

cation and "complexity moreover, that has been committed to darkness, instead of granting itself to be the pestilence that it is." But to reach the elements that compose this simplicity, through what labyrinths one must work, what traps for the inattentive one must evade!

Her method of forming her poetic conceptions is equally interesting as a delimitation. On one side there is "the raw material of poetry in all its rawness"—which in Miss Moore's case means records: belles lettres by other writers, government reports, magazines, bits of conversation, pictures, curios of one sort or another:

the bat

holding on upside down or in quest of something to
eat, elephants pushing, a wild horse taking a roll, a tireless
wolf under
a tree, the immovable critic twitching his skin like a horse
that feels a flea, the base-
ball fan, the statistician—
nor is it valid
to discriminate against "business documents and
school-books"; all these phenomena are important.

These things excite Miss Moore. On the other side, there is poetry conceived as

Not brittle but
Intense—the spectrum, that
Spectacular and nimble animal the fish,
Whose scales turn aside the sun's sword with their polish.

Miss Moore's life is spent in taking leaps from one to the other, from the record to the poem. She is indeed a "literalist of the imagination" setting "real toads" (her facts) into "imaginary gardens" (her poems).

A great poet, however, with his own robust magnitudinous experience so close before him, could not be content with records as his sources of subject-matter nor could he make a strictly esthetic effect his entire aim and end. Of Miss Moore, on the other hand, it can be said by altering one of the quotations in one of her poems that excitement provides the occasion and self-protectiveness determines the form. A further distinction to be noted is that Miss Moore is a person of learning but not, as has been claimed, a scholar, for scholarship is synthetic and approaches wholeness.

But leaving these considerations as classifying Miss Moore but not describing her work for what it is, one is then free to pay homage to her consummate quality within her sphere. It is singularly hard to criticise that. Clearly some measure of her excellence depends upon her cleanliness with words, the