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POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

With this verdict I agree in the main. There is an excellent simplicity in Mr. Jones' style, and honesty in his themes. And he does not stop with the surface—he sees through. Besides the poems mentioned above, I like this one, *The Movies*:

They sit like shadows in the playhouse dim
Through half an hour's film of smiles and tears.
They watch life like a shadow flow,
That cannot speak, but only walks and feels.
One thing they do not know:
Within the darkened playhouse of the years,
Themselves like moving pictures come and go
Upon the film of Time in seven reels—
For entertainment of the seraphim.

H. M.

CORRESPONDENCE

I

Dear Editor: I want to submit the following poem, which I think should be interesting and educative—especially to our friends the imagists, the polyrhythmists and other vers-libertines. It is not only, to my mind, an excellent piece of grotesque imagism, but a remarkable experiment in color and strange cadences. The poem follows:

TIOTIO, TIOTIO, TIOTINX.

An enchanted nightingale sits on a red coral bough
In the silent sea,
Singing a song of the loves of my ancestors.
Pearls peer curiously from their shells,
Strange water-flowers shiver with emotion,
Wise sea-snails, with iridescent Chinese towers on their backs,
Crawl out to listen.
Sea-roses blush with a pink confusion;

Correspondence

Sharp, yellow creatures, shaped like stars,
And jelly-fish with a million hues,
Quiver and stretch.
Everything is alive;
The bright swarm crowds and listens . . .

The above lines were written by Heinrich Heine. They may be found in the second series of the *Reisebilder*, in the fifth chapter of the subdivision, *The Book of Ideas*, published in April, 1827.
Louis Untermeyer

II

Dear Editor: Padraic Colum, in his recent article in the *New Republic*, accuses the Imagists of egoism, and quotes together part of a poem by Byron and one of Aldington's, to prove the latter egoistic. He even goes so far as to say that Landor—Landor, who wrote,

I strove with none, for none was worth my strife—
was not egoistic! And of course the Imagists are!

There is no excuse for a lyric poet if he is not going to tell us about himself; about his innermost emotions, his inner being. What business has a poet to try to write about something of which he knows nothing, which is foreign to himself? None whatever. All poets—and not poets only, but all men of ability—have been, and are bound to be, egoists. It is simply a question of self-respect.

Aldington gives in his poem the emotions he experienced, and his shock of horror and pity, on finding in the streets a girl he once knew. Byron, years after parting from the lady, hears her name spoken, and wonders why she deceived

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

him and was unfaithful! Mr. Colum fails to quote the last stanza:

In silence I grieve
That thy heart could forget,
Thy spirit deceive!

Byron flattered himself into thinking himself irresistible. Could egoism go further? Yet both poems are beautiful. What therefore becomes of Colum's argument? Nothing.

John Gould Fletcher

III

Another correspondent informs POETRY that Alan Seeger, the young American poet, member of the Foreign Legion of the French army, whom we mourned as dead in a recent issue, is now reported alive and well. We rejoice with his other friends, and commend our obituary to his indulgent attention.

NOTE ABOUT PRIZES

Once more we remind our contributors that a Prize of One Hundred Dollars, donated to POETRY by the Players Producing Company of Chicago, has been offered for a one-act poetic play in metrical or free verse; the play to be actable, and to be American in subject-matter or substance. It has been decided to extend the time-limit one month. Contestants must send in manuscript before March first, 1916. The name of the author must not be written on the manuscript, but, with the title of the play, on a separate slip of paper. This, with a self-addressed stamped envelope large enough to contain the play, must be enclosed in a sealed blank