet your God as the night winds meet beyond Arcturus'
 pale.

I have played with God for a woman,
 I have staked with my God for truth,
 I have lost to my God as a man, clear-eyed--
 His dice be not of ruth.

For I am made as a naked blade,
 But hear ye this thing in sooth:

Who loseth to God as man to man
 Shall win at the turn of the game.
 I have drawn my blade where the lightnings
 meet
 But the ending is the same:
 Who loseth to God as the sword blades lose
 Shall win at the end of the game.

For God, our God is a gallant foe that playeth behind
 the veil.
 Whom God deigns not to overthrow hath need of triple
 mail."

(Ezra Pound)

"Lilacs"

"Lilacs,
 False blue,
 White,
 Purple,
 Colour of lilac,
 Your great puffs of flowers
 Are everywhere in this my New England.
 Among your heart-shaped leaves
 Orange orioles hop like music-box birds and sing
 Their little weak soft songs;
 In the crooks of your branches
 The bright eyes of song sparrows sitting on
 spotted eggs

Peer restlessly through the light and shadow
 Of all Springs.
 Lilacs in dooryards
 Holding quiet conversations with an early moon;
 Lilacs watching a deserted house
 Settling sideways into the grass of an old road;
 Lilacs, wind-beaten, staggering under a lopsided
 shock of bloom
 Above a cellar dug into a hill.
 You are everywhere.
 You were everywhere.
 You tapped the window when the preacher preached
 his sermon,
 And ran along the road beside the boy going to
 school.
 You stood by pasture-bars to give the cows good
 milking,
 You persuaded the housewife that her dish pan
 was silver
 And her husband an image of pure gold.
 You flaunted the fragrance of your blossoms
 Through the wide doors of Custom Houses--
 You, and sandal-wood, and tea,
 Charging the noses of quill-driving clerks
 When a ship was in from China.
 You called to them: 'Goose-quill men, goose-quill
 men,
 May is a month for flitting,'
 Until they writhed on their high stools
 And wrote poetry on their letter-sheets behind
 the propped-up ledgers.
 Paradoxical New England clerks,
 Writing inventories in ledgers, reading the 'Song
 of Solomon' at night,
 So many verses before bed-time,
 Because it was the Bible.
 The dead fed you
 Amid the slant stones of graveyards.
 Pale ghosts who planted you
 Came in the night-time
 And let their thin hair blow through your
 clustered stems.
 You are of the green sea,
 And of the stone hills which reach a long distance.
 You are of elm-shaded streets with little shops
 where they sell kites and marbles,

You are of great parks where everyone walks and
 nobody is at home.
 You cover the blind sides of greenhouses
 And lean over the top to say a hurry-word through
 the glass
 To your friends, the grapes, inside.

Lilacs,
 False blue,
 White,
 Purple,
 Colour of lilac,
 You have forgotten your Eastern origin,
 The veiled women with eyes like panthers,
 The swollen, aggressive turbans of jewelled Pashas.
 Now you are a very decent flower.
 A reticent flower,
 A curiously clear-cut, candid flower,
 Standing beside clean doorways,
 Friendly to a house-cat and a pair of spectacles,
 Making poetry out of a bit of moonlight
 And a hundred or two sharp blossoms.

Maine knows you,
 Has for years and years;
 New Hampshire knows you,
 And Massachusetts
 And Vermont.
 Cape Cod starts you along the beaches to Rhode
 Island;
 Connecticut takes you from a river to the sea.
 You are brighter than apples,
 Sweeter than tulips,
 You are the great flood of our souls
 Bursting above the leaf-shapes of our hearts,
 You are the smell of all Summers,
 The love of wives and children,
 The recollection of the gardens of little children,
 You are State Houses and Charters
 And the familiar treading of the foot to and fro
 on a road it knows.
 May is lilac here in New England,
 May is a thrush singing 'Sun up!' on a tip-top
 ash-tree,
 May is white clouds behind pine-trees
 Puffed out and marching upon a blue sky.

May is a green as no other,
 May is much sun through small leaves,
 May is soft earth,
 And apple-blossoms,
 And windows open to a south wind.
 May is a full light wind of lilac
 From Canada to Narragansett Bay.

Lilacs,
 Pale blue,
 White,
 Purple,
 Colour of lilac.
 Heart-leaves of lilac all over New England.
 Roots of lilac under all the soil of New England,
 Lilac in me because I am New England,
 Because my roots are in it,
 Because my leaves are of it,
 Because my flowers are for it,
 Because it is my country
 And I speak to it of itself
 And sing of it with my own voice
 Since certainly it is mine."

(Amy Lowell)

In the three poems I have just quoted the return in each has partaken more of the nature of a refrain. In H. F.'s The Islands the principal idea is expressed at first and expanded, then follow departures and returns. The returns are more varied both in length and in use of names. This is a more subtle and artistic use of the device of return.

"The Islands "

I

"What are the islands to me,
 What is Greece,
 what is Rhodes, Samos, Chios,
 what is Paros facing west,
 what is Crete?

What is Samothrace,
 rising like a ship,
 what is Imbros rending the storm-waves
 with its breast?

What is Naxos, Paros, Milos,
 what the circle about Lycia,
 what, the Cyclades'
 white necklace?

What is Greece--
 Sparta, rising like a rock,
 Thebes, Athens,
 what is Corinth?

What is Euboea
 with its island violets,
 what is Euboea, spread with grass,
 set with swift shoals,
 what is Crete?

What are the islands to me,
 what is Greece?

II

What can love of land give to me
 that you have not--
 what do the tall Spartans know,
 and gentler Attic folk?

What has Sparta and her women
 more than this?

What are the islands to me
 if you are lost--
 What is Naxos, Tinos, Andros,
 and Delos, the clasp
 of the white necklace?

III

What can love of land give to me
 that you have not,
 what can love of strife break in me
 that you have not?

Though Sparta enter Athens,
Thebes wrack Sparta,
each changes as water,
and fall back.

IV

'What has love of land given to you
that I have not?'

I have questioned Tyrians
where they sat
on the black ships,
weighted with rich stuffs,
I have asked the Greeks
from the white ships,
and Greeks from ships whose hulks
lay on the wet sand, scarlet
with great beaks.
I have asked bright Tyrians
and tall Greeks--
'What has love of land given you?
And they answered--"peace."

V

But beauty is set apart,
beauty is cast by the sea,
a barren rock,
beauty is set about
with wrecks of ships,
upon our coast, death keeps
the shallows--death waits
clutching toward us
from the deeps.

Beauty is set apart;
the winds that slash its beach,
swirl the coarse sand
upward toward the rocks.

Beauty is set apart
from the islands
and from Greece.

VI

In my garden
 the winds have beaten
 the ripe lilies;
 in my garden, the salt
 has wilted the first flames
 of young narcissus,
 and the lesser hyacinth,
 and the salt has crept
 under the leaves of the white hyacinth.

In my garden
 even the wind-flowers lie flat,
 broken by the wind at last.

VII

What are the islands to me
 if you are lost,
 what is Paros to me
 if your eyes draw back,
 what is Milos
 if you take fright of beauty,
 terrible, torturous, isolated,
 a barren rock?

What is Rhodes, Crete,
 what is Paros facing west,
 what, white Imbros?

What are the islands to me
 if you hesitate,
 what is Greece if you draw back
 from the terror
 and cold splendour of song
 and its bleak sacrifice? "

(E. D.)

Amy Lowell's Red Slippers is an example in polyphonic prose of the use of return.

This poem is one of her earlier experiments and she has not fully realized the way in which return is to be

employed. The repetitions are too frequent and the poem as a whole is lacking in balance. The contrasting section about the lotus flower is introduced after too much of red slippers and is too short to balance. The return to the red slippers is entirely too short for the best proportions. In listening to the poem one is struck by the fact that it ends too soon. A second theme running with red slippers is the grey sleet. The sleet does not receive much stress. Again there is a more artistic use of the return from its being more varied.

"Red Slippers "

"Red slippers in a shop-window, and outside in the street, flaws of grey, windy sleet!

Behind the polished glass, the slippers hang in long threads of red, festooning from the ceiling like stalactites of blood, flooding the eyes of passers-by with dripping colour, jamming their crimson reflections against the windows of cabs and tramcars, screaming their claret and salmon into the teeth of the sleet, plopping their little round maroon lights upon the tops of umbrellas.

The row of white, sparkling shop fronts is gashed and bleeding, it bleeds red slippers. They spout under the electric light, fluid and fluctuating, a hot rain--and freeze again to red slippers, myriadly multiplied in the mirror side of the window.

They balance upon arched insteps like springing bridges of crimson lacquer; they swing up over curved heels like whirling tanagers sucked in a wind-pocket; they flatten out, heelless, like July ponds, flared and burnished by red rockets.

Snap, snap, they are cracker-sparks of scarlet
in the white, monotonous block of shops.

They plunge the clangour of billions of vermillion
trumpets into the crowd outside, and echo in faint
rose over the pavement.

People hurry by, for these are only shoes, and
in a window, farther down, is a big lotus bud of
cardboard whose petals open every few minutes and
reveal a wax doll, with staring bead eyes and flaxen
hair, loling awawardly in its flower chair.

One has often seen shoes, but whoever saw a
cardboard lotus bud before?

The flaws of grey, windy sleet beat on the shop-
window where there are only red slippers."

(Amy Lowell)

In the Morning Song from Senlin by Conrad Aiken there
is a combination of the use of a fixed refrain and the
repeated idea of "It is morning." Other ideas--the mirror,
the tie, the cosmic consciousness, the awareness of a god--
are very subtly interwoven and reiterated and are at the
same time separated by contrasting material which makes them
return upon themselves with a sense of rhythm and balance.

"Morning Song" from "Senlin"

"It is morning, Senlin says, and in the morning
When the light drips through the shutters like the
dew,
I arise, I face the sunrise,
And do the things my fathers learned to do.
Stars in the purple dusk above the rooftops
Pale in a saffron mist and seem to die,
And I myself on a swiftly tilting planet
Stand before a glass and tie my tie.

Vine leaves tap my window,
 Dew-drops sing to the garden stones,
 The robin chirps in the chinaberry tree
 Repeating three clear tones.

It is morning. I stand by the mirror
 And tie my tie once more.
 While waves far off in a pale rose twilight
 Crash on a white sand shore.
 I stand by a mirror and comb my hair:
 How small and white my face! --
 The green earth tilts through a sphere of air
 And bathes in a flame of space.

There are houses hanging above the stars
 And stars hung under a sea . . .
 And a sun far off in a shell of silence
 Tapples my walls for me . . .

It is morning, Senlin says, and in the morning
 Should I not pause in the light to remember god?
 Upright and firm I stand on a star unstable,
 He is immense and lonely as a cloud.
 I will dedicate this moment before my mirror
 To him alone, for him I will comb my hair.
 Accept these humble offerings, cloud of silence!
 I will think of you as I descend the stair.

Vine leaves tap my window,
 The snail-track shines on the stones,
 Dew-drops flash from the chinaberry tree
 Repeating two clear tones.

It is morning, I awake from a bed of silence,
 Shining I rise from the starless waters of sleep.
 The walls are about me still as in the evening,
 I am the same, and the same name still I keep.

The earth revolves with me, yet makes no motion,
 The stars pale silently in a coral sky.
 In a whistling void I stand before my mirror,
 Unconcerned, and tie my tie.

There are horses neighing on far-off hills
 Tossing their long white manes,
 And mountains flash in the rose-white dusk,
 Their shoulders black with rains . . .

It is morning. I stand by the mirror
 And surprise my soul once more;
 The blue air rushes above my ceiling,
 There are suns beneath my floor . . .

. . . It is morning, Senlin says, I ascend
 from darkness
 And depart on the winds of space for I know
 not where,
 My watch is wound, a key is in my pocket,
 And the sky is darkened as I descend the stair.
 There are shadows across the windows, clouds
 in heaven,
 And a god among the stars; and I will go
 Thinking of him as I might think of daybreak
 And humming a tune I know . . .

Vine-leaves tap at the window,
 Dew-drops sing to the garden stones,
 The robin chirps in the chinaberry tree
 Repeating three clear tones."

(Conrad Aiken)

One of the most beautiful and artistic uses of the repetition and return idea is to be found in Conrad Aiken's And In The Hanging Gardens. The subtle interweaving of repeated ideas and the return to them in varied and unvaried forms give an additional flow and unity to the poem. There are many ideas repeated but the principal ones are the princess reading, the actions of the knave of diamonds, the drunken king, and the golden goblet which the king has thrown from the turret window. The actions of the vulcan in his underground smithy are another element which is repeated.

"And in the Hanging Gardens"

"And in the hanging gardens there is rain
From midnight until one, striking the leaves
And bells of flowers, and stroking boles of
planes,
And drawing slow arpeggios over pools,
And stretching strings of sound from eaves to
ferns.

The princess reads. The knave of diamonds sleeps.
The king is drunk, and flings a golden goblet
Down from the turret window (curtained with rain)
Into the lilacs.

And at one o'clock
The vulcan under the garden wakes and beats
The gong upon his anvil. Then the rain
Ceases, but gently ceases, dripping still,
And sound of falling water fills the dark
As leaves grow bold and upright, and as eaves
Part with water. The princess turns the page
Beside the candle, and between two braids
Of golden hair. And reads: 'From there I went
Northward a journey of four days, and came
To a wild village in the hills, where none
Was living save the vulture and the rat,
And one old man, who laughed, but could not speak.
The roofs were fallen in; the well grown over
With weed; and it was there my father died.
Then eight days further, bearing slightly west,
The cold wind blowing sand against our faces,
The food tasting of sand. And as we stood
By the dry rock that marks the highest point
My brother said: "Not too late is it yet
To turn, remembering home." And we were silent
Thinking of home.' The princess shuts her eyes
And feels the tears forming beneath her eyelids
And opens them, and tears fall on the page.
The knave of diamonds in the darkened room
Throws off his covers, sleeps, and snores again.
The king goes slowly down the turret stairs
To find the goblet.

And at two o'clock
The vulcan in his smithy underground
Under the hanging gardens, where the drip
Of rain among the clematis and ivy

Still falls from sipping flower to purple flower,
 smites twice his anvil, and the murmur comes
 Among the roots and vines. The princess reads:
 'As I am sick, and cannot write you more,
 Nor have not long to live, I give this letter
 To him, my brother, who will bear it south
 And tell you how I died. Ask how it was,
 There in the northern desert, where the grass
 Was withered, and the horses, all but one,
 Perished' . . . The princess drops her golden
 head

Upon the page between her two white arms
 And golden braids. The knave of diamonds wakes
 And at his window in the darkened room
 Watches the lilacs tossing, where the king
 Seeks for the goblet.

And at three o'clock
 The moon inflames the lilac heads, and thrice
 The vulcan, in his root-bound smithy, clangs
 His anvil; and the sounds creep softly up
 Among the vines and walls. The moon is round,
 Round as a shield above the turret top.
 The princess blows her candle out, and weeps
 In the pale room, where scent of lilac comes,
 Weeping, with hands across her eyelids, thinking
 Of withered grass, withered by sandy wind.
 The knave of diamonds, in his darkened room,
 Holds in his hands a key, and softly steps
 Along the corridor, and slides the key
 Into the door that guards her. Meanwhile, slowly,
 The king, with raindrops on his beard and hands,
 And dripping sleeves, climbs up the turret stairs,
 Holding the goblet upright in one hand;
 And pauses on the midmost step, to taste
 One drop of wine, wherewith wild rain has mixed."

(Conrad Aiken)

Return in Polyphonic Prose

The four long polyphonic prose poems of Amy Lowell's
Can Grande's Castle are possibly the longest poems which use

this method. The longest of these is The Bronze Horses, which occupies ninety-nine pages. The poems have a central idea which is kept constantly before the reader while short narratives and descriptions are placed between the repetitions. The success of the poems is doubtful. They are mechanically quite perfect and if they had any real matter of moment or interest or were vitalized they would undoubtedly be great poems. As it is they are principally a museum monument of a very ingenious craftsman. The Bronze Horses is divided into four sections the first three of which are about equal length, the fourth is rather short. Each section is preceded by a couple of paragraphs in italics which state the theme of the poem abstractly. The vicissitudes of the bronze horses are the concrete embodiment of this theme. Following this abstract introduction is an introductory description of the city which is the home of the horses at the time. There is constant and usually rather striking return to the description of the horses. The poem has of necessity been shortened. I have quoted the most of the first section--omitting some of the longer interludes--merely summarizing their content. In this way the method is clearly illustrated. The other three sections are constructed in the same manner. In the quotations I have tried to give sufficient of the section to make evident the balance and proportion of the parts.

"The Bronze Horses"

Elements

"Earth, Air, Water, and Fire! Earth beneath,
Air encompassing, Water within its boundaries.
But Fire is nothing, comes from nothing, goes
nowhere. Fire leaps forth and dies, yet is
everything sprung out of Fire.

The flame grows and drops away, and where it
stood is vapour, and where was the vapour is swift
revolution, and where was the revolution is
spinning resistance, and where the resistance
endured is crystallization. Fire melts, and the
absence of Fire cools and freezes. So are metals
fused in twisted flames and take on a form other
than that they have known, and this new form shall
be to them rebirth and making. For in it they will
stand upon the Earth, and in it they will defy the
Air, and in it they will suffer the Water.

But Fire, coming again, the substance changes
and is transformed. Therefore are things known
only between burning and burning. The quickly
consumed more swiftly vanish, yet all must feel
the heat of the flame which waits in obscurity,
knowing its own time and what work it has to do.

Rome

The blue sky of Italy; the blue sky of Rome.
Sunlight pouring white and clear from the wide-
stretched sky. Sunlight sliding softly over white
marble, lying in jasmine circles before cool
porticoes, striking sharply upon roofs and domes,
recoiling before straight facades of grey granite,
foiled and beaten by the deep halls of temples.

Sunlight on tiles and tufa, sunlight on basalt
and porphyry. The sky stripes Rome with sun and
shadow; strips of yellow, strips of blue, pepper-
dots of purple and orange. It whip-lashes the four
great horses of gilded bronze, harnessed to the
bronze quadriga on the Arch of Nero, and they trot
slowly forward without moving. The horses tread

the marbles of Rome beneath their feet. Their golden flanks quiver in the sunlight. One foot paws the air. A step, and they will lance into the air, Pegasus-like, stepping the wind. But they do not take the step. They wait--poised, treading Rome as they trod Alexandria, as they trod the narrow island of Cos. The spokes of the quadriga wheels flash, but they do not turn. They burn like day-stars above the Arch of Nero. The horses poise over Rome, a constellation of morning, triumphant above Emperors, proud, indifferent, enduring, relentlessly spurning the hot dust of Rome. Hot dust clouds up about them, but not one particle sticks to their gilded manes. Dust is nothing, a mere smoke of disappearing hours. Slowly they trot forward without moving, and time passes and passes them, brushing along their sides like wind.

People go and come in the streets of Rome, shuffling over the basalt paving-stones in their high latched sandals. White and purple, like the white sun and the purple shadows, the senators pass, followed by a crowd of slaves. Waves of brown-coated populace efface themselves before a litter, carried by eight Cappadocians in light-red tunics; as it moves along, there is a flicker of a violet stola and the blowing edge of a palla of sky-white blue. A lady, going to the bath to lie for an hour in the crimson and wine-red reflections of a marble chamber, to glide over a floor of green and white stones into a Carraran basin, where the green and blue water will cover her rose and blue-veined flesh with a slipping veil. Aqua Claudia, Aqua Virgo, Aqua Marcia, drawn from the hills to lie against a woman's body. Her breasts round hollows for themselves in the sky-green water, her fingers sift the pale water and drop it from her as a lark drops notes backwards into the sky. The lady lies against the lipping water, supine and indolent, a pomegranate, a passion-flower, a silver flames lily, lapped, slapped, lulled, by the ripples which stir under her faintly moving hands.

Later, beneath a painting of twelve dancing girls upon a gold ground, the slaves will anoint her with cassia, or nakte, or spikenard, or balsam, and she will go home in the swaying litter to eat the

tongues of red flamingoes, and drink honey-wine flavoured with far-smelling mint.

Legionaries ravish Egypt for her entertainment; they bring her roses from Alexandria at a cost of thirty thousand pounds. Yet she would rather be at Baiae, one is so restricted in one's pleasures in Rome! The games are not until next week, and her favourite gladiator, Naxos, is in training just now, therefore time drags. The lady lags over her quail and peacocks' eggs. How dull it is. White, and blue, and stupid. Rome!

Smoke flutters and veers from the top of the Temple of Vesta. Altar smoke winding up to the gilded horses as they tread above Rome. Below--laughing, jangling, pushing and rushing. Two carts are jammed at a street corner, and the oaths of the drivers mingle, and snap, and corrode, like hot fused metal, one against another. They hiss and sputter, making a confused chord through which the squeal of a derrick winding up a granite slab pierces, shrill and nervous, a sharp boring sound, shoring through the wide, white light of the Roman sky. People are selling things: matches, broken glass, peas, sausages, cakes. A string of donkeys, with panniers loaded with red asparagus and pale-green rue, minces past the derrick, the donkeys squeeze, one by one, with little patting feet, between the derrick and the choked crossing. 'Hey! Gallus, have you heard that Caesar has paid a million sesterii for a Myrrhine vase. It is green and white, flaked like a spring onion, and has the head of Minerva cut in it, sharp as a signet.' 'And who has a better right indeed, now that Titus has conquered Judea. He will be here next week, they say, and then we shall have a triumph worth looking at.' 'Famous indeed! We need something. It's been abominably monotonous lately. Why, there was not enough blood spilled in the games last week to give one the least appetite. I'm damned stale, for one.'

Still, over Rome, the white sun sails the blue, stretching sky, casting orange and purple striae down upon the marble city, cool and majestic, between cool hills, white and omnipotent, dying of

langour, amusing herself for a moment with the little boats floating up the Tiber bringing the good grain of Carthage, then relaxed and falling as water falls, dropping into the bath. Weak as water; without contour as water; colourless as water; Rome bathes, and relaxes, and melts. Fluid and fluctuating, a liquid city pouring itself back into the streams of the earth. And above, on the Arch of Nero, hard, metallic, firm, cold, and permanent, the bronze horses trot slowly, not moving, and the moon casts the fine-edged shadow of them down upon the paving-stones.

Hills of the city: Pincian, Esquiline, Caelian, Aventine, the crimson tip of the sun burns against you, and you start into sudden clearness and glow red, red-gold, saffron, gradually diminishing to an outline of blue. The sun mounts over Rome, and the Arch of Augustus glitters like a cleft pomegranate; the Temples of Julius Caesar, Castor, and Saturn, turn carbuncle, and rose, and diamond. Columns divide into double edges of flash and shadow; domes glare, inverted beryls hanging over arrested scintillations. The fountains flake and fringe with the scatter of the sun. The mosaic floors of atriums are no longer stone, but variegated fire; higher, on the walls, the pictures painted in the white earth of Melos, the red earth of Sinope, the yellow ochre of Attica, erupt into flame. The legs of satyrs jerk with desire, the dancers whirl in torch-bright involutions. Grapes split and burst, spurting spots and sparks of sun.

It is morning in Rome, and the bronze horses on the Arch of Nero trot quietly forward without moving, but no one can see them, they are only a dazzle, a shock of stronger light against the white-blue sky.

Morning in Rome; and the whole city foams out to meet it, seething, simmering, surging, seeping. All between the Janiculum and the Palatine is undulating with people. Scarlet, violet, and purple togas pattern the mass of black and brown. Murex-dyed silk dresses flow beside raw woolen fabrics. The altars smoke incense, the bridges shake under

the caking mass of eight-seers. 'Titus! Titus! Io triumphe!' Even now the troops are collected near the Temple of Apollo, outside the gates, waiting for the signal to march. In the parching Roman morning, the hot dust rises and clouds over the city--an aureole of triumph. The horses on the Arch of Nero paw the golden dust, but it passes, passes, brushing along their burnished sides like wind."

.....

Now follows a description of the approach of the Roman legions returning from the conquest of Judea and Jerusalem. The populace is full of tales of strange sights, glorious deeds, and unusual objects.

"The bronze horses tread quietly above the triumphing multitudes. They too have been spoils of war, yet they stand here on the Arch of Nero dominating Rome. Time passes--passes--but the horses, calm and contained, move forward, dividing one minute from another and leaving each behind."

.....

The returning armies now pass with the spoils from the temple of Jerusalem.

"But the sun shines unclouded, and the holy vessels pass onward through the Campus Martius, through the Circus Flaminius, up the Via Sacra to the Capitol, and then... The bronze horses look into the brilliant sky, they trot slowly without moving, they advance slowly, one foot raised. There is always another step--one, and another. How many does not matter, so that each is taken."

.....

After the trophies have passed, the different legions go by. Finally the emperor appears.

"What god is that who falls before pikes and
appears! Here is another god, his face and hands
stained with vermillion, after the manner of the
Capitoline Jupiter. His car is of ivory and gold,
green plumes nod over the heads of his horses, the
military bracelets on his arms seem like circling
serpents of bitter flame. The milk-white horses
draw him slowly to the Capitol, step by step, along
the Via Triumphalis, and step by step the old
golden horses on the Arch of Nero tread down the
hours of the lapsing day.

That night, forty elephants bearing candelabra
light up the ranges of pillars supporting the
triple portico of the Capitol. Forty illuminated
elephants--and the light of their candles is re-
flected in the polished sides of the great horses,
above, on the Arch of Nero, slowly trotting forward,
stationary yet moving, in the soft night which
hangs over Rome.

Pavanne to a Brass Orchestra

Water falls from the sky, and green-fanged
lightning mouths the heavens. The earth rolls
upon itself, incessantly creating morning and
evening. The moon calls to the waters, swinging
them forward and back, and the sun draws closer
and as rhythmically recedes, advancing in the
pattern of an ancient dance, making a figure of
leaves and aridness. Harmony of chords and
pauses, surge of returning balances, canon and
canon repeating the theme of earth, Air, and Water.

A single cymbal-crash of Fire, and for an
instant the concerted music ceases. But it
resumes--earth, Air, and Water, and out of it rise
the metals, unconsumed. Brazen cymbals, trumpets
of silver, bells of bronze. They mock at fire.
They burn upon themselves and retain their entities.
Not yet the flame which shall destroy them. They
shall know all flames but one. They shall be
polished and corroded, yet shall they persist and
play the music which accompanies the strange
ceremonious dance of the sun."

The pavanne in the conclusion of this quotation is a return to the theme of the first section in italics called the "Elements". The second long division tells of the horses in Constantinople and of the fall of that city and the removal of the horses to Venice. There is a return to the theme of the italicized sections called "Beneath a Crooked Rainbow." Venice and Saint Mark's are described then the conquest of Venice by Napoleonic forces. The fourth italicized return is called "Bonfires Burn Purple". The short concluding section deals with the entrance of Italy into the World War, the bombing of Venice by Austrian forces, and the manner in which the bronze horses and Saint Mark's are protected against damage.

The poems quoted illustrate clearly the use which has been made in modern poetry of the idea of return or repetition of an idea in order to give unity of mood and subject matter to a poem which would otherwise seem long and loosely connected. While there are not the fixed rules governing the appearance of the themes that exist in music there is sufficient parallel to call the idea of return and periodic repetition of themes a method which is employed in both genres.

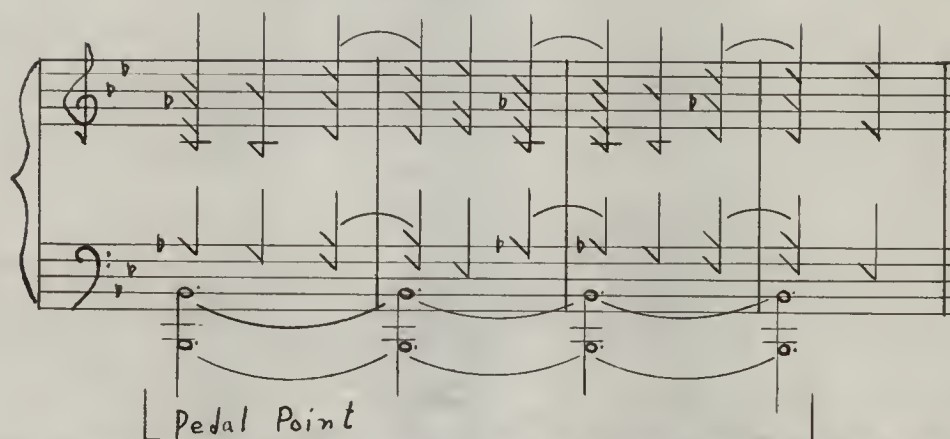
MODERN POETIC TREATMENT OF THE THEME AND VARIATIONS FORM.

A number of works by modern poets seem to show a treatment analogous to that of the theme and variations form in music. The form has its beginnings in a simple comparison or figure, then developed figure, a group of figures, a set of themes with each more or less elaborately varied, and finally extended variations in which a theme is varied through a well developed series of figures and those in which a highly elaborated "harmonic" pattern is maintained with slight variations with each repetition.

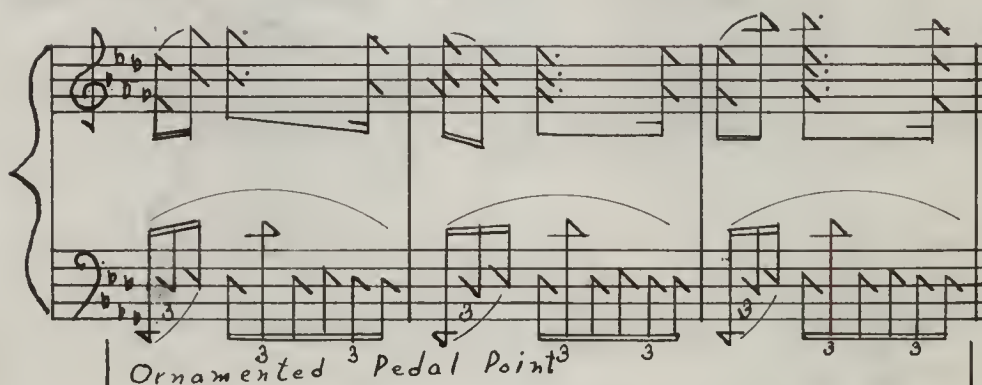
In the Theme and Variations, a musical idea, usually complete in itself, is repeated a number of times with slight variations. The number of variations is dependent on the composer's inspiration. Variations may be divided into two classes: the formal variation, in which the character of the theme is retained, but the melodic line is varied by slight rhythmic changes, by the use of non-harmonic devices and figures, or by the use of a different accompanying figure: and the character variation, in which the theme undergoes a radical change--a change in which the original theme is almost completely obscured and only a skeleton of the harmony and only the more important melodic

points remain.

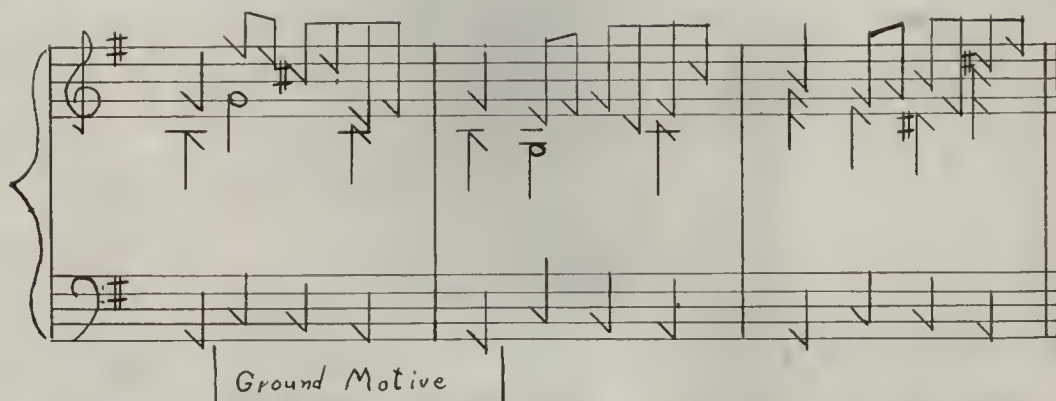
Probably the germ of the variation idea is to be found in the Pedal Point, a note sustained or repeated in some part, usually the bass, while the other parts proceed above it.



The next step is to elaborate this pedal point and then we have the Ornamental Pedal point,--a note sustained and ornamented.



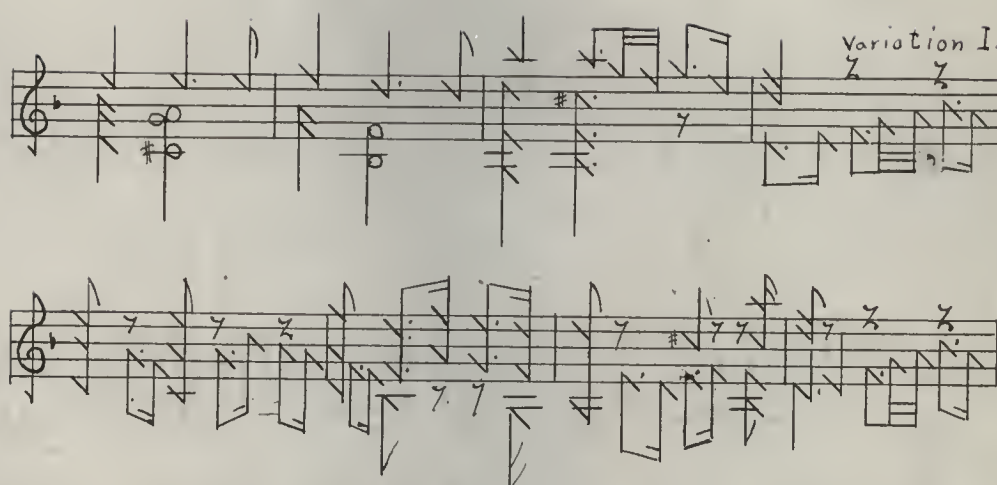
The Ground Motive, a melodic or harmonic figure of from one note to one measure in length repeated, is the next stage of development.



A further development of this same idea leads to the most highly developed of the formal variation forms; the Passacaglia, the repetition of an independent "melodic idea" of eight measures in length:

and the Chaconne, the repetition of an independent "harmonic idea" of eight measures in length.

Theme



Although in modern poetry there are examples of the Passacaglia and the Chaconne, the preceding stages do not resemble as closely the steps of musical development. Beginning with the poems which I considered to represent a Passacaglia and a Chaconne, I first determined what processes of development preceded them. The variation idea as represented in the Passacaglia seems to be an outgrowth of the use of figures, metaphors and similes. In a sense variations show all the different phases of a theme--display all the possible variations of light and shade, harmony and rhythm, and emotion. This idea in poetry is accomplished by giving figures or comparisons. Of course, the use of figures occurs in all poetry, but their use in the poetry I have selected is to illuminate one idea. In the Chaconne the harmony remains the same, but the melodic ideas and the rhythmic motion are changed. This idea in

poetry is represented by certain repetitions of lines or ideas or as in Wallace Stevens' Sea Surface Full of Clouds, by a fixed pattern of ideas with the aspect of them varied.

The Pedal Point

The beginnings of the variation form in poetry is the poem which consists entirely of a short comparison or figure without elaboration or development. A poem of this type corresponds to the Pedal Point in music, but is not parallel to it. An example of this type is Ezra Pound's metaphorical fragment :

"In a Station of the Metro"

"The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
petals on a wet black, bough."

Poems as condensed as this one are not frequent. This seems more like a memorandum for a poem than a poem itself.

The Ornamented Pedal Point

The next step in the variation is the poem which consists of a single figure elaborated and developed. Such a poem is Wallace Stevens' The Load of Sugar Cane. This type corresponds to the ornamented pedal point.

"The going of the glade-boat
Is like water flowing;
Like water flowing
Through the green saw-grass,
Under the rainbows;

Under the rainbows
That are like birds,
Turning, bedizened,

While the wind still whistles
As kildeer do,

When they rise
At the red turban
Of the boatman."

This picture of flowing water, green saw-grass, and rainbows is further developed by a bird figure which completes and rounds out the original idea. The sustained flight of this poem is remarkable.

Another example of this variation type is Wallace Stevens' Nuances of a Theme by Williams. In this poem Stevens has taken two ideas from a short poem by William Carlos Williams and expanded them. Incidentally this idea of expanding the idea of some other author seems to be a favourite with Stevens. He uses it in a Colloquy with a Polish Aunt and in the series entitled Lettres d'un Soldat.

"Nuances of a theme by Williams"

" 'It's a strange courage
you give me, ancient star:'
'Shine alone in the sunrise
toward which you lend no part.'

I

Shine alone, shine nakedly, shine like
bronze,
that reflects neither my face nor any
inner part
of my being, shine like fire, that mirrors
nothing.

II

Lend no part to any humanity that suffuses
 you in its own light.
 Be not chimera of morning,
 Half-man, half-star.
 Be not an intelligence,
 Like a window's bird
 Or an old horse."

The Ground Motive

The third type is the poem with a single idea illustrated by several comparisons. This corresponds to the Ground Motive. In this case the figures are practically undeveloped. In Wallace Stevens' The Wind Shifts, the theme is stated at the beginning, then between every illustration, and at the end. This repetitional idea may be a beginning of a set form which has its most complete development in Sea Surface Full of Clouds, or what I have chosen to call the Chaconne in poetry.

"The Wind Shifts"

"This is how the wind shifts:
 Like the thoughts of an old human,
 Who still thinks eagerly
 And despairingly.
 The wind shifts like this:
 Like a human without illusions,
 Who still feels irrational things within her.
 The wind shifts like this:
 Like humans approaching proudly,
 Like humans approaching angrily,
 This is how the wind shifts:
 Like a human, heavy and heavy,
 Who does not care."

The next illustration Wallace Stevens' Lunar Paraphrase, is practically the same as the above with the repetitions of the theme omitted. It is a little more subtle.

"The moon is the mother of pathos and pity.

When, at the wearier end of November,
Her old light moves along the branches,
Feebly, slowly, depending upon them;
When the body of Jesus hangs in a pallor,
Humanly near, and the figure of Mary,
Touched on by hoar-frost, shrinks in a shelter
Made by the leaves, that have rotted and fallen;
Then over the houses, a golden illusion
Brings back an earlier season of quiet
And quieting dreams in the sleepers in darkness--

The moon is the mother of pathos and pity."

In Wallace Stevens' Theory the theme is expanded and illustrated in the barest of terms. All the unessentials are so cut away as to make it almost obscure. It is a splendid example of condensation and concentration.

"I am what is around me.

Women understand this.
One is not a duchess
A hundred yards from a carriage.

These, then are portraits:
A black vestibule;
A high bed sheltered by curtains.

These are merely instances."

An interesting example of Stevens' use of this variation form is Indian River. Here he varies an idea, all nature sounds like spring, and then says in the last line

that spring is not here.

"The tradewind jingles the rings in the nets around
the racks by the docks on Indian River.
It is the same jingle of the water among the roots
under the banks of the palmettoes.
It is the same jingle of the red-bird breasting
the orange-trees out of the cedars.
Yet there is no spring in Florida, neither in
boskage perdu, nor on the nunnery beaches."

Stevens' Jasmine's Beautiful Thoughts Underneath the Willow has a stanza of theme and then an illustration of this theme consisting of a series of comparisons. The theme expresses poetically Mr. Stevens's creed. He calls his work "titillations", pleasant excitings without any explanation and says that the memorable phrases of them are bits of his own peculiar music. His illustration carries this idea out. It consists mainly of "titillations" and is certainly marked by a striving after musical effects.

"My titillations have no foot-notes
And their memorials are the phrases
of idiosyncratic music.

The love that will not be transported
In an old, frizzled, flambeaued manner,
But muses on its eccentricity,

Is like a vivid apprehension
Of bliss beyond the mutes of plaster,
Or paper souvenirs of rapture,

Of bliss submerged beneath appearance,
In an interior ocean's rocking
Of long, capricious fugues and chorals."

The finest of this variation form is the Part IV of

Stevens' Peter Quince at the Clavier. Here the theme and its variations are as stately and solemn as a chorale variations. The theme is stated, then varied in a series of abstractions and finally with a complete statement of theme as illustrated in the case of Susanna.

"Peter Quince at the Clavier"

IV

Beauty is momentary in the mind--
The fitful tracing of a portal;
But in the flesh it is immortal.

The body dies; the body's beauty lives.
So evenings die, in their green going,
A wave, interminably flowing.
So gardens die, their meek breath scenting
The cowl of winter, done repenting.
So maidens die, to the auroral
Celebration of a maiden's choral.

Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings
Of those white elders; but, escaping,
Left only Death's ironic scraping.
Now, in its immortality, it plays
On the clear viol of her memory,
And makes a constant sacrament of praise."

The Basso Ostinato

In the next variational form several themes are stated and then developed successively in the following stanzas. In this form the illustrations are expanded slightly more than in the preceding. This form corresponds to the Basso Ostinato. The first illustration, Stevens' Anecdote of Men by the Thousands, is transitional. It has a single

theme followed by a long series of examples, the last few of which are expanded slightly.

"Anecdote of Men by the Thousand"

"The soul, he said, is composed
Of the external world.

There are men of the East, he said,
Who are the East.
There are men of a province
Who are that province.
There are men of a valley
Who are that valley.

There are men whose words
Are as natural sounds
Of their places
As the cackle of toucans
In the place of toucans.

The mandoline is the instrument
Of a place.
Are there mandolines of western mountains?
Are there mandolines of northern moonlight?

The dress of a woman in Lhasa,
In its place,
Is an invisible element of that place
Made visible."

The next poem, Stevens's Gubbinal, is also transitional. It has very slight variation and very slight development. It is an intermediate stage of the poems with repeated lines. Here there are four lines which are repeated.

"That strange flower, the sun,
Is just what you say.
Have it your way.
The world is ugly.
And the people are sad.

That tuft of jungle feathers,
That animal eye,
Is just what you say.

That savage of fire,
That seed,
Have it your way.
The world is ugly,
And the people are sad."

A good example of this type of poem is Wallace Stevens' From the Misery of Don Joost. Here the first stanza states the theme, the decay of his body senses with the passage of time, and the next three stanzas expand this statement.

"I have finished my combat with the sun;
And my body, the old animal,
Knows nothing more.

The powerful seasons bred and killed,
And were themselves the genii
Of their own ends.

Oh, but the very self of the storm
Of sun and slaves, breeding and death,
The old animal,

The senses and feeling, the very sound
And sight, and all there was of the storm,
Knows nothing more."

Another angle of this form is represented by Stevens' In the Clear Season of Grapes. The ideas are varied here and the variations are further varied.

"In the Clear Season of Grapes"

"The mountains between our lands and the sea - -
This conjunction of mountains and sea and our lands--
Have I stopped and thought of its point before?

When I think of our lands I think of the house
And the table that holds a platter of pears,
Vermilion smeared over green, arranged for show.

But this gross blue under rolling bronzes
Belittles those carefully chosen daubs.
Flashier fruits. A flip for the sun and moon,

If they mean no more than that. But they do.
And the mountains and the sea do. And our lands.
And the welter of frost and the fox cries do.

Much more than that. Autumnal passages
Are overhung by the shadows of the rocks
And his nostrils blow out salt around each man."

Stevens' Homunculus et la Belle Etoile expands this form to the greatest length of any of his poems. The first stanza as usual embodies the idea to be varied, in this case, that the evening star is a good light for drunkards, poets, widows, and brides. The next two stanzas develop this idea and suggest this light as a conductor of thoughts. The next five elaborate this idea as applied to philosophers. The final stanza repeats and summarizes the theme.

"Homunculus et la belle Etoile"

"In the sea, Biscayne, there prinks
The young emerald, evening star,
Good light for drunkards, poets, widows,
And ladies soon to be married.

By this light the salty fishes
Arch in the sea like tree-branches,
Going in many directions
Up and down.

This light conducts
The thoughts of drunkards, the feelings
Of widows and trembling ladies,
The movements of fishes.

How pleasant an existence it is
 That this emerald charms philosophers,
 Until they become thoughtlessly willing
 To bathe their hearts in later moonlight,

Knowing that they can bring back thought
 In the night that is still to be silent,
 Reflecting this thing and that,
 Before they sleep.

It is better that, as scholars,
 They should think hard in the dark cuffs
 Of voluminous cloaks,
 And shave their heads and bodies.
 It might well be that their mistress
 Is no gaunt fugitive phantom.
 She might, after all, be a wanton,
 Abundantly beautiful, eager,

Fecund,
 From whose being by starlight, on sea-coast,
 The innermost good of their seeking
 Might come in the simplest of speech.
 It is a good light, then, for those
 That know the ultimate Plato,
 Tranquillizing with this jewel
 The torments of confusion."

The Passacaglia

The highest development of the variation idea using a fixed idea and elaborated variations results in a form which is very similar to that of the Passacaglia. A splendid example of this form is Wallace Stevens' Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird. Here the title embodies the idea, that of blackbirds. The thirteen short poems then present different aspects of blackbirds,--different ways in which he has thought of blackbirds. There is a comparison with

twenty massive mountains, the contrast of white and black, the alertness of the bird; the hesitant indecision of blackbirds; the aspect of blackbirds in the autumn--, their contribution to the total effect of autumn; the identification of the blackbird with all animate being; a characterization of their song; the mood evoked by seeing a blackbird in winter--, a link with indecipherable cause; the nobility of blackbirds--, their worthiness of respect; the fact that the blackbird is as inexplicably involved in the poet's life as his creative ability is; a sense of vast expanse from the contemplation of a blackbird flying out of sight; a sudden glimpse of blackbirds against a green sky so beautiful that the joy of it would cause almost anybody to cry out as if in pain; the association of fear with a blackbird--, the sense of oppression with the shadow of a blackbird, perhaps the shadow of some deed crossing his mind; a feeling of movement induced because the blackbird is moving--, the blackbird is considered stationary and the rivers moves; and finally a sense of the bleak, dreary loneliness of a winter afternoon or evening with the snow falling--, a sense of isolation in the picture of the blackbird alone within the warm protection of the cedar tree. The whole poem gives an intangible impression, inexpressible and intuitive, concerning the re-

action to viewing a blackbird. This mood is more akin to musical expression than poetic. Poetry usually is content to express something more tangible than this. Obviously the whole set of poems create the entire impression and each poem is only important as it contributes its part of the whole.

Another characteristic of the Passacaglia is that the theme is treated and developed contrapuntally; that is, the theme is displayed and contrasted with other themes which reveal new beauties and aspects of the principal theme. Also the movement of the piece is smooth and flowing with only slight breaks. The themes which contrast with the blackbird theme are, "twenty snowy mountains", "a tree in which there are three blackbirds", "the autumn winds", "a man and a woman", the beauty or darkness of silence and the doubtful pleasure of sound, icicles, "golden birds", the knowledge that the blackbird is involved in "noble accents and lucid, inescapable rhythms", "the edge of one of many circles", "green light", "glass coach", "the moving river, the "evening all afternoon", the snow, and the cedar limbs. All these may be considered "counterpoint" to the original theme. They also contain the episodic material. There is a slight feeling of incompleteness and suspense at the close of each little section. This may be partly from seeing the

poem on the printed page and realizing that there is more to follow. There is, however, in spite of the view of the printed page, a decided quieting and dropping of tone in the final section. It closes like a cadence in music, a final resolution and dissolving of all dissonance.

"Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird"

I

"Among twenty snowy mountains,
The only moving thing
Was the eye of the blackbird.

II

I was of three minds,
Like a tree
In which there are three blackbirds.

III

The blackbird whirled in the autumn winds.
It was a small part of the pantomime.

IV

A man and a woman
Are one.
A man and a woman and a blackbird
are one.

V

I do not know which to prefer,
The beauty of inflections
Or the beauty of innuendoes,
The blackbird whistling
Or just after.

VI

Iceicles filled the long window
With barbaric glass.

The shadow of the blackbird
Crossed it, to and fro.
The mood
Traced in the shadow
An indecipherable cause.

VII

O thin men of Haddam,
Why do you imagine golden birds?
Do you not see how the blackbird
Walks around the feet
Of the women about you?

VIII

I know noble accents
And lucid, inescapable rhythms;
But I know, too,
That the blackbird is involved
In what I know.

IX

When the blackbird flew out of sight,
It marked the edge
Of one of many circles.

X

At the sight of blackbirds
Flying in a green light,
Even the bawds of euphony
Would cry out sharply.

XI

He rode over Connecticut
In a glass coach.
Once, a fear pierced him,
In that he mistook
The shadow of his equipage
For blackbirds.

XII

The river is moving.
The blackbird must be flying.

XIII

It was evening all afternoon.
 It was snowing
 And it was going to snow.
 The blackbird sat
 In the cedar-limbs."

Wallace Stevens' Domination of Black represents a fusion of variational forms. It contains the fixed idea with variations of the Passacaglia and a semblance of a fixed repetitional form which I shall discuss later as a Chaconne.

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

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

Out of the window,
 I saw how the planets gathered
 Like the leaves themselves
 Turning in the wind.
 I saw how the night came,
 Came striding like the color of the heavy
 hemlocks.
 I felt afraid.
 And I remembered the cry of the peacocks."

This poem may be considered as a half way type between Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird and Sea Surface Full of Clouds, or it may be taken as a higher type than either of these, a type in which all of the resources of the forms represented by the two poems mentioned are utilized to form a very subtle variation form without the restrictions placed on the other poems. I am inclined toward this latter view. In Domination of Black the form seems to arise naturally and shows very few traces of artificial construction. There are about four ideas varied; leaves turning, fire, the color of the heavy hemlocks, and the cry of the peacocks. Particularly noteworthy is the sense of swirling and turning developed in the latter part of the second division. It makes one feel as if one were in the center of a huge bonfire which the wind was blowing in all directions. Pinning an absolute form on any poem such as this is an inexact task. The division into three parts and the appearance of all the

ideas in the parts in a semblance of order, particularly the first and third parts suggest to me that the poem may be an attempt at a small sonata-allegro form.

The Chaconne

Wallace Stevens' Sea Surface Full of Clouds is a Chaconne. It is very definitely variational in form. It has a set "harmonic" pattern which occurs in every variation. The theme in a Chaconne consists of eight measures of harmony. The harmonic pattern-chord scheme remains the same in every variation. In some respects it is a stunt poem revealing clever variety with a very set arrangement. First I shall give a skeleton outline of the "harmonic pattern". In choosing this pattern I shall give the words or phrases which occur throughout and are only changed with each picture.

In that November off Tehuantepec

The slopping of the sea grew still one night
morning (or day) deck

The first line is repeated in all variations. All the second lines involve an idea of night stilling the slopping of the sea. The third line tells the appearance of the deck in the morning, its colors and its patterns.

And made one think of chocolate
And umbrellas. green
(suggest some aspect of) machine

Of ocean, (some additional word or phrase
describing the ocean).

Who, then, (The next four lines ask the
question, "Who saw the sea in
that condition?" There is also a use of the word "blooms"
in this part.)

C'etait (the rest of the line in French. This
French line is a constant feature.)

The last two stanzas of three lines each are free.
They are devoted to a description of the exact color and
mood of the sea and clouds that are being described.

I

"In that November off Tehuantepec,
The slopping of the sea grew still one night
And in the morning summer hued the deck

And made one think of rosy chocolate
And gilt umbrellas. Paradisal green
Gave suavity to the perplexed machine

Of ocean, which like limpid water lay.
Who, then, in that ambrosial latitude
Out of the light evolved the moving blooms,

Who, then, evolved the sea-blooms from the
clouds
Diffusing balm in that Pacific calm?
C'etait mon enfant, mon bijou, mon ame.

The sea-clouds whitened far below the calm
And moved, as blooms move, in the swimming
green
And in its watery radiance, while the hue
Of heaven in an antique reflection rolled
Round those flotillas. And sometimes the sea
Poured brilliant iris on the glistening blue.

II

In that November off Tehuantepec
The slopping of the sea grew still one night.
At breakfast jelly yellow streaked the deck

And made one think of chop-house chocolate
And sham umbrellas. And a sham-like green
Capped summer-seeming on the tense machine

Of ocean, which in sinister flatness lay.
Who, then, beheld the rising of the clouds
That strode submerged in that malevolent
sheen,

Who saw the mortal massives of the blooms
Of water moving on the water-floor?
C'etait mon frere du ciel, mon vie, mon or.

The gongs rang loudly as the windy booms
Hoo-hoed it in the darkened ocean glooms.
The gongs grew still. And then blue heaven
spread

Its crystalline pendentives on the sea.
And the macabre of the water-blooms
In an enormous undulation fled.

III

In that November off Tehuantepec,
The slopping of the sea grew still one night
And a pale silver patterned on the deck

And made one think of porcelain chocolate
And pined umbrellas. An uncertain green,
Piano-polished, held the tranced machine

Of ocean, as a prelude holds and holds.
Who, seeing silver petals of white blooms
Unfolding in the water, feeling sure

of the milk within the saltiest spurge,
heard, then,
The sea unfolding in the sunken clouds?
Oh! C'etait mon extase et mon amour.

So deeply sunken were they that the shrouds,
The shrouding shadows, made the petals black
Until the rolling heaven made them blue,

A blue beyond the rainy hyacinth,
And smiting the crevasses of the leaves
Deluged the ocean with a sapphire blue.

IV

In that November off Tehuantepec
The night-long slopping of the sea grew still.
A mallow morning dozed upon the deck

And made one think of musky chocolate
And frail umbrellas. A too-fluent green
Suggested malice in the dry machine
Of ocean, pondering dank stratagem.
Who then beheld the figures of the clouds
like blooms secluded in a thick marine?

Like blooms? Like damaska that were shaken
off
From the loosed girdles in the spangling must.
C'etait mon foi, la nonchalance divine.

The nakedness would rise and suddenly turn
Salt masks of beard and mouths of bellowing,
Would - - But more suddenly the heaven rolled

It bluest sea-clouds in the thinking green,
And the nakedness became the broadest blooms,
Mile-mallows that a mallow sun cajoled.

V

In that November off Tehuantepec
 Night stilled the slopping of the sea. The day
 Came, bowing and voluble, upon the deck,

Good clown One thought of Chinese
 chocolate
 And large umbrellas. And a motley green
 Followed the drift of the obese machine

Of ocean, perfected in indolence.
 What pistache one, ingenious and droll,
 Beheld the sovereign clouds as jugglery

And the sea as turquoise-turbaned Sambo, neat
 At tossing saucers - - cloudy-conjuring sea?
 C'etait mon esprit batarde, l'ignominie.

The sovereign clouds came clustering. The
 conch
 Of loyal conjuration trumped. The wind
 Of green blooms turning crisped the motley hue

To clearing opalescence. Then the sea
 And heaven rolled as one and from the two
 Came fresh transfigurings of freshest blue."

After the impression of form I am struck with the brilliance
 of the images and their aliveness. I do not think the
 sound effects are very smooth or beautiful. They give
 rather the impression of brilliant hardness and glitter.
 Undoubtedly that is the effect which Mr. Stevens desired to
 produce or he would have made it more pleasing and conson-
 ant. There is no particular need for comment on the form.
 A careful comparison of the skeleton outline with the
 finished poem reveals undoubtedly the fact that Mr. Stevens

is using what I choose to call a fixed "harmonic pattern" of words, phrases and ideas and that this method of treatment is identical with the form in music known as the Chaconne.

THE SONATA-ALLEGRO AND SYMPHONY IN MODERN POETRY

My investigation into this phase of modern poetry was motivated by the fact that many poets, Conrad Aiken and John Gould Fletcher in particular, have used the title "symphony" for their works. I had not been impressed on reading their works with the fact that there was any resemblance with musical procedure in the same field. I have come to the conclusion that their works would be better if entitled "written in an orchestral manner."

I found in Wallace Stevens' Domination of Black certain features which resemble the more serious movement of a symphony, namely that movement written in sonata-allegro form. The resemblances to the sonata-allegro form in this poem are rather distinct. I have suggested in treating of the theme and variations form that Domination of Black might be an attempt at a sonata-allegro form instead of a fusion of variational forms. The fact that the poem is in three divisions, the first and third of which show some parallelism and the second has a measure of development or variation

of the themes in its first part had led me to this belief. Another analysis such as I am suggesting is not at variance with that suggested earlier. Many musical compositions can be analyzed in several manners, all of which are equally correct.

The Sonata-Allegro Form

The sonata-allegro form is the highest formal means of expression in music. The term applies to the arrangement of a single movement. The term sonata is applied to a whole composition of from two to five movements. Any of the movements of such a sonata may be in the sonata-allegro form. The following outline will give a general idea of the form:

The sonata-allegro form consists of three sections: Exposition, Development, and Recapitulation. The contents of these divisions are as follows:

Exposition.

Principal theme ending with a full cadence in key of dominant if the theme is in major, and in the key of the relative major if the theme is in minor.

Secondary theme in the key of dominant if the principal theme is in major, and in the key of the relative major if the principal theme is in minor.

The principal theme is usually more rugged and spirited than the second theme which is generally lyric in nature. There may also be short episodes or transitions between the various themes. The exposition is usually marked to be repeated. This repetition formerly was considered necessary in order to become familiar with the themes before they underwent development.

Development:

This section is devoted to the variations and development of the themes set forth in the exposition. The themes are not supposed to occur in the same key as they did in the exposition. Occasionally new materials or themes are introduced and developed. This section is connected with the recapitulation by a transitional passage of varying length.

Recapitulation.

Principal theme ending with a cadence in the key of the theme. The theme may be presented with slight variations but must be recognizable as the principal theme. It may be shortened and more concentrated.

Secondary theme is the key of the first theme if the first theme is in major, and in the key of

the tonic major if the first theme is in minor.
Closing theme in the same key as the secondary
 theme.

The recapitulation is generally shorter than the exposition. The whole form may be extended by means of an introduction and a coda. There may also be several short closing themes.

Another Interpretation of Wallace Stevens'

"Domination of Black"

A careful reading of Domination of Black with this outline in mind will suggest certain parallels which I shall point out later.

"At night, by the fire,
 The colors of the bushes
 And of the fallen leaves,
 Repeating themselves,
 Turned in the room,
 Like the leaves themselves
 Turning in the wind.
 Yes: but the color of the heavy hemlocks
 Came striding.
 And I remembered the cry of the peacocks.
 The colors of their tails
 Were like the leaves themselves
 Turning in the wind,
 In the twilight wind.
 They swept over the room,
 Just as they flew from the boughs of the
 hemlocks
 Down to the ground.
 I heard them cry--the peacocks.
 Was it a cry against the twilight
 Or against the leaves themselves

Turning in the wind,
 Turning as the flames
 Turned in the fire,
 Turning as the tails of the peacocks
 Turned in the loud fire,
 Loud as the hemlocks
 Full of the cry of the peacocks?
 Or was it a cry against the hemlocks?

Out of the window,
 I saw how the planets gathered
 Like the leaves themselves
 Turning in the wind.
 I saw how the night came,
 Came striding like the color of the
 heavy hemlocks.
 I felt afraid.
 And I remembered the cry of the peacocks."

There is one thing in labelling this poem as a sonata-allegro form that is at variance with that form; the length of the second part. In a true sonata-allegro form all three sections are of almost the same length. However, in the sonatas of the romantic composers the development is sometimes unduly extended. I shall now examine the poem, section by section, with the outline of the sonata-allegro form in mind.

Exposition.

Principal theme.

"At night, by the fire,
 The colors of the bushes
 And of the fallen leaves
 Repeating themselves
 Turned in the room,
 Like the leaves themselves
 Turning in the wind."

The theme consists of a comparison of

the colors of bushes and fallen leaves with leaves themselves turning in the room.

Secondary theme.

"Yes: but the color of the heavy hemlocks
Came striding."

There is an interesting pause in the movement after the word "yes".

Closing theme.

"And I remembered the cry of the peacocks."

This theme probably should be classified as a third theme of equal importance with the first and second themes.

As for the balance of themes, the first is too long. Also there is not sufficient variety in the subjects, especially the first and second, but this variance from true sonata-allegro form is justifiable in unifying the mood. Frequently the second theme is developed from the first as this is. All the themes come to a definite close and do not extend beyond the sentence.

Development.

The development section opens with an interesting combination of the principal theme and the closing theme; the colors of the tails of the peacocks is compared with leaves turning in the wind. The wind is also given a definite mood; it is a twilight wind.

The next section of the development group combines the second and third themes; peacocks and hemlocks. It also contains the room idea of the first theme.

The third section is rather fugal in treatment. The theme is the cry of the peacocks. With this theme all of the other themes are combined successively. It is cumulative in effect developing into a "fortissimo" climax. The theme, cry, is heard first against the twilight wind, then against the turning leaves and the turning flames and fire of the first theme, the turning tails of the peacocks turned in the loud fire, the reaction of the hemlocks to the cry, and finally the cry against the hemlocks themselves. The repetitions of "turning", "loud", "cry", "peacocks", and "hemlocks" give this section a great amount of unity and coherence.

"I heard them cry--the peacocks.
Was it a cry against the twilight
Or against the leaves themselves
Turning in the wind,
Turning as the flames
Turned in the fire,
Turning as the tails of the peacocks
Turned in the loud fire,
Loud as the hemlocks
Full of the cry of the peacocks?
Or was it a cry against the hemlocks?

Recapitulation.

Principal theme.

The principal theme is slightly varied. Now,

instead of the colors of bushes and fallen leaves
we have the gathering planets compared with leaves
turning in the wind.

"Out of the window,
I saw how the planets gathered
Like the leaves themselves
Turning in the wind."

Secondary theme.

The night idea is further emphasized by comparing
it with the original secondary theme; the color of
the heavy hemlocks.

"I saw how the night came,
Came striding like the color of the
heavy hemlocks!

The order of themes is here interrupted with the
insertion of "I felt afraid," an idea further
conveying the effect of night and eerie darkness.

Closing theme.

"And I remember the cry of the pea-
cocks."

All of the recapitulation is concerned with increasing
the general mood and tone of the entire piece. The idea of
blackness and night is emphasized by the inclusion of the
planets which make the night seem blacker, the comparison
of night with the heavy hemlocks, and the introduction of
the element of fear.

There are sufficient parallels between the form of Domination of Black and the sonata-allegro form in music to justify analyzing the poem as such.

The Symphony in Poetry

The symphonies of Conrad Aiken and John Gould Fletcher resemble the symphonic form in music in several ways; they use orchestral tonal effects achieved through the interweaving of ideas and images in such a manner as instruments do in an orchestra and they make use of the cyclic form. The latter element is one characteristic of the symphony. In addition there are certain types of movement and construction more or less specified. This cyclic poetry does not distinguish very much between the contents or the construction of its various movements. For that reason such works resemble suites rather than symphonies.

Peter Quince at the Clavier as a Symphony

In the discussion of the suite I am going to analyze Wallace Stevens' Peter Quince at the Clavier as a suite of four pieces consisting of a thoughtful, philosophizing "Prelude", an exquisite "Nocturne", a light "Scherzo", and a stately, choral-like "Finale". Further in the study of the theme and variations form I have analyzed the fourth

section as a variational form in a measure comparable to a ground motive in music and also possessing the nature and character of a set of chorale-variations. These interpretations are all equally plausible and true even though they may seem to be contradictory. In interpreting anything elusive in form any suggestion may be entertained with equal weight.

The facts that the poem consists of four well defined divisions each with a well defined character and that the order and arrangement of the sections are similar to those in a sonata or a symphony had led me to classify the poem as a symphony. The principal drawback to this interpretation is the fact that the movements are so short. In a symphonic work the movements are usually more elaborately developed than here. The only reason for suggesting the symphonic classification is based on the type of mood in each section and on the order in which these sections follow each other.

Definition of The Symphony

The term "symphony" refers to a composition of rather dignified character of from two to four movements. It is the most popular of the cyclical forms employed in music. The first movement is usually in sonata-allegro form and is distinguished by its intellectual rather than emotional

character. It is invariably lively and quick. The second movement is usually slow in tempo, is not in such an elaborate form, and is distinguished by its emotional rather than intellectual character. The third movement is a dance movement. It is usually very light in character. It may be a minuet and trio, especially in the older symphonies or it may be a scherzo. The last movement is usually very brilliant and appeals primarily to the rhythmic sense.

The first section of Peter Quince at the Clavier fulfills the requirements for the first movement of a symphony as just outlined. It is thoughtful and rather philosophic in nature. It has a moderate though not lively movement. Its appeals are primarily to the intellect.

I

"Just as my fingers on these keys
Make music, so the selfsame sounds
On my spirit make a music, too.

Music is feeling, then, not sound;
And thus it is that what I feel,
Here in this room, desiring you,

Thinking of your blue-shadowed silk,
Is music, It is like the strain
Waked in the elders by Susanna.

Of a green evening, clear and warm,
She bathed in her still garden, while
The red-eyed elders watching, felt

The basses of their beings throb
In witching chords, and their thin blood
Pulse pizzicati of Hosanna."

The second movement is decidedly slow. It is emotional, almost sensuous.

II

"In the green water, clear and warm,
Susanna lay.
She searched
The touch of springs,
And found
Concealed imaginings.
She sighed,
For so much melody.

Upon the bank, she stood
In the cool
Of spent emotions.
She felt, among the leaves,
The dew
Of old devotions.

She walked upon the grass,
Still quavering.
The winds were like her maids,
On timid feet,
Fetching her woven scarves,
Yet wavering.

A breath upon her hand
Muted the night.
She turned--
A cymbal crashed,
And roaring horns. "

The third movement is without doubt a dance movement and I have already classified it as a scherzo. It is the lightest section of the poem.

"Soon, with a noise like tambourines,
Came her attendant Byzantines.

They wondered why Susanna cried
Against the elders by her side;

And as they whispered, the refrain
Was like a willow swept by rain.

Anon, their lamps' uplifted flame
Revealed Susanna and her shame.

For then, the simpering Byzantines
Fled, with a noise like tambourines."

The fourth movement offers some difficulty in fitting it to the requirements of the symphonic form. It is again thoughtful. It is rather stately and lacks in either brilliance or speed of movement. I have also suggested its variational nature. These facts are at variance with the usual idea of a symphony, but let us look at some of the works of the great symphonic writers, particularly the greatest of them, Ludwig van Beethoven. Are there any parallels to such a movement in his symphonies? Yes. For the Finale of the great Third Symphony in E flat major, the "Eroica", Beethoven employs a brilliant set of variations. So a set of chorale variations would not be at variance with the practice of one of the greatest symphonists. The stately mood is very frequent in the symphonies of Brahms and Cesar Franck.

IV

"Beauty is momentary in the mind--
The fitful tracing of a portal;
But in the flesh it is immortal.

The body dies; the body's beauty lives,
So evenings die, in their green going,
A wave, interminably flowing.
So gardens die, their meek breath scenting
The cowl of winter, done repenting.
So maidens die, to the auroral
Celebration of a maiden's choral.

Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings
 Of those white elders; but, escaping,
 Left only Death's ironic scraping.
 Now, in its immortality, it plays
 On the clear viol of her memory,
 And makes a constant sacrament of praise."

Another feature of modern symphonic practice is the use of practically the same thematic material in all of the movements of the symphony. Cesar Franck's Symphony in D minor uses motives which appear in all the movements of the symphony. It gives a oneness to the work which is sometimes lacking in the older symphonic works. This idea is evident in the Stevens' poem. The use of a narrative gives this unity, but it is a fact that the whole story is told almost completely in each of the four sections. Each time a different aspect of the narrative is emphasized.

As far as actual use of the sonata-allegro form there is very little in poetry, although occasional examples may be found such as the one I have analyzed. The symphonic form is only used in its broadest sense as being a cyclic form, almost in the nature of a suite. Probably a more satisfactory analysis of the poems called symphonies would be to call them suites.

THE SUITE IN POETRY

Originally a suite was a collection of dances written in the same key. The variety in the suite was obtained by contrasting the movement of the different dances. Now the term has come to refer to any collection of pieces of fairly closely related tonality with varying moods and rates of movement. The slower dances have been replaced by nocturnes or idylls, some of the faster by scherzos or studies in dexterity.

Peter Quince at the Clavier as a Suite

Peter Quince at the Clavier seems to fulfill some of the features demanded by the dictates of musical form and musical expression. The whole poem may be considered roughly as a suite of four, or perhaps only three pieces, ranging from a rather philosophizing, intellectual movement, through an exquisite nocturne and a light, rather quizzical scherzo, to a broad, stately finale. These divisions arise naturally from a statement of the subject and its interpretation, the account of the narrative, and the discussion of beauty at the close.

"Just as my fingers on these keys
Make music, so the selfsame sounds
On my spirit make a music, too.

Music is feeling, then, not sound;
And thus it is that what I feel,
Here in this room, desiring you,

Thinking of your blue-shadowed silk,
Is music. It is like the strain
Walked in the elders by Susanna.

Of a green evening, clear and warm,
She bathed in her still garden, while
The red-eyed elders watching, felt

The basses of their beings throb
In witching chords, and their thin blood
Pulse pizzicati of Hosanna.

II

In the green water, clear and warm,
Susanna lay.
She searched
The touch of springs,
And found
Concealed imaginings.
She sighed,
For so much melody.

Upon the bank, she stood
In the cool
Of spent emotions.
She felt, among the leaves,
The dew
Of old devotions.

She walked upon the grass,
Still quavering.
The winds were like her maids,
On timid feet,
Fetching her woven scarves,
Yet wavering.

A breath upon her hand
Muted the night.
She turned--
A cymbal crashed,
And roaring horns.

III

Soon, with a noise like tambourines,
Came her attendant Byzantines.

They wondered why Susanna cried
Against the elders by her side;

And as they whispered, the refrain
Was like a willow swept by rain.

Anon, their lamps' uplifted flame
Revealed Susanna and her shame.

And then, the simpering Byzantines
Fled, with a noise like tambourines.

IV

Beauty is momentary in the mind--
The fitful tracing of a portal;
But in the flesh it is immortal.

The body dies; the body's beauty lives.
So evenings die, in their green going,
A wave, interminably flowing.
So gardens die, their meek breath scenting
The cowl of winter, done repenting.
So maidens die, to the auroral
Celebration of a maiden's choral.

Susanna's music touched the bawdy strings
Of those white elders; but, escaping,
Left only Death's ironic scraping.
Now, in its immortality, it plays
On the clear viol of her memory,
And makes a constant sacrament of praise."

The first movement is comparable to an improvisation or extemporization. It may be considered as merely a state-

ment of theme and a preparation of the listener for the mood of the story of Susanna. It reminds me in some respects of the extemporizing which Paderewski does before every piece he plays. He usually begins his preludizing in the key of the piece which he played last and modulates until he establishes the key for the next piece. Usually he begins in what one might call a popular tone, that is, one which will attract the attention of his audience. From there he gradually changes the tone until it is in accord with that of his next selection. The opening section also has some things in common with the violin solos in Rimsky-Korsakoff's "Scheherazade". These solos precede every narrative section of the suite and correspond to the "Once upon a time" of the fairy story. Stevens' explanatory introduction is of more worth than this customary introduction. If it were not for the emphasis on the story and the emotions aroused by it, this first section would seem like more than a prelude. It has symmetry and balance, being almost equally divided into two sections like a period in music, an abstract statement of feeling or mood and the comparison of it with the similar mood awakened in the elders by Susanna. The section suggests a period, although the relative length of it is more nearly related to a two-part song form.

There are no definite breaks in the poem where "ap-
 plause would be appropriate". The second section must fol-
 low immediately, but the break occupies a sufficient amount
 of time for a further quieting of the tone and mood. The
 second section is linked very closely to the third with
 only a "hold" intervening. Between the third and fourth
 divisions there is a more definite break--this time to
 allow the spirit of excitement and scurrying to relax into
 the more stately contemplation of abstract beauty.

The second section is notable for its refreshing
 picture of cool water, the white body of Susanna, and its
 suggestion of statuesque motion. My feeling concerning this
 division is that the mood is decidedly cool and aloof. The
 description is essentially pictorial and without emotion of
 any kind. The most interesting feature is the gradual
 fading of the music, the pause, and the sudden deafening
 crash of the percussion and the brass instruments.

"A breath upon her hand
 Muted the night.
 She turned--
 A cymbal crashed,
 And roaring horns."

The words preceding the pause are all very quiet and must
 be spoken slowly. The final word before the "crashed"
 cannot be said rapidly and requires a slight pause after it
 for distinct enunciation. Perhaps I read in a decided

change with the "cymbal crash" but the words are more harsh and dissonant.

The "scherzo" or dance movement which constitutes the third division is the most interesting division of the poem musically. It is constructed more carefully and compactly than any of the other divisions. The lines and the metre are more regular--four beats to a line giving a rapidity and lightness of movement which is further enhanced by rhyming in couplets. The moods are very carefully distinguished in this division. They are also very carefully balanced. The first two lines;

"Soon, with a noise like tambourines,
Came her attendant Byzantines."

trip lightly off the tongue. It is impossible to say it slowly or heavily. Practically all the consonants and vowels cannot be prolonged unduly. The next couplet is less quick and suggests admirably the questioning attitude of the Byzantines. The next couplet with its reiterated "w's" and its low murmuring "s's" gives a marvelous sound picture of the questioning and suspicioning attendants. The mood and spirit of the lines is the quietest in this division and forms the exact center of the section. The mood has quieted from the first, and to some extent, the movement, also although it has done so very slightly, until it reaches the quietest part in the slightly hesitant

questioning of

"And as they whispered, the refrain
Was like a willow swept by rain."

The next two couplets return gradually to the mood at the beginning, only with a more nervous spirit of withdrawal. The inversion of mood in the last two couplets extends so far as to invert the first two lines of the section to form the concluding lines:

"And then, the simpering Byzantines
Fled, with a noise like tambourines."

The section is perfectly balanced in form and in mood. The whole section comes like a ballet out from a mist and disappears into nothingness.

The fourth section is not in the spirit of a musical suite as much as the others. The final number in a musical suite is usually very lively and bright with little or no attempt at depth of thought. The first half at least of the fourth division here is more like a stately chorale or hymn. Its movement is less rapid. It does not attempt to create any pictorial sensations. Many of the lines are very musical and lyrical in quality with very elaborate rhyming, especially the rhyming of the last two syllables (the last syllable being unaccented, a feminine ending) as:

"So maidens die, in the auroral
Celebration of a maiden's choral."

The last section also strikes a half religious note in

"Now, in its immortality, it plays
On the clear viol of her memory,
And makes a constant sacrament of praise."

thus further strengthening the parallel with a chorale.

It is interesting to note the length of the sentences and the variation of length in the different divisions. In the "prelude" they are fairly sustained. Each one is longer than that which preceded it. The first sentence occupies three full lines and comes to a close at the end of the three line stanza. The second sentence is four lines and one foot long and runs past the grouping into threes. The first two sentences form the first half of this "period". The whole second half of the period consists of one sentence about equal in length to the first two. It runs to seven lines and three feet disregarding the division into three stanzas. The movement thus grows in breadth and calmness. The rhythm is regular and while there is no regular rhyme scheme the occurrence of "sounds" and "sound", "too" and "you", "Susanna" and "Hosanna" with the slight similarity between "feel" and "felt" serve to bind the division together. The general tone is on the borderland between the pictorial and the more definitely musical. The color contrasts of the "green evening" and the "red-eyed elders" are purely pictorial, while "throb", "witching chords", "piz-

zicati" and "Hosanna" are more musical suggestions.

The sentences in division II are shorter and very interestingly varied as to length. They run six lines, two lines, then two sentences of three lines each, next two lines and four lines, and finally two lines and three lines. Their effect is one of tiredness and listlessness with a slight undertone of uneasiness. Their total effect is summed up in the phrase

"In the cool
Of spent emotions."

The lines vary greatly in length. Some lines contain as many as four feet, others only one, while the majority have either two or three beats. Rhyme is used very sparingly. Its use is very effective, though, because it throws into relief the more important words and ideas.

"She searched
The touch of springs,
And found
Concealed imaginings."

.

"In the cool
Of spent emotions.
She felt, among the leaves,
The dew
Of old devotions."

"Quavering" and "wavering" are stressed in the next stanza. Both of these latter rhymes have an extra unaccented syllable.

The sentences in the "scherzo" are finished with the couplet except the second which has a semicolon. The short sentences finished in two lines aid in the effect of lightness and breathlessness. I have already written of the metric and rhyming schemes of this movement.

The sentences in the finale are all more nearly the same length--two or three lines. The effect is one of strength but not of sustained power or elevation. It has rather the feeling of epigrammatic finality. The number of beats to a line vary between four and five with the latter predominanting. The rhyming is mostly in couplets although some of the lines do not rhyme.

There are many modern poems written in this cyclical manner. Most of the longer poems which are not definitely narrative fall into this classification.

MINOR CONSIDERATIONS ARISING FROM THE STUDY OF MODERN POETRY

The Contrapuntal or Fugal Treatment of Poetry

Counterpoint is the art of combining two or more melodies so that they sound simultaneously. The melodies may be in exact imitation of each other as in a round. A very familiar example of a round is Three Blind Mice. Melodies enter successively and then run along side by side or point counter point. Less strict imitation and combination of melodies is the warp and woof of contrapuntal compositions.

Some modern poets seem to achieve a subtle combination of themes in such a manner as to suggest counterpoint. I have already suggested in my treatment of Wallace Stevens' Thirteen Ways of Looking at a Blackbird that the central idea of blackbirds was contrasted and set off by the use of other themes as the twenty massive mountains, the contrast of black and white, the alertness of the bird, the indecision of blackbirds, their contribution to the autumnal season, their relation with animate being, their song, etc. In discussing the middle section of Wallace Stevens' Domination of Black I have suggested that it was contrapun-

tal; the theme, the cry of the peacocks, is set against the turning of leaves, of flames, of the tails of the peacocks, and the darkness of hemlocks.

The poetry of Conrad Aiken offers many examples of such method of treatment. The opening section of Priapus and the Pool affords an example in which the themes are more distinct. Here the poet alternates stanzas on Priapus and the Pool. One follows the other so that both are heard almost simultaneously. I have chosen this example because the themes are more distinct in this case and the idea which is carried further in later works is more carefully concealed.

" . . . Was God, then, so derisive as to shape us
In the image of Priapus? . . .
(Priapus? Who was he?)
Are we never to be left by our desires,
But forever try to warm our foolish hearts
At these illusory fires?
(Priapus! . . . do you mean a terminal figure
In a garden by a sea?)
It is strange! for one so easily conceives
A quieter world, in which the flesh and dust
Are contented, do not hunger, or thirst, or lust. . .

(Priapus! . . . But, I don't know who you mean.
Do you intimate God played some trick upon us? . . .
I will tell you about a pool that I have seen!

It is very old, it is very deep and clear,
No one knows how deep it is,
The ancient trees are about it in an ancient forest,
It is a pool of mysteries!)

. . . It is puzzling, none the less, to understand
How God, if he is less or more than flesh,
Could have devised for us, walking in his garden,
The delicate imperfections of this mesh. . . .

(When it is clear, the pool reflects the trees--
Look down, and you will see the flight of a bird
Among the wavering boughs! But when a breeze
Comes slowly from that wood, the pool is stirred,
And a shadow like the skeleton of a cloud
Shivers like a ghost across it, puffs and passes. . .
When it is still, the sky comes back again,
And at the fringes it reflects the grasses.)

. . . Must we always, like Priapus in a wood,
In the underbrush of our perplexities,
Pursue our maidens--pursuer and pursued? . . .

(I will not say it is not sometimes troubled!
It is very old; strange things are imaged there.
Out of its depths at night the stars have bubbled;
And into its depths maidens have hung their hair.
Leaves have fallen into it without number
And never been found again,
Birds have sung above it in the ancient trees.
And sometimes raindrops fall upon it, and then
There are rings of silver upon it, spreading and
fading.

Delicately intersecting. . . .
But if you return again when the sky is cloudless,
You will find it clear again, and coldly reflecting.
Reflecting the ancient trees of the ancient forest,
And the ancient leaves, ready to fall once more,
And the blue sky under the leaves, old and empty,
And the savage grasses along the shore.)

. . . Priapus, himself, was never disenchanted. . . .
Why, then, did God permit us to be haunted
By this sense of imperfections? . . .

(But can a pool remember its reflections?
That is the thing that troubles me!
Does it remember the cloud that falls upon it,
Or the indignation of a tree?
Or suppose that once the image of Priapus
Fell quivering in ferocious sunshine there
As he came suddenly upon it from his forest
With fir-cones in his hair--
Would the pool, through the silences thereafter,
Recall that visitation and be stirred
Any more than it would hear and heed the laughter
Of a swinging ape, or the singing of a bird?)

. . . Was God, then, so derisive as to shape us
In the image of Priapus? . . .

(It is very old, it is very deep and clear,
No one knows how deep it is!
The ancient trees are about it in an ancient forest,
It is a pool of mysteries.)"

An example in which the interweaving of themes is
closer is offered in Conrad Aiken's Senlin: a Biography.
Many sections of this poem are treated contrapuntally. I
have chosen the fourth section from Part II. The themes
here are the question of whether or not a woman tried to
attract him and the work which he is doing with his trowel.
The weather and the clouds are a kind of secondary theme to
these.

"That woman--did she try to attract my attention?
Is it true I saw her smile and nod?
She turned her head and smiled. . . was it for me?
It is better to think of work or god.

The clouds pile coldly above the houses,
Slow wind revolves in the leaves:
It begins to rain, and the first long drops
Are slantingly blown from eaves.

But it is true she tried to attract my attention!
She pressed a rose to her chin and smiled.
Her hand was white by the richness of her hair,
Her eyes were those of a child.
It is true she looked at me as if she liked me,
And turned away, afraid to look too long! . . .
She watched me out of the corners of her eyes;
And, tapping time with fingers, hummed a song. . .

. . . Nevertheless, I will think of work,
With a trowel in my hands;
Or the vague god who blows like clouds
Above these dripping lands . . .

But . . . is it sure she tried to attract my
attention? . . .

She leaned her elbow in a peculiar way
There in the crowded room . . . she touched
my hand. . .

She must have known it, and yet,--she let it
stay. . .

Music of flesh! Music of root and sod!
Leaf touching leaf in the wind and the rain! . . .
Impalpable clouds of red ascend,
Red clouds blow over my brain.

Did she await from me some sign of acceptance? . .
I smoothed my hair with a faltering hand.
I started a feeble smile, but the smile was
frozen:

Perhaps, I thought, I misunderstand. . .
Is it to be conceived that I could attract her--
this dull and futile flesh attract such fire?
I,--with a trowel's dulness in hand and brain!--
Take on some godlike aspect, rouse desire? . . .

Incredible! . . . delicious! . . . I will wear
A brighter color of tie, arranged with care;
I will delight in god as I comb my hair. . .
And the conquests of my bolder past return
Like strains of music, weaving some old tune
Recalled from youth and a happier time.
I take my sweetheart's arm in the dusk once more;
Once more we laugh, and hold our breath, and
climb

Up the forbidden stairway, floor by floor,
Under the flickering lights, along old railings:
I catch her hand in the dark, we laugh once more,
I hear the rustle of silk, and follow swiftly,
And softly at last we close the door. . .

Yes, it is true that woman tried to attract me:
It is true she came out of time for me,
Came from the swirling and savage forests of earth
The cruel eternity of the sea.
She parted the leaves of waves and rose from the
silence

Shining with secrets she did not know.
Music of dust! Music of web and web!
And I, bewildered, let her go. . .

I light my pipe. The flame is yellow,
 Edged underneath with blue.
 These thoughts are truer of god, perhaps,
 Than thoughts of god are true."

The themes which are set against each other in section VII of Part I of The Jig of Forslin are the rain and the sights of a rainy evening in the city and the story of the man and woman meeting in the street and going off to her home. The opening three lines are remarkable for their music and their expression of the relation between music and thinking.

"Things mused upon are, in the mind, like music,
 They flow, they have a rhythm, they close and open,
 And sweetly return upon themselves in rhyme.
 Against the darkness they are woven,
 They are lost for a little, and laugh again,
 They fall or climb.

Here, it rains. The small clear bubbles
 Pelt and scatter along the shimmering flagstones,
 Leap and sing.
 Streaks of silver slant from the eaves,
 The sparrow puffs his feathers beneath broad leaves
 And preens a darkened wing.

Yet round a windy corner of the mind,
 A block away, or at the selfsame place,--
 We meet you face to face.
 You cough with the dust, we hear you say once more,
 There in the shadow of a deserted door,
 You are cold, you have no money, and you are hungry.
 You open your purse to show us that it is empty.
 You are crying; and that is strange, for you are a
 whore.

. . . Bubbles of soft rain scurrying over a pavement,--
 Slanting from dark eaves--
 Where did I see a sparrow beneath broad leaves? . . .

Well, take us home with you; and when we have loved
you,

(stroked your drowsy hair, your subtle flesh,
And held your golden throat in the palms of hands)
When we have loved you, and rise
Once more into mortal evening out of your eyes,
We will both give you money; and you may go
To order peacocks' tongues, or a little snow.

. . . There is a seethe of foam far over our hands
On the pale surface . . .
We glide above our shadows along the sands . . .

If you are really so tired, take my arm.
Is this your door? . . . Give me the key.
Why don't you sell these hangings if you are poor?
You deserve to be.

. . . Something about your skin is like soft rain--
Cool and clear. . . it reminds me of many things.
Your eyes, they are like blue wells of pain--
I remember a sparrow preening his rainy wings . . .
He sat under broad leaves, puffing his feathers and
winking . . .
What are you thinking?

Now that you're here--there's no use in your going. . .
Wait till the morning. When we have loved we'll sleep.
Sleep is better than wine; and hunger will keep.

. . . Pain, rain, rain. All night the rain.
The roofs are wet, the eaves drip.
The pelted leaves bend down and rise again.
The bubbles chirp and skip.

This is spring. The snowdrops start to grow,
The rain will wash them clean.
This is spring, the warm drops wound the snow,
The black earth aches with green . . .

And now that it is morning, we will go.
What do we care for you--you, only a whore?
Starve if you like! You'll have to end it sometime.
There will be plenty more.
Sell your hangings, pawn your dress, your ear-rings.
What do we care? You knew we wouldn't pay.
That's right, cry! It'll make you feel much better,--
Meanwhile, we go our way. . .

The lamps are turned out on the music racks,
 The concert ends, the people rise,
 The applause behind us roars like rain on a roof,
 The great doors close. We shrink beneath blue skies.
 Was this a music? Or did I hear a story?
 Yet I remember well that hair, those eyes. . .

And much besides, that, nimble even as music,
 Sings, flashes, is gone. . .
 For a million years the gods have been telling me
 secrets.
 I do not remember one."

In Part II section IV of The Jig of Forslin by Aiken is a very subtle example of the interweaving of themes. The combination of the sensations of the music and the waltz and of the contemplation of the murder of his wife is the double theme of this section. The ideas steals in one on the other, so easily that one is hardly conscious of the transition. The effect is the same as that created by the combination of melodies--one's attention wavers between the themes which are sounding so that one seems to be hearing both simultaneously.

"We move in the music, and are one with it.
 You close your eyes, your fan against my arm.
 Sometimes, I have thought this tongue of yours had wit.

But are you real, in spite of lips and eyes,
 And the webbed hair translucent against the light--
 You, who upon this music fall and rise?

What would you say if as we smoothly turn
 To the slow waltz that beats these walls, this floor;
 Or as we wave past palm-trees through the door;
 If I should mildly observe, as commonplace,
 'Yes, I murdered my wife this afternoon'. . .
 Would you think me out of tune?

My hands are red with murder, if you could see them--
Or were they certain hands inside my brain?
It is difficult to explain. . .
Two lovers, once, went walking beside a river:
There was a white cloak and a wet red stain. . .

And a blade comes gliding in along the music,
Between the pulses.--What becomes of it?
Does it only cut the page,--or pierce a heart? . . .
The hypocritical music sighs and turns.
It murmurs of palms, of artificial ferns.

And now there are horns and drums, they strike on
silver,
Cymbals are smitten, great gongs clang:
It is as if they did it to drown a murder.
They deafen the air with clamor, they hide a scream. . .
Do I dance or murder now? Or do I dream?

No, this was real, this murder--she is there,
Lying among her roses where I left her,
With her eyes closed and a pale rose in her hair. . .
And you, with whom I dance,--or think I dance,--
Thin our and vanish like sound upon still air."

A fine example of contrapuntal treatment is T. S.
Eliot's Portrait of a Lady. Here the treatment is very
elaborate. The central idea, the woman, is surrounded by
many ideas, all of which show different aspects of the
principal theme. The wavering between theme and counter
theme is so carefully done that there is no break from one
to the other.

I

"Among the smoke and fog of a December afternoon
You have the scene arrange itself--as it will seem to
do--
With 'I have saved this afternoon for you';
And four wax candles in the darkened room,
Four rings of light upon the ceiling overhead,

And atmosphere of Juliet's tomb
 Prepared for all the things to be said, or left unsaid.
 We have been, let us say, to hear the latest Pole
 Transmit the Preludes, through his hair and finger-tips.
 'So intimate, this Chopin, that I think his soul
 Should be resurrected only among friends
 Some two or three, who will not touch the bloom
 That is rubbed and questioned in the concert room.'
 --And so the conversation slips
 Among velleities and carefully caught regrets
 Through attenuated tones of violins
 Mingled with remote cornets
 And begins.
 'You do not know how much they mean to me, my friends,
 And how, how rare and strange it is, to find
 In a life composed so much, so much of odds and ends
 (For indeed I do not love it. . . you knew? You are
 not blind!
 How keen you are!))
 To find a friend who has these qualities,
 Who has, and gives
 Those qualities upon which friendship lives.
 How much it means that I say this to you--
 Without these friendships--life, what cauchemar!'
 Among the windings of the violins
 And the ariettes
 Of cracked cornets
 Inside my brain a dull tom-tom begins
 Absurdly hammering a prelude of its own,
 Capricious monotone
 That is at least one definite false note.
 --Let us take the air, in a tobacco trance,
 Admire the monuments
 Discuss the late events,
 Correct our watches by the public clocks.
 Then sit for half an hour and drink our ricks.

II

Now that lilacs are in bloom
 She has a bowl of lilacs in her room
 And twists one in her fingers while she talks.
 'Ah, my friend, you do not know, you do not know
 What life is, you should hold it in your hands';
 (Slowly twisting the lilac stalks)
 'You let it flow from you, you let it flow,
 And youth is cruel, and has no remorse
 And smiles at situations which it cannot see.'

I smile, of course,
 And go on drinking tea.
 'Yet with these April sunsets, that somehow recall
 My buried life, and Paris in the Spring,
 I feel immeasurably at peace, and find the world
 To be wonderful and youthful, after all.'

The voice returns like the insistent out-of-tune
 Of a broken violin on an August afternoon:
 'I am always sure that you understand
 My feelings, always sure that you feel,
 Sure that across the gulf you reach your hand,
 You are invulnerable, you have no Achilles' heel.
 You will go on, and when you have prevailed
 You can say: at this point many a one has failed.

'But what have I, but what have I, my friend,
 To give you, what can you receive from me?
 Only the friendship and the sympathy
 Of one about to reach her journey's end.
 I shall sit here, serving tea to friends. . . .'

I take my hat: how can I make a cowardly amends
 For what she has said to me?

You will see me any morning in the park
 Reading the comics and the sporting page.
 Particularly I remark
 An English countess goes upon the stage.
 A Greek was murdered at a Polish dance,
 Another bank defaulter has confessed.
 I keep my countenance,
 I remain self-possessed
 Except when a street piano, mechanical and tired,
 Reiterates some worn-out common song
 With the smell of hyacinths across the garden,
 Recalling things that other people have desired.
 Are these ideas right or wrong?

III

The October night comes down; returning as before
 Except for a slight sensation of being ill at ease
 I mount the stairs and turn the handle of the door
 And feel as if I had mounted on my hands and knees.

'And so you are going abroad; and when do you return?
But that's a useless question.
You hardly know when you are coming back;
You will find so much to learn.'
My smile falls heavily among the bric-a-brac.

'Perhaps you can write to me.'
My self-possession flares up for a second;
This is as I had reckoned.
'I have been wondering frequently of late
(But our beginnings never know our ends!)
'Why we have not developed into friends.'
I feel like one who smiles, and turning shall remark
Suddenly, his expression in a glass.
My self-possession gutters; we are really in the dark.

'For everybody said so, all our friends,
They all were sure our feelings would relate
So closely! I myself can hardly understand.
We must leave it now to fate.
You will write, at any rate.
Perhaps it is not too late.
I shall sit here, serving tea to friends.'

And I must borrow every changing shape
To find expression . . . dance, dance
Like a dancing bear,
Cry like a parrot, chatter like an ape. . . .
Let us take the air, in a tobacco trance--
Well! and what if she should die some afternoon,
Afternoon gray and smoky, evening yellow and rose;
Should die and leave me sitting pen in hand
With the smoke coming down above the housetops;
Doubtful, for quite a while
Nor knowing what to feel or if I understand
Or whether wise or foolish, tardy or too soon. . .
Would she not have the advantage, after all?
This music is successful with a dying fall
Now that we talk of dying--
And should I have the right to smile?"

These examples show the manner in which modern poets
have combined ideas in a section in such a fashion that the
themes weave and interweave so carefully that both themes

seem to be sounding simultaneously. Such combination of themes is exactly the same method which is used by composers in the construction of contrapuntal compositions.

Tonal Effects in Modern Poetry

Some modern poets, especially Vachel Lindsay, Carl Sandburg, Elinor Wylie, and Amy Lowell, have experimented with tonal effects. Their effects fall into several different classes; those which use onomatopoeia developed through the use of syllables, sometimes merely nonsense syllables, those which use the same means in an attempt to reproduce sounds resembling those in "jazz", those in which very beautiful, subtle tonal pictures, and those in which a special effect derived from the French of Paul Fort is employed. All of these classes come under the general heading of onomatopoeia. The only reason for distinguishing between classes is the use which has been made of the method.

Vachel Lindsay has experimented widely with the use of words, syllables, and nonsense words for the creation of tonal effects. An excellent example is to be found in his The Kallyope Yell. He is trying to create the impression of listening to the boundless energy and exuberant dissonances of a circus calliope. The break in the music of

the second stanza I have quoted is very amusing and characteristic. It is accomplished by the use of the question, "What?", and the extreme shortness of the line. The effect of escaping steam is obtained by the use of the letter "s" and the vowel sound in "eam".

II

"I am the Gutter Dream,
Tune-maker, born of steam,
Tooting joy, tooting hope.
I am the Kallyope.
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
See the flags: snow-white tent,
See the bear and elephant,
See the monkey jump the rope,
Listen to the Kallyope, Kallyope,
Kallyope!
Soul of the rhinoceros
And the hippopotamus
(listen to the lion roar!)
Jaguar, cockatoot,
Loons, owls,
Hoot, Hoot.
Listen to the lion roar,
Listen to the lion roar,
Listen to the lion R-O-A-R!
Hear the leopard cry for gore,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Hail the bloody Indian band,
Hail, all hail the popcorn stand,
Hail to Barnum's picture there,
People's idol everywhere,
Whoop, whoop, whoop, WHOOP!
Music of the mob am I,
Circus day's tremendous cry:--
I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
Hoot, toot, hoot toot, hoot toot, hoot toot,
Willy willy willy wah HOO!
Sizz, fizz. . . .

III

Born of mobs, born of steam,
Listen to my golden dream,

Listen to my golden dream,
 Listen to my G-O-L-D-E-N D-R-E-A-M!
 Whoop whoop whoop whoop WHOOP!
 I will blow the proud folk low,
 Humanize the dour and slow,
 I will shake the proud folk down,
 (Listen to the lion roar!)
 Popcorn crowds shall rule the town--
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!
 Steam shall work melodiously,
 Brotherhood increase.
 You'll see the world and all it holds
 For fifty cents apiece.
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!
 Every day a circus day.

What?

Well, almost every day.
 Nevermore the sweater's den,
 Nevermore the prison pen.
 Gone the war on land and sea
 That aforetime troubled men.
 Nations all in amity,
 Happy in their plumes arrayed
 In the long bright street parade.
 Bands a-playing every day.

What?

Well, almost every day.
 I am the Kallyope, Kallyope, Kallyope!
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!
 Hoot, toot, hoot, toot,
 Whoop whoop whoop whoop
 Willy willy willy wah HOO!
 Sizz, fizz. . . ."

In Lindsay's The Santa Fe Trail (A Humoresque) the attempt to give the sounds of all kinds of automobile horns is very effective. Another passage consists of the names of towns called off in the fashion of a train-caller in a Union Depot.

"Hark to the calm-horn, balm-horn, psalm-horn.

Hark to the faint-horn, quaint-horn, saint-horn

Hark to the pace-horn, chase-horn, race-horn.

Ho for the tear-horn, scare-horn, dare-horn,

Ho for the gay-horn, dark-horn, bay-horn.

Ho for Kansas, land that restores us

When the houses choke us, and great books bore us!

Sunrise Kansas, harvesters' Kansas,

A million men have found you before us.

A million men have found you before us.

On each snapping pennant

A big black name:--

The careering city

Whence each car came.

They tour from Memphis, Atlanta, Savannah,
Tallahassee and Texarkana.

They tour from St. Louis, Columbus, Manistee,

They tour from Peoria, Davenport, Kankakee.

Cars from Concord, Niagara, Boston,

Cars from Topeka, Emporia, and Austin.

Cars from Chicago, Hannibal, Cairo.

Cars from Alton, Oswego, Toledo.

Cars from Buffalo, Kokomo, Delphi,

Cars from Lodi, Carmi, Loami.

Ho for Kansas, land that restores us

When houses choke us, and great books bore us!

While I watch the highroad

And look at the sky,

While I watch the clouds in amazing grandeur

Roll their legions without rain

Over the blistering Kansas plain--

While I sit by the milestone

And watch the sky,

The United States

Goes by.

Listen to the iron-horns, ripping, racking.

Listen to the quack-horns, slack and clacking.

Way down the road, trilling like a toad,

Here comes the dice-horn, here comes the
 vice-horn,
 Here comes the snarl-horn, brawl-horn, lewd-
 horn,
 Followed by the prude-horn, bleak and
 squeaking:--
 (Some of them from Kansas, some of them
 from Kansas.)
 Here comes the hod-horn, plod-horn, sod-
 horn,
 Nevermore-to-roam-horn, loan-horn, home-
 horn.
 (Some of them from Kansas, some of them
 from Kansas.)

Listen to the iron-horns, ripping, racking,
 Listen to the wise-horn, desperate-to-advise
 horn,
 Listen to the fast-horn, kill-horn, blast-
 horn. . . .

The mufflers open on a score of cars
 With wonderful thunder,
 CRACK, CRACK, CRACK,
 CRACK-CRACK, CRACK-CRACK,
 CRACK, CRACK, CRACK,
 Listen to the gold-horn . . .
 Old-horn . . .
 Cold horn . . .

Then far in the west, as in the beginning,
 Dim in the distance, sweet in retreating,
 Hark to the faint-horn, quaint-horn, saint-
 horn,
 Hark to the calm-horn, balm-horn, psalm-
 horn. . . ."

The whole of The Congo by Lindsay is a remarkable union of sound, imagery, and thought content. The imagery and the sound are particularly fine and are both accomplished inseparably. The second section, dealing with their irrepressible high spirits, shows these sound-imagery pictures are

well developed. The description of the juba and the cake-walk are real and the rhythm and snap of the lines supplements and fills out the picture. The alternating passages with the negro fairyland and the witch doctors are almost as effective.

"Wild crap-shooters with a whoop and a call
Danced the juba in their gambling hall
And laughed fit to kill, and shook the town,
And guyyed the policemen and laughed them down
With a boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, BOOM.
THEN I SAW THE CONGO, CREEPING THROUGH THE BLACK,
CUTTING THROUGH THE FOREST WITH A GOLDEN TRACK.
A negro fairyland swung into view,
A minstrel river
Where dreams come true.
The ebony palace soared on high
Through the blossoming trees to the evening sky.
The inlaid porches and casements shone
With gold and ivory and elephant-bone.
And the black crowd laughed till their sides were
sore
At the baboon butler in the agate door,
And the well-known tunes of the parrot band
That trilled on the bushes of that magic land.

A troupe of skull-faced witch-men came
Through the agate doorway in suits of flame,
Yea, long-tailed coats with a gold-leaf crust
And hats that were covered with diamond-dust
And the crowd in the court gave a whoop and a call
And danced the juba from wall to wall.
But the witch-men suddenly stilled the throng
With a stern cold glare, and a stern old song:--
'Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo-you.' . . .
Just then from the doorway, as fat as shot,
Came the cake-walk princes in their long red coats,
Canes with a brilliant lacquer shine,
And tall silk hats that were red as wine.
And they pranced with their butterfly partners there,
Coal-black maidens with pearls in their hair,
Knee-skirts trimmed with the jessamine sweet,
And bells on their ankles and little black-
feet.

And the couples railed at the chant and the frown
Of the witch-men lean, and laughed them down.
(Oh, rare was the revel, and well worth while
That made those glowering witch-men smile.)

The cake-walk royalty then began
To walk for a cake that was tall as a man
To the tune of "Boomlay, boomlay, Boom,"
While the witch-men laughed, with a sinister air,
And sang with the scalawags prancing there:--
'Walk with care, walk with care,
Or Mumbo-Jumbo, God of the Congo,
And all of the other Gods of the Congo,
Mumbo-Jumbo will hoo-doo you.
Beware, beware, walk with care,
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom.
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay, boom.
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay
Boomlay, boomlay, boomlay,
Boom."
(Oh, rare was the revel, and well worth while
That made those glowering witch-men smile.)"

The use of onomatopoeia for "jazz" effects has been attempted by Carl Sandburg in Jazz Fantasia. The poem is quite successful in giving the sound of different instruments of a jazz orchestra--the drums, the banjos, the "long cool winding saxophones", the trombones, and various percussion instruments. The mood of the blues is well developed in addition to the instrumental sound effects.

"Drum on your drums, batter on your banjos,
sob on the long cool winding saxophones.
Go to it, O jazzmen.

Sling your knuckles on the bottoms of the happy
tin pans, let your trombones ooze, and go husha-
husha-hush with the slippery sand-paper.

Moan like an autumn wind high in the lonesome tree-
tops, moan soft like you wanted somebody terrible,
cry like a racing car slipping away from a motorcycle

cop, bang-bang! you jazzmen, bang altogether drums, traps, banjoes, horns, tin cans--make two people fight on the top of a stairway and scratch each other's eyes in a clinch tumbling down the stairs.

Can the rough stuff. . . now a Mississippi steamboat pushes up the night river with a hoo-hoo-hoo-oo. . . and the green lanterns calling to the high soft stars . . . a red moon rides on the humps of the low river hills . . . go to it, O jazzmen."

A Snatch of Slipshorn Jazz in Sandburg's Good Morning, America is in the same vein. There is not so much attempt to give orchestral timbre as there is to give the mood of the piece. The "happy" is an orchestral rhythmic effect.

"Are you happy? It's the only way to be, kid.
Yes, be happy, it's a good nice way to be.
But not happy-happy, kid, don't be too doubled-up doggone happy.
It's the doubled-up doggone happy-happy people . . . burst hard . . . they do bust hard . . . when they bust.
Be happy, kid, go to it, but not too doggone happy."

Elinor Wylie has used the sound effects of words in a very beautiful manner. All of her works are distinguished for their sensitive sound effects. I have chosen several in which she has been particularly successful. One of her most delicate sound poems is Velvet Shoes. The sounds of the letters "s" and "w" create with the imagery an effect of indescribable silence and quietness.

"Let us walk in the white snow
 In a soundless space;
 With footsteps quiet and slow,
 At a tranquil pace,
 Under veils of white lace.

I shall go shod in silk,
 And you in wool,
 White as a white cow's milk,
 More beautiful
 Than the breast of a gull.

We shall walk through the still town
 In a windless peace;
 We shall step upon white down,
 Upon silver fleece,
 Upon softer than these.

We shall walk in velvet shoes:
 Wherever we go
 Silence will fall like dews
 On white silence below.
 We shall walk in the snow."

In her sonnet Pretty Words Elinor Wylie has attempted to give sound pictures of the words she is describing. They are quite successful.

"Poets make pets of pretty, docile words:
 I love smooth words, like gold-enamelled fish
 Which circle slowly with a silken swish,
 And tender ones, like downy-feathered birds:
 Words shy and dappled, deep-eyed deer in herds,
 Come to my hand, and playful if I wish,
 Or purring softly at a silver dish,
 Blue Persian kittens, fed on cream and curds.

I love bright words, words up and singing early;
 Words that are luminous in the dark, and sing;
 Warm lazy words, white cattle under trees;
 I love words opalescent, cool, and pearly,
 Like midsummer moths, and honied words like bees,
 Gilded and sticky, with a little sting."

In the Viennese Waltz beginning particularly with the third stanza Elinor Wylie has succeeded remarkably in giving the effect of the music of the waltz, especially in "Now falling, falling, feather after feather,"

"We are so tired, and perhaps tomorrow
Will never come; be fugitive awhile
From tears, and let the dancing drink your sorrow
As it has drunk the colour of your smile.

Your face is like a mournful pearl, my darling;
Go, set a rose of rouge upon its white,
And stop your ears against the tiger-snarling
Where lightning stripes the thunder of the night.

Now falling, falling, feather after feather,
The music spreads a softness on the ground;
Now for an instant we are held together
Hidden within a swinging mist of sound.

Forget these frustrate and unhappy lovers;
Forget that he is sad and she is pale;
Come, let us dream the little death that hovers
Pensive as heaven in a cloudy veil."

In Paul Fort's Le Roman de Louis XI occurs a passage describing the siege of Beauvais which has been a model for similar passages in the works of Amy Lowell. It is an account of the things which the besieged threw down on the besiegers, and of the noise which they made in falling.

"Et lorsqu'avec ses gens il grimpait a l'echelle, que leur jetaiton, dites-moi?--des poulets? non pas,--des radis? du beurre? vous etes dans l'erreur,--des agneaux? des boeufs? plus souvent!--des fraises a la creme? des melons? des salsifis? fi! vous vous moquez!--On leur jetait du plomb fondu dans les prunelles; sur le nez, sous le nez, des torches enflammees (comme roses ecloses, bonnes a humer); et par tout le corps un joyeux pale-mele de meubles, de paves, d'ardoises, de boulets, de crachats, d'os ronges,

d'ordures variees, de petits clous, de grands clous, d'enclumes, de marteaux, de casseroles, de plots, de papinettes en fer, d'assiettes, de fourchettes, de poeles, de cuillers, d'encre, de graisse et d'huile bouillantes, que sais-je? de tombeaux, de margelles, de cloisons, de gouttieres, de toits, de clochers, de cloches, de clochettes qui tintinnabulaient gracieusement sur les tetes.

Que leur jetait-on encore pour ne point mentir?

Ah! Mains objets moult contondants, tranchants, affutes, affiles, en boule, en douille, grenus, cornus, en scie, en soc, de terre, de tole, de pierre de taille, de fer, d'acier, arque, herisses, tordus, confus, tout mal fichus, moussus, rouilles, erailles, en lanieres, en coin, en creux, en crible, en croix, en cric, en croc, sonnants, crissants, sifflants et ronflants, faisant humph, ouf, louf, pouf, bring, sring, tringle, balaam, bottom, betting, batar, arara, raraboum, bul, bul, breloc, relic, relaps, mil, bomb, marl, broug, batacl, mirobol, pic, poc, quett, strict, pac, diex, mee, pett, sec, sic, soif, flic, faim, bric, broc, brrrrrr . . . , qui enfoncaient les cranes, elargissaient les nez, tricotaient les oreilles, ecarquillaient les bouches, faisaient voler les dents, les doigts, les coudes, les bras, les mentons, les pommettes, mariaient les yeux, en dedaignaient l'omelette, desossaient les epaules, abrutissaient le thorax, decourageaient les coeurs, mettaient l'intrus au ventre, scrutaient une fesse puis l'autre, en tiraient faux boyaux, de cuisses cuissettes, de rotules billes et developpaient les pieds ou coupaient l'homme en cinq, six, sept, voire.

Oui-da, encore, que leur jetait-on?

Des cadavres, des injures, des merdailles et des fleches?

Bien mieux! (frissonnez avec moi)--des maisons. Et peu s'en fallut que, par-dessus la ville, on he leur jetat la ville entiere!

Amy Lowell has used this same method in The Bronze Horses in describing Constantinople and later in the description of the attack upon that city:

"Constantinople chatters, buzzes, screams, growls, howls, squeals, snorts, brays, croaks, screeches, crows, neighs, gabbles, purrs, hisses, brawls, roars, shouts, mutters, calls, in every sort of croquet and

demisemi-quaver, wavering up in a great contrapuntal murmur--adagio, maestoso, capriccioso, scherzo, staccato, crescendo, vivace, veloce, brio-- brio--brio!! A racket of dissonance, a hubbub of harmony. Chords? Discords? Answer: Byzantium!

Little things, the way of war. Jar, jolt, mud-- the knights clash together like jumbled chess-men, then leap over the bridges. Confusion--contusion-- raps--bangs--lurches--blows-- battle-axes thumping on tin shields; bolts bumping against leathern bucklers. "A Boniface to the Rescue!" "Baldwin forever!" "Viva San Marco!" Such a pounding, pummelling, pitching, pointing, piercing, pushing, pelting, poking, panting, punching, parrying, pulling, prodding, puking, piling, passing, you never did see. Stones pour out of the mangonels; arrows fly thick as mist. Swords twist against swords, bill-hooks batter bill hooks, staves rattle upon staves."

Miss Lowell has used the same device more artistically in A Roxbury Garden when she is suggesting by means of words the movement of rolling hoops and later of the up and down, elliptical curve of a flying shuttlecock.

"And the great hoop bounds along the path,
Leaping into the wind-bright air.

Minna sings:

'Turn, hoop,
Burn hoop,
Twist and twine
Hoop of mine.
Flash along,
Leap along,
Right at the sun.
Run, hoop, run.
Faster and faster,
Whirl, whirl.
Wheel like fire,
And spin like glass;
Fire's no whiter
Glass is no brighter
Dance,

France,
 Over and over,
 About and about,
 With the top of you under,
 And the bottom at top,
 But never a stop.
 Turn about, hoop, to the tap of my stick,
 I follow behind you
 To touch and remind you.
 Burn and glitter, so white and quick,
 Round and round, to the tap of a stick.'

The hoop flies along between the flower-beds,
 Swaying the flowers with the wind of its passing."

"Again it mounts,
 Stepping up on the rising scents of flowers,
 Buoyed up and under by the shining heat.
 Above the foxgloves,
 Above the guelder-roses,
 Above the greenhouse glitter,
 Till the shafts of cooler air
 Meet it,
 Deflect it,
 Reject it,
 Then down,
 Down,
 Past the greenhouse,
 Past the guelder-rose bush,
 Past the foxgloves."

I think that the examples quoted and the fact that so much has been made of sound effects and so much study was devoted to them that these poets were rather definitely attempting to convey, through words, impressions and emotional reactions which are very akin to those which music conveys.

Poems Inspired by Musical Compositions
or by Musical Performances

Many poets have tried to set down their reactions to musical performances or to musical compositions. Usually they are personal reactions and do not attempt to imitate or produce the same emotional effect as the composition. Amy Lowell has tried to reproduce by means of words the exact mood and movement of some of Stravinsky's compositions for string quartet. Her success is doubtful. She says the following in explaining her experiment;

"I set myself a far harder task in trying to transcribe the various movements of Stravinsky's 'Three Pieces 'Grotesques,' for String Quartet.' Several musicians, who have seen the poem, think the movement accurately given."

First Movement

"Thin-voiced, nasal pipes
Drawing sound out and out
Until it is a screeching thread,
Sharp and cutting sharp and cutting;
It hurts.
Whee-e-e!
Bump! Bump! Tong-ti-bump!
There are drums here,
Banging,
And wooden shoes beating the round, grey stones
Of the market-place.
Whee-e-e!
Sabots slapping the worn, old stones,
And a shaking and cracking of dancing bones;
Clumsy and hard they are,
And uneven,

Losing half a beat
 Because the stones are slippery.
 Bump-e-ty-tong! Whee-e-e! Tong!
 The thin Spring leaves
 Shake to the banging of shoes.
 Shoes beat, slap,
 Shuffle, rap,
 And the nasal pipes squeal with their pigs' voices,
 Little pigs' voices
 Weaving among the dancers.
 Bang! Bump! Tong!
 Petticoats,
 Stockings,
 Sabots,
 Delirium flapping its thigh-bones;
 Red, blue, yellow,
 Drunkenness steaming in colours;
 Red, yellow, blue,
 Colours and flesh weaving together,
 In and out, with the dance,
 Coarse stuffs and hot flesh weaving together.
 Pigs' cries white and tenuous,
 White and painful,
 White and -
 Bump!
 Tong!

Second Movement

Pale violin music whiffs across the moon,
 A pale smoke of violin music blows over the moon,
 Cherry petals fall and flutter,
 And the white Pierrot,
 Wreathed in the smoke of the violins,
 Splashed with cherry petals falling, falling,
 Claws a grave for himself in the fresh earth
 With his finger-nails.

Third Movement

An organ growls in the heavy roof-groins of a church,
 It wheezes and coughs.
 The nave is blue with incense,
 Writhing, twisting.
 Snaking over the heads of the chanting priests.
Requiem aeternam dona ei, Domine;
 The priests whine their bastard Latin

And the censers swing and click.
 The priests walk endlessly
 Round and round,
 Droning their Latin
 Off the key.

The organ crashes out in a flaring chord,
 And the priests hitch their chant up half a tone.

Dies illa, dies irae,
Calamitatis et miseriae,
Dies magna et amara valde.

A wind rattles the leaded windows.
 The little pear-shaped candle flames leap and
 flutter,

Dies illa, dies irae;

The swaing smoke drifts over the altar,
Calamitatis et miseria;

The shuffling priests sprinkle holy water,
Dies magna et amara valde;

And there is a stark stillness in the midst of them
 Stretched upon a bier.

His ears are stone to the organ,
 His eyes are flint to the candles,
 His body is ice to the water.

Chant, priests,

Whine, shuffle, genuflect,

He will always be as rigid as he is now
 Until he crumbles away in a dust heap.

Lacrymosa dies illa,
Qua resurget ex favilla
Judicandus homo reus.

Above the grey pillars the roof is in darkness."

Miss Lowell has another experiment in which she
 tries to give the exact impression the music is con-
 veying. It is the passage in The Cremona Violin in
 which she tries to reproduce the music which is being
 played on the violin. To make the distinction between
 the "solo" passages and the narrative clearer she has
 written the latter in Chaucerian stanza.

Part Second

"Herr Concert-Meister Altgelt played,

And the four strings of his violin
 Were spinning like bees on a day in Spring.
 The notes rose into the wide sun-note
 Which slanted through the window,
 They lay like coloured beads a-row,
 They knocked together and parted,
 And started to dance,
 Skipping, tripping, each one slipping
 Under and over the others so
 That the polychrome fire streamed like a lance
 Or a comet's tail,
 Behind them.

Then a wail arose - crescendo -
 And dropped from off the end of the bow,
 And the dancing stopped.
 A scent of lilies filled the room,
 Long and slow. Each large white bloom
 Breathed a sound which was holy perfume
 from a blessed censer,
 And the hum of an organ tone,
 And they waved like fans in a hall of stone
 Over a bier standing there in the centre,
 alone.

Each lily bent slowly as it was blown.
 Like smoke they rose from the violin -
 Then faded as a swifter bowing
 Jumbled the notes like wavelets flowing
 In a splashing, pashing, rippling motion
 Between broad meadows to an ocean
 Wide as a day and blue as a flower,
 Where every hour
 Gulls dipped, and scattered, and squawked,
 and squealed,

And over the marshes the Angelus pealed,
 And the prows of the fishing-boats were
 spattered

With spray.

And away a couple of frigates were starting
 To race to Java with all sails set,
 Topgallants, and royals, and stunsails,
 and jibs,

And wide moonsails; and the shining rails
 Were polished so bright they sparked in
 the sun.

All the sails went up with a run:
 "They call me Hanging Johnny,
 Away-i-oh;
 They call me Hanging Johnny,
 So hang, boys, hang."

And the sun had set and the high moon whitened,
 And the ship heeled over to the breeze.
 He drew her into the shade of the sails,
 And whispered tales
 Of voyages in the China seas,
 And his arm around her
 Held and bound her.
 She almost swooned,
 With the breeze and the moon
 And the slipping sea,
 And he beside her,
 Touching her, leaning -
 The ship careening.
 With the white moon steadily shining over
 Her and her lover,
 Theodore, still her lover!

Then a quiver fell on the crowded notes,
 And slowly floated
 A single note which spread and spread
 Till it filled the room with a shimmer like gold,
 And noises shivered throughout its length,
 And tried its strength.
 They pulled it, and tore it,
 And the stuff waned thinner, but still it bore it.
 Then a wide rent
 Split the arching tent,
 And balls of fire spurted through,
 Spitting yellow, and mauve, and blue.
 One by one they were quenched as they fell,
 Only the blue burned steadily.
 Paler and paler it grew, and - faded - away.
 Herr Altgelt stopped.

"Well, Lottachen, my Dear, what do you say?
 I think I'm in good trim. Now let's have dinner.
 What's this, my Love, you're very sweet to-day.
 I wonder how it happens I'm the winner
 Of so much sweetness. But I think you're thinner;
 You're like a bag of feathers on my knee.
 Why, Lotta child, you're almost strangling me."

Miss Lowell has tried to record her reactions and to
 furnish a program for a piece of music which she had heard.
 The poem is called After Hearing a Waltz by Bartok.

Conrad Aiken in At a Concert of Music, Edna St. Vincent Millay in On Hearing a Symphony of Beethoven, Robert Nathan in At the Symphony have recorded their reactions to symphonic concerts. Carl Sandburg has done the same for a band concert in his poem of that name. Sandburg has also recorded personal reactions to individual performances as in Jan Kubelik and Kreisler. The poems in this class are not of great value except as records of impressions. Usually from a musical point of view they are lacking in discernment.

The Influence of French Impressionistic Music On Modern American Poetry

Amy Lowell in the Preface to Men, Women, and Ghosts makes this statement;

"I think it was the piano pieces of Debussy, with their strange likeness to short vers libre poems, which first showed me the close kinship of music and poetry, and there flashed into my mind the idea of using the movement of poetry in somewhat the same way that the musician uses the movement of music."

Miss Lowell here records her debt to the modern school of Impressionists in music.

The characteristics and method of this school is carefully set forth in this passage from Alfred Cortot's The Piano Music of Debussy.

"We have been told often and ably what constitutes the novelty and the technical invention of Debussy's music. Mention has been made of the refined audacity of a harmonic language which seems to elude analysis, praise has been bestowed on the subtilty of a style which neglects the ceremonious conventions of modulation and which tolerates between tonalities, apparently most remote from each other, relations of unexpected and delicious intimacy, and the marvell of an art whose substance and aim is renewed by one and the same stroke is justly acknowledged."

This method has been followed again in modern poetry by many authors. The technique of the Imagists uses it largely. They place in juxtaposition unrelated images and ideas without any connecting passages. The resulting conflicts between these images produces the indefinable atmosphere of their poems. Amy Lowell's An Aquarium is a fine example of a poem treated in this manner. Miss Lowell says in the Preface to Men, Women, and Ghosts, the volume from which this poem is taken;

"I have always loved aquariums, but for years I went to them and looked, and looked, at those swirling, shooting, looping patterns of fish, which always defied transcription to paper until I hit upon the 'unrelated' method. The result is in 'An Aquarium.'"

After what has been stated concerning the "unrelated" method the poem will be obvious without further explanation.

"An Aquarium"

"Streaks of green and yellow iridescence,
Silver shiftings,
Rings veering out of rings,
Silver - gold -
Grey-green opaqueness sliding down,
With sharp white bubbles

Shooting and dancing,
 Flinging quickly outward.
 Nosing the bubbles,
 Swallowing them,
 Fish.

Blue shadows against silver-saffron water,
 The light rippling over them
 In steel-bright tremors.
 Outspread translucent fins
 Fluet, fold, and relapse;
 The threaded light prints through them on the
 pebbles

In scarcely tarnished twinklings.
 Curving of spotted spines,
 Slow up-shifts,
 Lazy convolutions:
 Then a sudden swift straightening
 And darting below:
 Oblique grey shadows
 Athwart a pale casement.
 Roped and curled,
 Green man-eating eels
 Slumber in undulate rhythms,
 With crests laid horizontal on their backs.
 Barred fish,
 Striped fish,
 Uneven disks of fish,
 Slip, slide, whirl, turn,
 And never touch.
 Metallic blue fish,
 With fins wide and yellow and swaying
 Like Oriental fans,
 Hold the sun in their bellies
 And glow with light:
 Blue brilliance cut by black bars.
 An oblong pane of straw-coloured shimmer,
 Across it in a tangent,
 A smear of rose, black, silver.
 Short twists and upstartings,
 Rose-black, in a setting of bubbles:
 Sunshine playing between red and black flowers
 On a blue and gold lawn.
 Shadows and polished surfaces,
 Facets of mauve and purple,
 A constant modulation of values.
 Shaft-shaped,
 With green bead eyes;

Thick-nosed,
Heliotrope-coloured;
Swift spots of chrysolite and coral;
In the midst of green, pearl, amethyst
irradiations.

Outside,
A willow-tree flickers
With little white jerks,
And long blue waves
Rise steadily beyond the outer islands."

CONCLUSIONS

In the foregoing discussion I have pointed the relation which exists between the sound elements of music and poetry, explained the difference which words make in the conveying of sound, set forth the parallels between melody, harmony, and rhythm which exists between poetry and music, and discussed the origin of both and its effect on their form.

I discovered in my reading that there is a formula used to and thought groups which is very similar to a cadence in music. There are several distinct features of these cadences: a close, which uses a very smooth accented rhythm and containing between four and three accents, a close which consists of several very slow words which retard the movement and thus bring a thought group to a conclusion, a cadence which depends on the creation of a feeling of suspension and its resolution, a phrase of definitely concluding nature which is used to establish a mood or tonality and to return to that mood, and the occasional use of a warning word before a rhythmical close which gives the listener notice of the impending close.

I have explained the relationship existing in poetry and music between the compositions which employ the idea of return and repetition. While the practice in poetry is not

so governed by rules as it is in music both poets and composers use the same method for the same end.

I found in my reading certain poems which are developed in the same manner as certain variation forms in music. The first of these types is that which uses a single "melodic" idea or single central theme and varies this by the use of metaphors and similies in such a way that all the different aspects of the thought are set forth in much the same manner that a melody is varied in a Passacaglia. The second of these types is that in which a set "harmonic" pattern-- a stanza form or stanza group is repeated with all of the important words and thoughts the same, only the adjectives and occasionally a figure being changed--is varied in the same way in which a series of harmonies is varied in a Chaconne. I have traced the steps which lead to these two variational types.

I have analyzed a poem in which the poet has attempted to follow the sonata-allegro form and have analyzed and discussed poetry which uses the cyclic form such as is found in the symphony. These forms are not particularly successful as symphonies. They are developed rather in an orchestral manner.

A form which has been used with more success and is probably the classification which the poets who call their

works "symphonies" should use is the suite. The suite is a form which in modern music is very free as to choice of movements and their succession. Many long poems which do not have a definite narrative or are describing different aspects of the same thing use this form very effectively.

Minor considerations which have arisen from the study of the foregoing are the use of the interweaving of ideas and images in such a manner that one seems to be hearing the various themes simultaneously, much as counterpoint occurs in music; the use of tone color--onomatopoeia--for effects of several kinds, nonsense syllables for rhythmical and tonal effects, the use of the same in an attempt to imitate "jazz", a very beautiful and subtle use of onomatopoeia for very delicate atmospheric effects, and a special use of whole series of words, derived from the French, for passages in which there is much action, confusion, and noise; the attempts to imitate musical compositions and the records of personal reactions to musical performances and performers; and lastly, a study of the relationship between modern French Impressionistic music and modern poetry--a debt to the former which is definitely acknowledged by modern poets.

This study has brought to light many practices which are common to both music and poetry and has laid a foundation for a better understanding of methods for procedure in the writing and understanding of modern poetry.

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