

VOL. 1

Price 15 cents

NO. 1



**P**oetry  
**A** Magazine of  
**V**erse

CONTENTS

Poetry	-	-	Arthur Davison Ficke
I am the Woman			William Vaughan Moody
To Whistler, American		-	Ezra Pound
Middle Aged	-	-	Ezra Pound
Fish of the Flood			Emilia Stuart Lorimer
To One Unknown	-	-	Helen Dudley
Symphony of a Mexican Garden			Grace Hazard Conkling

Editorial Comment

As it was — On the Reading of Poetry — The Motive  
of the Magazine

Notes and Announcements

543 Cass Street, Chicago

Copyright 1912 by Harriet Monroe. All rights reserved.

October MCMXII

THE  
UNIVERSITY  
OF CHICAGO  
LIBRARY

Robert W. Wadsworth  
Woodworths

August 9, 1937

five cents.

PR 500

17

1.1

101

912

25

20.0.0.0

VT 1900  
1917/1918/1919

(100)

oetry  
A Magazine of Verse


VOL. I  
No. 1

OCTOBER, 1912

---

POETRY

I

T is a little isle amid bleak seas—  
An isolate realm of garden, circled round  
By importunity of stress and sound,  
Devoid of empery to master these.  
At most, the memory of its streamsand bees,  
Borne to the toiling mariner outward-bound,  
Recalls his soul to that delightful ground;  
But serves no beacon toward his destinies.

It is a refuge from the stormy days,  
Breathing the peace of a remoter world  
Where beauty, like the musing dusk of even,  
Enfolds the spirit in its silver haze;  
While far away, with glittering banners furled,  
The west lights fade, and stars come out in heaven.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

II

It is a sea-gate, trembling with the blast  
Of powers that from the infinite sea-plain roll,  
A whelming tide. Upon the waiting soul  
As on a fronting rock, thunders the vast  
Groundswell; its spray bursts heavenward, and drives past  
In fume and sound articulate of the whole  
Of ocean's heart, else voiceless; on the shoal  
Silent; upon the headland clear at last.

From darkened sea-coasts without stars or sun,  
Like trumpet-voices in a holy war, •  
Utter the heralds tidings of the deep.  
And where men slumber, weary and undone,  
Visions shall come, incredible hopes from far,—  
And with high passion shatter the bonds of sleep.

*Arthur Davison Ficke*

## I AM THE WOMAN

I am the Woman, ark of the law and its breaker,  
Who chastened her steps and taught her knees to be meek,  
Bridled and bitted her heart and humbled her cheek,  
Parcelled her will, and cried "Take more!" to the taker,  
Shunned what they told her to shun, sought what they  
    bade her seek,  
Locked up her mouth from scornful speaking: now it is  
    open to speak.

I am she that is terribly fashioned, the creature  
Wrought in God's perilous mood, in His unsafe hour.  
The morning star was mute, beholding my feature,  
Seeing the rapture I was, the shame, and the power,  
Scared at my manifold meaning; he heard me call  
"O fairest among ten thousand, acceptable brother!"  
And he answered not, for doubt; till he saw me crawl  
And whisper down to the secret worm, "O mother,  
Be not wroth in the ancient house; thy daughter forgets  
    not at all!"

I am the Woman, fleer away,  
Soft withdrawer back from the maddened mate,  
Lurer inward and down to the gates of day  
And crier there in the gate,  
"What shall I give for thee, wild one, say!  
The long, slow rapture and patient anguish of life,  
Or art thou minded a swifter way?  
Ask if thou canst, the gold, but oh if thou must,

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Good is the shining dross, lovely the dust!  
Look at me, I am the Woman, harlot and heavenly wife;  
Tell me thy price, be unashamed; I will assuredly pay!"

I am also the Mother: of two that I bore  
I comfort and feed the slayer, feed and comfort the slain.  
Did they number my daughters and sons? I am mother  
of more!

Many a head they marked not, here in my bosom has lain,  
Babbling with unborn lips in a tongue to be,  
Far, incredible matters, all familiar to me.  
Still would the man come whispering, "Wife!" but many  
a time my breast  
Took him not as a husband: I soothed him and laid him  
to rest

Even as the babe of my body, and knew him for such.  
My mouth is open to speak, that was dumb too much!  
I say to you I am the Mother; and under the sword  
Which flamed each way to harry us forth from the Lord,  
I saw Him young at the portal, weeping and staying the  
rod,  
And I, even I was His mother, and I yearned as the  
mother of God.

I am also the Spirit. The Sisters laughed  
When I sat with them dumb in the portals, over my  
lamp,  
Half asleep in the doors: for my gown was raught



Off at the shoulder to shield from the wind and the rain  
The wick I tended against the mysterious hour  
When the Silent City of Being should ring with song,  
As the Lord came in with Life to the marriage bower.  
“Look!” laughed the elder Sisters; and crimson with  
    shame  
I hid my breast away from the rosy flame.  
“Ah!” cried the leaning Sisters, pointing, doing me  
    wrong,  
“Do you see?” laughed the wanton Sisters, “She will  
    get her lover ere long!”  
And it was but a little while till unto my need  
He was given indeed,  
And we walked where waxing world after world went by;  
And I said to my lover, “Let us begone,  
“Oh, let us begone, and try  
“Which of them all the fairest to dwell in is,  
“Which is the place for us, our desirable clime!”  
But he said, “They are only the huts and the little  
    villages,  
Pleasant to go and lodge in rudely over the vintage-time!”  
Scornfully spake he, being unwise,  
Being flushed at heart because of our walking together.  
But I was mute with passionate prophecies;  
My heart went veiled and faint in the golden weather,  
While universe drifted by after still universe.  
Then I cried, “Alas, we must hasten and lodge therein,  
One after one, and in every star that they shed!

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

A dark and a weary thing is come on our head—  
To search obedience out in the bosom of sin,  
To listen deep for love when thunders the curse;  
For O my love, behold where the Lord hath planted  
In every star in the midst His dangerous Tree!  
Still I must pluck thereof and bring unto thee,  
Saying, "The coolness for which all night we have panted;  
Taste of the goodly thing, I have tasted first!"  
Bringing us noway coolness, but burning thirst,  
Giving us noway peace, but implacable strife,  
Loosing upon us the wounding joy and the wasting  
sorrow of life!

I am the Woman, ark of the Law and sacred arm to  
upbear it,  
Heathen trumpet to overthrow and idolatrous sword to  
shear it:  
Yea, she whose arm was round the neck of the morning  
star at song,  
Is she who kneeleth now in the dust and cries at the  
secret door,  
"Open to me, O sleeping mother! The gate is heavy  
and strong.  
"Open to me, I am come at last; be wroth with thy child  
no more.  
"Let me lie down with thee there in the dark, and be  
slothful with thee as before!"

*William Vaughan Moody*

## TO WHISTLER, AMERICAN

*On the loan exhibit of his paintings at the Tate Gallery.*

You also, our first great,  
Had tried all ways;  
Tested and pried and worked in many fashions,  
And this much gives me heart to play the game.

Here is a part that's slight, and part gone wrong,  
And much of little moment, and some few  
Perfect as Dürer!

"In the Studio" and these two portraits,\* if I had my choice!  
And then these sketches in the mood of Greece?

You had your searches, your uncertainties,  
And this is good to know—for us, I mean,  
Who bear the brunt of our America  
And try to wrench her impulse into art.

You were not always sure, not always set  
To hiding night or tuning "symphonies";  
Had not one style from birth, but tried and pried  
And stretched and tampered with the media.

You and Abe Lincoln from that mass of dolts  
Show us there's chance at least of winning through.

*Ezra Pound*

\*"Brown and Gold—de Race."

"Grenat et Or—Le Petit Cardinal."

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

MIDDLE-AGED  
A STUDY IN AN EMOTION

“ 'Tis but a vague, invarious delight  
As gold that rains about some buried king.

As the fine flakes,  
When tourists frolicking  
Stamp on his roof or in the glazing light  
Try photographs, wolf down their ale and cakes  
And start to inspect some further pyramid;

As the fine dust, in the hid cell beneath  
Their transitory step and merriment,  
Drifts through the air, and the sarcophagus  
Gains yet another crust  
Of useless riches for the occupant,  
So I, the fires that lit once dreams  
Now over and spent,  
Lie dead within four walls  
And so now love  
Rains down and so enriches some stiff case,  
And strews a mind with precious metaphors,

And so the space  
Of my still consciousness  
Is full of gilded snow,

The which, no cat has eyes enough  
To see the brightness of.”

*Exra Pound*

## FISH OF THE FLOOD

Fish of the flood, on the bankèd billow  
Thou layest thy head in dreams;  
Sliding as slides thy shifting pillow,  
One with the streams  
Of the sea is thy spirit.

Gean-tree, thou spreadest thy foaming flourish  
Abroad in the sky so grey;  
It not heeding if it thee nourish,  
Thou dost obey,  
Happy, its moving.

So, God, thy love it not needeth me,  
Only thy life, that I blessèd be.

*Emilia Stuart Lorimer*

TO ONE UNKNOWN

I have seen the proudest stars  
That wander on through space,  
Even the sun and moon,  
But not your face.

I have heard the violin,  
The winds and waves rejoice  
In endless minstrelsy,  
Yet not your voice.

I have touched the trillium,  
Pale flower of the land,  
Coral, anemone,  
And not your hand.

I have kissed the shining feet  
Of Twilight lover-wise,  
Opened the gates of Dawn—  
Oh not your eyes!

I have dreamed unwonted things,  
Visions that witches brew,  
Spoken with images,  
Never with you.

*Helen Dudley*

## SYMPHONY OF A MEXICAN GARDEN

1. THE GARDEN *Poco sostenuto* in A major  
The laving tide of inarticulate air.  
*Vivace* in A major  
The iris people dance.
2. THE POOL *Allegretto* in A minor  
Cool-hearted dim familiar of the doves.
3. THE BIRDS *Presto* in F major  
I keep a frequent tryst.  
*Presto meno assai*  
The blossom-powdered orange-tree.
4. TO THE MOON *Allegro con brio* in A major  
Moon that shone on Babylon.

### TO MOZART

*What junipers are these, inlaid  
With flame of the pomegranate tree?  
The god of gardens must have made  
This still unrumored place for thee  
To rest from immortality,  
And dream within the splendid shade  
Some more elusive symphony  
Than orchestra has ever played.*

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

I In A major  
*Poco sostenuto*

The laving tide of inarticulate air  
Breaks here in flowers as the sea in foam,  
But with no satin lisp of failing wave:  
The odor-laden winds are very still.  
An unimagined music here exhales  
In upcurled petal, dreamy bud half-furled,  
And variations of thin vivid leaf:  
Symphonic beauty that some god forgot.  
If form could waken into lyric sound,  
This flock of irises like poisoning birds  
Would feel song at their slender feathered throats,  
And pour into a grey-winged aria  
Their wrinkled silver fingermarked with pearl;  
That flight of ivory roses high along  
The airy azure of the larkspur spires  
Would be a fugue to puzzle nightingales  
With too-evasive rapture, phrase on phrase.  
Where the hibiscus flares would cymbals clash,  
And the black cypress like a deep bassoon  
Would hum a clouded amber melody.

But all across the trudging ragged chords  
That are the tangled grasses in the heat,  
The mariposa lilies fluttering  
Like trills upon some archangelic flute,



*Symphony of a Mexican Garden*

The roses and carnations and divine  
Small violets that voice the vanished god,  
There is a lure of passion-poignant tone  
Not flower-of-pomegranate—that finds the heart  
As stubborn oboes do—can breathe in air,  
Nor poppies, nor keen lime, nor orange-bloom.

What zone of wonder in the ardent dusk  
Of trees that yearn and cannot understand,  
Vibrates as to the golden shepherd horn  
That stirs some great adagio with its cry  
And will not let it rest?

O tender trees,  
Your orchid, like a shepherdess of dreams,  
Calls home her whitest dream from following  
Elusive laughter of the unmindful god!

*Vivace*

The iris people dance  
Like any nimble faun:  
To rhythmic radiance  
They foot it in the dawn.  
They dance and have no need  
Of crystal-dripping flute  
Or chuckling river-reed,—  
Their music hovers mute.  
The dawn-lights flutter by  
All noiseless, but they know!

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Such children of the sky  
Can hear the darkness go.  
But does the morning play  
Whatever they demand—  
Or amber-barred bourrée  
Or silver saraband?

THE POOL

II. In A minor

*Allegretto*

Cool-hearted dim familiar of the doves,  
Thou coiled sweet water where they come to tell  
Their mellow legends and rehearse their loves,  
As what in April or in June befell  
And thou must hear of,—friend of Dryades  
Who lean to see where flower should be set  
To star the dusk of wreathed ivy braids,  
They have not left thy trees,  
Nor do tired fauns thy crystal kiss forget,  
Nor forest-nymphs astray from distant glades.

Thou feelest with delight their showery feet  
Along thy mossy margin myrtle-starred,  
And thine the heart of wildness quick to beat  
At imprint of shy hoof upon thy sward:

*Symphony of a Mexican Garden*

Yet who could know thee wild who art so cool,  
So heavenly-minded, tempted in thy grove  
Of plummy cedar, larch and juniper?  
O strange ecstatic Pool,  
What unknown country art thou dreaming of,  
Or temple than this garden lovelier?

Who made thy sky the silver side of leaves,  
And poised its orchid like a swan-white moon  
Whose disc of perfect pallor half deceives  
The mirror of thy limpid green lagoon,  
He loveth well thy ripple-feathered moods,  
Thy whims at dusk, thy rainbow look at dawn!  
Dream thou no more of vales Olympian:  
Where pale Olympus broods  
There were no orchid white as moon or swan,  
No sky of leaves, no garden-haunting Pan!

THE BIRDS

III In F major

*Presto*

I keep a frequent tryst  
With whirr and shower of wings:  
Some inward melodist  
Interpreting all things  
Appoints the place, the hours.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Dazzle and sense of flowers,  
Though not the least leaf stir,  
May mean a tanager:  
How rich the silence is until he sings!

The smoke-tree's cloudy white  
Has fire within its breast.  
What winged mere delight  
There hides as in a nest  
And fashions of its flame  
Music without a name?  
So might an opal sing  
If given thrilling wing,  
And voice for lyric wildness unexpressed.

In grassy dimness thatched  
With tangled growing things,  
A troubadour rose-patched,  
With velvet-shadowed wings,  
Seeks a sustaining fly.  
Who else unseen goes by  
Quick-pattering through the hush?  
Some twilight-footed thrush  
Or finch intent on small adventurings?

I have no time for gloom,  
For gloom what time have I?  
The orange is in bloom;  
Emerald parrots fly

*Symphony of a Mexican Garden*

Out of the cypress-dusk;  
Morning is strange with musk.  
The wild canary now  
Jewels the lemon-bough,  
And mocking-birds laugh in the rose's room.

THE ORANGE TREE

In D Major  
*Presto meno assai*

The blossom-powdered orange tree,  
For all her royal speechlessness,  
Out of a heart of ecstasy  
Is singing, singing, none the less!  
Light as a springing fountain, she  
Is spray above the wind-sleek turf:  
Dream-daughter of the moon's white sea  
And sister to its showered surt!

TO THE MOON

IV In A major  
*Allegro con brio*

Moon that shone on Babylon,  
Searching out the gardens there,  
Could you find a fairer one  
Than this garden, anywhere?  
Did Damascus at her best  
Hide such beauty in her breast?

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

When you flood with creamy light  
Vines that net the sombre pine,  
Turn the shadowed iris white,  
Summon cactus stars to shine,  
Do you free in silvered air  
Wistful spirits everywhere?

Here they linger, there they pass,  
And forget their native heaven:  
Flit along the dewy grass  
Rare Vittoria, Sappho, even!  
And the hushed magnolia burns  
Incense in her gleaming urns.

When the nightingale demands  
Word with Keats who answers him,  
Shakespeare listens—understands—  
Mindful of the cherubim;  
And the South Wind dreads to know  
Mozart gone as seraphs go.

Moon of poets dead and gone,  
Moon to gods of music dear,  
Gardens they have looked upon  
Let them re-discover here:  
Rest—and dream a little space  
Of some heart-remembered place!

*Grace Hazard Conkling*

## EDITORIAL COMMENT

AS IT WAS



NCE upon a time, when man was new in the woods of the world, when his feet were scarred with jungle thorns and his hands were red with the blood of beasts, a great king rose who gathered his neighbors together, and subdued the wandering tribes. Strange cunning was his, for he ground the stones to an edge together, and bound them with thongs to sticks; and he taught his people to pry apart the forest, and beat back the ravenous beasts. And he bade them honeycomb the mountain-side with caves, to dwell therein with their women. And the most beautiful women the king took for his own, that his wisdom might not perish from the earth. And he led the young men to war and conquered all the warring tribes from the mountains to the sea. And when fire smote a great tree out of heaven, and raged through the forest till the third sun, he seized a burning brand and lit an altar to his god. And there, beside the ever-burning fire, he sat and made laws and did justice. And his people loved and feared him.

And the king grew old. And for seven journeys of the sun from morn to morn he moved not, neither uttered word. And the hearts of the people were troubled, but none dared speak to the king's despair; neither wise men nor warriors dared cry out unto him.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Now the youngest son of the king was a lad still soft of flesh, who had never run to battle nor sat in council nor stood before the king. And his heart yearned for his father, and he bowed before his mother and said, "Give me thy blessing, for I have words within me for the king; yea, as the sea sings to the night with waves will my words roll in singing unto his grief." And his mother said, "Go, my son; for thou hast words of power and soothing, and the king shall be healed."

So the youth went forth and bowed him toward the king's seat. And the wise men and warriors laid hands upon him, and said, "Who art thou, that thou shouldst go in ahead of us to him who sitteth in darkness?" And the king's son rose, and stretched forth his arms, and said, "Unhand me and let me go, ye silent ones, who for seven sun-journeys have watched in darkness and uttered no word of light! Unhand me, for as a fig-tree with fruit, so my heart is rich with words for the king."

Then he put forth his strength and strode on singing softly, and bowed him before the king. And he spake the king's great deeds in cunning words—his wars and city-carvings and wise laws, his dominion over men and beasts and the thick woods of the earth; his greeting of the gods with fire.

And lo, the king lifted up his head and stretched forth his arms and wept. "Yea, all these things have I done," he said, "and they shall perish with me. My death is upon me, and I shall die, and the tribes I have welded



together shall be broken apart, and the beasts shall win back their domain, and the green jungle shall overgrow my mansions. Lo, the fire shall go out on the altar of the gods, and my glory shall be as a crimson cloud that the night swallows up in darkness."

Then the young man lifted up his voice and cried: "Oh, king, be comforted! Thy deeds shall not pass as a cloud, neither shall thy laws be strewn before the wind. For I will carve thy glory in rich and rounded words—yea, I will string thy deeds together in jewelled beads of perfect words that thy sons shall wear on their hearts forever."

"Verily thy words are rich with song," said the king; "but thou shalt die, and who will utter them? Like twinkling foam is the speech of man's mouth; like foam from a curling wave that vanishes in the sun."

"Nay, let thy heart believe me, oh king my father," said the youth. "For the words of my mouth shall keep step with the ripple of waves and the beating of wings; yea, they shall mount with the huge paces of the sun in heaven, that cease not for my ceasing. Men shall sound them on suckling tongues still soft with milk, they shall run into battle to the tune of thy deeds, and kindle their fire with the breath of thy wisdom. And thy glory shall be ever living, as a jewel of jasper from the earth—yea, as the green jewel of jasper carven into a god for the rod of thy power, oh king, and of the power of thy sons forever."

## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The king sat silent till the going-down of the sun. Then lifted he his head, and stroked his beard, and spake: "Verily the sun goes down, and my beard shines whiter than his, and I shall die. Now therefore stand at my right hand, O son of my wise years, child of my dreams. Stand at my right hand, and fit thy speech to music, that men may hold in their hearts thy rounded words. Forever shalt thou keep thy place, and utter thy true tale in the ears of the race. And woe be unto them that hear thee not! Verily that generation shall pass as a cloud, and its glory shall be as a tree that withers. For thou alone shalt win the flying hours to thee, and keep the beauty of them for the joy of men forever."

H. M.

### ON THE READING OF POETRY

In the brilliant pages of his essay on Jean François Millet, Romain Rolland says that Millet, as a boy, used to read the *Bucolics* and the *Georgics* "with enchantment" and was "seized by emotion—when he came to the line, 'It is the hour when the great shadows seek the plain.'

*Et jam summa procul villarum culmina fumant  
Majoresque cadunt altis de montibus umbræ?"*

To the lover and student of poetry, this incident has an especial charm and significance. There is something fine in the quick sympathy of an artist in one kind, for

beauty expressed by the master of another medium. The glimpse M. Rolland gives us of one of the most passionate art-students the world has ever known, implies with fresh grace a truth Anglo-Saxons are always forgetting—that poetry is one of the great humanities, that poetry is one of the great arts of expression.

Many of our customs conspire to cause, almost to force, this forgetting. Thousands of us have been educated to a dark and often permanent ignorance of classic poetry, by being taught in childhood to regard it as written for the purpose of illustrating Hadley's Latin, or Goodwin's Greek grammar, and composed to follow the rules of versification at the end of the book. It seems indeed one of fate's strangest ironies that the efforts of these distinguished grammarians to unveil immortal masterpieces are commonly used in schools and colleges to enshroud, not to say swaddle up, the images of the gods "forever young," and turn them into mummies. In our own country, far from perceiving in Vergil's quiet music the magnificent gesture of nature that thrilled his Norman reader—far from conceiving of epic poetry as the simplest universal tongue, one early acquires a wary distrust of it as something one must constantly labor over.

Aside from gaining in childhood this strong, practical objection to famous poetry, people achieve the deadly habit of reading metrical lines unimaginatively. After forming—generally in preparation for entering one

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

of our great universities—the habit of blinding the inner eye, deafening the inner ear, and dropping into a species of mental coma before a page of short lines, it is difficult for educated persons to read poetry with what is known as “ordinary human intelligence.”

It does not occur to them simply to listen to the nightingale. But poetry, I believe, never speaks her beauty—certainly never her scope and variety, except on the condition that in her presence one sits down quietly with folded hands, and truly listens to her singing voice.

“So for one the wet sail arching through the rainbow round the bow,  
And for one the creak of snow-shoes on the crust.”

Many people do not like poetry, in this way, as a living art to be enjoyed, but rather as an exact science to be approved. To them poetry may concern herself only with a limited number of subjects to be presented in a predetermined and conventional manner and form. To such readers the word “form” means usually only a repeated literary effect: and they do not understand that every “form” was in its first and best use an originality, employed not for the purpose of following any rule, but because it said truly what the artist wished to express. I suppose much of the monotony of subject and treatment observable in modern verse is due to this belief that poetry is merely a fixed way of repeating certain meritorious though highly familiar concepts of existence—and not in the least the infinite music of words meant to speak the little and the great tongues of the earth.

It is exhilarating to read the pages of Pope and of Byron, whether you agree with them or not, because here poetry does speak the little and the great tongues of the earth, and sings satires, pastorals and lampoons, literary and dramatic criticism, all manner of fun and sparkling prettiness, sweeping judgments, nice discriminations, fashions, politics, the ways of gentle and simple—love and desire and pain and sorrow, and anguish and death.

The impulse which inspired, and the appreciation which endowed this magazine, has been a generous sympathy with poetry as an art. The existence of a gallery for poems and verse has an especially attractive social value in its power of recalling or creating the beautiful and clarifying pleasure of truly reading poetry in its broad scope and rich variety. The hospitality of this hall will have been a genuine source of happiness if somehow it tells the visitors, either while they are here, or after they have gone to other places, what a delight it is to enjoy a poem, to realize it, to live in the vivid dream it evokes, to hark to its music, to listen to the special magic grace of its own style and composition, and to know that this special grace will say as deeply as some revealing hour with a friend one loves, something nothing else can say—something which is life itself sung in free sympathy beyond the bars of time and space.

*E. W.*

## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

### THE MOTIVE OF THE MAGAZINE

In the huge democracy of our age no interest is too slight to have an organ. Every sport, every little industry requires its own corner, its own voice, that it may find its friends, greet them, welcome them.

The arts especially have need of each an entrenched place, a voice of power, if they are to do their work and be heard. For as the world grows greater day by day, as every member of it, through something he buys or knows or loves, reaches out to the ends of the earth, things precious to the race, things rare and delicate, may be overpowered, lost in the criss-cross of modern currents, the confusion of modern immensities.

Painting, sculpture, music are housed in palaces in the great cities of the world; and every week or two a new periodical is born to speak for one or the other of them, and tenderly nursed at some guardian's expense. Architecture, responding to commercial and social demands, is whipped into shape by the rough and tumble of life and fostered, willy-nilly, by men's material needs. Poetry alone, of all the fine arts, has been left to shift for herself in a world unaware of its immediate and desperate need of her, a world whose great deeds, whose triumphs over matter, over the wilderness, over racial enmities and distances, require her ever-living voice to give them glory and glamour.

## *The Motive of the Magazine*

Poetry has been left to herself and blamed for inefficiency, a process as unreasonable as blaming the desert for barrenness. This art, like every other, is not a miracle of direct creation, but a reciprocal relation between the artist and his public. The people must do their part if the poet is to tell their story to the future; they must cultivate and irrigate the soil if the desert is to blossom as the rose.

The present venture is a modest effort to give to poetry her own place, her own voice. The popular magazines can afford her but scant courtesy—a Cinderella corner in the ashes—because they seek a large public which is not hers, a public which buys them not for their verse but for their stories, pictures, journalism, rarely for their literature, even in prose. Most magazine editors say that there is no public for poetry in America; one of them wrote to a young poet that the verse his monthly accepted “must appeal to the barber’s wife of the Middle West,” and others prove their distrust by printing less verse from year to year, and that rarely beyond page-end length and importance.

We believe that there is a public for poetry, that it will grow, and that as it becomes more numerous and appreciative the work produced in this art will grow in power, in beauty, in significance. In this belief we have been encouraged by the generous enthusiasm of many subscribers to our fund, by the sympathy of other lovers of the art, and by the quick response of many prominent

## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

poets, both American and English, who have sent or promised contributions.

We hope to publish in *Poetry* some of the best work now being done in English verse. Within space limitations set at present by the small size of our monthly sheaf, we shall be able to print poems longer, and of more intimate and serious character, than the popular magazines can afford to use. The test, limited by ever-fallible human judgment, is to be quality alone; all forms, whether narrative, dramatic or lyric, will be acceptable. We hope to offer our subscribers a place of refuge, a green isle in the sea, where Beauty may plant her gardens, and Truth, austere revealer of joy and sorrow, of hidden delights and despairs, may follow her brave quest unafraid.



NOTES AND ANNOUNCEMENTS

In order that the experiment of a magazine of verse may have a fair trial, over one hundred subscriptions of fifty dollars annually for five years have been promised by the ladies and gentlemen listed below. In addition, nearly twenty direct contributions of smaller sums have been sent or promised. To all these lovers of the art the editors would express their grateful appreciation.

- |                            |  |
|----------------------------|--|
| Mr. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor | Mr. Thomas D. Jones                      |
| Mr. Howard Shaw            | Mr. H. H. Kohlsaot                       |
| Mr. Arthur T. Aldis        | Mr. Andrew M. Lawrence                   |
| Mr. Edwin S. Feczheimer    | Miss Juliet Goodrich                     |
| Mrs. Charles H. Hamill     | Mr. Henry H. Walker                      |
| *Mr. D. H. Burnham         | Mr. Charles Deering                      |
| Mrs. Emmons Blaine (2)     | Mr. Jas. Harvey Peirce                   |
| Mr. Wm. S. Monroe          | Mr. Charles L. Freer                     |
| Mr. E. A. Bancroft         | Mrs. W. F. Dummer                        |
| Mrs. Burton Hanson         | Mr. Jas. P. Whedon                       |
| Mr. John M. Ewen           | Mr. Arthur Heun                          |
| Mr. C. L. Hutchinson       | Mr. Edward F. Carry                      |
| Mrs. Wm. Vaughan Moody     | Mrs. George M. Pullman                   |
| Hou. Wm. J. Calhoun        | Mr. Cyrus H. McCormick (2)               |
| Miss Anna Morgan           | Mr. F. Stuyvesant Peabody                |
| Mrs. Edward A. Leicht      | Mrs. F. S. Winston                       |
| Mrs. Louis Betts           | Mr. J. J. Glessner                       |
| Mr. Ralph Cudney           | Mr. C. C. Curtiss                        |
| Mrs. George Bullen         | Mrs. Hermon B. Butler                    |
| Mrs. P. A. Valentine       | Mr. Will H. Lyford                       |
| Mr. P. A. Valentine        | Mr. Horace S. Oakley                     |
| Mr. Charles R. Crane       | Mr. Eames Mac Veagh                      |
| Mr. Frederick Sargent      | Mrs. K. M. H. Besly                      |
| Mrs. Frank G. Logan        | Mr. Charles G. Dawes                     |
| Dr. F. W. Gunsaulus        | Mr. Clarence Buckingham                  |
| Mrs. Emma B. Hodge         | Mrs. Potter Palmer                       |
| Mr. Wallace Heckman        | Mr. Owen F. Aldis                        |
| Mr. Edward B. Butler (2)   | Mr. Albert B. Dick                       |
| Miss Elizabeth Ross        | Mr. Albert H. Loeb                       |
| Mrs. Bryan Lathrop         | The Misses Skinner                       |
| Mr. Martin A. Ryerson      | Mr. Potter Palmer                        |
| Mrs. La Verne Noyes        | Miss Mary Rozet Smith                    |
| Mrs. E. Norman Scott (2)   | Misses Alice E. and Margaret D.<br>Moran |
| Mr. Wm. O. Goodman         | (Mrs. James B. Waller                    |
| Mrs. Charles Hitchcock     | (Mr. John Borden                         |
| Hon. John Barton Payne     |  |

\*Deceased.

## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Mr. Victor F. Lawson	Mr. Alfred L. Baker
Mrs. H. M. Wilmarth	Mr. George A. McKinlock
Mrs. Norman F. Thompson	Mr. John S. Field
Mrs. William Blair	Mrs. Samuel Insull
Mrs. Clarence I. Peck	Mr. William T. Fenton
Mr. Clarence M. Woolley	Mr. A. G. Becker
Mr. Edward P. Russell	Mr. Honoré Palmer
Mrs. Frank O. Lowden	Mr. John J. Mitchell
Mr. John S. Miller	Mrs. F. A. Hardy
Miss Helen Louise Birch	Mr. Morton D. Hull
Nine members of the Fortnightly	Mr. E. F. Ripley
Six members of the Friday Club	Mr. Ernest MacDonald Bowman
Seven members of the Chicago	Mr. John A. Kruse
Woman's Club	Mr. Frederic C. Bartlett
Mr. William L. Brown	Mr. Franklin H. Head
Mr. Rufus G. Dawes	Mrs. Wm. R. Linn
Mr. Gilbert E. Porter	



Through the generosity of five gentlemen, *Poetry* will give two hundred and fifty dollars in one or two prizes for the best poem or poems printed in its pages the first year. In addition a subscriber to the fund offers twenty-five dollars for the best epigram.



Mr. Maurice Browne, director of the Chicago Little Theatre, offers to produce, during the season of 1913-14, the best play in verse published in, or submitted to, *Poetry* during its first year; provided that it may be adequately presented under the requirements and limitations of his stage.



We are fortunate in being able, through the courtesy of the Houghton-Mifflin Co., to offer our readers a poem, hitherto unprinted, from advance sheets of the complete works of the late William Vaughan Moody, which will be published in November. The lamentable

death of this poet two years ago in the early prime of his great powers was a calamity to literature. It is fitting that the first number of a magazine published in the city where for years he wrote and taught, should contain an important poem from his hand.

Mr. Ezra Pound, the young Philadelphia poet whose recent distinguished success in London led to wide recognition in his own country, authorizes the statement that at present such of his poetic work as receives magazine publication in America will appear exclusively in *Poetry*. That discriminating London publisher, Mr. Elkin Mathews, "discovered" this young poet from over seas, and published "Personae," "Exultations" and "Canzoniere," three small volumes of verse from which a selection has been reprinted by the Houghton-Mifflin Co. under the title "Provença." Mr. Pound's latest work is a translation from the Italian of "Sonnets and Ballate," by Guido Cavalcanti.

Mr. Arthur Davison Ficke, another contributor, is a graduate of Harvard, who studied law and entered his father's office in Davenport, Iowa. He is the author of "The Happy Princess" and "The Breaking of Bonds," and a contributor to leading magazines. An early number of *Poetry* will be devoted exclusively to Mr. Ficke's work.

Mrs. Roscoe P. Conkling is a resident of the state of New York; a young poet who has contributed to various magazines.

## POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Miss Lorimer is a young English poet resident in Oxford, who will publish her first volume this autumn. The London *Poetry Review*, in its August number, introduced her with a group of lyrics which were criticized with some asperity in the *New Age* and praised with equal warmth in other periodicals.



Miss Dudley, who is a Chicagoan born and bred, is still younger in the art, "To One Unknown" being the first of her poems to be printed.



*Poetry* will acknowledge the receipt of books of verse and works relating to the subject, and will print brief reviews of those which seem for any reason significant. It will endeavor also to keep its readers informed of the progress of the art throughout the English-speaking world and continental Europe. The American metropolitan newspaper prints cable dispatches about post-impressionists, futurists, secessionists and other radicals in painting, sculpture and music, but so far as its editors and readers are concerned, French poetry might have died with Victor Hugo, and English with Tennyson, or at most Swinburne.

NOTE.—Eight months after the first general newspaper announcement of our efforts to secure a fund for a magazine of verse, and three or four months after our first use of the title *Poetry*, a Boston firm of publishers announced a forthcoming periodical of the same kind, to be issued under the same name. The two are not to be confused.

THE RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR COMPANY  
PRINTERS CHICAGO

*To have great poets there must be great audiences, too.—Whitman.*

**H**ELP us to give the art of poetry an organ in America. Help us to give the poets a chance to be heard in their own place, to offer us their best and most serious work instead of page-end poems squeezed in between miscellaneous articles and stories.

If you love good poetry, subscribe.

If you believe that this art, like painting, sculpture, music and architecture, requires and deserves public recognition and support, subscribe.

If you believe with Whitman that "the topmost proof of a race is its own born poetry," subscribe.

*Harriet Monroe*

*Editor*

*Henry B. Fuller*

*Edith Wyatt*

*H. C. Chatfield-Taylor*

*Advisory Committee*

*William T. Abbott*

*Charles H. Hamill*

*Administrative Committee*

---

## POETRY

543 Cass Street, Chicago

Send POETRY for one year (\$1.50 enclosed) to

Name \_\_\_\_\_

Address \_\_\_\_\_

# LIST OF NEW PUBLICATIONS

The RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR COMPANY  
THE ALDERBRINK PRESS  
FINE ARTS BLDG., CHICAGO

## POETRY

THE UPPER TRAIL, by C. G. Blanden . Limited Edition  
350 copies in blue paper boards, at \$ 2.25  
8 copies in vellum, at . . . 10.00

SONGS OF INNOCENCE AND OF EXPERIENCE, by Wm. Blake  
Printed on hand-made paper; small ornamental  
initials. Decorative title, printed in two colors.  
Bound in paper boards and vellum back.

Limited to 300 copies on paper, at . . \$ 2.00  
1 vellum copy for sale, at . . . . . 10.00

LOVE IN THE VALLEY AND TWO SONGS, by George Meredith  
300 copies on hand made paper, at . . \$1.25  
2 on vellum, at . . . . . 5.00

## ESSAYS

The only authorized editions of these books by  
ELLEN KEY

THE MORALITY OF WOMAN, at . . . . . \$ 1.00  
THE TORPEDO UNDER THE ARK, at . . . . . .50  
"IBSEN AND WOMEN"  
LOVE AND ETHICS, at . . . . . .50

Translated from the Swedish, by Mamah Bouton  
Borthwick with proofs revised and corrected by Ellen  
Key.

Ellen Key is today considered to be one of the most significant  
women writers. While many books have been written on the subjects  
which she treats, few are so sane, just and carefully considered.

We are glad to be able to announce these added contributions from  
so important an author and feel assured of their worth and interest.

*Books sent on approval.*



