THE POETS OF THE FUTURE: A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-1918. EDITED BY HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND

Published @ 2017 Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd

ISBN 9780649676132

The Poets of the Future: A College Anthology for 1917-1918. Edited by Henry T. Schnittkind by Various

Edited by Trieste Publishing Pty Ltd.
Cover @ 2017

www.triestepublishing.com

VARIOUS

THE POETS OF THE FUTURE: A COLLEGE ANTHOLOGY FOR 1917-1918. EDITED BY HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND

Trieste

The Poets of the Future

A College Anthology
for 1917-1918

Edited by

HENRY T. SCHNITTKIND, PH. D.

THE STRATFORD CO., Publishers
BOSTON : : MASSACHUSETTS

To
The Singers of the Songs of Youth
This Collection is Dedicated
by the Editor

Foreword

OUR thanks are due to the students and professors of the American colleges, as well as to the editors of the college magazines, who through their kind cooperation have made possible this year's collection of the best college poems, as well as the collections of other years.

Introduction

I HAVE just received word that Corporal Francis F. Hogan, whose poem "Fulfilled" is included in this year's College Anthology, was killed in the Meuse Battle. This brings home to us most poignantly the hideousness and the glory of war, and it also explains why the poetry produced throughout the world during the war has not been up to the standard of the poetry of other years. For the most inspired poets, those most passionately aflame with the lyric fire of self-expression, have translated their creative urge into action, and in laying down their lives have produced the greatest of all poems. Others, equally unselfish and equally sincere, but seeing the light from a different angle, have preferred the prison cell to the battlefield for their opposition to war. (Of course, I am not speaking here of those who have worked themselves and other people into the belief that they were "conscientious objectors", but who in reality objected only to the danger confronting their own persons.) Still other poets, less sincere and less courageous, have deemed it expedient to say nothing because they feared to say what they believed. As

a result, poetry has been at a low ebb during the war. The two classes of poets from whom we might have expected great works, the fighters and the true objectors, were too busy *making* poetry to *write* it; the third class, the timid, refrained from writing anything at all except trifling insipidities.

Poetry, therefore, has suffered a relapse during the war. If, however, we realize the aims for which this country has entered the war and for which men like Francis F. Hogan have laid down their lives, then the loss for poetry will have proved an incalculable gain. For poetry is emotion, either remembered or anticipated, just as all literature is an expression of the human longing for something greater, something more beautiful than the present. In proportion as we get nearer to the ideal for which we aim, literature becomes less necessary. I can conceive of a stage of human development where literature would be useless, since the sheer joy of living would be more intense than the mental conception of the greatest artist. The lyric poem which a mother experiences at the first word that falls from her baby's lips is greater than any poem that has ever been committed to writing. So, too, the poem of a human life lived in a community which has attained its aims, is far greater than any written poem. That such a life may be possible for all people, the true poets, the