

what-not. The innovations of the past generation, have been astounding. The recent conquests of man over nature have in many cases realized the fables of ancient times. It is for the modern poet to create the myths and fables which are to be realized in succeeding ages.

„Is there nothing new under the sun?“ asks Apollinaire. „Nothing — for the sun, perhaps. But for man — everything!“ The poet is to stop at nothing in his quest for novelty of shape and material; he is to take advantage of the possibilities for infinite combinations, the new equipment afforded by the cinema, phonograph, dictaphone, airplane, wireless. What he creates out of these new conditions, these new instruments, or the re-percussions which these things have had on our life, will be the material the folk-elements, if you will, of the myths and fables for the future.

Touching definitely on the form or technique of poetry Apollinaire regards vers libre as only a fraction of the possible contributions to the media of poetry. There is an infinite amount of discovery to be made, he suggests, with alliteration, with assonance, with typographical arrangements such as give new visual and auditory sensations to the reader.

Has anything more immediate been offered with reference to the ways and means of modern art than these enunciations of Apollinaire? He goes even farther than the suggestions I have quoted. There is the forecast of possibly some poet or super-artist, who like a modern orchestra conductor will have at his baton a hundred or a thousand different instruments, or sciences, or mechanisms. This enormous army of symphony (as I have always dreamed it, at least) would fill a prodigious amphitheatre, against which the Grosses Schauspielhaus of Berlin would shrink in the comparison. The audience of course would be one man, on the stage . . .

We shall not discuss these bewildering possibilities for the moment. It suffices that proceeding with the conception of a modern folk-lore we are justified in traversing all the ramifications of modern man, all the far flung discordant exigencies of the present spectacle, whether they be in an office building of New York,