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JOSE ASUNCION SILVA

MANIFESTO—This issue presents translations of the work of some of the most prominent poets among our neighbors of Central and South America. Not long ago, Alfonso Guillen Zelaya, of Honduras, materialized in New York, and the Quijotian dream quickly evolved of bartering the product of men and women who appear in *OTHERS* with that of men and women of Spanish America; and so, translations from *OTHERS* will be used in Spanish American periodicals; in fact it is planned to have a Spanish edition of *OTHERS* under the title, *OTROS!* In this instance, the advice of Señor Zelaya has been invaluable; likewise the cheerful labor of the translator, W. G. Williams, who is related to our North American friend, William Carlos Williams, as father to son. Of the poets who are presented, Martinez represents Guatemala; Chocano, Chili; Zelaya, Honduras; Lopez, Colombia; Lastra, Cuba; Diaz, Argentina, and Silva, Colombia. It will be recalled that the most famous poet in the Spanish of the day, Ruben Dario, was a Nicaraguan who died a few months ago.

The September issue, as announced, will be *A Woman's Number*, edited by Helen Hoyt.

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ALFRED KREYMBORG

THE CONTEMPORARY SANCHO PANZA

Today Sancho cloaks himself in various disguises,
Sancho Panza criticises, Sancho Panza writes verses.

His bearing is, the dominie and his speech dogmatic.
From two crutches hangs his great plethoric paunch.
He has the puerilities of grammar
and loves the adolescences of rhetoric.

If modernist clothes dress the ideal
in he thrusts his grammatical incisive.

He writes the classic sonnet; turns to the estrambote
and laughs in his sleeve at Don Quijote.

And the sad and curious thing is that the insane
 Don Quijote
opens a new trail into unknown lands
and when it is beaten by him, comfortably
passes the bell-shaped figure of his squire.

He has left his ass, he wears fine clothes
and shouts in a loud voice at inns and upon high-
ways:

Praise with me all those who renew the tongue,
I open new pathways for the young.

.

Never could I tell by what strange accordances
behind a madman always walk a hundred sane ones.

Sancho, good Sancho, I admire your rustic prudence
And I cannot deny that you have in abundance
A sense of life which laughs at madness
And which is of a hundred thousand Sanchos the
common sense.

Complete, to its very full, your derision
Laughs at the adventures of knighthood
But when peace comes after the battle
You listen to the rebukes of your master and are
silent.

For the ball-men, life is forever lovely
Since if it slopes they know how to roll down it.

Oh rotund squire of easy soul and broad face,
Without Don Quijano the good, what would be-
come of Sancho?

Your master misses a hundred times; but once he
hits
And that sole time is worth more than your dead
life.

.

In opening to the mind a sealed path,
Thus history combines the divine pair:
In front, the thin master dragging his squire;
and behind the fat servant, laughing, but he comes.

FRAGMENTS OF "LAS IMPOSIBLES"

To the students of Honduras and Nicaragua

I am the first love. I am the enchantment,
I am the pain of that white form
the time when you wrapped yourself in your cloak
and studied here or in Salamanca.

Woman is pain. But of all
I am she who worst wounds and blinds and maims.
I am the first night of the nuptials
of the soul, to which none ever came.

I launch my glances like falcons
to all those virgin souls
that give easy prey to women.
I am she who smiles on the balconies
full of the moon, in the outskirts
to the poets and the freshmen.

Sometimes I was the cousin, cousin mine,
white as the flower of the lemon tree
and when you brushed my hand
you gave me more than a body entire.

Perhaps I gave you my mouth. But be sure
that if you kissed it, it was only once
astride the wall
and I so closely wrapped against the moon

that when I saw you go you went drunk,
forehead high, in your smile a prayer
and you kissed the air; and you went
blinded by me as by a light shining in all things.

Students, you whom Honduras
or Nicaragua sends to Guatemala
and who mingle dreams and penury
and live three or four in a room;

crimson immigration of youths
half bohemians and half singers
sonorous with the preludes of lutes,
luminous with the blood of stars,

who all know the mad cup
and stand two months in your landlord's debt:
I am that golden haired school girl
who, with a kiss which she left on your mouth,
pinned a wing to your shoulders
and put the sun in your hearts.

MY LIFE IS A MEMORY

When I met her I loved myself.
It was she who had my best singing,
she who set flame to my obscure youth,
she who raised my eyes toward heaven.

Her love moistened me, it was an essence.
I folded my heart like a handkerchief
and after I turned the key on my existence.

And thus it perfumes my soul
with a distant and subtle poetry.

WHO CAN TELL ME . . . ?

Who can tell me what we are,
we, who mount upon the loins
of Pegasus, incomplete creatures?
What are we, the poets?
Who can tell me what we are?

We, who on a continual trot
carry madness upon our shoulders
and in our hands the ensign of Quijote
and in our saddle-bags many white things.

Who, as it were, in episcopal robes
feel ourselves clothed in violets
and write memorials to Christ
for which we find no mail-boxes.

And, far away, hearing the weary
footfall of the pedestrian souls,
for in this century they no longer have even asses,
we descend to the moist plains
and protected by the woodland trees
we wash our soiled feet in the rivers.

We, who at the start, blinded with light,
feel ourselves gnawed by the torture
of seeing that the crowd has followed us
and that we ourselves are guided by madness

Until the voice divine again speaks
and says to us: "Arise and walk.

Blessed be ye, oh poor dreamers
who still keep your eyes on the wanderer's star.
I once recruited fisherfolk
and now I recruit madmen. Forward!"

THE SENSATION OF A SMELL

Oh the wise faces I have carried to my lips like
treacherous wines.

The simple women I have seated on my knees like
branches of flowers.

And above all one, with brown hair, who resembled
a flower
and who left in my life the vague sensation of a
smell.

Her diamond eyes had the disquieting look of non-
existence
and she gave me the strongest sensation of death I
have had of a woman
and the most burning sense of life that I have been
able to obtain.

REST

When one is so weary
that he is unable to rest
and action is a torment
and bed tires still more

only in holy mother earth
is the craved relief found,
when it covers us in such manner
that even the face is hid.

THE SONG OF THE ROAD

It was a black road.
The night was mad with lightnings. I was riding
my wild colt
over the Andean range.
The cheery strokes of the hoofs
like the chewing of monstrous jaws
shattered the invisible glass
of the sleeping pools.
Three million insects
made seemingly a mad discord.

Suddenly, there, in the distance
within that sad and pensive mass
of the wood,
I saw a handful of lights like a swarm of wasps.
The inn! The nervous
lash struck the living flesh
of my horse, who split the air
with a long neigh of joy.

And as if the wood
understood all, it remained mute and cold.

And there reached me then
the voice of a woman
clear and fine, singing. She sang. Her song was
a slow . . . very slow . . . melody:
something like a sigh which lengthens
and lengthens and lengthens . . . and does not end.

In the deep silence of the night
above the repose of the mountain, I heard
the notes
of that simple song of intimate music,
as if it were voices coming
from the other life. . .

I reined in my horse
and listened to what they were saying.

—All come with the night,
all go with the day.

And forming a duet
another woman's voice
thus completed the verse
with consummate tenderness:

—Love is only an inn
midway in the road of life . . .

And afterward the two voices
repeated together with rhythmic bitterness:
—All come with the night
all go with the day . . .

Then, I descended from my horse
and laid myself down at the edge
of a pool.

And intent upon this song which came
through the mystery of the forest
I closed my eyes before sleep and fatigue.

And fell asleep to the singing: and from that time,
when I cross the forests by unknown ways,
I never seek repose in the inns
but I sleep off in the free air my sleepiness and my
 fatigue,
because I always remember
that simple song of intimate music:

—All come with the night
all go with the day . . .
Love is only an inn
midway in the road of life!

LORD, I ASK A GARDEN . . .

Lord, I ask a garden in a quiet spot
where there may be a brook with a good flow,
an humble little house covered with bell-flowers
and a wife and a son who shall resemble Thee.

I should wish to live many years, free from hates,
and make my verses, as the rivers
that moisten the earth, fresh and pure.
Lord, give me a path with trees and birds.

I wish that you would never take my mother,
for I should wish to tend her as a child
and put her to sleep with kisses, when somewhat old
she may need the sun.

I wish to sleep well, to have a few books,
an affectionate dog that will spring upon my knees,
a flock of goats, all things rustic,
and to live of the soil tilled by my own hand.

To go into the field and flourish with it;
to seat myself at evening under the rustic eaves,
to drink in the fresh mountain perfumed air
and speak to my little one of humble things.

At night to relate him some simple tale,
teach him to laugh with the laughter of water
and put him to sleep thinking that he may later on
keep that freshness of the moist grass.

And afterward, the next day, rise with dawn
admiring life, bathe in the brook,
milk my goats in the happiness of the garden
and add a strophe to the poem of the world.

VERSES TO THE MOON

Oh moon, who now look over the roof
of the church, in the tropical calm
to be saluted by him who has been out all night,
to be barked at by the dogs of the suburbs,

Oh moon who in your silence have laughed at
all things! In your sidereal silence
when, keeping carefully in the shadow, the
municipal judge steals from some den.

But you offer, saturnine traveler,
with what eloquence in mute space
consolation to him whose life is broken,

while there sing to you from a drunken brawl
long-haired, neurasthenic bards,
and lousy creatures who play dominos.

VAS DOLORIS

To Luis G. Monge

I come from the remote borders
of the land of oblivion. My songs
will not sound beneath your balconies,
I am the singer of the broken sanctuaries.

Artist, dreamer, sensitive and tender,
my music is a voice of affirmation . . .
I am like a winter twilight
in love's garden.

I love the fire of the sun. My delights are
the flaming rose, the bleeding pink,
and I love the white swans on the lakes
and the blue clouds in the wind.

I love the sad—for life is Pain—
I love your black half-opened eyes
fixed in an unknown direction
where dead loves are forgotten.

I know full well that love is sleep . . .
and my soul sleepless. You are not
to blame for my sorrow. You are a dream . . .
I call you when I wake and you do not come!

You can come only as does death,
silent and fatal. You are anxiety,
no matter, come; my heart is strong . . .
Shed your petals in my hands, faded rose.

I knew in my dreams that love is good
and today, impenitent, a rebel against love,
I weep upon the lilies of your breast
and kiss you on the forehead.

JESUS AND RENAN

When Renan arrived in Paradise
after a hard journey
already the golden veil of light was falling
upon the high laurels of Cephisus!

A tall cherub led him
to where Jesus was blessing the children.
—Let them come unto me, He said,
the tender, the mild and the yielding.

The philosopher, pale and serene
with noble unction, upon seeing the Nazarene,
reverently bends the knee.

Like a matchless lily He raised his hand:
Come to me good Breton you are my brother
said Jesus—and He kissed him on the forehead.

THE DISEASE OF THE CENTURY

The Patient:

Doctor, a discouragement of life
which is in my intimate self rooted and born,
the disease of the century . . . that same disease
of Werther,
of Rolla, of Manfred and of Leopardi.
A weariness with all things, an absolute
contempt for the human, an incessant
revolt at the vileness of existence
worthy of my master Schopenhauer;
a profound unrest which grows
with all the tortures of analysis.

The Doctor:

—This is a matter of regimen; walk
in the early morning; sleep long, take baths;
drink well; eat well; take good care of yourself;
the thing that ails you is hunger!

