

VOL. 1

Price 15 cents

NO. 8



Poetry
A Magazine of
Verse

CONTENTS

The Silent House	- - -	Agnes Lee
Two Poems	- -	Edmund Kemper Broadus
Santa Barbara Beach	-	Ridgely Torrence
Maternity	- - -	Alice Meynell
Three Poems	- -	Fannie Stearns Davis
Four Poems	- - -	Samuel McCoy
"The Hill Flowers"	- - -	Alfred Noyes
Editorial Comment		

The Servian Epic—Imagisme—A Few Don'ts by
an Imagiste

Notes and Announcements

543 Cass Street, Chicago

Copyright 1913 by Harriet Monroe. All rights reserved

MARCH MCMXIII

PR500

.P7

v.1

1912-1913

inc.

c.5

Mo. B. Pa.

THE
SOCIETY
OF

1874

THE

MEMBERS

OF THE

SOCIETY

FOR THE

IMPROVEMENT

OF THE

ARTS

AND

MANUFACTURES

IN

THE

UNITED

STATES

OF

AMERICA

FOR

THE

YEAR

1874

MARCH, 1913

THE SILENT HOUSE

David. [Re-reading a letter.] How may a letter bring
such darkness down—

With this: "She dallied with your love too long!"

And this: "It is the word of all the town:

"Corinna has no soul, for all her song!"

Martha. [Entering with flowers.] O sir, I bring you
flaming bergamot,

And early asters, for your window-sill.

And where I found them? Now you'll guess it not.

I visited the garden on the hill,

And gathered till my arms could hold no more.

David. The garden of the little silent house!

Martha. The city lured her from her viny door.

But see, the flowers have stayed!

David. They seem to drowse

And dream of one they lost, a paler-blown.

How fares the house upon the hill?

Martha. The blinds

Are fast of late, and all are intergrown

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

With weedy havoc tossed by searching winds.

David. How somber suddenly the sky! A shower
Is in the air.

Martha. I'll light the lamps.

David. Not yet.

Leave me the beauty of the twilit hour.

Martha. Hear the wind rising! How the moorings
fret!

More than a shower is on its way through space.

I would not be aboard of yonder barque.

[*She goes out.*]

David. Corinna! Now may I recall her face.

It is my light to think by in the dark.

Yes, all my years of study, all the will

Tenacious to achieve, the tempered strife,

The victories attained through patient skill,

Lie at the door of one dear human life.

And yet . . . the letter . . .

Often have I read

How love relumes the flowers and the trees.

True! For my world is newly garmented:

Rewards seem slight, and slighter penalties.

Daily companionship is more and more.

To make one little good more viable,

To lift one load, is worth the heart's outpour.

And she—she has made all things wonderful.

And yet . . . the letter . . .

O to break a spell

The Silent House

Wherein the stars are crumbling unto dust!
There never was a hope—I know it well,
And struggle on, and love because I must.
Never a hope? Shall ever any scheme,
Her silence, or alarm of written word,
Or voiced asseveration, shake my dream?
She loves me! By love's anguish, I have heard!
We two from our soul-towers across a vale
Are calling each to each, alert, aware.
Shall one of us one day the other hail,
And no reply be borne upon the air?
Corinna, come to light my heart's dim place!
O come to me, Belovèd and Besought,
O'er grief, o'er gladness,—even o'er death apace,—
For I could greet your phantom, so it brought
Love's own reality! . . .

A song of hers

Seems striving hither, a faint villanelle
Half smothered by the gale's mad roisterers.
She used to sing it in the bracken dell.
Here is the rain against the window beating
In heavy drops that presage wilder storm.
The lake is lost within a lurid sheeting;
The house upon the hill has changed its form.
The melancholy pine-trees weep in rocking.
And what's that clamor at the outer door?
Martha! O Martha! Somebody is knocking! [*Calling.*]

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Martha. [*Re-entering.*] You hear the rills that down
the gutters roar.

David. And are you deaf? The door—go open it!
This is no night to leave a man outside!

Martha. [*Muttering and going toward the door.*] And
is it I am growing deaf a bit,
And blind a bit, with other ill-betide!
Well, I can see to thread a needle still,
And I can hear the ticking of the clock,
And I can fetch a basket from the mill.
But hallow me if ever I heard knock!

[*She throws the door open. David starts up and rushes
forward with outstretched arms.*]

David. Corinna! You, Corinna! Drenched and cold!
At last, at last! But how in all the rain!
Martha!

[*Martha stands motionless, unseeing.*]

Good Martha, you are growing old!
Draw fast the shades—shut out the hurricane.
Here, take the dripping cloak from out the room;
Bring cordial from the purple damson pressed,
And light the lamps, the candles—fire the gloom.
Why stand you gaping? See you not the guest?

Martha. I opened wide the door unto the storm.
But never heard I step upon the sill.
All the black night let in no living form.
I see no guest. Look hard as e'er I will,
I see none here but you and my poor self.

The Silent House

David. The room that was my mother's room prepare.
Spread out warm garments on the oaken shelf—
Her gown, the little shawl she used to wear.

[*Martha, wide-eyed, bewildered, lights the lamps and
candles and goes out, raising her hands.*]

Corinna. The moments I may tarry fade and press.
Something impelled me hither, some clear flame.
They said I had no soul! O David, yes,
They said I had no soul! And so I came.
I have been singing, singing, all the way,
O, singing ever since the darkness grew
And I grew chill and followed the small ray.
Lean close, and let my longing rest in you!

David. Dear balm of light, I never thought to win
From out the pallid hours for ever throbbing!
How did you know the sorrow I was in?

Corinna. A flock of leaves came sobbing, sobbing,
sobbing.

David. O, now I hold you fast, my love, my own,
My festival upleaping from an ember!
But, timid child, how could you come alone
Across the pathless woods?

Corinna. Do you remember?—
Over the summer lake one starry, stilly,
Sweet night, when you and I were drifting, dear,
I frightened at the shadow of a lily!
It is all strange, but now I have no fear.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

David. Your eyes are weary, drooping. Sleep, then,
sleep.

Corinna. I must go over to the silent house.

David. The dwelling stands forsaken up the steep,
With never beast nor human to arouse!

Corinna. Soon will the windows gleam with many
lamps.

Hark!— heavy wheels are toiling to the north.

David. I will go with you where the darkness ramps.

Corinna. Strong arms are in the storm to bear me
forth.

David. Not in these garments dripping as the trees!
Not in these clinging shadows!

Corinna. Ah, good-night!

Dear love, dear love, I must go forth in these.

Tomorrow you shall see me all in white.

Agnes Lee

THE ORACLE

(To the New Telescope on Mt. Wilson)

Of old sat one at Delphi brooding o'er
The fretful earth;—ironically wise,
Veiling her prescience in dark replies,
She shaped the fates of men with mystic lore.
The oracle is silent now. No more
Fate parts the cloud that round omniscience lies.
But thou, O Seer, dost tease our wild surmise
With portents passing all the wealth of yore.
For thou shalt spell the very thoughts of God!
Before thy boundless vision, world on world
Shall multiply in glit'ring sequence far;
And all the little ways which men have trod
Shall be as nothing by His star-dust whirled
Into the making of a single star.

A GARGOYLE ON NOTRE DAME

With angel's wings and brutish-human form,
Weathered with centuries of sun and storm,
He crouches yonder on the gallery wall,
Monstrous, superb, indifferent, cynical:
And all the pulse of Paris cannot stir
Her one immutable philosopher.

Edmund Kemper Broadus

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

SANTA BARBARA BEACH

Now while the sunset offers,
Shall we not take our own:
The gems, the blazing coffers,
The seas, the shores, the throne?

The sky-ships, radiant-masted,
Move out, bear low our way.
Oh, Life was dark while it lasted,
Now for enduring day.

Now with the world far under,
To draw up drowning men
And show them lands of wonder
Where they may build again.

There earthly sorrow falters,
There longing has its wage;
There gleam the ivory altars
Of our lost pilgrimage.

—Swift flame—then shipwrecks only
Beach in the ruined light;
Above them reach up lonely
The headlands of the night.

A hurt bird cries and flutters
Her dabbled breast of brown;
The western wall unshutters
To fling one last rose down.

Maternity

A rose, a wild light after—
And life calls through the years,
“Who dreams my fountains’ laughter
Shall feed my wells with tears.”

Ridgely Torrence

MATERNITY

One wept, whose only babe was dead,
New-born ten years ago.
“Weep not; he is in bliss,” they said.
She answered, “Even so.

“Ten years ago was born in pain
A child, not now forlorn;
But oh, ten years ago in vain
A mother, a mother was born.”

Alice Meynell

PROFITS

Yes, stars were with me formerly.
(I also knew the wind and sea;
And hill-tops had my feet by heart.
Their shaggéd heights would sting and start
When I came leaping on their backs.
I knew the earth's queer crooked cracks,
Where hidden waters weave a low
And druid chant of joy and woe.)
But stars were with me most of all.
I heard them flame and break and fall.
Their excellent array, their free
Encounter with Eternity,
I learned. And it was good to know
That where God walked, I too might go.
Now, all these things are passed. For I
Grow very old and glad to die.
What did they profit me, say you,
These distant bloodless things I knew?
Profit? What profit hath the sea
Of her deep-throated threnody?
What profit hath the sun, who stands
Staring on space with idle hands?
And what should God Himself acquire
From all the aeons' blood and fire?
My profit is as theirs: to be
Made proof against mortality:

To know that I have companied
With all that shines and lives, amid
So much the years sift through their hands,
Most mortal, windy, worthless sands.

This day I have great peace. With me
Shall stars abide eternally!

TWO SONGS OF CONN THE FOOL

MOON FOLLY

I will go up the mountain after the Moon:
She is caught in a dead fir-tree.
Like a great pale apple of silver and pearl,
Like a great pale apple is she.

I will leap and will clasp her in quick cold hands
And carry her home in my sack.

I will set her down safe on the oaken bench
That stands at the chimney-back.

And then I will sit by the fire all night,
And sit by the fire all day.

I will gnaw at the Moon to my heart's delight,
Till I gnaw her slowly away.

And while I grow mad with the Moon's cold taste,
The World may beat on my door,

Crying "Come out!" and crying "Make haste!
And give us the Moon once more!"

But I will not answer them ever at all;

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

I will laugh, as I count and hide
The great black beautiful seeds of the Moon
In a flower-pot deep and wide.
Then I will lie down and go fast asleep,
Drunken with flame and aswoon.
But the seeds will sprout, and the seeds will leap:
The subtle swift seeds of the Moon.

And some day, all of the world that beats
And cries at my door, shall see
A thousand moon-leaves sprout from my thatch
On a marvellous white Moon-tree!
Then each shall have moons to his heart's desire:
Apples of silver and pearl:
Apples of orange and copper fire,
Setting his five wits aswirl.
And then they will thank me, who mock me now:
"Wanting the Moon is he!"
Oh, I'm off to the mountain after the Moon,
Ere she falls from the dead fir-tree!

WARNING

You must do nothing false
Or cruel-lipped or low;
For I am Conn the Fool,
And Conn the Fool will know.

Poems: Fannie Stearns Davis

I went by the door
 When Patrick Joyce looked out.
He did not wish for me
 Or any one about.
He thought I did not see
 The fat bag in his hand.
But Conn heard clinking gold,
 And Conn could understand.
I went by the door
 Where Michael Kane lay dead.
I saw his Mary tie
 A red shawl round her head.
I saw a dark man lean
 Across her garden-wall.
They did not know that Conn
 Walked by at late dusk-fall.
You must not scold or lie,
 Or hate or steal or kill,
For I shall tell the wind
 That leaps along the hill;
And he will tell the stars
 That sing and never lie;
And they will shout your sin
 In God's face, bye and bye.
And God will not forget,
 For all He loves you so. —
He made me Conn the Fool,
 And bade me always know!

STORM DANCE

The water came up with a roar,
The water came up to me.
There was a wave with tusks of a boar,
And he gnashed his tusks on me.
I leaned, I leapt, and was free.
He snarled and struggled and fled.
Foaming and blind he turned to the sea,
And his brothers trampled him dead.

The water came up with a shriek,
The water came up to me.
There was a wave with a woman's cheek,
And she shuddered and clung to me.
I crouched, I cast her away.
She cursed me and swooned and died.
Her green hair tangled like sea-weed lay
Tossed out on the tearing tide.

Challenge and chase me, Storm!
Harry and hate me, Wave!
Wild as the wind is my heart, but warm,
Sudden and merry and brave.
For the water comes up with a shout,
The water comes up to me.
And oh, but I laugh, laugh out!
And the great gulls laugh, and the sea!

Fannie Stearns Davis

DIRGE FOR A DEAD ADMIRAL

What woman but would be
Rid of thy mastery,
Thou bully of the sea?

No more the gray sea's breast
Need answer thy behest;
No more thy sullen gun
Shall greet the risen sun,
Where the great dreadnaughts ride
The breast of thy cold bride;
Thou hast fulfilled thy fate:
Need trade no more with hate!

Nay, but I celebrate
Thy long-to-be-lorn mate,
Thy mistress and her state,
Thy lady sea's lorn state.
She hath her empery
Not only over thee
But o'er *our* misery.

Hark, doth she mourn for thee?

Nay, what hath she of grief?
She knoweth not the leaf
That on her bosom falls,
Thou last of admirals!

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Under the winter moon
She singeth that fierce tune,
Her immemorial rune;
Knoweth not, late or soon,
Careth not
Any jot
For her withholden boon
To all thy spirit's pleas
For infinite surcease!

If, on this winter night,
O thou great admiral
That in thy sombre pall
Liest upon the land,
Thy soul should take his flight
And leave the frozen sand,
And yearn above the surge,
Think'st thou that any dirge,
Grief inarticulate
From thy bereaved mate,
Would answer to thy soul
Where the waste waters roll?

Nay, thou hast need of none!
Thy long love-watch is done!

SPRING-SONG

Early some morning in May-time
I shall awaken
When the breeze blowing in at the window
Shall bathe me
With the delicate scents
Of the blossoms of apples,
Filling my room with their coolness
And beauty and fragrance—
As of old, as of old,
When your spirit dwelt with me,
My heart shall be pure
As the heart that you gave me.

A SWEETHEART: THOMPSON STREET

Queen of all streets, Fifth Avenue
Stretches her slender limbs
From the great Arch of Triumph, on,—
On, where the distance dims
The splendors of her jewelled robes,
Her granite draperies;
The magic, sunset-smitten walls
That veil her marble knees;
For ninety squares she lies a queen,
Superb, bare, unashamed,
Yielding her beauty scornfully
To worshippers unnamed.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

But at her feet her sister glows,
A daughter of the South:
Squalid, immeasurably mean,—
But oh! her hot, sweet mouth!
My Thompson Street! a Tuscan girl,
Hot with life's wildest blood;
Her black shawl on her black, black hair,
Her brown feet stained with mud;
A scarlet blossom at her lips,
A new babe at her breast;
A singer at a wine-shop door,
(Her lover unconfessed).
Listen! a hurdy-gurdy plays—
Now alien melodies:
She smiles, she cannot quite forget
The mother over-seas.
But she no less is mine alone,
Mine, mine! . . . Who may I be?
Have *I* betrayed her from her home?
I am called Liberty!

THE OFF-SHORE WIND

The skies are sown with stars tonight,
The sea is sown with light,
The hollows of the heaving floor
Gleam deep with light once more,
The racing ebb-tide flashes past
And seeks the vacant vast,

Poems: Samuel McCoy

A wind steals from a world asleep
And walks the restless deep.

It walks the deep in ecstasy,
It lives! and loves to free
Its spirit to the silent night,
And breathes deep in delight;
Above the sea that knows no coast,
Beneath the starry host,
The wind walks like the souls of men
Who walk with God again.

The souls of men who walk with God!
With faith's firm sandals shod,
A lambent passion, body-free,
Fain for eternity!
O spirit born of human sighs,
Set loose 'twixt sea and skies,
Be thou an Angel of mankind,
Thou night-unfettered wind!

Bear thou the dreams of weary earth,
Bear thou Tomorrow's birth,
Take all our longings up to Him
Until His stars grow dim;
A moving anchorage of prayer,
Thou cool and healing air,
Heading off-shore till shoreless dawn
Breaks fair and night is gone.

Samuel McCoy

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

“THE HILL-FLOWERS”

“I will lift up mine eyes to the hills.”

I

*Moving through the dew, moving through the dew,
Ere I waken in the city — Life, thy dawn makes all
things new!
And up a fir-clad glen, far from all the haunts of men,
Up a glen among the mountains, oh my feet are wings
again!*

Moving through the dew, moving through the dew,
O mountains of my boyhood, I come again to you,
By the little path I know, with the sea far below,
And above, the great cloud-galleons with their sails
of rose and snow;

As of old, when all was young, and the earth a song
unsung
And the heather through the crimson dawn its Eden
incense flung
From the mountain-heights of joy, for a careless-hearted
boy,
And the lavrocks rose like fountain sprays of bliss
that ne'er could cloy,

From their little beds of bloom, from the golden gorse
and broom,

"The Hill-Flowers"

With a song to God the Giver, o'er that waste of
wild perfume;
Blowing from height to height, in a glory of great light,
While the cottage-clustered valleys held the lilac last of
night,

So, when dawn is in the skies, in a dream, a dream, I rise,
And I follow my lost boyhood to the heights of Paradise.
Life, thy dawn makes all things new! Hills of Youth, I
come to you,
Moving through the dew, moving through the dew.

II

Moving through the dew, moving through the dew,
Floats a brother's face to meet me! Is it you? Is it you?
For the night I leave behind keeps these dazzled eyes
still blind!
But oh, the little hill-flowers, their scent is wise and kind;

And I shall not lose the way from the darkness to the
day,
While dust can cling as their scent clings to memory
for aye;
And the least link in the chain can recall the whole again,
And heaven at last resume its far-flung harvests, grain by
grain.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

To the hill-flowers clings my dust, and tho' eyeless Death
may thrust
All else into the darkness, in their heaven I put my trust;
And a dawn shall bid me climb to the little spread of
thyme
Where first I heard the ripple of the fountain-heads
of rhyme.

And a fir-wood that I know, from dawn to sunset-glow,
Shall whisper to a lonely sea, that swings far, far below.
Death, thy dawn makes all things new. Hills of Youth,
I come to you,
Moving through the dew, moving through the dew.

Alfred Noyes

EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE SERVIAN EPIC



POETRY as the inspiration of the Balkan war was the theme of a recent talk given by Madame Slavko Grouitch before the Friday Club in Chicago, and elsewhere, during her brief sojourn in her native country. Madame Grouitch was a student at the American School of Archaeology in Athens when she married the young Servian diplomat who now represents his nation in London.

According to the speaker, the Servian national songs have kept alive the heroic spirit of the people during more than four centuries of Turkish oppression. Through them each generation of the illiterate peasantry has fought once more the ancient wars, and followed once more the ancient leaders even to the final tragedy of the battle of Kossovo, where in 1377 they made their last brave stand against the Mohammedan invader. Whenever a few people assemble for a festival, some local bard, perhaps an old shepherd or soldier, a blind beggar or reformed brigand, will chant the old songs to the monotonous music of the *gusle*, while the people dance the *Kolo*.

"There are thousands of songs in the Servian epic," says Mme. Grouitch, "and each has many variants

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

according to whether it is sung in Bosnia, Herzegovina, Montenegro, Dalmatia, Servia, Bulgaria or Macedonia; for all these political divisions are peopled by the Servian race descended from the heroes whose deeds are the theme of such unwearied narration. The bard is called the Guslar from his one-stringed instrument, whose melancholy cadence — a sighing-forth of sound — affects the emotions and increases the pathos of the words. For the story is usually sad, even when it proclaims the triumph of great deeds.”

These songs invariably begin:

Once it was so; now it is told.

And they as invariably end:

From me the song; from God health to you.

A number of poems were read from Mme. Mijatovich's rather uninspired translation of the Kossovo series, published in London in 1881. Extreme simplicity and vividness characterize the old epic, which follows the hopeless struggle of the noble Czar Lazar against the foe without, and suspicions, dissensions, blunders, even treacheries, within. Certain characters stand out with the uncompromising exactness of some biblical story: the Czar himself; his over-zealous Vojvode; Milosh Obilich, whose murder of Sultan Murad precipitated the disaster; and certain haughty and passionate women, like the Empress Militza and her two daughters. Also “Marko, the King's son,” whose half-mythical figure is of the race of Achilles.

The Servian Epic

“There was one thing,” said Mme. Grouitch, “which the Turk could not take away from the Serb — the heavenly gift of poetry; that continued to dwell hidden in the breast of the southern Slav. His body was enslaved, but his soul was not; his physical life was oppressed, but his spiritual being remained free. In the eighteenth century Europe re-discovered the Servian national poetry, and became conscious that the race survived as well as its ideals. Then Serb and Bulgar again appeared in current history, and began to retrace the ancient boundaries.

“All the conferences of all the powers can never diminish the hopes, nor eclipse the glory of the Serb race in the minds of the Balkan peoples; because the Guslar, who is their supreme national leader, is forever telling them of that glory, and urging them to concerted action against all outside foes. It was the Guslar who led the Montenegrin Serbs from one heroic victory to another, so that ‘their war annals,’ as Gladstone said, ‘are more glorious than those of all the rest of the world.’ It was the Guslar who inspired Kara George and his heroic band of Servian peasants to keep up their battle until free Servia was born.

“Amid the roar of cannon at Lule Burgas and Monastir, I could hear the mighty voice of the Guslar reminding Serb and Bulgar that their fight was for ‘the honored cross and golden liberty.’ And they obeyed because it was the voice of their nation. It is this irre-

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

sistible national spirit which leads their armies, and beside it the spirit of German training behind the Turk is a lifeless shadow. The Ottoman power in Europe is in ruins now, a wreck in the path of a national earthquake which the Guslar has prophesied for five hundred years. The Guslar has done his duty, and he stands today in a blaze of glory at the head of the united and victorious nations of the Balkans."

The speaker told of an impressive ceremony at the Servian legation in London. Young Servians, recalled home for military service last autumn, met there on the eve of departure. Wine being served, the minister and his young patriots rose with lifted glasses, and chanted the ancient summons of Czar Lazar to his people:

Whoever born of Serbian blood or kin
Comes not to fight the Turk on Kossovo,
To him be never son or daughter born,
No child to heir his lands or bear his name!
For him no grape grow red, no corn grow white;
In his hands nothing prosper!
May he live
Alone, unloved! and die unmourned, alone!

H. M.

IMAGISME*

Some curiosity has been aroused concerning *Imagisme*, and as I was unable to find anything definite about it in print, I sought out an *imagiste*, with intent to discover

*Editor's Note—In response to many requests for information regarding *Imagism* and the *Imagistes*, we publish this note by Mr. Flint, supplementing it with further exemplification by Mr. Pound. It will be seen from these that *Imagism* is not necessarily associated with Hellenic subjects, or with *vers libre* as a prescribed form.

whether the group itself knew anything about the "movement." I gleaned these facts.

The *imagistes* admitted that they were contemporaries of the Post Impressionists and the Futurists; but they had nothing in common with these schools. They had not published a manifesto. They were not a revolutionary school; their only endeavor was to write in accordance with the best tradition, as they found it in the best writers of all time,—in Sappho, Catullus, Villon. They seemed to be absolutely intolerant of all poetry that was not written in such endeavor, ignorance of the best tradition forming no excuse. They had a few rules, drawn up for their own satisfaction only, and they had not published them. They were:

1. Direct treatment of the "thing," whether subjective or objective.
2. To use absolutely no word that did not contribute to the presentation.
3. As regarding rhythm: to compose in sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronome.

By these standards they judged all poetry, and found most of it wanting. They held also a certain 'Doctrine of the Image,' which they had not committed to writing; they said that it did not concern the public, and would provoke useless discussion.

The devices whereby they persuaded approaching poetasters to attend their instruction were:

1. They showed him his own thought already

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

splendidly expressed in some classic (and the school musters altogether a most formidable erudition).

2. They re-wrote his verses before his eyes, using about ten words to his fifty.

Even their opponents admit of them—ruefully—
“At least they do keep bad poets from writing!”

I found among them an earnestness that is amazing to one accustomed to the usual London air of poetic dilettantism. They consider that Art is all science, all religion, philosophy and metaphysic. It is true that *snobisme* may be urged against them; but it is at least *snobisme* in its most dynamic form, with a great deal of sound sense and energy behind it; and they are stricter with themselves than with any outsider.

F. S. Flint

A FEW DON'TS BY AN IMAGISTE

An “Image” is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time. I use the term “complex” rather in the technical sense employed by the newer psychologists, such as Hart, though we might not agree absolutely in our application.

It is the presentation of such a “complex” instantaneously which gives that sense of sudden liberation; that sense of freedom from time limits and space limits; that

A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste

sense of sudden growth, which we experience in the presence of the greatest works of art.

It is better to present one Image in a lifetime than to produce voluminous works.

All this, however, some may consider open to debate. The immediate necessity is to tabulate A LIST OF DONT'S for those beginning to write verses. But I can not put all of them into Mosaic negative.

To begin with, consider the three rules recorded by Mr. Flint, not as dogma—never consider anything as dogma—but as the result of long contemplation, which, even if it is some one else's contemplation, may be worth consideration.

Pay no attention to the criticism of men who have never themselves written a notable work. Consider the discrepancies between the actual writing of the Greek poets and dramatists, and the theories of the Graeco-Roman grammarians, concocted to explain their metres.

LANGUAGE

Use no superfluous word, no adjective, which does not reveal something.

Don't use such an expression as "dim lands of *peace*." It dulls the image. It mixes an abstraction with the concrete. It comes from the writer's not realizing that the natural object is always the *adequate* symbol.

Go in fear of abstractions. Don't retell in mediocre verse what has already been done in good prose. Don't think any intelligent person is going to be deceived when

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

you try to shirk all the difficulties of the unspeakably difficult art of good prose by chopping your composition into line lengths.

What the expert is tired of today the public will be tired of tomorrow.

Don't imagine that the art of poetry is any simpler than the art of music, or that you can please the expert before you have spent at least as much effort on the art of verse as the average piano teacher spends on the art of music.

Be influenced by as many great artists as you can, but have the decency either to acknowledge the debt outright, or to try to conceal it.

Don't allow "influence" to mean merely that you mop up the particular decorative vocabulary of some one or two poets whom you happen to admire. A Turkish war correspondent was recently caught red-handed babbling in his dispatches of "dove-gray" hills, or else it was "pearl-pale," I can not remember.

Use either no ornament or good ornament.

RHYTHM AND RHYME

Let the candidate fill his mind with the finest cadences he can discover, preferably in a foreign language so that the meaning of the words may be less likely to divert his attention from the movement; e. g., Saxon charms,

A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste

Hebridean Folk Songs, the verse of Dante, and the lyrics of Shakespeare—if he can dissociate the vocabulary from the cadence. Let him dissect the lyrics of Goethe coldly into their component sound values, syllables long and short, stressed and unstressed, into vowels and consonants.

It is not necessary that a poem should rely on its music, but if it does rely on its music that music must be such as will delight the expert.

Let the neophyte know assonance and alliteration, rhyme immediate and delayed, simple and polyphonic, as a musician would expect to know harmony and counterpoint and all the minutiae of his craft. No time is too great to give to these matters or to any one of them, even if the artist seldom have need of them.

Don't imagine that a thing will "go" in verse just because it's too dull to go in prose.

Don't be "viewy"—leave that to the writers of pretty little philosophic essays. Don't be descriptive; remember that the painter can describe a landscape much better than you can, and that he has to know a deal more about it.

When Shakespeare talks of the "Dawn in russet mantle clad" he presents something which the painter does not present. There is in this line of his nothing that one can call description; he presents.

Consider the way of the scientists rather than the way of an advertising agent for a new soap.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

The scientist does not expect to be acclaimed as a great scientist until he has *discovered* something. He begins by learning what has been discovered already. He goes from that point onward. He does not bank on being a charming fellow personally. He does not expect his friends to applaud the results of his freshman class work. Freshmen in poetry are unfortunately not confined to a definite and recognizable class room. They are "all over the shop." Is it any wonder "the public is indifferent to poetry?"

Don't chop your stuff into separate *iamb*s. Don't make each line stop dead at the end, and then begin every next line with a heave. Let the beginning of the next line catch the rise of the rhythm wave, unless you want a definite longish pause.

In short, behave as a musician, a good musician, when dealing with that phase of your art which has exact parallels in music. The same laws govern, and you are bound by no others.

Naturally, your rhythmic structure should not destroy the shape of your words, or their natural sound, or their meaning. It is improbable that, at the start, you will be able to get a rhythm-structure strong enough to affect them very much, though you may fall a victim to all sorts of false stopping due to line ends and caesurae.

The musician can rely on pitch and the volume of the orchestra. You can not. The term harmony is misapplied to poetry; it refers to simultaneous sounds of

A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste

different pitch. There is, however, in the best verse a sort of residue of sound which remains in the ear of the hearer and acts more or less as an organ-base. A rhyme must have in it some slight element of surprise if it is to give pleasure; it need not be bizarre or curious, but it must be well used if used at all.

Vide further Vildrac and Duhamel's notes on rhyme in "*Technique Poétique*."

That part of your poetry which strikes upon the imaginative *eye* of the reader will lose nothing by translation into a foreign tongue; that which appeals to the ear can reach only those who take it in the original.

Consider the definiteness of Dante's presentation, as compared with Milton's rhetoric. Read as much of Wordsworth as does not seem too unutterably dull.

If you want the gist of the matter go to Sappho, Catullus, Villon, Heine when he is in the vein, Gautier when he is not too frigid; or, if you have not the tongues, seek out the leisurely Chaucer. Good prose will do you no harm, and there is good discipline to be had by trying to write it.

Translation is likewise good training, if you find that your original matter "wobbles" when you try to rewrite it. The meaning of the poem to be translated can not "wobble."

If you are using a symmetrical form, don't put in what you want to say and then fill up the remaining vacuums with slush.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Don't mess up the perception of one sense by trying to define it in terms of another. This is usually only the result of being too lazy to find the exact word. To this clause there are possibly exceptions.

The first three simple proscriptions* will throw out nine-tenths of all the bad poetry now accepted as standard and classic; and will prevent you from many a crime of production.

“ . . . *Mais d'abord il faut etre un poete,*” as MM. Duhamel and Vildrac have said at the end of their little book, “*Notes sur la Technique Poetique*”; but in an American one takes that at least for granted, otherwise why does one get born upon that august continent!

Ezra Pound

NOTES

Agnes Lee (Mrs. Otto Freer) who has lived much in Boston, but is now a resident of Chicago, is known as the author of various books of poetry, the most representative, perhaps, being *The Border of the Lake*, published about two years ago by Sherman, French & Co. She has translated Gautier's *Emaux et Camees* into English poetry; and has contributed to the magazines. Her long poem, *The Asphodel*, which appeared in *The North American Review* several years ago, attracted wide attention.

Mr. Edmund Kemper Broadus is a member of the faculty of the University of Alberta, Canada.

*Noted by Mr. Flint.

Miss Fannie Stearns Davis is a young American who has written many songs and lyrics, a collection of which is to be published this spring. She was born in Cleveland, Ohio, but now lives in the East.

Mrs. Meynell, who is the wife of Mr. Wilfrid Meynell, editor of one of the leading English Catholic reviews, hardly needs an introduction in America, where her exquisite art is well known. Her small volumes of essays—*The Rhythm of Life*, *The Color of Life*, *The Children*, etc., and her *Poems* are published by The John Lane Company.

Mr. Ridgely Torrence is the author of *El Dorado*, *A Tragedy*, *Abelard and Eloise*, a poetic drama, and *Rituals for The Events of Life*. He contributes infrequently to the magazines, several of his longer poems having never been republished. He lives in New York.

Mr. Samuel McCoy was born, thirty-one years ago, at Burlington, Iowa. He now lives at Indianapolis, and devotes himself wholly to literary work. He was educated at Princeton, and from 1906 to 1908 was associate editor of *The Reader*. A collection of Mr. McCoy's poems will be issued in book form this year by the Bobbs-Merrill Company.

Mr. Alfred Noyes, a young English poet, is a well known contributor to English and American magazines, and has published many books of poetry. *The Loom of Years*; *The Flower of Old Japan*; *Poems*; *The Forest of*

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

Wild Thyme; Drake, English An Epic; Forty Singing Seamen, and The Enchanted Island are among the titles of his published works; and a new volume, *The Tales of the Mermaid Tavern*, is to be published this spring by the Frederick A. Stokes Co.

Early numbers of Poetry will contain poems by John G. Neihardt, Ezra Pound, Harriet Monroe, William Carlos Williams, Allen Upward, and others.

POETRY: *A Magazine of Verse*

BOOKS RECEIVED

- Songs of a Syrian Lover*, by Clinton Scollard. Elkin Mathews.
Annates of Song, by George M. P. Baird. Privately Printed.
Pearls of Thought, A Collection of Original Poems, by Samuel M. Fleishman. Privately Printed.
The Summons of the King, A Play, by Philip Becker Goetz. The MacDowell Press.
Drake, An English Epic, by Alfred Noyes. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Sherwood, or Robin Hood and the Three Kings, A Play in Five Acts, by Alfred Noyes. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
The Enchanted Island and Other Poems, by Alfred Noyes. Frederick A. Stokes Co.
Songs of the City, by DeCamp Leland. The Westende Publishing Co.
In Vivid Gardens, by Marguerite Wilkinson. Sherman, French & Co.
A Book of Verse, by Alice Hathaway Cunningham. Cochrane Publishing Co.
Chilhowee, A Legend of the Great Smoky Mountains, by Henry V. Maxwell. Knoxville Printing Co.
Sappho, And the Island of Lesbos, by Mary Mills Patrick. Houghton Mifflin Co.
Harp of Milan, by Sister M. Fidés Shepperson. J. H. Yewdale & Sons.
Two Legends, A Souvenir of Sodus Bay, by Mrs. B. C. Rude. Privately Printed.
Moods, by David M. Cory. The Poet Lore Co.
Poems, by Charles D. Platt. Charles D. Platt, Dover, New Jersey.
Poems, Old and New, by A. H. Beesly. Longmans, Green & Co.
Paroles devant la Vie, par Alexandre Mercereau. E. Figuière.
Alexandre Mercereau, par Jean Metzinger. E. Figuière, Paris.
Anthologie-Critique, par Florian-Parmentier. Gastien-Serge, Paris.

PERIODICALS

- The Wild Hawk*, Hervey White. The Maverick Press, Woodstock, N. Y.
The Bihelot, Thos. B. Mosher, Portland, Maine.
The Idler, Robert J. Shores, New York City.
The Century, New York City.
The Forum, New York City.
The Conservator, Horace Traubel, Philadelphia.
The Nation, New York City.
The Poetry Review, Harold Munro, London.
The Poetry Review (New Series), Stephen Phillips, London.
The Literary Digest, New York City.
Current Opinion, New York City.
The International, New York City.
The Dial, Chicago.
The Sunney, New York City.
The Nation, New York City.
The Music News, Chicago.
Mercure de France, 26 Rue de Condé, Paris.
L'Effort Libre, Galerie Vildrac, 11 Rue de Seine, Paris.
Les Poètes, E. Basset, 3 Rue Dante, Paris. (This number devoted to poems selected from the work of Nicolas Beauduin, *Paroxyse*.)
L'Île Sonnante, 21 Rue Rousselet, Paris.

NEW SCRIBNER BOOKS

HELEN REDEEMED AND OTHER POEMS

By MAURICE HEWLETT

NET, \$1.50

Postage Extra

This book of verses is the product of a genuine poet whose intense individuality in manner and conception is tempered by a perfect knowledge of his medium of expression.

"Helen Redeemed" is a splendid narrative poem of the awakening of Helen's loyalty and love for her husband, and of the part she played in destroying Troy. Several of the other longer poems, strikingly original in conception and form, show a living sympathy with the Greek spirit and viewpoint: notably, the Argive Women, and Hypsipyle. The "Fourteen Sonnets" are beautiful in form, idea, and feeling, and several of the brief visions called up in epigrammata suggest the Japanese in purity, delicacy, and vividness.

THE MORTAL SOULS AND OTHER DRAMAS

By OLIVE TILFORD DARGAN

"A new volume illustrative of Mrs. Dargan's talent is a welcome literary event. She holds a unique position among her compatriots, not to say among her contemporaries, both as a poet and as a dramatist."—Los Angeles Times.

"Establishes yet more firmly her position among the foremost American writers of dramas."—Chicago Record-Herald.

"To say that she writes as vividly, as dramatically, and as poetically as some of these who have won much fame would be going none too far. Mrs. Dargan is a dramatic poet of power."—Chicago Tribune.

\$1.50 Net, by Mail \$1.65

CHARLES SCRIBNERS' SONS, NEW YORK

POETRY AND DRAMA

(FOUNDED 1912)

A QUARTERLY periodical devoted to the criticism and appreciation of modern poetry and drama of all countries, published on the 15th March, June, September and December, at the Poetry Bookshop, 35 Devonshire Street, Theobald's Road, London, W. C.

Each issue contains:

Articles on subjects relating to poetry. Original work by modern poets. Criticism of important current books of poetry, biography and the art of the theatre. A survey of American, French, Italian, and German literature, and the Drama.

Annual subscription 10s. 6d. net, post free. Separate copies, 2s. 6d. net each.

In connexion with POETRY & DRAMA, a Bookshop has been opened for the sale of poetry, and all books, pamphlets, and periodicals connected directly or indirectly with poetry. Orders for foreign books and periodicals will be promptly executed. For further information call, or write to THE POETRY BOOKSHOP, 35 DEVONSHIRE STREET, THEOBALD'S ROAD, LONDON, W. C.

THE CAMBRIDGE EDITION

*The Best Single Volume Form in Which to Possess
the Works of Famous British and American Poets*

¶ The volumes in this Cambridge edition are thoroughly edited with a view to giving an accurate text and such an equipment of notes as shall serve the needs of readers and students. Each volume is large crown octavo, printed in clear type from new plates on opaque paper, so stitched as to open easily and "stay open." The best portrait is prefixed, a full biographical sketch precedes the poems, and notes and indexes follow. Many of the volumes are used in class work at Harvard. The more recent volumes are given at the top of list.

¶ DRYDEN.

Edited by **George R. Noyes**, Associate Professor Slavic Languages, University of California.

¶ SPENSER.

R. E. Neil Dodge, Assistant Professor of English Literature, University of Wisconsin.

¶ SHAKESPEARE.

W. A. Neilson, Adjunct Professor of English, Columbia University, newly elected Professor of English at Harvard University.

BURNS.

W. E. Henley, English poet and critic.

¶ BYRON.

Paul E. More, literary editor of the N. Y. Evening Post.

TENNYSON.

William J. Rolfe, late Shakespearean scholar and critic.

WHITTIER.

Horace E. Scudder.

¶ WORDSWORTH.

A. J. George, Master in English High School, Newton, Mass., recently Professor of English Literature, Clark University.

¶ BALLADS,
ENGLISH AND SCOTTISH POPULAR.

George L. Kittredge, Professor of English, Harvard University, and **Helen Child Sargent**.

HOLMES.

Horace E. Scudder.

KEATS.

Horace E. Scudder.

LONGFELLOW.

Horace E. Scudder.

LOWELL.

Horace E. Scudder.

MILTON.

William Vaughn Moody, late Professor of English Literature, Chicago University.

POPE.

Henry W. Boynton, author and critic.

SCOTT.

Horace E. Scudder.

SHELLEY.

George E. Woodberry, formerly Professor of Comparative Literature, Columbia University.

¶ BROWNING.

Horace E. Scudder, late author, critic, and editor of *The Atlantic Monthly*.

MRS. BROWNING.

Harriet Waters Preston, translator, critic, and authority upon Provençal literature.

All volumes, except those marked with a ¶, each, large crown 8vo, cloth, gilt top, \$2.00; volumes marked with a ¶, each, cloth, gilt top, \$3.00.

Boston, HOUGHTON MIFFLIN COMPANY, New York

AMPHORA

A COLLECTION OF PROSE AND VERSE CHOSEN BY
THE EDITOR OF THE BIBELOT

ANNUALLY, for over twenty years, after his generous and friendly habit, Mr. Mosher has sent far and wide, "A List of Books in Belles-Lettres, issued in Choice and Limited Editions," as artistic without and as filled with treasure within, as is every book which comes from him. But these catalogues have been far more than lists of his rare publications. Scattered throughout them have appeared excerpts of prose and verse whose selection and arrangement have given the catalogues a value as unique as their format. And although it be possible that relatively few readers could adequately appreciate the thought and labor which went into their making, no one who has read them but has won delight for eye and brain and heart. (To many has come a regret that such wealth of literary treasure should be in so perishable a form.) This regret the editor of the Bibelot has heard and answered. For in this book are gathered those flowers of thought which were published year by year in the catalogues, plucked many of them from well known highways; plucked, many of them, from byways hitherto little known, perhaps wholly unknown and bound by the yearly greetings of the editor to his readers,—his "friends"

When I may never meet nor greet other than in these words.

A gentle melancholy underlies much of the thought. This, however, is never pessimistic, and rising higher and higher through the conquest of self, sings its victory in: "There will come a time, when it shall be light; and when man shall awaken from his lofty dreams, and find his dreams still there, and that nothing has gone save his sleep." We do not quote. All book lovers will read for themselves, welcoming many friends long known, and other newer ones. Mr. Mosher has done for literature, especially for belles-lettres, a beneficent work. None of it carries a stronger appeal than this message of love, courage and optimism.—*Boston Transcript.*

925 copies, F cap octavo, Van Gelder hand-made paper, old-style boards, \$1.75 net.

50 copies on Japan vellum (numbered), \$4.00 net.
Postpaid on receipt of net price.

THOMAS B. MOSHER

Portland, Maine

A SCROLL OF SEERS

A Wall Anthology of Selections from Great Modern Poetry

Containing Inspiring Stanzas from the Poets of Our Times

And Meant to Fill the Days with a New Sense of Beauty and Spiritual Strength.

The selections include the names of William Vaughn Moody, Francis Thompson, Coventry Patmore, Walt Whitman, Browning, Matthew Arnold, Emerson, Stevenson, and other authors whose message is of distinctly modern significance.

Published by Peter Paul & Son, 136 North Pearl St., Buffalo, N. Y.

Price, \$2.00.

"THE WIFE OF POTIPHAR WITH OTHER POEMS"

By HARVEY MAITLAND WATTS

Impressions of Europe—Impressions of America—Nature poems—Sonnets and lyrics—descriptive and emotional—with the "Reply of Gigadibs" and other satires, and the dramatic episode that gives title. Handsomely bound in Egyptian blue, gold stamped and printed in large type, 228 pages. Price \$1.50.

Mr. Watts muse fares seriously afar, intent on things psychic, allusive, suggestive and introspective. Into a dozen lines, full of picturesque imagery and romantic sentiment, he compresses matter for a long and leisurely poem of olden days.—*North American*.

These poems of Mr. Watts' sound an extended gamut and arrest the attention and delight the ear by the freshness of their thought and the excellence of their workmanship. They are vivid, vital, fluent, spontaneous and sincere in a measure which is quite exceptional.—*The Inquirer*.

THE JOHN C. WINSTON CO., PUBLISHERS

1006-1016 Arch Street, Philadelphia

¶ PRIVATELY PRINTED, LIMITED EDITIONS OF BOOKS, manufactured and put on sale for authors or publishers constitute our particular work. We print this magazine.

¶ Plans and cost estimates promptly furnished upon application.

THE RALPH FLETCHER SEYMOUR CO.

1025 FINE ARTS BUILDING : CHICAGO

DESIGNERS and PRINTERS

oetry

A Magazine of Verse

Will endeavor to publish the best poems now written in English;

Will review and discuss new books of verse;

Will promote in every possible way the interests of the art.

In order that this effort may be recognized as just and necessary, and may develop for this art a responsive public, we ask the poets to send us their best verse. We promise to pay for contributions, and to refuse nothing because it is too good, whatever be the nature of its excellence. We shall read with special interest poems of modern significance, but the most classic subject will not be declined if it reaches a high standard of quality.

We wish to show to an ever-increasing public the best that can be done today in English verse.

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.

POETRY

543 Cass Street, Chicago

Send POETRY for one year (\$1.50 enclosed) beginning _____

_____ to

Name _____

Address _____

POETRY

On sale outside Chicago:

Brentono's,

Fifth Ave. and 27th St., New York City.

The Poetry Bookshop,

35 Devonshire St., Theobald's Rd., London, W. C.

Ashnur Galerie,

211 Blvd. Raspail, Paris, France.

The Old Corner Bookshop,

27 Bromfield St., Boston, Mass.

