

Poetry Magazine: A gallery of voices

A Place for Poetry

"The Birth of an Idea"

In Search of Poets

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

"A Few Don'ts"

Ezra Pound

Cantos in *Poetry*

William Butler Yeats

Robert Frost

D. H. Lawrence

T. S. Eliot

A Banquet

The Midwest Poets

Marianne Moore

Wallace Stevens

William Carlos Williams

"Objectivists" 1931

543 Cass Street

The Open Door

"as well written as prose"

"Jewels"

From "thou" to "you"

An Exhibition from
The Harriet Monroe
Modern Poetry Collection
The Joseph Regenstein Library
The University of Chicago
May–October 1980

THE
UNIVERSITY
OF CHICAGO
LIBRARY



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

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Preface

The creation of the Harriet Monroe Modern Poetry Collection was arranged almost fifty years ago. The union of the books and manuscripts which had been accumulating in the offices of *Poetry* and the University Library is best told by Harriet Monroe herself, then seventy and in her nineteenth year of editing the magazine. She announced to her readers:

Of late the founder-editor-owner of Poetry has felt that as the magazine has been so loyally supported all these years by Chicago guarantors (for only five or six more distant names are on our records), some return should be made to the city for its disinterested investment. The only return of permanent value being Poetry's library, she has contracted that the University of Chicago shall inherit it—either by bequest if she should die before the magazine, or whenever she shall shut up shop and close the history of Poetry. In return, the University agrees to give our collection its own title and place and proper care in the University Library. Also, an anonymous friend of the University has provided a fund of \$5000, the interest of which, at present \$250 a year, is to be part of Poetry's guarantor fund so long as the magazine endures under its present management; and to be devoted later, in perpetuity, to the purchase of new books of verse, so that this "library of modern poetry" may continue to deserve its title. At the present the \$250 is gratefully received as a most opportune addition to our annual endowment. . . .

The magazine benefited from the fund, given by Harold H. Swift, a University trustee, until Harriet Monroe's death in 1936. Since then it has been the principal means of enlarging upon the original 2,350 volumes which were part of the Monroe bequest. Today's collection consists of over 17,000 volumes.

Preface

During its lifetime at the University, the Monroe Collection has moved from its original location in Wieboldt Hall to an eyrie high in the west tower of Harper Library and is now settled in the Regenstein Library. Its dual purpose has remained constant. The first, as Harriet Monroe fervently wished, is to offer readers, especially young ones, the enjoyment and challenge of modern verse. The second purpose is appropriately academic for a university setting. The Collection allows scholars and critics the opportunity to study and give account of the changing character of twentieth-century verse. Although it limits itself to verse and criticism in English, the range of the Collection is considerable, from the permanent to the ephemeral, and from what is now historical to the fresh and the new.

This exhibition draws principally on the unique historical portion of the Monroe bequest, the tens of thousands of letters and manuscripts exchanged with poets during her editorship. The guiding hand of Harriet Monroe is inextricable, but the order of the presentation, after the historical setting is made, emphasizes the poets and their poetry. An attempt has been made to record the first appearances of great works such as "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock," to reveal a poem in the process of creation as with William Carlos Williams' "Love Song," and to illuminate poetic intention as in Pound's own comments on the "Cantos." The selection does little justice to the drudgery of the editorial task and the constant fear of financial collapse. The spirit of the magazine, however, has been aptly caught and set in time by Kathleen Farley who was responsible for both selecting the material and writing the text. Beyond such obligatory tasks, Miss Farley has reawakened from lengthy files the strong critical views and emotions which have

Preface

been an intimate part of *Poetry's* vitality. She has been guided through the intricacies and special demands of an exhibition presentation by Edith Brinkel.

From the beginning, the Harriet Monroe Collection has required a special kind of nurturing. It has to be organized, of course, but it also demands a commitment to the substance. This commitment has had to be founded on knowledge and on love. No curator of the collection has been more caring or discriminating than its first, Judith S. Bond. Her presence was as much a part of the collection as the books and manuscripts. It is to her that this catalogue is dedicated.

Robert Rosenthal
Curator
Special Collections

May 1980

For Judith S. Bond,
first curator of
The Harriet Monroe
Modern Poetry Collection

A Place for Poetry

Harriet Monroe, like most poets in America at the turn of the century, hurled poems into a void, fortunate if one landed at the bottom of a page as customary filler in a magazine. She achieved some renown, however, as Chicago's "laureate." In the cantata written for the dedication of Louis Sullivan's Auditorium Theater, December 9, 1889, she celebrates what she describes in her autobiography as "the first act of a metropolitan drama." Chicago won the honor of hosting the second act, the World's Columbian Exposition, and Harriet Monroe, hearing that all but one of the arts would be featured, won a place there for poetry. She asked for and received the commission to write a dedicatory poem. In addition, seeing that other artists were paid, she demanded one thousand dollars for the right to use and print "The Columbian Ode." This proved significant, for when the *New York World* of September 25, 1892 reached Monroe, with its unauthorized, inaccurate publication of the poem, she sued. The poet of the century's millennial dream was awarded five thousand dollars in her precedent-setting lawsuit defining the rights of authors to control their unpublished works.

1. Harriet Monroe. "The Cantata." The Auditorium dedication program. Chicago, December 9, 1889.
2. Harriet Monroe. Receipt for payment for "Ode." September 23, 1892. TD [copy].
3. "The World's Fair Ode." *The World*, September 25, 1892. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
4. Photograph of Harriet Monroe, 1893.
5. Harriet Monroe. *The Columbian Ode*. Chicago: W. Irving Way and Co., 1893.
6. "\$5000.00 Judgment for Damages." *Chicago Legal News*, March 28, 1896.

A Place for Poetry

The settlement from the *World* enabled Harriet Monroe to indulge her life-long passion for travel, which provided material for the art criticism and free-lance journalism by which she helped support herself. In 1897 her diary records a visit to Rodin's studio where she was asked to translate the poem she had written in his honor. Remembering that visit in her autobiography, she recalls feeling that with Rodin a period was ending. The new art, she believed, must grasp modern life. In a 1905 letter commending her attack on the false classicism that sprang up after the Columbian Exposition, Louis Sullivan echoes her hope for a democratic art, stressing the need for "such sane and searching criticism as is characteristic of [her] pen."

Monroe's essay, "The Bigness of the World," published in the *Atlantic Monthly*, September 1911, reflects these ideals.

Convinced that a poet-prophet must voice the new democracy, and that a hostile environment would silence him, Monroe never tired of repeating that "great art, the highest art comes only when profound energy of creation meets profound energy of sympathy."

7. Harriet Monroe. Personal diary, November 27, 1897.
8. Harriet Monroe. "Rodin." AMs.
9. Harriet Monroe to Auguste Rodin. November 28, 1897. AL [copy].
10. Auguste Rodin to Harriet Monroe. Paris, December 3, 1897. ALS.
11. Louis H. Sullivan to Harriet Monroe. Chicago, April 10, 1905. ALS.
12. Harriet Monroe. "The Bigness of the World." *The Atlantic Monthly*, September 1911.

“The Birth of an Idea”

In October 1911, Harriet Monroe wrote to the publisher Mitchell Kennerly about “the present evil days for poets,” hoping that he would publish a book of her verse. She had brought out a volume of poetry, *Valeria*, in 1891, and a collection of verse plays, *The Passing Show*, in 1903, but only through a subsidy from friends. She had also succeeded in placing verse in established literary magazines here and in England. Kennerly’s reply—“no sale for books of poems”—was familiar, as evidenced by the letters from Houghton Mifflin, *Hampton’s Magazine* and the *Atlantic Monthly*. Though publishers pointed to the “present state of public inattention” to poetry, returning poems as a “dogged tennis player” returns balls, Harriet Monroe believed that this was caused by the publishers, particularly the magazine editors for their dictates on the kind and length of acceptable poetry. Outraged at the neglect of the poet, sure that in “a democracy publicity is the only remedy for evils,” Harriet Monroe continued to plead the poet’s case and made the public her confidant.

13. Bliss Perry to Harriet Monroe. Boston, November 13, 1905. TLS.

14. Ferris Greenslea to Harriet Monroe. Boston, March 8, 1910. TLS.

Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

15. Emet M. Kelley to Harriet Monroe. New York, April 24, 1911. TLS.

16. Harriet Monroe to Mitchell Kennerley. Chicago, October 16, 1911. AL [copy].

17. Mitchell Kennerley to Harriet Monroe. New York, October 18, 1911. TLS.

18. Harriet Monroe. “A Card to the Public.” With *The Dance of the Seasons*. Chicago: Ralph Fletcher Seymour Co., 1911.

“The Birth of an Idea”

Harriet Monroe's own experience convinced her that poetry was the “Cinderella of arts.” And so, at the age of 51, her literary career at an impasse, she decided to publish a magazine devoted solely to the poets. She dated the beginning of the magazine from June 23, 1911, when the long-time patron of the arts, her friend, H. C. Chatfield-Taylor, suggested the financial scheme. Harriet Monroe made her way through the offices of Chicago businessmen and persuaded one hundred to give fifty dollars a year for five years, thus founding a group patronage system for the literary arts, reminiscent of the guild system and typical of all Chicago cultural institutions. Her appeal is expressed in the circular printed in April 1912. Citing the support given the other arts, she employs her favorite analogy: just as exhibitions give artists a chance to be seen, so her magazine will give poets a chance to be heard. The guarantors included Chicago's famous, Palmer, Swift, McCormick, Ryerson, Loeb, as well as less obvious patrons like paint manufacturer Elting and electrical supplier McKinlock, all echoing Chatfield-Taylor's “May the new Pegasus ever soar.”

19. “Chicago Poetess Plans Magazine to Encourage Poesy.” *Kansas City Journal*, November 23, 1911.
20. *Poetry* circular to guarantors, April 1912. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
21. Harriet Monroe to H. C. Chatfield-Taylor. Chicago, July 1912. TL [copy]. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
22. H. C. Chatfield-Taylor to Harriet Monroe. Lake Forest, Illinois, July 16, 1912. ALS.
23. Letters from guarantors to Harriet Monroe: Harold McCormick, October 16, 1911; Albert H. Loeb, April 12, 1912; Arthur F. Aldis, July 18, 1912; Potter Palmer, October 25, 1912.

*This was our first circular —
our first printing of any kind
Printed in April, 1912*

Poetry

IT is proposed to publish a magazine of poetry for the encouragement of the art. Such a magazine cannot be started without financial aid, such as is freely given to the other arts. In this city, for twenty-five years, a body of our most influential men (the officers of the Art Institute) have generously carried on a powerful campaign to develop appreciation of painting, sculpture, etc. The results are: the Art Institute, built and supported and filled with treasures by gifts, legacies, and public taxes, the last item alone amounting to \$50,000 a year. One annual exhibition offers four prizes — \$1,000, \$500, \$300, and \$100 — for the best works shown. The Institute art school gives free scholarships and other awards for meritorious work.

Music is similarly encouraged by an endowed orchestra and a guaranteed opera season.

The Drama Players and the proposed Little Theatre are an endowment of dramatic art, which, even without assistance, has a large public.

Poetry alone has no powerful friends. No endowment, prize, scholarship of any kind for original

In Search of Poets

Determined to publish the best available verse, regardless of theory, name or place, Harriet Monroe spent long hours in the public library reading recent books as well as all the poetry in American and English magazines of the previous five years. Among the Americans who received the *Poetry* circular offering a chance to be heard and to be paid were the established writers, Madison Cawein, Edwin Markham, E. A. Robinson and the newer ones, Witter Bynner, Floyd Dell, Vachel Lindsay, Amy Lowell. More than a third of the poets were British and included the distinguished Alice Meynell, Harold Monroe, Ernest Rhys, W. B. Yeats, and the lesser known “Georgians”—Lascelles Abercrombie, John Drinkwater—and John Masefield. All expressed interest. Amy Lowell, whose sonnet in *The Atlantic* caught Monroe’s eye, thought the magazine “a most excellent undertaking—it ought to do much to foster poetry which has a hard time now to get itself published.” Not all sent verse immediately. Masefield had “no short poem,” and Robinson admitted that his “poetry machine ran down.” Promising to send some “verse,” he wondered at “the deadly emphasis of the sub-title” of the magazine.

24. *Poetry* circular to poets. Summer 1912. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
25. Harriet Monroe to John Masefield. Chicago, August 7, 1912. TL [copy]. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
26. Harriet Monroe to E. A. Robinson. Chicago, August 7, 1912. TL [copy].
27. Harriet Monroe to William Butler Yeats. Chicago, August 15, 1912. TL [copy].
28. John Masefield to Harriet Monroe. Great Hampden, Buckinghamshire, August 21, 1912. ALS.
29. Amy Lowell to Harriet Monroe. Dublin, New Hampshire, September 7, 1912. ALS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
30. E. A. Robinson to Harriet Monroe. Richmond, Staten Island, January 14, 1913. ALS.

*This was sent to poets
during the summer of 1912*

oetry

A Magazine of Verse

Is to be published for the encouragement of the art. More than one hundred persons have generously pledged subscriptions amounting to five thousand dollars annually for five years to make this experiment possible. Besides this, two hundred and fifty dollars will be awarded in one or two cash prizes for the best poem or poems published during the first year, and at least one other prize has been partly promised.

The success of this first American effort to encourage the production and appreciation of poetry, as the other arts are encouraged, by endowment, now depends on the poets. We offer them:

First, a chance to be heard in their own place, without the limitations imposed by the popular magazine. In other words, while the ordinary magazines must minister to a large public little interested in poetry, this magazine will appeal to, and it may be hoped, will develop, a public primarily interested in poetry as an art, as the highest, most complete human expression of truth and beauty.

10/10/1912
 10/10/1912

E.P.'s first letter - page 1 in portfolio
 10 Church Walk
 Kensington
 London W.
 about Aug 18th, 1912

Harriet Thomas,
 Ch. W.

Dear Madam.

I am interested, and your scheme as far as I understand it seems not only sound, but the only possible method. There is no other magazine in America which is not an insult to the serious artist and to the dignity of his art.

But? Can you teach the American poet that poetry is an art - an art with a technique with rules, - an art that must be in constant flux & constant change of manner. # it is to live.

I am very glad to hear of your scheme - which I believe is the best to be carried out in America. I am sure it is dear to me. It is something which will make the Helen Merrell Lyman Poem have a look like a lamp - a tea-table. I hope we can make it a discrimination. I hope we can make it a strike for.

In Search of Poets

Ezra Pound had chosen to leave the stifling American scene and published his first volume, *A Lume Spento*, in Venice in 1908 at his own expense. He broke into the London literary world in 1909 when Elkin Mathews published *Personae* and *Exultations*. It was in Mathews' shop on July 19, 1910, as her receipt book shows, that Harriet Monroe paid two shillings, six pence for "Ezra Pound's poems." His poetry gave Monroe "very special pleasure," as she wrote in her letter of August 7, 1912, hoping that Pound might be interested "in this project for a magazine of verse." Pound was interested, for Harriet Monroe had provided not only a place for poets, but a place for Pound to direct his valuable, indefatigable energies on behalf of the art. So impressed was Monroe with Pound's vigorous response that she gladly made him foreign correspondent. In his first letter of August 1912, Pound expressed his concern for teaching the American poet that "poetry is an *art*, an art with a technique . . . that must be in constant flux, . . . if it is to live." "Are you for American Poetry or for Poetry," he asked and closed with hopes for the "American Risorgimento."

31. Ezra Pound. *A Lume Spento*. Venice: Antonini, 1908.
32. Ezra Pound. *Personae*. London: Elkin Mathews, 1909.
33. Ezra Pound. *Exultations*. London: Elkin Mathews, 1909.
34. Harriet Monroe. Receipt and expense book, July 19, 1910.
35. Harriet Monroe to Ezra Pound. Chicago, August 7, 1912. TL [copy]. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
36. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Kensington, London, [August 18, 1912]. ALS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
37. Photograph of Ezra Pound by William Langdon Coburn. *Playboy*, May 1921.

Poetry: A Magazine of Verse

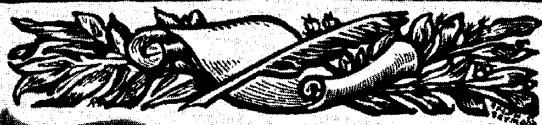
When Harriet Monroe opened Edward J. O'Brien's letter of September 20, 1912 and read the circular of a proposed Boston Magazine called *Poetry*, she protested the use of the same title and rushed her first issue to press two months earlier than planned. *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse* appeared in October 1912. The motto of the magazine, taken from Whitman, expresses Monroe's belief in the reciprocal relationship between the artist and the public: "To have great poets there must be great audiences too." The letter sent to Arthur Davison Ficke, whose double sonnet, "Poetry," was chosen to open the magazine, shows that Harriet Monroe intended to lead her "subscribers gently to the appreciation of poetry. . . ." In contrast, Pound's "To Whistler, American" rebukes a whole generation of Victorian-American gentility: "You and Abe Lincoln from that mass of dolts / Show us there's chance at least of winning through." But as the *Tribune* noted, the editor was not offering any "apology for her little magazine." From the first, it contained the diversity that she insisted upon. *Poetry*, Ficke's "little isle amid bleak seas," was undergoing a sea-change.

38. Edward J. O'Brien to Harriet Monroe. Boston, September 20, 1912. ALS. With circular.
39. Harriet Monroe to Edward J. O'Brien. Chicago, September 28, 1912. TL [copy].
40. Harriet Monroe to Arthur Davison Ficke. Chicago, August 16, 1912. TL [copy].
41. Arthur Davison Ficke. "Poetry." TMsS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
42. Ezra Pound. "To Whistler, American." AMsS.
43. *Poetry*, October 1912.

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NO. 1



Poetry

A Magazine of Verse

CONTENTS

Poetry	Arthur Davison Ficke
I am the Woman	William Vaughan Moody
To Whistler, American	Ezra Pound
Middle Aged	Ezra Pound
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

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October MCMXII

“A Few Don’ts”

Pound earned his title as foreign correspondent by discovering for *Poetry* the “best” on his “side of the wet.” Most significantly, among the first flurry of letters, he sent some “modern stuff,” defining “modern” as “objective—no slither—direct—no excess of adjectives . . . no metaphors that won’t permit examination . . . straight talk—straight as the greek!” Pound sent the poetry of H. D. and christened her “Imagiste,” an “affectation” she later requested that Monroe drop. H. D. was correct in believing that the “Imagiste” in her first *Poetry* publication had “sufficiently identified” her. It had; for since the appearance of her poems in the January 1913 issue of *Poetry*—“Hermes of the Ways,” “Priapus” and “Epigram”—H. D. has been considered the quintessential Imagist. Curiosity about this new school of poetry was satisfied in the March 1913 *Poetry* with the publication of Flint’s “Imagisme” and Pound’s “A Few Don’ts by an Imagiste.” Pound’s rules, emphasizing direct treatment of the “thing,” use of no superfluous words, and composition in the sequence of the musical phrase, stirred the new movement in poetry.

44. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. [London, October or November 1912].

ALS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

45. H. D. “Epigram.” *Poetry*, January 1913.

46. Hilda Doolittle to Harriet Monroe. [Paris, 1913]. ALS.

47. Ezra Pound. “A Few Don’ts by an Imagiste.” *Poetry*, March 1913.



HÔTEL EDEN

SIRMIONE AM GARDASEE
DEUTSCHES HAUS DIREKT AM SEE
GARAGE

E. MENEGATTI

EARLY

SUCCESSORE A. CRACCO

MEDESIMO PROPRIETARIO DELL' HOTEL GERMANIA

Dear Miss Thomas -
Rather late in
the day, - but the
January copies of
"Poetry" forwarded me
to Rome, were never
received - Could you
send me a copy or
two of American Express
to Rue Scille
Paris. -

Mr. Pound writes
me that you are
using the other poems
I sent you! - If
they are not already
in type, will you
please sign with the
simple initials H.D.

THE SHRINE.

You ask: what is about? I see somewhere
scrawled among your notes - "It is about beauty."
Yes, it is about beauty.

The Shrine

"She watches over the sea"

Are your rocks shelter for ships?
Have you sent galleys from your beach,
Are you graded - a safe crescent -
where the tide lifts them back to port?
Are you full and sweet,
tempting the quiet
to depart in their trading ships?

May, you are great, fierce, evil -
you are the land-blight.
You have tempted men
but they perished on your cliffs.

Your lights are but dank shoals,
plate and pebble and wet shells
and sea-weed fastened to the rocks.

It was evil - evil
when they found you,
when the quiet men looked at you.
they sought a headland
shaded with ledge of cliff
from the wind-blast.

But you - you are unsheltered,
cut with the weight of wind.
you shudder when it strikes,
then lift, swelled with the blast.
you sink as the tide sinks,
you shrill under hail and sound,
thunder when thunder sounds.

You are useless;
when the tides swirl
your boulders out and wreck
the staggering ships.

“A Few Don’ts”

Pound said in a 1915 letter to Monroe that when he brought out *Des Imagistes* in 1914, he “made it possible for a few poets who were not over-producing to reach an audience.” He had, but neglected the fact, quickly corrected by a Monroe-inspired errata slip, that the majority of the poems had already appeared in *Poetry*. Though Pound was best promoter, and Monroe first publisher, it was Amy Lowell who popularized the Imagists in a series of anthologies entitled *Some Imagist Poets*. H. D.’s “The Shrine” was set up for publication in *Poetry* but, as Monroe’s annotation indicates, was cancelled because of its inclusion in the 1916 volume of *Some Imagist Poets*. The H. D. correspondence to Monroe in February, March and June of 1916 discusses this misunderstanding and reveals an aspect of Monroe, the editor. “The Shrine” apparently caused her some difficulty, for Monroe asked H. D., among other things, to “help the reader out with the title.” Seeing “no way in which to do that,” H. D. sent “a little explanation.” Though H. D. gave permission to publish her two-page commentary on the poem, it has never appeared in print.

48. Ezra Pound. *Des Imagistes*. *The Glebe*, February 1914.

49. H. D. “The Shrine.” TMsS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

50. Hilda Aldington to Harriet Monroe. North Devonshire, London, March 6, 1916. ALS. With explanation of “The Shrine.” TMs. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

51. Hilda Aldington to Harriet Monroe. Devonshire, England, June 4, 1916. ALS.

52. Amy Lowell. *Some Imagist Poets*. Boston and New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1916.

Ezra Pound

On October 3, 1912, as the manuscript shows, Ezra Pound made his truce with Walt Whitman. "A Pact" appeared in the April 1913 *Poetry* with the group titled "Contemporaria." Pound's subsequent "Epilogue" recalls that these "chansons . . . / . . . created considerable stir in Chicago." The debate preceding publication resulted in Monroe overcoming her fear for "the struggling little magazine" and printing the poems as written, including the early typographical experiment (never retained by Pound) of the famous imagist poem, "In A Station of the Metro." After publication, Monroe, enjoying the joke, sent Pound clippings of the newspaper parodies and attacks. Mrs. Blaine, "a prominent millionairess" and double guarantor, thought Pound's poems "grand" and admired their "social tone." As for the "knocks," Monroe thought Louis Untermeyer responsible for the anonymous ditty from the poets of New York. In "Chant Monroe," they beg her to "Deliver us from Ezra Pound!"

53. Ezra Pound. "A Pact." AMs.

54. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. London, [before April 1913]. TLS.

55. Harriet Monroe to Ezra Pound. Chicago, [before April 1913]. AL.
Annotated by Ezra Pound.

56. *Poetry*, April 1913.

57. Ezra Pound. "Epilogue to a Series of Verses." TMs.

58. Harriet Monroe to Ezra Pound. Chicago, April 12, 1913. TL [copy].

59. "Chant Monroe." TMs. Attributed to Louis Untermeyer by Harriet Monroe.

Ezra Pound

Pound's role as foreign correspondent officially ended after the "Propertius" controversy. Monroe had published four sections of "Homage to Sextus Propertius" in March 1919. One month later, she published a critique, "Pegasus Impounded," by the University of Chicago Latinist William Gardner Hale, to whom she had given the poems. Hale does catch Pound out in a series of mistranslations, but the scholar's concern for accuracy completely misses the poet's achievement. That this continued to irritate Pound is seen in the correspondence of Harriet Monroe and Pound concerning Pound's article, "Small Magazines," published in 1930 in the *English Journal*. Monroe, in her letter to the editor, clarifies some Pound-perpetrated misconceptions, praises Pound's contribution, and admits she may have made a mistake in not giving him control, "like the arab . . . whose tent . . . was absorbed by the camel he had invited in." Pound's reply contains the postscript: "Have a Camel."

60. Ezra Pound. "Propertius." *Poetry*, March 1919.

61. William Gardner Hale. "Pegasus Impounded." *Poetry*, April 1919.

62. Harriet Monroe to E. Wilbur Hatfield. Chicago, November 22, 1930. TL [copy].

63. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Rapallo, Italy, [before March 11, 1931]. TLS.

Cantos in Poetry

The early drafts of one of the twentieth-century's most controversial poems, the *Cantos*, were first published in *Poetry* in June, July and August of 1917. Pound said in 1966 that the "best introduction to the *Cantos*" is "the first nine lines" of what was published in *Poetry* as Canto I: "say the thing's an art form, / . . . and that the modern world / Needs such a rag-bag to stuff all its thought in. . . ." Pound's attitude in "attempting" and "presenting" a long poem is revealed in a letter to Monroe, wherein he expresses "extreme diffidence" toward the few who understand, "amiable respect" toward those who know it doesn't concern them, and "contempt" for those who, "incapable of comprehension, rush in to meddle with what is not for them." Pound's pencilled-out reference to the "Takasago" theme provides an additional way in to the poem. Monroe invited Robert Frost's opinion of the manuscript and in typical fashion Frost gave it. Detecting "stir" of "the Poundian kind," supposing that "the meaning is meant just to elude you going out as you come in," he was "half inclined to publish it and let the public be damned."

64. Robert Frost to Harriet Monroe. Amherst, Massachusetts, March 24, 1917. ALS.

65. Ezra Pound. "Three Cantos I." TMsS.

66. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Kensington, London, April 24, 1917. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

67. *Poetry*, June, July, August 1917.

cap Three Cantos by Ezra Pound 67

H

I

hang
not

Hang it all, there can be but one Sordello!

But say I want to, say I take your whole bag of tricks,
Let in your quirks and tweeks, and say the thing's an art-form,
Your Sordello,
and that the modern world

Needs such a rag-bag to stuff all its thought in;
Say that I dump my catch, shiny and silvery
As fresh sardines flapping and slipping on the marginal cobbles?
(I stand before the booth, the speech, but the truth
Is inside this discourse, this booth, full of the marrow of
wisdom)
Give up th' intaglio method.

No eds

Tower by tower

Red-brown the rounded bases, and the plan
Follows the builder's whim. Beaucaire's slim gray
Leaps from the stubby base of Altaforte -
Mohammed's windows, for the Alcazar
Has such a garden, split by a tame small stream
The moat is ten yards wide, the inner court-yard
Half a-swim with mire.

No eds

Trunk nose?

There are not. The rough men swarm out

In robes that are half Roman, half like the Knave of Hearts
And I discern your story:

No ap

Reire Cardinal

Was half fore-runner of Dante. Arnaut's that trick
Of the unfinished address;
And half your dates are out, you mix your eras;

✓

lt

14
Sep-1



1933

VIA MARZALA 12-5

E POUND

RAPALLO

Dear Arriet

I know you hate like hell to print me.
And that an EPIC includes history and history aint all
slush and babies pink toes.

I admit that economics are
in themselves uninteresting, but heroism IS poetic, I mean
it is fit subject for poesy.

Also re/ my Christmas carol...

Damn it all the only thing
between food and the starving, between abolition of slums
and decent life is a thin barrier of utterly
damned stupidity re/ the printing of poes or paper
strips.

30 years ago people didn't know. It is as complex AND
simple as Marconi's controll of electricity.

//

Anyhow VanBuren was a national hero, and the young ought
to know it.

also this canto continues after the Adams.
Printed separate, it will be clearer than if I publ/
35, and 36 next.

Consider than Van' autobiography lay unprinted from 1860
or so down to 1920. #1/ probably because people who knew

Please send me a
few more
copies of
September
number.

Cantos in Poetry

The *Cantos* baffled Harriet Monroe, especially as they became increasingly concerned with economics. In September of 1933, Pound sent *Canto XXXVII*, giving it a title, “‘Thou Shalt Not’ said Martin Van Buren,” and stating that “an EPIC includes history and history ain’t all slush and babies pink toes.” In January of 1934, he wrote enraged at the publishing delay and enclosed a clipping accusing her of “ROTTEN EDITING . . . TO WAIT until Roosevelt has said it instead of printing it when [he] said it.” Harriet Monroe responded to what she considered Pound’s “desire for political scoops,” concluding that if it was politics and not poetry that he was writing, he should submit them to the newspapers. The *Canto* appeared in *Poetry* in March 1934 and was the last that Harriet Monroe ever printed. The episode is summarized by Monroe in an April 1934 letter to T. S. Eliot, in whom Pound had apparently confided. Eliot sympathized, urging that she not “take the violence of his style too seriously” and expressing “admiration for the technical merits of the previous *Cantos*.”

68. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Rapallo, Italy, September 14, [1933]. TLS.

69. Ezra Pound. “‘Thou Shalt Not’ Said Martin Van Buren.” *Canto XXXVII*. TMsS.

70. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Rapallo, Italy, January 14, [1934]. TLS.

71. Harriet Monroe to Ezra Pound. Chicago, January 26, 1934. ALS [copy].

72. Ezra Pound. “‘Thou Shalt Not,’ Said Martin Van Buren.” *Poetry*, March 1934.

73. Harriet Monroe to T. S. Eliot. Chicago, April 2, 1934. TL [copy].

74. T. S. Eliot to Harriet Monroe. London, April 19, 1934. TLS.

William Butler Yeats

Although Yeats was among the poets originally solicited by Harriet Monroe, his early contact with the magazine came through Ezra Pound. Pound had gone to London in the first place, he later claimed, to learn from the “only poet worthy of serious study.” But Yeats, who had already begun to rid his poetry of nineteenth-century rhetoric and abstraction, was to learn from Pound, as evidenced by the poems submitted to *Poetry* for his first appearance in the magazine, December 1912. Having been asked by Yeats to check the punctuation, Pound proceeded to delete and change, an editorial impudence that displeased Yeats. In order to restore “ce que le roi désire,” Pound dashed off an amusing series of letters to Monroe. The versions published in *Poetry* show Yeats adamant about retaining “as it were” in “Fallen Majesty,” but “peace” eventually did reign on Parnassus. In the 1933 *Collected Poems*, Yeats retained all of Pound’s emendations.

75. William Butler Yeats. “The Mountain Tomb,” “To A Child Dancing Upon the Shore,” “Fallen Majesty,” “Love and the Bird,” “The Realists.” TMsS. Annotated by William Butler Yeats and Ezra Pound.
76. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. 10 Church Walk, London, November 2, 1912. ALS.
77. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Upper Woburn Place, London, November 2, 1912. ALS.
78. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. 10 Church Walk, London, November 4, 1912. ALS.
79. *Poetry*, December 1912.

THE MOUNTAIN TOMB.

pour wine and dance if manhood still have pride,
bring roses if the rose be yet in bloom;

VALLEY MAJESTY.

~~At the death~~

Although crowds gathered once if she but showed her face
Even old men's eyes grew dim, this hand alone,

I sat as silent as a stone
And knew, though she'd not said a word,
That even the best of love must die,
And had been savagely undone
Till it not that love, upon the cry
Of a most ridiculous little bird,
Threw up ^{an} the his marvellous moon.

THE REALISTS

Hops that you may understand,
What can books, of men that live
In a dragon-guarded land;
Paintings of the dolphin down;
Sea nymphs, in their pearly waggons,
No but were the hope to live
That had gone
With the dragons.

I have had a corner of a picture in a glass house
& called it fine art. I would to have oblige
you would never be frustrated
WY 1905

How is the poem
W.S.Y.

Journal

18. Woburn Buildings,

W.C.

The Schoolboys

One

Bald heads, hostile, stern lines,
old, learned, respectable, bald heads
Eds and anodes the lines,
That young men, tossing on their beds,
Rhymed out in love's despair
To flatter beauty's ignorant ear.

They're cough ² in the ink box to the world, and;
Wear out the carpet with their shoes
Earning respect; have no strange friend;
If they have sinned nobody knows:
doubt what would they say
should they. Catullus walks that way

W.S.Y. end

William Butler Yeats

"The Scholars" was one of the many poems Yeats submitted to *Poetry* from 1912 to 1935. That publishing history is impressive, but Yeats was special to the magazine in another way. His "The Grey Rock" was awarded *Poetry*'s first prize. In a populist spirit, Harriet Monroe had favored Lindsay, but yielded good-naturedly to Pound's insistence that the "rotten £50" go to the best poem. Yeats, disturbed by "the image of some unknown needy young man in a garret," returned most of it and, in a "personal" letter, suggested giving the money to Ezra Pound: "I would always sooner give the laurel to vigorous error than to . . . orthodoxy not inspired." Harriet Monroe accepted, without reservation, Yeats' suggestion and announced it in the November 1913 *Poetry*. Objecting to Monroe's prize-giving, Conrad Aiken later called November a "deadly month for poets." Though one can criticize specific choices (Lindsay's "The Chinese Nightingale" in 1915 over Eliot's "Prufrock"), none can impugn Monroe's purpose. Steadfastly, she maintained both the awards and the policy of paying for poems to ensure that the poet receive remuneration for what was given.

80. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Kensington, London, [before October 13, 1913]. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

81. Harriet Monroe to Ezra Pound. Chicago, October 13, 1913. TLS [copy].

82. William Butler Yeats to Harriet Monroe. Woburn Place, London, November 7, 1913. TLS.

83. William Butler Yeats to Harriet Monroe. Woburn Place, London, November 7, 1913. TLS. Marked "Personal."

84. William Butler Yeats. "The Scholars." AMsS.

85. *Poetry*, February 1916.

Robert Frost

Pound's announcement in April of 1913 that he had "just discovered another Amur'k'n, VURRY Amur'k'n" (the first being H. D.), elicited Alice Corbin Henderson's "*mea culpa*." As first reader, she had returned Robert Frost's poems, insisting they deserved it. Robert Frost, the most outstanding case of neglect on the part of American publishers, had found London receptive to his poetry. David Nutt brought out *A Boy's Will* in 1913, and it received its first penetrating American criticism from Pound in a review in the May 1913 issue of *Poetry*. Frost's poems had to wait much longer for *Poetry* publication. "The Black Cottage" was rejected in 1914 because, having already appeared in print, it violated *Poetry*'s policy of accepting only unpublished works. "The Code—Heroics" appeared in the February 1914 *Poetry* and marked Frost's first significant American publication.

86. Ezra Pound to Alice Corbin Henderson. [London, April 1913]. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

87. Harriet Monroe to Ezra Pound. Chicago, April 5, 1913. TLS [copy].

88. Robert Frost. *A Boy's Will*. London: David Nutt, 1913.

89. *Poetry*, February 1914.

Robert Frost

"Something there is that doesn't love a wall. . . ." *Poetry's* welcome to Robert Frost may have been less than warm, but he and Harriet Monroe grew, as he said in a 1924 letter, "to be old, if not . . . quite first name, friends." In the twenties, when most of the major poetry was going to the *Dial* and other competitors, Frost sent "The Witch of Coos" to *Poetry*. It won the prize in 1922, evoking his: "Some have friends, some have luck, and some have nothing but merit." Commenting on Harriet Monroe's 1924 essay, Frost went on to acknowledge that his "debt" to her had "piled up to some altitude above sea-level," and he wished her a "great discovery or two in poetry for 1925." The letter of July 1926 shows Frost in his best humor. Wondering why poets are "invited to Philadelphia in August anyway," he declines Monroe's invitation, his hay-fever requiring him to "outwit the jinx . . . by staying strictly in overalls." "Twas ever thus from childhood's hour," he concludes, "I never had a chance that I proved equal to."

90. *Poetry*, January 1922.

91. Robert Frost to Harriet Monroe. South Shaftsbury, Vermont, November 4, 1922. ALS.

92. Harriet Monroe. "Robert Frost." *Poetry*, December 1924.

93. Robert Frost to Harriet Monroe. Amherst, Massachusetts, December 19, 1924. ALS.

94. Robert Frost to Harriet Monroe. South Shaftsbury, Vermont, July 10, 1926. ALS.

Robert Frost

The last Frost poems published by *Poetry* in April 1936, five months before Harriet Monroe's death, include "At Woodward's Gardens" and "Ten Mills." The first is a recollection of Frost's boyhood in San Francisco and, as his note on the manuscript indicates, is "supposed to have some bearing on such things as brain trusts and intellectuality." It was later subtitled "Resourcefulness is more than understanding." On the manuscript of "Ten Mills," Frost wrote that though "one of them, *The Span of Life*, has already been published in a book," it is needed "here to complete the autobiography. I am yours to do what you please with—." Harriet Monroe was pleased to publish him.

95. Robert Frost. "At Woodward's Gardens." AMsS. With note to Harriet Monroe.

96. Robert Frost. "Ten Mills." AMsS. With note to Harriet Monroe.

97. *Poetry*, April 1936.

Ten Mills
Precaution

Ten Mills 2

untied

On longwires artistically bent

In Dives' Dive

It is late at night and still I am losing,
But still I am patient and unaccusing.

As long as the Declaratory guards
My right to be equal in number of cards,

It is nothing to me who runs the Dive.

Let's have a look at another five.

Dear Harriet Monroe:

This is my set of minims.
One of them, The Span of Life has already been
published in a book. But I think I need it
here to complete the autobiography. I am
yours & to do what you please with—

Sincerely though in
haste Robert Frost

D. H. Lawrence

D. H. Lawrence was introduced to Harriet Monroe by Ezra Pound as a “detestable person” but one who had learned “the proper treatment of modern subjects two years before [he] did.” When *Poetry* published his “Poems” in January 1914, Lawrence wrote thanking Monroe for the “payment of mere verse” and offering some revealing comments on his poetic techniques: “To me image on image and word on word holds good, for the *meaning*. But perhaps the meaning is in too tabloid a form.” One of the poems, “Ballad of Another Ophelia,” was resisted by Monroe who thought it wilfully obscure. In his letter of July 31, Lawrence told Monroe that she had missed “the true instinctive or *dream* symbolism” by wanting “to cut off the tail of poor Ophelia’s ballad.” Although the “Ballad” never appeared in *Poetry*, Monroe considered publication, possibly convinced by his explanation, but most likely struck by his plea for “all the understanding and suffering and the pure intelligence necessary for the simple perceiving of poetry.”

98. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Kensington, London, [June 1913]. TLS.

99. *Poetry*, January 1914.

100. D. H. Lawrence to Harriet Monroe. Golfo della Spezia, Italy, May 8, 1914. ALS.

101. D. H. Lawrence. “Ballad of Another Ophelia.” AMs. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

102. D. H. Lawrence to Harriet Monroe. South Kensington, London, July 31, 1914. ALS.

Ballad of Another Ophelia — Cafe

Oh the green glimmer of apples in the orchard,
Damps in a wash of rain,
Oh the wet smelt of my brown hen through the stackyard,
Oh tears on the window pane!

Nothing now will ripen the bright green apples,
Full of disappointed and of rain;
Parakeets they will taste, of tears, when the yellow dapple
Of autumn tell the withered tale again.

All round the yard it is cluck, my brown hen,
Cluck, and the rain-wet wings,
Cluck, my marigold bird, and again
Cluck for your yellow darlings.

For the grey rat found the gold thirteen
Huddled away in the dark,
Flutter for a moment, oh the beast is quick and keen,
Extinct one yellow-fluffy spark.

Once I had a lover bright like running water,
Once his face was laughing like the sky;
Open like the sky looking down in all its laughter
On the buttercups - and buttercups was I.

What there is there hidden in the shut of all the blossom,
What is peeping from your wings, oh mother hen?
In the sun who asks the question, in a lovely haste for wisdom -
What a lovely haste for wisdom is in men?

Yes, but the cruel when undressed is all the blossom,
And her shift is lying white upon the floor.
That a grey one, like a shadow, like a rat, a thief, a rain storm
Creeps upon her then and gathers in the store.

Oh the young gammer that is full of half-grown apples,
Oh the golden sparkles laid extinct -
And oh, behind the cloud sheaves, like yellow, autumn dapples,
Did you see the withered sun that withered?

This is not
accepted
must be
written in
all.

4.

The perfect resurrection from the dead,

3.

Of full despair - I lift my little flame

2.

But like a cyclamen, a crocus flower

1.

Resurrection

by D. H. Lawrence.

Now all the hosts are marching to the grave; now
The hosts are leaping from the edge of life
In a cascade of souls to sorrowful death.

And I am just awakened from the tomb,
And whither they are going, I have been
In timelessness laid by, in noiseless death.

Now, like the first light breaking from the earth,
I venture from the halls of shadowy death -
A frail white gleam of resurrection.

Now, like a crocus in the autumn time,
My soul comes lambent from the endless night
Of death - a cyclamen, a crocus flower
Of windy autumn when the winds all sweep
The hosts away to death, where heap on heap
The lives are smouldering in a funeral wind.

I see things in ~~their~~ ^{the} ~~know~~ ^{where} ~~you~~ ^{are} going, ~~you~~ ^{the} ~~see~~ ^{ere} leaves;
I have been also where ~~you~~ ^{they} go; dead lives
That whirl and sweep like anxious leaves on death,
And have no rest save in the endless night
Of death - I know ~~your~~ ^{their} goal.

D. H. Lawrence

The war had a profound effect on Lawrence. He wrote to Monroe in September 1915 of "the real winter of the spirit in England. . . the Zeppelin . . . gleaming like a new great sign . . . had assumed the heavens as its own." Fearful of "what the end will be," Lawrence felt that one "must speak for life & growth, amid all this mass of destruction & disintegration." As if in answer to that mandate, he wrote two poems, "Resurrection" and "Passages from *Ecce Homo*." The first appeared in *Poetry*, June 1917, and was reprinted in the 1964 *Complete Poems*. On exhibit is an unpublished early version of "Resurrection," in Lawrence's hand, which differs significantly from the printed poem. Unpublished also is Lawrence's "Passages from *Ecce Homo*," in Monroe's hand, an early version of "Eloi, Eloi, Lama Sabachthani," printed in the *Egoist* in 1915.

103. D. H. Lawrence. "Passages from *Ecce Homo*." AMs [in Harriet Monroe's hand].
104. D. H. Lawrence to Harriet Monroe. Hampstead, London, September 15, 1915. ALS.
105. D. H. Lawrence. "Resurrection." AMsS.
106. D. H. Lawrence. "Resurrection." *Poetry*, June 1917.

T. S. Eliot

Among the most important of the “discoveries” for 1915 was T. S. Eliot, whose “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock” had been rejected by the English *Poetry and Drama*, but was judged by Pound as “the best poem . . . yet . . . from an American.” The eight-month delay between Pound’s October 14 imperative, “Hope you’ll get it *in* soon,” and its June 1915 appearance in *Poetry* has been interpreted as one of the most glaring examples of Monroe’s conservatism. Pound later said he had to “hammer the stuff in.” The files show, however, that even Yeats had an eight-month wait. Still, Monroe’s resistance to “Prufrock” was real and can be inferred from Pound’s letters. He too disliked “the paragraph about Hamlet,” but to her criticism of the futility at the end, Pound observed that “it would be false art” to make “a portrait of failure” end “on a note of triumph.” Pound’s letter of June 28, 1915 proves *il miglior fabbro* a fallible prophet: “If you think he lacks vigour merely because he happens to have portrayed Mr. Prufrock the unvigorous, vous vous trompez. . . . he may produce something both modest and virile before the end of the chapter.”

107. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Kensington, London, September 30, 1914. TLS.

108. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Kensington, London, [September or October, 1914]. ALS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

109. T. S. Eliot. “The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock.” TMsS.

110. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Coleman’s Hatch, Sussex, January 31, 1915. TLS.

111. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Kensington, London, June 28, 1915. TLS.

THE LOVE SONG OF J. ALFRED PRUFROCK/

S'io credessi che mia risposta fosse
A persona che mai tornasse al mondo,
Questa fiamma staria senza più scosse.

Ma peröiocchè giammai di questo fondo
Non torna vivo alcun, s'i' odo il vero,
Senza tema d'infamia ti rispondo.

□ Let us go then, you and I,

When the evening is spread out against the sky

Like a patient etherised upon a table;

Let us go, through certain half-deserted streets,

The muttering retreats

Of restless nights in one-night cheap hotels

And sawdust restaurants with oyster-shells:

Streets that follow like a tedious argument

Of insidious intent

To lead you to an overwhelming question...

Oh, do not ask, "What is it?"

Let us go and make our visit.

In the room the women come and go

Talking of Michelangelo.

□ The yellow fog that rubs its back upon the window panes,
The yellow smoke that rubs its muzzle on the window panes,
Licked its tongue into the corners of the evening,
Lingered upon the pools that stand in drains,
Let fall upon its back the soot that falls from chimneys,
Slipped by the terrace, made a sudden leap,
And seeing that it was a soft October night,
Curled once about the house, and fell asleep.

T. S. Eliot

Although Pound detected its quality, "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock" was accessible to few when it first saw print in the June 1915 issue of *Poetry*. Of the American reaction in the magazine's files, only Vachel Lindsay "liked it," telling Monroe it was the "best thing" she'd had "for many a day." More typical was Louis Untermeyer's response: "the first piece of the English language that utterly stumped me. . . . the effect was that of the Muse in a psychopathic ward." "Prufrock" in *Poetry*, 1915, marked Eliot's first American publication; his first book was brought out by the Egoist Press, London, in 1917. Of the twelve poems in *Prufrock and Other Observations*, eight had first appeared in *Poetry*.

- 112. T. S. Eliot. "The Love Song of J. Alfred Prufrock." *Poetry*, June 1915.
- 113. Vachel Lindsay to Harriet Monroe. Springfield, Illinois, June 12, 1915. ALS.
- 114. Louis Untermeyer to Harriet Monroe. August 13, 1915. ALS.
- 115. T. S. Eliot. *Prufrock and Other Observations*. London: The Egoist, Ltd., 1917.

T. S. Eliot

"The Death of Saint Narcissus" was set up in type for publication in *Poetry* along with three other poems but, as Monroe's annotation on the proof indicates, was never published. Pound had submitted it to Monroe in August 1915 while Eliot was in America, apparently against Eliot's wishes, for it was withdrawn by the author upon his return to London. Eliot later said that he did not care to have the poem printed in his lifetime, but he did supervise the privately-printed, 1950 volume, *Poems Written in Early Youth*, which includes "The Death of Saint Narcissus." *Poetry*'s cancelled proof provided the text for this first publication of the poem, although its opening lines had been incorporated almost exactly in *The Waste Land*, 1922. When the lost *Waste Land* manuscripts were discovered in 1968, after Eliot's death, and published in a 1971 facsimile edition by Valerie Eliot, a version of the poem in Eliot's hand came to light, with variants from the *Poetry* typescript. The story of "The Death of Saint Narcissus" and its relation to *The Waste Land* remains intriguing.

116. T. S. Eliot. "The Death of Saint Narcissus." TMs.

117. T. S. Eliot. "The Death of Saint Narcissus." Proof. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

118. T. S. Eliot. *The Waste Land*. New York: Boni and Liveright, 1922.

119. T. S. Eliot. *The Waste Land*. New York: Harcourt, Brace, Jovanovich, Inc., 1971. Edited by Valerie Eliot.

9161 T-2 604
L-14 D H. M.

18 Crawford Mountain
Crawford St. W.
7 vi 16

June 7, 1916

Dear Miss Monroe

Your letter to me sent to the American address has just reached me. I deeply regret not having got it before. But the misadventure was not to be foreseen.

As for the Profrock: you see, I shall probably have a small volume coming out just about the same time as your anthology, in the autumn, in New York. If it were much before or much after I should probably be quite glad to enter Profrock in both, but it seems to me that to synchronize would be inadvisable. It is so much longer, and confessedly so much better, than anything else I have done, that I cannot afford (or so I think) to scatter my forces. If there is anything else that would do, I hope you will accept a substitute: the Portrait, or perhaps the English champagne which I believe Pound has sent you. Will you forgive me?

I shall indeed be delighted to contribute a morsel to your prose section whenever you wish let me. Would you like (2) comments on some of the theories

T. S. Eliot wrote to Monroe on June 7, 1916, “delighted” at her request for prose, suggesting several topics—notably the “importance for contemporaries” of certain metaphysical poets—in order “to find out what [she] would be willing to endure.” That he never sent these comments may be related to the publication of his poems in *Poetry*, September 1916. “T. R.” Eliot is listed as the author of “Observations,” an error T. S. amusingly points out in his September 1916 letter. He was silent, however, about the more serious deletion of a line from “Mr. Apollinax.” Obliterating the central metaphor of the poem by cutting “He laughed like an irresponsible foetus,” probably in fear of Post Office confiscation, Harriet Monroe possibly ensured Eliot’s never again submitting prose or verse to *Poetry*. Pound, whose work in that issue had also been cut, raged at her “prudery,” insisting on the courage of at least leaving dots to indicate “that the author has written something which the editors blush to reproduce. . . .”

120. T. S. Eliot to Harriet Monroe. London, June 7, 1916. ALS.

121. T. S. Eliot. “Mr. Apollinax.” TMs. Annotated and signed by Harriet Monroe.

122. T. S. Eliot. “Mr. Apollinax.” *Poetry*, September 1916.

123. T. S. Eliot to Harriet Monroe. London, September 7, 1916. TLS.

124. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Kensington, London, September 16, 1916. TLS.

A Banquet

The January 1913 *Poetry* had introduced H. D., “Imagiste,” as well as a poet on Monroe’s side of the Atlantic. In Vachel Lindsay’s voice Monroe heard a new American vitality. Thus when Lindsay urged her to “spread . . . throughout the Anglo-Saxon world,” his “General William Booth Enters Into Heaven,” she did more than publish it; she persuaded Albert H. Loeb to finance a second prize and awarded it to Lindsay. In addition, she featured him at the Yeats banquet which the magazine sponsored in March 1914. Monroe made sure that a copy of the magazine with “General Booth” was on Yeats’ bedside table the evening before the banquet. A felicitous act, for in his speech Yeats praised the strange beauty in Lindsay’s poem, and this, more than anything, secured Lindsay national recognition. In the first edition of *General Booth*, Lindsay thanks his “good and very loyal friend Harriet Monroe . . . for the grandeurs of March 1, 1914, the friendship of many of the godly—including W. B. Yeats, and the general elaborate goodness of her heart.”

125. Vachel Lindsay to Harriet Monroe. Springfield, Illinois, November 22, 1912. ALS. Illustrated by Vachel Lindsay.

126. *Poetry*, January 1913.

127. Harriet Monroe to Albert H. Loeb. Chicago, October 21, 1913. TL [copy].

128. Vachel Lindsay. *General William Booth Enters Into Heaven and Other Poems*. New York: Kennerly, 1913. Inscribed to Harriet Monroe.

This might be printed for similar

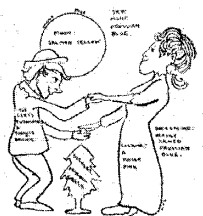
Springfield Illinois.

Nov. 22, 1912

My dear miss Mounce:



I hereby make my best bow and extend to you my grateful thanks for taking some of the moon-fours. Here is one more that you need not print.



RECEIVED MY FAD OF ALL PLEASURES
THE COLORING AND NAME TO PLEASE,
ONCE AT A HAZELWOOD
I SAW A HOUSE CALLED ONE
WHILE SOME ONE THE FANS PLAYED
AS YOU WENT AWAY, FOR SPENDING MOST
LOVE, ON, WARM, LUNCH, AND LUNCH THE MOON.
THE WISE THAT SHAPED MY FUTURE
MY, JESSIE.

Any corrections you desire to have made in General Booth I will gladly undertake. I have set my heart on having you spread that work throughout the Anglo Saxon and.

very sincerely

Nicholas Rachel Lindsay

603 South 5th.

A Banquet

The Banquet, which Monroe described as a “milestone in literary history,” was in part meant, as a pencilled-out remark on her invitation to Yeats suggests, to encourage or confirm some of the guarantors “of the wisdom of their generosity.” Newspaper accounts show that Yeats did just that—his presence enhancing the prestige of the magazine, his speech inspiring local pride. He had agreed to speak of the “poetry of the ‘teens’,” and Carl Sandburg, *Poetry*’s discovery that month, submitted his remembrance of the words of the “Celtic Playboy,” the “wizard in accuracy of speech and shadings of thought.” In discussing the movement of poetry “toward pictures,” “away from rhetoric,” Yeats praises Pound’s contribution, and in encouraging the study of French poets he supports Pound’s commitment to an international standard. But in his recognition of Lindsay, Yeats sympathizes with Monroe’s belief in an indigenous poetry.

129. Photograph of William Butler Yeats. Chicago, 1914. Annotated.

130. Harriet Monroe to William Butler Yeats. Chicago, February 3, 1914. TL [copy].

131. William Butler Yeats to Harriet Monroe. St. Catherines, Ontario, February 16, 1914. ALS.

132. “Mid-West Poets Coming to City for Big Roundup.” *The Chicago Daily Tribune*, February 26, 1914.

133. Invitation to *Poetry* Banquet, March 1, 1914.

134. Carl Sandburg to Harriet Monroe. Chicago, March 5, 1914. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

The Midwest Poets

In her autobiography, Harriet Monroe recalls that when Alice Corbin Henderson handed her a group of “strange poems in very individual free verse,” she read the first line, “took a long breath,” and gave it the lead in the March 1914 issue. Carl Sandburg’s “Chicago Poems” provoked the *Dial*: This “jargon” must be poetry because of its “typographical arrangement” and its position in “the forefront of a futile little periodical described as a ‘magazine of verse.’” Monroe fought back in “The Enemies We Have Made,” proud of having “taken chances, made room for the young and the new, tried to break the chains which enslave Chicago to New York, America to Europe, and the present to the past. . . .” Sandburg addressed her without the “Miss” at her “stormiest” in the editorial “The Fight for the Crowd.” In his March 1915 letter, he goes on to recount his efforts to clarify the “muddle” caused by the “‘new-fangled’ poetry.” *Poetry* withstood the attacks, as did Sandburg, whose “Hog Butcher for the World” became synonymous with Chicago. He preferred his 1922 characterization, “The Windy City,” and gave an early version of the poem to his friend Monroe.

135. Carl Sandburg. “Chicago Poems.” *Poetry*, March 1914.

136. Harriet Monroe. “The Enemies We Have Made.” *Poetry*, May 1914.

137. Harriet Monroe. “The Fight for the Crowd.” *Poetry*, March 1915.

138. Carl Sandburg to Harriet Monroe. [Chicago, March 1915]. TLS.

Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

139. Carl Sandburg. “The Windy City.” TMs. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

Mar 23 1915
ANGEL LONGFINDER 24

Monday

My Dear Harriet Monroe:

After that editorial of yours on The Fight for the Crowd, I must leave the Miss off in addressing you for the same reasons that I don't like to call Tagore a Mister. This editorial I rewrote into a free verse form, parts of it, and sent on to Bill Reedy of the Mirror. It was you at your stormiest and is an authentic page of your autobiography.

This clipping on free verse has real drive to it. Please keep it for me as I must use it on the editors of the Scoop and other newspapermen here who have their heads all in a muddle about "new-fangled" poetry. I am finding the quickest way to convince them that free verse is worth while is to show them that Stevie Crane and other crack newspapermen did some terribly serious work in libertarian rythms.

I hope to see you when the blue-misted Padriac Colum comes to town next Saddy.

Yours faithfully,

Carl Sandburg
New York Call

Put above in June
May prose

Clarence Richardson
Work in the
N.Y. Call

The Midwest Poets

Alice Corbin Henderson spotted the *Spoon River* poems in *Reedy's Mirror*, wrote an enthusiastic review for the October 1914 *Poetry* and triggered Pound's "GET SOME OF WEBSTER FORD'S STUFF FOR POETRY." Harriet Monroe, already negotiating with the poet, accepted "Silence," on exhibit in an early version, to mark the first *Poetry* appearance in February 1915 of Edgar Lee Masters. His "Spoon River Revisited," published in the November 1918 *New Republic*, was first sent to *Poetry*, but withdrawn by Masters, in a May 1918 letter, as being "out of key . . . an affront to the America which is living so heroically." His long friendship with Monroe left an extensive file—an accumulation of Masters' wit, wisdom, and bawdiness, much of it signed under one of his whimsical pseudonyms. An uncollected bit of *Spoon River* lies here—Masters' own illustrated epitaph. There also is his "not for use . . . confessional" letter of September 1924, on which Monroe wrote "apologia pro vita sua—important."

140. Edgar Lee Masters. "Silence." TMs. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

141. Edgar Lee Masters. "Silence." *Poetry*, February 1915.

142. Edgar Lee Masters. Illustrated lyric. Chicago, [May 13, 1916]. AMs.

143. Pencil sketch of Edgar Lee Masters. Inscribed to Harriet Monroe, Christmas 1916.

144. Edgar Lee Masters. "Spoon River Revisited." TMs. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

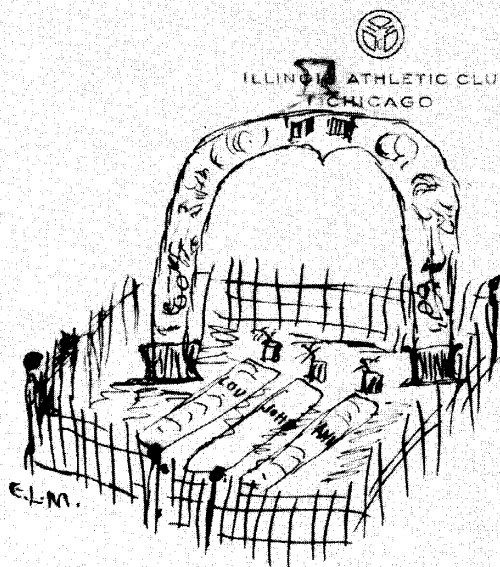
145. Edgar Lee Masters to Harriet Monroe. May 29, 1918. ALS.

146. Edgar Lee Masters to Harriet Monroe. September 2, 1924. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

David - Masters

May 13, 1916

12



Here I lie between Love and Love
giving no scandal to the village
and taking no happiness myself.

— H —

Lyric by P. L. M.
Illustration - Do.

Marianne Moore

When Alice Corbin Henderson scribbled “Take these” on the letter of June 17, 1914 addressed to the “Gentlemen” editors, *Poetry* discovered Marianne Moore. Two of her poems appeared in the English magazine, *The Egoist*, in April 1915, but the group in the May 1915 *Poetry*, “That Harp You Play So Well,” “To an Intra-Mural Rat,” “Counseil to a Bachelor,” “Appellate Jurisdiction,” and “The Wizard in Words,” marked her first American publication. The letter of April 8, 1915 illustrates Moore’s fastidious care for acknowledging her sources, quotation marks as crucial to her poetics as their omission was to Eliot’s. The postscript, with its polite acceptance of “adverse” criticism, foreshadows her subsequent relation to the magazine. Moore’s next poems were returned and she did not send another poem to Harriet Monroe until February 22, 1932. Though she did write several reviews in 1918 for *Poetry*, in her letter of May 10, 1918, Moore admits that “*Poetry*’s approach to art is different” from her own.

147. Marianne Moore to the editors of *Poetry*. Carlisle, Pennsylvania, June 17, 1914. TLS. Annotated by Alice Corbin Henderson.
148. Marianne Moore. “That Harp. You Play So Well.” TMs.
149. Marianne Moore. “To An Intra-Mural Rat.” TMs.
150. Marianne Moore. “Counseil to a Bachelor.” TMs. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
151. Marianne Moore to Harriet Monroe. Carlisle, Pennsylvania, April 8, 1915. ALS.
152. *Poetry*, May 1915.
153. Marianne Moore to Harriet Monroe. Chatham, New Jersey, May 10, 1918. ALS.
154. Photograph of Marianne Moore, [1935].

Marianne Moore,
343 North Hanover Street,
Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

To An "Intra-Mural Rat/" — am a man

You make me think of many men

Marianne Moore, JUL 3 - 1914
343 North Hanover Street,
Carlisle, Pennsylvania.

miniatures

caps

That Harp You Play So Well — am a man

Oh, David, if I had

JUL 3 - 1914

To be there - a party

12

343 North Hanover Street,
Carlisle, Pennsylvania,
June 17, 1914.

The Editors of Poetry,
Chicago, Illinois.

Gentlemen:

I enclose verses. If they are
are not available for publication in
POETRY, will you be kind enough to return
them to me?

Very truly yours,

(Miss)

Marianne Moore

Marianne Moore

Marianne Moore's first volume of poems was published in London in 1921 by the Egoist Press—a fact she had nothing to do with. Bryher's letter of August 14, 1921 tells the story, illuminating the publishing situation in war-time England, as well as Marianne Moore's singular modesty and her concern that the poems published in *Poetry* had been overlooked. When Harriet Monroe reviewed *Poems* in the January 1922 issue of *Poetry*, she created a symposium to answer the question Moore's poems posed to her: "What is poetry?" Puzzled by the "young radical" Yvor Winters's pronouncement that Moore is "a very great poet," she scrawled "Piffle!" on the margin of his 1921 letter. Unable to see Marianne Moore's innovations in stanzaic and metrical form, she perceived only an artist forcing "her pattern upon materials which naturally reject it." Monroe considered including this review in the 1926 volume of her essays, *Poets and Their Art*. That she didn't provides her answer to the question.

155. Marianne Moore. *Poems*. London: The Egoist Press, 1921.

156. Bryher to Harriet Monroe. Montreux, Switzerland, August 14, 1921. ALS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

157. Yvor Winters to Harriet Monroe. Santa Fe, New Mexico, June 26, 1921. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

158. Harriet Monroe. "A Symposium on Marianne Moore." *Poetry*, January 1922.

159. Harriet Monroe. Early draft of table of contents for *Poets and Their Art*. AMsS.

Marianne Moore

Marianne Moore's return to the magazine in 1932 also marked her return to poetry. Writing on February 22, 1932, feeling "deeply" *Poetry's* "hospitality," she offers "first" to Monroe what she had "been working on." Monroe wrote at the top of the letter: "Ac'd—cir 8 ½ pps." What would ultimately exist in books in three different versions—"The Steeple-Jack," "The Student," "The Hero"—appeared in the June 1932 *Poetry* entitled "Part of a Novel, Part of a Poem, Part of a Play." The prepublication correspondence between these two editor-poets shows Monroe scrupulously responsive to Moore's meticulous care for the text. Wishing "when being benefitted, to be a benefit," even offering to pay for last-minute changes, Moore thanks Monroe, in the May postcard, for allowing her "to have what you supposed I wanted." These poems won *Poetry's* prize which caused Moore "sadness," for "like a weft of something in the air," she wonders if her illness may have prompted a "misappropriation." Only after Monroe "reassured" her that the jury did not have in mind "any notion" of her "necessities," did she accept.

160. Marianne Moore to Harriet Monroe. Brooklyn, New York, February 22, 1932. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
161. Marianne Moore to Harriet Monroe. Brooklyn, New York, March 14, 1932. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
162. Marianne Moore. "The Steeple-Jack." TMs. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
163. Marianne Moore to Harriet Monroe. Brooklyn, New York, May 2, 1932. ACS.
164. Marianne Moore to Harriet Monroe. Brooklyn, New York, October 26, 1933. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

Wallace Stevens

Unknown to Monroe, Alice Corbin Henderson announced a War Poem contest in the September 1914 issue of *Poetry*. Seven hundred and thirty-eight poems, “signed with a pseudonym,” as stipulated, were received—among them, “Peter Parasol’s.” Monroe, “heart broken” that she could not print all of “Phases,” went to the already assembled proofs, pared down Amy Lowell and squeezed in Wallace Stevens, her proudest discovery. Though he did not win the prize, from then on, as Monroe writes in a 1920 review, “his every appearance” in *Poetry* was for her “a distinguished honor.” She urged the “reticent poet” to publish a book and was the first to know when he did. In his October 1922 letter, Stevens wonders at *Poetry*’s “friendliness,” for as he gathers his poems for the book, they seem “like horrid cocoons from which later abortive insects have sprung.” Reading them makes him wish to perfect “an authentic and fluent speech.” “Life contracts . . .,” part of “Lettres d’un Soldat” published in the May 1918 *Poetry*, but not chosen for the 1923 *Harmonium*, was included in the 1931 *Harmonium* without epigraph as “The Death of a Soldier.”

165. “\$100 For a War Poem.” *Poetry*, September 1914.

166. Wallace Stevens. “Epigraph” and “The tapers . . .” from “Phases.” TMs. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

167. Wallace Stevens. “Phases.” *Poetry*, November 1914.

168. Wallace Stevens. “Life contracts . . .,” XI of “Lettres d’un Soldat.” AMs.

169. Harriet Monroe. “‘Others’ Again.” *Poetry*, December 1920.

170. Wallace Stevens to Harriet Monroe. Hartford, Connecticut, October 28, 1922. ALS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

3

20

XI

5 mars

La mort du soldat est prise des choses
naturelles.

Life contracts and death is expected,
As in a season of autumn,
The soldier falls.

He does not become a three day personage,
Impiring his separation,
Calling for pomp.

Death is absolute and without memorial,
As in a season of autumn,
When the wind stops.

When the wind stops and, over the heavens,
The clouds go, nevertheless,
In their direction.

441 West 21st Street,
N.Y.C.

June 6, 1915.

Dear Miss Brewster:

Provided your selection of
the numbers of Sunday Morning
is printed in the following order:

I, ~~VIII~~, IV, V, I see no ob-
jection to cutting down. The order
is necessary to the idea.

I was born in Reading,
Pennsylvania, am thirty-five years
old, a lawyer, reside in N.Y.C.
and have published no books.

Very truly yours,

Wallace Stevens.

Wallace Stevens

Nothing illustrates Monroe's editorial fallibility more, nor Stevens' life-long gracious respect for her, than the publication in *Poetry* of "Sunday Morning." We now know Stevens sent all eight stanzas to her and agreed to cut, provided her selection "is printed in the following order: I, VIII, IV, V. . . . The order is necessary to the idea." Two weeks later he wrote, agreeing that though VII is "of a different tone," it is not "too detached to conclude with." And to her "well-founded criticism" of the phrase "On disregarded plate" in V, he offered an explanation as well as a substitution, which she pencilled on the manuscript. Stanzas I, VIII, IV, V, VII of "Sunday Morning" appeared in the November 1915 *Poetry*. Stevens quietly restored the original version in his 1923 *Harmonium*. The copy on exhibit is Monroe's, and one can only speculate about the erasure marks next to Stanza III, unpublished in *Poetry*. Not until the 1966 publication of Stevens' *Letters* were the facts about the two versions known.

171. Wallace Stevens to Harriet Monroe. New York, June 6, 1915. ALS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
172. Wallace Stevens to Harriet Monroe. New York, June 23, 1915. ALS.
173. Wallace Stevens. "Sunday Morning." TMs. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
174. Wallace Stevens. "Sunday Morning." *Poetry*, November 1915.
175. Wallace Stevens. *Harmonium*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1923.

William Carlos Williams

Pound sent "Postlude," unofficially, urging Monroe to print it: "It's *real* . . . unadulterated U.S.A." Her more critical reaction provoked the author: "Anyhow, I'm a great poet and you don't think so . . . allow me to send you a revised 'Postlude' . . . for I must succeed you know." "Postlude" in the June 1913 *Poetry* marked the first American publication of William Carlos Williams. His letter of March 5, 1913 was quoted in Monroe's autobiography "for the benefit of editors." But as editor of *Poetry*, Monroe did not allow Williams "to speak freely, uncensored by any standard of rules." Although Mrs. Williams, who often interceded, always believed in Monroe's "openmindedness," Williams waited two years for his second *Poetry* publication, and his third, "Love Song," was still problematic. Pound had sent an early version of the poem, changing the ending and inking two stanzas. These stanzas alone interested Williams "technically" and were retained in his "Final Version" and all subsequent reprintings. Monroe, however, wrote "protesting" and published the intermediate version in the November 1916 *Poetry*, as well as in the 1923 edition of her anthology, *The New Poetry*.

176. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. [Before March 1913]. AL. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
177. William Carlos Williams to Harriet Monroe. Rutherford, New Jersey, March 5, 1913. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
178. *Poetry*, June 1913.
179. William Carlos Williams. "Love Song." TMs. Signed and annotated by Ezra Pound. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
180. William Carlos Williams. "Love Song." TMs. With autograph note. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
181. William Carlos Williams. "Love Song." TMs. Marked "Final Version" by William Carlos Williams. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
182. William Carlos Williams to Harriet Monroe. March 1, 1916. TLS.

Jewel

W.C. Williams

Early version
sent by
E.P.

LOVE SONG

□ I garland the hard minutes
With stolen flowers - yet
What have I to say to you

Jewel

Final Version

LOVE SONG

W

I lie here thinking of you :
The stain of love
is upon the world !
Yellow, yellow, yellow
it eats into the leaves ,
smears with saffron
the horned branches that lean
heavily
against a smooth purple sky !

Have nothing
to say

There is no light
only a honey-thick stain
that drips from leaf to leaf
and limb to limb
spoilng the colors
of the whole world .

Yet -
what have I to say to you
when we shall meet -
you far off there under
the wine red selvaqe of the west ?

W.C. Williams

Author
comments to
other version

MAR 3- 1916

William Carlos Williams

In a review of *Others for 1919*, Monroe declared Williams “a poet, indisputably, . . . the hot-blooded Mercutio of the tribe.” No one fought more persistently than he the Battle of Punctuation and the Lower-Case that raged on the pages of *Poetry*. H. M. scribbled “Begin all lines with Caps” again and again on manuscripts, even revising Cummings (whom she never published) in a 1924 review. Flint had slipped by in 1913, H. D. in 1915, but not until June 1920 did Monroe concede to Williams. Even then, we find her writing on his letter of November 21, 1923: “Retd. à la Cummings.” His “Poem,” published in the July 1930 *Poetry*, illustrates the importance of the Battle to Williams’ poetics. The accompanying letter of March 23, 1930, with Monroe’s pregnant exclamation point, comments on their comic, mercurial love/hate relationship. Hence, on the typescript of “To an Elder Poet” Monroe pencilled: “May I decorate with a few periods & dashes?” But Williams had the last word—identifying the elder poet as Emily Dickinson. Or perhaps Monroe did—placing an “lc” next to one “W” Williams meant as “Cap.”

183. William Carlos Williams to Harriet Monroe. [November 1921]. TLS. With autograph note and sketch.
184. William Carlos Williams to Harriet Monroe. New York, November 21, 1923. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
185. William Carlos Williams to Harriet Monroe. Rutherford, New Jersey, March 23, 1930. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
186. William Carlos Williams. “Poem.” TMsS.
187. William Carlos Williams. “To an Elder Poet.” TMsS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
188. William Carlos Williams to Harriet Monroe. Rutherford, New Jersey, December 8, 1935. TLS.
189. William Carlos Williams. “To an Elder Poet.” Proof. Annotated by William Carlos Williams and Harriet Monroe.

1 Nov. 1917

Friday after Thanksgiving

Dear Harriet Monroe :

All I meant was that since the book is coming out soon you'd better know it so that you could plan accordingly .

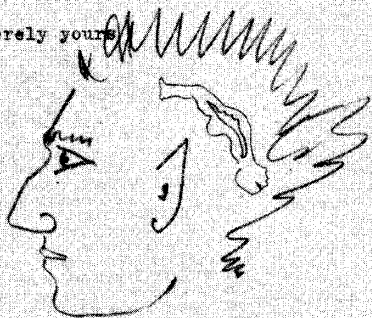
Brown says the book will be out by the 1st of December ; perhaps it will .

I'm very glad that you have decided to bring me forward in January . As always I wish what you have of mine were better stuff . Not that it is unrepresentative of all that I am capable of but somehow or other I do not succeed in satisfying myself . How strange you must find this !

Oh yes, there was one thing I really wanted to say : one of the pieces you have will not appear in the book, it is the one about the apples - Wild Orchard, I think the name is . In making your note please bear this in mind .

McAlmon is restless and ill at ease . I am sure by this that he is happily married .

Sincerely yours



This is the best portrait of me extant. I am thinking of giving up writing for painting.

“Objectivists” 1931

The February 1931 issue brought into focus once again Harriet Monroe, Ezra Pound and some “new” poets. Pound suggested in September 1930 that Harriet “cd. get back into the ring” if she printed them: “Hang it all.—you printed my ‘Don’ts’ . . . in 1913 etc. & they set a date.” Thus when Louis Zukofsky wrote on October 10, 1930, asking Monroe to recommend him for a Guggenheim, she noted, “Yes & asked him to edit a number of *Poetry*.” Zukofsky accepted “gladly,” stressing in his October letters that he had not so much a “new group” to “get across” as “new work” from poets having “difficulty getting into print”—notably William Carlos Williams. Urged to give the group a name, Zukofsky proposed “Objectivists” and in the tradition of the 1913 “Don’ts” presented their program: “An Objective: (Optics)—The lens bringing the rays from an object to a focus. (Military use)—That which is aimed at. (Use extended to poetry)—Desire for what is objectively perfect, inextricably the direction of historic and contemporary particulars.”

190. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Rapallo, Italy, September 26, [1930]. ALS.

191. Louis Zukofsky to Harriet Monroe. Madison, Wisconsin, October 10, 1930. ALS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

192. Louis Zukofsky to Harriet Monroe. Madison, Wisconsin, October 12, 1930. ALS.

193. Louis Zukofsky. “Program: ‘Objectivists,’ 1931.” *Poetry*, February 1931.

“Objectivists” 1931

The February 1931 issue did not cause the stir in the Chicago press that Imagism had in 1913, but it did provoke more “barrage and confetti” (to use Zukofsky’s words) from readers than any issue Monroe remembered. She was delighted. On newspaper editor James Blake’s request for “my money, my god, my money,” when he returned his copy of “poetry?/Did you say/Poetry?” she noted, “ansd. laughingly & sent 25¢.” On Pound’s request for four more copies, “debit me one buck. . . . This is a number I can show my friends,” she wrote, “Ezra is pleased.” A Princeton student raved: “Miracles happen. At last H. M. has realized that all was not right. . . . Will the standard continue, or shall we return to the incoherent musings of the Mrs. of private life?” Monroe gave her reaction in a March 1931 essay, entitled “The Arrogance of Youth.” Though she could not “go all the way” with them, she would “at least cheer them on.”

194. James G. Blake to Harriet Monroe. Long Beach, New York, February 4, 1931. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
195. R. D. Dyer to Harriet Monroe. Princeton University, [February 1931]. ALS.
196. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Rapallo, Italy, February 12, 1931. TCS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

Feb. 1901

Wm. Carlos Williams
9 Ridge Road
Rutherford, N. J.
copy

The Botticellian Trees

The alphabet of
the trees

is fading in the
song of the leaves

the crossing
bars of the thin

letters that spelled
winter

and the cold
have been illumined

with
pointed green

by the rain and sun
the strict simple

principles of
straight branches

are being modified
by pinched out

life of color, devout
conditions

C-PT
stanzas
spaces

70

“Objectivists” 1931

“The energies of words are hard to find—I should want my issue to be entirely a matter of the energies of words.” To that end, Zukofsky presented the work of twenty poets. Among the fourteen new to *Poetry* were Carl Rakosi, Charles Reznikoff, Kenneth Rexroth, George Oppen, and, the unlikely, Whittaker Chambers. Oppen offered work that would appear in his first book, *Discrete Series*, brought out by the Objectivist Press in 1934. Basil Bunting submitted “The Word,” which was reprinted in his 1968 *Collected Poems*, along with a preface in which Bunting expresses gratitude to “those who printed my poems from time to time, above all to *Poetry*, of Chicago. . . .” Zukofsky’s contribution to “the energies of words” was “A”-7, part of the long poem, “A,” begun in 1928 and completed in the seventies. The work of William Carlos Williams, “The Botticellian Trees,” won *Poetry*’s prize in 1931, a “distinction” he hoped would help toward book publication. These poets had more in common than Zukofsky’s poetics of “sincerity” and “objectification”; not until the fifties and sixties when their unique talents were “discovered” did “Objectivists” 1931 in *Poetry* “set a date.”

197. Louis Zukofsky to Harriet Monroe. Madison, Wisconsin, October 14, 1930. ALS.

198. George Oppen. “1930’s” - I. TMsS.

199. Basil Bunting. “The Word.” TMsS.

200. William Carlos Williams. “The Botticellian Trees.” TMsS.

201. Louis Zukofsky. “A” (Seventh Movement). *Poetry*, February 1931.

William Rose Benét's vision of Harriet Monroe editing *Poetry*, elbow-deep in manuscripts, is not far from the reality described by her in the essay, "On Being an Editor." To find the masterpiece the magazine would print required sifting through the "Wastebasket Dreams" Ben Hecht wrote of, the poems that "people," not poets, "write." Hearing of a would-be poet's suicide attempt, Monroe published her and earned, according to Yvor Winters, "a special chaise-lounge in heaven." Hearing of the poet Carnevali's distress, she arranged for his support. These demands, "more or less relative to the art," were to be expected; the "irrelevant demands" were more agitating, causing her to draw up a list denying that *Poetry* was a "bank, circulating library, orphan asylum, salon, telephone booth, lecture-bureau, literary agency," or "field of battle." Monroe's closing metaphor is apt, for the vigorous woman who charged across Michigan Avenue, head down, twice bowled over, with the same energy she climbed mountains, called her editorial job a "training in athletics."

202. William Rose Benét. "As I Imagine Harriet Monroe Editing Poetry." Signed sketch. June 23, 1917.
203. Harriet Monroe. "On Being an Editor." TMsS.
204. Ben Hecht. "Wastebasket Dreams." *The Chicago Daily News*, June 29, 1926.
205. "Her Verse to Appear, She's Willing to Live." *The Chicago Daily News*, January 20, 1926.
206. Yvor Winters to Harriet Monroe. Moscow, Idaho, January 30, 1926. TLS.
207. Emanuel Carnevali to Harriet Monroe. [Italy], December 6, 1927. TL. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
208. Emanuel Carnevali to Harriet Monroe. [Bazzano, Italy, Summer 1929]. TL. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
209. *Poetry Magazine* Rejection Slip.

The office work schedule for the second day of the month reads “pay bills (when Harriet gives you checks to send).” If the initial financing of the magazine was ingenious, its continued management was heroic—or a form of the heroic. For as Monroe writes to a guarantor, “To get into debt for the cause is a form of heroism which I have never dared to undertake.” Ryerson’s inquiry into the business affairs was but one of many Harriet Monroe had to answer over the years. Although she was discouraged that the magazine hadn’t become self-supporting, there was no need for her to have “hired a man to boost circulation.” The financial reports testify to her business sense; only during the depression, when the Carnegie Corporation rescued the magazine, were her efforts to remain solvent insufficient. It is also to her credit that her aesthetic judgments were never compromised by pressures from the guarantors. Threatened by the loss of support for having published a translation of Rilke, Harriet Monroe insisted that “in the international brotherhood of the arts and sciences lies our chief hope”

210. *Poetry* Financial Reports. August 1, 1913; October 1, 1933.
211. *Poetry* Subscription Slip signed by Wallace Stevens. September [1918].
212. George A. McKinlock to Harriet Monroe. TLS. With reply by Harriet Monroe. Chicago, November 24, 1922.
213. Edward Ryerson to Harriet Monroe. TLS. With reply by Harriet Monroe and Financial Report, 1913–1927. Chicago, November 11, 1927.
214. *Poetry* Office Routine Schedule by Geraldine Udell. [193–].

Sent to go's
? August 1913

FINANCIAL REPORT. — the first

Receipts from the Guarantors' Fund:

First instalment	\$5271.50
Advance payment of subsequent instalments	475.00
Receipts from sales and subscriptions to Magazine	1598.26
(Receipts from advertisements do not appear as they are deducted from printers' bills, of which net cost only is given.)	
Total receipts	<hr/> \$7344.76

Expenditures:

For poems and articles published in Magazine	\$2466.31
Printing (including book-paper, circulars, stationery, etc.)	2774.76
Office rent and supplies, shipping and postage	771.75
Salaries	616.75
Miscellaneous	70.80
Total Expenditures	<hr/> \$6700.37
Balance in Bank August 1st,	644.39
	<hr/> \$7344.76

The accounts of POETRY have been examined under our direction and found correct.

Charles H. Hamill
William T. Abbott

August 1, 1913.

Administrative Committee.

Of above receipts, \$475 represents advance payments by guarantors. Of above expenditures about the same amount represents advance payments for poems contributed, supplies of paper, etc. August expenses, amounting to about \$500, will thus be paid, as per statement in letter, without drawing on second instalment of the Fund.

H. M.

A. C. H. appeared at the end of critical comments in the early issues as often as E. P. or H. M. and as tellingly. Alice Corbin Henderson, first of many distinguished associate editors, was indispensable to *Poetry's* splendid publishing history. Her critical intelligence, valued by both Pound and Monroe, was missed when illness forced her retirement in 1916. Hence, Monroe pencilled "yes" in the margin when A. C. H. wrote, wondering if "post mortem" criticism was welcome. Fearful that "Cinderella is going back to her ashes," she urges Monroe to "Keep Poetry up, up!" by adopting a "perfectly fearless high standard." In addition to her services to the magazine, Alice Corbin Henderson assisted Monroe in editing the 1917 anthology, *The New Poetry*, the first representative collection of the new movement in the art. In her own poetry, Alice Corbin expresses the Indian and Spanish folk traditions of the Southwest. Sandburg, who owed to her his discovery as well as his first book publication, paid tribute in a poem echoing her Indian song, "The Wind."

215. Alice Corbin Henderson to Harriet Monroe. Sun Mount, New Mexico, June 7, 1916. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.
216. Alice Corbin. "The Wind." *Poetry*, February 1917.
217. Harriet Monroe and Alice Corbin Henderson, editors. *The New Poetry*. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1917.
218. Carl Sandburg to Henry Rago. Flat Rock, North Carolina, October 23, 1959: TLS.
219. Carl Sandburg. "Alice Corbin Is Gone." Proof.

ACH

Sun Mount, June 7, 1916

Dear Harry:

I was glad indeed to hear from you. Tell me which

ACH June 7 16

2.

Of course you know I have the interest of Poetry deeply at heart, hence my criticism. But I am sure I don't have to tell you that. I don't know whether you like to have me send back a marked copy or not; if not, say so. Post mortems aren't much good in certain cases. But it's the easiest way for me to tell you what I think--- if you want to know. Of course I am perfectly willing, ~~and in fact hope you will~~ show Michelson my criticisms -- they are made in all frankness. Particularly, of course, the "copy."

Lindsay and the Lament two best in June of course. I like ^{fairly well} all ^{they are fresh and simple} but the last of Rosalind Mason ~~is~~ -- all right in itself but not exactly right for Poetry I should say. Shanafelt's half good and half affectedness (I imagine ~~does~~ tend ~~him~~ toward conceits). Untermyer's "Magic" sheer bunk. The rest are part of the mistakes of the early campaign, n'est ce pas?

Out here, against these hills and in quietness, one is apt to get a perspective on many things. (I've tried to forget the magazine, but I don't succeed.) I very much fear at times that "Cinderella" is going back to her ashes, and that she may feel more comfortable there than in her automobile-- that this supposed popularity of the art is a good deal of dust, or, rather, that when the dust clears away, not much may remain. By that I mean especially that one sees so much stuff passing itself off as poetry that is nothing of the sort. The need for a perfectly fearless high standard ~~is~~ was never greater than it is at this moment. What we need to do is to forget schools, forget Imagism, forget vers libre (now that that's back history) and talk poetry. You were perfectly right, and I was very glad that you slapped Bynner on the wrist, but the bickering is tiresome. & (I had a clipping with some account of what Bynner said and it made me so

10-11T
Corrected
The editor referred last month, in her review of The Thursday
Biographies, to "those innumerable Friday luncheons" of our first
decade, when the talk of Lindsay was more than all the books.
Mr. Martin, regretting the omission of these discussions, this book, sends the following

LETTER TO HARRIET MONROS — 8-11-11

What things have we seen
Done at the Mermaid! — Heard words that have been Tal
So nimble and so full of subtle flame,
— Francis Beaumont,

4
In those days when the Muses visited
The Onion River, and Smintheus with his Lyre
Charmed rats and mice, and warmed with fire
An age supplanting what was dead,

What feasting at the Victor, where you presided
Over the table of Italian food,
Red wine, and where such talk ensued
By life and verse provided!

There Sandburg came, there Lindsay often roared
His laughter, and Eunice Tietjens spun
Fine argument, and Alice Henderson
Some point of writing scored.

There, unforeseeing the sordid years which crowded
With war those banquets of fellowship,
We sat, the winecup to the lip,
By not a sorrow clouded;

Where Marjorie Seiffert joined us bright of cheek,
Where Helen Hoyt, too, with her twinkling eyes,
Where you, with talk that dignified,
Gathered, our hearts to speak;

Where Irish, English poets, wondering,
Traveled to see what voice had come
To a land, drifter which were dumb
Until this spiritual Spring;

Where learned lawyers, and tired amateurs,
With unknown books out of Chicago's thick,
Cold air which snuffed their wick,
Sat in, to watch what freedom lures.

And me! What words can tell the tale, make clear
How law and duty, fear had hypnotized
My powers, where poetry despised
Had chained me year by year.

Nor in such moments did we think upon
The days of separation, change and death,
When some would range, some lie beneath
The inarticulate stone.

The Cass Street office, home during *Poetry*'s first decade, attracted more than poems. The wicker armchair featured in Schwartz's cartoon seated many poets, the first being Rabindranath Tagore whom *Poetry* had published a year before he won the Nobel Prize. The guest book, kept at the office between January 1919 and December 1921, contains signatures from around the world, including those of two students who wished to have modern poetry introduced into their high school classes. Among the celebrated who signed the book was H. L. Mencken, who contributed a sketch of a stein of beer in front of a cross and wrote "Prosit." A month later, Mencken sent an amusing letter, which reflects the political atmosphere of the times—espionage and prohibition—convinced that Monroe would never run "that joint in violation of the Constitution." Masters, in his "Letter," remembers those days "when the Muses visited/The Onion River," the "feasting at the Victor . . . where such talk ensued," "those wonder days/No erasure can outwit."

220. Schwartz. "Lowbrow Blinks at Literary Lights." Cartoon in *The Chicago Daily News*, [1916].
221. "Celebrated Poets Write Limericks . . . in Office of Poetry." Photograph in *Chicago Evening American*. March 8, 1920.
222. Guest Book from *Poetry Magazine* Office. 543 Cass Street, January 1919–December 1921.
223. H. L. Mencken to Harriet Monroe. Baltimore, Maryland, August 20, 1920. TLS.
224. Edgar Lee Masters, "Letter to Harriet Monroe." TMS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

The Open Door

In the second issue, November 1912, replying to those who feared that *Poetry* would become “a house of refuge for minor poets,” Harriet Monroe announced: “The Open Door will be the policy of this magazine—may the great poet we are looking for never find it shut. . . .” Open to diversity, tolerant of experimentation, certain that “no contemporary can utter the final verdict,” Monroe, in this inclusive policy, ensured the publication of much minor poetry but also, it may be argued, the survival of the magazine. And although *Poetry*’s survival did not mean a living wage for the poet, countless letters in the files attest to the poets’ appreciation and, at times, dependence on *Poetry*’s check. Joyce Kilmer was satisfied with “six dollars” for “Trees.” But Edna Saint Vincent Millay’s first *Poetry* publication, “Kin to Sorrow,” was accompanied by the poet’s frantic plea for money. When Monroe accepted “Figs from Thistles,” Millay, having become “very, very thin, and . . . taken to smoking Virginia tobacco,” “wistfully” continued her plea and asked to be paid “a lot.”

225. Joyce Kilmer. “Trees.” TMS.

226. Joyce Kilmer to Harriet Monroe. Mahwah, New Jersey, May 26, 1913. TLS.

227. Edna St. Vincent Millay to Harriet Monroe. Vassar College, Poughkeepsie, New York [February 1917]. ALS.

228. Edna St. Vincent Millay. “Kin to Sorrow.” Proof. Annotated by Edna St. Vincent Millay and Harriet Monroe.

229. Edna St. Vincent Millay to Harriet Monroe. New York, March 1, 1918. TLS.

230. Edna St. Vincent Millay. “Figs from Thistles.” *Poetry*, June 1918.

231. Photograph of Edna St. Vincent Millay by Carl Van Vechten. January 14, 1933.

Burgin

Mahwah, New Jersey

May 26th, 1913

Miss Harriet Monroe
543 Cass St.
Chicago, Illinois

My dear Miss Monroe:

I thank you for your note of May 24th. Six dollars will satisfy me for "Trees". I like the line about "a nest of robins in her hair" but if it offends you seriously you may omit it and its predecessor.

I was born December 6th, 1886, in New Brunswick, New Jersey. I graduated from Columbia University in 1908, taught English and Latin in the Morristown High School for a year and then came to New York and became one of the editors of the Standard Dictionary

Poems are made by fools like me
But only God can make a tree.

Joyce Kilmer

SARA TEASDALE FILSINGER
4 WEST 81ST STREET
NEW YORK CITY

SONG ✓

Let it be forgotten, as a flower is forgotten,

Forgotten as a fire that once was singing gold, ..

Let it be forgotten forever and ever, —

Time is a kind friend, he will make us old.

If anyone asks, say it was forgotten

Long and long ago, —

As a flower, as a fire, as a hushed footfall

In a long forgotten snow.

Sara Trasdale,

[Faint, illegible handwritten text, possibly a signature or date, with a large 'X' mark over it.]

The Open Door

Sara Teasdale's popular 1917 *Love Songs* won the first prize ever awarded a book of poems in America. Commenting on the event, Harriet Monroe leveled some searching criticism at the Pulitzer people for not including poetry on their list, at the Poetry Society of America for not including poets as jurors, and at the jury for passing over Pound's *Lustra*. Still, Monroe valued Teasdale's lyrical talents and offered her congratulations. Teasdale, who valued Monroe's criticism, wrote to her in October of 1918 of the "laity's" ignorance of the poet's situation. The "patriotic people" who profess that "poets are essential to the nation's well-being" should ask "how" a poet is to live. Admitting she had less to complain of than most, her comments on the plight of some are revealing. If the magazines only pay for "sentimental slush," then "you get so that you can't write anything else." Sara Teasdale escaped this fate, even if her verse never achieved greatness. Of the poems on exhibit, she thought "Song" one of her best, coming "nearer in music and a sort of silence at the end" to what she meant by a lyric.

232. Sara Teasdale. "Barter." TMsS.

233. "Her Love Verse Won Award . . ." *The Chicago Daily Tribune*, June 17, 1918.

234. Harriet Monroe. "Sara Teasdale's Prize." *Poetry*, August 1918.

235. Sara Teasdale to Harriet Monroe. New York, October 6, 1918. ACS.

236. Sara Teasdale. "Song." TMsS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

237. Sara Teasdale. "The Long Hill." AMsS.

“as well written as prose”

In 1937, when asked to approve quotations for Harriet Monroe's *A Poet's Life*, Pound singled out as the “best” his 1915: “Objectivity and again objectivity . . .” and inserted a footnote crediting Ford Madox Ford. Poetry must be “as well written as prose.” Pound's praise of Ford is fit prelude to Ford's praise of Poetry. In his letter of February 1921, he charmingly imagines a “special niche” for Monroe in the “Heaven of Good Poets.” And if, Ford goes on, “periodical literature has a little peak . . . raising it to the best of European cosmopolitanism, or at any rate in that direction, it is because you and your small paper showed how it could be done.” The poem referred to is “A House,” published in the March 1921 *Poetry* and awarded *The Guarantors Prize*. In his thank-you letter of November 1921, Ford is touched at the first public recognition of his work by “those who use one's own tongue.” Like Yeats, Ford also thought of giving the money to a younger poet, but did not: “Hang it, No! My need of perpetuating pleasant memories is at least as great. . . . I will buy myself an Alsatian wolf hound . . . a reminder of the kindness from Chicago.”

238. Ford Madox Ford to Harriet Monroe. Sussex, England, February 10, 1921. TLS. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

239. Ford Madox Hueffer. “A House.” *Poetry*, March 1921.

240. Ford Madox Ford to Harriet Monroe. Sussex, England, November 7, 1921. TL [copy]. Annotated by Harriet Monroe.

241. Harriet Monroe. Typed extracts from Ezra Pound's letters quoted in *A Poet's Life*. Annotated by Ezra Pound.

242. Ezra Pound to Geraldine Udell. Rapallo, Italy, January 1937. TLS.

ANS'D H. M.
APR 14 1921

*Boost from
Hueffer!*

P

COOPERS
BEDHAM
FITTLEWORTH
SUSSEX

10/2/21

Dear Miss Munroe;

Thank you for your cheque and still more for your appreciative letter -- and still, still more for the good work that you do with POETRY. I am sure that there will be a special niche for you on Parnassus, or the Heaven of Good Poets, wherever it be. I don't know the United States well enough to lecture you about yourself -- but as far as I do know the United States I think -- as you will find me shortly saying in the N.Y. Evening Post-- at least for its periodicals, that nation is infinitely ahead of all its Anglo-Saxon brethren. And, if that periodical literature ^{raising} has a little peak, a little crown, ~~raising~~ it to the best of European cosmopolitanism, or at any rate in that direction, it is because you and your small paper showed how it could be done. It is a fine achievement!

Perhaps you would be good enough to note that, since Ezra sent that poem to you, I have changed my surname, so as to fulfil the terms of a small legacy and that I have bought a small farm, the address being as above, the name being FORD. I shall continue to write -- if I do continue to write -- as Hueffer but if you have occasion to address me perhaps you would write as to F. M. Ford, Coopers etc. I pass my time mostly in the

“as well written as prose”

Pound's correspondence preceding the publication of James Joyce's poems in *Poetry* reveals that though he agreed with Monroe's "uninteresting"—still Joyce was a writer worth "keeping up," whose "name on list of contents will be an excellent thing in saeculum saeculorum." *Poetry* thus could come to the aid of one of the many artists aided by Pound. Discussing the effect of the war on Joyce's financial situation in a 1915 letter, Pound enclosed "Flood," a poem "worth printing." It was one of five Joyce poems published in the May 1917 *Poetry*. Another, "Tutto è Sciolto," differs substantially from the version later published in *Pomes Penyeach*, 1927. Joyce comments on his own situation in a letter written to Monroe in August 1917 from Zurich. He encloses English press notices of *A Portrait of the Artist*, mentions his soon-to-appear play *The Exile*, and, his eye troubles beginning, expresses his fear that he "shall never get well in this bad climate."

243. Ezra Pound to Harriet Monroe. Sussex, England, [1915]. TLS.

244. James Joyce. "Flood." AMsS.

245. James Joyce. "Tutto è Sciolto." TMs.

246. James Joyce. "Tutto è Sciolto." *Poetry*, May 1917.

247. James Joyce to Harriet Monroe. Zurich, Switzerland, August 12, 1917. ALS.

248. James Joyce. *Pomes Penyeach*. Paris: Shakespeare and Co., 1927.

Flood

Goldbrown upon the fated flood
The rockvine clusters lift and sway;
Vast wings above the lambent waters brood
Of sullen day.

A waste of waters ruthlessly
Sways and uplifts its weedy nurseries
Where brooding day stalks down upon the sea
In full midday.

Uplift and sway, O golden vine,
Thy clustered fruits to love's full flood
Lambent and vast and ruthless as is thine
Inevitable

James Joyce

74 Rue du Cardinal Lemoine ,

Paris .

November 16, 1922.

Miss Harriet Monroe ,

Chicago, Illinois .

Dear Miss Monroe :-

I have been wondering when you were going to use the poems, as the Three Mountains Press here, Ezra Pound editing, is bringing out a book of my stuff shortly and I want to use the poems you have if you will give me permission to republish them .

Paris seems fairly quiet now . Dave O'Neil of St. Louis whom you know , I believe , is in town with his family and will probably stay over here a couple of years . He says indefinitely , but that usually means two years .

Mr. Walsh was in Germany when last heard from . I am just back from Constantinople so I don't know the very latest about Mr. Walsh , ~~but~~ I saw Padraic Colum one night but didn't mention the matter to him .

Gertrude Stein is down in St. Remy in Provence and says she won't come back to Paris till after Christmas . We had an enormous candied casaba melon from her in the mail yesterday . It was pretty nearly as big as a pumpkin . She is doing a new book .

I don't know whether you ever knew Lewis Galantiere when he lived in Chicago . He has just undergone a very trying love affair with a girl from Evanston Ill. who is over here getting cultured . She's just left town and we have all cheered up .

Hueffer is coming to town tomorrow to stay a month . He's been living on his farm in England . Joyce is sick at Nice . He has a dreadfully hard time with his eyes . Frank Harris has been trying to get Sylvia Beach , who published Ulysses , to publish his autobiography . She doesn't want to although I tell her it will be the finest fiction ever written .

T.S. Elliot's new quarterly The Criterion seems to have inspired the Dial and their last issue was pretty good . But that's American gossip , not Paris .

They say that Gargoyle is going to cease

“as well written as prose”

Ernest Hemingway's November 1922 letter to Harriet Monroe reads, as he says, “like the personal column of the Petoskey Evening Resorter,” covering, in staccato fashion, the activities of Ezra Pound, Dave O'Neil, Mr. Walsh, Padriac Colum, Gertrude Stein, Lewis Galantiere, Hueffer, Joyce, Frank Harris, Sylvia Beach, T. S. Eliot, and cafés full of “people that have no heat in their hotel rooms.” Hemingway wrote wondering when she would use his poems and asking permission to republish them in Pound's forthcoming Three Mountains Press edition of his work. That edition, Hemingway's *In Our Time*, was beat to press, however; Robert McAlmon's Contact press brought out Hemingway's first book, *Three Stories and Ten Poems*. Six of those ten poems, entitled “Wanderings,” had appeared in *Poetry* in January 1923, with a note introducing Ernest Hemingway as “a young Chicago poet” living abroad, who “will soon issue . . . his first book of verse.”

249. Ernest Hemingway to Harriet Monroe. Paris, November 16, 1922. TLS.

250. Ernest Hemingway. “Champs D'Honneur.” *Poetry*, January 1923.

251. Ernest Hemingway. *Three Stories and Ten Poems*. Paris: Contact Publishers, 1923.

“Jewels”

On June 5, 1914 Harriet Monroe filed Allen Upward's poems, noting: "He forbids us to use any. Keep as 'jewels'." She wrote "Jewel" across the top of E. A. Robinson's signed manuscript, "Eros Turannos," published in *Poetry*, March 1914. "Jewel" appears throughout the collection on envelopes, letters, manuscripts—early versions, published and unpublished—and throughout this exhibit on the twentieth-century's most famous poems. Monroe does not mention its use in her autobiography, but an inventory of H. M.'s "jewels" would form a significant chapter. "Jewel" appears less frequently in later years, and only a "J" is found across the top of Zukofsky's "Mantis," published in March 1935. Perhaps she grew tired. Not pencilled "jewel," but highlighted in *Poetry*'s twenty-fifth anniversary brochure are the other manuscripts exhibited in this case.

- 252. Harriet Monroe. Note concerning Allen Upward's poems. June 5, 1914.
- 253. E. A. Robinson. "Eros Turannos." TMsS.
- 254. Louis Zukofsky. "Mantis." TMs. Annotated by Louis Zukofsky.
- 255. Archibald MacLeish. "Ars Poetica." TMs.
- 256. Langston Hughes. "The Sailor." TMsS.
- 257. Hart Crane. "Cutty Sark." TMs. Marked "final version" by Hart Crane.
- 258. Louise Bogan. "Hypocrite Swift." TMs.
- 259. Allen Tate. "The Wolves." TMsS.
- 260. Theodore Roethke. "Long live the Weeds." AMsS.
- 261. *Poetry* Twenty-fifth Anniversary Brochure. 1937.

apt
Dec 9/34
Not the holographic
which is to be both

March, 1935

Mantle

capas

Mantle! praying mantle! winds your wings! leaves
And your terrified eyes, pine, bright, black and poor
Beg - "Look, take it up" (thoughts' torsion)! "save it!"
I who can't bear to look, cannot touch, - You -
You can - but no one sees you steady lost
In the cars' drafts on the lit subway stone.

EROS TURANOS.

She fears him, and will always ask
What fated her to choose him;
She meets in his engaging mask
All reasons to refuse him;
But what she meets and what she fears
Are less than are the downward years,
Drawn slowly to the formless void
Of age, were she to lose him.

Between a blurred sagacity
That she had power to name him,
And Love, that will not let him be
The asker that she found him,
Her pride assuages her, almost,
As if it were alone the cost.
He sees that he will not be lost,
And waits, and looks around him.

A sense of awe and old trees
Envelops and allures him;
Tradition, touching all he sees
Beguiles and reassures him;
And all her doubts of what he says
Are dimmed with what she knows of days,
Till even prejudice delays,
And fades,-- and she assures him.

The falling leaf inaugurates
The reign of her confusion;
The pounding wave reverberates
The crash of her illusion;
And here, where passion lived and died,
Becomes a place where she can hide,--
While all the town and harbor side
Vibrate with her seduction.

We tell you, tapping on our brows,
The story as it should be,--
As if the story of a haunt
Were told, or ever could be;
We'll have no kindly veil between
Her visions and those we have seen,--
As if we guessed what hers have been
Or what they are, or would be.

Meanwhile, we do no harm; for they
That with a god have striven,
Not hearing much of what we say,
Take what the god has given;
Though like waves breaking it may be,
Or like a changed familiar tree,
Or like a stairway to the sea,
Where down the blind are driven.

John D. W. H. H. H.

From “thou” to “you”

Harriet Monroe's last hours had in them, as Carl Sandburg said, something “beautifully appropriate to her personality and life.” Having spoken of American poets at a conference in Buenos Aires, she wrote, hoping *Poetry* could “carry on a little longer,” for she could not resist visiting the Inca ruins in Peru. She died there at the age of 75 and is buried in the mountains at Arequipa. “In Memory of Harriet Monroe,” the poets were invited to contribute to the December 1936 issue of *Poetry*. Wallace Stevens saw her good will toward “the most ferocious egoists” reflected in *Poetry*, “a magazine of many people. . . .” Marianne Moore spoke of “her valor, her goodness to us all, her imperviousness to plebian behavior . . . her fearless battle for art. . . .” As for Pound: “no one more acrimoniously differed with her . . . so . . . no one is better able to testify. . . . An exclusive editorial policy would not have done the work of an inclusive policy (however much the inclusiveness may have rankled one and all factions). . . . no other publication has existed in America where any writer of poetry could more honorably place his writings. This was true in 1911. It is true as I write this.”

262. Photographs of Harriet Monroe, 1890, 1920.

263. Carl Sandburg to Morton D. Zabel. [October 1936]. TLS.

264. Morton D. Zabel to Ezra Pound. Chicago, October 1, 1936. TLS [copy].
From the Morton D. Zabel Papers, The University of Chicago Library.

265. *Poetry*, December 1936.

POETRY



A MAGAZINE OF VERSE IN MEMORY OF HARRIET MONROE

EZRA POUND, EUNICE TIETJENS, GEORGE DILLON, MARION STROBEL, JESSICA NELSON
NORTH, LEW SARETT, HELEN HOYT, EDITH WYATT, CARL SANDBURG, WALLACE STEVENS,
EDGAR LEE MASTERS, MARIANNE MOORE, CHARLES H. HAMILL, S. O. LEVINSON,
HORACE GREGORY, MARYA ZATURENSKA, MALCOLM COWLEY, JOHN GOULD FLETCHER,
ROBERT MORSS LOVETT, AGNES LEE, GERALDINE UDELL, MORTON DAUWEN ZABEL

The Sleeping Fury
Dancer Over America
Babette Deutsch, Herman Gund, Marion E. Hamilton

by Louise Bogan
by Peyton Houston
300

DECEMBER 1936

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From “thou” to “you”

In 1886, Harriet Monroe wrote to Robert Louis Stevenson, compelled to acknowledge her debt to a “living author.” Her praise cheered the invalid Stevenson, who observed, in his letter of June 30, 1886, that “the interest taken in an author is fragile.” Monroe’s was not and continues today in *Poetry* magazine as well as in her bequest to the University of Chicago. She funded “The Harriet Monroe Poetry Award,” to be given annually by a committee of three poets, “preferably . . . from different sections of the United States” to an American poet, preferably one of “progressive rather than academic tendencies.” In addition, she left to the University of Chicago Library her personal papers, the magazine’s papers and her books, the annotated first editions which form the nucleus of the Modern Poetry Library. This library continues to grow, as she willed, with the works of living poets. There, collected in her first book, *Valeria*, is her first published poem, “To W.S.M. With a copy of Shelley” (*The Century*, 1889). When she selected it for inclusion in her 1935 *Chosen Poems*, she pencilled out every “thou” and substituted “you.” She had given Shelley’s poems to her brother William, urging him to “listen long,/ . . . till . . . Silence grows populous. . . .”

266. Photograph of Robert Louis Stevenson by Sir Percy Shelley. Inscribed to Harriet Monroe, June 30, 1886.
267. Robert Louis Stevenson to Harriet Monroe. [Skerry vore, Bournemouth, June 30, 1886]. ALS.
268. Harriet Monroe. “Robert Louis Stevenson.” Early draft of chapter from *A Poet’s Life*. AM^c
269. Harriet Monroe. “To W.S.M. With a copy of Shelley.” *Valeria and Other Poems*. Chicago: A. C. McClurg & Co., 1892.
270. Harriet Monroe. “With Shelley’s Poems.” *Chosen Poems*. New York: The Macmillan Co., 1935.
271. *Poetry*, April 1980.



The type-face of this catalogue is Gill Sans, chosen because of Eric Gill's association with the magazine. Gill had specified that type for *Poetry* in response to Harriet Monroe's March 1930 request for a new cover design with "a gay, highly stylized Pegasus . . . which will carry us all off on his wings!" That Pegasus, reproduced here, made its first appearance on the cover in October 1930. In October 1931, moved by Gill's offer to change the design if it displeased, Monroe wrote to him. Although she thought the lettering "perfect," the Pegasus seemed "a little too violent in his action . . . and in certain details, notably the ears and the tail, he doesn't seem . . . quite a proper horse. Some critics have . . . said he was a gelding instead of a stallion." In May of 1932, Gill presented a new Pegasus (no. 265 in this catalogue) which was, he hoped, "generally a better bird."