

The melodramatic chopped bitter tone
suggested by the abrupt clipping and stopping
he is addicted to, *the laconicism*
of the strong silent man — said Maxy Larmann
while vilifying the time-philosophers
who suffocate the classical in the romantic —
the histrionic pauses intended to be thrilling
and probably beautiful makes his better
personal verse very monotonous
gives it all *a rather stupid ring*

a kind of mock-bitter or bittersweet
terseness *cum* manly epithets characterizing
most of *his semi-original verse*.
He is in fact *that curious thing a person*
without a trace of originality
an *isolato* in a melvillean sense
no one ever getting through the crowd he is
to touch the individual therein
he embodies *the primeval*
individualism distinguishing our race.

He is the really simple charming creature
natural and unvarnished so many
assay in vain to be but some inhibition
prevents his getting that *genuine naïf*
which would have made him a poet into the work
where instead he attitudinizes
frowns struts looks terribly knowing
breaks off shows off puffs himself out
not so much an inventive intelligence
as *an executant, a craftsman*.