

## ELINOR WYLIE

*Nets to Catch the Wind.* HARCOURT, BRACE.

Sparse, brilliant, cold, personal, full of a strange, sharp beauty — such are the lyrics of Elinor Wylie. Mrs. Wylie within the past two years quickly made an impression in the field of American poetry. Hers are the poems of a brooding, sensitive soul, yet of a highly intelligent and analytical one. They are characterized by extreme restraint both of idea and of technique. It is too early in her career to label this characteristic a limitation. So far it has proved to be a mannerism. There is, nevertheless, a quality of almost mystic vision that illuminates her work and gives it power and magic.

"It is a style which, unlike many others, never falls down or turns bad. Its accuracy never misses; its colors are always right—two qualities exceedingly rare in contemporary American verse."—*Edmund Wilson in THE BOOKMAN, February, 1922.*

"Mrs. Wylie, who has just flashed across the poetic horizon with a burnished intellectuality, evidently believes that the world will end in ice. Hers is a congealed brilliance. The world she inhabits is never unreal but it is a world of sudden angles and cold corners seen by moonlight. Emotion is not absent here but it is passion frozen at its source; it glitters but it rarely glows. Mrs. Wylie has made more than an auspicious beginning. But to go farther she must give herself less reservedly."—*Louis Untermeyer in "The New Republic", December 28, 1921.*