

extremely well. Sweetness with Miss Teasdale is seldom cloying. A wise heart, vision, a sense of beauty in simple things: these are hers, and added to them an intellectual grasp of verse technique which gives her the ability to conceive in sentiment and execute in art.

A quiet, gentle voiced, gentle mannered lady with hair between red and gold is Sara Teasdale. She seldom seeks company, yet sees her friends often; her chief surprise for the acquaintance is her sudden sallies of droll and even biting wit. This one finds but infrequently in her poems. Born in St. Louis, she has traveled much abroad. The influence of Italy is noticeable often in her love songs. She lives now in New York City with her husband, Ernest B. Filsinger, a tall dark business gentleman who writes heavy tomes on international trade. Miss Teasdale is a woman of poise and a poet of great distinction. It is unusual for a purely lyric poet to repeat the fine melody of his lyricism so often and so successfully as has she. Her poetry has received the highest critical praise.

"There are, of course, half a hundred more minstrels in these States who please the populace with their amiable tinklings. But these have scarcely a transient claim on our attention. Written around respectable rhymes and irreproachable sentiments, their lines are full of a simpering regularity; they suggest a melody that somehow is not music. They remind one of nothing so much as an air by Chaminade played on a metronome. Or, when they attempt *fortissimo* effects, of the song of the sirens played on a steam calliope. Such familiar blatancies need not detain us; they are evanescent space-fillers and trade goods that are no more related to poetry than they are to immortality. The work of the poets mentioned in the preceding paragraph is lyricism of an entirely different caliber. In taking care of the sounds, these singers have not neglected to look after the sense. Their stanzas are as intellectually candid as they are lyrically refreshing.

"No one of these word-musicians has more completely and melodiously mastered her craft than Sara Teasdale, possibly the most gifted singer of them all. With the utmost simplicity of phrase and style, she achieves effects that are little short of magical; her stanzas, usually without a single figure of speech, are more eloquent than a poet crammed with gorgeous tropes and highly colored similes."—*Louis Untermeyer* in "*The New Era in American Poetry*".

REFERENCES:

The New Era in American Poetry. Louis Untermeyer. HOLT.

SARA TEASDALE

Rivers to the Sea. MACMILLAN.
Flame and Shadow. MACMILLAN.

Of all our soft voiced singers of women's wiles, struggles and passions, Sara Teasdale is probably the most popular female poet. Yet in spite of her popularity, she has preserved her sense of artistry. Her lyrics are often memorable, often beautiful, and only occasionally usual. If she harps somewhat too often on the same string, she still harps

New Voices. Marguerite Wilkinson. MAC-
MILLAN.

A Critical Fable. Anonymous. HOUGHTON
MIFFLIN.

Sara Teasdale's Poems. Marguerite Wil-
kinson. FORUM, February, 1921.

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