

Poems/Gedichte

by/von

Frederick Philip Grove/Felix Paul Greve

Edited with an introduction and notes

by

Gabriele Divay

A Thesis

Submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies
in Partial Fulfillment of the Requirements
for a Degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

Department of German & Slavics
University of Manitoba
Winnipeg, Manitoba

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ISBN 0-315-86031-6

Canada

PEOMS/GEDICHTE BY/VON FREDERICK PHILIP GROVE/FELIX PAUL GREVE

BY

GABRIELE DIVAY

A Thesis submitted to the Faculty of Graduate Studies of the University of Manitoba in partial fulfillment of the requirements for the degree of

MASTER OF ARTS

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ABSTRACT

This comprehensive edition of Frederick Philip Grove's poetry comprises 122 poems stemming largely from his archives at the University of Manitoba. The majority reflect his Canadian creations (75). Most of these are based on a typescript collection entitled Poems: In Memoriam Phyllis May Grove (63 poems), but there are many other manuscript and typed sources as well. Only a selection of twenty-one poems from the In Memoriam collection were ever published under the title From the Dirge in Canadian Forum (April, 1932). The probable date of composition lies between 1927 and 1932, the plan of devoting a cycle to the memory of his only child having originated with her tragic death at the age of twelve in July 20, 1927.

One-third of the corpus (41 poems) are by the author and prolific translator Felix Paul Greve, who disappeared from his native Germany in September, 1909, and who is believed to have assumed a new identity as Grove when he came to Manitoba in December, 1912. While more than half of his poetry (23) was published as Wanderungen in 1902, this edition also includes fifteen poems which were recently discovered by the editor.

Central in position and importance, there are six German manuscript poems by Grove which are extant in his archives. Their thematic, stylistic and formal affinity with Greve's neo-romantic poetry allows for a perfect juncture of the German and the English parts of this edition, and they furthermore confirm the (not totally uncontested) connection between the two authors, since one of Grove's poems was published by Greve in 1907.

The edition is preceded by a substantial introduction, and supplemented with a critical apparatus which includes a concordance to the German and English poetry, an index of first lines, convenient tables, and an extensive bibliography.

Acknowledgements

This edition of Frederick Philip Grove's poetry would have been impossible without the generous support of several people and institutions, to all of whom I hereby wish to express my sincerest gratitude.

For the permission to include the major part of all archival source material, the Archives at the University of Manitoba Libraries and especially my colleague, Dr. Richard Bennett, are most warmly thanked, together with Frederick Philip Grove's son Leonard who so kindly gave his approval to this undertaking. I am particularly indebted to Dr. Ute Oelmann for her cordial reception at the Stefan George Archiv in Stuttgart, her impressive service, and her consent to include seven rare, manuscript poems by Greve (dated August 1902) in this edition. The Deutsche Literaturarchiv in Marbach is fondly remembered for providing an atmosphere congenial to my research needs: there, the amazing Fanny Essler poems were found, and Greve's correspondence with Wolfskehl and Schmitz was fruitfully explored. The University of Maryland at College Park and Dr. Blanche Ebeling-Koninck are gratefully acknowledged for permitting the use of Else Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven's German material which includes evidence related to the Fanny Essler poems presented in this edition. For different, but indispensable support I extend my warmest thanks to my friends Gisi Baronin von Freytag-Loringhoven and Dr. Irene Gammel: with Gisi, I explored Else's papers in Maryland, and we spent countless hours discussing the scandalous Baroness there and in Tübingen. Irenchen's enthusiasm for our shared interest in Grove/ Greve and Else has been and continues to be of contagious inspiration. To Professor Doerksen I am immensely grateful for the invaluable support he has given me in the role of my advisor for many years, and for his patience and kindness; to Professor David Williams, for his pertinent insights into connections between Grove's poetry and Thomas Hardy or other English models, of whom I knew little, and to the University of Manitoba Library's administration for graciously supporting my requests for research leaves and travel grants.

Most of all, I am forever indebted to my excellent life-partner and husband, Robert W. Quackenbush. Without his truly remarkable and indefatigable support in all areas of our life, this edition would never have seen the light of day.

This edition is dedicated to him and to our children Sven, Jan and Saskia.

Introduction

Twenty years ago, D. O. Spettigue discovered that the Canadian author Frederick Philip Grove had spent the first thirty years of his life as Felix Paul Greve in Germany. Greve was a marginal literary figure, and an immensely productive translator of contemporary English and French literature and world classics. For both authors, poetry seems to have played a lesser role than other genres, and yet, their poems provide the most conclusive connection between their two seemingly different identities: among six German poems by Grove, one was published by Greve some twenty years earlier.

Bringing together Grove's largely unpublished poetry¹ and whatever has been unearthed so far of Greve's poems in one critical edition has the purpose of making this important material available to an ever growing scholarly community in Canada and abroad in a single, convenient place. Until now, these poems have been accessible in a fashion only at the University of Manitoba Archives, where they are furthermore divided between the Grove and the Spettigue collections. Some important sources, such as the three German poems in the Grove collection, are either omitted altogether, or misrepresented in the Register which makes their retrieval virtually impossible.

Very little of Grove's poetry ever appeared in print during his lifetime, and critical attention to it is nearly non-existent.² All of

¹ Terrence Craig presented Grove's Poems: In Memoriam Phyllis May Grove in two issues of Canadian Poetry in 1982 and 1985. The second instalment is devoted to The Dirge cycle of the collection. Craig accurately points out that "From the Dirge" in Canadian Forum 1932 is in fact a selection which includes poems from other sections of the In Memoriam collection as well. He provides a useful table correlating the two sources, and lists variants in the end. In a total of three introductory pages, Craig reveals that his is not a critical edition. While he mentions Greve's Wanderungen, he seems uncertain about the extent of Grove's poetry in the University of Manitoba Archives. Neither the Notebook, nor the Selections, nor the Miscellaneous Poems containing Grove's three German poems, is addressed. The numbering he applied is most peculiar: while it may be argued that the two parts of "The Palinode" represent two separate poems, introducing arbitrary numbering in the long Legend of the Planet Mars is unacceptable.

² To my knowledge, the only article devoted to Grove's poetry is by Thomas Saunders in Dalhousie Review, 1963. In 1973, B. Nesbitt presented a paper on Grove's German poems (see Spettigue, p. 144, cited in fn. 5 below), which is

Grove's poems in this edition stem from the University of Manitoba archival collections. In comparison with Grove's, proportionally much of Greve's poetry was published and reviewed, but it is chronologically so remote, and exists in such arcane places by today's standards, that access to it represents practical problems similar to those arising from the consultation of archival materials. Apart from the known sources available in the Grove archives, fifteen newly discovered poems by Greve have been included here,³ eight of which were never published.

Within the first year of his discovery of the Greve/Grove identity in October 1971, Spettigue had secured an impressive host of biographical and literary documents linking the German and Canadian authors. All of them point to Greve's and Grove's identity, but since each point of identification lacks documentary support in itself, their identity is indicated mostly through the cumulative effect of biographical correspondences, such as the same birthdate, slight alterations in names, a German-Russian border town as birthplace, schooling in a Hamburg Gymnasium, studies in Bonn and Munich, etc.

For reasons unknown, the strongest literary connection between Grove and Greve had escaped Spettigue's attention until May, 1973: Grove's manuscript poem "Die Dünen fliegen auf..." (MP 1) is almost identical to "Erster Sturm" which Greve published in the journal Die Schaubühne in 1907.⁴ Ironically, while Spettigue had gathered all available poems by Greve, and Grove's son Leonard had already, in 1968, given him three German poems by Grove, he was unaware of Grove's German poems in Winnipeg.⁵ In May 1973, Spettigue's book

unfortunately omitted from the published proceedings of the Ottawa Grove Symposium. Carleton Stanley addressed Grove's poems in an interesting, long letter to Catherine Grove (29. 12. 1955, Spettigue Collection).

³ Seven manuscript poems were sent to Stefan George in August, 1902; one poem was in a letter to Karl Wolfskehl in October, 1902, and seven poems appeared under the pseudonym Fanny Eßler in Freistatt, 1904-1905.

⁴ For a detailed description of the minor discrepancies between these two poems, see discussion below.

⁵ Greve's poems were found by University of Toronto and Queen's University library staff, and ordered from Marbach on March 18, 1972; Grove's German poems were sent to Spettigue in early 1977 by Raudsepp (see correspondence files in the Spettigue Collection).

FPG: the European Years was in the advanced production stages. This explains why this pivotal information, which to date is still the most conclusive literary evidence that Grove was formerly Greve, was belatedly inserted in a mere nine-line paragraph on p. 144.⁶

Recently, the unpublished autobiography of Else Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven, who was Greve's companion for a decade, has lent direct biographical support to the Greve/Grove identity.⁷ The best previous biographical information was provided in an autobiographical account which Greve submitted to Brümmer, the editor of Lexicon der deutschen Dichter and Prosaisten,⁸ in 1907. It was published in the 1913 edition, and reads like a blueprint of Grove's self-disclosures in his autobiographical novels A Search for America (1927) and In Search of Myself (1946).

This is not the place to provide a detailed account of either Greve's or Grove's lives. Suffice it to recall the most significant dates for both: Greve was born in Radomno which was indeed a "Russian-German border town" after 1918, but not in 1879. He grew up in Hamburg, studied classical philology and archaeology in Bonn and Munich, where he tried to gain acceptance by Stefan George and his

⁶ "This poem has a special interest in the story of Greve-Grove research because it is one of a number of manuscript poems, in German, among the unpublished Grove papers in Canada. It exists both in German and in a typescript in English that is Grove's own translation, entitled 'The Flying Years'. At the Grove Symposium in Ottawa, in May 1973, Bruce Nesbitt delivered a paper on the German poems, including this one, which was on display. At that time, I was able to announce that 'The Flying Years' had been published in 1907 as 'Erster Sturm'." -- Note that the manuscript "Die Dünen fliegen auf..." is untitled, and that Grove's typescript translation has the title "The Dying Year".

⁷ Professors Hjartarson and Spettigue have edited this text from the manuscript version in 1992, but their edition has been difficult to obtain for some obscure reason. All references to Else's autobiography here are to the typescript version (205 p.). Both documents are at the University of Maryland, College Park, and have been available in the University of Manitoba Archives since April 1992 (they were exchanged for a copy of Greve's Fanny Essler novel). -- Else states that she lived with Greve for about ten years, and that she joined him in the "small farmland" in Kentucky where he left her within a year's time (p. 36, 30).

⁸ Greve's submission is dated 6. 3. 1907. While Spettigue presents bits and pieces in translations in his FPG, the full text, in German and in English, is given in Pacey's edition of Grove's Letters, pp. 538-541. The original typescript is property of the Deutsche Staatsbibliothek, Berlin, and can also be consulted in the Spettigue Collection.

circle. He engaged in translations and poetic endeavours in early 1902, while adopting a l'art-pour-l'art attitude which was modelled on Oscar Wilde. To maintain an extravagant lifestyle, he defrauded his study companion from Bonn, Herman Kilian, of the enormous sum of 10,000 Marks, and eloped with the wife of his architect friend August Endell to Palermo, where he continued translating decadent literature for the Insel and Bruns publishers. From May, 1903 to June, 1904 he was jailed for fraud in Bonn, during which period he consolidated his career as a professional translator. For about two years after his prison term he lived with Else Endell, to whom he refers as his wife and whom he credited with the translations of some Flaubert correspondence, first in Switzerland, then in Northern France, and finally in Berlin. In September 1909 he disappeared from the German scene by means of a staged suicide. Joined by Else "Greve"⁹ in Kentucky on a small farm, he left her abruptly in 1911 or 1912. She went on to Cincinnati and New York, where she became as famous for her eccentric conduct as for her artistic endeavours under the name of Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven. He made his way to Manitoba where he assumed Grove's well-documented identity in December 1912.

Grove first taught in the German-speaking district of Haskett in southern Manitoba. He married his fellow-teacher Catherine Wiens in August 1914, on which occasion he claimed to be a 40 year old widower (he was 33).¹⁰ The couple taught in various Manitoba schools until they moved first to Ottawa in 1929, where Grove joined Graphic Publishers until the firm went bankrupt in 1931, then to the

⁹ The recently acquired Schmitz correspondence in Marbach makes it clear that they were not married in late 1906, and suggests that there were legal obstacles: "Ich habe soeben Nachricht erhalten, daß man nach angestellten Recherchen im Begriff steht, die Hindernisse einer Legalisierung meiner Ehe zu beseitigen." (Greve, 14.12.06). August Endell married his second wife Anna Meyn, to whom he had become engaged already in 1904, in January 1909 (Reichel, p. 78). There is conspicuous silence about Endell's first marriage to Else in Reichel's doctoral thesis of 1974! -- Spettigue (1992, p. 25) mistranslates "im Begriff stehen", thus making a fait accompli of a future event.

¹⁰ Marriage certificate, Grove Collection. In December, 1913 Else married "Leo" Baron von Freytag-Loringhoven in New York, and used her maiden name Ploetz on this occasion.

Simcoe estate where Grove died in 1948. His last years were darkened by ailing health after he suffered a crippling stroke in 1944. He had earned a Bachelor's degree from the University of Manitoba in 1922, and he started his prolific literary career the same year with the publication of Over Prairie Trails. During much of 1928, he went from coast to coast on an extensive lecture tour, and he received several awards and honorary degrees during the 1930s and 1940s.

A description of the sources

The sources of the 122 poems included in the present edition are described in more detail below. The chronological arrangement adopted as an organizing principle in this edition is reversed for the description of the source materials: Grove's English poetry, being by far the most substantial source, is described first; Grove's six German poems are second, and make the pivotal transition to Greve's German poetry which will be presented last. The following synopsis provides an orientation to the sources of these three sections:

Grove's English poetry from the Grove Collection consists of:

- Poems: In Memoriam (IM: 63 poems (+1); Box 18, Fd. 11-14)
- IM related: 2 poems (1 concluding IM; SC: Box 11, Fd. 15)
- Notebook (NB: 35 poems; 4 not in IM; Box 18, Fd. 10)
- Notebook (NBLL: 4 poems on sheets, all in IM; Box 18, Fd. 10)
- IM related: 24 poems in Canadian Forum, 1929-1932 (CF, FD)
- IM related: 18 poems in Selections (S: Box 18, Fd. 23)
- IM related: 5 poems in Grove's correspondence (Letters, 1976)
- Miscellaneous Poems (MP: 11 poems; Box 18, Fd.24)

Grove's German manuscript poems consist of two clusters:

- 3 mss. poems in Miscellaneous Poems (MP: Box 18, Fd. 24)
- 3 mss. poems in Spettigue Collection (SC: Box 15)

Greve's poetry consists of the following groups:

- Wolfskehl correspondence (2 poems, 1902; 1 unique).
- Wanderungen (23 poems published privately in 1902)

- Stefan George Archiv (7 manuscript poems, 1902)
- Fanny Essler poems (7 published poems, 1904/1905)
- Miscellaneous (3 published poems in journals, 1904-1907)

The sources of Grove's English poetry

The University of Manitoba acquired the major part of Grove's papers in 1962-1964 from Catherine Grove. The Register of the Frederick Philip Grove Collection (1979) provides a detailed, if at times inaccurate account of the contents placed in 23 boxes. Grove's poetry represented in this edition stems almost exclusively from these archives. External to it are five poems from the Spettigue Collection, three of which are related to Grove's German poetry. Two belong to the single most important group of Grove's English poetry, namely the typescript collection Poems: In Memoriam Phyllis May Grove (63 poems (+1), referred to as IM 1-[32]).

The central In Memoriam collection forms the near-comprehensive basis for Grove's English poetry. Closely related to it are the following secondary sources:

- 39 poems in the Notebook (Box 18, Fd. 10), 35 of which are the manuscript basis for roughly half of the In Memoriam collection, where they are faithfully reflected in typescript. Four of these poems are inserted on loose leaves in the Notebook, but all of these are repeated in In Memoriam. This means, that four poems within the linear sequence of the Notebook proper are unique.

- 24 poems were published in four monthly issues of Canadian Forum between March, 1929 and April, 1932. All are present in the In Memoriam collection.

- 18 poems from the In Memoriam collection are also in Selections (Box 18, Fd. 23).

- only one of 11 poems in Miscellaneous Poems (Box 18, Fd. 24) is included in the In Memoriam collection. Three of them are untitled manuscripts in German.

- 5 poems from the In Memoriam collection are mentioned or cited in Grove's correspondence (Letters, 1976).

Poems stemming from any of these related sources have not been included or repeated in the body of the edition. Major variations are

addressed in the detailed description below, and they are also reported in the footnotes pertaining to their respective IM counterparts. Since the situation of parallel sources can be very confusing at times, it has been considered useful to include here the following overview; it lists all of Grove's English poems in IM order, and indicates other sources in subsequent columns.

More than half of the IM poems (35 of 63) are present as manuscripts in the Notebook. A comparison of IM and NB poems reveals¹¹ that the second part of the 33 Dirge poems (IM 15/1-33) is well represented, while the first twelve are lacking. Most of these Dirge poems in the Notebook may then not be the earliest reactions to the sad occasion which prompted the conception of the In Memoriam cycle; a manuscript source similar to the Notebook and containing the missing poems in the Dirge cycle may either be lost, or still be in private hands. A reference to Leonard Grove's "extensive collection of original manuscripts, both published and unpublished" in the programme of the Grove Colloquium in Simcoe, 1977,¹² confirms that a substantial portion of source material is still inaccessible today. Therefore, only an incomplete genesis of Grove's poetry can be observed at present.

The 24 poems published in Canadian Forum between 1929 and 1932, as well as the 18 poems chosen by Grove for his Selections are without exception present in the In Memoriam collection. In contrast, ten of the eleven poems from the Miscellaneous Poems are unique.

Naturally, poems appearing in more than one or even in all of these sources deserve particular attention. In order to facilitate the orientation to such concentrated emphasis in Grove's poetry, the table of contents indicates additional locations next to the titles. The frame of reference is, as usual, the text represented in this edition, namely the poems stemming from the In Memoriam collection.

¹¹ See the appendix listing the contents of the Notebook in In Memoriam order.

¹² Programme of The Frederick Philip Grove Colloquium: the Work and the Man. Recordings of the presentations are in the University of Manitoba archival tape collection.

Poems such as the four Notebook items not represented in In Memoriam, or ten of the eleven poems in Miscellaneous Poems (MP) are considered "unique". Uniqueness in the present context is generally defined as "not present in the In Memoriam collection". Thus, one of the two English poems from the Spettigue Collection does not exist anywhere in the Grove archives, but it is related to the In Memoriam collection and has therefore been added to the IM sequence of this edition as IM 32. The Legend of the Great Survival, however, which exists both as the untitled manuscript NB 29 and as the typescript MP 11 is considered "unique", since it is unrelated to the IM collection. The Canadian Forum poem From the Dirge no. 16, is an exception: it is an integral part of The Dirge (IM 15/28), but it must be considered "unique" because of its status as an independently published sonnet.

While the other three sources from the Grove archives revolve in one way or another around the In Memoriam cycle, only one of the eleven Miscellaneous Poems is present in the In Memoriam collection: Night Thoughts (MP 10) is identical with the final, untitled poem of The Dirge (IM 15/33).

The Miscellaneous Poems also include three German manuscript poems which are a particular asset to the Grove Collection, as are Grove's English translations of these. The Legend of the Great Survival (MP 11), which is based on manuscript NB 29 and resembles the Legend of the Planet Mars (IM 30 and NB 18) in the final In Memoriam section, is the only independent typescript of an epic narrative. There are also four lyrical poems not found anywhere else. Their tone and stance suggest that they represent the earliest layers of Grove's poetry, and it is not impossible that one day German originals will be found for them in Greve's yet undiscovered publications.

Because of their outstanding importance, the two translations of Grove's German poems (namely, MP 8 and MP 9) are included twice in this edition: once next to their German equivalents, and then again, in a different version and in the context of the collective titles Poems of the Lakes and Woods and Visions, in the section of Unique Poems.

Poems: In Memoriam Phyllis May Grove (63+1 poems; B18, Fd.1-14)

This major source of Grove's poetry exists in neatly typed form in the Grove archives.¹³ The collection contains 63 poems on 92 numbered leaves, and it is fairly symmetrically structured in four parts, not unlike Greve's collection Wanderungen. The initial section is entitled Thoughts, and includes fourteen titled, lyrical poems (IM 1-14). The central part, The Dirge, contains 33 untitled poems which revolve around the theme of his daughter's death, or death in general (IM 15/1-15/33). Landscapes includes thirteen impressionistic, titled poems (IM 16-28), and the final section Legend of the Planet Mars and Other Narratives contains three more or less epic, titled poems (IM 29-31). The epic poem Man Within the Universe (IM 12; 20x4) from the Thoughts section would have been more aptly placed within this final section. All poems but those of the Dirge cycle have titles. The very first IM poem is called Preface. There is no concluding poem in the typescript, but A Dream Vision from the Spettigue Collection has been treated as a postscript here, and is referred to as IM 32.

Poems: In Memoriam Phyllis May Grove can be considered as an edition ready for publication, and it is therefore much like an Ausgabe letzter Hand in the sense that Grove himself organized the material, made very few, last minute manuscript corrections, and otherwise seems to have approved of the overall arrangement and presentation. There is no indication when this preparation was completed, but some general indications support the assumption that it took place just before a selection of twenty-one poems appeared as "From the Dirge" in Canadian Forum in 1932.¹⁴

¹³ The title page simply has: POEMS / Frederick Philip Grove, whereas the next leaf states: IN MEMORIAM / Phyllis May Grove.

¹⁴ I cannot agree with T. Craig's opinion that the typescript was ready for publication in its present form "before 1930", nor that most of the poems "were written soon after July, 1927" (1982, p. 58). Many of the Dirge poems (IM 15/1-33) probably were, but many other poems are of much older inspiration and composition. It is true that in Victoria, in October 1928, Grove announced a poetry collection for 1930 (Pacey, Letters, p. 166, fn. 5), but I believe that this

The entire In Memoriam collection has been carefully reproduced from the typescript in the present edition. As far as possible, the physical aspects of the lay-out have been respected. Wherever indicated, notes refer to particularities of other versions or variant titles in Grove's manuscript Notebook, the poems published in Canadian Forum between 1929 and 1932, those chosen for Grove's unpublished typescript Selections, or to any combination of the possibilities above.

The subtitle of the collection as well as the very design to devote a cycle of old and new poetry to his daughter Phyllis May Grove were occasioned by her sudden death in 1927.¹⁵ Many of the Dirge poems are a direct expression of Grove's grief over this devastating loss. In the earliest known correspondence after the blow,¹⁶ Grove states in a seemingly controlled, brief note to Watson Kirkconnell that he and his wife "have been homeless" since the terrible shock, that the matters related to his daughter's death seem "to have a past link",¹⁷ and that her parents' life seems "extinct". He also cites Horace's Odes I, 18 in Latin to the effect: "What limit could there be to the grief for one so dear."¹⁸ One of Grove's unpublished short stories¹⁹ is a barely veiled revenge fantasy in which he gets even with an incompetent doctor whom he holds responsible for a senseless death which, in his opinion, could have easily been avoided.

Since Grove was always particularly proud of his classical education, the choice of the Latin subtitle may have been inspired by

announcement referred to the twenty-one poems From the Dirge which were published in Canadian Forum in April, 1932.

¹⁵ She was born on August 5, 1915, and died shortly before her twelfth birthday on July 20, 1927 during an appendicitis operation in Minnedosa (Letters, p. 64, n. 1).

¹⁶ "After the Blow" is the title of IM 5, in the initial section Thoughts. It is not present in the Notebook.

¹⁷ This almost sounds like Grove considered the blow as punishment from a higher instance.

¹⁸ 1. 8. 1927, Grove's Letters, p. 64.

¹⁹ Unfortunately, I cannot remember the title of this short story; but, next to "Radio Broadcast", it made the most vivid impression on me when I read many of the unpublished stories (Grove Archives, Box 17, Fd. 16-49) in 1985.

the classical tradition of elegies.²⁰ But then his knowledge of literature in general was immense, and he could have had more modern sources in mind as well. For instance, Grove borrowed the line "Nought we know dies" for the motto of the final poem in the Dirge cycle (IM 15/33)²¹ from Shelley's famous elegy on the death of Keats (1821), Adonais. Tennyson's In Memoriam A. H. H. (1850) devoted 131 sonnet-like poems to the memory of his friend Arthur Hallam and is a possible source of inspiration.²² In relation to his "Dekadenzbuch",²³ Greve compared Tennyson with Browning whom he translated along with numerous other Victorian authors in 1902, and he was probably aware of Matthew Arnold's Thyrsis. Grove referred to Tennyson twice, though hardly in appreciative terms, in letters to Watson Kirkconnell in late 1926 and early 1927²⁴ -- a time preceding his daughter's death by half a year, but also a time of increased preoccupation with his own poetry. German elegies were written by Klopstock, Goethe, Hölderlin, Mörike, and Rilke. As mentioned below in the context of the Palinode (IM 13, CF 3), there is a possible, veiled link to the German baroque poet Hofmannswaldau whom Greve endeavoured to revive in 1907²⁵ and who had compiled a collection of Grabschriften,²⁶ or dirges. Grove named the central

²⁰ Even though Cicero is not renowned for his poetry, his reflections about the death of his beloved daughter Tullia in 45 A.D. resemble the expressions of Grove's grief in the Dirge poems. Famous Roman elegies were written by Tibullus, Propertius, and Ovid.

²¹ This poem exists also as Night Thoughts in the Miscellaneous Poems (MP 10); "Shelley" is specified there after the motto. In Grove's copy of an edition of Shelley's works in two volumes (1919), these words in stanza XX of Adonais are underlined (v. 1, p.459).

²² T. Saunders (p. 237) asserts this dependence point blank.

²³ Letter to Wolfskehl, München, 18. 8. 1902 (Marbach): "Es ...behandelt Lukian, Apuleius, Wilde, Beardsley, Dowson. Ist das nicht eine barocke Zusammenstellung? Es wird ca 150 Druckseiten lang sein." Greve disapproved of a critic who had mentioned that Browning was never as popular as Tennyson. -- It is uncertain if Dekadenz: ein Dialog über Wilde, Beardsley, Dowson was ever published (Spettigue, p. 237).

²⁴ Grove's Letters, p. 49 and 51.

²⁵ Hofmannswaldau, Auserlesene Gedichte, Insel, 1907. J. Ettliger passed a devastating judgement on Greve's selection, but thought even less of Blei's lurid choices in his Lustwäldchen (Das Litterarische Echo X (1907), col. 19-23.

cycle of his collection The Dirge,²⁷ and a substantial selection from the In Memoriam collection in Canadian Forum was entitled "From the Dirge".

The time of composition of the poems represented in the In Memoriam complex cannot be determined with certainty, but their inspirational impulses appear to range from 1909 (and earlier times!) to 1932. Only one of the fourteen poems in the initial section Thoughts (IM 1-14) specifies a time or place: The Sacred Death (IM 14) is dated 1924, and has a reference to the death of "P. McI". While none of the Dirge poems (IM 15/1-33) has dates, several address the traumatic loss Grove suffered in July, 1927 in often moving imagery. In the section following The Dirge (Landscapes, IM 16-28), six of thirteen poems include dates or dedications at the bottom of the page: At Sea, Nova Scotia, 1909 (IM 16), Embattled Skies and Night in the Hills, both 1924 (IM 17-18), Dejection, 1914 (IM 19), The Sluice, 1923 (IM 21), and Dawn, 1922 (IM 22). In the fourth and final section of the collection, only the Legend of the Planet Mars (IM 30) is dated 1915.²⁸ Note that all of these explicit dates precede the death of Phyllis May Grove in July, 1927, that a number of the poems in the Dirge are not directly related to this loss, and that these, as the majority in other sections, also fail to provide any clues as to the probable time of either inspiration or composition.

For further indications as to when Grove was working on or preoccupied with his major poetry collection, a description of the other three closely related sources (NB, CF/FD, and S) is necessary. This scrutiny, supported by a few revealing reflections of poetry in Grove's correspondence, will then allow us to make some tentative remarks concerning a possible genesis and filiation.

²⁶ Hofmannswaldau, 100 in kurtz-langmäßigen vierzeiligen Reimen bestehende Grabschriften (1663). Twelve of these are included in Greve's selection. Many other of Hofmannswaldau's poems chosen by Greve are sonnets.

²⁷ There is a poem called "Dirge" in the edition of Tennyson's poetry in Grove's possession. But it is neither annotated, nor does it bear any resemblance to Grove's dirges.

²⁸ A list of dedications, dates, and locations in IM, Selections, and other sources is included in the appendices.

Poems from the Spettigue Collection

This small, but important cluster includes three German manuscript poems which are described below in the context of Grove's German poetry. There is also a typescript of two English poems related to the In Memoriam collection. "A Dream Vision", which is lacking from the IM typescript in the Grove Archives and has an explanatory manuscript note written alongside:

"One night, shortly after the little girl's death, when for many nights the writer had had no sleep because he was so profoundly disquieted by the mysteries of life and death which surround us on all sides, he at last sank away into some sort of restless rest, and his eyelids closed. But they had hardly done so when a vision harried his absent mind; and shortly he awoke in a sweat. He rose, lighted a lamp, and went down into his study where he tried briefly to record what he had seen."²⁹

It appears to have been meant as either introduction or conclusion to the Dirge poems proper (IM 15/1-33). However, since indications as to Grove's intentions are lacking, and its function and place within the In Memoriam complex remains uncertain, it has been appended to the collection as IM [32].³⁰ Attached to "A Dream Vision" is an untitled poem marked with the Roman numeral VI which indicates that this poem was targeted for a selection or publication. Through the First-line index provided in the appendices of this edition, it could be identified as The Pool (IM 28) which also exists as no. 16 of Selections.

The Notebook (35 + 4 poems, Box 18, Fd. 10)

Grove's Notebook is a black ledger with unpaginated lined paper which I numbered for convenience sake as 49 leaves. A small white

²⁹ This note has also been reproduced on p. 153.

³⁰ IM [32] represents therefore the final, 64th poem of In Memoriam.

label on the front cover states in three lines: Poems / F. P. G. / Address "Books". In straightforward fashion, and for the most part also in amazingly tidy handwriting, the Notebook contains 35 poems which are referred to here as NB 1-35. There are also three loose sheets with four additional poems (NBLL 1-4), and an inserted page with a variant beginning of Konrad The Builder (NB 35). All 39 NB poems are listed in two tables in the appendices of this edition, once in NB order, and then again in IM order. This facilitates a detailed comparison, some aspects of which are highlighted below.

With rare exceptions, the Notebook poems are untitled and undated. Some have metrical notations in the margin. Frequently, a title (or, for The Dirge poems, a Roman numeral) is pencilled in the lower corner of the page to indicate the place assigned in the In Memoriam collection.

On several occasions, the situation in the Notebook becomes extremely complicated. This is notably the case towards the end of the ledger where NB 26 (IM 19) is pasted over a heavily corrected version of NB 27 (IM 21), or where NB 32 (IM 15/24) is hidden under NB 31 (IM 15/30). Especially confusing is the situation concerning NB 33 (IM 15/29) which covers the first four of the six stanzas forming NB 34 (IM 15/28).³¹ All these instances are described in notes pertaining to the respective IM poems in the corpus of the edition.

The inside of the front cover contains the beginning of an essay on realism which Grove may have presented to the Canadian Authors' Association in mid-1925.³² With other fragments of

³¹ This last mentioned case concerns the poem Dirge XXVIII (IM 15/28: 8x4, 2x3) which was divided into two poems in From the Dirge (1932); it was apparently still under construction in November 1928 (see discussion of Grove's correspondence below). In the Notebook, NB 34 has 6 stanzas, just like FD 15; stanza 5 is visible beneath the covering sheet containing the four quatrains of NB 33 (IM 15/29), while stanza 6 is continued on the verso. (It has to be seen to be believed). It is then followed by an untidy, earlier version of NB 33. On the next page, the final Notebook entry Konrad the Builder (NB 35) begins.

³² So suggested in Register, p. 61. See also Grove's letter printed in The Bookman of November, 1925, and Pacey's notes in Letters, pp. 22-23. The CAA meeting took place in June.

criticism on books, fiction,³³ and Thomas Hardy,³⁴ this essay is continued from the back of the ledger. A good part of the final epic poem Konrad (NB 35)³⁵ is therefore facing tightly written, but inverted manuscript prose. Presumably, Grove started using the notebook from the back after filling the regular page sequence with poems which are therefore of earlier composition.

Critical essays on fiction, realism and Hardy were published between 1929 (It Needs to be Said) and 1932/33 (in University of Toronto Quarterly). An article in Grove's Archives on the novel has the word "printed" written on the typescript, and is likely to belong to the same period.³⁶

Grove's preoccupation with Hardy at this time is of great relevance to his poetry.³⁷ Grove's personal copy of Hardy's poetry (1926) is heavily annotated, and a direct influence must be assumed. Several poems in the table of contents have Grove's remark "Heinesque!" written next to them, pointing to further intertextual discourses in Grove's poetic creativity. Carleton Stanley had astutely noted that Grove's poems reminded him of Heine.³⁸

The presence of several grief poems in the beginning of the Notebook³⁹ suggests that they were composed in reaction to his daughter's death on July 20, 1927. While there is no certainty in these matters, my impression is that most of the Dirge poems in the Notebook were created around that time, whereas the majority of the Thoughts and Landscapes poems represent earlier, and in part very

³³ The titles are in turn: "Books: Why Read Books?"; "The Value of Art in Life"; "The Happy Ending"; and "Realism in Literature".

³⁴ This fragment is inserted on two loose leaves. "Thomas Hardy: A Critical Examination of a Typical Novel and His Shorter Poems" appeared in July, 1932 in UTQ 1, pp. 490-507.

³⁵ Notably on leaves [40-49]. Konrad covers both sides of leaves [36-39], then only on the right hand side of the next ten leaves.

³⁶ Register, p. 54.

³⁷ I am much indebted to Professor David Williams, University of Manitoba, for making me aware of the similarity between Grove's In Memoriam and Hardy's Wessex poems, in particular. By a curious coincidence, I catalogued Grove's copy of Hardy's poetry only a few days after he made his observations.

³⁸ In his letter to Catherine Grove, 29. 12. 1955 (Spettigue Collection).

³⁹ Especially NB 3-6 (IM 15/14-16,20).

early creations. All of the epic poems seem to belong to earlier strata of composition as well.

It is particularly interesting to note that the fifteen Dirge poems in the Notebook correspond to the second half of the 33 poems of this cycle within a cycle: the first twelve are lacking there altogether, the ten and twenty ranges are relatively well represented,⁴⁰ while IM 15/31-32 are inserted only in loose-leaf form, and the concluding Dirge poem IM 15/33 (with the motto "Nought we know dies..." taken from Shelley's Adonais) is identical with Night Thoughts from the Miscellaneous Poems (MP 10), all eleven of which are definitely early compositions.

Given that the Notebook contains more than half of the IM typescript (35 of 63), one wonders if a similar source containing the remainder, namely the eighteen missing Dirge poems and ten poems from other sections of the In Memoriam collection, might not exist somewhere. As mentioned before,⁴¹ Grove's son Leonard may unknowingly have these conspicuously absent manuscripts; the University of Manitoba Grove Archives unfortunately do not.

Only four of the 39 NB poems⁴² are not present in the Poems: In Memoriam collection. Two of these are the lyrical poems "Discordant strains..." (NB16) and Dejection (NB 25), both of which Grove had crossed out and marked with the note "rejected". The other two poems are the narrative poems NB 29 and NB 35. Konrad the Builder (NB 35) is a fragment unique to the Notebook. The Legend of the Great Survival (NB 29) also exists in typescript in Miscellaneous Poems (MP 11). These four poems are included here in the section of Unique Poems. The epic poems are placed in continuation of the last section of the In Memoriam cycle, which contains similar "narratives".

⁴⁰ Lacking are: IM 15/18, 22, 23, 25, 27.

⁴¹ See fn. 12 above. A note added by Catherine Grove on A Dream Vision (IM [32] from the Spettigue Collection) suggests that she kept some poems to herself: "Similarly, Phil has written on most of the poems which I have, and which he left in an envelope marked "Property of Catherine Grove."

⁴² They are not the four poems inserted on loose leaves, all of which are included in IM! Only a loose-leaf variant beginning of Konrad is not.

For Konrad, the transparent intertextual reference to Goethe's Faust -- Konrad is yet another of Grove's Promethean or "Faustian" self-representations, and apart from the vague medieval setting, the presence of a blond and blue-eyed Margaret (Gretchen) makes the parallel more than obvious -- have been confirmed beyond any doubt: Grove's library contains two editions of this text. One is published by Kröner in Germany [ca. 1918], and contains no annotations. The other is an American edition in which Grove reacted spontaneously to the editor's English notes about the German text -- often negatively ("what nonsense!", etc.), but invariably displaying an intimate knowledge of the text.

Overall, the distribution of the NB poems in relation to the In Memoriam cycle is as follows: 35 of the 39 NB poems are included in the IM collection; 8 of 14 are present in Thoughts; 15 of 33 in The Dirge; 10 of 13 in Landscapes; and 2 of 3 in the Legends.

Various corrections in the Notebook reveal furthermore that the In Memoriam versions reflect the manuscript texts exactly which indicates that they were carefully typed directly from the ledger. Most discrepancies are minor, and affect mainly punctuation. The most significant lexical variation occurs in The Preface (NB 7, IM 1)⁴³ where the typed version replaces manuscript "Life" with "God" in the closing line.

Noteworthy are the two following surprises of a different kind: next to NB 31 (IM 15/30), there are eleven monograms combining Grove's, Catherine's and Phyllis May's initials. Some look similar to the monogram appearing in 1946 on the cover of In Search of Myself. Scribbled in the margin of NB 32 (IM 15/24) which is covered with NB 31 (IM 15/30) and the monograms, one finds the intriguing note "Jane Atkinson, by Andrew R. Rutherford". Rutherford is the alleged maiden name of Grove's mother, and a "great-uncle" of this name also occurs in In Search of Myself and Grove's

⁴³ This introduction to the In Memoriam collection was placed as the conclusion of the selection From the Dirge (FD 21) in 1932. "Life" only appears in the manuscript version in the Notebook.

conversations.⁴⁴ Jane Atkinson is the fragment of an unpublished novel, which Grove apparently intended to publish under the Rutherford pseudonym.⁴⁵ He had proposed it once before to McClelland & Stewart in 1919 for his first book publication Over Prairie Trails (1922).⁴⁶ The grandfather of Greve's close friend Kilian was the famous Scottish jurist Lord Andrew Rutherford Clark. Pacey and his assistant Mahanti found Kilian's daughter in 1973 in Bonn: her first name was Jane, and it is likely that she was named after Kilian's mother.⁴⁷

As mentioned before, nearly half (28 of 63) of the IM poems are lacking in the Notebook, and further manuscript sources must be considered lost at this time. From the proportions outlined, it follows that missing manuscripts largely affect the first two sections of the cycle, namely Thoughts (6 of 14) and The Dirge (18 of 33), and that they are probably of earlier composition than those in the Notebook which contains most of the poems in the last two sections Landscapes and Legends.

The following two sources are closely related to the In Memoriam collection in the sense that all twenty-four poems published in Canadian Forum between 1929-1932 and the eighteen poems assembled in Selections at an unspecified point in time were obviously chosen from this pivotal source of Grove's poetry. Only nine of the Canadian Forum poems (about one-third), but thirteen of those in Selections (more than two-thirds) can be correlated to original manuscripts in the Notebook.

⁴⁴ In Search of Myself, p.145. -- Grove to Carleton Stanley, March 12, 1946: "My wife says I am to see you shortly. I'll tell you then about Rutherford." (Letters, p. 497).

⁴⁵ Grove Archives, Box 13, Fd. 5-8 (typescript).

⁴⁶ Pacey, Letters, p. xxv, fn. 3.

⁴⁷ Pacey Collection, National Archives, Box 34, Fd. G. Also, in Pacey, 1974, and in Grove, Letters, p. xxv, where Rutherford is spelled "Rutherford" (the index, however, and p. 498, n. 6 spell Rutherford, as does Grove).

Canadian Forum, 1929-1932 (24 poems)

In March 1929, Grove published his first poem Science (IM 3) in Canadian Forum.⁴⁸ It was followed in November of the same year by Indian Summer⁴⁹ (IM 24), and in September, 1930 by The Palinode (IM 13).⁵⁰ None of these poems is present in the Notebook, whereas nine of the following poems are: in April 1932, the journal printed twenty-one numbered poems under the collective title From the Dirge.⁵¹ These 24 poems represent the entire corpus of Grove's poetry publications known to date, and they account for about one third of the 75 English poems in this edition.

Given the importance Grove attributed to the three poems he chose for individual publication in Canadian Forum in 1929 and 1930, a closer description seems indicated.

Science from the Thoughts section has twelve quatrains in which the theme of knowledge and ignorance is explored. Man's ignorance is described through a hyperbolic variation of the Platonic cave allegory: not only does man fruitlessly grope in the dark, he is represented as nothing but "a sightless eft".⁵² In an ontological perspective, the conflict between personal ambitions and real life which is predominant in Grove's German poems prevails in this poem again. The solution proposed to alleviate a dismal condition is also the same for the personal and the universal setting: it is "to dream a world not lost in utter night".⁵³ In spite of the Platonic model, this poem conveys a sense of typical Nietzschean nihilism, and the concept of dreaming up a world is strongly reminiscent of Schopenhauer's Die Welt als Wille und Vorstellung (1819; the English translation is The World as Will and Idea).

⁴⁸ Canadian Forum IX, p. 206.

⁴⁹ Canadian Forum X, p. 56.

⁵⁰ Canadian Forum X, p. 444. Even though it is almost a year later, it is still no. X

⁵¹ Canadian Forum XII, p. 257-261. Craig (1985) does not mention the other three, singly published poems from the In Memoriam collection.

⁵² Science, st. 1, v. 1. An "eft" appears to be some kind of lizard.

⁵³ Science, st. 1, v. 1.

Five months before its publication, Grove had presented Science to the Victoria Branch of the Canadian Authors' Association in October 1928, and the local Daily Times had reported two days later about his "inspired verse, unusual examples of which he read to an appreciative audience."⁵⁴

Indian Summer (IM 24) is from the Landscapes section following the Dirge poems. It combines the lyrical description of a fall day with reflections about the narrator's life season. The day is full of peaceful melancholy, as is Grove's mood. Like Moses, he reflects on life and death, and he expresses sadness over the loss of his daughter which has left a void in his life.

The role of Nietzschean prophet and seer which Grove often appropriated for himself⁵⁵ is tempered here by his tragic personal experience. One cannot help comparing this poem with Grove's and Greve's Erster Sturm where the fall theme is an allegorical, tempestuous force of nature, and life is represented as condensed, dynamic action -- what a contrast with the static, contemplative attitude in the fall poem by the mature author!⁵⁶ Grove must have been particularly fond of this poem, since only a year and a half later, he published it again as no. XX of From the Dirge. It is, however, absent from the Notebook and Selections.

The Palinode (IM 13) from the Thoughts section demonstrates Grove's extensive knowledge of poetic forms: in part one, seven stanzas reflect on life, man, and the impossibility of knowledge; they are mirrored by the seven stanzas of part two, where life's purpose and pattern are viewed less negatively since the eternal realm of the

⁵⁴ Pacey, Letters, p. 166, fn. 5.

⁵⁵ Most notably in the fairly obvious imitation of Nietzsche's Also sprach Zarathustra (1883-1887), Grove's "Saint Nishiwara" fragment (Box 18, Fd. 9). These sixty numbered aphorisms have been published, in 1986, in A Stanger to My Times, p. 83-87; there is no reference to Nietzsche in the short introduction.

⁵⁶ Grove was fifty years old in 1929, Greve was twenty-eight when Erster Sturm was published in 1907. -- Else Barones von Freytag-Loringhoven used elements of Greve's poem in her poem "Schalk" (in some variants entitled "Herbst"), combining them and the Petrarchan Fanny Essler sonnets in a bitter squaring of accounts with the faithless lover who abandoned her in Kentucky.

soul can at times be known intuitively. The printing enhances visually the symmetry by placing both parts next to each other. This effect is lost in the linear arrangement of the In Memoriam typescript, where part two refers to the Greek poet Stesichoros who is believed to have written the first palinode on Helena. Both Greve and Grove took great pride in their classical philological education.

A palinode is an ode followed by a counter-ode, and it was frequently used in Baroque literature. A common theme was, as in Grove's poem, praise and contempt of the world. It is not without relevance to note that in 1907 Greve edited poetry by Hofmannswaldau (1617-1679) who, incidentally, also published Grabschriften (1663), or funeral lamentations - in other words, dirges.

The situation of From the Dirge (FD) is structurally quite complex. To say the least, the title is misleading in the sense that one third of the 21 poems do not belong to The Dirge (IM 15/1-33) in the In Memoriam collection. The IM order listing of the Canadian Forum poems in the appendices reveals that 4 are from Thoughts, 14 from The Dirge, and 3 from Landscapes. The arrangement of these poems as shown in the CF order listing suggests that the Dirge cycle within the IM cycle is particularly well represented: FD 2, 5-17 appear like a tidy selection from the IM 15/1-33 sequence.⁵⁷

Poems chosen from the sections framing the Dirge cycle are, overall, not much less regular: FD 1, 3-4 correspond to the Thoughts poems The Spectral Past (IM 9), The Gods (IM 2), and After the Blow (IM 5) -- and only the first poem is curiously unlike the IM layout. Its manuscript equivalent is one of the loose leaves in the Notebook; being written on the verso of an advertisement of A Search for America by Graphic Publishers, late 1927 could be the date of its composition.⁵⁸ FD 18-20 follow the IM order of Landscapes, (IM 20,

⁵⁷ Namely IM 15/2 and 15/4-5, 7, 10, 17-19, 23-24, 26, 28 [2x], 30. For an informative comparison, see the CF/FD and CF/FD in IM order lists in the appendices.

⁵⁸ Grove's first autobiographical novel was published in October, 1927. A line of The Spectral Past was also cited in a letter to Watson Kirkconnell in March 1929 (Letters, p. 264-265; Pacey (n. 6) does not identify the title, since he refers only to the published poem which is untitled).

23-24) perfectly. However, the final From the Dirge poem (FD 21) is strikingly out of order; it actually corresponds to the initial poem of the entire In Memoriam collection, The Preface (IM 1) from Thoughts.

So, while 19 of the 21 poems From the Dirge adhere closely to the sequence of the master collection, two from the initial Thoughts section do not. Since they affect the opening and the closing of the published selection, this irregularity was no doubt deliberately applied to provide an appropriate frame.

The conclusions drawn earlier from the Notebook evidence, namely that the first half of the In Memoriam collection is more fluctuating and less documented with extant manuscript sources than the second half, seems confirmed by the fact that the nine poems From the Dirge present in the Notebook cluster around the higher numbered entries there -- given the linear nature of this source, this means later rather than earlier composition. Referring to the In Memoriam order of the FD poems, we find first NB 7, NB loose leaf 1 (both from Thoughts, IM 1 and 9), then NB 11, 15 (both from The Dirge, IM 15/17 and 15/19) followed by NB 32, 23, 34, 31 (IM 15/24, 26, 28, 30), and finally NB 17 from Landscapes (IM 20).

Almost all From the Dirge poems deviate little from the IM typescript other than in punctuation. In four noteworthy instances, a stanza present in the IM collection is missing in the corresponding publication: FD 1 lacks the last stanza of The Spectral Past (IM 9); FD 5 omits stanza 2 of The Dirge IV (IM 15/4), FD 12 lacks the second stanza of IM 15/23, and FD 17 omits the final stanza of IM 15/30. FD 15 has changed "firm flesh" in IM 15/28, st.1-6 and NB 34 to "soft flesh" in the first quatrain which is a clear lexical improvement. FD 19 has corrected "October blasts" (IM 23, st.1) into more appropriate "November blasts".

An interesting situation arises from FD 15 and 16: FD 15 repeats the six manuscript stanzas of NB 34.⁵⁹ FD 16 appeared to be a unique

⁵⁹ This poem was unfinished in November, 1928 when Grove sent it to Kirkconnell! Only st. 1, 4-6 were ready then (Letters, p. 208-209). The corresponding NB 34 (IM 15/28, st. 1-6, and FD 15), is the last entry before the

poem at first sight. However, the corresponding Dirge poem in the In Memoriam typescript (IM 15/28) has 8 stanzas of 4, and 2 stanzas of 3 lines. This means that the last four stanzas of IM 15/28 were published as the independent sonnet FD 16. Given this special status, FD 16 has been included in this edition as a unique poem.

Selections (18 poems, Box 18, Fd. 23)

Grove chose eighteen poems from the In Memoriam cycle for another collection which he probably meant to publish like the twenty-one poems in From the Dirge. Whether this plan was made before or after the Canadian Forum publication in 1932 is unclear, but in either case, the Selections appear to be intended as a representative sampler of Grove's comprehensive In Memoriam collection, and have complementary character: Grove's choice carefully excludes most of the Dirge poems, whereas the published selection draws heavily on them. The other In Memoriam sections are proportionally better represented. However, while the respective parts chosen for both selections seem carefully balanced in order to be mutually exclusive, no less than five poems are duplicated.⁶⁰ This could indicate that Selections represents an earlier attempt at publication which was aborted in favour of the structurally more accomplished From the Dirge complex.

The arrangement in Selections follows the order of the IM collection in all respects, suggesting that the selected poems were indeed taken from the In Memoriam typescript as we know it in a linear fashion, and without the intent to create a coherent, thematic subgroup as in From the Dirge. There is an overall title, "Selections from Poems by Frederick Philip Grove", and partial titles refer to the four sections known from the In Memoriam collection. From Book I: Thoughts and Images includes six of the fourteen poems in the initial

lengthy Konrad fragment, and is partly covered with "Who would have told me..." (NB 33, IM 29).

⁶⁰ S 1 is also FD 3; S 2 is FD 4; S 8 exists as FD 11; S 11 is FD 18; and S 13 corresponds to FD 19.

IM group.⁶¹ From Book II: The Dirge represents only two of the thirty-three Dirge poems, namely IM 15/14 and 15/19.⁶² From Book III: Landscapes includes eight of the thirteen poems in the equivalent IM section,⁶³ and From Book IV repeats The Legend of the Planet Mars (IM 30), and Ahasuerus (IM 31), omitting only The Eagles (IM 29)⁶⁴ from the final IM group.

There is little variation in these poems in comparison to their respective counterparts in In Memoriam, but dates and circumstances specified in IM are present in the Selections with additional details in the following five cases:

The Sacred Death (S 6) spells out the initials "P.McI." in IM 14 as "Death of Peter McIlvride"; the date 1924 is the same.⁶⁵

For Dejection (S 10), the date is 1913, not 1914 as in IM 19, and the location "Pembina Mountains" is added. This difference of one year has important implications for the possible biographical inspiration: in 1913, the depressed feelings reflected in Dejection suggest reminiscences of Grove's first year in Canada, and are therefore unrelated to his involvement with Catherine Wiens, to whom he proposed in 1914.⁶⁶ Since Grove had abandoned his long-

61 Two of these are repeated in From the Dirge: S 1/IM 2 and S 2/IM 5 are FD 3 and 4. -- S 1-6 correspond to IM 2, 5-8,14. Only S 5/IM 8 and S 6/IM 14 have a manuscript correspondent in the Notebook (NB 9 and 21).

62 S 7/IM 15/14 has a manuscript antecedent in NB 3; S 8/IM 15/19 exists both as NB 15 and as no. XI of From the Dirge.

63 S 9-18 are also IM 16, 19-21, 23, 25, 27 and 28. All have Notebook equivalents, except for S 13, Fall (IM 23) which was published as FD 19. S 11/IM 20 (The Dunes) is also FD 18.

64 This poem resembles Greve's and Grove's German poetry by its Promethean theme, as does "the wanderer" Ahasuerus.

65 Pacey has a biographical note about this farmer of Rapid City who died in 1925 (Letters, p. 167, fn. 2).

66 They were married on August 2, 1914. However, in December 1913, Grove wrote to Warkentin: "Did I tell you that I am going to get married soon?" (Letters, p. 10). It is not likely that this referred to plans with the future Catherine Grove. The tone of Grove's first letters in June 1914 is still fairly distant, and in a long, confessional letter to Warkentin in February 1914, he referred to five-year-old marriage plans having "gone to smash" at Christmas 1913 in "Arkansas" (Letters, p. 13). It is not altogether impossible that Grove tried to reconcile with Else. -- Note that one of the unique poems in the Notebook is also entitled "Dejection". Grove crossed it out, and wrote "rejected" in the right hand margin.

time companion Else in 1911/1912 in a rather cowardly way, he had ample reason to feel guilty and depressed.

The Sluice (S 12) is dated 1923 as is IM 21, but adds the geographical location "At the sluice of the Little Saskatchewan". In the Notebook version (NB 27), the title was "Past & Future", but The Sluice was pencilled in the bottom corner.

At Sea (S 9) repeats the earliest of all acknowledged dates and the location "Nova Scotia, 1909", just as in IM 16. Since Greve disappeared from Germany in September of that year, and came to North America by boat "via Canada",⁶⁷ this poem is an extremely valuable biographical confirmation for the Greve/Grove identity.

Fall (IM 23) is expanded to Fall in Manitoba in S 13. The untitled From the Dirge version has corrected "October blasts" to "November blasts" which can be considered a definite improvement over the versions in In Memoriam and Selections; this correction might therefore be used as an argument for the posteriority of the Canadian Forum poems in relation to Selections.

Early poems from IM's initial part Thoughts which are lacking in the Notebook (namely IM 2, 5-7) are present here as S 1-4.⁶⁸ That the remaining fourteen selections (S 5-18) are all represented in the Notebook⁶⁹ points once again to the likelihood of a missing manuscript source.

An intriguing detail in the Selections is the typed Roman numeral VII on Questions Reasked (S 4). The title was added in pencil beside it. This poem is no. 7 in the In Memoriam cycle, and it is absent in the Notebook. With near-certainty, Goethe can be assumed as a direct source of inspiration: an English edition of Goethe's poetry (in German) in Grove's library is heavily annotated, and reveals that Grove was impressed by part three of Goethe's poem no. 112, "Gott, Gemüt und Welt" which reads:

⁶⁷ Freytag-Loringhoven's autobiography, p. 33.

⁶⁸ The Gods (S 1/ IM 2) and After the Blow (S 2/ IM 5) are also From the Dirge III and IV.

⁶⁹ With the sole exception of S 13, Fall (IM 23 and FD 19).

"Wie? Wann? und Wo? -- Die Götter bleiben stumm!

"Du halte dich ans Weil und frage nicht: Warum?"⁷⁰

While the text is unmarked, Grove translated the interrogatives in line two of the poem in the notes section: "weil : whence / warum : whereto (wozu)".⁷¹ The opening and closing lines of Questions Reasked are: "What are we? Whence? And whither are we bound?".

An untitled poem carrying the Roman numeral VI is attached to A Dream Vision from the Spettigue Collection (IM 32). This poem, the The Pool, is no. 16 of Selections, and no. 28 of In Memoriam, and also exists in the Notebook (NB13). The version in the Spettigue Collection differs from IM 28 in several respects, but is close to the manuscript. Most notable is the shift from addressing his daughter directly in precious "thee" and "thy" forms to a third-person perspective with simpler "she" and "her" pronouns. Neither one of these two neatly typed poems (S 4 and SC/S 16) was published in From the Dirge which selection also includes seven numbered, but untitled, poems which do have titles in the In Memoriam collection.⁷²

The enigmatic Roman numerals VII and VI⁷³ seem to suggest that Grove considered the publication of poetry in several unknown constellations possibly even before the Notebook entries were written, and long before the In Memoriam typescript was finalized. These two poems are thematically related in their romantic and idealistic reflections on the world, life and death: Plato is mentioned explicitly in the first, the image of the pool as a mirror of the soul is the topic of the second. They are both strongly reminiscent of Grove's "Shelley poem", Night Thoughts, where death (and Phyllis May's

⁷⁰ Goethe's Poems. Selected and edited, with an introduction and notes, by Charles Harris. Boston: D. C. Heath & Co., [1899], p. 129. -- Greve as well reflects Goethe's poem in his sonnet Herakles Farnese: "Solange du ums Wie, Wozu nicht wusstest..." (st. 3, l. 2).

⁷¹ In the editor's comment "We can only know what exists (das Weil), however much we speculate...", Grove underlined "what", and put a question mark in the margin.

⁷² Namely, FD 1, 3-4, 18-21.

⁷³ VII on S 4/IM 7, and VI on the Spettigue Collection's equivalent of S 16/IM 28, and NB 13. Note that VII corresponds to the seventh poem of Thoughts, but that VI is in fact no. 8 of Landscapes.

death) is the theme, and in which also "thee and "thy" pronouns are employed in both versions, MP 10 and IM 15/28. Most other poems in Miscellaneous Poems being clearly romantic⁷⁴ and neo-romantic⁷⁵ as well, and having collective titles like Poems of the Lake and Woods and Visions, one suspects that they are relatively old examples of Grove's "Gedankenlyrik", or philosophical poetry, and that they were prepared for publication around the same time. While The Pool and Night Thoughts do incorporate his personal experience of loss (sometimes in the final stanza only, like an after-thought!), they may have been reworked after his daughter's death precisely to find a place in the nascent In Memoriam collection. The remainder of these poems is quite impersonal, and only Questions Reasked is included in IM Thoughts.

Although it is possible that both From the Dirge (1932) and Selections were assembled and typed from the Notebook and other assumed manuscript sources, this is a highly unlikely conjecture: they are clearly "selected" from the most comprehensive typescript corpus,⁷⁶ they both repeat about one third of this authoritative collection,⁷⁷ and they carefully emphasize different sections of it. From the Dirge uses almost half of the 33 Dirge poems, Selections only two. In contrast, From the Dirge includes only four of the 14 Thoughts poems, three of the 13 Landscape poems, and none of the "legends", while Selections incorporates the relatively high proportion of six and eight poems respectively, and includes furthermore two of three poems from Legends. Also, the order of the In Memoriam poems is closely adhered to in From the Dirge in 1932, the three poems which may seem somewhat erratically placed in this

⁷⁴ MP 5, Retrospection: Life as a dream; MP 6, The Sonnet, the pool (again!) and the sea as metaphors for Life and Time; "thou" is used in the last line.

⁷⁵ MP 7-9 are allegories Night, Fall and Winter/Death, using supernatural elements.

⁷⁶ Only four Notebook poems (two of which are marked "rejected") and six Miscellaneous Poems (which include two English translations of the German manuscripts!), therefore, a total of ten poems are not represented in In Memoriam.

⁷⁷ 21 and 18 of 62, respectively.

perspective⁷⁸ being deliberately transferred in the interest of thematic unity. The poems in Selections follow the In Memoriam sequence without a single exception.

Reflections of Grove's poetry in his correspondence

Desmond Pacey's masterly edition of Grove's correspondence allows us some glimpses into the genesis of five poems.

The first evidence of Grove's poetry in the correspondence is reflected in a letter to his wife on October 6, 1928. Grove is on his second lecture tour to western Canada,⁷⁹ and he reports that in a reading to the local chapter of the Canadian Authors' Association in Victoria he "recited 'Science' from my poems. They did not know, of course, what to make of it."⁸⁰ To judge from an account in the Victoria Daily Times two days after this event, Grove had indeed managed to shock the audience; he also had announced impending publication of his poetry: "A collection of his inspired verse, unusual examples of which he read to an appreciative audience, will appear in print in 1930."⁸¹ Science (IM 3) is Grove's first known published poem; it appeared five months after the public presentation in Victoria in Canadian Forum in March, 1929. It is the third poem of In Memoriam, and it is absent from the Notebook.

Instead of an address, Grove quotes the opening line⁸² of After the Blow (IM 5) in the next letter to his wife from Victoria, on October 7, 1928: "And thus the days go by, a long, long line..."⁸³ Again, this poem is lacking in the Notebook, but it is published more

⁷⁸ Namely, FD 1 = IM 9, FD 2 = IM 15/2, and FD 21 = IM 1.

⁷⁹ The first tour was through Ontario, from February 27 to April, 1928; the second tour started on September 9 and lasted until mid-November, 1928; a third tour was through eastern Canada, from February 22 to March 1929 (Pacey, in Letters, p.xxviii).

⁸⁰ Letters, p. 168.

⁸¹ Letters, p. 166, n. 5; this local newspaper account of October 8, 1928 is also part of Pacey's papers in National Archives, Ottawa.

⁸² It is the first line of the first stanza; Pacey (Letters, p. 170, fn. 1) refers mistakenly to "the first line in the last stanza" of the Canadian Forum version Fd 4. There, the first stanza of FD 4 appears on the bottom of p. 257, the remaining three on p. 258.

⁸³ Letters, p. 169.

than three years later, in April, 1932, as FD 4; it is also present in Grove's Selections (S2).

Shortly after his return to Rapid City, on November 19, 1928, Grove includes The Sacred Death (IM 14) along with some stanzas of The Dirge XXVIII (IM 15/28) in a letter to Watson Kirkconnell. Grove's words at the close of this letter refer to both of these poems as if they were one: "I'll enclose an old poem. Please tell me what you think of it."⁸⁴ The Sacred Death -- this title is used in the letter for Grove's "old poem" -- is also present in the Notebook (NB 21; the title is pencilled in the bottom corner), and in Selections (S 6) where the date is the same as in the In Memoriam collection (i.e., 1924), but the dedication "Death of P.McI" is spelled out as "Death of Peter McIlvride".⁸⁵ Pacey specifies that he was a farmer in Rapid City who died on May 10, 1925 (not in 1924) of pneumonia "after four days of an illness which was thought to be a heavy cold..., and for which no one thought of seeking medical help until it was too late. His wife survived him by some forty years." A month earlier, Grove had written to his wife from Victoria: "Yesterday, by the way, a brother of the late Pete McIlvride called on me and told me a great deal of the antecedents of that death: also of the early married life of the R[apid] C[ity] McIlvrides. It's just as I had divined it."⁸⁶ From these comments, one might conclude that Grove saw a close parallel between this farmer's and his daughter's death, the common element being the fatal negligence of family or hospital caretakers.

IM 15/28 has a special significance in this letter and in other contexts as well. The "old poem" sent to Kirkconnell has eight quatrains of which the first four form The Sacred Death (IM 14). The other four do belong, although no such indication is given here, to the Dirge XXVIII, but after its initial quatrain Grove wrote in parentheses: "Two stanzas which I cannot get together", and then continued with stanzas 4-6. IM 15/28 has ten stanzas in the In

⁸⁴ Letters, p. 208-209.

⁸⁵ Letters, p. 167, fn. 2.

⁸⁶ Letters, p. 167, October 6, 1928. One is reminded of the fate of Pete in Grove's Our Daily Bread (published October, 1928) who also died from pneumonia while being utterly neglected by his wife, Henrietta Elliot.

Memoriam typescript (8x4, 2x3) of which only the first six are represented in the Notebook (NB 34)⁸⁷ and in From the Dirge XV (FD 15). The missing four stanzas of IM 15/28 appear surprisingly as an independent sonnet in From the Dirge (FD 16; Canadian Forum, April 1932).

This means the following for the genesis of this poem: in late 1928, Grove was still battling with stanzas 2-3, in other words, IM 15/28 was unfinished. Considering that these two troublesome stanzas are in place in one of the latest entries in the Notebook points to their likely completion between 1929 and April, 1932 when they appeared in print in nearly identical form. This, of course, does not allow any conclusive answer to the question whether FD 15 was taken directly from the Notebook manuscript or from the In Memoriam typescript. However, two significant differences in the published version confirm our earlier impressions that the entire From the Dirge complex was selected from the comprehensive In Memoriam collection. In the first quatrain, FD 15 has changed "firm flesh" in IM 15/28 and NB 34 (also in the poem sent to Kirkconnell!) to read "soft flesh" which is a clear lexical improvement; and FD 16 is formally much better placed as an independent sonnet than appended in mere continuation to the first six stanzas of IM 15/28. As a matter of fact, the theme and atmosphere of these two separate FD poems are so incompatible that a mistake in the IM numbering must be considered likely. Where the sonnet stems from in either manifestation still remains a complete mystery.

In another letter to Watson Kirkconnell on March 24, 1929 Grove cites the last two lines of the second stanza of The Spectral Past (IM 9, 4x4): "...with power yet to thrill or to unnerve, And to evoke things felt or heard or seen."⁸⁸ This poem was also chosen as the opening to the selection of the twenty-one poems represented in From the Dirge where stanza four is omitted, however. In the Notebook, it only exists in loose-leaf form: it is written in three tentative versions on the

⁸⁷ It is partly covered with NB 33, or IM 15/29 which provides for a very messy situation. These unusually untidy manuscripts affect the last two brief lyrical poems before the endless stanzas of Konrad (NB 35).

⁸⁸ Letters, p. 264.

back of a blurb designed by Graphic Publishers for potential reviewers of Grove's first autobiographical novel, A Search for America (published in October, 1927). This insertion may be of earlier composition than other Notebook entries.

These references in Grove's correspondence during late 1928 and early 1929 confirm a heightened preoccupation with poetry around that time. They also allow us to narrow down the likely dates of composition for some poems, although this has little bearing on the inspirational impulses; they are often unrelated to his daughter's tragic death in mid-1927, and can reflect the entire range of memories of three decades.

As far as a possible genesis of Grove's English poetry is concerned, we have been able to date some later manuscript entries around early 1929. We also know that Grove's first poem appeared in print in March, 1929, and that a third of the In Memoriam typescript was published in April, 1932. Sometime within these three years, the major In Memoriam collection must have been finalized, but it was possibly not done before Grove settled in Simcoe in October, 1931. Both Selections and From the Dirge were then selected from the typescript, the former being merely a linear, representative anthology, the latter organized in a more artful complex centred around a unifying theme. It is possible that Grove gave up on Selections, since he placed five of its eighteen poems in From the Dirge.

Some biographical considerations seem to support the assumption that Grove was interrupted in his work on the poetry collection for at least two years. When, in October, 1929, he announced the publication of such a collection for the next year, he probably intended to devote time and effort to this project. But poetry being just one of the many literary expressions he pursued simultaneously and other circumstances arising as well, he came to neglect this particular task for quite some time. What was happening in his life during these years?

Grove had been working at a truly manic pace in the late twenties: A Search for America was published in 1927, he went on

three coast-to-coast lecture tours in 1928 and early 1929, he published several critical articles between 1928-1929, Our Daily Bread appeared in October, 1928, and his next novel, The Yoke of Life, in 1930.

Besides these feverishly intense creative endeavours, several important changes occurred in Grove's life: the couple moved from Manitoba to Ottawa in late 1929, and for nearly two years, Grove became deeply involved with Graphic Publishers and a parallel venture called Ariston,⁸⁹ before he settled down in Simcoe in October 1931. In the midst of this hectic time, on October 14, 1930, Leonard was born. It stands to reason that Grove could not have devoted special attention to his poetry projects until he was relatively free from several other pressing obligations. Therefore, late 1931 may have presented the earliest opportunity for him to return to his task and finalize the poetry cycle which he had conceived five years earlier. In April, 1932 he was then able to publish a major part of it at last.

Some old poetry relics have been detected in the context of Selections, and they have been linked to the poems described in the following source which is believed to contain some of Grove's earliest poetry. This opinion is supported by the fact that the Miscellaneous Poems contain three of Grove's manuscript German poems (one of which dates back to 1907!) and their typed translations, that the remaining English poems reflect manifest romantic and neo-romantic inspirations, that there exists no known manuscript precedent for any of them, and that all but one (MP 10/IM 15/33) are excluded from the In Memoriam collection.

⁸⁹ Pacey quotes Watson Kirkconnell: "Miller, the enterprising manager of both, was not too well versed in literature; and Grove was secured as a figure-head president and a working editor." (Letters, p. 279, n. 3). -- Pieces of Ariston stationary, showing Grove as editor and president, have recently been found in the remains of his library. It is not improbable that Grove proposed this name, meaning "the best" in Greek, for this short-lived Canadian publishing venture. Curiously enough, Greve's heroine Fanny Essler smokes Muratti "Ariston" cigarettes when Reelen/Greve visits her regularly in the Barrel/Endell household in Berlin in October, 1902 (Fanny Essler, p.486; also p. 283; the time-frame is biographically accurate!).

MP 10 Night Thoughts (1 page)

MP 11 The Legend of the Great Survival (11 leaves)

Four of the eleven MP poems exist in several versions (MP 4, 7, 8, and 9). Their distribution becomes especially clear when MP 4-9 are described in their physical manifestations, that is in their assigned page sequence:

L. 1, recto: MP 4 in version a

L. 1, verso: MP 5+6 are both on this page

L. 1a, recto: MP 4 in version b

L. 1a, verso: MP 4 in version c

L. 2, recto: MP 7 a stands alone on this page

L. 2, verso: MP 7 b and 8 a are both on this page

L. 3, recto: MP 9 a and 8 b are both on this page

L. 3, verso: (blank)

L. 4, recto: MP 9 b stands alone on this page

L. 4, verso: (blank)

L. 5, recto: Night thoughts (MP 10 = IM 15/33)

L. 5, verso: (blank)

L. 6-16, recto: Legend of the Great Survival (MP 11 = NB 11)

L. 6-16, verso: (blank)

Of the three versions a, b, and c of You and I (MP 4), version c has been represented in this edition as the latest. Version a is untitled and contains three manuscript corrections which are duly reflected in the subsequent versions b and c. Both of these later versions have the following two-lined title: From: Poems of the Lakes and Woods / Subtitle: You and I. This suggests that Grove wanted to regroup them in some collection, possibly with the intention of publication.

An additional manuscript correction to version b is interesting because it reverses the meaning of stanza 4, l. 2: "My wish, it did come true" in a and c reads in b "My wish did not come true". The topic being Grove's relationship with his wife (who also did most of the typing), the change has been understandably, but quite uncharacteristically ignored, so that the far more positive original wording remains unchanged in the last version c.

Although You and I has been treated as one poem, it consists actually of three parts: there are twice two stanzas, and once three; each cluster has a distinctly different form, and one could have considered them as three separate entities.⁹⁰ As a compromise, each part has been included individually in the First Line Index.

MP 5 + 6 exist only in this one version which is typed on the verso of leaf 1. The title of MP 6, "The Sonnet", has been crossed out, so that the two poems appear like a double sonnet with a mirror effect: Retrospection has two initial tercets followed by two drawn-together quatrains, while The Sonnet adheres to the conventions of the Petrarchan sonnet which prescribe two quatrains and two tercets. The only element preventing a flawless symmetry after the elimination of the title is the separation of the two quatrains in the sonnet. Had they been combined, the structure would have resulted in a perfect 3-3-8//8-3-3 arrangement. Or, conversely, a separation into two quatrains in Retrospection would have had the same symmetric effect.

Night (MP 7) which is particularly reminiscent of Stefan George, exists by itself on the recto of leaf 2 in version a, and then again on the verso of the same page in a corrected version b with the title From: Poems of the Lakes and Woods / Subtitle: Visions.

Version b of Night is succeeded on the same page by version a of MP 8 Arctic Woods. This poem is a translation of the German manuscript MP 2, "Dies ist der Wald...". The earlier version (MP 8a) is

⁹⁰ A similar ambiguity exists in the central instalment of the Fanny Essler poems (1904) which display also a tri-partite oneness: "Drei Sonette: ein Porträt." Greve observed not only the traditional form, but also the topical canon of the Petrarchan sonnet by singling out physical details of the adored lover (hands, mouth eyes) -- who is Greve himself!

reproduced with the Unique Poems in the context of Poems of the Lakes and Woods / Subtitle: Visions, while the later version MP 8b is presented adjacent to its German source.

The Dying Year (MP 9) has special importance, since it is Grove's English rendering of "Die Dünen fliegen auf..." (MP 1), which in turn is a replica of Greve's Erster Sturm of 1907. In its earlier version MP 9a, The Dying Year appears first on leaf 3, where it is followed on the same page by the corrected version b of Arctic Woods (MP 8b). A collective title, as present on the verso of leaf 2 for the combination of MP 7 Night and MP 8a Arctic Woods, is absent there.

Leaf 3, which combines the translations of Grove's German manuscript poems The Dying Year (MP 9a) and Arctic Woods (MP 8b), has been used to provide the English equivalents next to their German originals (MP 1+2). Version b of The Dying Year (MP 9b) stands alone on leaf 4, and reflects major manuscript corrections to version a; it has the additional title Visions, which is why the poem (along with MP 8a) has been included in this later version with the Unique Poems.

Grove's German poems in Miscellaneous Poems

Finally, there are the three untitled manuscript poems in German on two leaves. Even without the confirmation that MP1 was published by Greve in 1907, all three reflect the aestheticism and neo-romantic style representative of the members of the influential Stefan George circle.

MP 1 "Die Dünen fliegen auf..." (1 l.)

MP 2 "Dies ist der Wald..." (1 l.)

MP 3 "Sag, hebt sich dein Herz..."(with MP 2)

MP 1, "Die Dünen fliegen auf...", has five stanzas written sideways on what appears to be a ledger leaf. The fifth stanza is placed to the right, next to the third. It is a close replica of Greve's Erster Sturm as published in Die Schaubühne (1907). A comparison between the two reveals that Grove's poem differs from its precursor in four lexical replacements, three of which are synonymous: "falb" was originally "gelb" (st. 2), and represents a realistic precision in the colour of a

horse.⁹¹ Stanzas 3 and 4 are reversed, which is the only major formal discrepancy, so that "Fahnen" replaces the old-fashioned, precious "Banner" now in st. 4 (the original st. 3). In stanza 1, "wirr" was "grün" - again, there is a shift from an abstract colour adjective to a more palpably descriptive one. The final stanza reads "tönen wild" instead of "heulen schwer".

There are furthermore two syntactical rearrangements in stanza 3 (orig. st. 4) and stanza 5, both of which abandon a stilted pre-placed adjective structure in favour of simpler German syntax: "Seht graugepanzert ihr die Schiffe nahn" becomes "Seht ihr die Schiffe durch die Lüfte nahn", and "Zum Flattern bunter Fetzen all der Fahnen" is changed with similar effect to "Zum Flattern all der Fetzen bunter Fahnen".

Altogether, these variations could be considered insignificant, given that Grove jotted this poem down ten, twenty, or even thirty years after its conception. They demonstrate, however, a noteworthy transition from neo-romantic preciousness to a more sober, powerfully realistic ideal of art. The same trend is further emphasized in Grove's own translation The Dying Year (MP 9).

MP 2, "Dies ist der Wald..." has four stanzas which are also written perpendicularly to the lines of a ledger page. In typical, neo-romantic imagery there is a somber, spooky forest with intimations of decay and death everywhere. The water in the ditches resembles the iridescent eyes of ghostlike entities, and the protagonist is torn between fear and morbid attraction. The mid-day heat and light are screened from this forest by a mysterious grey wing, lending the setting the appearance of a living grave. A white horse, immobilized in flight, is seen beyond the treetops. The theme is death which is symbolized by the supernatural presence of the white horse evoking the apocalyptic riders.

In Grove's translation Arctic Woods (MP 8), an especially masterful shift in emphasis takes place: while Grove adheres closely to the original overall, a few slight changes achieve the transformation from a supernatural scene into the realistic Canadian

⁹¹ "Fallow" may be the nearest English equivalent.

winter landscape announced in the title: ghostlike, iridescent eyes become simply large eyes. The association of decaying flesh expressed by the pallid white of birch trunks is changed to the vulnerable whiteness of bare skin. The white horse is now suggestively "snow-white", and it is "frozen" in its flight. A general you has become a personal I, and now depicts one helpless individual faced with the threat of a harsh, but natural environment.

The two stanzas of the fragment MP 3, "Sag, hebt sich dein Herz...", are written at a right angle in the margin of "Dies ist der Wald...". The fragment consists of four rhetorical questions, expressing the high-flying fantasies and lies of someone who is trying to escape a drab, everyday existence. In a way, it is another manifestation of hyperbolical embellishments well known from Grove's autobiographical fiction, and particularly prominent in his correspondence with Wolfskehl in 1902. Never satisfied with what he was in Europe or Canada, Grove kept inventing with obsession what he might -- and in his opinion, should -- have been.⁹²

In spite of a noticeable and skilful shift towards realism by way of subtle, but significant changes in tone and content in the English translations MP 8 and MP 9, all eight English poems assembled in this important source folder betray their early origins as much as the three German poems present there. All follow the same aesthetic rules of the impressionist and neo-romantic conventions championed by the Stefan George circle. The other three German poems provided by Leonard Grove obviously have their roots in the same early phase of Greve/Grove's creativity.

Grove's German poems in the Spettigue Collection

- SC 1 Apokalypse
- SC 2 Kopfschmerz
- SC 3 "Das Fieber, das die Schläfen..."

⁹² In his marked predilection for fictitious self-representation Greve/Grove was definitely influenced by Nietzsche and Oscar Wilde, but also reflects popular positions propagated by Ernst Mach (Analyse der Empfindungen) and Hans Vaihinger (Die Philosophie des Als-Ob).

These three poems were discovered by Grove's son Leonard who sent them to D. O. Spettigue in April, 1968,⁹³ and they are very similar to the three poems presented above in the context of Miscellaneous Poems. All six of Grove's German poems could have been (and possibly were) produced in Germany around 1900.

SC 1, Apokalypse, appears to be a fragment in four parts. Each has three quatrains in pentameters, an unusually long and narrative meter for Grove's lyric poetry. A fifth part is indicated by a Roman numeral only, suggesting that more was to follow. The theme is the impact of a personal crisis. In the first part, the narrator reviews his past which he compares to a dreamy port symbolizing security. An unspecified intrusion has turned everything upside down, and he is looking now at the ruins of his existence, wondering if his great expectations have been permanently shattered. Contrasting sharply with the grey tones surrounding him, he evokes in the second part a colourful vision of an exotic beauty with black eyes and orchid-like lips, representing sunny climes and a more splendid past. In the third part, he returns to the scene of sad isolation which is now illustrated with pale suns, cold stars and moons, and icy winds. He compares his former self to Prometheus, an adventurer, a martyr, a rebel despising security and conventions. In the last part, he considers his bold ambitions an audacity which had to be punished with his present destitution. He implores an allegorical Time to free him of this painful existence.

A similar causal link between the boldest personal ambitions and a cruel punishment is expressed in Grove's The Voice (IM 10, NB 1), The Gods (IM 2), and in Greve's Irrfahrt in Wanderungen.⁹⁴ The

⁹³ A. L. Grove, 1. 4. 1968: "I am sending you copies of the German poems, and copies of the two letters from Thomas Mann." These two letters (19. 4. and 5. 6. 1939, from Princeton) reveal that Grove sent Mann an autographed "de luxe" edition (Luxusdruck) of his latest novel Two Generations, as well as A Search for America. Mann's second letter only reflects the reading of the former.

⁹⁴ See also Grove's dark allusion in a letter to Kirkconnell, intimating that his daughter's death had "a past link" (Letters, p. 64). -- The inspiration of Apokalypse might be rooted in the reversal of Greve's fortunes in May 1903. He referred to his imprisonment as a "Katastrophe" in a letter to von Poellnitz (Letters, p. 526, 6. 6. 1903). Prior to his arrest, he had spent several extravagant months in Palermo with Else Endell.

Promethean or Faustian theme is central in numerous other poems as well, so for instance in The Rebel's Confession (IM 4), The Eagles (IM 29) and Ahasuerus (IM 31).

SC 2, Kopfschmerz, consists of four quatrains in the usual iambic meter, and describes the sorry state of someone waking up with a common hangover. The narrator sees himself reflected in a mirror, where his head appears like the unstable vision of a dark-red flower. Its petals dissolve first into kaleidoscopic fragments, then into nothingness. He sinks back into his cushions only to be subjected to the most painful noises, while he curses those who have abandoned him in his misery. If the vision of the exotic flower and its dissolution was meant to convey some deep, symbolic meaning, it has failed to to be convincing. The overriding impression is the image of a mundane hangover. As in Beethoven's piano piece Die Wut über den verlorenen Groschen, the occasion and its emotional impact are out of proportion, so that the result is at most tragicomical.

SC 3, "Das Fieber..." is an untitled sonnet. It describes an inner fire (a "fever") that has consumed the protagonist since his birth. It distinguishes him from those who only talk and don't dare to live recklessly. The final tercet represents the antipode to the high-flying ambitions expressed before, contrasting them with the grey reality of everyday life.

As mentioned earlier, the Promethean theme is frequently employed in Greve's and Grove's poetry; here, it is freshly reminiscent of Apokalypse (SC 1), and displays in addition some positively disturbing aspects of the Nietzschean "strong", "special" individual.⁹⁵ There is talk of "die rote Lust der Kriege", which rhymes beautifully with "Mutter aller großen Siege". The absence of similar martial imagery in Grove's poetry indicates that this poem is an endeavour preceding the horrors of two World Wars, employing a topos unfortunately quite common before 1914.

⁹⁵ In his article about a projected translation of Greve's Wanderungen, Peter Stenberg (1980, p. 209) felt uncomfortable with the kind of elitist thinking expressed there, and such "German claims of superiority, even in the relatively innocent terms of aesthetic posturing." He would have had even better reason to be disturbed by this particular poem.

Grove's six German poems from the Grove and Spettigue Archives have been placed in the centre of this edition to provide a chronological link and continuum between Greve's earlier and Grove's later poetic creations. The six German poems by Frederick Philip Grove bear a striking resemblance both in form and in content to the poetry of Felix Paul Greve. They display the same kind of esoteric aestheticism popular in Germany in the first decade of this century. It was particularly favoured by the poets affiliated with the elitist Stefan George circle, which Greve is known to have courted until his imprisonment in 1903. Even though he adopted and reflected new models afterwards -- for instance, Flaubert --, it appears that he never deviated from the poetic conventions he absorbed in his formative years.

The aestheticism in Grove's German poems seems to have little in common with most of Grove's mature poetry. But even in his English poetry, some old thematic preoccupations appear repeatedly, and certain formal characteristics prevail throughout, regardless of new contents. These formal invariables reflect the principles expounded and practiced by the George circle in its influential journal Blätter für die Kunst (1898-1919). These will be described below in the context of Greve's poetry.

The sources of Greve's poetry

Felix Paul Greve's poetry as known to date consists of the following materials which are presented, as far as possible, in the chronological order of their composition:

- the collection Wanderungen which Greve published privately in February, 1902

- seven tidily presented manuscript poems sent to Stefan George in August, 1902 for publication in Blätter für die Kunst

- a stanza Greve wrote in a letter to Wolfskehl on October 10, 1902; and a version of Irrender Ritter which he sent to Wolfskehl only days before Wanderungen appeared in print

- seven Fanny Essler poems published in 1904/1905 in Freistatt: Gedichte (Heft 35, 27. 8. 1904, pp. 700-701)

- Drei Sonette: ein Portrait (Heft 42, 10. 10. 1904, pp. 840-841)

Gedichte (Heft 12, 10. 3. 1905, pp. 185-186)

- three poems published individually in journals:

Die Hexe, Freistatt 6, Heft 26 (25. 6. 1904), p. 519.

Erster Sturm, Schaubühne 3, no. 6 (7. 2. 1907), p. 154.

Die Stadt am Strande, Schaubühne 3, no. 23 (6. 6.1907), p. 570.

Poems in Greve's correspondence with Wolfskehl

A substantial number of Greve's letters and postcards to Wolfskehl⁹⁶ has recently surfaced in the Deutsche Literaturarchiv in Marbach where they had slumbered amongst other unprocessed possessions for some time. These documents provide invaluable information about Greve's life and aspirations for the period of December, 1901 to October, 1902, and even include two photograph postcards depicting Greve in Gardone on the shores of Lago di Garda in August, 1902.⁹⁷ Two letters contain poems, and the first of these is the earliest of Greve's known poetic expressions:

- in late January, 1902, Greve asked Wolfskehl for his opinion about some improvements he had made to Irrender Ritter, a copy of which he included. This poem concludes the collection Wanderungen which was published shortly afterwards in February.⁹⁸ The very few and minor discrepancies in this manuscript have been noted in relation to the published version presented here on p. 30.

- in October, 1902, Greve was obviously in a crisis situation which may not have been unrelated to the troubles reflected in his correspondence with the director of the Insel-Verlag, von Poellnitz, around that time.⁹⁹ To Wolfskehl, Greve speaks of shattered hopes¹⁰⁰

⁹⁶ Professor Spettigue (1992) has described Greve's fascinating correspondence with Wolfskehl and Gide. Unfortunately, he never includes the original text, and his translations are on occasion unreliable.

⁹⁷ This area was part of the Austrian Empire until World War I. -- Although he is wearing a hat and has a short beard, there can be no doubt that the young man smiling defiantly into the camera is Greve. A photo in his Archives taken about 25 years later shows the same protruding ears, slant of eyebrows, posture, etc.

⁹⁸ Letter to Wolfskehl, München, 29. 1. 1902 (Marbach). For Greve's words, see n. 1, p. 30 below.

⁹⁹ In November, Greve tries to appease an irate von Poellnitz with apologies and claims that vicious and untrue rumours concerning extravagance and gambling are circulating about him. (Letters, 19. 11. 1902, p. 522-523).

which may destroy him, and he hints darkly that he will leave Germany in the immediate future.¹⁰¹ He expresses gratitude to Wolfskehl and his wife for their hospitality, and then introduces a single quatrain with these words: "Ich bitte Sie nochmals, nicht weiter zu fragen. Ich will Ihnen statt alles anderen ein paar sehr schlechte Verse hersetzen."¹⁰² These four "bad lines" have been included in this edition on p. 38, following the seven poems Greve had sent to Stefan George in August, 1902.

Wanderungen

This collection of Greve's poetry was privately published in February 1902. It was printed by the famous Otto von Holten press, and distributed through the Munich bookstore Littauer. Greve dedicated it to "Dem Freunde und Gefährten Herman F. C. Kilian", and as motto, he chose a line from Goethe's Iphigenie: "Vernimm, ich bin aus Tantalos' Geschlecht."

The copy extant in the University of Manitoba Archives was autographed by Greve for Karl Vollmöller.¹⁰³ The structure of the arrangement resembles Grove's In Memoriam collection: there is one poem as introduction, and one as conclusion. Under several collective titles, the poems are often untitled and numbered, suggesting a preference for thematic cycles.

In an introductory sonnet called Frage, the poet anxiously wonders about the nature of his creative abilities. Five sections follow, which are entitled Cäsarische Zeit, Wanderungen, Tagszeiten, Aus hohen Bergen, and Lieder des Dankes und Gedenkens. The initial

100 "Daß dieses Jahr [in München] zugleich das Jahr meiner höchsten Hoffnung war, und dass diese Hoffnung nun zerbrochen ist, daran werde ich vielleicht zu Grunde gehen." (Letter to Wolfskehl, München, 7. 10. 1902).

101 In his next and last letter (10. 10. 1902), Greve says that he will go to Berlin, and then via Hamburg to Africa! -- In Greve's novel Fanny Essler, the elegant Reelen/Greve is bound for Cape Town ("Kapstadt"), but rather keeps Barell company in Berlin, while Fanny dreams of Reelen in "Stralsund" (i.e., Wyk auf Fohr).

102 Letter to Wolfskehl, München, 7. 10. 1902 (Marbach).

103 Vollmöller introduced Greve to Gide in 1904. Another copy in the Stefan George Archiv, Stuttgart, has a particularly warm dedication to Hanna Wolfskehl.

poem and Cäsarische Zeit exude a typical, George-like atmosphere: there is the master, seen as a high priest; there are the disciples; there is the object of adoration, Art, and there is the elite of artists in haughty opposition to the "stupid masses". The typical settings are temples, precious marble halls, purple velvet and silken thrones.

The five poems in the section Wanderungen depict Greve as a restless, gifted artist in search of his special destiny. The Tagszeiten deal symbolically with morning, noon and night themes, while Aus hohen Bergen contains two neo-romantic legends charged with supernatural elements.

In Lieder des Dankes und Gedenkens, the author acknowledges more contemporary influences, in particular the "masters": the poet Stefan George, the philosopher Nietzsche, the painter Böcklin and the composer Beethoven. Individual poems are only devoted to Nietzsche and Böcklin. Antiquity is represented in the two statues of Herakles Farnese and Athena Lemnia. Finally, women are honoured in a context of noble renunciation,¹⁰⁴ which is also expressed in the medieval setting of the concluding poem Irrender Ritter.

Formally and thematically, this collection reflects the emulation of the George circle, and fashionable aspects of Nietzsche and Goethe. Otto Bierbaum, who reviewed it in the Insel, saw in it a fairly tasteless imitation, and used the occasion to harangue against "das leere Aesthetentum" in general.¹⁰⁵ Greve published a self-review in April 1902, in which he modestly judged three of the twenty-three poems "good", six "good average", and thirteen not so good.¹⁰⁶ He cites the central poem of the section Wanderungen in its entirety, presumably considering it one of his three successful realizations. Two years later, Greve judged himself more harshly. On the eve of

¹⁰⁴ This is rather ironic, since not even a year later, Greve eloped with the wife of his friend August Endell.

¹⁰⁵ Die Insel 3 (1901/2), p. 195-196: "Es ist vielmehr angebracht, es ernsthaft auszusprechen, dass die Nachfolge Stefan Georges anfängt bedenklich zu werden. Besonders erfreulich ist das Aesthetentum überhaupt nicht...aber Aestheten ohne Geschmack: das ist unerträglich."

¹⁰⁶ Die Zukunft 39 (1902), p.164-165: "Es enthält dreiundzwanzig Gedichte...Von ihnen erscheinen mir heute drei lyrische gut, das eine epische interessant,...sechs als gute Mittelwaare [sic!], dreizehn als mißlungen."

his release from prison, he announced in a letter to O. A. H. Schmitz that he had destroyed all remaining copies of his collection, and that he hoped that it will be forgotten, if not forgiven: "Meine Gedichte, deren noch übrige Exemplare ich habe einstampfen lassen, werden nun hoffentlich, wenn nicht verziehen, so doch vergessen werden."¹⁰⁷

Else von Freytag-Loringhoven's opinion of Greve's poems Wanderungen twenty years after their publication is as revealing as it is accurate: she aptly identifies its main characteristic as "utter artificiality", and links it to the Stefan George circle Greve had tried to impress: "His poems were as well cut gems of language juggling without blood-call - but the call of an ambitious, industrious spirit... The most impressive part about this kind of poetry is paper, print and numbered privacy. It stood for the top-notch of culture."¹⁰⁸

Poems in the Stefan George Archiv

There are seven manuscript poems by Greve in the Stefan George Archiv in Stuttgart today. According to a letter Greve wrote to Wolfskehl, they were written on August 23,¹⁰⁹ and they were sent on August 27, 1902, as an empty envelope in George's papers suggests.¹¹⁰ Ten days earlier, Greve had asked Wolfskehl when he should mail his poems to George, and had voiced great interest in being represented in the Blätter für die Kunst.¹¹¹ However, George found Greve's submission insufficient for an introduction in the Blätter,¹¹² and consequently, they were never published.

¹⁰⁷ Letter to Schmitz, Bonn, 28. 5. 1904 (Marbach).

¹⁰⁸ Her autobiography, p. 165-166.

¹⁰⁹ "Nun will ich heute Nacht ein Manuskript von Gedichten zusammenschreiben..." (München, 23. 8. 1902, Marbach).

¹¹⁰ George/Gundolf Briefwechsel, p. 120, fn. 3. At the time of Spettigue's discovery, George's papers were still in private hands, and these poems were lacking.

¹¹¹ "Ich möchte Sie fragen, wann ich wohl an Herrn George Manusc. schicken muss, wenn ich Aussicht haben will, dass das eine oder andere Verslein von mir in die Bl. kommt. Mir würde sehr viel daran liegen." Letter to Wolfskehl, 18. 8. 1902 (Marbach).

¹¹² George to Gundolf, Briefwechsel, p.120: "...doch zu wenig um als einführungs-beitrag zu gelten." This must be taken as a qualitative judgement, since many other "Einführungsbeiträge" were even shorter than Greve's seven poems. It is also possible that Greve's unsavory conduct prevented their

The manuscript is written sideways, and has a title page which states in two lines and in capital letters: GEDICHTE VON / FELIX PAUL GREVE. Six poems are untitled, and they are, not surprisingly given the chronological proximity, very similar in tone and atmosphere to poems in the first three sections of Wanderungen. The second poem is entitled Mona Lisa, and it is particularly reminiscent of Athena Lemnia in the Antike section. In obvious imitation of the "George-Mache",¹¹³ capitals for nouns are avoided throughout, a particularity which has been maintained in this edition.

Fanny Essler poems

Seven poems were published in 1904 and 1905 under the pseudonym Fanny Essler. In answer to legitimate questions about how and why those poems would be included here as Greve's, a somewhat complex digression is required. It must address the choice of the pseudonym, the curious change in gender it implies, the real-life woman behind it, the likely genesis of these Fanny Essler poems, and the probability of shared authorship.

In 1905 and 1906, Greve published his only two known, voluminous novels,¹¹⁴ both of which were based on the life of Else Endell. She was his companion for about ten years, and although it is unlikely that they were ever married legally,¹¹⁵ Greve referred to her as his wife when she was still married to August Endell.¹¹⁶ They

publication: Wolfskehl warned Gundolf of Greve's "Münchhausiaden" as early as February, 1902! (Briefwechsel mit Friedrich Gundolf, v. 1, p. 152).

¹¹³ This term, meaning something like "the way of doing [poetry] à la Stefan George", was already used at the time for the circle's affectations, "Kleinschreibung" being one expression of these. Kluncker (p. 108-156) gives an excellent description of the typical poetic conventions as they are reflected in Die Blätter.

¹¹⁴ A third novel, Der Sentimentalist, was announced as forthcoming in his Maurermeister Ihles Haus (1906). If it ever appeared in print, it has not yet been discovered.

¹¹⁵ Greve mentioned to Schmitz in (14. 12. 1906) that there were obstacles to legalizing "his marriage" which he hoped to have removed in the near future.

¹¹⁶ So on several occasions in his correspondence with Insel publisher von Poellnitz. To Gide Greve said in June, 1904, that they would be married within two months: "Nous devons nous marier dans deux mois." (Conversation, Bulletin, p. 31).

became attracted to each other in the Fall of 1902. At Christmas, they became lovers,¹¹⁷ and in January, 1903 they eloped to Palermo, taking the distraught husband along as far as Naples.¹¹⁸ In late May, 1903 Greve went to Bonn, allegedly for a business matter. There he was arrested and jailed for defrauding his friend Kilian. Else remained in Palermo for some time, travelled elsewhere in Italy, and rejoined Greve in early June, 1904 in Cologne.¹¹⁹ She later became known as the eccentric artist Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven of Greenwich Village in the late teens and early twenties. Her autobiography, which she composed after her return to Berlin between 1923 and 1926, provides a mirror-image account of Greve's two novels. This remarkable document also proves that Greve did not commit suicide in 1909, that he emigrated instead to the United States "via Canada",¹²⁰ that Greve had her join him in Kentucky in 1910, and that he left her within a year after their reunion.¹²¹

Greve's second novel, Maurermeister Ihles Haus, deals with her childhood and adolescence, and is of lesser interest here. His first novel, Fanny Essler, describes her life in Berlin during the 1890s, and can be considered a roman-à-clef of the George circle, several members of which Else knew intimately. Marcus Behmer remarked to Ernst Hardt in February 1907: "Fanny Essler ist ja fabelhaft...Das Buch ist auch maaßlos [sic!] frech gegen die anderen Persönlichkeiten: und es ist nicht viel gelesen worden? Sonderbar, trotz dieser tierischen Gemeinheit?!"¹²² Ernst Hardt had been Else's lover, and

¹¹⁷ Else's autobiography, p. 44 ff. Also in Fanny Essler (p. 502 ff), Christmas brings about the fateful alliance.

¹¹⁸ Else's autobiography, p. 63-64.

¹¹⁹ Pacey and Mahanti (1974, p. 25, n. 20) draw attention to the beginning of A Search for America, where Greve makes a curious allusion to a woman in Palermo.

¹²⁰ Else's autobiography, p. 33. Her accounts are usually vague or mute about time and place.

¹²¹ Else sailed from Rotterdam to New York on June 10, 1910 and met Greve in Pittsburg (Spettigue, introd. to Baroness Elsa, 1992, p. 24). Else's autobiography (p. 36, 72) only vaguely mentions living in Kentucky for a year, and staying with him for a decade (p. 30).

¹²² Briefe an Ernst Hardt, 19. 2. 1907, p. 53 (transl. mine): "Fanny Essler is just wonderful...The book is also cheeky as far as the other persons are concerned.

appeared as Ehrhard Stein in the novel.¹²³ Nearly three decades later, Wolfskehl says the following about this novel, confirming its lack of impact: "Sie wissen, es gibt ein Schmähbuch von jenem Pseudologen der Frühzeit, F. L. (sic!) Greve. Drin finden sich neben vielen Karikaturen der näheren Umwelt vor allem M[elchior] L[echter]s auch verhältnismäßig am wenigsten respektlose Andeutungen über die Erscheinung d. M. [des Meisters, i.e., Stefan Georges]. Das Pamphlet, ein dickleibiger Schinken, blieb völlig unbekannt, ich selber hab's nicht mehr, sogar sein Titel, ein Weib'sname, ist mir, wenigstens momentan, nimmer im Hirn."¹²⁴ Else's opinion of this novel was unfavourable as well, both at the time and twenty years later. She judged Greve's style à la Flaubert "abrupt..., dry and artificial, having no carrying power or convincing quality of its own." She even started to doubt Greve's artistic talent because of it, but gave him credit for being a "business genius" instead.¹²⁵

Greve indicated in a letter to Gide in October, 1904 that he was using the name of his fictional heroine as a pseudonym for some poetry publications: "Et de moi-même. Il me faut travailler d'une

And it has not been read much? Strange, in light of this beastly impertinence!"

¹²³ Else was known as Else Ti (pronounced "Tee") which is Chinese for "mistress". Behmer refers to her in this fashion in the letter mentioned above. -- "Else Ti Endell" appears in November, 1901 on an invitation card addressed to Behmer. Else signs an emotional postcard to him in late December, 1902 -- Greve and she had just become lovers -- "Ihre Sie liebende Tante Ti." (both documents in the Munich Stadtarchiv). Endell was called "Tse", meaning "master" in Chinese. Freytag-Loringhoven explains the meaning of that "chinoiserie" in her autobiography, p. 37-38, and there is a letter-draft to "Tse" in her unidentified (!) German correspondence in Maryland. -- Curiously enough, Greve addressed his wife with "Tee" in his letters! Pacey notes: "This endearment, which Mrs. Grove states, her husband told her meant "mistress" in Chinese, he uses only in letters addressed to her -- and, very occasionally in reference to her elsewhere." (Grove, Letters, p. 83, n. 2).

¹²⁴ Letter to Böhringer, 16. 2. 1938 (courtesy of Dr. Ute Oelmann, Stefan George Archiv, Stuttgart): "You know, there is a defamatory book by this 'master of pseudo-identities', F. L. Greve, of the early times. In it, there are, next to many caricatures of the immediate environment, mostly M. L.'s, also relatively few disrespectful allusions to the master's appearance. This pamphlet, a voluminous affair, remained totally unknown, I do not have it anymore myself; even its title, some woman's name, has escaped -- at least momentarily -- my memory."

¹²⁵ Her autobiography, p. 35.

façon bien singulière. Je ne suis plus une personne, j'en sommes trois: je suis 1. M. Felix Paul Greve; 2. Mme Else Greve; 3. Mme Fanny Essler. La dernière dont je vous enverrai prochainement les poèmes, et dont les poèmes - encore un secret - sont adressés à moi, est un poète déjà assez considéré dans certaines parties de l'Allemagne."¹²⁶

These amazing revelations confirm that Greve used the name chosen for the title of his first novel for the poems in question. The name Else Greve was used for the alleged translator of some of Flaubert's correspondence. As Greve specifies in his letter, Italian was the only foreign language Else knew at that time; in other words, he was doing all the work himself. He furthermore intended to publish her "autobiography" anonymously.¹²⁷ This plan, however, did not materialize: Fanny Essler clearly was the title of Else's biography, Greve was presented as the author, and the genre was identified as fiction.¹²⁸

The seven Fanny Essler poems were printed before the novel,¹²⁹ and the fictitious name of Greve's heroine appeared as the author.

¹²⁶ Greve to Gide, 17.10.1904, Bulletin, p. 40 (transl. & emphasis mine): "And now about me. I must work in rather strange ways. I am not one person any more, I am three: 1. Felix Paul Greve. 2. Madame Else Greve. 3. Madame Fanny Essler. The latter whose poems I shall send to you shortly, and which - this is still a secret - are addressed to me, is a poet already well regarded in some parts of Germany..." -- This important letter, published in October 1976, seems to have been unknown to Spettigue in his recent article about Greve's correspondence (1992).

¹²⁷ *ibid.*: "Jusqu'à présent elle n'a publié que des vers. Mais moi, F. P. Greve, son patron et introducteur, prépare la publication de deux romans qu'elle a écrit dans la prison de Bonn sur Rhin...Personne ne se doute de cet état des choses...l'un des romans de Mme Essler, qui paraîtra sans nom d'auteur et que M. l'éditeur croit une autobiographie, aura pour titre: Fanny Essler."

¹²⁸ Fanny Essler: ein Roman von Felix Paul Greve; Entwurf des Umschlags vom Verfasser. 2. Auflage. Stuttgart : Axel Juncker Verlag, [1905]. His claim to the cover-design may be yet another appropriation of her talents, since she designed book-covers in Dachau even before she met Endell. -- Spettigue's English edition (1984) was based on this particular printing.

¹²⁹ "Gedichte", "Drei Sonette: ein Porträt", "Gedichte", Freistatt, 1904 and early 1905. The first instalment of these poems in Heft 35 (August 27, 1904) is preceded by Greve's poem "Die Hexe" by nine weeks in Heft 26, June 27, and an excerpt of Browning's Kleon in Heft 28, July 11; it is followed within a week by his Meredith-article in Heft 36 (September 3). The three Fanny Essler sonnets are printed six weeks later in Heft 42 on October 10, and finally the last two Fanny Essler poems appear six months later in Heft 12 of March 25, 1905. By some curious coincidence, essays by Ernst Hardt, A. Endell, O. A. H. Schmitz and

These poems are carefully structured as a triptych, like a medieval altar-piece: first, Fanny/Else bewails in two untitled poems the absence of her lover (Greve) while alone in the southern climes of "Tunis" during the Fall of 1903. The absent lover is the focus of her adoration in the centre piece: Drei Sonette: ein Porträt gives a timeless, static description of his hands, eyes and mouth in the conventions of the Petrarchan tradition. The impression of coldness and rigid control matches the depiction of Greve as Friedrich Karl Reelen in the Fanny Essler novel, and Else's factual account of him in her autobiography. The final two untitled poems evoke a northern setting in much the same way as the initial ones referred to southern surroundings: the only flaw in an otherwise perfect winter day is that her lover is not present. The flawless symmetry of these seven poems is only disturbed by the reversal of biographical and chronological givens: the final, northern landscape ("Husum", and "der Friesen flachem Land" are specific references) corresponds in fact to the Frisian island Föhr where Else Endell longed for Greve before they became lovers in Berlin around Christmas, 1902 and "eloped" to Italy in January, 1903. The initial southern flank describes her loneliness in Palermo (not Tunis) after he was unexpectedly jailed in Bonn in May, 1903.

The question of authorship of the Fanny Essler poems arises beyond the intricate blending of narrative voice, gender, and biographical facts: Else von Freytag-Loringhoven's papers in Maryland contain a rondo-like poem which is a shortened replica of the last Fanny Essler poem.¹³⁰ Else's poem exists in five versions with titles like "Natur", "Naturbild", "Freude", or simply "Du". The latter version has seven stanzas, the original Fanny Essler poem has twelve. Eliminated are stanzas 5-9 with explicit references to the

K. Vollmöller are represented in the same volumes as well. As Greve candidly admits to Gide (Letter, 17. 10. 1904), Freistatt is the only journal available to him at that time. -- I can only speculate that these crucial poems escaped discovery until early 1990 (in Marbach) because of the rarity of the journal, and the absence of an index to all volumes but one. The last part of the Fanny Essler poems, for instance, was found by checking each weekly issue one by one.

¹³⁰ The last line of each quatrain is repeated as the first line of the next.

precise geographical location. Next to the title, one finds instead: "An F. P. G.", and: "Wyk auf Föhr".

This poem may be one of her earliest attempts at poetic expression, all of which were inspired by her relationship with Greve. Else describes in her autobiography (p. 30) how she first felt the imperative need to express herself poetically when she became romantically obsessed with him in November, 1902, while she was at Gmelin's sanatorium in Boldixum near Wyk auf Föhr: "About this time...I made after an interval of years my first - for an amateur amazing (sic) good poem for nature's necessity - to express love somehow."¹³¹ She next mentions turning to poetry as an emotional outlet after having been suddenly left behind by Greve in Palermo, in late May, 1903: "I had no thoughts about the future other than to see Felix. That was only a year! I was too gloriously in love! The true trouble was physical abstinence - it was excruciatingly painful to me. I had to make poems again!" (p. 92). For the third and last time, she mentions using this therapeutic strategy as an emotional soother when she is staying in Rome on her way to meet Greve in Köln upon his release in May, 1904: "I again began to occupy myself with poetry in the usual half-hearted fashion of the amateur, the only one then possible to me." (p. 195).

These references to her poetic expressions and their source of inspiration confirm that she did in fact create several poems between late 1902 and 1904, and that all of them revolved around her

¹³¹ Else underwent treatment there for hysterical outbursts which were related to Endell's impotence. This is described both in her autobiography (p. 28), and in Fanny Essler (p. 437 ff., where time references are more plentiful and usually precise, even though they can be treacherous at times). Also p. 30, about Greve and her stay on Föhr: "...the man -- who was to be my first potent mate [mss.: husband I ever possessed], with whom I also remained together the longest time I ever was with one man, about ten years - was in Berlin, keeping my husband company -- I dreaming about him, but also about my husband whom I did not desire to abandon, not even for this miracle of a youth -- if it was only possible, and he came up to my expectations after my wombsqueeze excursion. But he did not, and the matter ended with hair-pulling and slipper-hurling on my part." Similarly on p. 42, where she states that Endell's long hair and "insufficient intercourse" invited her abuse. -- Locally from Berlin, Else sent Marcus Behmer a distraught photo-postcard of Dr. med. Gmelin's Sanatorium in Boldixum near Wyk auf Föhr on December 26, 1902. Endell had designed it some years earlier.

memorable experiences with Greve in Wyk auf Föhr, Berlin, Palermo, and Rome -- most of them in her lover's absence which tinges her passionate attachment with a certain illusory quality.

This evidence increases the suspicion that Greve claimed authorship of the Fanny Essler poems when he, as she explains with regard to his novels, was mainly assuming polishing and marketing functions: "It was my life and persons out of my life. He did the executive part of the business, giving the thing the conventional shape and dress."¹³² Greve had discouraged her from writing "a story of my childhood -- from sheer ennui-urge of own inner occupation - interest that he himself promptly contradicted as a 'swelled head' in ironical derision on account of my literary attempt that he regarded shoulder-shruggingly contemptuous -- but with leniency, since he could not hinder it in a sense of 'Let the child -- or silly female -- have her play..." (p.105). That story of her childhood was, of course, published as Greve's second novel Maurermeister Ihles Haus.

In analogy to the genesis of this publication, it is not unlikely that Greve appropriated more than Else's biographical material in the case of the Fanny Essler poems as well. On the other hand, accusing him of simply stealing from his companion would not do him justice. The intertextual references to the Petrarchan canon, for instance, and the formal accomplishment of the Fanny Essler cycle go far beyond a little polishing and marketing, and they are the clear mark of Greve's masterly craftsmanship and vast cultural horizon (even at age 25!) -- both of which elements were comparatively limited in Else's case at the time. The Fanny Essler poems must therefore be considered his as much as hers.

Greve's poems in journals

Greve is known to have published only three individual poems between 1904 and 1907. It is likely that many more are awaiting discovery, but at present, these are the only ones in evidence.

Die Hexe appeared in the same volume of Freistatt 6 (1904) in which the first two Fanny Essler instalments were published -- this

¹³² Freytag-Loringhoven's autobiography, p. 34.

poem even preceded them by two months.¹³³ With its supernatural elements, it is still attuned to Greve's neo-romantic poetry of 1902, and bears a remarkable resemblance to Grove's "Dies ist der Wald..." (MP 2) in particular.

As discussed in the context of Grove's German poetry, Erster Sturm was published in Die Schaubühne in 1907. Grove probably wrote down his manuscript version of "Die Dünen fliegen auf..." (MP 1) in the twenties, and he translated it as The Dying Year (MP 9). This poem depicts an allegorical Fall whose approach is announced in a medieval setting by a hurricane-like messenger who urges the masses to submit themselves to his master's irrevocable passing. The Fall is a symbolic representation of time.¹³⁴ Like Die Hexe of 1904, Erster Sturm (1907) still reflects thematically and stylistically the poems of Greve's pre-prison period, as do all six of Grove's German poems.

Die Stadt am Strande was published in 1907 in the same volume of Die Schaubühne as Erster Sturm. Apart from the beautifully simple Fanny Essler poems, it is a rare exception in Greve's poetry. It displays a less precious stance, and contains fewer supernatural elements. It differs also formally from the usual iambic meter by the choice of the stately pentameter.¹³⁵ Significantly, the title specifies "Im Ton eines großen Franzosen" - in other words, this is yet another imitation, and one reminiscent of the model symbolist Baudelaire.

Comparison of Greve's and Grove's poetry

The thematic and stylistic characteristics of the l'art pour l'art poetry popular in Germany during the first decade of this century are pervasively manifest in Greve's poetry, as well as in Grove's six German poems. However, Greve's last poem of 1907, "Die Stadt am Strande", already announces a certain new sobriety. This is indicative

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¹³⁴ Freytag-Loringhoven's poem "Schalk" (University of Maryland) is a cross of Greve's "Erster Sturm" and the central Fanny Essler sonnets. In it, Else squares a bitter account with her lover's cruel abandonment. At the top, she specifies as location "Sparta, Kentucky, am Eagle Creek", and at the bottom of the page she states: "Der Herbst ist -- als Bild -- ein Porträt Felix Paul Greves".

¹³⁵ It is also applied in Grove's Apokalypse (SC 1).

of a trend which will become a predominant feature of Grove's poetry. The differences between Greve's Erster Sturm and Grove's equivalent "Die Dünen fliegen auf..." (MP 1) reveal a deliberate attempt at neutralizing overly precious elements, such as an abundance of colour adjectives, or the twisted syntax of preposited genitives.¹³⁶ Grove's English translations of his German poems further emphasize the shift towards a realistic ideal of art. This is most noticeable in Arctic Woods, where a supernatural setting is cleverly transformed into a Canadian winter landscape with a minimum of formal adjustments.

All poems in Miscellaneous Poems exude an atmosphere and style similar to Greve's poetry, and it is not by coincidence that three of Grove's German poems are found among them. Some of Grove's poems in In Memoriam are also reminiscent of Greve's former decadent preoccupation: At Sea (IM 16), The Rebel's Confession (IM 4), and The Eagles (IM 29) may serve as examples for personal expressions of it; while the legends (IM 12, 30; NB 29/MP 11) and Konrad (NB 35) are evidence for a revealing genre preference which corresponds with similar epic narratives in Greve's Wanderungen. But apart from these and some other remnants of youthful poetic endeavours, Grove's poetry tends to be grave, stately, and didactic, and revolves around ontological themes. The tone is often bitter, at times cynical, and betrays rather somber views of existence and world order.

Greve's poetry reflects the Dionysian aspects of Nietzsche's dichotomy in Die Geburt der Tragödie which was well known to him,¹³⁷ whereas Grove's poems represent the Apollonian side which is more attuned to his life-long admiration for Goethe.¹³⁸ The

¹³⁶ Notably, in st. 5: "Zum Flattern bunter Fetzen all der Fahnen" is changed to "Zum Flattern all der Fetzen bunter Fahnen". In st. 4, v. 1 (or 33 in MP 1), a preplaced adjective is eliminated: "Seht graugepanzert ihr die Schiffe nahn" becomes "Seht ihr die Schiffe durch die Lüfte nahn".

¹³⁷ Greve's essay "Oscar Wilde und das Drama" (1907?) draws heavily on this text, which was first published in 1872.

¹³⁸ As mentioned above, Grove made use of Goethe's poetry and Faust notably in Konrad (NB 35) and "Questions Reasked" (IM 7, S 4), as evidenced by his annotations in those source texts in his library.

different treatment of the Fall theme in Greve's Erster Sturm and Grove's Indian Summer illustrates the Nietzschean polarity in exemplary fashion. To some extent, it simply corresponds to different stages of individual maturity.

Wolfskehl, whom Greve courted during 1901/2, represents the most expansive element of the Dionysian type in the George circle around that time. In general, any excess was frowned upon by the master, so that Oscar Wilde, for instance, did not measure up to the ideals of "Zucht"¹³⁹ as prescribed and practiced by George, whereas his l'art pour l'art position was accepted as germane. As Greve's biography demonstrates, he was far from subjecting himself to any self-imposed moderation.¹⁴⁰ In fact, he identified himself with Oscar Wilde with such a passion that he repeated even his idol's prison sentence, though for different reasons. As Else von Freytag-Loringhoven remarks about Greve's next role-model Flaubert whom he adopted while in prison, Greve did not only esteem his idols of art or style, he tried to be like them for better or worse, in literature and in life.¹⁴¹

The topos of lies, masks, and "as if"-identities plays a central role in Greve's life and works, but traces of it can be observed in Grove's biographical and literary projections as well. They are mostly rooted in Greve's intense preoccupation with Wilde,¹⁴² but they are not less commonly encountered in Nietzsche. Also, the artful (or repressive) omissions or transformations in Goethe's memoirs Dichtung und

¹³⁹ Discipline or propriety; any exuberance duly bridled with moderation.

¹⁴⁰ Wolfskehl comments in 1902 that Greve's "as-if"-identities are disturbing "Münchhausiaden" (Briefwechsel, p. 152 : "Ob er krank ist?"), and he still remembers Greve as "Pseudologen" thirty years later (Letter to R. Böhringer, 16. 2. 1938; see also n. 120). No doubt, Wolfskehl was aware of more pseudonyms and roles than we know today. Greve's games with names and identities seems to have been a compulsive habit, and the obvious delight he took in the "Fanny Essler" confusion (as he revealed to Gide) shows just one of many facets, few of which can be described in some detail today.

¹⁴¹ Else's autobiography, p. 34-35: "He esteemed Flaubert highly as stylist...so he tried to be Flaubert...".

¹⁴² Greve translated the first essay in Wilde's Intentions as "Aesthetik der Lüge". Note also Grove's fragment "Sag, hebt sich dein Herz..." (MP 3), which revolves around the theme of lying and fictitious "as if " fantasies.

Wahrheit served as an acknowledged pattern for Grove's autobiographical novels.

While overall, both the content and the tone differ considerably, the form in Greve's and Grove's German and English poetry remains constant, and reveals the clear imprint of the "George-Mache": besides the occasional sonnet, quatrains are the reigning form.¹⁴³ The verse tends to employ the iambic metre, and to enclose syntactically relevant units. The rhyme usually coincides with full words like verbs and nouns. Enjambements and rhymed particles, as often found in Hofmannsthal and Rilke, were considered undesirable by the "master", and they were consequently avoided by Greve and Grove as well.

Especially in comparison with Greve's companion of a decade, Else von Freytag-Loringhoven who became involved in the avant-garde movements of her time with impressive flexibility in her middle years, Grove remained permanently grounded in the aesthetic conditionings he absorbed as a young man around 1900. There is no reflection of expressionism in any of Grove's works, whereas Else experimented readily with new expressionist or dadaist techniques, both of which she applied very successfully in the late 1910s and early 1920s.¹⁴⁴ It is also noteworthy that only scant traces of humour can be detected anywhere in Grove's poetry. In contrast, Else created several hilarious parodies of her personal experiences.¹⁴⁵

There is much food for thought in this comparison, since an exaggerated concern for perfect form seems detrimental to the

¹⁴³ For a comprehensive description of the structural and semantic characteristics of the "George-Mache", see Kluncker's pertinent analysis.

¹⁴⁴ She also painted and sculpted. A good account of her avant-garde body-art which anticipates the punk fashion of the seventies and eighties, exists in Dictionary of Women's artists (1985). -- Else usually started out with traditional German poems composed in a formally rigid and polished style (as, for instance, the Fanny Essler poem "Du"); she consistently reduced them to mere word columns which convey intense emotions, and which are then translated into English. The relatively few dadaist sound poems are likely new creations.

¹⁴⁵ The untitled fragment "Es hat mal einen Ernst gegeben/Der war für mich das Salz zum Leben..." and Puckellonders sonderbare Geschichte ["Herr August Puckellonder war/Ein Architekt höchst sonderbar..."] reflect her early relationships with Ernst Hardt and August Endell. "Herr Peu-à-Peu" makes fun of a conductor Georg in "Cinci", i.e., Cincinnati.

expression of powerful, primary emotion. Observing how Grove attempted to cope with the loss of his only child through formal abstraction in some of the Dirge poems confirms his never-wavering dependency on the "George-Mache" once again: it matches particularly the concept of "pathetische Distanz", or a deliberate distancing from pathos, which Adorno coined in relation to the George circle.¹⁴⁶ It refers to an intellectual, moderating attitude which aims at typical representation through formal control -- precisely at the expense of realistic detail and emotion.

The thematic canon of the Stefan George circle revolves around nature, culture, man, Eros, and includes to a lesser extent critical views on civilization.¹⁴⁷ Neo-romantic and symbolist motifs in the guise of medieval, exotic, or sacral allusions are favoured, and myths, dreams, and supernatural elements occur frequently as well, as do dedications to "great men". Greve's poetry adheres to all of these themes with the exception of the last one. But precisely this neglected element of "Zeitkritik" breaks through with a vengeance in Grove's poetry, and it situates Grove's original background in a context much larger than the George circle.

The underlying philosophical premises in Grove's poetry are indebted to Nietzschean and neo-Kantian positions current at the time of Greve's upbringing. They are marked by a blend of "Lebensphilosophie" (as already announced in Goethe), nihilism (prepared by Kierkegaard), a strong sense of relativity (most influentially popularized by the physicist Ernst Mach),¹⁴⁸ and the

¹⁴⁶ "Rede über Lyrik und Gesellschaft", first 1957 in Akzente; Kluncker notes (p.122) that even in Wolfskehl's "expressionistisch-kraftvollen Gedichten der späten [Blätter-] Folgen der Spätzeit...wird die Distanz gewahrt."

¹⁴⁷ This element of "Zeitkritik" is devoid of any social concern, and the antipode of naturalist intentions. In its elitism, it reflects less appealing aspects of Nietzsche's contempt for the "masses" and "herd animals". Greve reveals this in Wanderungen ("Drunten trabt die blöde Masse..."). The "Zeitkritik" Grove expresses in his essays is more attuned to the neo-Kantian trends which were shaped by Nietzschean impulses, but without the individualistic emphasis.

¹⁴⁸ Mach is remarkable and representative in his blend of scientific and humanistic thought. This seems to be a common indicator of the entire generation. Scientists like Einstein, Heisenberg, Schrödinger, Pauli, Planck and others, express their ethical concerns in elegant prose. Authors like

concurrent loss of a centred, balanced sense of self which had formerly been provided through religion. Depth psychology, discovered by Freud and further propagated by Adler and Jung with different emphasis, also had an enormous impact on Greve's generation. Cultural pessimism was rampant, and was expounded in vast panoramas of decadence, suggesting an organic "life" principle on a large (cultures) and a small scale (individuals). Language skepticism (Fritz Mauthner) was also a prominent concern for German speaking philosophers and authors of the time, so that there is much discussion of a "language crisis".¹⁴⁹ Now nearly forgotten, Simmel and Klages were influential thinkers at the time; they had close connections with the George circle, and Greve was in personal contact with Klages.¹⁵⁰ The neo-Kantian Simmel is known for his semiotic analysis of money, and Klages, mainly influenced by Nietzsche, endeavoured to define character types and to develop graphology.

Grove's critical essays reveal the clear imprint of these trends. They bear titles like "Of the Interpretation of Life" (or History, Civilization, Science),¹⁵¹ emulating classical title-conventions as well as Nietzsche's Unzeitgemäße Betrachtungen, and a host of imitations thereof. A very striking similarity exists between Grove's essays and Vaihinger's Die Philosophie des Als Ob (1911, but composed more than two decades earlier): both authors consider the "laws" distilled for the humanities and even the "natural laws" of the sciences as useful fictions devoid of inherent truth, and as temporary, strictly pragmatic means of orientation for the contemporary, confused individual. The Berlin physiologist Du Bois-Reymond's famous

Musil, Bahr, Schnitzler, Broch and others received scientific training which infiltrates their literary expressions and essays - just as in Grove's case.

¹⁴⁹ "Die Sprachkrise" is a topic which continues to receive much attention even today. Particularly Austrian authors like Hofmannsthal, Schnitzler, Broch and successors like Ingeborg Bachmann, Peter Handke and Thomas Bernhard are preoccupied with this aspect of concern.

¹⁵⁰ This becomes clear in his correspondence with Wolfskehl in 1901/1902.

¹⁵¹ Most of these exist in the Grove archives in manuscript form, and have been presented in Makow's edition of Grove's essays.

Ignorabimus (1880)¹⁵² crystallized these opinions of an era, and Grove, who used this catch-phrase verbatim in It Needs to Be Said (p. 64),¹⁵³ also reflects it in his poetry.

In his youth, Greve believed that he had could find all essential answers in Nietzsche and kindred masters. The mature Grove is certain of one thing only: that the accumulation of man's knowledge and the fireworks of technological progress cannot explain the essential secrets of life. They will remain a mystery for ever. There is only one certainty: we are born, we live, and we die (see Questions reasked, IM 7). This ultimate message remains constant in Grove's essays and poems.

Some editorial observations:

Source situation summarized

For Greve's poetry, the source situation is straightforward. With rare exceptions, there is only one version to contend with. In contrast, Grove's poems often exist in as many as four or five parallel versions.¹⁵⁴ A tabular overview has been given in addition to the synopsis of Groves English poetry. The typescript Poems: In Memoriam Phyllis May Grove has been chosen as the authoritative

¹⁵² Emil Du Bois-Reymond, Über die Grenzen der Naturerkenntnis: Ignoramus, Ignorabimus. -- In the back of one of his Goethe editions, Grove wrote this scientist's infamous polemic slogan "Goethe -- und kein Ende", which indicates that he was well informed of a far-reaching Goethe-controversy (Berlin, 1885; see Kindermann, p.44) involving humanists and scientists alike. -- Grove mentions the "ignorabimus" on several occasions in his essays and in his letters, but he attributes it to the bio-chemist August Weissmann (for instance, in Letters, p. 59).

¹⁵³ "The interpretations of the mind are necessarily perishable...; they deal with the unknowable. Ignoramus, says Weissmann (sic), et ignorabimus; we shall never know...". -- Also in letter to Kirkconnell: "I prefer to subscribe to Weissmann's Ignoramus et ignorabimus." (7. 3. 1927, Letters, p. 59). Pacey (Letters, p. 60, n. 12) seems puzzled in identifying "the German biologist August Weissmann (1834-1914)" as the source. -- This dictum is commonly ascribed to Du Bois-Reymond (Kindermann, p. 23), but there was an important controversy among scientists over Du Bois-Reymond's infamous speech "Goethe und kein Ende" (1882; Kindermann, p. 44), and Grove noted this name and title in the back cover of his American edition of Goethe's Faust. There can be no doubt that Grove was very familiar the whole situation.

¹⁵⁴ Namely, poems in the Notebook and in the In Memoriam collection, those published in Canadian Forum, Selections, and Grove's correspondence.

text and the very basis for Grove's poetry in this edition. It is the most comprehensive and the most accomplished source. Accordingly, the table correlates all other sources, may they be the original Notebook manuscripts, later selections, or tenuous references in Grove's correspondence, to that pivotal structure.

Grove made very few manuscript corrections to this typescript, which conveys the distinct impression of a document in all respects for imminent publication. Grove's alterations have been registered in footnotes which also cover differences detected in earlier (in the Notebook) or presumably concurrent sources (in Canadian Forum and Selections). The large majority of comparative differences concerns minor discrepancies in punctuation. Unless they alter the expressive content in a significant way, they have not been described in too much detail.

As mentioned above, it appears that the poems in Miscellaneous Poems, are likely of early composition, but since they have an uncertain status in the light not being included in any of the other known sources, they have been treated along with other fragments from the Notebook in the section of "unique poems". For whatever reason, Grove seems to have worked on them, but not been able to finalize them in any version satisfactory to him.

Underlining of titled poems

The conventions of current style manuals prescribe that poems be referred to in quotation marks. These rules have been observed in the bibliography, but they have deliberately been ignored in the table of contents and in the introduction for reasons of visual clarity. This can be justified on the grounds that the difference between untitled and titled poems is virtually impossible without the typographical distinction adopted here in a context which is largely or entirely restricted to poetry. Therefore, titles of individual poems have been underlined, while quotation marks have been reserved for the first few words of untitled poems.

Chronological order in the corpus

The poetry gathered for this edition has been arranged according to chronological considerations wherever applicable. This means that Greve's poetry, as known to date, is presented first. The poems collected in Wanderungen (1902) and the three poems Greve published individually (1904-1907) were known to D. O. Spettigue shortly after his discovery of the Grove/Greve identity in October 1971; in addition to these, the initial section of this edition includes fifteen poems (seven manuscripts, August, 1902; one poem in a letter to Wolfskehl, October, 1902; and seven Fanny Essler poems published 1904/5) which were more recently discovered by the editor in April, 1990.

Grove's six German poems deserve special attention, which is why some of them have been regrouped at this crucial juncture for a second time: Greve's Erster Sturm (1907) is repeated to allow comparison with Grove's untitled version "Die Dünen fliegen auf...". Grove's two translations follow the German originals in one version; they have been presented again, in another version and in a different context, in the section of Groves unique poems from the important source folder Miscellaneous Poems. These poems provide a pivotal link between Greve's German and Grove's English poetry. They demonstrate a certain continuity in content in spite of a noticeable tendency toward more realistic ideals of poetry, and they display a remarkable constancy in form.

For Grove's English poems, the most comprehensive source, Grove's cycle Poems: In Memoriam Phyllis May Grove, has been chosen for representation, even though it is by definition younger than the 39 manuscripts recorded in the Notebook (this number includes four loose-leaf insertions) from where they were transcribed, or the poems in Miscellaneous Poems. The main reason for this decision is that the typed collection provides the most comprehensive and authoritative text of all available sources, while the various other clusters reflect only a fraction of these 62 poems. Both Selections and From the Dirge were presumably derived from the In Memoriam typescript around 1931/1932.

Closest to Greve's German poems up to 1907 are the eleven poems in Miscellaneous Poems. Three of these represent half of Grove's German manuscripts, the remainder are English poems in typescript. Only one of the latter appears in the In Memoriam cycle. All these poems betray both thematically and stylistically early models, but their unfinished status and the absence of explicit references to the time and occasion of their genesis does not allow any final judgement whatsoever. Like Grove's poems marked "rejected" in the Notebook and the two other epic narratives extant in that source, they have been regrouped in the category of "unique poems" towards the end of the corpus -- even though there can be little doubt that they represent Grove's earliest known compositions. Beyond that assumption, there are no indications when, why, or for what purpose Grove resolved to rework poems which he had created many years ago.

Overall, the In Memoriam poems seem at first impression quite different from Greve's poetry as far as thematic considerations and general atmosphere are concerned. Yet they consistently adhere to the same formal principles which Greve is known to have applied two or three decades earlier. A fair number of Grove's poem even continue Greve's old, individualistic concerns, although Grove carefully wrapped them in less flamboyant modes of expression.

Dedications, dates and geographical indications

Many of the poems in Grove's cycle In Memoriam have dedications, dates, or geographical specifications, especially in the section Landscapes. Often, these are stated more explicitly in Grove's Selections, while they tend to be absent in the Notebook and are entirely lacking in Canadian Forum. A separate list of poems with such references has been compiled for the appendices, since adding this kind of information to the table of contents (see below) would have overloaded it to an impossible extent.

The table of contents

Most of the information concerning the complex, multi-layered representations of the poems related to the In Memoriam complex is

reflected in the table of contents. Additional Notebook, Canadian Forum, and Selection occurrences, singly or combined, have been noted in abbreviated manner next to each of the poems concerned. A basic indication of the structure of each poem has been included as well: the extent of stanzas and lines, but not the meter (which in the majority of cases is the iambic pentameter), has been listed. These indications allow us to judge the length of any given poem at a glance. Because of this abundance of information provided in the table of contents, users are encouraged to refer to it constantly for the location of related sources. Since Grove's poems included in this edition are generally only reproduced once from the In Memoriam typescript, specific notes attached to any given poem will also reveal the existence of additional sources, and the extent of any of the variations involved.

Appendices of secondary sources

In addition to the structural and chronological orientation provided by the indications in the table of contents, separate listings of secondary sources have been compiled in the appendices. They convey a good impression of a possible genesis of the poems represented in the authoritative In Memoriam arrangement. Seen in the light of the In Memoriam sequence, the Notebook poems are highly erratic, the beginning and the end of From the Dirge selection is deliberately "out of order" for structural and thematic reasons, and Selections are a linear reflection to such an extent that they did not warrant any separate In Memoriam listing at all. In spite of this, Selections are believed to precede From the Dirge, and may even have been selectively dismantled for its formation and publication in April, 1932.

First line index, and list of titled poems

An index of first lines, or in reality first words, allows the retrieval of any poem, whether titled or not, in one alphabetical sequence. It also integrates collective titles, which means that a sequence of usually untitled poems is regrouped under a unifying heading (as, for instance, Greve's Tagszeiten [four poems], or Grove's

The Dirge [thirty-three poems]). The central column refers to the titles of poems, including those which have a collective title, the third column indicates the provenance and page reference to a given poem's occurrence in this edition.

The alphabetical list of titled poems also incorporates collective titles, which, for reasons of visual distinction, are the only ones underlined in this and the previously mentioned list. Note that a collective title may sometimes regroup a cluster of titled poems (WA, Antike; IM, Thoughts).

The index

Nouns and adjectives occurring in the poems represented in this edition have been consistently indexed, and interfiled in one alphabetical sequence regardless of their German or English context. On occasion, the language indication had to be specified, namely when the form of a word was identical, but either the meaning or the word category was different. Adverbs and prepositions have been indexed only in exceptional cases, or whenever they seemed to have special emphasis in a particular context. Titles, dedications, and geographical names whether present in a poem or in its surroundings have been included as well.

Abbreviations and Symbols:

CF = Canadian Forum, 1929-1930 (3, published)

FD = From the Dirge, Canadian Forum, 1932 (21, published)

FE = Greve's Fanny Essler poems, 1904/5 (7, published)

GA = Greve's poems in the Stefan-George-Archiv, 1902 (7, manuscript)

GG = Grove's German poems (6, manuscript in MP and SC)

GP = Greve's poems, 1904-1907 (3, published)

IM = Grove's Poems: In Memoriam (63+1, typescript)

MP = Miscellaneous Poems in Grove-Archives (10; 7 typed, 3 German mss.)

NB = Grove's Notebook (35 mss.; only three poems are not in IM)

NBLL= Poems on loose leaves in the Notebook (4 mss., all in IM)

S = Grove's Selections from Poems: In Meoriam (18 typed)

SC = Spettigue Collection (3 German mss.; 2 typed poems: IM 28+32)

WA = Greve's Wanderungen, 1902 (23, published)

WAS = Greve's self-review of Wanderungen (1 published: WA 7)

WO = Wolfskehl's correspondence (2 mss.: WA 23, and 1 unique (p. 38)

AhB = Aus hohen Bergen (2 titled poems)

Ant. = Antike (2 titled poems)

LDG = Lieder des Dankes und Gedenkens (3 titled poems)

Coll = Collective title (used for titles heading untitled, numbered poems [ex.: The Dirge], and on occasion also a group of titled poems ex.: Antike)

[Title-page]

Wanderungen

von Felix Paul Greve

[Imprint from impressum]

(Berlin : O. von Holten, Februar 1902)

[Dedication]

Dem Freunde und Gefährten
Herman F. C. Kilian

[Motto]

Vernimm! Ich bin aus Tantalos' Geschlecht.

Frage.

Am Tag des Festes, wenn der Priester kündet,
Was er vom Gotte, dem er dient, vernommen,
Da seht ihr tausend Weise zu ihm kommen,
In deren Brust er heiliges Feuer zündet.

Sie alle treten in die Tempelhallen
Und eilen, vor dem Meister sich zu neigen;
Und draussen harrt das Volk in tiefem Schweigen,
Indes die Fahnen in den Lüften wallen.

Mit ihnen kam auch ich, und stolzes Schwellen
Erfüllte meine Brust wie Meergebraus...
Doch plötzlich auf den breiten Marmorstufen

Stand angeheftet ich, und in den hellen,
Den klaren Morgen schaut ich zweifelnd aus:
Bist auserwählt du, oder nur berufen?

Wanderungen, p. 7

Cäsarische Zeit.¹

I.

In Purpur prangen eure Marmorhallen,
Ihr lehnt gelassen auf den seidnen Thronen,
Zu euren Füßen knieen die Vasallen,
Und Ost und West entrichten ihre Frohnen.

Ihr lacht der Thoren, die des Glaubens hüten,
Und lacht der Schwärmer, die des Glückes warten,
Der Grübler, die verborgne Weisheit brüten,
Der Siedler im verlassnen Unschuldsgarten.

Ihr schlürft kühl mit wählerischer Lippe
Vom Trank des Lebens, den Verzückung reichte;
Doch hinter euch steht hoch mit ehrner Hippe
Der Greis, vor dem der Zeiten Glut erbleichte.

Er schreibt - ihr schäkert leicht mit frechen Frillen --
In Flammenschrift, unsichtbar eitlen Schauern,
Des Schicksals ewig vorgeschriebnen Willen
Trotz Purpur und Gepräng auf Wand und Mauern.

Wanderungen, p. 11

¹ On a separate title-page.

II.

Du wandelst wie ein Fürst aus Sternenweiten
Ob aller Länder dieser kleinen Erde,
Durchmisst mit Seherblick die dunklen Zeiten
Zurück zum alten mütterlichen Werde.

Dir dehnen sich des Berges sanfte Strassen,
Dir springen über Ströme stolze Brücken,
Dir beut das Meer den unermessnen Rücken,
Dich tragen aufwärts Luft und Nebelmassen.

Du weckst die Toten mit dem Wink des Fingers,
Und bannst sie wieder in die alten Schächte,
Bist Herr des Tags, des Licht- und Freudenbringers,
Und scheuchst mit blankem Strahl das Graun der Nächte.

Und dennoch hockt auf hohen Wolkenauen
Ein grau Gespenst nach alter Schicksalssitte
Und wacht ob jedes deiner Herrschertritte,
Um deinen Sturz vorahnend abzuschauen.

Wanderungen, p. 12

III

Du schreitest aufrecht durch die schwarze Menge:
Ihr Jauchzen trifft dein Ohr, doch nicht dein Herz.
Dein Auge flammt aufs wogende Gedränge,
Auf deiner Lippe thront gebannter Schmerz.

Du denkst nicht derer, die dich rings umtosen,
Dein Geist voraus zieht seine Sternenbahn,
Von den Balkonen nieder regnen Rosen,
Du zuckst verächtlich ob der Vielen Wahn.

Doch plötzlich mit erwachender Geberde¹
Aus deinem Auge bricht ein irrer Glanz:
Ich bin der einzige Mensch auf dieser Erde,
Und alles Leben ist ein Mummenschanz.

Wanderungen, p. 13

¹ Unusual spelling of "Gebärde".

Wanderungen.¹

Dich lockten meerbewegte Inselwelten
Und ferner Sagen liedumwobne Küsten,
Der Sonne Land mit seinen weissen Zelten,
Die schon in deine frühesten Träume grüssten.

Dir war die Heimat nichts als ein Gefängnis,
Du rütteltest an seinen Eisenstäben,
Und senktest du die Hand vor dem Verhängnis,
So fluchtest du der Erde wie dem Leben.

Wir wähten oft, du zaudertest zu lange,
Und harrten wohl, dass sich dein Geist entfache,
Wir staunten dir, und baten, flehten bange,
Dass endlich Herz und Seele dir erwache.

Nun stehst du ruhig auf dem grünen Plane
Und lächelst ob des Quells der zarten Wiesen,
Und fragst verwundert: Einst im Jugendwahne,
Was suchte ich das Wunderland der Riesen?

Hier singt der Hain in den verborgnen Thälern,
Die Hügel schwingen fort in Wellenlinien,
Ich will nicht länger meine Heimat schmälern,
Nicht träumen mehr von Palmen und von Pinien.

Wanderungen, pp. 17-18

¹ On a separate title-page.

Wir zogen, da der Sonne Strahl entglommen,
Am frühen Morgen aus ins Hügelland.
Du hattest still den steilen Pfad erklimmen,
An den Erinnerung dich und Trauer band.

Und da wir auf der Klippen Höhen standen,
Sahst du mich träumend wie aus Fernen an;
Ich fühlte deiner Seele heimlich Branden
Und schwieg, wie ichs den ganzen Weg gethan.

Du nahmest langsam meine bleichen Hände,
Ich spürte zitternd ihren leichten Druck.
Dann flog dein Aug hinunter zum Gelände
Des Stroms, der ruhig seine Ufer schlug.

Und fremder sah, doch freudiger dein Auge,
Und deine Lippe zuckte leis und sprach:
Du gabst den Trost mir, der mir einzig taue,
Denn wortlos fühlte deine Seele nach.

Wanderungen, p. 19

Was ist es, das uns in der Scheidestunde¹
An diesen Blick auf Strom und Hügel bannt?
Was, das aus dieser Thäler ernster Runde
Im Schweigen uns den Arm entgegenspannt?

Die Sonne sinkt,² die Wolken stehn in Flammen,
Aus grünen Tiefen eine Stimme raunt:³
Was zögert ihr? Im Meer der Zeit entschwammen
Die Stunden längst, die ihr⁴ noch müd bestaunt.

Seht hin, schon senken sich die Nebelschatten,
Seht hin, schon schwindet all die bunte Pracht,
Seht, wie sich Licht und Finsternis⁵ begatten,
Sie zeugen die geheimnistrunke Nacht.

Geht schweigend!⁶ Geht! Was soll das matte Zaudern?
Ihr schwindet auch, wie dieser Tag entschwand!...⁷
Wir stehn noch immer, stehn im grossen Schaudern,
Ich fühl in meiner deine kalte Hand.

Wanderungen, p. 20

¹ This poem was cited in its entirety in Greve's self-review in Die Zukunft 39 (1902), pp. 164-165.

² Title of a poem by Nietzsche.

³ The next word is preceded by quotation marks.

⁴ Capitalized in Die Zukunft.

⁵ An [ß] is used here, in the next line for "geheimnißtrunkne Nacht", and for "großen" in the last stanza.

⁶ A comma is used here.

⁷ Instead of a [!] mark, the Zukunft version has end of quotation marks.

Ihr harrt am Ufer, ob das Heil euch nahe,
Und werft die Angel in die Weltenmeere,
Und zieht sie auf, ob sie den Fetisch fahe,
Dass euch des Lebens Dämon nicht mehr sehre.

Ich sass bei euch und harrte lang am Ufer
Und sah die Azurwellen spottend spielen...
Da hört ich hoch vom Berge her den Rufer,
Der mich hinaufrief, abseits von den Vielen.

Er sprach: der Adel, der vom Volk dich trenne,
Dein Leiden seis, das sollst du heilig sprechen!
Wem Leid und Rede warden, der erkenne:
Er kann die Pforten neuer Welten brechen...

Er lehrte mich, der Erde Glück verachten,
Er gab der Seele höher kühnes Streben.
Nicht folg ich länger eurem eitlen Trachten:
Ich muss am Sternentuch des Schicksals¹ weben.

Wanderungen, p. 21

¹An obvious reference to Stefan George's Teppich des Lebens (1900) of which Greve had an autographed copy (George/Gundolf, Briefwechsel, p. 115, n. 2).

Den Blick hinaus aufs weite Land gewendet,
Stehst auf dem Hügel du beruhigt schon.
Die Stunde kam, die dir den Trost gespendet,
Der deines Suchens, deiner Hoffnung Lohn.

Zu deinen Füßen liegt entrollt die Ebne,
Und fern am Rande schläft das glatte Meer,
Und über alles hin schweift der ergebne,
Der stille Blick, der einst von Sehnsucht schwer

Die Zeit gesucht, die alle träumend ahnen,
Da leicht den Göttern wie den Menschen floss
Das Leben, da auf glatten Unschuldsbahnen
Der Strom des Leidens niemals sich ergoss.

Nun liegt es hinter dir, das längst Entschwundne,
Nun wendest du den Geist nicht mehr zurück,
Nun ist es dein, das mühevoll gefundne,
Das frohe, grosse, ach, so schwere Glück.

Wanderungen, p. 22

Tagszeiten.

I.

Die erste Stunde strich, seit ich gezogen,
Nun kommt die Sonne langsam aufgestiegen.
Die Zweige rings in matter Kühle wiegen
Die Blätter feucht, vom Thau herabgebogen.

Da steh ich schon am Weg auf grünem Hügel
Und wende mich zum letzten Blick zurücke:
Aus Nebeln taucht des Stromes stolze Brücke
Und eine Mühle regt im Hauch die Flügel.

Noch ruht die Stadt, die ich verliess, im Dunkel,
Die Sonne güldet erst die höchsten Türme,
In winkelreichen Gassen ruhn die Stürme,
In schwarzer Schenken Nacht schweigt das Gemunkel.

Dies ist die stillste Stunde vorm Erwachen;
Bald tost es laut durch hohler Strassen Räume,
Und auch im Reich der Sträucher und der Bäume
Wird Kampf und Glut bald der Tag entfachen.

Wanderungen, p. 23

II.

Du grosse Erde ruhst im Mittagschlummer,
Du sorgst dich nicht, dass deine Flur erblühe,
Um Sold der Ernten trägst du keine Mühe,
Und um Erstorbnnes kennst du keinen Kummer.

Du hast, was wir erfehn, das leichte Leben,
Da Mond und Sonne ewig sich entzünden
Aus eigener Kraft, wenn sich die Jahre ründen:
Brunnen, die selber sich das Nass entheben.

Doch du gebarst, dich selber zu bespiegeln,
Das seltsame Geschlecht, die Erdensöhne;
Nun ringen ewig sie nach Grösse, Schöne,
Und weil sie ewig ringen, so besiegeln

Den eignen Fluch sie, eigenes Verderben;
Du aber schauest ruhig zu, gelassen,
Und trägst sie ohne Lieben, ohne Hassen,
Die Erdensöhne, die um Gottheit werben.

Wanderungen, p. 24

III.

Grüss ich dich wieder mit der Sonne Sinken,
Von der ich auszog, Stadt der stolzen Türme?
Giebst du ein Dach mir, das den Wanderer schirme,
Indes die Fluren Nacht und Dunkel trinken?

Es stirbt der Tag in unruhvollen Gluten;
Gespenstern gleich sich bleiche Nebel senken,
Den feuchten Grund der Wiesen zu ertränken;
Der Wolken letzte tief am Rand verbluten.

Da seh ich unten Licht um Licht entzündet;
Schon streicht die Nacht um die verschlossnen Mauern,
Doch wendet sie, da sie das Thor nicht findet,
Sich wieder ab mit höhnischem Bedauern;

Sie wendet sich, sie regt den blassen Flügel,
Und hebt sich fort zum nahen Totenhügel,
Und hockt dort nieder, bis im Flammenmeere
Ihr Feind, das Licht, den Eintritt nicht mehr wehre.

Wanderungen, p. 25

[IV.]¹

Und wieder lockst du mich, du Kirke Süden,
Und ihr, Italias rauchende Vulkane,
Olivenhügel, gelbe Ginsterplane,
Als ob mich Selige zum Feste lüden.

Und mich gedenkts der sonnenhellen Berge,
Gekrönt von wilden epheugrünen Resten,
Des Mauerwerks von Tempeln und Palästen!...
Doch ach, er fehlt, der unerschrockne Ferge,

Der auf der Zeiten Strom mich rückwärts führe
Zu jenem Tag, da frühlingstfroh bereitet
Vor meinen Füßen deine Flur gebreitet
Und offen lag; da ich die Kinderschwüre,

Dir treu zu sein, voll froher Lust gestammelt!...
Nun bleibt mir nichts, als all die welken Sänge:
Gefäß der Traurigkeit, in das die Klänge
Der Abschiedsglocken bindend ich versammelt.

Wanderungen, p. 26

¹ The Roman numeral is lacking in the text.

Aus hohen Bergen.¹

Irrfahrt.

In einer Felsschlucht hatt ich mich verloren,
Und Klippen türmten rechts und links sich auf;
Doch ich -- zum Kletterer bin ich geboren --
Ich folgte noch des wilden Baches Lauf.

Mit jähem Sprung und mancherlei Gefahren
Nur vorwärts, vorwärts stürmt ich unverwandt...
Da plötzlich stand in wirren Silberhaaren
Ein Göttergreis an schroffer Felsenwand.

Ich wollte grausend schnell vorüberschreiten,
Ein Wahnbild wähnend meiner Phantasei,
Da sah ich näher in den Weg ihn gleiten,
Und aus der Runde tönt ein wild Geschrei.

Er aber, winkend seinem Geistervolke,
In stolzer Hoheit stand gelassen da;
Und um mich legt sich eine Nebelwolke,
Dass ich die Felsen nicht, nur ihn noch sah.

Da neigte er sein Haupt zu mir hernieder
Und sah mich fest, doch mild und freundlich an;
Rings von den Bergen hallt es leise wieder,
Da er zu reden als ein Gott begann:

Du bist in unser Geisterreich gedrungen,
Und suchend nach dem gangbar ebenen Pfad,
Hast du mit Übermenschlichem gerungen,
Verachtend sichrer Führer Wort und Rat.

Wer zu uns kommt, des Lebens ist verfallen,
Denn alles rings ist heiliges Geisterreich,
Und nur die Ebne, wo die Ströme wallen,
Das weite Land, entspricht und eignet euch.

¹ On a separate title-page.

Doch hier, wo Wolken in den Thälern nisten,
Die Berge sich der Himmelsbläue nahn,
Wo Geist und Zwerg ihr Höhlenleben fristen,
Hier ist für menschlich Streben keine Bahn.

Wer dennoch dringt ins tief Geheimnisvolle,
Liegt plötzlich auf der Schluchten Grund zerschellt:
Ein Dämon jagt ihn, bis das wilde, tolle
Geschrei des Wahnsinns durch die Thäler gellt.

Doch um dein reines Suchen, reines Irren
Sei deines Lebens Dauer dir geschenkt;
Was unentwirrbar, wirst du nie entwirren,
Zurück drum kehre, eh die Nacht sich senkt.

Der dienstbarn Geister einer zeigt die Wege
Auf meinen Wink zur Ebne dir hinab;
Er führt dich sicher die gewundenen Stege
Vorbei an jedem Eis- und Felsengrab....

Ich aber, kalt und ruhiger geworden,
Entgegnet finstren Blickes ihm darauf:
Euch fürcht ich nicht. Ruft alle eure Horden,
Das ganze Volk der Finsternis zu Hauf!

Mein Leben acht ich nichts! Könnt ihr es nehmen,
So nehmts! und ich will euch noch dankbar sein.
Sollt ich mich eurem Willen anbequemen?
Und trug so lang des Suchens Last allein!

Ich will empor zu sonnig hohen Bergen
Und unter mir der Menschen Lande schaun,
Ja, euch zum Trotz, den Geistern und den Zwergen,
Will ich dort oben meine Hütte baun;

Und alles Land und Meer liegt mir zu Füßen
Und schmeichelt meinem stolzen Herrscherblick,
Und winkt mit Rauch und Wolken meinen Grüßen
Als Opferdank und Antwort mir zurück.

Geht ihr und haust in euren Höhlen weiter!
Ich weiche nicht, eh mir Erfüllung ward.
Wenn ihrs vermögt, bereitet Tod dem Streiter,
Doch eure Worte, eure Mahnung spart...

Doch kaum noch war das letzte Wort verklungen,
Als das Gesicht schon meinem Blick entschwand;
Die Nebel hatten sich emporgeschwungen,
In fahlem Dämmern lag der Felsen Land.

Und, wie ich rings erwachend um mich schaute,
Verwandelt war so Berg wie Thal umher,
Und über mir gewitterdüster graute
Ein Himmel, wie von Blitz und Wolken schwer.

Vertrocknet war des Baches karge Rinne,
An wilderen Felsen irrt der Blick hinauf,
Und wie ich noch in bangem Schweigen sinne,
Da thaten rings sich dunkle Schluchten auf.

Mir aber schwanden die Gedanken alle,
Ein Schwindel trübte meinen festen Blick.
Ein Donner rollt -- in ungeheurem Falle
Sank in der Ebne Länder ich zurück...

Als ich erwacht, vernahm ich Totenglocken,
In einer Hütte lag ich aufgebahrt...
Ich fühlte meine Pulse schauernd stocken,
Da ich des Schrecklichen mich erst besann...
Und doch, von wilden Fiebern heiss, begann
Am nächsten Tag von neuem ich die Fahrt.

Wanderungen, pp. 31-36

Sage.

Ein Adler, den ein Schuss im Fluge streifte,
Da er nach Raub im Hochgebirge zog,
Stürzt in ein Thal hinab, und mühsam kroch
Er durch den Grund. Der Flügel schleifte

Gebrochen und zerzaust im zähen Sande.
Unfähig ganz, den grossen Schwung zu thun,
Unfähig auch, gelassen träg zu ruhn,
Schleppt er sich fort bis zu der Mulde Rande.

Dort, wo das krumme Thal ein andres querte,
Lag eines Dorfes eingeengte Flur
Verlassen da, und wenige Kinder nur,
Verwildert halb, da ihnen niemand wehrte,

Sie spielten in der Felder kargen Beeten
Mit lautem Schrei und rohem Scherz umher,
Und da, sich haschend, sie von ungefähr
Der Lüfte König auf dem Grund erspähten

Und seinen Flügel blutend hängen sahen,
Da stürzten sie in drängendem Gewühl
Herbei und jauchzten ohne Mitgefühl.
Die Kühnsten wagten selbst, sich ihm zu nahen

Und zerrten ihn an der gebrochenen Schwinge.
Doch, als er wütend krampfhaft um sich biss,
Da wichen sie zurück; und endlich schmiss
Ihm einer übers Haupt die enge Schlinge,

Und jubelnd, dass es ihm gelungen, rannte
Er vorwärts, mit der Schnur in fester Hand,
Und sprang hin über frisch gebrochnes Land,
So dass der Strick sich fest am Halse spannte.

Als das die wilde Schar frohlockend schaute
Da stürmt sie lärmend in das stille Dorf.
Der Adler stürzt und über Bruch und Torf
Wird Er¹ geschleift, der, wo der Äther blaute,

Noch jüngst gereckt die mächtgen Flügelschwünge...
Doch -- als im Dorf sie sind, aus einem Haus
Tritt da in weissem Haar ein Greis heraus...
Sie mässigen die wilden, tollen Sprünge...

Denn dieser Alte stand im sichren Rufe,
Er hab ein rettend Kraut für jedes Leid
Und auch bei Bruch und Sturz und Stoss bereit,
Was Heilung brächte; und zu dem Behufe

Sah man ihn oft im Walde einsam suchen...
Als dieser Greis, was vor sich ging, erkannt,
Da hebt, wie abzuwehren, er die Hand
Und reckt sich auf, zu segnen oder fluchen.

Die Rangen packt ein abergläubisch Zagen,
Sie stehn und harren seines Wortes scheu.
Er aber, seinem milden Rufe treu,
Tritt hin und löst den Strick am Federkragen.

Doch sieh! ein Wunder! da den Hals er streicheln,
Da er den Flügel leis betasten will,
Da hält das ungezähmte Raubtier still
Und wendet sich ihm zu, als wollt es schmeicheln.

Er hebt es auf mit seinen dürren Armen,
Vorsichtig schützend den gebrochnen Fang,
und trägt es fort, und wankt mit schwankem Gang,
Und schwindet in der Hütte, in der warmen.

Die Jungen stehn noch eine Weile, harrend,
Doch dann zerstreuen sie sich ohne Laut...
Mit warmem Wasser unterdessen thaut
Der Greis den Schwung, von Blut und Ekel starrend,

¹ Capitalized in text.

Und bindet ihn an eine feste Schiene.
Und da das Werk vollbracht, die Binde sass,
Da eilt er hin und wider ohne Lass;
Zufriedenheit erstrahlt auf seiner Miene.

Er brachte Wasser, rohe Fleischesstücke...
Der Vogel hockt an warmer Ofenwand,
Und frisst zutraulich aus des Greisen Hand,
Als kenne er nicht Arg und List und Tücke...

Doch durch das Dorf indessen hurtig eilet
Die Kunde von dem grossen, seltenen Fang.
Die Bauern wissen es den Rangen Dank,
Und ihm, der klug des Vogels Wunden heilet.

Denn dass ein zahmer Adler, sagt die Sage,
Vor manchem Unheil einen Ort bewahrt,
Und eine Kraft geheimnisvoller Art
Zu Dorf und Flecken, die ihn nähren, trage:

Wenn die Lawinen von den Bergen rollen,
Sie weichen seitwärts in die jähe Kluft;
Und zucken Blitze aus der schwülen Luft,
Sie treffen nicht. Vergeblich Donner grollen.

Und niemals drohen wilde Feuersbrünste,
Ob auch der Föhn verderbenschwanger weht,
Und der Zigeuner frech Gesindel geht,
Versuchend eitel Fluch und Zauberkünste.

Drum, kaum dass sie das grosse Wort vernommen,
Da eilt so Mann wie Weib zum stillen Haus,
Wohl schüttelt den und jenen banger Graus,
Doch aller Augen von Erwartung glommen.

Sie pochen wild an die verschlossne Thüre,
Mit lautem Rufen und mit Schreien schrill;
Und da gutwillig niemand öffnen will,
So schallen durch den Abend wilde Schwüre.

Und dann erbrechen mit dem Eisenhammer
Die ersten Thür und Schloss; sie dringen nach
Und stürmen ein ins niedrige Gemach.
Doch, wo der Adler ruht, in kleiner Kammer,

Da steht der Greis und wehrt den wilden Bauern,
Und hebt die Hand dem Schutzgeist gleich der Flur,
Und schwört -- so sah man ihn nie -- wilden Schwur,
Dass ers nicht dulde! und die Alten schauern

Und weichen jäh erschreckt in Angst zur Seite;
Doch junge Burschen stürmen frech hervor,
In denen Wut und Gier zur Kehle gor,
Und stossen ihn beiseit -- er ringt im Streite

Mit dieser jungen Burschen rohen Kräften:
Vergeblich! denn schon taumelt er zurück,
Und stürzt, und liegt, gebrochen das Genick,
Am Ofen, den sein Schädel traf. Sie äfften

Noch grinsend nach die warnende Geberde,
Und drangen in die Kammer, wo der Aar
Am Boden hockt und werden ihn gewahr,
Und bändigen den Lahmen ohn Beschwerde...

Am andren Morgen sass er schon zu langer
Gefängnishaft im neuen Käfighaus...
Am Abend trug den Alten man hinaus,
Ihn zu verscharren auf dem Totenanger....

So strich ein Jahr dahin. Des Adlers Schwinge
War längst geheilt und seiner Kräfte Glut
Zurückgekehrt, doch mählich sank der Mut,
Dass jemals wieder er zu Lüften dringe.

Gleichmässig rannen seine müden Wochen
Im Stundenglas der Zeiten öd dahin,
Da dämmerte wie Perlen und Rubin
Der Morgen, da die Knechtschaft angebrochen.

Ein Festtag wars, und zu dem Kirchengange
Versammelt sich der Bauern ganze Zahl
Bei ihres Dorfes altem Flurenmal,
Und durch die Felder schweigend zieht der lange,

Gemessne Zug zur einsamen Kapelle.
Schon lüften sie den Hut zum heiligen Gruss,
Schon hebt der erste zögernd seinen Fuss
Zum Eintritt hin, als auf der Kirchschwelle

Der Alte plötzlich steht mit der Geberde,
Wie damals, als den Adler er bewahrt,
Wie damals wallt ihm weiss so Haar wie Bart,
Er reckt sich auf, als ob er fluchen werde.

Entsetzen, Wahnsinn packt die wilden Bauern,
Im Nu zerstiebt der ganze wirre Hauf,
Sie jagen fort in hastig jähem Lauf,
Sich zu verbergen hinter ihren Mauern.

Der Alte aber, stets die Hand gehoben,
Er nähert sich dem todbestimmten Dorf,
Er schreitet ruhig über Bruch und Torf,
Von einem Glanz wie Himmelslicht umwoben.

So tritt er ein in die verlassnen Gassen
Und winket leis bei einem jeden Haus.
Verstohlen schaun die Bauern, bang heraus,
Die hinter den Gardinen bebend sassen.

Er aber geht, als ob ein Geist ihn führe,
Mit sichrem Schritt zum Käfig hin des Aars,
Und - horch! die Glocken! gerade Mittag wars --
Und öffnet weit des engen Kerkers Thüre.

Da dringt ein Rauschen schon zu aller Ohren --
Verschwunden ist der Greis -- er sank hinab --
Der Adler lässt sein langes Wintergrab
Und stösst zur Luft empor, der er geboren.

Er reckt die Schwingen, und schon liegt die Erde
Tief unter ihm und seiner Lüfte Reich --
Doch plötzlich kreist er abwärts und sogleich
Raubt er ein Lamm sich aus der nächsten Herde

Und trägt es aufwärts zu dem Felsenhorste...
Die Bauern siechten langsam nun dahin,
Die Angst, der Schrecken wirrten ihren Sinn,
Sie wagten sich nicht mehr zum nächsten Forste.

Der Adler aber kam mit frischen, starken
Und mächtgen Flügelschwüngen jeden Tag
Zur Flur herab, die bei dem Dorfe lag,
Und rächt des Plegers Tod an den Gemarken.

Wanderungen, pp. 37-47

Lieder des Dankes und Gedenkens¹

Den Meistern.

Ich wohnte in einem einsamen Schloss,
Und rings umhegt es ein weiter Garten,
Aus dem ich der Blicke schönste genoss,
Ob ihn Cypressen und Eichen gleich wahrten

Vor allen fremden, zudringlichen Schauern
Und kaltem, unerbetnem Besuch.
Doch rings um den Hügel lief an den Mauern
Entlang ein Pfad, verschwiegen genug.

Vier Steine dort in den Ecken standen
Aus weissem Marmor im dunklen Buchs,
Die Epheuranken wuchernd umwanden,
Aus feuchtem Boden nährend den Wuchs.

Und auf den Steinen standen vier Namen,
Der Gäste, die ich täglich empfing,
Die ungerufen zu mir kamen,
Mit denen ich schweigend im Garten ging:

Im Osten, dem dunklen Gebirge näher,
Aus dem mir jede Sonne stieg,
Da stand dein Name, Nietzsche, du Seher,
Du Kämpfer im Krieg, du Dulder im Sieg.

Und drüben im Westen, nahe dem Meere,
Dem brausenden Meer, das niemals schlief,
Da stand der Name Böcklins, der lehre,
Der oft mich zu vollerm Leben rief.

Im Süden aber, von Rosenhecken
Und blühenden Büschen umschlossen ganz,
Da leuchtet hervor aus duftgen Verstecken,
George, dein Name mit milderem Glanz.

¹ On a separate title-page.

Doch unter den Eichen, den dunklen, im Norden,
Am Fels, wo der Sturm seine Lieder sang --
Von dem mir Erschütterung immer geworden,
Kein Name, als deiner, Beethoven, erklang.

Friedrich Nietzsche.

Ich träume noch in müden Dämmerstunden
Von den geheimnisvollen, schönen Tagen,
Da du, in meines Herzens Not gefunden,
Mir Antwort gabst auf niegesprochne Fragen.

Es war, als ob durch grauen Wehmutsschleier
Die Sonne segnend goldne Lichter streute,
Als ob bei worteloser Totenfeier
Ein Blick von künftgem Leben mich erfreute.

Arnold Böcklin.

Du sagtest uns, was nie ein anderer sagte,
Und sagtest es im farbenfrohesten Bilde;
Selbst den, der forschend an der Pforte zagte,
Lockst du hinein in seligste Gefilde.

Sein Leben wird ein Traum: da singt das Feld,
Da klingt melodisch der entschlafne Wald,
Ein Schrei, der durchs Gebirge schreckhaft gellt,
Ein Echo, das im Sturm verloren hallt....

Dir ward dein Traum zum Wesen allen Lebens,
Enträtselt stand vor dir die Gott-Natur.
Wer ist gebannt? Im Wechseltausch des Gebens
Verlor sich jenes Wunders jede Spur.

Hast du dem Meer, dem Berg des eignen Wesens
Grundzug schöpfrischen Winkes aufgezwungen?
Oder hast du im Drange kühnsten Lesens
Dem Dasein seine Rätsel abgerungen?

Wanderungen, pp. 51-53

Antike.

I.

Herakles Farnese.

Nun ruhest du von deinen vielen Fahrten,
Den letzten Siegspreis trägst du in der Hand:
Goldäpfel, die die Hesperiden wahrten;
Und blickst hernieder auf das weite Land.

Wohl weltenmüde lehnst du an der Keule,
Und leicht verachtend spielt ein matter Zug
Um deinen Mund; und der den Himmel trug,
Dein Nacken neigt sich gleich geborstner Säule.

Du warst ein Held, so lang du kämpfen musstest;
So lange du ums Wie, Wozu¹ nicht wusstest,
War keines Gottes Laune dir zu schwer.

Doch seit du heim vom letzten Strausse kehrtest,
Nicht den Gedanken mehr durch Thaten wehrtest,
Da fandest du des Lebens Sinn nicht mehr.

Wanderungen, p. 54

¹Reminiscent of Goethe's poem "Gott, Gemüt und Welt", part 3 of which reads: "Wie? Wann? und Wo? -- Die Götter bleiben stumm! / Du halte dich ans Weil und frage nicht: Warum?". -- Grove translated the interrogatives in the second line in the notes section of his edition of Goethe's poems: "weil : whence / warum : whereto (wozu)", and used similar terms in the opening and closing lines of Questions Reasked (IM 7): "What are we? Whence? And whither are we bound?".

II.

Athena Lemnia.

Du blickst gelassen nieder auf die deinen,
Die sich zum grossen Werke eifrig rüsten
Und, an vielleicht unwirtbar wilden Küsten
Der Sitte Dienst zu pflanzen, sich vereinen.

Sie wollen Städte, mächtige Staaten gründen
Und steuern doch ins ewig Ungewisse;
Drum, ehe man das erste Segel hisse,
Nahn sie sich dir, Gelübde fromm zu künden.

Du aber wendest ihnen dich entgegen,
Du neigst das Haupt und blickest Segen:
Die Saat der Hoffnung streust du um dich nieder.

Und da die Schar ergriffen dir zu Füßen
Vorbeizieht, stumm, mit ungesprochenen Grüßen,
Da nickst du ihnen: kehret freudig wieder!

Wanderungen, p. 56

Frauen.

I.

Du lehntest am behaglichen Kamine
Und sahst versonnen in die dunklen Gluten,
Und leise fingernd auf der Mandoline,
Befreitest du der Töne sanftes Fluten.

Du sahst mich nicht, da ich hereingetreten,
Und ich stand still durch zögernde Minuten...
Ich sah vom Widerschein der Flamme dich erröten
Und in des Auges Glanz in innerste Erregung,
Als wolltest du des Schicksals Bann beschwören...
In diesem Blick hab ich dich ganz gesehen,
Und, deiner Seele Kreise nicht zu stören,
Trat ich zurück mit leisester Bewegung....

Wanderungen, p. 57

II.

Soll ich das Wort noch einmal an dich richten
Und dich an jene erste Stunde mahnen,
Da unter neuen, blendenden Gesichtern
Ich dich erschaut mit frommem Schicksalsahnen?

Du standest auf des Saales hoher Schwelle
Und sahst hinunter, wo auf breiten Stufen
Die Menge lauschte auf der Töne Rufen,
Und standest hoch in dämmrig kühler Helle.

Da fiel dein Blick auf mich; doch ich, voll Zagen,
Sah nur auf dich und las in deinem Wesen,
Und auch die stumme Forderung: Entsagen!
Hab ich an jenem Tage stumm gelesen.

Und solche Hoheit lag in deinen Blicken,
Dass ich mich ohne Willen vor dir neigte
Und dir mit stummem, schmerzenvollem Nicken,
Wie dein ich sei und entsage, zeigte.

Wanderungen, p. 58

Irrender Ritter.¹

Für *** **2

Ich sah im Traume einer Herrin Bild
Und ich vernahm ein helles Kinderlachen,
Nun zieh ich hin und irre durchs Gefild
Und kann aus meinem Traume nicht erwachen.

Dort oben steht der Wald im Sonnenglanz,
Verzaubert dehnt sich Bruch und Feld und Anger,³
Im Hauche wiegt der Schmetterlinge Tanz,
Mir aber klopfen alle Pulse banger.

Ich suche einzig meiner Herrin Bild,
Und merke nichts von allen Frühlingsdüften,
Mein Auge schweift durchs lachende Gefild
Und sucht in allen Tiefen, allen Lüften.

Du Traum, du Bild, so höre meinen Schwur:
Wenn ich nicht heut noch deine Hände rühre,
So fluch ich allem Leben auf der Flur
Und poche an des nächsten Klosters Thüre.

Wanderungen, p. 61

¹ Greve sent this poem to Karl Wolfskehl with the following note: "Lieber Herr Doktor!/Heute Abend ist mir eine Änderung meines "Irrenden Ritters" eingefallen. Da ich jedoch nicht ganz sicher bin, ob es eine Verbesserung ist, so möchte ich Sie noch einmal bitten, das Gedicht in der neuen Fassung zu lesen. Vielleicht sagen Sie mir Ihr Urteil nächsten Sonntag. Mit herzlichem Gruß und Dank im Voraus./Ihr/Felix P. Greve./Montag Abend." (29. 1. 1902. Deutsches Literaturarchiv, Marbach).

² This dedication is absent in the manuscript.

³ Apart from slight differences in punctuation (a comma is inserted after lines 1, 3, 11, and "Schwur" in v. 13 ends with an exclamation mark), the only change is a reversal of the nouns ("Feld und Bruch") in v. 6.

[Impressum]

DIESES BUCH WURDE IM FEBRUAR
NEUNZEHNHUNDERTUNDZWEI BEI
OTTO V. HOLTEN, BERLIN GEDRUCKT.
ES WURDEN HERGESTELLT: EIN-
HUNDERTUNDZWANZIG EXEMPLARE
AUF HOLLÄNDISCHEM BÜTTEN-
PAPIER UND ZEHN EXEMPLARE AUF
KAISERLICH JAPANISCHEM PAPIER.

GEDICHTE VON

FELIX PAUL GREVE¹

So stehn wir ewig an dem rand der zeiten
Und strecken unsre arme sehndend aus?
Es gaehnt ein golf... wer kann hinüberschreiten?...
Und drüben ragt ein lichterbautes haus,

Drin aller wünsche kostbarkeiten prangen
Und jedes hoechsten gutes klarer schrein,
So unerreichbar menschlichem verlangen
Wie des vergessens allbegehrter wein:

O brüder ihr, mit den erhobnen händen,
Ihr flammenden, so zoegert länger nicht
Vom ewigen euch entschlossen abzuwenden,
Wenn es auch traumes lust und ruh verspricht!

Seht ihr die erde nicht und ihre gaben
Und schwert und schild im feuchten blütenduft?...
Wenn wir das leben erst erobert haben
Dann baun wir schlösser in die stolze luft.

Manuscript, Stefan George Archiv

¹ Written sideways on a separate title-page; the two lines are aligned in both margins, and the same curious dots which are employed in lieu of commas in these poems separate the three parts of the name. Like the "Kleinschreibung" they are an affectation of the "George-Mache" which Greve imitates here. -- His correspondence with Karl Wolfskehl (18. 8. and 23. 8. 1902, Marbach) indicates that he composed these poems in late August, 1902. The envelope in which he sent the manuscripts to Stefan George is dated August 27, 1902. Greve hoped to see them published in the prestigious Blätter für die Kunst; however, George judged them insufficient: "F. P. G. sandte auch! doch zu wenig um als einführungs-beitrag zu gelten." (George to Gundolf, 3. 9. 1902; Briefwechsel, p. 120). Since there are seven poems, "zu wenig" must be interpreted in a qualitative rather than a quantitative perspective.

Mona Lisa

So thronst du lächelnd manch jahrhundert schon
Im stummen kreise der verblichnen felsen.
Und vor dir rauscht das volk in dunklen scharen
Und hat für deine schönheit keinen blick

Wir aber sitzen bleich, erschüttert da
Wir, die wir kehren zu der ewig Einen,
Und deine lippen regen sich und reden
Und künden worte dunkler weisheit voll.

Doch unsrem herzen bist du hoch und fremd
Und von dir gleiten unsrer liebe pfeile
Und lächelnd schaust du, wissend in die ferne
Wissend um alles lebens schmerz und lust.

Aus deinen augen dringt ein milder strahl
Und tastet an uralt vernarbten wunden,
Und von den lippen tropft ein süsser balsam
Der unsre blicke wie mit thränen schliesst.

Dich schuf das leben selbst mit frueher hand
Und du warst längst, als dich ein traum erschaffen:
Seit allen zeiten thronest du und lächelst,
Seit allen zeiten raetselvoll und fremd.

Manuscript, Stefan George Archiv

Grau schläft der see und kahle bäume ragen
Gleich ernsten zeichen in die blasse luft...
Der tag entsank mit leisem flügelschlagen
Und uns umspinnt ein lasser abendduft:

Es öffnen sich die tief geheimsten sinne
Und halten zwiesprach ohne wort und laut:
Es ist als ob ein leben sich gewinne
Das geisterhaft in jedes andre schaut.

Es schweigen alle wünsche, alle launen,
Und strahlend steigt und strahlend sinkt das herz,
Erweckt vom leisen, unverstandnen raunen,
Dem heimlichen, im frühlingsrausch des märz.

Manuscript, Stefan George Archiv

Aus dunkler tiefen leuchtendem purpurrot
Empor zum lichte gleissender sonnenglut
Erhebt sich unsres lebensbaumes
Ragender stamm und blühende krone:

Dort unten schlummert nächtig und unerforscht
Das grosse wirrsal jeder vergangenheit
Die wurzel alles heut und morgen,
Unseres daseins verdächtiger ursprung.

Und so verbunden sind wir dem muttergrund,
Dass jede that ein heimlicher zoll nur ist
Den wir dem kalten unbekanntem
Zahlen und unwillig auf uns bäumen.

Doch weht im schwung des kreisenden erdenballs
Der wind der meere über der länder flucht
Und löst der starren wipfelkronen
Ewige ruhe zu leichtem zittern:

Auf seinen flügeln trägt er den duft herbei
Versunkner blütenwelten und fächelt ihn
Berauschend um uns und wir trinken
Gierig des trügerischen giftes labung.

Manuscript, Stefan George Archiv

An diesem wasser klingt ein hohles rufen
Und auf mir lastet ein magischer bann:
Er hält mich und drückt mich auf die stufen -
Dass ich nicht fliehen kann...

Von oben steigen nebel nieder
Und wachsend hüllt die nacht
In dunkle schleier die bleichen glieder
Und hebt die flügel sacht.

Das schwarze wasser steigt und schwillt,
Das wasser fremd und unerkant:
Tief, wo es heimlich rieselt und quillt
Winkt eine knöcherner totenhand.

Manuscript, Stefan George Archiv

Wir standen auf des waldes sonnenwiese
Und ferne winde flüsterten vom süden
Und antwort hauchte tief im grün der see:

Du löstest langsam deine blonden flechten
Und ich flocht blumen in die langen haare
Von mohn und rosen einen flammenkranz.

Doch wilder flammten deine wirren haare
Als mohn und rosen, als die flammenkrone
Und aus den augen brach ein flammenstrom.

Und deine hände hobst du auf zur stirne --
Sie zitterten da sie an meine rührten
Und meine knie lösten sich im bann

Und niedersinkend breitet ich die arme --
Und eines blickes kaum verschleiert ahnen
Ward waches wissen um ein zweites herz...

Manuscript, Stefan George Archiv

So reit ich nieder in die ebenen lande
Von meinem berge den ein schloss bekrönt:
Hier wogen felder bis hinab zum strande
Und eines schnitters frohes lied ertönt.

Leb wohl, der wolken schimmerndes gefieder,
Nicht schau ich mehr nach bängen himmeln aus:
Zur erde senkt ein satter blick sich nieder
Dort bau ich mir ein festgewurzelt haus.

Lebt wohl ihr winde, die den fels umsangen,
Ihr schweifenden, ihr keiner nähe froh:
Mir blüht wie eine blume mein verlangen
Seit einmal ich dem höhenreich entflo.

Dort wo die reifen halme schwer entsprossen,
Und eine Sonne wärmer küsst das land:
Wo meiner ersten träume wogen flossen,
Such ich auch jetzt ein wirken meiner hand!

Manuscript, Stefan George Archiv

Poem for Karl Wolfskehl

The following "poem" was part of Greve's letter to Karl Wolfskehl, dated October 7, 1902. As in his final letter three days later, Greve announces that he is leaving Munich and -- Europe!¹ Greve is experiencing a major crisis; he asks Wolfskehl not to inquire about the reasons, and offers four lines in lieu of any explanation: "Ich bitte Sie nochmals, nicht weiter zu fragen. Ich will Ihnen statt alles anderen ein paar sehr schlechte Verse hersetzen.

Das Leben ist die bitterste Satire
Auf aller Bühnen buntgeflickten Staat:
Man heizt den Ofen, dass man nicht mehr friere,
Mit seiner Brust ins Kraut geschossner Saat."

¹ "Ich gehe fort. Wohin; weiss ich noch nicht. Vielleicht zunächst nach Berlin...". On October 10, 1902, he mentions Africa: "Bei mir sind alle Zelte abgebrochen. Am Sonntag fahre ich nach Berlin, um meine letzten Sachen zu ordnen. In Kurzem gehe ich in Hamburg an Bord eines Deutsch-Ostafrikadampfers. Ich habe Billett für eine halbjährige Fahrt um Afrika. So kann ich bleiben wo es mir zusagt."

Die Hexe
von
Felix Greve

Die Hexe, die am Weg erfror,
Wo sich der Weg im Wald verlor,
Da sie vom Hof ein Hund vertrieb,
Kam in das Dorf zurück als Geist
Und zu dem Teich, der halb vereist,
Stahl sie sich nächtlich wie ein Dieb.

Dort tanzte sie den Geistertanz
Im stillen Mond und Eisesglanz,
Und durch die Stille tönt ein Lied
Das Lied der, die im Wald verschied --
Es tönt und schrillt ums dunkle Haus,
Ein Fenster knarrt, ein Knabe sieht
Mit scheuem Blick gebannt hinaus
Und weiß nicht, was ihn vorwärts zieht --

Da steht er schon am blanken Eis,
Die Hexe faßt ihn, strahlend ganz
Und tanzt mit ihm den Geistertanz...
Am Morgen lag er kalt und weiß
Wo sich im Teich der Bach verlor,
Der Knabe, der ertrank, erfror...

Freistatt 6, Heft 26 (June 26, 1904), p. 519

Gedichte

von

Fanny Essler

I.

Tunis, Herbst 1903.

Gestorben sind die Blumen in dem Teich,
Auf tiefem Grunde ruhen sie im Traum --
Die weißen mit dem goldgestäubten Stern,
Und andere mit scharlachrotem Saum,
Und die geleuchtet gleißend gelb von fern
Wie ein Geschmeide aus geschlagenem Gold,
Bewegliche, wie Falter anzusehn,
Die violetten Blätter flachgerollt,
Und jene steifen, bläulichen Nymphäen --
Sie ruhen alle auf dem Grund im Traum;
Der große Teich liegt glatt und blau und leer,
Nur schwarze Froschbrut tummelt sich umher
Und zieht am Marmorrande trüben Schaum.

Die hohen Bambuswedel am Gesträuch
Sind gelb und dürr und wiegen in der Luft
Und flüstern lange, seidige Geschichten
Und stöhnen schwer wie Geister aus der Gruft.
Und knarrend suchen sie sich aufzurichten,
Wenn sie ein Windstoß in die Erde drückt;
Von roter Sonne westgewandtem Ball,
Der Tag um Tag dem Erdrand näher rückt,
Güldet ein Leuchten schleichenden Verfall --
Der Bambus wiegt erflimmernd in der Luft --
Blau liegt der Teich, liegt unbewegt und glatt
Und malt in klarer Tiefe Rohr und Blatt --
Darüberhin von Myrten herb ein Duft.

Dort steht der große Gummifeigenbaum,
Goldschwere Früchte nicken in den Zweigen
Aus glänzendgrünem, großblättrigem Laub;
Und hinter ihm in schattendunklem Schweigen
Ein braunes Wasser steht, bedeckt mit Staub,
Und blickt mich an starr wie ein tot Getier --
So sah ich einmal schon die Dinge sterben:
Am Rande dieses Wassers saßen wir
Und wußten nichts vom schreitenden Verderben --
Da glühten runde Früchte in den Zweigen --
Wie Goldgewebe schimmerte dein Haar,
Dein Auge scharf und wie das Wasser klar
Sah ich im Sprechen kalt sich zu mir neigen....

II.

Abends geh ich in den Garten,
Wo die fremden Blumen blühen,
Wo der große Teich sich breitet,
In dem letzte Gluthen glühen,

Während in den blanken Blättern
Riesenhohen Gummibaumes
Schon der blasser Mondstreif gaukelt
Wie das Bildnis eines Traumes.

Die Papyrusstauden ragen
Starr und schlank in schwere Dufte,
Blaugepanzerte Libellen
Ziehn durch violette Lüfte.

Wasserrosen, rot wie Herzblut,
Wasserrosen, geisterbleiche,
Schlafen auf dem stillen Wasser
In dem großen, runden Teiche.

Und sie schlafen, und sie träumen
Reglos mit halboffenem Munde,
Ihrer Stengel grüne Schlangen
Wirren sich auf glattem Grunde.

Schneller bleicht das letzte Glühen
Und der Mond kommt aus den Zweigen,
Mit dem feinen blassen Bogen
Blaue Dunkelheiten steigen,

Neigen sich auf Teich und Rosen -
Lange Schattenarme streichen,
Nächtig sinken hin die roten,
Bleicher heben sich die bleichen.

Freistatt 6, Heft 35 (August 27, 1904), p. 700-701

Ein Porträt
Drei Sonette
von
Fanny Essler

I.

Aus schmaler Wurzel festgefügtem Bau
Wächst schlank und groß die weiße Hand hervor --
So schimmern weiß die Hände einer Frau --
Ein Netz von Adern hebt die Haut empor:

Darinnen leuchtet kalt ein blasses Blau
Wie Wasser, das in kleinen Flüssen fror --
Die Regung jedes Fingers zeigt genau
Der Rückenknochen dreigezweigtes Rohr:

In spitzer Knöchel hartem Hügelrand,
In breiter Nägel rosig dünnem Horn,
In nervigen Fingern spielt bewußte Kraft:

Jählings errötet die geneigte Hand,
Die Adern schwellen dunkel -- bis im Zorn
Sie marmorn glatt und bleich zur Faust sich rafft.

II.

Ein breites, schweres und gewölbtes Lid --
Die Haut verrät des Blutes rote Gänge --
Und wunde Blässe an den Rändern zieht
Um gelbe Wimpern dünne Seidenhänge:

Ein Auge, daß die Müdigkeiten mied,
Das noch vom frechsten Denken Tat erzwänge,
Das hell und unberührt die Dinge sieht
Unter des Lides purpurblasser Länge --

Auf flacher Kuppel weißem Porzellan
Lichtblau ein Stern mit winziger Pupille:
Er leuchtet Speergeblitz und Beutezug --

Doch plötzlich legt sich -- ein gespielter Wahn --
Vor dieses Auge eine vage Brille:
Ein Nebel: ein Gewölk: ein Maskentrug.

III.

Sein Mund der feinen und geschwungenen Züge
Wechselt im Spiel von Scherz und Energie --
Die schmale Oberlippe ist, als trüge
Sie herbe Klugheit, leichte Fantasie:

Die untere schweift ein volleres Gefüge
Dem schwere Sinnlichkeit das Zeichen lieh:
Und beide sind der Thron der großen Lüge:
Auf scharlachrotem Kissen lagert sie

Und biegt den bogenhaften Lippenrand,
Schmiegt in den Winkel sich mit leisem Spott
Und lächelt blöder Dummheit später Klage:

Sie ist als Dienerin ihm stets zur Hand,
Denn nicht ist sie ihm Herrin oder Gott:
Sie schüttet bunte Zier in bunte Tage.

Freistatt 6, Heft 42 (October 10, 1904), p. 840-841

Gedichte
von
Fanny Essler

I.

Und hinter Husum hin die Sonne schwand --
Vor Purpurgluten standen schwarz die Dünen --
Wie blauer Schiefer lag das glatte Meer --
Es glänzten alle Dächer um mich her
Wie rotes Kupfer -- und die Mauern schienen
Zu leuchten gleich von düsterrotem Brand.

Und Rosenfluten strömten auf die Flur,
Die weit und flach mit großer Einfachheit
Der Sonne letztem Liebeskuß sich bot --
Ein jedes Blatt, ein jeder Halm war rot --
Vor tiefem Glück ein Träumen weit und breit,
Ein helles Träumen wie im Wachen nur....

Und tiefer färbte sich die helle Glut
Und wurde dunkelrot und violett --
Ich stand am Fenster, stumm und wie gebannt,
Und starrte auf dies zauberhafte Land
Und dachte, wenn ich dich jetzt bei mir hätt!
Und große Sehnsucht füllte all mein Blut.

Da zogen schwarze Schleiertücher her,
Sie deckten die geliebte Erde zu:
Ich aber dachte, dachte nur an dich,
Der du mir doch so fremd und wunderbarlich,
Und kamest nun und störtest meine Ruh
Und machtest mir das Blut von Wünschen schwer:

Dir wollt ich zeigen diese große Pracht:
Mein heißer Jubel sollt ein Echo finden
In deiner Brust, und deine starke Hand
Sollte die meine fassen als verwandt -
Und kannt dich kaum und folgte nur dem blinden
Verlangen wacher Träume in der Nacht....

II.¹

Einen schneeweißen Pelz
Trägt ein jedes Gras heut Morgen,
Und ein wunderblauer Himmel
Leuchtet dieser weißen Welt.

Leuchtet dieser weißen Welt
Im koketten Hermelinschmuck,
Der so leidenschaftlich rein ist,
Daß sogar das kleine Schwänzchen,

Daß sogar das kleine schwarze
Schwänzchenende gänzlich fehlt.
Ja, die Erde - die verschmäh't
Heute jedes dunkle Fleckchen,

Heute jedes dunkle Fleckchen
In dem weißen Festgewand.
Gestern war ihr Kleid noch grün --
Und ein wenig grau natürlich!

Und ein wenig grau natürlich,
Denn ich bin am Strand der Nordsee:
In der Friesen flachem Land
Gibt es keine Farbenhymnen --

Gibt es keine Farbenhymnen:
Leise, leise zarte Töne
Gibt es hier, ein wenig traurig
Und sich immer wiederholend --

Und sich immer wiederholend
Wie so manche Melodien,
Welche seltsam uns erregen:
Aber heute ist es lustig.

¹ Else Baroness von Freytag-Loringhoven's papers include several variants of this poem. In the version entitled "Du", it has seven rather than twelve stanzas. Omitted are st. 5-9, which describe the Frisian landscape. "Du" is addressed to Greve: next to the title Else wrote "Wyk auf Föhr / an F.P.G." This allows us to date the setting of this Fanny Essler poem at late 1902.

Heute ist es wirklich lustig,
Alles ist nur weiß und blau
Zart gefiedert sind die Pelze,
Und die Luft ist frisch und milde.

Und die Luft ist frisch und milde,
Das man kaum es sollte glauben.
Heute geh ich lange, lange
Durch die weiße Zauberwelt....

Durch die weiße Zauberwelt
Bin ich dann dahingegangen.
Wie die kleinen Pelze sprühten
Um den Fuß, der sie berührte!

Um den Fuß, der sie berührte,
Wurden sie zu Silberstäubchen,
Reizend sah das aus, und ich
Freute mich und tat's mutwillig,

Freute mich und tat's mutwillig,
Ja, mein Herz war grad so hell
Wie der Himmel und die Erde:
Nur natürlich fehltest du!

Freistatt 7, Heft 12 (March 25, 1905), p. 185-186

Erster Sturm / von Felix Paul Greve¹

Die Dünen fliegen auf mit grünem Schopf,
Sie wogen, branden, türmen sich und kippen,
Und jede rennt mit jähem Widderkopf --
Zerschellend an des Waldes schwarzen Klippen.

Da sprengt ein Herold mit gesenktem Stab
Auf gelbem Roß durch die gescheuchte Masse.
Hingellt sein Horn: Bereitet euch zum Grab!
Mir folgt mein Herr. Habt acht vor seinem Hasse!

Heraus die Banner: gelb und braun und rot,
Und locker hingehängt! Bestreut den Boden!...
Verachtet eurer einer sein Gebot,
Den wird mitsamt der Wurzel er entoden.

Seht graugepanzert ihr die Schiffe nahn --
Im Westen hoch: sein bauchiges Geschwader?
Schon landet ihn sein Ferge, der Orkan.
Ich muß hinweg: ihr -- meidet seinen Hader!...

Und Orgelscherzi heulen schwer und schrill
Zum Flattern bunter Fetzen all der Fahnen,
Mit denen sich der Herbst behängen will
Auf dem Fanfarenritt zu seinen Ahnen.

Die Schaubühne 3, Nr. 6 (February 7, 1907), p. 154

¹ This poem corresponds to Grove's manuscript "Die Dünen fliegen auf..." in Miscellaneous Poems (MP 1) which is presented on p. 54; it has been repeated on p. 55 in order to facilitate comparison.

Die Stadt am Strande / von Felix Paul Greve

Im Ton eines großen Franzosen und ihm zu Ehren

Am Strande die Stadt gleicht heut einer großen Kaserne:
Mit den Dächern aus Schiefer, den starrenden Backsteinmauern,
Den grellen Straßen mit je nur einer Laterne --
Den Kasten gleicht sie, darin die Soldaten trauern.

Nur sind die Fenster mit grünen Läden verschlossen,
Die Türen verrammelt, erstorben der Menschen Laute.
Es hat der Westwind die Dächer spülend begossen --
Eine Katze einzig, die sich zu bleiben traute.

Sie wohnt in der Häuser einem tief unten im Keller,
Wo Gerümpel sich türmt mit Fässern und übrigen Ziegeln:
Dort ängstet sie keines Hundes verhallender Beller,
Dort kann sie in Ruhe ihr streichendes Dasein bespiegeln.

Ich aber wohne im gleichen Haus unterm Dache
Und höre der Winde Pfeifen vom Abend zum Morgen
Und der Katze unheimliches Schreien, so oft ich erwache --
Uns eint ein Gedanke: wir fühlen uns beide geborgen...

Die Schaubühne 3, Nr. 23 (June 6, 1907), p. 570

Apokalypse

I

Einst war meine Heimat ein halb versandeter Hafen,
Von Felsen umstellt, die bannten den Sturm und die See --
In Träumen von Kämpfen, Thaten, Freuden und Weh
Hab ich der Jahre trägen Fluss verschlafen...

Dann barsten die Himmel auf, von Blitzen bebend,
Und Donner hingen wie Pulverrauch in der Nacht --
Und die Eule, die kreischend gleich einem Irren lacht,
Verwirrte die Sinne mir, ob meinem Haupte schwebend...

Nun steh ich einsam auf einem Trümmerhaufen --
Noch schluchzend wie von bedrückender Nachtmahr und Pein:
Erschüttert frag ich: Kann dies hier mein Leben sein?
Sind all meiner Träume Bäche im Sande verlaufen?

II

Doch wie sich die Augen langsam ans Dunkel gewöhnen
Und in den Trümmern trennen das Grau vom Grau,
Da springen farbige Flecken, rot und blau --
Als wollten sie kichernd meiner Erschütterung höhnen --

Aus dem gleichförmigen Hintergrund auf -- und stockend
Erwacht die Erinnerung -- es fügt sich Moment zu Moment,
Bis über den Trümmern betörend ein Bildnis brennt:
Das Bild eines Weibes -- unnahbar, verweisend, verlockend:

Das Bild eines Mädchens, geheimnisvoll wie die Madonne:
Die Stirn Alabaster, die Augen schwarzer Agat:
Der Blick, der ahnt, doch niemals¹ gesehen hat,
Voll Möglichkeiten: die Südsee, unter der Sonne!

Die Lippen sind eine scharlachne Orchidee,
Die von fremden und seltsamen Gluten wie Feuer glüht...
Ist es möglich, o Gott, dass solch eine Blume blüht
Und ich ringsum nur brandige Trümmer sehe?

¹ Uncertain reading; it looks like "nimmer".

III

Ich hebe den Blick -- wo glanzlose Sonnen kreisen
Und bleiche Sterne um kalte Monde sich drehn --
Wo aus dem Blau die eisigen Winde wehn:
Dort leuchtet es dunkel, ein Kreuz aus rotglühendem Eisen,

Daran geschmiedet ich selber in Qualen hänge,
Die Lippen geborsten, die Augen dunkel und hohl --
Prometheus der Alten -- ein schauerliches Symbol
Des Seltenen, der sich herauswagt aus dem Gedränge,

Die Faust erhebend wider die Mauer der Sitten,
Verachtend das trauliche Heim in des Herkommens Schutz --
Des Abenteurers -- er bietet den Göttern Trutz --
Und schreitet weiter, vom Pfeile durchbohrt in der Mitten!

IV

Und muss ich also für meine Vermessenheit zahlen?
Ist nichts als mein rotes Blut gebührender Zoll?
O Zeit, sie sagen du seist der Erbarmung voll --
Und häufst du nun dies noch zu all den erlesenen Qualen?

Hab ich zuviel deiner Heimlichkeiten erfahren?
Und darf ich mich nimmer der fremden Blume nahn? --
Du schwingst Kometen aus ewig umschriebener Bahn
Und lässt sich Sonnen mit Meteoren paaren!

Zerbrich die Fesseln die mich an mein Leben ketten,
Zerschmettre das Kreuz -- ich schleppe die Stücke nach --
Lass aber, der einst das gewaltige Werde sprach,
Vom Schlaf erwachen und mich durch ein Wunder retten!

V - - -

Manuscript, Spettigue Collection

Kopfschmerz

Aus meinem Haupte eine Blume steigt --
Die Blätter blutigrot wie frische Narben --
Zum Spiegel, der sich schräg der Wand entneigt,
Heb ich den Blick des dem die Jahre starben.

Die Blätter, scherbenhaft im Kreis gereiht,
Sind schwer, von braunem Staub bedeckt, und schwanken
Wie Binsenrohre,¹ die der Wind umfreit --
Ein Nebel steigt; mir schwimmen die Gedanken...

Und während die Vision im Nichts ertrinkt
Und mir der Kopf enttaumelt in die Kissen,
Bricht ein Geräusch, wie eine Türe klinkt,
Ins Hirn herein -- wie Leinwand, die zerrissen --

Und donnernd dann, wie Eisenstangen schrein,
Die durch verlassener Städte öde Strassen
Lastwagen schleifen über blöden Stein...
Verflucht, die mich in meiner Qual vergassen!

Manuscript, Spettigue Collection

¹ This imagery is strongly reminiscent of the first Fanny Essler poem (p. 40-41), especially st. 2 ("Bambuswedel"), and st. 3 ("braunes Wasser...bedeckt mit Staub").

"Das Fieber..."

Das Fieber, das die Schläfen mir berennt,
Dieweil ich mich in meine Kissen schmiege
Und mir das Blut durch alle Adern brennt,
War meine treuste Freundin seit der Wiege.

Wer nicht dein Pochen durch die Pulse kennt,
O Gluthauch, Mutter aller grossen Siege,
Des Geists Beflüglerin, die eint und trennt, --
Der kennt auch nicht die rote Lust der Kriege --

Der ist ein Rechner nur, nicht ein Verschwender
Der Dinge, die ihm kostbar sind und eigen
Und die er sonst mit karger Hand behütet.

Eintönig fliesst der Tag hin im Kalender --
Indes vor mir blutrot Visionen steigen
Und gleich dem Giessbach meine Kraft hinwütet.

Manuscript, Spettigue Collection

"Die Dünen fliegen auf..."¹

Die Dünen fliegen auf mit wirrem² Schopf
Sie wogen branden türmen³ sich und kippen --
Und jede rennt mit jähem⁴ Widderkopf --
Zerschellend an des Waldes schwarzen Klippen.

Da sprengt ein Herold mit gesenktem Stab
Auf falbem⁵ Ross durch die gescheuchte Masse
Hingellt sein Horn: Bereitet euch zum Grab!
Mir folgt mein Herr: habt acht vor seinem Hasse!

Seht ihr die Schiffe durch die Lüfte⁶ nahn --
Im Westen hoch, sein bauchiges Geschwader?
Schon landet ihn sein Ferge, der Orkan
Ich muss hinweg -- ihr, meidet seinen Hader.

Heraus die Fahnen,⁷ gelb und braun und rot!
Und locker hingehängt! Bestreut den Boden!
Verachtet euer⁸ einer sein Gebot,
Den wird mitsamt der Wurzel er entrodent!

Und Orgelscherzi tönen wild⁹ und schrill
Zum Flattern all der Fetzen bunter¹⁰ Fahnen,
Mit denen sich der Herbst behängen will
Auf dem Fanfarenritt zu seinen Ahnen...

Manuscript, Grove Archive (MP 1)

¹ This poem is clearly a later version of Greve's "Erster Sturm" (1907) which, for comparison, is repeated on p. 55 (from p. 48). Note that stanzas three and four are reversed. Other discrepancies have been underlined in both texts.

² 1907: "grünem".

³ 1907 has commata between the three verbs. Other differences in punctuation include: st. 2, l. 4 has a period after "Herr"; st. 3, l. 2 uses a colon after "hoch" in its st. 4, l. 2, and differs in line 4; and the poem ends in a period (st. 5, l. 4).

⁴ Replaces crossed out "irrem" in the manuscript.

⁵ 1907: "gelbem".

⁶ 1907 has in stanza 4 (not 3): "Seht graugepanzert ihr die Schiffe nahn --".

⁷ 1907 has "Banner:" in its stanza 3, a comma after "rot", and a period ends l. 4.

⁸ 1907: "eurer"; both forms are grammatically correct.

⁹ 1907: "heulen schwer".

¹⁰ 1907 has the underlined elements reversed.

Erster Sturm / von Felix Paul Greve¹

Die Dünen fliegen auf mit grünem² Schopf,
Sie wogen, branden, türmen sich und kippen,
Und jede rennt mit jähem Widderkopf --
Zerschellend an des Waldes schwarzen Klippen.

Da sprengt ein Herold mit gesenktem Stab
Auf gelbem³ Roß durch die gescheuchte Masse.
Hingellt sein Horn: Bereitet euch zum Grab!
Mir folgt mein Herr. Habt acht vor seinem Hasse!

Heraus die Banner:⁴ gelb und braun und rot,
Und locker hingehängt! Bestreut den Boden!...
Verachtet eurer⁵ einer sein Gebot,
Den wird mitsamt der Wurzel er entoden.

Seht graugepanzert ihr die Schiffe nahn --⁶
Im Westen hoch: sein bauchiges Geschwader?
Schon landet ihn sein Ferge, der Orkan.
Ich muß hinweg: ihr -- meidet seinen Hader!...

Und Orgelscherzi heulen schwer⁷ und schrill
Zum Flattern bunter Fetzen all der Fahnen,⁸
Mit denen sich der Herbst behängen will
Auf dem Fanfarenritt zu seinen Ahnen.

Die Schaubühne 3, Nr. 6 (February 7, 1907), p. 154

¹ Greve's poem of 1907 differs amazingly little from Grove's "Die Dünen fliegen auf..." (MP 1) presented on the previous page. The lexical differences have been underlined, discrepancies in punctuation were pointed out above.

² MP 1: "wirrem".

³ MP 1: "falbcm".

⁴ MP 1: "Fahnen".

⁵ MP 1: "euer".

⁶ Reads in MP 1: "Seht ihr die Schiffe durch die Lüfte nahn --"

⁷ MP 1: "tönen wild".

⁸ MP 1 reverses the underlined elements.

The Dying Year [transl. of: "Die Dünen fliegen auf..."]¹

Up flow² the yellow sands³ with tousled poll;
They tremble, flutter, rear, and tumble o'er
And break, as wave on wave along they roll,
Till,⁴ black, the woods oppose a⁵ cliffy shore.

A herald gallops, with his lowered stave,
On his pale courser through⁶ the frightened crowd;
His bugle yells, "Get ready for your grave!
"My master comes; he trails a dismal cloud."⁷

"Hang out the flags: gold, yellow, brown, and red;
"And loosely, mind you; strew a carpet soft!⁸
"Him who, too bold, refuses to be led
"He will uproot and throw his limbs aloft.

"You see the ships sail bulging⁹ through the air:
"High in the West, his squadron battle-grey:
"The hurricane, his pilot, steers him fair:
"Bow down, bow deep, in fear: I must away."

And organ-scherzi whistle wild and shrill,
While¹⁰ tattered leaves strain rustling to the last
The dying year adopts them as his frill,¹¹
As he in triumph rides into¹² the past.

Typescript, Grove Archive (MP 9a)

¹ MP 9a precedes Arctic Woods (MP 8b) on one page; repeated as MP 9b, p. 186.

² Manuscript insertion in the left margin (ignored in MP 9b).

³ "Up flow the yellow sands..." replaces typed "The yellow dunes fly up...".

⁴ Ms. correction to typed "Where" (ignored in MP 9b).

⁵ Ms. correction to typed "their" (ignored in MP 9b).

⁶ Ms. correction to typed "in" (reflected in MP 9b).

⁷ Faint ms. correction in the right margin to typed "shroud" (not in MP 9b).

⁸ Ms. "strew a carpet soft!" is written above typed "that the soil be soft!" (change reflected in MP 9b).

⁹ Faint ms. "sail bulging" above typed "come sailing" (not in MP 9b).

¹⁰ Written over crossed out; typed "And"; Version MP 9b retains "and".

¹¹ Very faint ms. line to the right of typed "With which the dying year bedecks him still". As corrections in n. 7, 9 and 10, it is ignored in MP 9b.

¹² Ms. change below typed "As stern he rides on to his grave,..." (a change reflected in MP 9b).

"Dies ist der Wald..."¹

Dies ist der Wald der abgestorbenen Stimmen,
Der faulen Feuchte und der halben Nacht --
Der Wald der Gräben die vom Giftschaum schwimmen,
Darin schillernd bunt reglos manch Auge wacht.

Dies ist der Wald der Stämme, kraus wie Asche
Und weisslich nackt wie ein entblösster Leib --
Der Wald der in der Angst und Lockung Masche
Lautlos dich fängt und hinbannt: Steh und Bleib!

Doch wenn um Mittag summend alle Hügel
Ohnmächtig liegen wie ein atmend Grab,
Dann sperrt² ein wesenhafter grauer³ Flügel
Die Sonne von den starren Stämmen ab.

Und plötzlich regt es sich wie Blattgeflüster --
Das weisse Ross zieht durch die Kronen hin --
Es regt nicht Huf noch Haupt nicht Aug noch Nüster --
Erstarrt im Flug, mit vorgestrecktem Kinn.

Manuscript, Grove Archive (MP 2)

¹ This untitled manuscript (MP 2) is on a page which has the two quatrains of "Sag hebt sich dein Herz..." (MP 3) written sideways in the right margin.

² Ms. correction above crossed out "schlägt".

³ Written above a crossed out and illegible word.

Arctic Woods¹

[transl. of "Dies ist der Wald..."]

These are the woods of all the voices dead,
Of putrid moisture and of almost night,
The woods of hollows² with green scum bespread
From whence large eyes look³ iridescent light.

These are the woods of stems with curly bark,
White like the skin that never yet was bared:
The woods that hold me motionless and stark
So that I am as who no motion dared.

And when at noon in all the glades the grass
As in a swoon, scarce breathing, seems to die,
A giant wing, dark, rigid, as of brass,
From all the stems shuts off so sun as sky.

And then -- a whisper; sound nor far nor near:⁴
A snowwhite horse glides through the leafless trees:
It stirs nor head nor foot, nor eye nor ear:
Frozen in flight. And not a soul that sees.⁵

Typescript, Grove Archive (MP 8b)

¹ This poem (MP 8b) follows The Dying Year (MP 9a, p. 57) on the same page. An earlier version (MP 8a) is presented in the context of Visions on p. 185.

² Ms. correction to typed "ditches".

³ Ms. correction to typed "send".

⁴ Ms. "sound nor far nor near" is written over typed "I look up in fear".

⁵ Ms. "And not a soul that sees" is written below typed: "I sink on to my knees".

"Sag hebt sich dein Herz..."¹

Sag hebt sich dein Herz bisweilen zu masslosen Flügen --
Sag, lechzt nicht dein Fuss nach nimmer endendem Tanz?
Zuckt nicht dein Mund bisweilen voll Sehnsucht zu lügen --
Zu reden von nimmer gesehenem Weltenglanz?

Reckt sich dein Leib niemals in Erinnerungen
Von Dingen gesehen und gehört und getan die nicht sind?
Hat deine Seele sich nimmer hinausgeschwungen
Wie ein wirbelndes Blatt im erwachenden Morgenwind?

Manuscript, Grove Archive (MP 3)

¹ This untitled fragment (MP 3) is written sideways in the right margin of "Dies ist der Wald..." (MP 2).

POEMS

Frederick Philip Grove

IN MEMORIAM

Phyllis May Grove

THOUGHTS

PREFACE¹

Oh that my voice were a stout² battle call
To wake sleep-walkers from their work or play--³
Or sudden⁴ burst of thunder from a squall
Of shaggy cloud in heaven's pale disarray--⁵

Or the deep roar of waves that shake the shore
And scatter spray aloft with shattering shock--
Or the great rumble of mountains such as pour
Fire from their rifts, and smoke, and molten rock--

Or the shrill trumpet that awakes the dead
So that they shiver from their gaping⁶ graves
To face a new dawn, dying anew with dread
As heavenly heralds herd them with their staves!

Then would that voice be fitting for this verse
Which I would make⁷ a lasting monument
To tell posterity in accents terse
How one man felt whom God⁸ had bent and rent.

In Memoriam, p. 1 (IM 1)

¹ This poem (IM 1) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. XXI of "From the Dirge" in identical form. It is also present in the Notebook (NB 7). Changes are underlined in the text, and recorded below.

² NB 7: "like a".

³ NB 7: "sleepers", and "lethargy -".

⁴ NB 7: "Or like the", as also in st. 2, l. 1 and 3, and st. 3, l. 1.

⁵ NB 7: "canopy -".

⁶ NB 7: "bursting".

⁷ NB 7: "have".

⁸ NB 7: "life".

THE GODS⁹

"As flies to wanton boys are we to the gods;
"They kill us for their sport."¹⁰

Ah, were't but so! Then could I still believe
That there were some sense left in this drear life:
That Atropos, she with the bitter knife,
Knew what she was about. I could relieve

The anguish of my heart by blasphemies
And scoffings against those who sit secure
As lookers-on and laugh as we endure
Birth, life, and death, and kindred flippancies.

Were it but so! I could at least rebel,
Defy, and rear against the stinging lash,
Provoking them to let their thunders crash
And by brute might my impotence to quell.

But it is not so! They, as we, are blind
And cannot see where leads their unled dance.
Above them, dangling, hangs the Spider Chance
And spins no meaning, balm to soul or mind.

In Memoriam, p. 2 (IM 2)

⁹ This poem (IM 2) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. III of "From the Dirge" with the following minor discrepancies: in the initial couplet, "gods" is followed by a [:] rather than a [;]. In the final quatrain, "so" in l. 1 features a [.] rather than a [!]; "Spider" in l. 3 is not capitalized, and "no meaning" in l. 4 reads "No-Meaning". Grove also chose IM 1 for his Selections (S 1).

¹⁰ These unacknowledged lines are a quotation from Shakespeare's King Lear.

SCIENCE¹

Within a lightless cave a sightless eft
That gropes his way along the oozy walls,
Exploring every nook and winding cleft
As he, from shelf to shelf proceeding, crawls--

And dreams of light because eons ago
His ancestors had eyes and lived abroad
Where shines the sun and where soft breezes blow
And in swift streams gleams many a glittering gaud--

And puzzles what it is that shuts him in
And hopes at every gallery² opening wide
That here at last sure knowledge must begin,
That he will reach new insight at a stride--

But every niche, though promising to lead
Behind the walls, proves but part of his cave
Where algous growths provide for every need
With which his appetite and body crave--

But leave the longing of his breast unfed:
The longing to embrace with soul and mind
What this cave is³ wherein his life is led,
And he himself and all his helpless kind--

And scorns at last the search that brings no light
And curls upon a smooth and jutting shelf
To dream a world not lost in utter night
but moulded to the nature of his self:

¹ This poem (IM 3) was the first published by Grove in Canadian Forum IX (March 1929) with minor changes in the last three stanzas. It is also mentioned in Grove's Letters in October, 1928 (p. 168).

² Mis-spelled in IM typescript: "gallwry". CF 1 has "gallery".

³ Underlined in IM typescript, in italics in CF 1.

Where he exults in such a feeling out
Of the deep essence and the truth exact
That but to question is to banish doubt
And revelation every challenged fact--

And facts no longer limits that define
How far his giant ignorance extends,
But brother-beings, responsive and divine,
And conscious of their own and final ends--

Then crawls again, splashing through pools and ponds,
In eagerness along the walls to grope,
But finds, alas, that nothing corresponds,
Within this world, to dream and wish and hope--

And is a torture to himself because
Within him he remembers the delight
Which life in⁴ sight of open spaces was
And cannot understand the cloaking night:--

Such is, o God, man's high exalted state,
The dignity with which he was endowed
When he emerged from chaos inchoate⁵
Erect, celestial-eyed, and astral-browed.

Yet will he, God, go on and build his dream
And in mute censure hold it up to Thee⁶:
Perhaps, when he has perished, his frail scheme
Will serve as model for⁷ new worlds to be.

In Memoriam, p. 3-4 (IM 3)

⁴ CF 1: "Life within".

⁵ CF 1 uses a colon here, and omits the comma in st. 12, l. 3.

⁶ CF 1 does not capitalize "thee".

⁷ CF 1: "to".

THE REBEL'S CONFESSION FAITH¹

I cannot live, a stranger to my time,
With dead cosmogonies, in creeds out-worn;²
Cannot receive³ concepts of the sublime
By⁴ which a child-like age was upward borne.

I cannot laud in many a storied⁵ deed
Heroic greatness or a god-like aim;
Cannot agree that every anxious need
Finds⁶ a relief provided for its claim.

I cannot think when we feel crushed and weak
That our afflictions visit us, a test⁷
To prove⁸ us humble, suppliant, and meek;⁹
Nor¹⁰ that all things are ordered for the best.

I cannot worship, in this¹¹ universe,
A deeply pondered and benevolent plan,
Laid out, in charity, to reimburse
For his distress this writhing creature, man.

¹ This poem (IM 4) also exists as Confession in the Notebook (NB 30) with lexical discrepancies in each stanza. Part of the first verse was chosen as title for essays by and about Grove in 1986: A Stranger to My Time.

² NB 30: "In creeds out-worn and cosmogonies dead", to rhyme in l. 4 with "its splendours fed."

³ NB 30: "accept".

⁴ NB 30: "On".

⁵ NB 30: "see", and "vaunted".

⁶ NB 30: "Proves" (reading uncertain).

⁷ NB 30 has "as a test".

⁸ NB 30: "make".

⁹ NB 30 uses a comma here, whereas in st. 4, l. 3, it is omitted.

¹⁰ NB 30: "And".

¹¹ NB 30: "find in this blind".

And would not if I could. I must¹² decline
Thus to be mothered by a providence
Whose kindness is less provident than mine,
Whose justice is but bartering recompense¹³.

I'd rather have my weakness than¹⁴ its strength;
I'd rather stand, a beggar, on my own
Than in reward receive the breadth and length
Of worlds or kingdoms for a lowly moan.¹⁵

My needs I'd rather on¹⁶ an anvil place
And forge to protests with great hammer-blows;
The yearnings of my heart I would retrace
In rhyme and rhythm¹⁷ more lovely than the rose.

I would, a rebel¹⁸, glory in the fray
And labour to my last and gasping breath
To live beyond myself, if but a day,
To challenge and defy the tyrant Death.

In Memoriam, p.5-6 (IM 4)

12 NB 30: "do decline/To be mothered thus".

13 NB 30: "barter, pence for pence;/And rather...".

14 NB 30 reads "I should prefer my weakness to its strength/And".

15 NB 30: "because I could demurely groan".

16 NB 30: "I would upon".

17 NB 30: "sighing songs".

18 NB 30: "A rebel, I would".

AFTER THE BLOW¹

Yet still the days go by, a long, long line²
Of figures bent beneath their dreary load
Of thus much time; and each ascends the road
From rise to noon, thence nightward to decline.

We try to bid them halt, implore in turn
Each one that comes his final boon to yield.
Each waves the staff which all the figures wield
And which denies what we were told to earn.

Thus go they by, grey, trailing greyer dust,
Stirred by their garments cinder-grey and long.
Mercy is nought to them; nought right and wrong;
But on they go; they go because they must.

We sit and stare as, grey and in grey gown,
Each passes by beneath his load and sign.
And others rise and rise, an endless line:
We cannot stop them, can but live them down.

In Memoriam, p. 7 (IM 5)

¹ This poem (IM 5) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. IV of "From the Dirge" with the following discrepancies which are underlined here: in the second stanza, l. 4 "told" reads "taught"; in st. 3, l. 3, "wrong" is followed by a [.] rather than a [;], and l. 4 reads "Forward they go..." rather than "But on they go..."; st. 4, l. 1 has no [,] after "gown". IM 5 was chosen by Grove for his Selections (S 2).

² Instead of an address, Grove used a variant of this line in a letter to his wife: "And thus the days go by, a long, long line..." (Letters, p.169, 7. 10. 1928).

PRESCIENCE¹

Thus people say, "Had we but known before!
"We could have guarded against this or that!
"Of this we could have done less, of that more!"...
Fond fallacy for Him to wonder at

Who all disposes, good and ill bestows,
And knows that things run from their ancient source!...
But if you could, would you expectant throes
Add to the burden of your past remorse?²

Is not that past enough that you would pile
On top of it the future yet to be?
Wait! Wait awhile before you climb the stile
That leaps the hedge o'er which you cannot see.

Was it in mercy that He made us blind?
Or was it cunning--since we were to live?
For who can say but it had been more kind
This gift of life He gave us not to give?

We spread our sail on some high glowing morn
To roam the seas no other yet had sailed;
And we come home, bewailing we were born;
We found what all had found: that we had failed;

And that, in sailing, we had suffered things
Which, in the bearing, seemed not to be borne:
That yet we bore them, is reproach that stings.
We tack to shelter, sail and riggings torn,

¹ Grove include this poem (IM 6) in his Selections (S 3). -- In st. 9, l. 3 and 4, "Then" and "how" are underlined in the typescript.

² Ms. correction to mistyped "remores".

And hide our heads, bewildered with our shame;
For they that stand ashore had warned us oft:
They, too, had sailed the seas and come home lame,
Instead of new worlds, glad to find some croft.

Such is the prescience we are allowed
By the Omniscient; but it we spurn
Till we, in turn, stand at the jetty, cowed,
And raise our warning voice--to teach not learn!

Veiled are the details ever--when they arrive
Is time enough to meet them with bold brow:
That we must suffer is knowledge we derive;
What we find for ourselves is only how.

Ironic comment this on life to make--
A precious gift for which we did not ask--
That, did we know, we should in anguish quake:
We must not know to be held to our task.

In Memoriam, p. 8-9 (IM 6)

QUESTIONS REASKED¹

What are we? Whence? And whither are we bound?
O questions answerless which still we pose
As Plato posed them who could more deeply sound
Such problems than whoever went or goes.

What is this I?

My body? But I can
Rescind these limbs and undiminished live.
My thought? But I can ever new thought plan
That will to worlds new glow and glory give.

Nor is my body now that which it was
But yesterday before today was born;
Nor is my thought the same; the binding laws
Which guide it now will shortly be outworn.

What is this I?

Must we still search in vain?
Yet this one thing, the more we search, seems sure:
Whether we laugh in joy or wince in pain,
Something lives in us which will aye endure.

We do not understand that it was we
Who did this thing or that, in days gone by;
Yet do we know, whatever we may be,
In us; somewhere, somehow, there lives this I,

And it is still the same as years ago:
A conscious centre unattacked by time.
Says Doubt,

"Fool, fool! You err! It is not so!"

Says Faith,

"By this assured belief I climb²

"To heaven still!"

O questions numberless
Like waves wind-tossed! Is there no solid ground?
No, there is none. These questions urge and press:³
What are we, whence, and whither bound?

In Memoriam, p.10 (IM 7)

¹ Grove chose this poem (IM 7) for his Selections (S 4) where it has the typed Roman numeral "VII".

² A line break may have been intended here, but is absent in both typescripts.

³ Grove translated similar questions in his copy of Goethe's Poems (p. 205); see also nominalized questions in Greve's Herakles Farnese on p. 26.

EXPRESSION¹

Dimly define themselves entangled lanes
Through which moods flit, with thoughts a-wing² behind:
Thoughts evanescent which I am at pains
Ere they have paled in clasping words³ to bind.

Fain would I lift them from the enfolding gloom,
Poor corpses buried ere they were full-born,
Like infants that have withered in the womb,
Of life's first breath, of its first heart-beat⁴ shorn.

Thus are these lines which tentative I trace⁵
Abortive efforts brooding to construe
Which, thus I supplicate, may help to brace
This heart of mine its courage to renew.

But words on thoughts, and thoughts on moods depend,
And moods on fate; and fate none can expound.
Thus shadow chases shadow; in the end,
Raising my head,⁶ I have but turned around.

In Memoriam, p. 11 (IM 8)

¹ This poem (IM 8) is present in the Notebook (NB 9) with substantial corrections in stanza three. Grove chose it for his Selections (S 5).

² NB 9: "awing".

³ Typescript has "wors".

⁴ NB 9: ms. correction written below an illegible original; "its" reads "life's".

⁵ NB 9: heavily corrected stanza, especially in the first three lines.

⁶ NB 9: "I stop and look;" which is a ms. correction written above crossed-out "We grope and find."

THE SPECTRAL PAST¹

Oh, many are the moods that come to me,
Sometimes of hope, more often of despair;
And each unlocks as with a magic key
A chest of treasure terrible and rare;

Where like a magic jewel I preserve
The memory of some moment sweet and keen,
With power yet to thrill or to unnerve
And to evoke things felt or heard or seen.²

Let it be love or anguish, joy or pain
Which I revive by this occult device,
Yet do I taste the flavour once again
Of that which does not come to mortals twice.

Thus by a double mirror do I raise
The sleeping phantoms of a fossil past
Which has its limits in my length of days
For mood and memory also do not last.

In Memoriam, p. 12 (IM 9)

¹ This poem (IM 9) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. I of "From the Dirge", where it lacks stanza four. In three quite different versions, it is also present in the Notebook (NBLL 1) on the verso of a letter by Graphics Publishers which offers A Search for America (publ. Oct. 1927) to potential reviewers.

² Grove quoted these last two lines in exactly this form in a letter to Watson Kirkconnell in the context of reworking what became Fruits of the Earth in 1933 (Letters, p. 264, 24. 3. 1929).

THE VOICE¹

I.

"Stop!" cried a voice from the revolving spheres
As, insolent, beyond man's goal I flew.
"Give your accounting! Long are your arrears:
"Stand now and speak! What is this world to you?"

"This universe?" I said. "A scene too small
"To limit aspiration and desire.
"This earth, explored, is but a deadened ball
"That rolls its orbit, soon to fag and tire.

"A continent gives space to travel o'er
"And fill the leisure of a holiday.
"An ocean is a link from shore to shore:
"That I have crossed it, is not much to say.

"What else were life? I was a rover bent
"On seeing all things that this earth affords.
"And, having seen, I scaled the firmament
"To pierce the air where but² the eagle lords.

"And, home again, I'll set up glass and glass--
"To spy into the realms of distant stars
"Or isolate the atom from its mass.
"This world?

A synonym for prison bars!"

¹ This poem (IM 10) is the first item in the Notebook; differences affect mainly punctuation. In st. 4, l.1 there is, however, a significant change in tense: "I was a rover bent..." reads "I am a rover bent..." in the manuscript. Lexical variants are underlined here in the text. Next to stanzas NB 1 there are metrical notations in the margin.

² NB 1: "bold".

II.

"Stop!" cried the voice again.

And there attached
Themselves to me two souls from out a throng.
I tarried. Were these two in flight well matched?
They were. Exultant cried I, "Come along!"

And on we flew and circled through the air
Where no one followed; for the nourishment
Which mortal lungs demand was there too rare.
But we soared, equipoised, our powers unspent.

III.

A third time, from on high, that voice cried, "Stop!"
And this time did I tremble; for its breath
Hissed with a twang. Thus does an arrow drop
From off the string when it is winged with death.

Omit what then ensued.¹ It matters not.

We are but motes of dust that flit and meet.
My world is bounded now: a flowered plot
Delimits it, sixteen by sixteen feet.

In Memoriam, p.13-15 (IM 10)

¹ NB 1: "What then ensued, I pass."

THE PROCESSION¹

"Mankind is on the march. Fall in! Step out!
"Or stand aside to make for others room!
"We have no time for hesitance and doubt."

I stop and ponder in the dusk's pale gloom.²

They call it progress that from place to place
Yearly they travel faster o'er this earth:
As if it could depend upon its pace
What life to anyone on earth is worth!

They call it progress that with wings of cloth
Bird-like they soar, as fish-like once they swam:
As if with aeroplanes to raise a froth
Were greater than to do so with a pram.

They call it progress that without a wire
The distant speak to them, with nought to say:
As if a voice without an³ inner fire
Could lengthen or could gladden their dull day.

And meanwhile they disguise their real traits:
Man cutting his moustache into a brush,
And woman mixing paint which overlays
With chalky whites and flaming reds her blush.

They mince⁴ along like panders and like whores,
Exhibit masks as if they were their flesh,

¹ IM 11 is the second item in the Notebook; lexical differences are underlined here in the text. NB 2 has another st. 8 than IM 11, and lacks the reference to Rilke.

² The line break is intentional: it reflects both typed IM 11 and NB 2.

³ NB 2: "the". St. 5, l. 4 reads "red".

⁴ NB 2: written over crossed out "walk"; in l. 2: "Exhibiting".

And laugh and jest as if their ugly chores
Performed themselves and left them young and fresh.

Their thoughts they gather from huge printed sheets
Which in themselves are void and meaningless;
And he is counted wise who but repeats
Their inane babblings.¹ What a name, "The Press"!

From glaring posters by the road are shot
These saving gospels to the surging crowd:
"Forget, forget! And seem what you are not!"
"Come, silence kills; but phonographs are loud!"²

Yet, underneath, concealed by their³ array,
Remains in some a thought which drills and delves:
"What is at bottom? Why all this display?
"To hide the fact that we are still ourselves?"

"And that means worms: with little strength to spare
"For ought but this: to realize our plight
"On this our earth where sorrow, grief and care
"Pursue and overtake our frantic flight....."

Still stand I⁴ in the dusk; then turn aside,
Bewildered by the din, and shake my head.
White gleams a stone: with thee let me abide!
Thee I do understand; for thou art dead.

(With a bow to R.M. Rilke)

In Memoriam, p. 16-17 (IM 11)

¹ NB 2: "What others babbled"; st. 8, l. 1: "is"; l. 2: "This...message"; l. 4 "! And".

² Stanza written sideways along st. 7 and 8 in NB 2; it replaces ms. st. 8: "Yes, they are pressed. Pressed are they still for time/To do their nothings in; pressed are their pelts/To show no wrinkle; pressed, to look like prime,/Their haunches aged by corsets and by felts."

³ NB 2: "this"; st. 10, l. 1: "mortal", and "no".

⁴ NB 2: "I still stand", and "sight" in l. 2.

MAN WITHIN THE UNIVERSE¹

I.

Oh, I agree. Who would not stand entranced
When he reflects how far, since Egypt's days,
How wondrously our knowledge has advanced?
We have telegraphy and ultra rays!

We know this earth² to be a cooling ball
Hurled from some fiery nebula and spun
Through infinite space. We know its path a fall
Of spiral loops into a central sun

Where core and crust, with plain and highest crag³
Rib-grass and oak, mollusk and vertebrate--
This whole and glorious world-- will be a slag
To liquefy and to evaporate.

Great is our knowledge, variously compiled
Of how things happen. "Law" succeeds to "law";⁴
And, true or false, all are carefully filed:
We can but stand admiring, filled with awe.⁵

II.

Yet of our souls which in this flesh are bound⁶
We know no more than a few fairy tales
Which so-called seers, anxious to compound
A consolation for the heart that ails,

¹ This poem (IM 12) is present, without title, on three folded loose sheets in the Notebook (NBL 4). There are substantial differences throughout, but especially in stanzas 3-4, 12, 17, 19- 20.

² Ms.: "star"

³ Ms.: "Where though to rival with a mountain crag/We pile our buildings with satiny slate,"; l. 4 "float awhile";

⁴ Ms.: ", codified as 'laws!'; l. 2 "for quick reference".

⁵ Ms. "Yet of the puzzling mystery that awes."

⁶ Ms.: "The mystery and secret of our lives -- we found".

Out of desires and longings and cold fears
Have forged and spread as helps and means to grace.
They all repeat what ever reappears
In new disguise of varied time and place:

The myth of some new life, not of this star,
For which each ending life has never been
But a brief prelude, echoing⁷ from afar
Uranian bliss purged from all things terrene.

A subtle and pervasive irony
Speaks through⁸ these stories meant to make our lives
Appear less shattering to our dignity
Which struggles and, in spite of all, survives.

III.

God, long ago, by kindly impulse fired⁹--
Thus tell the tales--from heaven's window-bar,
By his great fiat created and inspired
The race of men and placed them on a star.

But soon he felt with groans his heaven shake
And doubted of the¹⁰ effort he had spent.
In his great wisdom he resolved to make
A thorough test of his experiment.

He set aside of his own self a part
Deputing it to live the human life;
And, that unbiased might remain his heart,
He was to own nor home nor friend nor wife.

⁷ Ms.: "answering"; l. 4 "from".

⁸ Ms.: "Yet does a subtle, bitter irony/Pervade".

⁹ Ms.: "moved"; l.2 "runs one of", and "bar"; l. 3 "His".

¹⁰ Ms.: "rueing (?) the little". III, st. 3, l. 1 "And".

Thus he came down to share our human lot
And preached to us: we must not¹¹ aim too high;
For fastened were we¹² to one hour and spot
And, having lived awhile, were doomed to die.

IV.

He pointed to the lilies of the plain
And to the birds that haunt the pleasant air
That lived and died and did not think it vain
But to exist a season and be fair.

Yet to himself, I think, he smiled¹³ and found
An artful means his message to convey
Which after-ages might perhaps expound
In their deep search for what he meant to say.

For he resolved that he himself would die.
"He who has eyes to see with, let him see!"
Thus did he say and then, with rousing cry,
Fixing his eye on death, called, "Follow me!"

Then spoke such things before a festive crowd,
Provoking them, that they, in angry mood,¹⁴
Hurried him down the street, with clamour loud,
And raised him high and nailed him to the rood.

11 Ms.: "Arrived he told men to accept their lot/They must nor think nor strive nor".

12 Ms.: "they"; IV, st. 1, l. 33 "Who".

13 Ms.: "he smiled and thought "; l. 2 "A means his secret".

14 Ms.: "all at a loss/What next to do"; and: "fierce and loud." L. 4 "Raised him on...cross".

V.

There, like a common mortal, did he die¹⁵
And in his agony obscured the sun.
With his last breath he said, "Tetelestai!"
Or, anglice, "That much, at least, is done!"

He who came down and lived¹⁶ the life of man,
Himself a God, to make a probing test--
Believe the story as it stands who can--
Decided once for all that Death was best.

And left things as they were. Oh, yes, we¹⁷ move
A little faster o'er this weary earth.
Yet follows life its ancient, rutted groove
And leaves us free to ask what it is worth.....

Still shall the feeling of our impotence¹⁸
Fire us from day to day with new resolve
And be a challenge consciously prepense
To roll through space where stars on stars revolve.

In Memoriam, p.18-22

¹⁵ This stanza reads: "Where he did die. They never could have killed/Him who was God, the son and would have stemmed/Legions of men if he had willed:/If he was truly God, life stands condemned."

¹⁶ Ms.: "to live"; l. 2 "and made".

¹⁷ Ms.: "What does it matter then that we can"; l. 2 "the"; l. 3 "Life follows still in"; l. 4 "The question still remains".

¹⁸ This stanza reads: "What does it matter that a little more/Of space reveals itself, seen through a glass?/Yea, what that anxiously we doubt and pore?/Death mows us as a sickle mows the grass."

THE PALINODE¹

I.

Life travels highways on this swinging earth,
And they are now what they were eons past:
From birth to death, and back perhaps to birth.
It ever travels, at its self aghast.

Yet, obstinate in spirit, men still try
To catch up with the mystery they are
By looping byways, loud with hue and cry
Of science and research. 'It' flies afar.

They have described the living universe--
Thus it appears to their thrice-sharpened sense,--
As if it were a sort of rolling hearse
In which to bear our ache and longing hence.

What underlies it, no one yet has found,
It still eludes their over-subtile grasp.
A cradle rocks us; buries us a mound:
That much they may to their bold bosoms clasp.

Though geologic ages they explore
And sound the way one thought brings forth the next--
Still piling up their inconclusive lore--
The mystery remains a barren text.

For ought we know we still are solemn toys
To make those laugh who wrought us as a jest;
For ought we know we still are but alloys
Of beast and angel, human at the best;

And what that means no one will ever tell
--If then--till his last voyage he has tried.
One single truth can we securely spell:
For eons men were born, have lived, and died.

¹ This poem (IM 13) was published in Canadian Forum X (September 1930), with minor discrepancies in punctuation. "Its self" in st.1, l. 4 reads "itself"; st. 2, l. 3 "hue" was misspelled "hude". It has been changed to read as in the published version. St. 4, l. 2 reads "over-subtle"; st. 6, l. 1+3 have "aught".

Yet are there hours in which the soul expands,
 Freed from the thronging press of sense and thought:
 When eyes are closed; at rest the striving hands;
 And silence vaults the night--hours found unsought.

Then do we soar as in a sudden trance
 And seem to grasp as in some steep survey
 So birth as death, our twin inheritance,
 As parts of the same pattern--yea and nay

Of some vast intercourse 'tween heaven and earth:
 Matter with soul inwoven, intertwined,
 And one the other imbuing with its worth
 Till each seems other: mind body, body mind.

As if this clay lent what but it can give,
 The form of clay, the one which we can scan,
 To body forth for us what else must live
 Unseen, unknown, unsought, unthought by man.

So that, by tracing it, we may begin
 Even here to bode the thing that flits behind
 And in the curving beauty of a chin
 A soul's immortal excellence to find.

And if that form in earthly wise decays,
 Yet lives the knowledge that the soul, once there,
 But now departed, going its own ways,
 Must surely live though we do not know where.

Yes, there are hours when, groping prophets, we,
 Conscious of nought but being, placed aloof,
 From all distractions and all trammels free,
 Know of a knowledge subject to no proof.

In Memoriam, p.23-24 (IM 13)

² This specification is lacking in the published version. Stanza 6, l. 2 has "once here".

THE SACRED DEATH¹

Sacred makes death him who has done his task,
Forgotten though he be down to his name
And to the features of his stiffened mask:
His life was seed from which new blossoms came.²

They say the gods rule this revolving earth
And send us peace and war, sunshine and rain,
Welcome abundance or the parching dearth.
Perhaps they do. I grudge them not the gain

Of praise and high renown from human lips.
They rule but matter, give the body bread;
They feed our eyes and arms and finger-tips.
But our deep souls are nourished by the dead:

By those who lived and strove or sang or thought:
Whose core lies in us as ore³ in a mine
That⁴ needs but pick and hammer to be wrought
Into pure gold and ornament divine.

(1924. Death of P.McI.)

In Memoriam, p. 25 (IM 14)

¹ IM 14 is present in the Notebook (NB 21) with minor changes in stanzas 1 and 4, and without the dedication. Grove sent this "old poem" to Watson Kirkconnell in November, 1929 (WK ; Letters, p. 208-209). -- Grove also chose this poem for his Selections (S 6), where the name is spelled out as Peter McIlvride.

² NB 21: "is...though never named by fame; WK: "was...though unillumed by fame."

³ NB 21: "being lies within us as"; WK is identical to IM 14.

⁴ NB 21 has "And", WK has "Which".

THE DIRGE

I.

Beauty was thine and slender-bodied grace
Which from within thy spirit had inspired;
And wonder at the dawn lived in thy face,
Preceding knowledge eagerly desired.

Thus all who saw thee marvelled; for thy smile
Flashed forth thy soul, lovely and beyond compare,
Disarming ill-will, malice, guilt, and guile:
Thy sight made goodness spring forth everywhere.

Yet were thou but a child; a step to thee
Was ever hop-and-skip; and every word
A laugh that echoed from the wood or lea;
Kin wert thou to the colt, the fawn, the bird.

Beauty was thine and slender-bodied grace
Till flew across thy path a blighting breath:
Then, rigid suddenly gleamed thy tender face,
Paled in the stark solemnity of death.

In Memoriam, p. 27 (IM 15/1)

II.¹

To C.G.

The blow fell; we stood stunned--forced to accept
A world subverted and crespuscular
Which darkness from its core had overcrept.

As if an earthquake, with upheaving jar
Had rocked to light creation's depth which spins
With things unknown and spread them wild and far--

Chaotic things, as when a world begins,
Convulsive--things which should unsounded lie:
The hideous tremours² of our origins.

And we stood sightless; impotent to try
Where we could find, with bleeding tentacles,
Some token known to orient us by.

Yet, not to understand and know still spells
Some sort of not-unhappiness to man,
Some sort of haven amid surging hells.

For, as the blow was dulled, and as a span
Of time stole in between us and that day,
Then only was't that true torment began.

We looked about us then--looked as they may
Who from some nightmare tremblingly awake--
And saw the sun still holding ancient sway;

¹ This poem (IM 15/2) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. II of "From the Dirge" with minor discrepancies in punctuation.

² So spelled in the typescript.

We saw the moon rise, saw from slough and brake
The mists thread and disperse, the river still
The thirsty bottoms of its valley slake.

And we saw man, contented on his hill,
Hurrying to and fro, and in smug glee,
Ant-like, heap treasure against the coming chill!

Then knew we, nought on earth had changed but we
Who stood alone, we two, and grasped at last
What blow had wrenched the present from the past:
That there were two who had but now been three!

In Memoriam, p.28-29 (IM 15/2)

III.

This house has grown; I pass from room to room,
And each sounds empty, vast, and dully stilled;
Instead of sunshine it is lit with gloom;
My eyes seek dumbly but remain unfilled.

This house has grown; and it surrounds me now
Like a garment for my limbs too wide.
I pass from room to room; but no more thou,
My child and future, runnest to my side.

This house has grown; and grown, too, has this heart:
Its chambers echo with their thud and ache--
The fierce, dull ache of those who had part
With all they loved. O chambers, shake and brake!

In Memoriam, p. 30 (IM 15/3)

IV.¹

So this is where you sleep, my tender child?
Here on this hill--the woods press from all sides;
The road loops by; it is the ancient wild:
The raven croaks, wolves bark, a squirrel chides.

And this is where you sleep who never were
Alone in life but there was someone near
As you ran round the bush to worry ere
In play and frolic you did reappear?

So this is where you sleep? Here will I sit
And, pondering, still will bear you company.
The flowered mound, the carven stone are fit,
Commemorating that you used to be.

Yes, this is where you sleep! And you are merged
In that vast host of whom these crosses tell;
For more are dead than live; if they all surged
Back to life, they would fill plain and dell.

Sleep without fear, my child, not long alone:
For there is room for me, too, in that throng.
Some quarry even now grows my own stone.
Here will I come; nor will I tarry long.

In Memoriam, p. 31 (IM 15/4)

¹ This poem (IM 15/4) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. V of "From the Dirge" with some discrepancies affecting punctuation. Also, stanza two is omitted. Stanza 3, l. 4 reads "what you used to be".

V.¹

They tell us that the world is still afoot,
That kings still pose, and parliaments debate;
That nations clamour, blinded by their hate;
That so-called thinkers ancient questions moot.

But younger folk, they say, more passionate,
Do now arise to strike the gnarled root
Of evil in the world; guilt shall no loot
From innocence exact in the new state!

And we remember that we used to take--
(Old stories these of times long long ago)--
In all such things a passing interest.

But now, uncomprehending, do we shake
Our heads at them. They would not clamour so
Had death been their as our unbidden guest.

In Memoriam, p. 32 (IM 15/5)

¹ This sonnet (IM 15/5) was published, in identical form, in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. VI of "From the Dirge".

VI.

When infants die, then dies what might have been
But never was; as if the nascent day
In his first midnight hour, as yet unseen,
Expired; and with him time were laid away.

When old men die, then dies that which has been
And leaves its substance; as the dying day
At evenfall becomes a memory, seen
In sunset glory, not to pass away.

But she that left us died in that same hour
When day breaks and rose-fingered clouds suffuse
A green and amber sky, the airy bower
From which steps morning, gallant to peruse.

Dawn-eyed she stood at life's forth-jutting edge,
Just reaching out to gather that ripe gift
Which only those who are themselves a pledge
To high endeavour can discern and lift.

In Memoriam, p. 33 (IM 15/6)

VII.¹

(DANCE MUSIC DOWN THE STREET)

How can they dare to live when she is dead
And not bow down with sorrow to the earth?
How can they laugh and still the boards betread
That underfoot sound hollow with their mirth?

Let silence reign and everlasting dark!
Let not the sun rise, let the moon not wax!
Let no more tides the distant hours mark,
The earth stand still and all in death relax!

Let this sphere crack fitly to mourn its child!
Let ancient chaos reinvade this world,
Abyss bestride abyss, confusedly piled!
And through it let, from upper cycles hurled,

Some poor, lost spirit search as I search now
For some sense in this show. Let him dream still,
With burning eye and with erratic brow,
That he is here some mission to fulfil.

Then will I cry and laugh and raise my voice.
"Hark! Hear the violin strumming to its bow!
"They dance on other planets and rejoice!
"Yet wait! Their end will come, though all too slow!"

In Memoriam, p. 34 (IM 15/7)

¹ This poem (IM 15/7) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. VII of "From the Dirge" with the following minor discrepancies in the last stanza: "voice" in l. 1 is followed by a [:], and the quotation marks are omitted in l. 2-4.

VIII.

We go about and look at all the signs
Which still remind us of her playful day.
Here hangs her swing: the grass is worn away
Beneath the trees. These are the hempen lines

With which she stretched and braced her playhouse tent;
And these the steps down to the river's bank
Which no one trod but she; that is the plank
On which she stood, above the water bent.

And in the house of her one room still tells
Just as she left it: pictures on the wall
Of countries she had seen; coat, shoes, and ball;
Her skates and ribbons, books and stones and shells.

All these remain; and she alone does not;
And they with her, as we, have lost their soul.
We go about and pay the bitter toll
Of hearts too sore but bemoan their lot.

In Memoriam, p. 35 (IM 15/8)

IX.

And do you sleep, my child, eternal sleep,
Dreamless and not disquiet, in your grave?
If so, I envy you. We must still weep
And search and question what we lost or have.

Dreamless and not disquiet-- is it true?
Then must it be that there is rest from strife.
And if there is, what was your life to you?
Heroic was it and with greatness rife:

Early you knew what severance is and care
And often ceased to laugh and ceased to smile:
Thus grew your understanding heart, aware
Too poignantly that joys last but awhile.

Yet sprang that smile again as smiles the field,
Caressed by summer breezes at the dawn
Of some yet perfect day to come and yield
Frolic and gladness to the forest fawn.

Sleep, sleep, my child! Lie motionless and still!
Then will I, as I think of you, renew
The memory of your smile and trust no ill
Outbalanced life's due gift of joy to you.

In Memoriam, p. 36 (IM 15/9)

X.¹

How much more easy were it could we but
Accept all things encrusted in belief!
Then could like others we, with eyes half shut,
Welcome pain, suffering, loss, distress, and grief.

If we could see this life as but a bridge
That spans the gulf from nothingness to all--
Or as a valley whence to scale the ridge
Where glory sits enthroned and gives its call!

Death were a portal then through which we pass
From one life to another, not to die,
But to behold what now as in a glass
We dimly see reflected eye to eye.

Alas that such a creed cannot be ours!
We doubt and sorrow, groping with blind heart
For some such thought as that these budding flowers
May symbolise that which thou wert and art.

In Memoriam, p. 37 (IM 15/10)

¹ This poem (IM 15/10) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. VIII of "From the Dirge" with one minor discrepancy in punctuation: after "die" in stanza 3, l. 2, the [,] is omitted.

XI.

There is no day on which some do not die;
And all leave gaps. Yet, if all gaps were such,
Man would no longer at life's phantom clutch.
Bare and abandoned would this planet lie,

Washed by a callous sun, a cold, white moon
That shed a barren light on sea and land.
No more would ploughs be guided by man's hand,
No more sails furred beneath the homeward dune.

For who would choose to live when he could cease
To suffer thus? What woman would still bear,
Fearing to lose them, children of despair?
What man would trust life's fickle promised lease?

Or are our tears sweet balm to those that went
Ahead of us where all of us are bound?
If so, then let us sit upon the ground
And water graves till these our tears be spent!

In Memoriam, p. 38 (IM 15/11)

XII.

They come and speak to us, a long, long line.
"Ah," says one, "she is happy! She is saved
"From this world's misery; she will never pine
"In disappointments such as we have braved.

"For what is life? Does not this very thing
"Unveil its essence? Does not this thing teach
"That but to live is sorrow--is to fling
"A hand into a void beyond its reach?"

They come to comfort, many, many a one.
"Yes," says another, "happy to be spared
"All evil suffered and all evil done,
"Temptations to be shunned or to be dared.

"For she was pure; such was she taken hence,
"Not knowing sin; who stands immaculate
"Before your memory in her innocence:
"That memory nought can touch! Blessed her fate!"

And others come reproving, many they.
"Why do you stand and stare, despairing so?
"Come and look up!" Thus does a third one say.
"The stuff that life is made of we all know.

"A short term yet to live remains your lot.
"And life's commandments must you still obey.
"To stand and linger idly profits not.
"Come, find new courage, hard and grim and grey!"

O yes, we know. Yet she who lived is dead.
And shall we measure grief not to exceed,
In desolation for so dear a head,
A mood permitted by some stoic creed?

O yes, we know. Life is all way beset
By evil running in with force and stress;
And guilt and sin, our common lot, beget
Repentance and remorse as the years press.

O yes, we know. Dire suffering comes to all,
The deeper it, the greater our worth.
That laughter turns to tears, and joy to gall.
We know; for we, too, live upon this earth.

Yet she who lived is dead! We stand and stare,
For we lived in her. With her in her grave
Lies that of us which made us true and rare:
With her lies all that she unwitting gave.

These hills are green; the meadows slope away;
The sky is blue; softly the tree-tops stir;
We look and see it all; yet not a ray
Of this sun gladdens since it warms not her.

What can we say, what do but with bent brow
That which is left to bear sternly abide?
We had a child; and we have no child now;
And silence has engulfed us like a tide.

In Memoriam, p. 39-40 (IM 15/12)

XIII.¹

No! Never shall I live again as though
This earth were my legitimate abode
As once I used to live. At last I know
That this our life is but a winding road

From sea to sea. At birth we step ashore
We know not whence. We harvest joy and grief
And glean things left by them that went before
And ween, although they told the journey brief.

That youth must last for us though not for all.
Poor fools we! For the future is even now.
Even now we tire; the vaunted pleasures pall:
We sight the sea; and on our staff we bow.

This is the end and goal; we must embark;
The skiff is waiting; and its sail is bent.
Before us curves the sea; that sea is dark
Though still and smooth as if all storms were spent.

Such is our common lot; we know it well.
But ah that gulfs and bays indent the shore!
And to their heads slopes many a luring dell;
They, too, lead out to sea through strait or bore.

Thus thou, my child, didst still unwearied go
When to an inlet led thy sudden road!
No, never shall I live again as though
This earth were my legitimate abode.

In Memoriam, p. 41 (IM 15/13)

¹ This poem (IM 15/13) is also present in the Notebook (NB 8) with some differences in and wording: st. 5, l. 3 reads "leads", and st. 6, l. 3 "can".

XIV.¹

To C. G.

You look at me with anguish in your eye,
Mutely imploring that I boldly speak
From out of my composure what you seek:
The answer to the ancient question, Why.

Stern grow your features that but now were meek.
"You are a man. Give comfort!" thus they cry.
"You are a man. Give strength! your eyes are dry.
"You are a man. Give, give.....For I am weak."

Alas, I have no comfort. Man or not,
What matters it? My strength is but a mask
To hide my weakness from intruding looks.

I have no answer. Surgings long forgot
Rise up and clamour that I, too, shall ask
What yet, I know too well, no answer brooks.

In Memoriam, p. 42 (IM 15/14)

¹ This sonnet (IM 15/14) is present in the Notebook (NB 3), where it lacks the dedication and is heavily corrected to read as typed here. Grove chose it for his Selections (S 7).

XV.¹

She lives in me and henceforth am I but
A sacred vessel or a holy shrine
In which, inviolate, mysteries are shut
Such as, unseen, give power to divine

That which is worthy, not of me, but her.
Once did she look on me as her guide:
But if I led, it was but to confer
Selfhood upon her, hardly yet espied

By her own soul, though clearly seen by me.
Even then I often weighed what I should do
So that, in retrospection, one day she,
Remembering, might approve and find me true.

She is no more; and I was left alone
To mirror what, alas, she might have been.
Mine is the office of him who has known:
I am a priest, initiate, who has seen.

In Memoriam, p. 43 (IM 15/15)

¹ This poem (IM 15/15) is also present in the Notebook (NB 5) with minor discrepancies: st. 2, 2 has "t'was", and the last line reads "I have seen".

XVI.¹

Oh my dear child, much of my life was pain,
And saddened much of yours because of it.
Who should have ever thought that of us twain
It should be I who must thus lonely sit

And spin sad dreams, uncheered by that clear light
That kindles from the contact of two souls.
Fearful we often hovered within sight
Of yonder shore which death, our lord, controls.

But never did we deem it might be you
Who first would cross the darkly gurgling stream
That borders life. We sighed to think how few
At best the days in common! Then the gleam

Of tears would I discover in your look
And knew you tried to grasp what loneliness
My death would mean to you; too great to brook.
And I would stroke your hair, tress upon tress.

Still do I speak to you and dimly think
That, somewhere near, you linger, just beyond;
Thus, in a fog, a man might, at the brink
Of some still water, speak across a pond

And hear no answer. Fastened to my chair
And baffled to perceive that days gone by,
I hold vain converse with the empty air.
Forgive me! But I wish it had been I.

In Memoriam, p. 44 (IM 15/16)

¹ IM 15/16 is also present in the Notebook (NB 6) with minor differences, except for a deleted stanza between st. 4 and 5: "And here I sit, forsaken in my chair/Baffled to understand that days go by;/And as I hold converse with the air,/Forgive me, but I wish it had been I." It is similar to st. 6.

XVII.¹

Tulips, scillas, peonies,
Crocus, snowdrops, hyacinths
Mingle all their riotous tints
With sombre green of cedar trees.

While you lived, my dear, dear child,
Loved you all such gorgeous bloom
In garden, grove, yea, on the tomb--
Grew they planted, grew they wild.

How you wished that you could have
Beds of flowers and window plants
To brighten all your transient haunts!
Now we put them on your grave.

What in life you were denied--
Vagrants have no fixed abode--
On your grave we heap and load
And hope you love it though you died.

In Memoriam, p. 45 (IM 15/17)

¹ This poem (IM 15/17) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. IX of "From the Dirge" in identical form. It is present in the Notebook (NB 11) with two minor changes in wording: st. 2, l. 2 and 4 have "blooms" and tombs".

XVIII.¹

I sometimes think when I go up the hill
That I should like to take you by the hand,
If but once more, my child--to go and stand
Together where you lie, forever still.

And I should point to bedded plants and flowers
Such as you loved before you vanished hence;
They hide the mound and trail along the fence
To be an emblem of once happy hours.

Then would you say, "O look at this bright bloom!
"How beautiful! For whom was all this done?
And I should answer, "All this is for one
"Who lived and died. Woe me, this is her tomb!"

Together then should by the mound we kneel,
And you would fade into your phantom form
While I remain in this my earthly form
A little longer. Both should then we feel

That where you are I, too, would fain, fain be;
And till I am, I could within me keep
The memory of how I heard you weep,
As you dissolved, not for yourself but me.

In Memoriam, p. 46 (IM 15/18)

¹ This poem (IM 15/18) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. X of "From the Dirge" with the following discrepancies: after "O" in stanza 3, l. 1 there is a [,], and "I remain..." in st. 4, l. 3 reads "I remained...".

XIX.¹

I grow a sacred lily on my desk
And watch it, as it grows, from day to day
And think of you who, cold and statuesque
Yet beautiful, within your coffin lay.

This lily grows and dies and grows again.
Do not the ancients tell a touching tale
Of one who went below, a buried grain,
And rose in spring, the Daughter of the Vale,

Leaving the god, her husband, king of shades,
To gladden human hearts with gifts of fruit.
All know the lot of beauty: that it fades;
Let me accept that story which they bruit,

If but for moments and as but a dream!
Then may the care with which the lily's growth
I daily watch and tend to me still seem
A living bond of love which links us both.

In Memoriam, p. 47 (IM 15/19)

¹ This poem (IM 15/19) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. XI of "From the Dirge" with the following discrepancies: after "statuesque" in st. 1, l. 3 there is a [,]; "Daughter of the Vale" in st. 2, l. 4 is not capitalized; in st. 3, l. 2 "fruit" is followed by a [?], and the [:) after "beauty" in l. 3 is replaced by a [,]; st. 4, l. 4 reads "that links...". It is in the Notebook (NB 15) with minor differences, and in Selections (S 8).

XX.¹

"Why should you toil and strive and know not rest
"When all we come to is but this dark door?
"Why should you search and delve to gather lore
"When, opening, shutting, this door ends all quest?

"Were it not better done to heap up store
"And, while you can, obey the gay behest
"Of fleeting time which offers of its best
"If only you forget what went before?"

I would if I but could. No. I would not.
She lives in me; and if I did forget,
Then must she die forever as she died

In time and space but lives in this one spot:
The chamber of my soul where I have set
Her image as she was, but deified.

In Memoriam, p. 48 (IM 15/20)

¹ This sonnet (IM 15/20) is also present in the Notebook (NB 4) with minor differences except that the two triplets are pulled together to form a sixain.

XXI.¹

No country, so far, claimed me all² her own;
My emblem was the sail; I touched at best,
When sighting land, by airy tumults blown,
At dented shores and stayed, a lingering guest.

And³ ever lay the skiff, moored in some cove,
Its oars drawn in, its idle canvas furled,
While I delayed in city or in grove
Till called again my boundless home, the world.

Now has that⁴ world lost all its potent charm
To lure with distance or with mirrored coasts
Or with atolls where palms thrill⁵ with alarm
At fabled stories, as the haunts of ghosts.

Now am I anchored, and⁶ forever now
Must I here tarry. For a woman gave
A child to me; and to the ground I bow:
My roots are growing down into the grave.

In Memoriam, p. 49 (IM 15/21)

¹ This poem (IM 15/21) is also present in the Notebook (NB 12) with several discrepancies in wording which are here underlined in the text.

² NB 12: "No country could so far claim me"; "could" is crossed out.

³ NB 12: "Yet"; l. 4 "And shortly called".

⁴ NB 12: "I am at home! That world has now lost".

⁵ NB 12: "that thrill me"

⁶ NB 12: "This thing (?) has anchored me;"; l. 4 "its".

XXII.

We cannot grasp it yet; the memories
Of all her tender ways are still too fresh;
Too often still we think these agonies
To brush aside--a loathsome spider's mesh

In which the head is caught. Thus do we start
Out of some torturing dream, aghast that things
Unreal should have power to wring the heart
And fold the mind in dread that chokes and clings.

But no! A wave of sudden consciousness
That it did happen sends us to our feet
Questioning all; and life seems less and less
Designed our human patterings to meet.

Then speak in whispers we, revive the past,
And smile at visions of things that have been;
Till we remember that they did not last.
A silence falls; and shadows close us in.

And we lie down anew-- to sleep and spin
More dreams; to wake and listen for the sounds
That haunt a house at night, sounds weird and thin,
As tapping winds tiptoe their stealthy rounds.

And once again, as we sink deep away,
The very air is breathing with her breath.
She is with us! Could we but with her stay!
Resolved were then the mystery of death.

In Memoriam, p. 50 (IM 15/22)

XXIII.¹

Yes, as I ruminare her brief, brief years
And spell the days from birth to burial,
It seems perhaps as when a dull day clears;
For, were there shadows, there was light withal;

And this the brighter since it was oft
Obscured by clouds; as on the hillside there
The emerald meadow glows more brightly soft
Set off by a black torrent's gullied tear.

Thus do I dote on comfort's sorry dross
And pick up crumbs my hungry heart to feed,
Yet know that I am beggared by her loss
And that a jagged wound must bleed and bleed.

And beggared is the world but knows it not;
For what is it, unmirrored by her eye?
Hill, valley, field, and forest-- dot by dot
They are all there; lacks but their inner tie.

In Memoriam, p. 51 (IM 15/23)

¹ This poem (IM 15/23) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. XII of "From the Dirge" with the following discrepancies: stanza two is omitted; after "withal" in st. 1, l. 4 there is a [.] and "not" in st. 4, l. 1 is followed by a [:].

XXIV.¹

I wish I had a voice to sing your praise;
Or a hand skilled to wake the mournful lyre;
Or thought to write the story of your days;
Or fingers fit to mould your shape entire;²

Or had the power to reconstruct the world
In ways our earthly pattern to excel
Where minutes should be crystal drops that purled
From out a fountain, balanced ere they fell.

For³ such a world, reconstituted, would
Provide for you a never-dying fame;
In gratitude its future dwellers should,
Commemorating, name it by your name.

I wish I could one particle preserve
Of what you were; could speak or sing or be
As looked your eye, as bent the telling curve
Of perfect lips parting to smile at me.

Then could I feel I had not lived in vain
Nor wept in vain at that which I had lost;
That you had lived, would be a lasting gain
For all mankind to be, though at my cost.

In Memoriam, p. 52 (IM 15/24)

¹This poem (IM 15/24) was published as FD 13 in identical form (April 1932). In the Notebook (NB 32) it is covered with NB 31 and has eleven monographs drawn alongside. In NB 32, which is heavily corrected in stanzas 1 and 3, one reads: "Jane Atkinson / by Andrew R. Rutherford".

² Lines 3-4 read in NB 32: "Or mould thy face that lives in me entire;/Or thought to write the story of your days;".

³ MP 32: "And"; l. 2 "everlasting"; l.3 "would".

XXV.

In life thou grewest; and it was thy aim
To embody that conception of high worth
Which lived in me of thee. But when death came
And bore thee to the bottom of the earth,

The image which of me lived in thy soul
Assumed such features stern, immutable
That it became my task to make it whole
And live it till me, too, release death's knell.

In Memoriam, p. 53 (IM 15/25)

XXVI.¹

Faith, so they say, has power to move the hills
And to deflect great rivers from their course.
Faith grants our wishes, guards us from ills,
And is of every strength the potent source.

But did not the apostle name these three,
Faith, Hope, and Love, proclaiming that of these
Love is the greatest? Fain would I decree
Him right in that. Then could on love I seize

As on a magic key to unseal a grave,
For, though I lacked perhaps in faith and hope,
I had such love as willingly would brave
The gates of hell, could I, like Orpheus, grope

My way into the nether world to plead
With Hades there, the god of steely eyes.
With love I called² and knew in very deed
If love could waken her, she would arise.

But Love, the greatest, proving destitute
Of power to lift the lid from off a³ tomb,
The wanton Hope lay gasping; Faith was mute
And mocked itself by shrugging, Faith in whom?

In Memoriam, p. 54 (IM 15/26)

¹ This poem (IM 15/26) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. XIV of "From the Dirge" with these discrepancies: after "key" in st. 3, l. 1, and after "deed" in st. 4, l. 3 there is a [,]; st. 5, l. 3 features "stood gasping...", while in l. 4 "itself..." reads "herself...". The poem also exists in the Notebook (NB 23) with lexical changes in the last two stanzas.

² NB 23: "I called with love".

³ NB 23: "her from the grasping" l. 3 "lay broken" for "lay gasping".

XXVII.

My child, if from the circumambient air
With eyes unseen thou seest--if thou still
Such as thou wert--and thou wert ever fair--
Hover'st amid these trees, above this hill--

Or if thy spirit, recaught in that broad stream
Whence life flows, steadily mirrors yet,
Dispersed into its elements, a gleam
Of this unquiet earth where we still fret--

Or if, in everlasting slumber cast,
The dead still dream of what was once their lot,
In summer nights perhaps when things long past
Revive at evenfall, things long forgot--

No matter how, if in some unthought way
We are not lost to these as thou to us,
If that which lived in thee was not all clay
And thou perceiv'st: Then wilt thou know us thus:

Where once we roamed, we linger now and stand;
Where once we looked ahead, we now look back.
Thus does a wanderer from some height of land
Through fields and orchards still survey his track;

Because he knows that he must leave the vales
And thread the desert through a lurid dusk;
There will his memories serve for camp-fire tales:
The fruit is lost; but love retains its husk.

For thou wert all in all to us; and we
Can hope but for a day when once again
What thou wert, transfigured, thou wilt be:
A beacon light to steer by on life's main.

In Memoriam, p. 55 (IM 15/27)

XXVIII.¹

What will this mean ten thousand years from now
When we are dead and gone and quite forgotten,
When bones are dust and our firm² flesh is rotten,
And this world lives without us anyhow;

When changes such as we cannot conceive
Have sculptured plains and mountain chains eroded;
When all our superstitions are exploded,
And people laugh at what³ we still believe;

When souls, with a new eagerness instinct,
Communicate perhaps in closer fashion,
When sympathy is more than pale compassion,
When even language is perhaps extinct;

When there no longer are grim murder bars
Dividing us from weaker sister races;
When converse through the intermundane spaces
This planet holds with all the reeling stars?

###

What does it mean to us that long ago,
In the abyss of time, where man emerges,
A sorrowing greybeard muttered broken dirges
And stared as blind, on Asia's great plateau?

¹ The first six stanzas of IM 15/28 were published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. XV of "From the Dirge" with one significant change in wording and minor discrepancies in end-punctuation in st. 3, l. 1, and st. 4, l. 2. The last four stanzas (lacking in NB 34!) appear as a separate sonnet as FD 16. -- NB 34 has minor changes in st.1-6. The first four stanzas are covered with NB 33 (IM 15/29, "Who would have told me..."). Stanzas 1, 4-6 were included in Grove's correspondence along with IM 14, The Sacred Death in late 1928 (Letters, p. 209), indicating that the poem was unfinished at that time.

² FD 15 "soft"; NB 34, Corresp. "firm", as here; st. 4, l. 4: "ruling" in FD 15 only!.

³ NB 34: "that which"; and in st. 4, l. 3 "mere" instead of "pale."

Or that an inarticulate Eskimo
With wide-flung gesture, silent,¹ shrugged his shoulder
As in the ice, so that it would not moulder,
He laid his child upon an arctic floe?

Oh, why should I be fearful of the night²
That summons from the grave and coffin oaken
The shape unseen, the speech long, long unspoken
Of one who lived in day's intenser light?

Wide lies the past at night, with many a token
That it is truth, not dream which wiles my sight--
As if for disappointment to requite
When, with the rise of day, my sleep is broken.

If I could sleep and sleep and never waken
And dream and dream of what is not but was,
Then would both hope and faith remain unshaken.

But ah, there comes a point when shadows pause,
And when I wake and find myself forsaken
And doubly feel the grief that bores and gnaws.

In Memoriam, p. 56-57 (IM 15/28)

¹ NB 34: "mutely".

² The final four stanzas of IM 15/28 form a sonnet, which was published as "From the Dirge" no. XVI with only one minor discrepancy in punctuation: in the first quatrain, l. 3, there is no [,] between "long, long". This sonnet, having independent status as FD 16, is included on p. 178 with the Unique Poems.

XXIX.¹

Who would have told me but a year ago
That I, upon a stone, should read her name,
I should have answered him, such utter woe
I could not grasp in thought and live the same.

But live I do and go about my tasks
In silence, and composedly, as deems
He who, upon an hour's acquaintance, asks
"And how are you?" --surmising, "Well, it seems!"

Yet passes not a single minute but I am
Poignantly conscious of a hidden ache.
Life is, without her, but a sorry sham,
Not worth what we upon its dicings stake.

And from my secret musings I distil
Reflections on the dignity of death
Which so pervadingly my being fill
That sacrilege seems every living breath.

In Memoriam, p. 58 (IM 15/29)

¹ This poem (IM 15/29) is also present in the Notebook (NB 33) where it covers stanzas 1-4 of NB 34 which is represented above as IM 15/28 ("What will this mean..."). It is repeated on the next page of the Notebook (following the final, sixth stanza of NB 34) in a heavily corrected version affecting the last two quatrains.

XXX.¹

No, do not speak to me of healing time!
Time is a murderer that eats his issue:
Time spins and weaves and frays and wastes his tissue
And covers all his wreck with oozy slime.

The healing which he brings is but forgetting
Of what the ruin which he buried meant:
What boots it that the sun his colour lent
If he himself goes blind in his own setting?

That she who was is not: this wearing sorrow
Is, while it lives, a last gift of her day.
No, do not tell me it will pass away:
Such comfort casts no glamour on the morrow.

And if it did, I should not want it so--
But rather join the long line of dead singers
Whose grief, engraved in words, endures and lingers
A symbol of the universal woe.

In Memoriam, p. 59 (IM 15/30)

¹This poem (IM 15/30) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as "From the Dirge XVII" with one discrepancy in punctuation: after "issue" in st. 1, l. 2 features a [.]. The last stanza is omitted. - All four stanzas (the last one being heavily corrected) are also present in the Notebook (NB 31) with minor changes in punctuation; st. 2, l.2 reads "which". They are pasted over NB 32 or IM 15/24 ("I wish I had a voice..."). Alongside, there are eleven attempts at various monograms, some using Grove's initials similar to those featured on the cover of In Search of Myself (1946), others involving those of his wife and daughter. NB 32 underneath has the Rutherford suggestion mentioned in the context of IM 15/24 above.

XXXI.¹
To C. G.

I know a valley in these plaited hills,
Untrod by man, where wanded willows bow
Above the murmur of secretive rills,
And where the sedge sweeps higher than your brow.

There shall we go, Cathleen and build of stone
A rustic throne which solitude embays.
This is the summer we must face alone--
A sunlit waste of leaf-embowered days

And of such nights as set the soul astir
With dark desire and death-enamoured thought
Which, owl-like, circles, padded wings awhir,
Till reels resolve, from firmest aims distraught.

We must not yield. Look, then, into mine eye
To find a mood akin. Hear, then, my speech
In which each word is winged with a sigh,
And every cadence with a poignant reach.

We must not yield. Lean, then, upon my arm
To turn from this our death-engendered quest,
To face a summer stripped of summer's charm
Which promises submission at the best.

We must not yield. Descend into this vale
To see the essence of the things that are:
Death comes in time; for death will no one fail;
But life remains and is death's avatar.

Life must be suffered. Sublimated pain
Becomes at last transcendent fortitude.
Come, lean on me; down threads this winding lane.
Composure must in solitude be wooed.

In Memoriam, p. 60 (IM 15/31)

¹ This poem (IM 15/31) is also present in the Notebook (NBLL 2) on a loose sheet with 14 stanzas. The first seven differ only in the last line of st. 5. The others form the next poem IM 15/32.

[XXXII.]¹

She who has given life and seen it die
Wears a madonna's more than regal crown;
She is enthroned among the clouds on high
And looks at birth and death; and she looks down.

Then let us speak of her who lies at rest
And yet is with us: in the hour of dusk
When shadows rise and bow like spectres blest,
And nightshade scents the air with sweet of musk.

For what she was she is; she cannot fade.
See, in our sleep she glides into our dream
And fans our temples with her breath! That glade
Shall be her sacred haunt when glow-worms gleam.

And we must learn to think, not that she died,
But that she lived was our allotted gift--
Must stem the overfoaming, rushing tide
Of under-thoughts with their down-sucking drift.

For we are human. Wreckage whirls in spate
About our feet and knees, resistance spent;
And overhead a cloud, the hue of slate,
Bears menace unexplored and imminent.

Such is the mortal lot. He is a child
Who knows it not. At best we can accept
And bear what is imposed, unreconciled,
And proudly point and say, We have not wept!

See, yonder, where the brook its river joins:
That is the place, embedded in the sedge:
The fall will come; then shall we gird our loins
To wander once again along life's edge.

In Memoriam, p. 61 (IM 15/32)

¹ This poem (IM 15/32) continues IM 15/31 on a loose-leaf in the Notebook (NBLL 3) with one minor difference in wording in stanza 7. Since the next IM poem is numbered XXXIII, no. XXXII is implied here. This number is omitted in the In Memoriam typescript.

XXXIII.¹

"nought we know dies."²

What wafts the wind upon its midnight breath?
It whispers tidings in its silken tune:
To nought we know comes such a thing as death;
Air, water, soil--³these are from death immune.

And that from which thy laughter sprang and mirth,
Thy searching thought which knew yet had to learn
To adapt itself to strange ways on this earth,
Thy heart which clearly did our hearts discern--

That should, because a mechanism broke
And would no longer function, cease to be?
Was it a mechanism which awoke
In me the love in which I haboured thee?⁴

What wafts the wind upon its midnight breath?
It bears, transformed, soft rain from out the sea⁵
And⁶ spins a message that there is no death,
That⁷ what once was, transformed, must ever be.

In Memoriam, p. 62 (IM 15/33)

¹ A variant of this poem (IM 15/33) in Miscellaneous Poems (MP 10) is entitled Night Thoughts. Apart from minor discrepancies in punctuation limited to stanza 4, it has the noteworthy reference to Shelley in the motto.

² MP 10 omits the quotation marks and reads: "Nought we know dies./Shelley,"

³ MP 10 has a dash separated by two spaces here and in st. 2, l.4: "soil - these...".

⁴ MP 10: "In us the love in which we harboured thee?".

⁵ MP 10 inserts a semicolon here.

⁶ MP 10: "It spins...".

⁷ MP 10: "That, what...".

Landscapes

AT SEA¹

I hear the sounding sea from out the dark--
Not as she lisps or thunders on the beach--
But from the taffrail of a labouring barque
For which waves claw and reach.

They clash and splash, whipped serried by the gale,
And roll and tumble, flinging shattered spray
Aloft into the sole and reefed-in sail
Kept up for steerage way.

The stays are violincello strings stretched tight
On which the wind performs its lilting tune--
That wind blows from the very edge of night
Or from beyond the moon:

A sibilant whistle now; and now a hum
That drones and groans as driven by a prod--
Thus drones in hollow dawns the rousing drum
That calls a firing squad.

Close-wrapped I stand and listen to it all
And strain my eyes to see the tumbling hosts
That chase the barque and rise and rear and fall
And blot themselves like ghosts.

Are there the souls that thronged about life's barque
And pressed up close awhile and sank away
And left on shore or cliff no smallest mark
To tell the coming day

¹ IM 16 exists as NB 24 without "Nova Scotia, 1909". Greve left Germany for North America "via Canada" in September 1909. IM 16 is also S 9. NB 24 has: "a", and "strain" in st. 1; "some violin" (st. 3); "I stand, close-wrapped..." in st. 5; and, in st. 11-12, "tost", "agonized", and "back our questions asked".

That here a wave broke, tossed by some vast force
Not of its own? Yea, but for it, the wave
Would not have been, would not have run its course
 Into its swinging grave.

Yet, while it was, that wave seemed to exist:
It rose and grew and reared, its spray to fling
Into an alien element, and hissed
 Its one-toned song to sing.

Perhaps it, too, throughout its breadth and length
Knew glorious impulse and desire high-flown
And felt the triumph of its tossing strength
 As if it were its own?

Who can say nay? For, adding each to each
The grains of knowledge that so precious seem,
We judge all science but a trope of speech
 And wisdom but a dream.

Perhaps we, too, by such a tempest tossed
As rocks this barque are fragments of some sea
From which we rise and into which are lost
 When we must cease to be?

For, as the wind strums through the anguished shrouds,
It mocks and, like a teacher sorely tasked,
It answers not but, mixing waves and clouds,
Flings merely back the questions which we asked.
(Nova Scotia, 1909)

In Memoriam, p. 64-65 (IM 16)

EMBATTLED SKIES¹

Embattled skies frown down upon the field
That stretches level like a sleeping sea.
Humped, in its centre, broods a single tree:
Low hang the clouds like fringes from a shield.

Thus has it been for hours. I stand and wait;
And nothing happens. Idle hangs my cloak.
Yet do I know somewhere a master-stroke
Prepares itself, slow like a patient hate.

Still nothing seems to stir; but as I stare
And drowse and look, there is of shifting scenes
A subtle sense: a soaring bird careens,
Tossed by some unfelt currents of the air.

And suddenly a dark-grey² cloud turns pale:
Thus does a sleeping eye raise a white lid:
Far down at the horizon, half still hid,
The scorpion lightning flicks its vicious tail.

1924

In Memoriam, p. 66 (IM 17)

¹ This poem (IM 17) is also present in the Notebook (NB 19) with minor discrepancies in wording in stanza 4. The specification "1924" is absent.

² NB 19: "low-flung".

NIGHT IN THE HILLS¹

The world lies quiet; in the sinking west
A fevered day has slowly bled to death.
Engulfing shadows, like a chilling breath,
Rise from the valley to this wooded crest.²

Blotted is all that is but of the hour³
And nought remains but enduring lines:
The frame-work of the hills. A crescent shines
Low in the sky, above the clouds that lower.⁴

But as I listen to⁵ the night that hoods
The landscape with its domes and dipping⁶ slopes,
I hear a murmur or a sigh that gropes,
A stifled sob astray in the great woods.

Thus, too, sobs in the night the ancient sea
Stilled though it be. The sun has sunk away;
Yet there remains this echo of the fray;⁷
And wearily leans a shape⁸ against a tree.

1924.

In Memoriam, p. 67 (IM 18)

¹This poem (IM 18) is also present in the Notebook (NB 20) with some significant discrepancies in wording. The specification "1924" is lacking.

² NB 20: "Breathe...up".

³ This line reads in NB 20: "All that is of the hour is blotted out".

⁴ NB 20: "and, waxing, knows no doubt."

⁵ NB 20: "into".

⁶ NB 20: "gentle".

⁷ NB 20: "day;".

⁸ Replaces in NB 20 with "I lean..."

DEJECTION¹

I never thought a day could be so stale
And drag its weary hours as this one did.
Thus leaves a slimy slug a shiny² trail
On shingly shale beneath the sky's low lid.

Beneath that sky my soul, distended, lay,
Recipient of nought but what would steep
More deeply in dejection, grey in grey,
Scarce dented by the hours' reluctant creep.

Now comes, a mere enhancing of the gloom
That was the day, though less relaxed and slack,
At last the night, another day's dark womb,
And wraps all things, eclipsing grey in black.

My soul, scarce moving, breathes like the tide,
Or as this marshy upland heaves a sigh
Which meets the mists and rose but to subside.
Relief or end--which of the two is nigh?

1914.

In Memoriam, p. 68 (IM 19)

¹ IM 19 is present in the Notebook (NB 26) with minor discrepancies; it lacks the specification "1914", and it covers a heavily corrected version of NB 27 (=IM 21, "Each moment is..."). Another close and crossed-out version of IM 19 is written alongside NB leaf [28 a], next to part of The Legend of the Great Survival (st. 7-10). Grove included this poem in his Selections (S 10), where the date is 1913, and "Pembina Mountains" are specified as location. Dejection (IM 19) is not to be mistaken for the rejected poem of the same title in the Notebook (NB 25, on p. 176).

² NB 26 reads "glistening".

THE DUNES¹

Come, let me sit behind this wind-built dune
And look upon the slumbering lagoon.
This is my life's belated afternoon;
Now can I sit and silently commune
With her who left me, ah, too soon, too soon,
And trace her name in sand with cryptic rune.

Who gave her to me as life's crowning boon?
I was the accompaniment; she was the tune;
I was night-fall; she was the day's high noon;
I was November; she, the rose-blown June!
Ah, that she left me so, too soon, too soon!
It seems she lived with me but one short moon.

In Memoriam, p. 69 (IM 20)

¹ IM 20 was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. XVIII of "From the Dirge" with minor discrepancies in the second stanza: "tune" in line 2 is followed by a [.]; after "June" in line 4 features a [.]; and "night-fall" in line 3 is not hyphenated. With minor differences, it is present in the Notebook (NB 17), and Grove chose it to be no. 11 of Selections.

THE SLUICE¹

Each moment is and was; and each divides
What was and what will be: a needle's eye
Through which all time must rush with quickening slides,²
Vast though it be as is at dusk the sky.

Thus pours this river through its³ narrow sluice
The uproar of its floods which, drop by drop,
Foam up and thunder, savage beasts let loose
To wreck what was;⁴ and never can they stop;

Then lie, transfigured,⁵ as if they had not stirred
And form the mirror of a drowsy lake
Where bathe the stars and gaze at us, unblurred,⁶
As if with looks our yearning love to slake.

What was the future has become the past,
Immovable and not to be reversed,
With stars to twinkle as in silver cast
And lapses of blank⁷ spaces interspersed.

1923.

In Memoriam, p. 70 (IM 21)

¹ This poem (IM 21) is also present in the Notebook (NB 27) where it has the title Past and Future, but lacks the specification "1923". In addition, there is a heavily corrected version under NB 26 (IM 19, "I never thought..."). The poem was also chosen by Grove for his Selections (S 12).

² NB 27: "strides".

³ NB 27: "a".

⁴ NB 27: "is".

⁵ NB 27: "transformed".

⁶ The commata around "unblurred" are lacking in NB 22; also at the end of l. 1 and 2 of st. 4.

⁷ NB 27: "dark".

DAWN

This is the coldest and most silent hour
Of all the night, the last before the dawn.
Bare hills and woodlands cosmically tower
About a void whence all life is withdrawn--

Withdrawn into a dreamland of sweet sleep,
Paved with dark columbine and meadow-rue,
With nodding grass and mosses soft and deep
That droop with darkness and with beads of dew.

Yet pale the stars; and into lowered skies
From somewhere filters light. All life still rests;
But yawns and turns and peers with furtive eyes
As unfledged birds twitter within their nests.

Then streams that light in flakes like driving sleet;
And, new created, shelves a breathing lawn
Above the river's steaming mirror-sheet
Where, silver-mailed, the little fishes spawn.

And colors brighten; flutes a meadow-lark;
And sparrows chirp; and rabbits leap and run:
Into the valley, firing spark on spark,
Above the hill-crest, slants the sun, the sun!

1922

In Memoriam, p. 71 (IM 22)

FALL¹

The year rolls on; October blasts are blowing
And groaning round the house beneath its eaves;
Autumnal days have come and are fast going,
For hours keep flowing.

The year rolls on; the swaying trees are moaning,
And past the window hurtle sodden leaves;
Autumnal rains against the panes are droning,
Their dirge intoning.

The year rolls on; oh could time stop its soaring
While yet her memory to our fibre cleaves!
All this has been but that we sit deploring
And on her poring.

The years roll on; was ever time for sowing?
A harvest came; but it was one that grieves.
We shiver; on the earth lie embers glowing
But no cheer throwing.

In Memoriam, p. 72 (IM 23)

¹ This poem (IM 23) was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. XIX of "From the Dirge"; FD 19 has "November blasts" in the opening line, and there is a colon after "The year rolls on" in st. 3, l. 1. Grove included this poem as no. 13 of his Selections with the title "Fall in Manitoba".

INDIAN SUMMER¹

This is the day of days; for sombre fall
Has dropped his cloak of trailing mist and cloud;
The light is fluid gold, pervading all;
The trees are gathered up, in prayer bowed.

This is the day to stand on some great height,
Soaked full of silence; calmly to look down
A last time, stripped of self, whence, grey and white,
Rock slopes away to warmer green and brown.

Thus might some Moses stand on Nebo Mount
And look and ponder what he is denied,
And life and death, and God, of both the fount.
Thus did he stand and look, unmoved, clear-eyed.

And I, too, stand and look, clear-eyed, unmoved,
And ponder that which is and scorn the tear
But know this face of mine is deeply grooved
And nothing matters since thou art not near.

In Memoriam, p. 73 (IM 24)

¹ This poem (IM 24) was published twice in Canadian Forum: once in v. X (November, 1929), and then again in v. XII (April, 1932) as no. XX of "From the Dirge". The following minor discrepancies are noted: st. 3, l. 3 features no [,] after "death" in the 1929 CF version, and the 1932 CF version reads "...in prayer are bowed" in st. 1, l. 4.

FIRST FROST¹

The year stands poised once more. Through thin white haze
A dimmed sun sends his ineffectual rays.

The gliding river² curls with misty locks
That rise along the hills like vapour flocks.

In thin festoons there lean upon the air
White-beaded gossamers like floating hair.

And spectral stand the trees with bare black boughs
As if recalling unfulfilled spring vows.

Thus poised, too, stands my soul, of promise stripped.
There has been frost; its winter buds were nipped.

In Memoriam, p. 74 (IM 25)

¹ This poem (IM 25) is also present in the Notebook (NB 10) with substantial corrections to the third couplet. It has also been chosen by Grove as no. 14 of Selections.

² NB 10 reads: "Down there, the gliding river...".

FIRST SNOW¹

Soft-footed, overnight, this snow stole down,
Crystalline vapours of the frozen vault,
And hid the earth that yesterday was brown
With virgin white which knows not flaw or fault.

Like a beginning lies this virgin snow
In glade and wood; and boughs of spruce and pine
Are bent and loaded till they touch below
The very ground with branched and bristling spine.

Like the beginning or an end, forsooth!
For who can tell what life it had to kill,
What but to bury for another youth
To rise again, another spring to fill?

Thus, too, when ends the day, the night begins
And is itself but rest against the day;
And, rhythmically, like a top, time spins
And trances idle spirals on its way.

And day and night and spring and winter weave
The pattern of past seasons and past years
While faces rise and fall and greet and leave:
We smile at cradles, and we sob at biers.

In Memoriam, p. 75 (IM 26)

¹ This poem (IM 26) is also present in the Notebook (NB28) with two minor discrepancies in punctuation: at the end of st. 3, l. 2 and in the middle of the last line, a comma has been omitted. There are similarities with the last Fanny Essler poem by virtue of the theme of first snow.

OPPRESSION¹

This night is like a giant spectral bird
That flags torn wings against these trembling walls
And fills the startled darkness with cries heard
As from a world that from its orbit falls.
And we sit up, with strange disquiet stirred.

Or like a huge beast with a shaggy breast
That comes with crashing and destructive tread
And crouches down on every sleeper's chest
So that he groans and yells, transfixed with dread--
Then travels on into an unknown west.

This is a night to open dead men's graves,
Confounding living worlds with worlds gone down--
To link commingled bones in fossil caves--
With skulls of murdered kings dead clowns to crown!
Oh for a light that frees from fear and saves!

And where art thou, my child, in these weird blows
Of tossing blackness, thou, among the dead?
I hope thou shrinkest not among things gross,
But that my thought may draw thee to this bed:
I, living, still would shield thee: hover close!

In Memoriam, p. 76 (IM 27)

¹ This poem (IM 27) is also present in the Notebook (NB 14) with minor changes in wording. It was chosen by Grove as no. 15 of Selections.

THE POOL¹

From all sides sloped the glades to where I stood
And gazed at their reflection in the pool:
There slept the hills, inviolate and cool,
Their summits circled by a dark-green wood.

So clear and fine-drawn lay that image viewed--
Yes, lovelier almost than reality--
That I inclined to think it might well be²
A world inverted but a world renewed.

I thought of her³ whose years I still relive
And daily mirror in a⁴ silent soul
And backward trace to birth from death and goal--
And asked, "What else could living presence give?

"Her⁵ life was beauty; and that beauty must
"Forever be since once it did exist
"In me, her mirror, whether autumn mist
"Creep up the hills or leaves fall down to dust.

"And beauty, of soul and body, made this love
"For her⁶ spring in my heart, a magic flower
"That cannot fade; whose scent⁷ this very hour
"Fills me as with a blessing from above!"

¹ This poem (IM 28) is also attached to "A Dream Vision" (IM 32) in the Spettigue-Collection, where it has the Roman numeral VI instead of the title. Variations are listed below. IM 28 is present in the Notebook (NB 13) where the final line is a statement rather than a question, starting: "Thus will the mirror...grow dim.". Grove included IM 28 in his Selections (S16).

² Reads in SC: "That thought inclined to think that it might be".

³ Reads in SC: "thee".

⁴ In SC: "in my silent soul".

⁵ SC reads "Thy" here and in l. 3.

⁶ Reads in SC: "you".

⁷ SC: "...but that...".

But suddenly, from the valley's circling rim,
Down ran a breath of wind o'er wood and grass.
The image shivered into sherds of glass.
Will thus this mirror shiver or grow dim?

In Memoriam, p. 77 (IM 28)

The Legend Of The Planet Mars
and
Other Narratives

THE EAGLES¹

Three eagles soared against a mountain chain,
Still surging forward, driven by their being;
They flew apace, grasping the air amain,
And placed peak after peak behind, unseeing.

A check to them was never but a spur:
It might retard, it could not stop their going.
Flight was their life; their song, a winged whir,
Let winds benign, let winds adverse be blowing.

Two knew as they were heading for the sun
That they were victors; for, the fates defying,
They felt that life had barely yet begun:
It mattered not though both of them were dying.

For with them was a third who forward would
Their own flight carry though they might be falling:
That third one looked not back; like them it could
See but the distance which kept calling, calling.

But that one fell. Then were there four wings lame:
Two birds alighted, flight and goal forgetting.
They that were fierce anon were dull and tame
And knew but one thing: That their sun was setting.

Never could life be life to them again:
A surging forward, driven by their being.
For all they flew apace and strove amain,
They now sit humped and grope about, unseeing.

In Memoriam, p. 79 (IM 29)

¹ This poem which has confessional character exists solely as IM 29.

THE LEGEND OF THE PLANET MARS¹

He spoke His fiat; and there lived a race
Of searchers after truth on some dim star.
It ever seemed to them they had come far
From some world sunk, some Eden lost in space.

That Eden ever sought they with their soul
And pictured it, a garden passing fair;
There they had lived, they thought, not knowing care;
And now it gleamed across their dreams, a goal.

Much they debated, and they doubted more
And strove for faith where knowledge was denied
Till many taught that memory still espied
That land unknown where they had lived before.

These boldly averred theirs was a twofold cast:
A mould of matter, with a core of soul;
The mould could break and leave its contents whole,
Yes, set it free to fly into its past.

None of them yet had died; the race was young
And very perfect from the hands of God;
Nor did they dream as yet of mounds of sod
To cover those who had done, thought, or sung.

Then one of them, grey-bearded, deemed it best--
Yea, in their plight, deemed it imperative:
For without knowledge who would care to live?--
That some one dared to make the final test;

¹ IM 30 has 65 quatrains, flowing without interruption. The final stanza is separated graphically -- as in Greve's long poem Sage (p. 16 ff.). The poem also exists in the Notebook (NB 18); differences in wording affect 25 stanzas, and have been underlined here in the text; for variants, see the appendix. The date "1915" is lacking in NB 18. Grove chose this Legend for his Selections (S 17).

And rose at last himself to try it out.
And all assembled as he stood prepared
For his great flight, his limbs and bosom bared;
Yet, as they stood, they shook in fear and doubt.

But he upraised his hand with hammer armed
And spoke to them and cried with steady voice.
"Brethren, do not shed tears! This is my choice.
"Here shall we part; but I go unalarmed.

"This token will I leave: you know as I
"That this mould, broken, writhes with its pain.
"So watch it closely: I shall come again
"If I find not what we to find must try.

"But if I find it, I shall not return;
"For who would, having found the blessed shores,
"Leave them and that which to true life restores?
"And after three days' watching you shall burn

"These clayey remnants which I leave behind.
"You shall fell trees and pile a decent pyre
"And on it place my sherds and kindle a fire
"Which will consume them; they are but the rind.

"And do not doubt but that what they contained
"Has reached the land of which our memory tells,
"The land of perfect things, where knowledge dwells
"And happiness by no more doubt constrained.

"And these my ashes gather in an urn
"To be an emblem for our striving youth
"Who cherish life; an emblem of the truth
"That we must die if we would homeward turn."

Down came his hammer; and with might he smote
His brittle mould which shivered into sherds.
The doubters groaned; but like the song of birds,
Triumphant, rose the faithfuls' cheering note.

And forward surged they the remains to touch
And loving crouched about the broken corpse.
Deserted were their hamlets and their thorpes,
Such was their press, their eager crowding such.

But as night came, they lay about the hill,
Lighted by torches stuck into the glades.
Behind them, in the woods, up rose the shades
And furnished fearful souls with many a thrill.

Then, as in eastern realms of glowing skies
Day broke and sober reasonings restored,
The doubtful stretched and yawned as deeply bored,
And turned as to their daily tasks to rise.

They looked with scorn at those who still crouched low
And watched the corpse which mystifies and awes;
Then, shrugging, went away.

And thus it was

Another day; a third day it was so.

At last had lapsed the thrice recounted hours:
The remnants of the martyr had not stirred!
Then was a shout through vale and forest heard
Such as shook ancient hills and new-built towers.

Back came the doubtful, keen to see the throng
As they felled trees and heaped the funeral pile;
Into the forest they had cut an aisle
And still were dragging brush and logs along.

There, on a neighbour ridge, the doubters stood
And sneered and scoffed, a loudly clamouring group.
Derisive gestures flung they at the troop
Of willing workers glowing for the good

And cried, "He broke his shell; that is the end
"Of such as he and you! We know full well
"There is no life beyond that of the shell!
"End it, end all! The marred we cannot mend!"

Thus they implanted doubt in many a mind
That stopped to ponder. Was it true perhaps?
Did, with the body's life, all living lapse?
Did death, from blear-eyed, make us wholly blind?

Yet, with the fall of dusk, up flared the pyre
And threw its flames into red-glowing clouds
Of steam and smoke which, like celestial shrouds,
Reflected upward, onward, starry fire.

Below, there knelt the reverent multitude
Whose shadows leapt, behind, among the trees.
They called and prayed, bowed over aching knees,
And sobbed, exulting, in the witness' mood.

For who could say that he whose body flames
Reduced to ashes there was impotent
To turn back into life? The firmament
Held many blazing stars with godly names

Of which one or the other might well be
That half-remembered other-world abode
Whence they had come when into life they rode
On moon-beams or across some ghostly sea.

Thus was their ebbing faith greatly renewed;
And they sang hymns, in ecstasy conceived;
They felt consoled and of their fears relieved,
Yes, with new virtue as from heaven endued.

Assembled stayed they throughout all the night
When long the pyre had into embers sunk;
But slept not.

For, with faith and promise drunk,
A few fanatics urged them on to fight.

There were the scoffers in the towns and thorpes
Who had refused to share the mysteries;
Loud had their words been with rank blasphemies,
Denying homage to the sacred corpse.

The faithful, weak in their own quaking faith,
Lent ear to listen till, profoundly swayed
By impulses weird and never to be stayed,
They thought themselves called by the martyr's wraith

Which rose and beckoned in misty forest dales
And lured them to the threading of their aisles
And to the search through narrow hill defiles,
The haunts of plover, thrushes, cranes, and quails.

As day broke o'er the star, the hunt was on;
With hue and cry they flooded plain and dell
And drove the doubters over field and fell.
These fled and shrank who had been bold anon

Till they were cornered 'twixt pursuing ranks
And double inlets of the fearful sea;
Where they surrendered.

Great was then the glee
Among the faithful rendering barren thanks

For that the wraith, their guide, into their hands
Had thus delivered all the blasphemous crew
Of those who had denied him homage due;
And they proclaimed themselves the god's own bands.

There lay they camped through one more wearing night
And slept not, singing hymns and eulogies,
By torches lit; listening to prophecies
When hoarse their voices grew. Till came the light

Of one last day and sobered reeling thought.
But those fanatics, knowing what combines--
Though blind to reason, cunning--read the signs
And rose to act, their will and sinew taut.

And they divided all their hesitant host
Into twain armies, one to watch the throng
Of captives taken; one to work along
The forest aisles above the sloping coast;

Where they felled trees and dragged them to the plain
Behind the watchers, closed by crescent hills
From which, to slake their thirst, gushed mountain rills
That joined their mother in the mighty main.

But, knowing well the basis of their power,
Well of its enemy, sun-lit thought, aware,
The high-priest leaders took exceeding care
Not to let thought prevail. And every hour

They let the watchers those who worked replace,
Till, feverish, all strove, driven by the spur
Of vying zeal; the plain rang with their stir.
By night a giant pyre loomed into space,

High as the hills, as their foundations wide,
And blotting, like a cliff, the western star.
Built in, braced up, a line of jutting spars
Protruded as a ladder along one side.

And to the east, along the watching line,
There were twelve smaller pyres of which none knew,
Except the priests, what they were destined to;
These they had built of resin-dripping pine.

Late in the dusk they gathered countless stakes
And willow withes, captive limbs to bind.
Once more their zeal had drooped; they worked as blind,
Or as work those in whom doubt awakes.

Then was the wisdom of the leaders shown.
For they to kindle the twelve smaller pyres
Gave order now; up flamed twelve blazing fires
And hissed and crackled as by bellows blown.

Meanwhile the leaders swiftly had dispersed
Throughout the double host and raised the call,
"Look how our martyred brother waves his pall!"
Well had they, all day long, their parts rehearsed.

Up rose the host and thought they saw the wraith
Stand like a summoner in the swirling smoke.
And every leader groaned and sang and spoke,
"This is demanded as an act of faith!"

Then, like a wave, wind-driven, flooding, surged
Forward the multitude; and each one brought
Or stake or withe; exaltedly all thought
Their fury with the martyr's will was merged.

Soon was the scoffers' courage wholly downed.
They fled and crouched; they begged, implored, and prayed;
And fled again and were not even stayed
By the deep sea; and many a one was drowned.

But those who were not were securely bound,
Each fastened to a stake as to a cross.
Each stake two faithful ones would upward toss,
On to their shoulders, rising from the ground.

Hollowly rang the plain there by the coast
With cries of anguish and ecstatic shouts
Which pierced the air much as a geyser's spouts;
Back echoed from the cliffs their clamour's ghost.

Thus many thousand ruthlessly were ta'en
And carried westward to the funeral pile
Which darkly loomed and chill for yet awhile.
But in the northward sky revolved the wain.

Its pole suspended like a pointing limb;
And Cassiopeia curled her starry lips
And went behind a cloud into eclipse
Not to behold things monstrous, stark, and grim.

Within an hour one third of the whole race,
Tied to stout stakes, stood bristling on the pyre.
The brushwood all about was set on fire,
And little flames licked upward from the base.

Then, on the plain, to passion fell a truce,
A silence, vast as of abated breath.
The multitude recoiled; for wholesale death,
The second mystery, they had let loose;

And many a one would fain the flames have stayed
That, hissing, crackling, bit into the logs
And inward leapt, like playful tumbling dogs
That summersault, the pyre's core to invade.

And upward, ever upward rose the flames;
And lambent flickered their bifurcate tongues,
And roared as blown by subterranean lungs
Or like a lion whom no harness tames.

Yet once more seemed the flames to pause and choke
As if they halted of their own accord
Or as if downward a cold current poured
And hooded the whole scene in stifling smoke.

Then was there heard a dull and ghastly moan
As of one breath, breathed foul dreams to dispel.
That moan was pierced by one fierce, rousing yell;
And died away as a lost ghostly groan.

It was second only till a flue
Was opened up through the resistant air;
And upward soughed the flames again, to tear
White-glowing rifts from out the vaulting blue.

No smoke remained to choke the leaping fire
Which stood, a pillar, motionless and white,
And with fierce heat scorched plain and wooded height
Till, all about, the forest flamed entire.

Thus were the faithful in their plain entrapped,
Walled in by withering heat and by the sea.
Dazed swarmed they first; then, frantic, turned to flee;
But had to find that their great strength was sapped.

For in their shells their flesh was shrivelling
Like that of ants that from a burning log
Which long has lain embedded in the bog
Clamber in haste, driven by the fiery sting.

As morning came, the race that knew not ruth
Was quite extinct; their life had been but brief.
They perished, turning search into belief:
Thus had they loved, thus had they sought the truth.

#####

Throughout the universe, from many stars,
That night, were eyes strained, glued to telescopes.
On earth, man flashed the message, full of hope,
"Soon shall we know! They signal us from Mars!"

1915

In Memoriam, p. 80-90 (IM 30)

AHASUERUS¹

All life has exiled me. A welcome guest
I rarely was except when I was young,
In some dim past which has, from rung to rung,
Slipped down time's ladder to the sunken west

Where I am bound.

In some subsided sea,
Thus dreamt I, stretches there a continent
Where anyone, if he be so intent,
Can read and con his life's epitome.

This² continent is like a moulded map,
But that all things, though on a smaller scale,
Are living forest, field, and hill, and vale,
From torrid zone to the great polar cap.

So that a single glance will all survey
That any living man in life has³ seen;
But filled are all the stretches in between
With uniform and unrevealing grey.

He who can find it, sees a lucent⁴ line
Recording all his aimless wanderings;
With larger dots, like gleaming pearls on strings,
To indicate his stops with brighter shine.

¹ This poem (IM 31) also exists in the Notebook (NB 22) with a fair amount of corrections. Grove included it in his Selections as no. 18.

² Two lines are crossed out before this stanza in NB 22. "This" reads "That", and "moulded" is "detailed"; l. 3 reads "dale", and l. 4 inserts "up" between "zone...to".

³ NB 22: "has ever"; l. 3 reads "And".

⁴ NB 22: "fine drawn".

I see that continent within my soul;
And if that which the ancients say be true,⁵
Then means that sight the end; thus they construe
The dreamt-of vision of this wished-for goal,

West of this earth where it is said to be.⁶
Still for awhile must I increase the load
Of age and knowledge, fruitage of the road,
Till that dim shore I find on that dim sea.

Much of my path I travelled unrelieved
By cheering company; the few who gave
Of soul and heart soon lagged into the grave:
Much have I longed; and still more have I grieved.

Now am I quite alone; men look aghast
When they encounter me;⁷ as at some sham
That but mocks life. I know, to them I am
The resurrected horror of the past.

Yes, thus I dreamt, there looms a ruinous arch
On that dim continent's most westward shore:
Who passes through it, drops and is no more.
There will I go to end my weary march.

In Memoriam, p. 91-92 (IM 31)

⁵ The following three lines are quite different in the manuscript NB 22!

⁶ NB 22: "if such a goal there be." The variant in l. 2 reads: "Still I must travel and".

⁷ NB 22: "When I encounter them..."

A DREAM VISION¹

I dreamt a dream as I lay in bed;
 And much as follows was its gist.
I saw her rise from out her grave
 Like to a moon-lit, midnight mist.

I saw the grave-hill, the winding road,
 And on it her, in a night-bred sheen²
And down the road and through the town
 She glided to where her home had been.

And still she seemed to be made of mist
 And to flow not to go as she glided there:
As if she had been exhaled from the pores
 Of the earth and condensed in the lower air.

And thus for a moment she paused at the gate
 Before she raised her hand to the latch.
Then, up two steps, and she stood in the porch
 And she pressed her heart as her breath to catch.

And then she opened the door of the house
 And entered the hall and the room beyond.
There, thus it seemed to me in my dream,
 Sat I as sit those who despond.

And on the threshold she made pause
 And stood, her hand still on her heart,
And looked at me sadly; I could not stir,
 And from my lips a moan did part.

¹ This poem [IM 32] seemingly was intended as a conclusion to the In Memoriam cycle (or, possibly, The Dirge complex). It is only present in the Spettigue Collection. There is a manuscript comment in Grove's hand written alongside, and another one, by Catherine Grove, is written beneath it.

² Manuscript correction to typed: "...like in a fen-bred sheen -".

And clearly as if she had spoken the words
Her look did say, "How can this be?
"You are here, I am there; you live, I am dead;
"The living have not kept faith with me.

"Here on earth I was never, never alone.
"There was comfort in your slightest touch
"At evenfall when we walked through the dusk.
"For that touch I long, oh, I long so much!"

And then she approached as glides a dream
And sat down by my side on the arm of my chair
As she often had done when she still was here;
But now she was light, ah, lighter than air.

And her arm stole softly around my neck:
My heart swelled up at the touch till it broke.
And I saw nothing: I lay in the dark
As, in beaded anguish, I awoke.³

Spettigue Collection (SC 4)

³ Grove's handwritten note says: "One night, shortly after the little girl's death, when for many nights the writer had had no sleep because he was so profoundly disquieted by the mysteries of life and death which surround us on all sides, he at last sank away into some sort of restless rest, and his eyelids closed. But they had hardly done so when a vision harried his absent mind; and shortly he awoke in a sweat. He rose, lighted a lamp, and went down into his study where he tried briefly to record what he had seen." Catherine Grove's note reads: "Similarly, Phil has written on most of the poems which I have, and which he left in an envelope marked 'Property of Catherine Grove'."

THE LEGEND OF THE GREAT SURVIVAL¹

I.

On some dead star there lived an anxious race
Endowed with glimpses of eternity²
Which they, by crude endeavours, sought to grace
So as to grasp what was reality.

About them, there lived older races, blind
To their deep delvings, but like them endowed
With something of the sembling of the mind;
These cunningly they watched, though awed and cowed.

But by and by, as they had much increast
And long endured a shifting, furtive life
Subsisting on the fruits of west and east,
Weak as they were, they faced at last the strife

For dominance on their star and soon enslaved
Half of the other races for their ends;
Half they drove back, much though they fought and raved,
Till were divided enemies and friends.

Thus, ever fighting, did they slowly spread
To the very limits of their sea-girt land.
Most other races were in harness led;
On barren heights last foes made a last stand.

Then did they boldly sail across the sea
On floating fragments made into cockle-shells
Cut from the hollowed trunks of some tall tree:
Them drove the impulse that all doubt dispels

¹ This narrative poem (MP 11) has 67 quatrains, and has been reproduced here from the typescript in the Miscellaneous Poems. In the Notebook (NB 29), there are some differences in wording (underlined in the text), and many in structure, notably in the last six stanzas. For variants, see the appendix.

² Two lines crossed out in the manuscript.

They dipped around the shoulders of the world
And reached isle after isle and pitched their tents;
And many drowned; a few, by tempests hurled,
At last found what they sought, new continents.

And there, to their bewildering surprise,
They found new races which, much like their own,
Had conquered nature under clearer skies
And claimed the land in which they had been thrown.

This gave new spring to their inventive trend;
For they at once resolved that their domain
Must know no limit. Foes must break or bend:
And foes were all who did not bear their chain.

So they, grim purpose in their resolute miens,
Set straight to work and forged far-reaching plans
And fashioned huge and sinister machines
To kill, not individuals, but whole clans.

And then, across the continent, they spilled
A flood of warriors irresistible.
In slaughter had they ever been well skilled:
Soon not a foe remained the tale to tell.

And on they went -- they were a restless crew --
And sailed each sea and searched each continent
And found at last that there was nothing new
And faced themselves in sheer bewilderment.

For yet awhile they raced about their star
In new machines, designed to travel fast
On sea and land, in motor-boat and car;
But even that pleasure palled and could not last.³

³ L. 3-4 replace two lines in NB 29; on this page, a rejected draft of IM 19.

Then they settled and greatly multiplied
And soon filled every plain and every dale
But felt ere long like prisoners that are tied
And that, not death, but their own birth bewail.

For more than ever were they now disturbed
By bleak misgivings of their futility
Of all their labours; their flight of soul was curbed
By a deep sense of life's iniquity.

On their own star they had accomplished all
That by the body's effort could be done.
That star they ruled, but knew its path a fall
Of spiral loops into their central sun

Where, though to rival with the highest crag
They piled their buildings roofed with satiny slate,
They knew, their whole world would, like smelter's slag,
Float for awhile and then evaporate.

Such knowledge had they casually evoked
In their researches for the means of fight:
Their practice had with theory been yoked;
And more acute had ever grown their sight

For the minutest changes in their world;
And now, since nought remained to be achieved
On that dead star which had one time been hurled
From out of a fiery womb, they felt aggrieved.

Great though their knowledge, variously compiled,
Of how things happened, codified as laws
And for quick reference carefully filed --
Yet of the mystery that most puzzling was:

The mystery they were themselves, they found
They knew no more than a few fairy tales
Which so-called seers, eager to compound
A consolation for the soul that ails

Out of desires and longings and cold fears
Had forged and fed to them as sacred truth.
These, while they had fought with swords and wielded spears,
They had accepted in their race's youth.

But could not do so now. Thus rose a cry
For one to guide and to enlighten them.

II.

And lo, it seemed that from the opened sky
Down came a messenger. They kissed the hem

Of his cloud-trailing garments, caught his knees
And prayed that he should be their king and god
And kill despair and soothe anxieties.
He walked among them with his feet unshod,

And eating from the fruits of ripened fields.
He smiled and told them that their lives were brief
And like a day that joy and gladness yields
For but awhile; the rest was care and grief

Unless they were prepared to accept their lot
And not to think and strive and overreach
Their powers; fastened were they to one spot
And to one hour. Thus did he ever teach

And pointed to the lilies in the grain
And to the birds that haunt the pleasant air
Who lived and died and did not think it vain
But to exist and to be bright and fair;

Nor did they plan and dream the coming day,
Nor miss what is, indulging in the whim
Of what might be. Of others did he say,
"This night his soul will be required of him."

But all he taught fell but on barren ground;
For it was not at all what they had thought.
Too long had they been rocked in toil and moil
To admit that all their strivings came to nought.

He, to convert them, lived himself a life
Of decent, exemplary poverty;
He went without a home and wed no wife
And ever kept repeating, "Follow me!"

Till they, tired of his preaching, at a city's gate
Assembled, caught him, and, when at a loss
What to do next, inflamed by stirred-up hate,
Raised him on high; and nailed him to a cross.

Where he did die.

III.

Yet some that loved him wept
And kept alive his sayings, adding much
That he had never said, yes, were adept
At twisting words so as hard hearts to touch

With meanings that seemed new though they were old;
And all, in listening, were overjoyed:
They had been right! Thus is it ever: Gold
Is all too fine unless with tin alloyed.

And time went by; for yet a few more years
Remained deluded the now ancient race
By that old tale which ever reappears
In new disguise of varied time and place,

The story of a life not of their star
For which each ending life had never been
But a brief prelude mirroring from far
Uranian bliss purged of all things terrene.

Till one old man who had heard the master's voice
And loved him drew the cloaking veil aside
And showed that there was but a single choice,
Between the truth and falsehood.

God had died,
Thus did he say. Once, by kind impulse stirred,⁴
he had created them and all their star;
He had seen them thrive and seen how they incurred
The penalty of stopping at the bar

Of their own great and too complete success
Within the limits of the gift he gave.
"Had that gift somewhat greater been or less,
"You would not know or would not mind the grave.

"But when his heaven with your groans did shake,
"He thought how little effort he had spent
"On his creation and resolved to make
"Himself a trial of his experiment;

⁴ The next four stanzas (MP 11, st. 37-40) are in a different order in NB 11.

"And he descended. What he lived of life,
"He but submitted to as a brief test,
"Without possessions, offspring, house, or wife,
"And then grimly decided death was best."

"He did not die!" they cried. 'For he was killed!'
"And do you think," said he, by dense crowds hemmed,
"You could have killed him had he not so willed?
"No! He was God and died! Life stands condemned!

"Would he who wiser was than any of you
"Have said, with death before him, "Follow me!"
"Would he have cried to you, 'Be born anew!'
"Unless he had preferred not thus to be?"

Henceforth the old man went about to preach
And spread the gospel till, from shore to shore,
He caught their ears; for he knew how to reach
That sense in them which none stirred before:

The sense that life, as lived by them, was wrong;
And that that reason of which they had been proud
Was nought but mockery. Everywhere a throng
Of listeners followed him, a frantic crowd.

And as his words took root, all merriment
Came to an end on that revolving star.
Communities dissolved; no thought was spent
But on the meaning of the avatar.⁵

The bond that men and women bound was cleft:
They lived in deserts and as celibates,
In contemplation of what life was left
As to be borne, a burden, without mates.

⁵ This line is quite different in NB. 29, st. 45,

And when one died, they feasted, grave and grey,
Because life was ended, and he merged
Once more in nothingness, his body clay
For which it had, at God's commandment, surged.

IIII.

Thus in a generation that great race
Was so reduced in number that but a few,
And they the very young, lived in the face
Of their great star. Of these not many knew

What was the cause of their bewilderment.
They looked about and saw their great sun rise
Exultantly within the firmament;
They saw their moons traverse their darkened skies;

Saw rivers leaping from their mountain cliffs,
The blue sea curl and fawn upon its shore;
And shortly ventured out in tiny skiffs
Once more their wood-girt lake-lands to explore;

And marvelled at their world, wide and complex,
Beyond their grasp, and wondrous to behold.
And soon within them stirred the pulse of sex:
Maids seemed like goddesses, for none were old;

And youths seemed gods of a diviner cast
Than they, the maidens -- love a miracle
Such as could not have been within the past,
Or all the world had yielded to its spell.

V.

Meanwhile of older races there came forth
From mountain heights and swamps and barren lands,
From east and west and south and frozen north,
The remnants, once fought back, of spotted bands:

Of musk and deer, ape, and camelopard,
Of tiger, lion, puma, bear, jaguar.
None was there now their progress to retard;
And soon anew they had spread wide and far.

And most of the inferior forms of life
That had at one time slyly been enslaved
Reverted soon to type; the arts of strife
With hoof and claw relearned, they soon were saved.

Thus, for a spell, the star was paradise
Once more as it had been in some past.
The race of conquerors grew passing wise,
Bestirred itself and managed to outlast

The great and serious crisis that had come
By dint of using what they had of brains,
Not to bewail that they were weak and numb,
But for their enemies to forge new chains.

VI.

Such, up to two, three thousand years ago,
Had been their fate and history in brief.
God had looked on and watched; and, glad to know
That active fight to tedium gave relief,

Improved the order of their commonwealth
By a slight change; for ever was his aim
To keep life lived, so that, when he by stealth
Looked in upon, he found it still the same:

A spectacle for gods: with birth and death
In pain and suffering both man and beast;
These counterpoised by pride of flesh and breath
Which foamed and bubbled as the brook with yeast;

And above all the strivings of the mind,
So cunningly devised that it at once
Made a seer and a being blind,
A being wise that knows himself a dunce:

It urges him to spend himself in search
For the deep essence and the truth exact:
His love he crystallises in a church;
His science finds, not truth, but barren fact.

Facts are the limits that from within define
How far his giant ignorance extends;
Behind the facts, there runs the uncrossed line
Dividing them from never-thought-out ends.

Science remains the glory of all youth;⁶
Wisdom the burden of all wistful age.
Age winks and shrugs and questions, "What is truth?"
And sadly looks as birds look from a cage.

VII.

The change He wrought was but a trifling one.
He made youth wiser than drooping old age;
Made them despise whatever age had done
And with contempt look on their pilgrimage.

Now is there war between the young and old,
And different idols love they, different gods:
Long will the race that star possess and hold,
For chaos thrives where blinding passion prods.

⁶ L. 3-4 replace two lines crossed out in NB 29, st. 64; st. 61-66 much corrected.

KONRAD THE BUILDER, or THE STATUE OF GOD¹

There lived, in some small medieval town,
A man who worked in stone and had done so
Since, as a youth,² a dozen years ago
He had been apprenticed at a master's shop.
An apprentice he had been for seven years
And never dreamt but of a master's gown
While oft he ate his bitter bread with tears.
A master's gown would all his wishes crown:
He had worked from dawn to dusk about a shop.

Then had the day arrived when the great guild
Had called him free to go where he might please
He was assistant mason, he could seize
Time by the forelock if he was inclined
To travel through the pleasant country side.
Go to great cities where all souls were filled
With pious plans he might go³ far and wide
And dreamt ere long that he would like to build
Such gothic structures as enchant the mind.

His name was Konrad, though he lived in France;
But the said town lay near the German line.
So he struck⁴ out one day along the Rhine
From Strassburg down to Heidelberg and Worms,
And on to Mannheim, Wurtzburg, Frankfort, Mentz⁵
And worked and learned wherever he had the chance
And studied ogives, gargoyles, battlements,
And draughtmanship, and came to look askance
On all such art as spurned the Gothic forms.

¹ This poem is the last item in the Notebook (NB 35). For seven quatrains which are glossing the first three stanzas in the right margin, and for a variant beginning inserted on a loose-leaf, see the appendix.

² "...youth..." replaces "...child...".

³ "...he might go far..." replaces "...so he went far...".

⁴ "...struck out..." replaces "...one day...".

⁵ This is obviously Mainz, as "Wurtzburg" is Würzburg.

Thus, after seven more years, at great Cologne
They made him master of his toolsome art:
He might have rested now, content at heart
But was not satisfied; for in him rose --
Dizzy the thought to him -- a new desire:
To build a gothic minster all his own
From subterranean crypt to pointing spire
To be named after him and him alone:
Full well he came to know creative throes.

He was aware that no one master could
Aspire to guide the building of a pile
Like the Cathedral at Cologne or Lisle
Which it took generations to erect:
And, even though their first-adopted plan,
Changed but in details, as a whole still stood,
Untampered with, the thought of one great man.
None knew his name; and every helper would
If he could, his claims to fame reject.

Thus Konrad, as he went from place to place,
Called here or there some work to supervise
That needed special skill, still kept his eyes
On his great aim: some church his very own,
Designed and built, though small, a gothic jewel.
And often, picturing it, he felt his face
Glow with a fire as of celestial fuel;
He felt his blood in quickened pulses race
And knew exalted states as of a throne

Yet, filled with visions shaking⁶ him with awe
At what worked in him like a miracle --
Thus shakes, tousled by its tongs, a giant bell --
At times he felt a sudden sinking down
Of all his aspirations; he knew doubt;
For dimly, only half divined, he saw --
And withered, like a green field struck by drought --
In all his cherished plans a secret flaw.
Then did he brood, wrapped in his master's gown

6 "...shaking" is replacing "...pervading...".

That flaw was that he felt ambition's prod
In all his plannings and in his desires.
He felt consumed with fierce and smouldering fire
That burned his soul into a barren slag;
Yea, even when he stood in ardour wrapped.
He knew his transports not to be of God,
But of a lesser deity that entrapped
His inner self and at whose very nod
His ecstasies would dully droop and flag.

Thus, oft, at night, there seemd a dusky owl
To circle round his feverish, glowing head;
He rose and sat and left his restless bed
And stalked about in his dim-lighted room --
From door to casement⁷ and back again to door --
And listened to the winds that nightly howl
About church spires and a weird music pour;
And fancied that he saw a man in crimson cowl
Peer in upon him from the enfolding gloom.

Then did he take a solemn oath and vow
If his great wish came true and he was called
To build that church, slim-spired and lofty-halled,
Which lived, a lovely idol, in his brain,
He would -- thus to ward off the evil powers,
Carve out of stone, as for a vessel's prow,
A giant image, fruit of many hours,
Of God Himself before whom all men bow,
And fasten it below the topmost vane

Whence it would look out over all the land;
And in this plan he found at last such rest
That henceforth all he undertook seemed blessed
By the Almighty. Such success brought this
That soon his fame had through all countries flown
And when, in course of time⁸, the pious band
Of Trappist monks, in that town of his own
Resolved to build an abbey, there was no hand
To which they would entrust the work but his.

⁷ "...casement..." replaces "...window...".

⁸ "...in course of time..." supersedes "...after years...".

Thus, after many years, did he return
A master-builder, to his ancient home.
He knew the days were gone when he would roam
The glorious world or see its wondrous sights
And thought at last of house and hearth and wife --
Some quiet home where his own fire would burn
And where, a burgher, he could lead a life
Of Rest and Honour which he meant to earn
By work and honest labour as his rights.

But in that town there lived a lovely maid:
She, when he left, had been but twelve years old,
With eyes of sapphire and with hair of gold;
Yet had he often watched her at her games:
Quick, pert and slender, yet with thoughtful brow
And lips as if for sweetest whisperings made.
Never had he imagined up till now
That he, of mien so sober, grey, and staid
Might harbour love that burns⁹ with scorching flames.

He would have frowned had he been told; and yet
As he tried¹⁰ secretly to visualise
His future wife, he saw the sapphire eyes
Of that slim maid he had known in her
He saw her hair, fair as the ripened grain
And caught himself at muttering, "Margaret";
And knew unrest and doubt, torture and pain
And what it is to hunger and to fret
When a man longs for a maid that mocks.

Nor did he rest till he had seen her anew
And found that her poor father had not sped
And that she lived at home, a maid unwed,
Then thought he that perhaps his wealth and fame
Might dazzle her and win her for his wife;
For hardly had he seen her when he knew
That without her his life would not be life.
One night, espying her, he, following, threw
His die and stammered,¹¹ offering her his name.

9 "...that burns..." replaces "...to wound", which is replaced with "...to scorch...".

10 "...tried..." replaces "...attempted..."

11 "...stammered..." replaces "...spoke...".

Now this fair maiden who had seen him oft
In times gone by when she had been a child,
Intent on games, thoughtless, and gay, and wild,
Had sometimes dreamt of him, in those young years,
And pictured for herself a future mate
Whose thoughts like his flew bold and aimed aloft
Whose head like his upon his shoulders sate...
When he accosted her, her eyes grew soft
For just a second, and then dimmed with tears.

He, seeing, felt the blood rise to his face
And would have fled; but that secret voice
Now whispered, he had won her of his choice;
And so, misled, with bubbling eloquence,
He urged his suit, telling her how for years
As he had travelled far, from place to place,
He had lived in longings, yearnings, and in fears,
And wished to tell her of his hopeless case
And trembled at the thought she might move hence.

She, listening, lowered her bright sapphire eyes
And muttered words of his great name and fame.
To wed below him, said she, would bring shame
On one like him; and, speaking, blanched and blushed.
He, eying her more boldly, gave a laugh
As if half ashamed; yet, growing worldly-wise,
He blew her doubts away like so much chaff...
As by a miracle, there flamed the skies:
They leant upon a gate and whispered, hushed...

A month went by, a month of months it was.
Work at the abbey was ere long begun
And Margaret and Konrad were made one.
A house was found and bought, a servant hired;
And there were few who knew what bliss dwelt then
Below that roof, such utter bliss as awes.
Konrad lived in two worlds, the world of men
Where he must govern with considered¹² laws
And the world of love of which he never tired.

12 "...considered..." replaces "...well-balanced...".

And Margaret learned new and tender ways.
Love put a brighter lustre in her eyes;
With love lived laughter, ending in such sighs
As he emits who suddenly feels faint
Because no future can bear out the presence.
Her whole soul was with such love ablaze
That, like a flame it rose; and evanescent
And not to be renewed appeared her days:
Such happiness no art of words can paint.

Oft, when he saw, he stood and looked at her
In sudden apprehension, and aghast.
Sobering, he asked himself, "Can such love last?"
She seemed to grow transparent with that love;
Her body was a symbol of her soul
And her soul loveliness that was astir
With one sole urge, to him, unchecked and whole;
Beside him, all the world seemed but a blur. --
Then did he raise his eyes to him above

And once again thought of that solemn vow
Which he had made to God in times gone by,
Resolving to begin the work and try
To cast his vision which was now illumed
With a new knowledge into rigid stone.
And there arose a picture of a brow,
Itself a symbol of the heavenly throne,
Above two eyes, now blazing, tender now
With pity for the beauty which is doomed.

But at the monastery, the whole site
Of the new abbey swarmed with busy men
Who -- though his vision was beyond their ken --
Laboured at detail. He was master there
And marshalled their endeavours where they stood
On scaffold in the dust-engritted light
Or wheeled huge blocks of stone o'er planks of wood,
In leathern jerkins, leathern aprons tight.
Konrad inspired the work, being everywhere.

But in one corner of the swarming lot
He built a shed, tall, narrow, like a tower;
And there he spent henceforth full many an hour
Outlining and designing what none else
Was ever to behold till it was done.
There would he stand and sweat, there draw and blot,
And draw again and muse and dream. Not one
Of all his men allowed he near the spot
Nor of his monks who came from their bare cells.

Till they arrived, drawn by a twelve horse team
A giant block of moon-white glistening stone,
Such as no monk or man there had yet known:
It glittered as with myriad jewels strewn
And came across the Alps from Italy.
The master paid for it, thus it would seem,
What were the odds? Whose business? Let it be!
They fastened block and tackle to a beam
Provided in the shed; upended soon

Stood there the block, a marvel; all eyes stared
Till closed the door. Then Konrad was alone
With what contained his vision, this great stone
At which he looked with triumph, mixed with¹³ awe.
Form it he would¹⁴ with ringing hammer blows
His vision carve and keep it unimpaired
Atoning for the thrills of him who knows;¹⁵
Because to lift heaven's curtain he had dared
To lift the veil of heaven he had dared¹⁶
And stood as blinded; yet as one who saw.

13 "...triumph, mixed with" replaces crossed out "...a dull, mounting...".

14 Written over "...must...".

15 "...the thrills of him who knows" replaces "...the shattering thrills and throes".

16 This line is the final version of two previous attempts: an original "Of one who had the things of heaven bared" is replaced with "Because to lift heaven's curtain he had dared", which in turn is rejected in favour of a new line.

Henceforth his inner world was cleft in two;
And often he could not with clear truth have told
Which, Margaret or God, had closer hold
Upon his soul.

 Within the shed he carved,
Rough-hewing it, a nebulous, dawning shape
From which, broadly, two giant shoulders grew;
Behind, a moulded, forward-slanted nape,
A head above which, nodding, forward¹⁷ threw
Ambrosial locks.¹⁸

 He worked till he felt starved

And then rushed home where, at the opening door,
As by clearer vision he was met
And hardly knew that it was Margaret
And not a messenger come from on high,
Yet knew that, when he felt her slender arm
That he touched life itself, the very core
Of what he lived for, trembling with alarm
That it might vanish. And he longed to pour
His very soul into one trembling sigh.¹⁹

And the next day he went among his crew
And, absent-mindedly he pushed the work --
Like one in whose soul, lightning-pregnant, lurk
Such visions of another world as make
The common mind to shudder; till again
He was alone within his shed where blew
A breath of triumph and a breath of pain
Which warmed him now, now chilled him through and through
He hardly knew, did he exult or quake?

Thus he, at last, began upon the face.
Below the locks, he moulded that great brow
And then the eyes that overawe and cow.
These he endowed with all that in him lay

¹⁷ Grove underlined both this word and the identical one in the previous line, thus indicating that he was aware of the repetition. He no doubt intended to improve this stylistic blunder later on.

¹⁸ Both line breaks in this stanza are intentional.

¹⁹ "...one trembling sigh" replaces "...a breathing sigh".

Of answer to those questions which a man
Steps before God: with mercy and with grace;
With deep compassion; with a saving plan
That weaves all death in time, all loss in space
Into that harmony for which souls pray.

That done, there came to him a soothing calm.
He looked upon his work and found it good.
That day he rested, for he understood:
Olympian repose, yet moved and mild,
The giver of all gifts he had portrayed
Him who for every wound gives healing balm,
Him we can trust forever, undismayed...
That night, as if seized with a sudden qualm
Margaret told him that she was with child.

Henceforth he spent less time within his shed;
And when he went, he oftentimes did nought
But sat and looked and shook his head and thought
And added here and there a trifling touch.
An overpowering trust invaded him.
When then again he stood by Margaret's bed
Where mostly she reclined, pale, pinched, and slim,
Yet smiling, he bent down and kissed her head
And peace flowed onto her; his trust was such.

Winter went by; with blue-bells came the spring.
But Margaret lay pale and fever-hot
Amid a crowd of women on her cot.
Konrad, in anguish, left her there and fled
Into his workshop; to the stone he knelt
And wrestled with his God and called him king²⁰
And poured²¹ forth all the anguish which he felt.
²²Above,²³ great bells seemed, spectre-like, to ring
Konrad rushed home; there, Margaret lay dead.

20 "...wrestled with his God and called him king" replaces "...poured his anguish out to the great king".

21 "And poured..." replaces crossed out "And all the...".

22 Before "Above" featured initially "And God".

23 After "Above", crossed out: "him".

There was a throng of hushes in the room
And women, old and wise, in birth and death;
All speech was whisper with lowered breath
But from a room beyond, a paling cry
Intoned, from another world, so thin
And almost weird it sounded in the gloom.
It was some time ere Konrad could begin
To grasp he was a father from the womb
Of her who, to give life, had had to die.

His face, that moment, terrible and white,
Looked as of bloodless stone; they led him out.
He gave nor sigh nor moan; nor groan nor shout.
And let them do with him as they might will.
Nor did he wake from his indifference²⁴
Till she was buried...Then, as from a²⁵ height
Above the common rubble, he drove hence
All who²⁶ had helped, they shrank from his grim sight --
Retaining but a maid the child to still.

Thus, slowly, time ticked on until a year
Had sped upon its way; within the shed
A canvas o'er the statue had been spread.
Upon the building site Konrad was known
As one to whom a man is but a beast:
The workers saw him come in trembling fear;
And when he left, it was to them a feast.
No one, not he himself, went ever near
That weird, uncanny mass of marble stone.

Till one day, in midwinter -- it was a grey
And murky overhead -- he, passing by
Reached for a key beneath his coat. His eye
Shot right and left to see that not a soul
Saw that he entered. Then he drew aside
The veiling canvas, shedding dust that lay
Inch-thick in every fold; and with one stride
He stepped upon the platform; many a day
Had he stood with chisel, maul, and scroll

24 "...indifference" replaces "...frigidity".

25 "...a..." replaces "...some".

26 Under "who", "those" is crossed out.

It was a pity. All this work for nought!
But that mild eye, the smile that ran along
Half parted lips, the locks -- all that was wrong.
Yet...if he changed perhaps some trifling things --
His very fingers itched -- his eyes grew dim:
He was the man to do it -- thus he thought --
To make the marble speak what lived in him:
To make it cry what into it was wrought:
For with the song in man even marble sings

Yet...such...and such...²⁷a poignant vision rose:
A God of fate who frowns at them that yearn:
A God austere, implacable, and stern
A God of iron -- nay, a God of stone
Of every human trait a counterpart:
His smile a sneer, his looks so many woes;
His brow denial, rock to the core his heart;
His polished skin cold as the frozen snows:
Thus could he fashion him; and he alone!

²⁷ For "...in him a vision rose", originally stood "...a poignant vision rose".

Discordant strains grew into symphonies¹
At last, belated, in life's afternoon
When bass storms died and finer² harmonies
Invading trebles wrought: you were the time -

Grim, borstling³ valleys flattened into leas
Paved with soft⁴ grass, with⁵ spangled blossoms strewn
And hedged in from all winds; you were in there⁶
Like roses, roses in the month of June

The surging surf acceded to the seas
And left to me a slumbering lagoon
Caressed by a soft flattering sunset breeze
Yet⁷ stood you by me like the day's high noon

But music, colour, strength, these subtle keys
That unlock doors of life, too soon, too soon
Were taken from me: all the things that please.
It is as had⁸ you lived but one short moon!

Notebook [NB 16]

¹ This poem exists only in the Notebook (NB 16), where Grove wrote "rejected" in the margin. "...symphonies" replaces "harmonies".

² Replaces: "subtler"

³ Uncertain reading, even though the word is written quite clearly.

⁴ Replaces: "new"

⁵ Replaces: "paved and"

⁶ "...You were in there" replaces: "you lived among the trees"

⁷ Replaces: "But yet"

⁸ Replaces: "if"

DEJECTION¹

The night weighs heavy; yellow gleams the lamp
And sheds its light on her who broods and sits:
Her face recast by that sharp-sunken stamp
With which fate crushes, remoulding what it hits.

The feeble rays pick out her head and hair
Her arms and shoulders; crowding shadows lie
About her knees and feet; thus in her chair
Nightly she sits; and I stand helpless by.

And nightly does she brood and stare, aghast
That still another day has ranged itself
Behind its brethren of the unmoving past.
Thus books are ranged upon a dusty shelf

And stand in line as they were put away;
At the near end some books are red, some green;
Beyond, all look alike and blend in grey
And are no longer -- as if they had not been.

I turn away to walk; but she sits still
And stares ahead and bends a shorthem² brow
And suddenly I feel with a dull thrill
How forward ploughs the knife-edge of this now

¹ In spite of the title being identical to the In Memoriam poem no. 19, "I never thought a day...", this is a unique manuscript in the Notebook (NB 25) where it is marked "rejected".

² illegible adjective

Which is and is not and which yet divides
What was and what will be; a hard light³
Rests on the past; but with long hurried strides⁴
Arrives the future through the mantling night,

Like a cloaked traveller throwing off his disguise
As he comes near the ever⁵ narrowing gate;
Through which he glides and slips⁶ at the precise
And unmissed moment ere it is too late

And stands transformed as he had never stirred⁷
While new arrivals press him to the rear
When soon his shape becomes confused and blurred
Till he is but a fragment of some year.

⁸Still do I waltz and still, unmoved, she sits
Illumed by the dimly yellow light
And moment after moment comes and flits
And adds its portion to the heavy load of night.

Notebook [NB 25]

3 "...hard light" is crossed out, but reinstated by means of dotted underlining. Next to it in the margin, also crossed out, stands "needle eye".

4 Crossed out, in the margin: "concealed within the edge".

5 "...comes near the ever..." replaces: "emerges at the".

6 "...and slips..." replaces: "and ruins".

7 Replaces: "moved"

8 Crossed out: "Thus she and I, though seemingly at rest / Still sit and waltz".

FROM THE DIRGE¹

Oh, why should I be fearful of the night
That summons from the grave and coffin oaken
The shape unseen, the speech long long² unspoken
Of one who lived in day's intenser light?

Wide lies the past at night, with many a token
That it is truth, not dream which wiles my sight --
As if for disappointment to requite
When, with the rise of day, my sleep is broken.

If I could sleep and sleep and never waken
And dream and dream of what is not but was,
Then would both hope and faith remain unshaken.

But ah, there comes a point when shadows pause
And when I wake and find myself forsaken
And doubly feel the grief that bores and gnaws.

Canadian Forum XII, April 1932, no. XVI

¹ This sonnet was published in Canadian Forum XII (April 1932) as no. XVI of "From the Dirge". It is an integral part of "The Dirge" (IM 15/28, p. 115-116) which poem has eight quatrains and two triplets. The first six quatrains of IM 15/28 were published in Canadian Forum as no. XV. -- The sonnet is lacking in the Notebook where NB 34 ("What will this mean...") has six stanzas, the first four of which are covered with NB 33 (IM 15/29, "Who would have told me...").

² IM 15/28, st. 6, l. 3 has a comma inserted between "long long". This is the only discrepancy to be noted!

MISCELLANEOUS POEMS

From: Poems of the Lakes and Woods

Subtitle: You and I¹

O² come, o come to the woods with me
Where the aspens young leaves unfold!
O that I could, that I could tell thee
What will for ever remain untold!

Over the white still³ woods blows the dark-blue sky,
And the snowwhite clouds sail fast:
O that I could, that I could but try!
But already the moment is past.

Stretch out across the abyss that yawns
 Between you and me⁴ your hand!
O why is between the sun that dawns
 And night the width of the land?

We have lived for years thus side by side;
 My wish, it did come⁵ true:
It is long, so long since you were bride,
 but still we are I and you.

¹ There are three slightly different versions of You and I (MP 4) in the folder of Miscellaneous Poems. Version c presented here appears to be the latest. Variants in MP 4a-b are indicated below.

² MP 4a has typed "Oh" in all stanzas; only in st. 1, v. 1 is the h crossed out; the change is honoured in MP 4b+c.

³ Ms. correction to crossed out: "white"; versions MP 4a-b have "...white, white woods".

⁴ Version a inserts a typed comma here: "...me, your hand!"

⁵ Version MP 4a uses a period, MP 4 b+c a colon; MP 4b has the typescript corrected to read "My wish did not come true", a change which is ignored in MP 4c!

Soft blows the breeze and ruffles scarce the lake,⁶
And high and white a⁷ vapour vault is spread.
Come to my side and gently take
My hand as of one dead.⁸

The willows stand and nod as in a dream;⁹
Smooth slopes the beach from¹⁰ where they crown its crest.
O do not speak; now rules supreme
A silence as of rest.

The grey shore curves¹¹ and bends afar its line;
Slow wings¹² a gull, alone in all the sky.
Cool is thy hand, and so is mine,
Cool heart and soul and eye.

Typescript, Grove Archive (MP 4c)

⁶ These three stanzas are fitted with the others on one page in all versions.

⁷ MP 4a has a manuscript correction to "the vapour vault..." (ignored in 4b+c).

⁸ Version a has an exclamation mark here.

⁹ Version b uses a comma here.

¹⁰ Written over typed "...to where..." (both MP 4a+b have "...to where...").

¹¹ MP 4a has ms. correction to typed "Grey curves the shore..." (change reflected in both MP 4 b+c).

¹² Ms. change to typed "flies" in MP 4a (reading uncertain; change reflected in MP 4b+c).

RETROSPECTION¹

This is the thing that puzzles most my thought
That that which was is not, nor will it be
Again in all eternity.

This is the thing that wilders most my heart
That what I did is done, nor can it be
Revoked in all eternity.

Life is a dream full of a remorse
Which makes us toss on an uneasy bed;
For ever we look back on that which was
And wish that we had known God's ruthless laws
Which rule that deed or word or thought, once sped,
Elude our grasp and follow their own course,
Begetting deeds and words and thoughts anew
Which mock and yet betray from whence they grew.

Typescript, Grove Archive (MP 5)

¹ Both this poem (MP 5) and the following poem "The Sonnet" (MP 6) are typed on the verso of the page of version a of "You and I" (MP 4). Note that "Retrospection" is formally an inverted sonnet, featuring two triplets followed by two contracted quartets, whereas "The Sonnet" adheres to the traditional requirements of the sonnet-form! Since the title of the "Sonnet" is crossed out in the typescript, the visual impression suggests that Grove intended the two poems to form a mirror-image couplet.

THE SONNET¹

Sparkling lies here this² pool of brine entrapped
By beetling rocks along a³ curving shore.
There rolls the sea with never-ceasing roar,
Its far flung⁴ waves with foam and anger capped.

We stand perchance and shudder, all enwrapped
In fear and longing: longing to explore
The seething deep, on groping waves to soar --
And fearing to subside on paths unmapped.

And, as we look, perchance our eye again
Sinks to the sunlit pool entrapped by rocks
Where little ripples mock the mighty wave.

Oh pool! True daughter of the writhing main!
Life⁵ hits the shore of time with numbing shocks --
Thou smilest, responsive, in thy rocky cave.

Typescript, Grove Archive (MP 6)

¹ The title of MP 6 is crossed out in ink, as if the poem was meant to be a continuation of "Retrospection" typed on the same page above it.

² These first four words are a manuscript correction for typed "The sonnet is a pool...".

³ Replaces typed "...this curving shore." Rivalling with this change is "...the curving shore."

⁴ Typed "far flung" is crossed out, and replaced ms. "brandled" or "handled" which is difficult to decipher.

⁵ Typed "Life" is crossed out, and an illegible ms. word (possibly "Time" or "Thine") is written in the left margin.

From Poems of the Lakes and Woods.

Subtitle: Visions.

Night.¹

The glade lies hollow; breathless halts² the Night
Like one enwrapped in purple mysteries
Around whose forehead gleams a doubtful light:³
One single⁴ star adorns her draperies.

Hushed are the woods and stand with limbs outspread,
Tense and⁵ atremble with expectancy:
But she, with airy foot and soundless tread,
Her garments trailing over grass and tree,

Glides forward, through the heavens' boundless hall:
She stretches out an arm and out a hand
From whence like dewdrops denser shadows fall
And blesses woods and glade and all the land.

Typescript, Grove Archive (MP 7b)

¹ MP 7b is typed with Arctic Woods (MP 8a) on one page. Variants of the earlier version MP 7a, which is typed on the verso and lacks the collective title, are recorded in the following notes.

² Ms. "halts" replaces typed "stands", and a ms. correction "looms" (crossed out).

³ MP 7a uses a semicolon.

⁴ Ms. correction to typed "But not a star..." in MP 7a (honoured in MP 7b).

⁵ MP 7a has typed "Tensely atremble..." corrected in ms. to read like version MP 7b.

Arctic Woods.¹

These are the woods of all the voices dead,
Of putrid moisture and of almost night,
The woods of ditches² with green scum bespread
From whence large eyes send³ iridescent light.

These are the woods of stems with curly bark,
White like the skin that never yet was bared:
The woods that hold me motionless and stark
So that I am as who no motion dared.

And when at noon in all the glades the grass
As in a swoon, scarce breathing, seems to die,
A giant wing, dark, rigid, as of brass,
From all the stems shuts off so sun as⁴ sky.

And then -- a whisper: I look up in fear:⁵
A snowwhite horse glides through the leafless trees:
It stirs nor head nor foot, nor eye nor ear:
Frozen in flight. I am as⁶ one who flees.⁷

Typescript, Grove Archive (MP 8a)

¹ Arctic woods (MP 8a) follows version MP 7b of Night on the same page. The later version MP 8b (p. 58) lacks the titles "From Poems of the Lakes and Woods" and "Visions", and is placed next to its German original "Dies ist der Wald...". Variants are noted below.

² MP 8b has the ms. correction "hollows".

³ MP 8b has the ms. correction "look".

⁴ Typed correction of "and". MP 8b has also "as".

⁵ MP 8b has the ms. correction "sound nor far nor near" for "I look up in fear".

⁶ Uncertain reading: it could be "no", which would change the content considerably to "I am no one who flees".

⁷ Ms. "I am as one who flees." replaces typed "I sink on to my knees." -- MP 8b has a different ms. correction to the identical typed line: "And not a soul that sees".

The Dying Year.¹

The yellow dunes fly up² with tousled poll;
They tremble, flutter, rear, and tumble o'er
And break, as wave on wave along they roll,
Where³ black the woods rear up⁴ their cliffy shore.

A herald gallops, with his lowered stave
On his pale charger⁵ through⁶ the frightened crowd;
His bugle yells, "Get ready for your grave!
"My master comes; he trails a dismal shroud.⁷

"Hang out the flags, gold, yellow, brown, and red;
"And loosely, mind you; strew a carpet soft!⁸
"Him who, too bold, refuses to be led
"He will uproot and throw his limbs aloft.

"You see the ships come sailing⁹ through the air:
"High in the west, his squadron battle-grey:
"The hurricane, his pilot, steers him fair:
"Bow down, bow deep, in fear: I must away."

¹ This poem (MP 9b) is typed on a separate page with the heading Visions. The Dying Year is represented in the earlier version MP 9a on p. 56, where it follows Grove's "Die Dünen fliegen auf..." [= Greve's "Erster Sturm", 1907]. Variants of the earlier version are underlined in the text and referred to below. Note that MP 9b has only two manuscript changes, namely those addressed in n. 4 and 5.

² The ms. changes to typed "The yellow dunes fly up..." in MP 9a, reading "Up flow the yellow sands...", have not been included in MP 9b.

³ MP 9a has the ms. correction "Till" for typed "Where", which is also ignored.

⁴ Ms. "rear up" written below typed and crossed out "oppose". -- MP 9a has typed "oppose", and a ms. correction to read "a cliffy shore".

⁵ "charger" is a ms. correction in the left margin to typed "courser".

⁶ "Through" is a ms. correction to "in the frightened crowd..." in MP 9a.

⁷ This ms. correction to typed "shroud" in MP 9a is not reflected here in MP 9b.

⁸ This reflects a ms. correction to typed "that the soil be soft!" in MP 9a.

⁹ MP 9a has the ms. correction "sail bulging" which is ignored here.

And organ-scherzi whistle wild and shrill,
And¹⁰ tattered leaves strain rustling to the last
With which the Dying Year bedecks him still¹¹
As he in triumph rides into¹² the past.

Typescript, Grove Archive (MP 9b)

¹⁰ MP 9a has a ms. change to "While" -- it is not reflected here.

¹¹ A ms. correction in the margin of this typed line in MP 9a is not reflected here in MP 9b: "The dying year adopts them as his frill."

¹² Reflects a ms. correction in MP 9a to typed "As stern he rides on to his grave, the past".

First line index:

Total: 122 poems

41 German, by Greve (7 FE, 7 GA, 3 GP, 23 WA, 1 WO)

6 German, by Grove (3 MP, 3 SC)

75 English, by Grove (63+1 IM, 6 MP, 4 NB, 1 FD)

<u>First words</u>	<u>Poem</u>	<u>Location</u>	<u>Page</u>
Abends geh ich in den Garten...	Untitled	FE 2	42
Ein Adler, den ein Schuss...	<u>Sage</u> , AhB 2	WA 15	16
All life has...	<u>Ahasuerus</u>	IM 31	150
Am Strande die Stadt...	<u>Die Stadt am Strande</u>	GP 3	49
Am Tage des Festes...	<u>Frage</u>	WA 1	2
An diesem wasser...	Untitled ms.	GA 5	36
And do you sleep...	<u>Dirge</u> 9	IM 15/9	95
<u>Antike</u>	Coll	WA	26
As flies to wanton boys...	<u>The Gods</u>	IM 2	64
Aus dunkler tiefen...	Untitled ms.	GA 4	35
<u>Aus hohen Bergen</u>	Coll	WA	15
Aus meinem Haupte...	<u>Kopfschmerz</u>	SC 2	52
Aus schmaler Wurzel...	<u>Drei Sonette</u> 1	FE 3	43
Beauty was thine...	<u>Dirge</u> 1	IM 15/1	86
Den Blick hinaus...	<u>Wanderungen</u> 5	WA 9	10
The blow fell...	<u>Dirge</u> 2	IM 15/2	87
Ein breites, schweres...	<u>Drei Sonette</u> 2	FE 4	43
<u>Cäsarische Zeit</u>	Coll.	WA	3
Come, let me sit...	<u>The Dunes</u>	IM 20	128
Dich lockten meerbewegte ...	<u>Wanderungen</u> 1	WA 5	6
Dies ist der Wald...	Untitled ms.	MP 2	57
Dimly define themselves...	<u>Expression</u>	IM 8	73
<u>The Dirge</u>	Coll	IM	86
Discordant strains...	Untitled ms.	NB 16	175
Du blickst gelassen...	<u>Athena Lemnia</u> Ant 2	WA 20	27
Du grosse Erde ruhst...	<u>Tagszeiten</u> 2	WA 11	12

Du lehntest am behaglichen...	<u>Frauen</u> 1	WA 21	28
Du sagtest uns ...	<u>Arnold Böcklin</u> LDG 3	WA 18	25
Du schreitest aufrecht durch...	<u>Cäsarische Zeit</u> 3	WA 4	5
Du wandelst wie ein Fürst...	<u>Cäsarische Zeit</u> 2	WA 3	4
Die Dünen fliegen auf...	Untitled ms.	MP 1	54
Die Dünen fliegen auf...	<u>Erster Sturm</u>	GP 2	48
Each moment is...	<u>The Sluice</u>	IM 21	129
Each moment is...	<u>Past and Future</u>	NB 27	129
Einst war meine Heimat...	<u>Apokalypse</u>	SC 1	50
Embattled skies...	<u>Embattled Skies</u>	IM 17	125
Die erste Stunde...	<u>Tagszeiten</u> 1	WA 10	11
Faith, so they say...	<u>Dirge</u> 26	IM 15/26	113
Das Fieber, das die Schläfen...	Untitled ms.	SC 3	53
<u>Frauen</u>	Coll	WA	28
From all sides...	<u>The Pool</u>	IM 28	136
Gestorben sind die Blumen...	Untitled	FE 1	40
The glade lies hollow...	<u>Night</u>	MP 7	184
Grau schläft der see...	Untitled ms.	GA 3	34
Grüss ich dich wieder...	<u>Tagszeiten</u> 3	WA 12	13
He spoke his fiat...	<u>Legend/Mars</u>	IM 30	140
Die Hexe, die am Weg...	<u>Die Hexe</u>	GP 1	39
How can they dare to live...	<u>Dirge</u> 7	IM 15/7	93
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I cannot live...	<u>Confession</u>	NB 30	67
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I wish I had a voice...	<u>Dirge</u> 24	IM 15/24	111
Ich sah im Traume...	<u>Irrender Ritter</u>	WA 23	30
Ich träume noch...	<u>Fr. Nietzsche</u> LDG 2	WA 17	25
Ich wohnte in...	<u>Den Meistern</u> LDG 1	WA 16	24
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In einer Felsenschlucht...	<u>Irrfahrt</u> AhB 1	WA 14	15
In life thou grewest...	<u>Dirge</u> 25	IM 15/25	112
In Purpur prangen...	<u>Cäsarische Zeit</u> 1	WA 2	3
<u>Landscapes</u>	Coll	IM	122
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<u>Legend/Mars & other narratives</u>	Coll	IM	138
<u>Lieder des Dankes und Gedenkens</u>	Coll, LDG	WA	23
Life travels highways...	<u>Palinode</u>	IM 13	82
Mankind is on the march...	<u>Procession</u>	IM 11	79
My child, if from...	<u>Dirge</u> 27	IM 15/27	114
The night weighs heavy...	<u>Dejection</u>	NB 25	176
No country, so far...	<u>Dirge</u> 21	IM 15/21	108
No, do not speak to me...	<u>Dirge</u> 30	IM 15/30	118
No! never shall I live again...	<u>Dirge</u> 13	IM 15/13	100
Nun ruhest du ...	<u>Her. Farnese</u> Ant. 1	WA 19	26
O come, o come...	<u>You and I</u> 1	MP 4	180
Oh, I agree. Who would not...	<u>Man/Universe</u>	IM 12	82
Oh, many are the moods...	<u>The Spectral Past</u>	IM 9	74
Oh my dear child...	<u>Dirge</u> 16	IM 15/16	103
Oh that my voice were...	<u>Preface</u>	IM 1	63
Oh, why should I be fearful...	<u>From The Dirge</u>	FD 16	178
On some dead star...	<u>Legend/Surviv</u>	MP 11	154
Sacred makes death...	<u>The Sacred Death</u>	IM 14	85
Sag, hebt sich dein Herz...	Untitled ms.	MP 3	59
Einen schneeig weissen Pelz...	Untitled	FE 7	46
Sein Mund der feinen...	<u>Drei Sonette</u> 3	FE 5	44
She lives in me...	<u>Dirge</u> 15	IM 15/15	102
She who has given life...	<u>Dirge</u> 32	IM 15/32	120
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So stehn wir ewig...	Untitled ms.	GA 1	32
So this is where you sleep...	<u>Dirge</u> 4	IM 15/4	90
So thronst du lächelnd...	<u>Mona Lisa</u>	GA 2	33
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This night is like a...	<u>Oppression</u>	IM 27	135
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Und wieder lockst du mich...	<u>Tagszeiten [4]</u>	WA 13	14
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<u>Wanderungen</u>	<u>Coll</u>	WA	6
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What will this mean...	<u>Dirge 28</u>	IM 15/28	115
When infants die...	<u>Dirge 6</u>	IM 15/6	92
Who would have told me...	<u>Dirge 29</u>	IM 15/29	117
Why should we toil...	<u>Dirge 20</u>	IM 15/20	107
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The world lies quiet...	<u>Nights in the Hills</u>	IM 18	126
The year rolls on...	<u>Fall</u>	IM 23	131
The year stands poised...	<u>First Frost</u>	IM 25	133
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You look at me...	<u>Dirge 14</u>	IM 15/14	101

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Manuscript poems in the Notebook (39):

NB 1	Stop! Cried a voice...	<u>The Voice</u>	IM 10
NB 2	Mankind is on the march...	<u>Procession</u>	IM 11
NB 3	You look at me...	<u>Dirge 14</u>	IM 15/14
NB 4	Why should you toil...	<u>Dirge 20</u>	IM 15/20
NB 5	She lives in me...	<u>Dirge 15</u>	IM 15/15
NB 6	Oh my dear child...	<u>Dirge 16</u>	IM 15/16
NB 7	Oh that my voice were...	<u>Preface</u>	IM 1
NB 8	No, never shall I live...	<u>Dirge 13</u>	IM 15/1
NB 9	Dimly define themselves...	<u>Expression</u>	IM 8
NB 10	The year stands poised...	<u>First Frost</u>	IM 25
NB 11	Tulips, scillas, peonies...	<u>Dirge 17</u>	IM 15/17
NB 12	No country, so far,...	<u>Dirge 21</u>	IM 15/21
NB 13	From all sides...	<u>The Pool</u>	IM 28
NB 14	This night is like a...	<u>Oppression</u>	IM 27
NB 15	I grew a sacred lily...	<u>Dirge 19</u>	IM 15/19
NB 16	Discordant strains...	unique	unique
NB 17	Come, let me sit...	<u>The Dunes</u>	IM 20
NB 18	He spoke his fiat...	<u>Legend/Mars</u> (IM30)	unique
NB 19	Embattled skies...	<u>Embattled Skies</u>	IM 17
NB 20	The world lies quiet...	<u>Nights in the Hills</u>	IM 18
NB 21	Sacred makes death...	<u>The Sacred Death</u>	IM 14
NB 22	All life has...	<u>Ahasuerus</u>	IM 31
NB 23	Faith, so they say...	<u>Dirge 26</u>	IM 15/26
NB 24	I hear the sounding sea...	<u>At Sea</u>	IM 16
NB 25	The night weighs...	<u>Dejection</u>	unique
NB 26	I never thought a day...	<u>Dejection</u>	IM 19
NB 27	Each moment is...	<u>The Sluice</u>	IM 21
NB 28	Soft footed overnight...	<u>First Snow</u>	IM 26
NB 29	On some dead star...	<u>Legend/Survival</u>	MP 11
NB 30	I cannot live...	<u>Rebel's Confession</u>	IM 4
NB 31	No, do not speak to me...	<u>Dirge 30</u>	IM 15/30
NB 32	I wish I had a voice...	<u>Dirge 24</u>	IM 15/24
NB 33	Who would have told me...	<u>Dirge 29</u>	IM 15/29
NB 34	What will this mean...	<u>Dirge 28</u>	IM 15/28

NB 35	There lived in some...	<u>Konrad the Builder</u>	unique
NB 35a	There lived a thousand...	<u>Konrad variant</u>	unique
NBLL 1	Oh, many are the moods...	<u>The Spectral Past</u>	IM 9
NBLL 2	I know a valley...	<u>Dirge 31</u>	IM 15/31
NBLL 3	She who has given life...	<u>Dirge 32</u>	IM 15/32
NBLL 4	Oh, I agree! Who would...	<u>Man/Universe</u>	IM 12

The following four poems in the Notebook are unique in the sense that they are not included in the In Memoriam collection. Note that the Legend of the Great Survival, however, exists as a typescript in Miscellaneous Poems (MP 11):

Discordant strains...	untitled	NB 16
The night weighs heavy...	<u>Dejection</u>	NB 25
On some dead star...	<u>Legend/Survival</u>	NB 29
There lived in some...	<u>Konrad, the Builder</u>	NB35+MP11

Notebook poems in In Memoriam order (35):

IM 1	Oh that my voice were...	<u>Preface</u>	NB 7
IM 4	I cannot live...	<u>Rebel's Confession</u>	NB 30
IM 8	Dimly define themselves...	<u>Expression</u>	NB 9
IM 9	Oh, many are the moods...	<u>The Spectral Past</u>	NBLL 1
IM 10	Stop! Cried a voice...	<u>The Voice</u>	NB 1
IM 11	Mankind is on the march...	<u>Procession</u>	NB 2
IM 12	Oh, I agree! I would not...	<u>Man/Universe</u>	NBLL 4
IM 14	Sacred makes death...	<u>The Sacred Death</u>	NB 21
IM 15/13	No, never shall I live again...	<u>Dirge 13</u>	NB 8
IM 15/14	You look at me...	<u>Dirge 14</u>	NB 3
IM 15/15	She lives in me...	<u>Dirge 15</u>	NB 5
IM 15/16	Oh my dear child...	<u>Dirge 16</u>	NB 6
IM 15/17	Tulips, scillas, peonies...	<u>Dirge 17</u>	NB 11
IM 15/19	I grow a sacred lily...	<u>Dirge 19</u>	NB 15
IM 15/20	Why should you toil...	<u>Dirge 20</u>	NB 4
IM 15/21	No country, so far,...	<u>Dirge 21</u>	NB 12
IM 15/24	I wish I had a voice...	<u>Dirge 24</u>	NB 32
IM 15/26	Faith, so they say...	<u>Dirge 26</u>	NB 23
IM 15/28	What will this mean...	<u>Dirge 28</u>	NB 34
IM 15/29	Who would have told me...	<u>Dirge 29</u>	NB 33
IM 15/30	No, do not speak to me...	<u>Dirge 30</u>	NB 31
IM 15/31	I know a valley...	<u>Dirge 31</u>	NBLL 2
IM 15/32	She who has given life...	<u>Dirge 32</u>	NBLL 3
IM 16	I hear the sounding sea...	<u>At Sea</u>	NB 24
IM 17	Embattled skies...	<u>Embattled Skies</u>	NB 19
IM 18	The world lies quiet...	<u>Nights in the Hills</u>	NB 20
IM 19	I never thought a day...	<u>Dejection</u>	NB 26
IM 20	Come, let me sit...	<u>The Dunes</u>	NB 17
IM 21	Each moment is...	<u>The Sluice</u>	NB 27
IM 25	The year stands poised...	<u>First Frost</u>	NB 10
IM 26	Soft footed overnight...	<u>First Snow</u>	NB 28
IM 27	This night is like a...	<u>Oppression</u>	NB 14
IM 28	From all sides...	<u>The Pool</u>	NB 13

IM 30	He spoke his fiat...	<u>Legend/Mars</u>	NB 18
IM 31	All life has...	<u>Ahasuerus</u>	NB 22

Canadian Forum (24):

Science Canadian Forum IX, March 1929
Indian Summer Canadian Forum X, November 1929
The Palinode Canadian Forum X, September 1930 (2 parts)
From the Dirge Canadian Forum XII, April 1932 (21 poems) = FD

+ = different than the corresponding Dirge poems in the collection Poems: In Memoriam; notes there describe the differences between the six poems concerned. In all these cases, the Canadian Forum version lacks a stanza.

Note: the From the Dirge poems are untitled and numbered, as are the 33 Dirge poems in the In Memoriam collection (IM 15/1-33). However, seven FD poems have a title in the IM collection, and are therefore not part of the Dirge cycle proper.

CF 1	"Within a lightless cave..."	<u>Science</u>	IM 3
CF 2	"This is a day..."	<u>Indian Summer</u>	IM 24
CF 3	"Life travels highways..."	<u>The Palinode</u>	IM13
FD 1	"Oh, many are the moods..." +	<u>The Spectral Past</u>	IM 9, -st.4
FD 2	"The blow fell..."	<u>Dirge</u> 2	IM 15/2
FD 3	"As flies to wanton boys..."	<u>The Gods</u>	IM 2
FD 4	"Yet still the days go by..."	<u>After the Blow</u>	IM 5
FD 5	"So this is where you..." +	<u>Dirge</u> 4	IM 15/4, -st.2
FD 6	"They tell us that..."	<u>Dirge</u> 5	IM 15/5
FD 7	"How dare they speak..."	<u>Dirge</u> 7	IM 15/7
FD 8	"How much more easy..."	<u>Dirge</u> 10	IM 15/10
FD 9	"Tulips, scillas, peonies..."	<u>Dirge</u> 17	IM 15/17
FD 10	"I sometimes think..."	<u>Dirge</u> 18	IM 15/18
FD 11	"I grow a sacred lily..."	<u>Dirge</u> 19	IM 15/19
FD 12	"Yes, as I ruminate..." +	<u>Dirge</u> 23	IM 15/23, -st.2
FD 13	"I wish I had a voice..."	<u>Dirge</u> 24	IM 15/24
FD 14	"Faith, so they say..."	<u>Dirge</u> 26	IM 15/26
FD 15	"What will this mean..." +	<u>Dirge</u> 28	IM 15/28, st.1-6
FD 16	"Oh, why should I be..." +	[sonnet]	IM 15/28, st.7-10
FD 17	"No, do not speak to me..." *	<u>Dirge</u> 30	IM 15/30, -st.4
FD 18	"Come, let me sit..."	<u>The Dunes</u>	IM 20
FD 19	"The year rolls on..."	<u>Fall</u>	IM 23
FD 20	"This is a day..."	<u>Indian Summer</u>	IM 24
FD 21	"Oh that my voice were..."	<u>Preface</u>	IM 1

Poems published in Canadian Forum in In Memoriam order:

IM 1	"Oh that my voice were..."	<u>Preface</u>	FD 21
IM 2	"As flies to wanton boys..."	<u>The Gods</u>	FD 3
IM 3	"Within a lightless cave..."	<u>Science</u>	CF 1
IM 5	"Yet still the days go by..."	<u>After the Blow</u>	FD 4
IM 9	"Oh, many are the moods..."*	<u>Spectral Past</u>	FD 1, +st.4
IM 13	"Life travels highways..."	<u>The Palinode</u>	CF 3
IM 15/2	"The blow fell..."	<u>Dirge 2</u>	FD 2
IM 15/4	"So this is where you sleep..."*	<u>Dirge 4</u>	FD 5, +st. 2
IM 15/5	"They tell us that..."	<u>Dirge 5</u>	FD 6
IM 15/7	"How dare they speak..."	<u>Dirge 7</u>	FD 7
IM 15/10	"How much more easy..."	<u>Dirge 10</u>	FD 8
IM 15/17	"Tulips, scillas, peonies..."	<u>Dirge 17</u>	FD 9
IM 15/18	"I sometimes think..."	<u>Dirge 18</u>	FD 10
IM 15/19	"I grew a sacred lily..."	<u>Dirge 19</u>	FD 11
IM 15/23	"Yes, as I ruminates..."*	<u>Dirge 23</u>	FD 12, +st.2
IM 15/24	"I wish I had a voice..."	<u>Dirge 24</u>	FD 13
IM 15/26	"Faith, so they say..."	<u>Dirge 26</u>	FD 14
IM 15/28	"What will this mean..."*	<u>Dirge 28</u>	FD 15 (6x4)
IM 15/28	"Oh, why should I be fearful..."*	<u>Dirge 28</u>	FD 16 (sonnet)
IM 15/30	"No, do not speak to me..."*	<u>Dirge 30</u>	FD 17, +st.4
IM 20	"Come, let me sit..."	<u>The Dunes</u>	FD 18
IM 23	"The year rolls on..."	<u>Fall</u>	FD 19
IM 24	"This is a day..."	<u>Indian Summer</u>	FD 20
IM 24	"This is a day..."	<u>Indian Summer</u>	CF 2

Poems in Selections from Poems: In Memoriam (18, all in IM order):

S 1	As flies to wanton boys...	<u>The Gods</u>	IM 2
S 2	Yet still the days go by...	<u>After the Blow</u>	IM 5
S 3	Thus people say...	<u>Prescience</u>	IM 6
S 4	What are we? Whence?...	<u>Questions Reasked</u>	IM 7
S 5	Dimly define themselves...	<u>Expression</u>	IM 8
S 6	Sacred makes death...	<u>The Sacred Death</u>	IM 14
S 7	You look at me...	<u>Dirge 14</u>	IM 15/14
S 8	I grow a sacred lily...	<u>Dirge 19</u>	IM 15/19
S 9	I hear the sounding sea...	<u>At Sea</u>	IM 16
S 10	I never thought a day...	<u>Dejection</u>	IM 19
S 11	Come, let me sit...	<u>The Dunes</u>	IM 20
S 12	Each moment is...	<u>The Sluice</u>	IM 21
S 13	The year rolls on...	<u>Fall in Manitoba</u>	IM 23
S 14	The year stands poised...	<u>First Frost</u>	IM 25
S 15	This night is like a...	<u>Oppression</u>	IM 27
S 16	From all sides...	<u>The Pool</u>	IM 28
S 17	He spoke his fiat...	<u>Legend/Mars</u>	IM 30
S 18	All life has exiled me...	<u>Ahasuerus</u>	IM 31

Dedications, dates, and geographical specifications:

While the Notebook and the Canadian Forum poems are devoid of any such indications, the following poems in the In Memoriam collection are noted below for providing one or the other. Several poems in Selections are more explicit about locations.

The Procession (IM 11, "Mankind is on the march...", p. 78) refers to Rilke at the bottom of the poem: "(With a bow to R.M. Rilke)".

The Palinode (IM 13, "Life travels highways...", p. 83) specifies next to part II "Stesichorus (traditionally)".

The Sacred Death (IM 14, "Sacred makes death...", p. 84) notes at the end: "(1924. Death of P.McI.)". In Selections no. 6, this reads: "1924. Peter McIlvride".

In the Dirge II, (IM 15/2, "The blow fell...", p.87) is dedicated to Catherine Grove. Next to the numbering, this dedication appears as "To C. G.". Identical dedications to Catherine Grove are given to the Dirge poems XIV (You look at me...", p. 101), and XXXI ("I know a valley...", p. 119).

The final poem in the Dirge cycle (IM 15/33, "What wafts the wind...", p. 121) has the title Night Thoughts in Miscellaneous Poems (MP 10), and the motto "Nought we know dies" specifies "Shelley".

At the end of At Sea (IM 31, "I hear the sounding sea...", p. 123), there is "(Nova Scotia, 1909)". In Selections no. 9, the date is also 1909, but Nova Scotia is abbreviated as "N.S".

Embattled Skies (IM 17, "Embattled skies", p. 125) and Night in The Hills (IM 18, "The world lies quiet...", p. 126) specify "1924" at the end. The Legend of the Planet Mars (IM 30, "He spoke his fiat...", p. 149) has "1915".

In Selections no. 10, "1913. Pembina Mountains" is indicated at the end of Dejection (IM19, "I never thought a day...", p. 127). In the In Memoriam typescript, only the date "1914" is given.

The Sluice (IM 21, "Each moment is...", p. 129) specifies "1925" at the end. In Selections no. 12 has at the end: "At the sluice of the Little Saskatchewan". This poem has the title Past and Future in the Notebook (NB 27).

Fall (IM 23, "The year rolls on...", p.131) is entitled Fall in Manitoba in no. 13 of Selections (S 13).

Variant Beginning of Konrad

Konrad exists only as NB 35 which is the last poem in the Notebook. There is no doubt that this fragment has confessional character, and that it is at the the same time modelled along Goethe's Faust. The "faustian" nature of the main character, the appearance of a cowed visitor, and Margaret's blue-eyed innocence are obvious parallels.

On a loose sheet in the Notebook, there is an opening stanza of thirteen and a half lines. These are quite different from the initial stanza of the poem as written in the Notebook, and they are reproduced below.

Variant beginning of Konrad:

There lived a thousand years ago in France
A youth who worked in stone; he had done so
Since orphaned as a child, and left alone,
He had been apprenticed at a master's shop,
Where he had slaved (?) for seven long, slow years.
Then had the day arrived when the great guild
Of the stone mason's craft had called him free
To go wherever he pleased, a journey-man.
Now he had often heard of eastern towns
Where his own trade, transformed into an art
Had blossomed into beauty and such works
As, so they said, would live eternally.
He was a dreamer, hollow-eyed, lean-browed (?)
Who felt within him

Nearly seven quatrains are written in the right margin of the first few stanzas of the epic. They appear to be meant as glosses to the action described in the initial three (and the beginning of the fourth) main stanzas. Two quatrains each of those comments correspond to one main stanza of nine lines; the central line provides a visual break between the glosses.

Two quatrains next to stanza 1:

He was born in the year 1003
In a city of eastern France
His father was poor, as poor can be
But he dreamt of his son's advance

So he placed him in a master's shop
That master worked in stone
He worked and worked without a stop
And learned what could be known

Two quatrains next to stanza 2:

Till the guild of the great stone-masons' trade
Released him to be free
Seven years he had as apprentice stayed

Now a journey-man he could be
He could travel the pleasant country side
If he was so inclined
And dreamt of going far and wide
So as to improve his mind

Two quatrains next to stanza 3:

His name was Konrad; in the city Rheims
Not far from the German line
There was work in Germany, so it seems;
He struck for the River Rhine.

He worked and learned where he had the chance
At Strassburg, Heidelberg, Worms,
Became a draughtsman and looked askance
On all but gothic forms

One partial quatrain next to stanza 4 below:

Seven years he roamed as a journeyman
Till at last, at great Cologne
He was master made

Notebook variants of The Legend of the Planet Mars, pp. 140-149:

<u>Legend:</u>	<u>page:</u>		
St. 5	p. 140:	st. 5, l. 4	"who'd striven, delved or sung."
St. 7	p. 141:	st. 1, l. 2	"They".
St. 11	p. 141:	st. 5, l. 1	"earthly".
St. 24	p. 143:	st. 4, l. 3	"Of smoke and steam."
St. 25	p. 143:	st. 5, l. 3	"down to".
St. 27	p. 143:	st. 7, l. 2	"Even now that strange and".
St. 29	p. 144:	st. 2, l. 1	"the stormy";
		l. 4	"Fanatics from among them urged".
St. 30	p. 144:	st. 4, l. 1	"They, in fears of";
		l. 2	"strangely";
		l. 4	"Fancied".
St. 31	p. 144:	st. 4, l. 1	"god-grown".
St. 36	p. 145:	st. 2, l. 1	"stormy".
St. 38	p. 145:	st. 4, l. 4	"sloping".
St. 39	p. 145:	st. 5, l. 2	"back; there rose the";
		l. 4	"To join".
St. 41	p. 145:	st. 7, l. 2	"wrought these".
St. 42	p. 146:	st. 1, l. 3	"and poised";
		l. 4	"like".
St. 43	p. 146:	st. 2, l. 1	"watchers ".
St. 48	p. 146:	st. 7, l. 1	"Then".
St. 49	p. 147:	st. 1, l. 1	"Soon".
St. 50	p. 147:	st. 2, l. 4	"Upon".
St. 51	p. 147:	st. 3, l. 1	"cliffs";
		l. 4	"yelled the echo...hills," to read: "Back yelled the echofrom the hills, a ghost."
St. 57	p. 148:	st. 2, l. 4	"Then".
St. 58	p. 148:	st. 3, l. 1	"But suddenly";
		l. 4	"blackening".
St. 59	p. 148:	st. 4, l. 2	"that would its dream";
		l. 3	"groan"; "waking".
St. 62	p. 148:	st. 7, l. 3	"tried";
		l. 4	"were".
St. 63	p. 149:	st. 1, l. 3	inserts ", an island, in some".
St. 64	p. 149:	st. 2, l. 3	inserts "a blind" to read "into a blind belief".
St. 65	p. 149:	st. 3, l. 3	"men".

Notebook variants of *The Legend of the Great Survival*, pp. 154-163:

Legend: page:

St. 9	p. 155:	st. 3, l. 1	"bend".
St. 49	p. 161:	st. 3, l. 4	"nightly".
St. 52	p. 161:	st. 6, l. 4	This line ends in "...".
St. 55	p. 162:	st. 3, l. 1	"those among".
St. 64	p. 163:	st. 5, l. 3	"having shrugged and questioned".

Note:

Stanzas 37-40 of the MP 11 typescript are confusingly "out of order" in relation to the sequence in manuscript NB 29: stanza 37 there becomes MP 11 st. 40, whereas NB st. 38 becomes MP st. 37; NB stanzas 39 and 40 are typed stanzas 38 and 39 respectively. These stanzas are on pp. 159-160, st. 5-7 and 1.

Stanzas MP 11, 61-66 are particularly affected by corrections in the manuscript. In the margin of NB 29, st. 63-66, there are some shorter lines reminiscent of the glosses found next to the beginning stanzas of Konrad. Other such marginal lines, however, have been incorporated into the typescript version MP 11.

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