CHAPTER II

LOADING THE MAGAZINE: THE FIRST SALVOS OF MODERNISM

Poetry magazines were breaking out everywhere. Prizes were blossoming in every bush; anthologies were thicker than office-seekers in Washington or Webster's Unabridged Dictionary. It was the time of manifestos, movements, departures, schools. The Cubists, Futurists, Imagists, Impressionists, Vorticists had all taken a hand in rejuvenating the sad and perplexed Muse.

—Louis Untermeyer, New Era
Retrospective histories sometimes make us believe that Anglo-American Modernist poetry was a uniform, homegrown, homogenous movement, organized along set principles and methods. The single fact of its history is that it was a series of efforts, divergent initiatives, trials and negotiations involving a large number of artists, races, aesthetic beliefs, political ideologies and cultural assumptions converging from time to time in locales so widely apart as Paris, New York, London and Boston, and a large variety of English anthologies and little magazines. As a matter of fact, when we look at the anthologies and the little magazines themselves of the early years of what came to be called "Modernism," it is pretty difficult to distinguish the two. The anthology and the magazine often looked and read alike. The two together present "Modernism" before us showcasing important aspects of the movement through their "exhibits."

The narrative literary history, by its very nature, is committed to the limited range and perspective that its author chooses before hand, and can thus give but a partial and subjective view of the age. For example, explaining the scope of his *Crisis in English Poetry 1880-1940* (1951), Vivian de Sola Pinto remarks that the book is not "a general history of English poetry in the period specified on the title page. It is designed solely as a study of the crisis in English poetry during those years and of modern England" (de Sola Pinto 7). The efforts of the writers of the twenties, for instance, to internationalize literature, to canvass each other's works, to avoid all that was associated with what they
perceived as the more degenerate forms of Victorianism, efforts without which the "Modernist" movement cannot be understood, are often ignored. Instead, the narrative shows the history of the period as fitting certain preconceived rubrics drawn along politico-social lines such as the Edwardian and Georgian ages. Such prefabricated structures compel the literary historian to present a piecemeal view of history in which D. H. Lawrence, who may be regarded as a Georgian as well as an Imagist poet because he appeared in the anthologies of the two groups, is considered apart from both. The point is that the two anthologies, each sharply different and even somewhat antithetical, together show the variety, complexity, and contradictions within "Modernism" more clearly than any chronological account of literature can. What is more, the consideration of psycho-sociological changes, such as the dissociation of sensibility, that are believed to have occurred in English history in the post-Dryden years, constrains literary history to digress into the areas that properly belong to history and sociology.

If an arbitrarily limited range is not very helpful, the need of the literary historian to tell a story constrains him/her to force or flatten heterogeneous movements into one monolithic block, a violence that is bound to distort them. Authors, whose only common character is an uncompromising individuality, are thrust into a faceless group. Often wary of schools and groups, they came together more often to slay the dragons they hated rather than to write poetry to a programme. Harriet Monroe, the founder-editor of *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, for example, had to use all her persuasive skills to get Louis Zukofsky to form a group. In her view, this was the only way he could draw public notice to himself, and to ensure his survival as an author, which he did reluctantly, and with
much misgiving. Therefore, when Stephen Spender, in his *The Struggle of the Modern* (1963), categorizes the authors of the twentieth century as "contemporaries" and "moderns," "recognizers" and "non-recognizers," (Spender x) depending on the writers' responses to science as expressed in their work, it is at a very real and grave risk of ignoring significant individual differences among them. Often the writers themselves changed their views, making the situation even more complicated. Some poets, like Richard Aldington, to take one instance, who subscribed to Imagism for a while, might leave the movement to strike out on their own and, the author of what is arguably the most important document of the "Modernist" movement, *The Waste Land*, might put the poem down to a merely personal grouse against the world (Valerie Eliot 1971: 1), which in effect is a *reductio ad absurdum* of Spender's categorization.

Again, the very closeness of the "Modernist" movement to our time presents peculiar problems relating to the canon or scant is attention paid to the authors, and this constrains most writers to record the history of literature rather non-committally and tentatively, weakening, if not undercutting, their own *raison d'etre*. Boris Ford, in his "General Introduction" to *A Guide To English Literature: The Modern Age* (1961), notes that earlier ages could be recorded in their relevance to the present, but a literary historian who writes a guide to the literature of the twentieth century is embarking on something like an adventure, and would have to plan it "in an unusually critical and exploratory spirit" (Ford 7). He continues, "... the major writers are still very much a part of our time and yet they are sufficiently in the past for it to have become fashionable to find some of them unfashionable; and at the same time, the profusion of lesser writers have a
certain inescapable currency that makes it very hard … to disregard them altogether” (Ford 7-8). Over such accounts, the little magazines and anthologies that collected these writers help us to step back a little further for a more complete view. G. S. Fraser, in *The Modern Writer and His World* (1961), is conscious of the same problems as Ford is: "This book expresses my own personal judgments, but they are all judgments I think still open to discussion and reversal" (Fraser 1). The only escape from this revolving-door-view of history is to read for ourselves some contemporary documents such as letters, reviews, pamphlets, broadsides, little magazines, manifestos and, preeminently the anthologies, in which the poems most groups initially published found their place, and sometimes permanent stay.

While the anthology was certainly the most conscious and determined initiative of this phase of literary history, we shall now look at other significant initiatives as well, beginning with the little magazine. Often the little magazine and the anthology were at the heart of the collaborations, competitions and conflicts among poets. Almost exclusively, the magazines and the anthologies were the only means by which the writers could reach their readers. This explains the centrality of the two modes of publication in the making of 'Modernism', and the attempts of the writers to gain or retain control of these organs. In other words, the anthology and the magazine were two sources of literary history in real time, and sometimes they were so important as to even mark it for them. Ezra Pound, for example, recognises the dawn of the "new" poetry in 1908, which for him was an "early distinguished date" (Pound 4 1928 104 ) because *The English Review*, edited by Ford Madox Hueffer, carried at this time some of the best contemporary writers
such as Anatole France, Henry James, Thomas Hardy and himself among others (Pound 1928 b 104), and also discovered D. H. Lawrence. Again, writing to Michael Roberts in July 1937, Pound advised him to read the editions of this little magazine in its first two years. "Until you have done that, you will be prey to superstition. You won't know what was, and you will consider that Hulme or any of the chaps of my generation invented the moon and preceded Galileo's use of the telescope" (Paige 296; Pound's emphases). This confession-like statement is a revelation of the power play and personal involvement of the writers themselves with literary history, and their anxiety to influence and cast it in their own image. It also establishes the little magazine as one of the important sites on which a Modernist literary history might find a source that is comprehensive, and also confers on it an authenticity that is unique. Moreover, the better sort of little magazines were usually impartial in the face of some of the most noisy polemics and propaganda of self-promoting groups. Most of the canonical texts of the movement that came to be called "Modernist" first made their appearance in journals similar to the English Review and later, in collections and anthologies that may be later gathered by a host of professional editors. This Chapter will study select initiatives from their conception to launching, and trace how the "new" poetry came to be written and published. These include, apart from little magazines such as Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, The Little Review, and The Exile, letters and prizes which were offered by a variety of sources like individuals and foundations. I shall argue that an examination of these documents can afford us a better understanding of the dynamics of Modernism in the making. I shall also attempt a close study of the letters of a few poets like Ezra Pound primarily for their role in editing poems and advising fellow poets towards developing a new poetic. The
magazines and anthologies were usually the products, some of a permanent nature, of carefully elaborated manifestos, and were the records of plans and proposals that were very often outlined and even detailed for the first time in these epistolary campaigns. The little magazine, especially, was an inventory of sorts by which the writers could take stock of those works that would go into the anthologies and literary history while exploring public responses to their work. Often little magazines aimed to gather the "best" flowers of the age, though a poet like Pound would be more into "harvesting" (Paige 126). It is worth emphasizing again that most of these initiatives were initially conceived and developed through correspondence between poets themselves, or between poets and editors of some little magazines.

The circumstantial or contingent nature of the letter should not blind us to its urgent literary concerns and qualities, for, even as it embodies the personality of the writer, it is sometimes informed with considerable artistic merit. For example, quoting a letter from William Vaughn Moody, Margaret Anderson places it in the American tradition for its style and raciness (Anderson I. 1 Mar. 1914 : 24-25). She admires in it “Moody’s remarkable gift of metaphor, his constant striving to 'win for language some new swiftness, some rare compression,' his belief in the positive acceptance of life, his paganism, 'deeply spiritual, and as far as possible removed from the sensualism the thoughtless have found in it’” (Anderson Mar. 1914 : 25). In other words, the Moody letter is an anticipation of some of the most important qualities we associate with "Modernism," such as the sincerity in expression and commitment to language that distinguished the writers. Anderson justifiably concludes, "Certainly with two such
authentic voices to boast of as [Walt] Whitman's and Moody's, this young country of
ours has reason to be proud" (Anderson Mar. I. 1 1914 : 25). Clearly, the letter lies at the
heart of the American identity, the assertion of which is a governing, not say obsessive,
theme in Anglo-American literature of the twentieth century. Further, in its anticipation
of the "Modernists" and their ideas, this letter deserves some attention.

It is not Anderson's purpose to analyse Moody's letter closely, but we may
discover in it the signs of a typically American language taking sustenance from the soil
almost literally when, for example, the poet tells a correspondent, Daniel Gregory Mason,
to "keep your sand." He is anticipating Pound's own epistolary efforts to keep his
correspondents rooted in their commitment to literature. To such typically American
idioms and language, Moody attributes his poetic themes and rhymes. "I could say other
things not utterly pharisaical. I could say what I have often said to myself, with a reedy
tremolo perhaps, but swelling into a rising diapason, 'The dark cellar ripens the wine,'"
an aphoristic idea into which, in the style of the "Modernists," he puts so much of
himself. The simple diction of the line and the perfectly controlled rhythm presage the
Imagists and their contemporaries, and vindicate their claim that true literature is timeless
and universal. Again we realise that Moody too, like the writers of the twentieth century
renaissance, had experienced the thrills and travails of dedicating himself to the difficult
art of poetry, when, continuing the cellar metaphor, he writes, "And meanwhile after
one's eyes get used to the dirty light, and one's feet to the mildew, a cellar has its
compensations" (quoted in Anderson Mar. 1914 24). In the context, the words, "a cellar
has its compensations" is worthy of Robert Frost as an understated and wry observation.
When he says a little later, "I have seen what I have seen," we remember Robert Lowell's "my eye has seen what my hand has done" (quoted in Heaney 1980), a reference to the sacrifices and suffering poetry entails for the poets, and their dear ones. Anderson’s observations on Moody are, once again, a witness to her amazing critical insight and ability to anticipate the future trends of poetry.

A more prolific correspondent is Ezra Pound whose letters are often full of exhortations to their recipients aimed at instilling in them a sense of urgency, goading them to produce their "best," and to publish it as soon as possible. These letters are remarkable for the effacement of the personal, and reflect a whole-hearted dedication to the arts. Their writer might, for instance, regret Eliot's "Portrait of a Lady" going to Alfred Kreyemborg’s *Others* anthology, but he wanted the poem printed without any delay, even before his own *Catholic Anthology* (1915), in which he would have naturally preferred to print it, was out. In a sense, Pound was permanently engaged in editing proto-anthologies, mock-anthologies, trial-anthologies . . . somehow making and unmaking anthologies all the time, although the items he discovered, recommended or finally decided against, would later be preserved in some more regular anthology or the other, even if the real collectors might be others. This obsessive anthologist, unsurprisingly, became the author of *The Cantos*, arguably the single-author anthology of "the longest poem in the English langwidge" as he was proud of claiming. Often his letters were invitations to his poet-friends to criticize his work ruthlessly, and sometimes he wrote such ruthless criticism himself. But the humane aspect was always present—he did not criticize the work when a writer was hopelessly bad, or at least, warned the
recipient, William Carlos Williams in one instance, to destroy the letter, dated May 1909, for, the contents were surely unpalatable: "I hope to God you have no feelings. If you have, burn this before reading it" (Paige 7; Pound's emphasis). Having said that, we must also note the impatience and despair with which Pound addressed some of his correspondents, or even bullied them, when they would not do what he thought was appropriate, or put off work that demanded immediate action. Thus, after a six-month-wait, he implored Harriet Monroe to print "Prufrock" immediately, and angrily refused to let her insult Eliot by asking him to change what, in the editor's view, was a "pessimistic" ending, and "write down to the public" (Paige 44). It might be noticed in passing that Louis Untermeyer, an influential American anthologist, and Hart Crane (Hammer and Weber 119), in their correspondence, while recognizing Eliot's genius, could isolate his ideas and quarrel with them, an indication of the immense variety of "Modernism" and its protagonists who came from all sections of the literary world. Doubtless, the unexpected similarity of ideas significantly confirmed each other in the opinions of editors and poets. For Pound and Eliot, however, no editor could tamper with the programme and agenda of "Modernism" to please the reading public, an idea echoed by Yeats in his poem "The Grey Rock" which appeared first in Poetry of April 1913 (21-25). Pound's anthological instincts working again, sought for Yeats the best poem award of the year. After the reprimand quoted above, he (Pound) goes on to provide Monroe with valuable insights into the work as he explains, in a manner that is indistinguishable from an anthologist's introduction: "'Mr. Prufrock' does not 'go off at the end.' It is a portrait of failure, or a character which fails, and it would be false art to make it end on a note of triumph . .. For the rest: a portrait satire on futility can't end by turning that quintessence of futility, Mr.
P. into a reformed character by breathing out fire and ozone” (Paige 50). The theme
Pound expounds here establishes, incidentally, the idea that "Modernism" is not merely
an ivory tower "art for art's sake" ideology, but is rooted in its commitment to truth, not
to say social issues. His elaboration implicitly assumes a deadwood of taste and
expectation of old themes and forms carried over from an earlier age. The initiatives the
poets launched were, in considerable measure, intended to clear away these cobwebs so
the new poetry could get underway, a task many anthologies, pedagogic or otherwise,
would themselves address along many different and even conflicting ideas. At the heart
of the letter was the idea of a "true" art that marks the renaissance poets and some readers
saw. Letters such as this about "Prufrock" were, on Harriet Monroe's own admission,
landmarks in her "modernization" (Monroe 1938 268), and advancement to newer
themes. As we shall see below, W. C. Williams and D. H. Lawrence too were to write
such "educative" letters to her. In a remarkably generous and frank reminiscence she
says, "During the first year or two, Ezra's pungent and provocative letters were falling
thick as snow flakes . . . Thus began the rather violent, but on the whole salutary,
discipline under the lash of which the editor of the new magazine felt herself rapidly
educated, while incrustations of habit and prejudice were ruthlessly swept away" and
adds the grateful remark which would be echoed by many later writers: "Ezra Pound was
born to be a great teacher" (Harriet Monroe 1938 268). We may note, for the record, that
Eliot's "Prufrock," however, was tucked away in the middle pages of Poetry in June
1917—in fact it was the very last work in the poetry section (130-135), and immediately
after it began the prose articles. But occupying prime space at the beginning of the issue
were two homesick and lovesick poems by an Ajan Syrian, an elegy by Arthur Davison
Ficke addressed to Rupert Brooke, two poems on nature by Bliss Carman and some rather conventional Petrarchan sonnets by one Georgia Wood Pangborn. These were, of course, extremely old, time-tested and safe themes that Pound, as we shall see, warned William Carlos Williams to steer clear of, and were written in verse forms that were sure to encourage just the kind of tastes that the "Modernists" were struggling to make the readers outgrow. The editor herself, in spite of the ruthless "lash," was often a reluctant learner, to say nothing of the ordinary contemporary reader.

The letter was not, however, limited to explanations and urgings; it became a literary history in miniature, simultaneously elucidating and explaining the writer's poetic principles and was, in important ways, an extension of the anthology's work of "educating" the readers, be they editors, critics, or students in the classroom. D. H. Lawrence, writing to Edward Marsh, editor of *Georgian Poetry*, sums up the "Modernist" efforts against the inertia and some of the antagonistic forces arrayed against it such as what he called the "habituated ear" of the reading public: "It is the lapse of the feeling, something as indefinite as expression in the voice carrying emotion. It doesn't depend on the ear, particularly, but on the sensitive soul. And the ear gets a habit, and becomes waste, when the ebbing and lifting emotion should be the master, and the ear the transmitter. If your ear has got stiff and a bit mechanical, *don't* blame my poetry . . .

Well, I don't write for your ear. This is the constant war, I reckon, between the new expression and the habituated and mechanical transmitters and receivers of the human constitution" (Harry Moore 243-244; Lawrence's emphasis). The fact that Lawrence contributed to little magazines and anthologies as varied as *Poetry* and *The Little Review*
and the Georgian and the Imagist collections is an affirmation of his faith in the pivotal role of these as the preservers, makers and markers of taste. Here, in the letter to Marsh, is a confluence of ideas between the Imagist writers, Robert Frost, and Lawrence himself. The Imagists with their acceptance that a "new cadence means a new idea" (Some Imagist Poets 1915 vii) as a cardinal principle of their poetry, would be much closer to Lawrence.

Sometimes Pound would use the letter to edit the work of a poet like Iris Barry, commenting at length on the strengths and weaknesses of her poems with an astonishing meticulousness, richly illustrating in the process, some of his several poetic theories. He urged her to be less descriptive and put in more verbs into her poems, just as the primitives, and good writers of later ages did (Paige 82). Pound's letters, indeed, were the closest that he came to formulating a manifesto, apart from his contribution to Blast and a few other occasional publications. "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste" (Quoted in Harriet Monroe 1938 298-301), it is worth noting, is more of a prohibitory list than a manifesto which it is sometimes taken to be. Writing to Harriet Monroe, whom he had served as an adjunct editor from England, Pound was given to formulating something of a theory of poetry. In her autobiography, A Poet's Life (1938), she quotes one such letter, which she declares to be his "artistic creed" in so many words. Written as early as January 1915, it asserts:

There are two ways of existing in la vie literaire; as DeGourmont said some while since: "A man is valued by the abundance or the scarcity of his copy." The problem is how, how in hell to exist without overproduction. In the
Imagist book I made it possible for a few poets who were not over-producing, to reach an audience. That delicate operation was achieved by the most rigorous suppression of what I considered faults . . . Obviously such a method and movement are incompatible with effusion, with flooding magazines with all sorts of wish-wash and imitation and the near good. If I had acceded to A. L's (Amy Lowell) proposal to turn “Imagism” into a democratic beer garden, I should have undone what little good I managed to do by setting up a critical standard . . . My dissociation with (sic) the forthcoming Some Imagist Poets book, and my displeasure, arises again from the same cause, which A. C. H. (Alice Corbin Henderson) aptly calls "the futility of trying to impose a selective taste on the naturally unselective." . . . My problem is to keep alive a certain group of advancing poets, to set the arts in their rightful place as the acknowledged guide and lamp of civilization. The arts must be supported in preference to the church and scholarship. Artists first, then if necessary, professors and parsons. Scholarship is but a handmaid to the arts. My propaganda for what some may consider "novelty in excess" is a necessity. There are plenty to defend the familiar kind of thing . . . (Quoted in Harriet Monroe 1938 367).

Writing to Scofield Thayer, editor of The Dial, Pound returned to the views he expressed to Harriet Monroe: "The Scylla and Carybdis (sic) of magazining, are A. to get the barrels too full, and NOT to be able to use feature stuff the instant it arrives, and B. au contraire NOT to have enough A.I. stuff on hand" (Thompson 90). In brief, the attempt of
the writers was to collect the "best" and present it to the reader who had a sense of literature. The letters also draw our attention to the elitist inclinations of Pound and his friends. Repeatedly there is, as we have seen in the letter about "Prufrock" addressed to Harriet Monroe, a disdain for the lazy, conventional reader. It is perhaps noteworthy that Pound wanted to present "advancing poets" to readers, by which expression he presumably means poets suffused with the new ideas, such as Eliot, and who were also fired by a desire to learn the art called poetry.

The best poetry published naturally demanded the best criticism possible. It is worth noting that many major poets themselves were influential critics such as Yeats, Eliot and Pound, for example. Their efforts in this direction may be said to represent their "exhibits" in criticism. However, most poet-critics considered criticism inferior to poetry. Pound, for example, complained once "Not so much crit. as creat" "sic) (Paige 240). Yet, he presented the critic with a short but explicit and full-fledged manifesto, and the site chosen to expound it on was again the letter:

"Substance of manifesto:

1. The critic most worthy of respect is the one who actually causes an improvement in the art he criticizes.

2. The best critic is the one who most focuses attention on the best work.

3. The pestilence masking itself as a critic distracts attention from the best work, to either secondary work that is more or less "good" or to tosh, to detrimental work,
dead or living snobisms, (sic) or to infinite essays on criticism" (Paige 241; Pound's emphasis).

The intensity of the language, among other things in the letters shows as few other sources can, how comprehensive, anxious and uncompromising Pound was in his attempts to popularise and promote literature. The picture of "Modernism" that emerges from these letters where the writers are contemptuous and solicitous in turns about the common reader, is complex and far from neat, but it is certainly more representative of the facts. The varied recipients of the letters—fellow-poets, editors, and patrons, to mention a few—illustrate the immense range of people involved in "making it new," and the numerous efforts and strategies the enterprise demanded. Pound's own attempts to focus attention on the "best" work appeared in such anthologies as the _ABC of Reading_ (1934) and _From Confucius to Cummings_ (1964), co-edited with Marcella Spann.

It would not be an exaggeration to say that Pound's letters are a faithful reflection of literary history. They do, however, record the growth of his poetic ideas in their formative phases in real time. He writes to Amy Lowell, for example, seeking her permission to use her poem "Garden" for an anthology he was "cogitating" (Paige 24). Later on, he puts the Imagist phase and its anthology, _Des Imagistes_ (1914), in perspective by declaring that the Imagist principles were good "for a time" (Paige 55). Again he notes that the contributors to the Imagist collection have not "gone on; have [not] invented much since the first _Des Imagistes_ anthology. H. D. has done work as good. She has also (under I suppose the flow-contamination of Amy and Fletcher) let
loose dilutations and repetitions, so that she has spoiled the 'few but perfect' position she might have held on to" (Paige 114). He was, in other words, frequently giving contemporary artists, publishers, patrons and readers the chance to go forth and "be really modern" (Paige 24) and to stay that way without exhausting the patience or sympathy of readers by forcing inferior work on them. The letters, therefore, functioned as notes towards miniature anthologies, mental literary histories, guides and bibliographies for himself and his fellow-writers among other things. They were meant to "educate" the recipients about what to write and how, but nevertheless reflected Pound's own compulsive writing and reading habits. He meticulously listed out to W. C. Williams, for example, in October 1908, a list of the subjects already dealt with by poets of yore, and were now dead issues. The blase tone in which he recounted these subjects is unmistakable, and was intended to shame the addressee into abandoning them. Going solely by this evidence, Pound should be credited for painstakingly assembling poetic cliches and for warning fellow-poets of their continuing menace:

"Here are a list (sic) of facts which 1 and 9,000,000 other poets have spieled endlessly:

1. Spring is a pleasant season. The flowers, etc, etc, sprout, bloom etc. etc.
2. Young man's fancy. Lightly, heavily, gaily, etc. etc.
3. Love, a delightful tickling. Indefinable etc.
   A) By day etc. etc. etc. B) By night etc. etc. etc.
4. Trees, hills etc. are by provident nature arranged diversely, in diverse places.
5. Winds, clouds, rains, etc. flop thru and over 'em.
6. Men love women. (More poetic in the singular, but the verb retains the same form.)

(In Greece and Pagan countries men loved men, but the fact is no longer mentioned in polite society except in an expurgated sense.) I am not attracted by the Pagan custom but my own prejudices are not materia poetica. Besides T didn't get particularly lascivious in A.L.S. However, in the above six groups I think you find the bulk of the poetic matter of the ages. Wait—

7. Men fight battles, etc. etc.

8. Men go on voyages.

Beyond this, men think and feel certain things and see certain things not with the bodily vision. About this time I begin to get interested and the general too ruthlessly go to sleep? To, however, quit this wrangle” (Paige 4-5).

It is interesting to speculate briefly on "Spring," the first item on this list. Pound and his correspondent understood each other pretty well. In 1922 and 1923 respectively appeared two long poems, or rather, two poetic sequences: T. S. Eliot’s The Waste Land and William Carlos Williams's Spring and All. Neither poet, sensibly enough, avoided Spring at Pound’s instance. Both, as a matter of fact, reworked the seasonal cliche in their respective “anthologies”—both The Waste Land and Spring and All are arguably anthologies. While Eliot’s poem is more of an annotated edition of dead poems complete with line numbers, notes and references, Spring and All only appears less so, but it is a
book of twenty-seven lyrics dispersed among passages of prose, notes and fragments of
discursive prose and the poet’s commentary. Another way to read Pound’s list of poetic
clichés is to go through these two sequences to see how not only Spring, but all the other
items appear and disappear as though in the pages of a new *Golden Treasury*. That the
poets themselves were subliminally working on the principles of an anthology is evident
by the following remark. Here is William Carlos Williams on Marianne Moore:

> Unlike the painters the poet has not resorted to distortions or the abstract in
> form. Ms. Moore accomplishes a like result by rapidity of movement. A
> poem such as "Marriage" is an anthology of transit. It is a pleasure that can
> be held firm only by moving rapidly from one thing to the next. It gives the
> impression of a passage through (Williams 313).

The new poetry, with its new requirements, was developing its own forms of composition
which retained the anthology at the core.

In fact, the idea of "Spring" appeared as early as 1918, in *Kora in Hell*, a book
and title that Williams discussed with Pound himself. "I am indebted to Pound for the
title. We had talked about Kora, the Greek parallel of Persephone, the legend of
Springtime captured and taken to Hades. I thought of myself as Springtime and I felt I
was on my way to Hell (but I didn’t go very far)" (Williams 3-4). The poet had
symbolically rescued "Spring" from the hell of being clichéd and misused. This episode
emphasizes again that the poets in search for subjects, never exclude a possibility for
ever. The poets were also remarkable for their insistence on the use of these subjects in
an original way (as the self-identification of the poet with spring illustrates) as an
important characteristic of good verse. As late as 1928, Pound found Spring still fresh
and blossoming in he works of young poets like R. C. Dunning whose "Threnody in
Sapphics" he printed in the second edition of his Exile (Pound 1927:31).

Many "Modernists" were loath to reveal to the general reader anything but the
finished product, be it a manifesto or a poem itself. More often than not, the making of
these nevertheless required collaboration, and the letter was perhaps the only place where
this could be realized at length without any feelings of inhibition. Thus, Pound advised
Iris Barry, in a letter dated July 1916, in the same painstaking and itemized manner as he
did to Williams, what modern poetry should be in its essential features, one of the few
times he came closest to formulating a manifesto:

"The whole art is divided into:

a. concision, or style, or say what you mean in the fewest and clearest words.

b. The actual necessity for creating or constructing something; of presenting an
   image, or enough images of concrete things arranged to stir the reader" (Paige
90).

Neither ideas is new to poetry, but such repetitions served to keep some of the aims of the
movement to "modernise" constantly before the poets. Continuing with the handiness that
the letters provided, it may be said that a poet could indicate to an editor the best way the
poems should be presented to the public. D. H. Lawrence wrote to the Harriet Monroe
how he would like a poem of his published in the little magazine, a letter that, incidentally, illustrates the poet's own selective instincts, at least as far as his own poetry is concerned: "No, you mustn't cut it ("Ballad of Another Ophelia") in two. It is a good poem. I couldn't do it again to save my life. Use it whole or not at all" (Harry Moore 288). Pound, too, similarly staved off tragedy from befalling some his favourite poems, again, through letters: "You might also concede the constructive value of my kicking about mutilations. Propertius and Mauberley were cut, but on the strength of my howling to high heaven that this was an outrage, Eliot's Waste Land was printed whole. In which I also participated. Dragging my own corpse by the heels to arouse the blasted spectators" (Paige 230). The problem of "mutilations" was particularly pernicious in the usual anthologies because the editors often gave no indication to the reader that the poem was an excerpt, and that it could mean something else in its original context. The menace sometimes appeared in the form of altered punctuation which diluted the meaning of the poem in such a way as to pander to the lazy or incompetent readers who may otherwise be confused or irritated by the new demands that literature was making. Lawrence, again, complained to Harriet Monroe that a poem, "Unster Goth," in Poetry was "unbeautifully ugly" (Harry Moore 295). The effort against the conventional poet, and the general reader's obsession with beauty, it might be mentioned, was one of the few ideas that united the "Modernists" in the early decades of the twentieth century leading to the group-forming tendencies among poets who had little else in common. If we remember that the poet-editors of this time rarely felt the need for, or took the trouble to provide introductions or prefaces, the collation of such occasional pronouncements the letters provide can be invaluable for the reader, facilitating a better appreciation of the themes,
and the new directions poetry was taking. The publication of anthologies or manifestos by schools of poets would naturally lead to competition with editors of anthologies brought out by other schools, and the letter was the place where we can see the rival poet-editors elaborating their predilections, and frankly venting their frustrations and animosities. They might also discuss the reception of their work. We find Pound, the editor of the *Catholic Anthology* and *Des Imagistes*, telling Lewis in a letter that some important people did not approve of *Blast*: "The P.M. (Asquith) don't (sic) for one. Though attempts have been made with some success to convert him to milder faces (or persona)" (Materer 46). This comment assumes a new significance when we remember that Edward Marsh had boasted that the Prime Minister's car was seen at the bookshop that was stocking *The Georgian Anthology* on the day it was released. And sure enough, a little later, we get an insight into "the dark and backward abyss" of Pound's mind, revealing the rivalries and differences of opinion with the editor of the *Georgian Poetry* when he (Pound) writes to Lewis a few days later, in August 1916, "The Eddie-Marsh-Asquith-Beerbohm-Trees section of society does not favor an advance in thought" (Materer 55). The point is that the letters were literary criticism, literary histories and histories of reading at the same time, all contributory to the spirit of the anthology.

The sharing of experiences and expertise in getting work published, especially in the face of a conservative establishment, was inevitable if literature was to make any progress. Plans to get around such forces had to be made continuously and innovatively and, to communicate these, the letters were probably the easiest and fastest way available at the time. Pound, again, aiming to get the "best" material for the *Dial*, wrote to Scofield
Thayer that they might invite a writer like Gauthier Villars "to write something that will pass the U. S. postal authorities" (Thompson 51). This, again, is an attempt at the anthology, deploying an acclaimed name as a kind of a Trojan horse to storm the conservative camp. The letters of these poets had become a crucial part of the strategy for literary survival that had to be continued from issue to issue, from poem to poem, and also, somehow earn a living for themselves in the process. Sometimes, magazines and institutions made efforts, desultory and sporadic perhaps, to help the artist make ends meet or relive him/her from the need to earn a living through other means. One of these was the awarding of prizes for the “best” poem. It was an initiative to inspire good poetry, and was at least fairly successful, and here too, the letter played some part in drawing the attention of the correspondent to their existence.

Finding that their appeal was limited to the elite few, writers needed all the assurance, help and camaraderie they could get, and the letters were the best means available in the short run to garner these. These letters also played a crucial role in informing, educating, canvassing support and encouraging each other in their attempts to produce the "best." They sometimes also served to insulate them against public criticism when, for example, praise from a respected author would please a writer more than the accolades of the masses. Yeats, for example, was flattered when Robert Louis Stevenson praised his "Lake Isle of Innisfree" as his (Stevenson’s) encouragement was, for him, worth more than popular applause (Kelly 404). On other occasions, the letter would carry a plaintive report even as it informed a fellow writer about a new publication. Eliot, in one instance, writing to Conrad Aiken, perhaps with some envy at the success of the
Georgian anthologies, enquires, "As for literature, have you seen our Katholik (sic) Anthology? (Elk(in) Matthews). It has not done very well, in spite of the name of Yeats" (Valerie Eliot 125). Such incidental remarks sometimes shed light on the poets' perceptions of the canon, and the writers' concern with "interpretive communities." In other words, the poets themselves were making and unmaking mental anthologies of sorts, some details of which the letters give away. In a more important sense, the letter was a trans-Atlantic literary newspaper and provider of the most recent information about the arts, saving the writers time which they would have otherwise spent in reinventing the wheel. Pound, for example, told William Carlos Williams that his work, though good, would be unacceptable in London because it was already passé. "As proof that W.C.W. has poetic instincts the book is invaluable. Au contraire, if you were in London and saw the stream of current poetry, I wonder how much you would have printed?" (Paige 7). This is precisely the point that Williams himself makes in his letter dated October 26, 1916 to Harriet Monroe, protesting against her tendency to select and edit poems in a way that pleased her readers: "... I hereby object to your old-fashioned and therefore vicious methods" (Thirlwall 39). Williams seems to have learned such lessons from the "divine Ezra" (Thirlwall 65). The point is that the letters were a useful redaction in a fairly detailed manner, of the ideas, hitherto implied or implicit, about producing the "best" and presenting them in the most effective manner and helped position the magazine as the maker and marker of literary taste. Helpful to the reader as notes, introductions and elaborations of poetics, individual poems and books, the letter played a pivotal role for the correspondent when it was written, and continues now to make crucial contributions to the understanding of literature. Demanding no strict adherence to any genre or diction,
the letter brought forth the talents of the writers incidentally, but in an illuminating manner. Personal by nature, it was also a rallying point for a nationalistic tradition and a language of its own, as mentioned above. While it cannot replace literary history per se, it can function as a valuable guide in verifying and correcting it.

II

In their letters quoted above, we have seen D. H. Lawrence and Robert Frost privilege the ear over the eye as the more important faculty in the appreciation of poetry. The fact that these poets came from either side of the Atlantic attests to the universality of this preference. It would be interesting to trace the origin of this penchant for the ear as the receptive mode for poetry in the years immediately preceding the age we call “Modernism.” We remember that the *Golden Treasury* (1861) of F. T. Palgrave was compiled entirely on the single criterion of the lyrical quality of its poems. Palgrave’s anthology would not have been out of place in a country where formal training in public speaking was being imparted to young men from the upper middle classes who intended to take up careers that required it (Morrison 27). The emphasis in the early twentieth century was, however, entirely different. While Palgrave hoped that even the poor and the labouring classes would find some solace in his anthology, the elocutionary skills that were on offer in the universities, legitimated further by the recommendations of the Newbolt Report, were honed on the dialects of the middle and upper classes. Indeed, they were designed to perpetuate and accentuate the class differences between these classes and the poor (Morrison 27). The emphasis of these courses was on the "pure voice"
which by definition was uncontaminated by any accretions from the lower classes. The "elocutionary communities" (35) that Morrisson mentions, participated in the recitation of poetry as well. The young Modernist poets saw in these communities a ready audience to educate and experiment on. In 1909, the Poetry Recital Society or the Poetry Society for short, was formed which "attempted to institutionalize and professionalize the discourses of elocution and recitation, to attain the power of consecrating taste and 'culture', and to influence the London school system's efforts at verse recitation" (Morrisson 32). In spite of its hostility to Modernist poetry, the Society consented to host it (Morrisson 32). The preference was for a depersonalised voice where the speaker was not seen, a characteristic feature of such important Modernist texts as Eliot's *Waste Land* and Pound's *Cantos*.

Both these texts were based on a formidable amount of erudition and were, therefore, exclusivist. The ventriloquism of the speeches of the lower classes was often patronizing and degrading. Eliot placed the "demotic" along with the "glut and tar" of industrial societies in the *Waste Land*. This poem was, we remember, to be called "He Do the Police in Many Voices." Nor did the similarity end there. When Ezra Pound lectured on the troubadours, the fee he charged was equally discouraging at £1 1s, slightly less than the weekly wage of the average male industrial worker" (Rainey 36). The point is that the elitism of the institutions training people in speaking or elocutionary skills had a counterpart in the lectures and the written works of the new poets at every level.
In examination, the letters, little magazines, and other publications of the Modernists betray an ambiguity towards the reading public that is not often noticed. This may complicate literary history, but is surely closer to facts. This explains why they devoted considerable efforts towards gaining ever wider audiences and readers by demanding, for example, lower taxes on their publications, as Pound and some others did. At the heart of these efforts was an optimism, however sporadic, about the public's ability to enjoy poetry. Elitist as these societies were, "Monro and the contributors to his magazines appropriated contemporary discourse about verse recitation in order to put it to use for the popularization of new experimental poetry" (Morrisson 38). For him, the panacea to the unpopularity of poetry was skillful recital of verses. He then turned the conventional idea of reading poetry in books on its head:

We make a regular practice of reading poetry aloud, and any one who wishes to stroll in and listen may do so … we are absolutely certain that the proper values of poetry can only be conveyed through its vocal interpretation by a sympathetic and qualified reader. Indeed so obvious does this appear that we regard the books on sale in the shop merely as printed scores for the convenience of refreshing the memory in hours of study or indolence (Quoted in Morrisson 37).

Later, Monro would change his demand for a "sympathetic and qualified reader" to the poet's own voice. He also made the poetry reading sessions more accessible by charging only nominal fees or offering free tickets to those who bought the *Poetry and Drama* (Morrisson 43). Monro won the support of a wide spectrum of writers and critics who
praised him for their own reasons. For Francis Macnamara, a poet, public reading of their poetry "is the only way for poets to learn" (Quoted in Morrisson 43). Pound's own reading at the society was not pleasurable, largely due to the tastes of the audience, but was sure of its usefulness in helping him achieve his dearest aim of concision in expression (Morrisson 43). By bringing poets and readers face to face, the Poetry Society played a unique role in the popularisation of the new poetry. The anthological nature of the Society is unmistakable.

III

In a remarkably short time, the renaissance in poetry had led to a kind of proliferation of works that troubled most editors, for this massive output was bound to be inferior in parts. To highlight the "good" poem, they needed to mark it off in some way, and publication in anthologies offered a solution. This anthological function of inviting the "best" (even Thomas Hardy hoped for a place in a good anthology like the *Golden Treasury*), and planting it in the public memory, fell in part, to prizes instituted by little magazines, among others. This section attempts to explore the role of such prizes in the production of poetry, and poets' own responses to them.

At a time when few magazines actually paid their contributors, the institution of such literary prizes was a significant and revolutionary event. These prizes continued, by other means, the idea of the magazine as an anthology since they were directly intended to highlight and canonize some of the "best" works and draw attention to them. The
response of the general reading public to such awards was often hostile when it was not amused, and not surprisingly, the patrons and little magazines were invariably forced to justify their very existence. Harriet Monroe, for example, was constrained to write:

“Poetry—its policy and prizes—are (sic) a detail of preparation, an effort to give the poet his chance at a hearing, his right to a response. It is an effort to gather "great audiences"—whether few or many—for whom and through whose aid alone he can sing with his utmost power” (Monroe 1938 396). In her view, the prize would be one possible way in which the poet could be sustained for sometime, and the magazine itself could attract better work. This was, according to her, redressing the balance in the case of the poets, since painters tended to monopolise all the patronage available, while the former were left to fend for themselves. Acknowledging that the prizes might go to the wrong people sometimes, she nevertheless insisted that the idea itself was right: "Poets are the worst paid of all the artists, and we cannot see that we would lessen their chance of immortality by lessening their chance of starvation . . . We know more than one poet who would be benefited by a traveling scholarship more than that of the numerous painters who enjoy this now" (Harriet Monroe 1938 397). Margaret Anderson, editor of the Little Review, a little more cautiously perhaps, echoed similar ideas: "Now the first thing we shall do as soon as we can pay our printing bills without paroxysms of terror, is to pay for contributions; it is disgusting that writers who do real work don’t make enough out of it to live on at least" (Anderson Feb. 1915 3). It was a part of the effort to broaden and internationalise poetry by enriching the experience of the poet whose work would later go into her magazine and anthology. Indeed, prizes may have a significant effect on the reputation of a little magazine and worse still, they may honour bad poems and inflict
unspeakable damage on the cause of good poetry. Pound, for example, wanted the 1915 Poetry award to go to Eliot "to atone for the war-poem scandal" (Paige 63). The point is that the prize was an occasion for writers to exercise their productive and for editors their selective skills. In a similar way, he was to take issue with Stephen Vincent Benet, refusing him permission to print one of his poems in a forthcoming anthology as the former had, in Pound's opinion, damaged the cause of poetry by editing a popular magazine that pandered to the masses (Paige 243).

Harriet Monroe's justification for trying to liberate the poet from penury could not escape criticism, since the idea was, according to one writer at least, inherently flawed. William Carlos Williams, in a letter written in July 1917, rubbishes her claim about the significance of these prizes as an irrelevancy. "No poet expects to earn money by his verse. If he does he is a fool and had better be disillusioned from the start" (Thirlwall 41). The comparison of the poet to the painter was invalid, according to Williams, because the poet produced intangibles, while the painter's work could be the subject of speculation. As we shall see, this was not completely correct. Pound and Wyndham Lewis, with considerable business acumen, could foresee great commercial value for rare manuscripts, collections of limited editions, and journals. Williams himself was willing to work without "the encouragement of recognition" (Thirlwall 27), and in the process, implicitly rejected Poetry's Whitmanian motto. The consequences of Monroe's proposal to pay for poetry were, in his view, disastrous: "What you are doing by paying what you do for poems is this: you are jeopardizing the existence of your magazine in the mistaken notion that what poets want is money, when in reality—though money is needed also—
they need space, an opportunity to print often and at will. This lack of opportunity to appear is the hell. And you will add to this by going bankrupt" (Thirlwall 27). He believed that it was the business of the little magazine to cut "the rope between the ox and his dung" (Thirlwall 28), suggesting that its primary obligation was to encourage a poet to grow by moving away from his or her old and outdated work. The magazine, by its mere existence, was a haven, and its job was done. For Williams, it was preeminently an essential, preliminary ground towards perfection and preservation, as he suggested in a March 1913 letter (Thirlwall 24). He too, like many contemporary poets like Pound, came close to identifying the magazine with the anthology. Writing to Marianne Moore urging her to send her work to *Others* which he was guest-editing, he says, "Jam the various units together and forget the ‘ensemble’—that will take care of itself" (Thirlwall 34-35). In these words, we may recognize the framework of *Spring and All*, which was anthological in conception, and was composed for fun. "The prose is a mixture of philosophy and nonsense. It made sense to me, at least to my disturbed mind—because it was disturbed at that time—but I doubt if it made any sense to anyone else" (Williams 85). Poetry was occasionally something of an intellectual emollient, and he needed no other rewards whatsoever, least of all the financial ones that came from a little magazine which was itself fighting for survival.

The invitation to poets to compete for a prize and raise poetic standards had implications far beyond the ordinary subscribers and dilettantes. If we remember that a part of the most important readership of a little magazine was constituted by students, then some of the strategies used by the editors to select the winners would appear
strangely familiar; in fact they were anticipations of some of the methods used by many subsequent pedagogic anthologies. Margaret Anderson, for example, would give her judges (Eunice Tietjens, Helen Hoyt and W. C. Williams in one instance) anonymous poems, without the writers' names appearing after them. This is exactly what I. A. Richards did with his *Practical Criticism* (1924), as we shall see. Yet another pedagogical device anticipated by Anderson is the idea of printing bad poems along with the prize-winning works for the sake of contrast, a device that would be made uniquely their own by Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren in their *Understanding Poetry* (1938, 1950, 1970 and 1976). The anthological enterprise of discovering the "best" also yielded for her a revealing if disappointing picture of poetry of the time. Anderson lamented this condition:

I know little about prize contests, but I imagine that there has never been one in the history of poetry which could boast so many really bad poems. Personally I think there are not more than four or five with any suggestions of poetry in them: the rest are either involuntarily humorous . . . or pompously anachronistic . . . (Anderson III. 10 April 1917 11).

It is to such incidental but important events that the little magazines owe a part of their claim to be literary histories of contemporary poetry.

The mere fact that an endowment, payment, or prize for poetry existed, or was available for the taking, did not draw forth applicants in droves. It had to be worthy, and reflective of the ideas of contemporary poets. About the John Simon Guggenheim
Memorial Fellowship of $2500, Pound has this to say in a letter to Wyndham Lewis, though a sense of caution is undoubtedly present: "It is a very decent scheme, as intelligently planned as any such endowment can be, with no strings that I can see attached . . . I wrote to them in Feb. that the only way they cd. do any good to the arts was to subsidize the men who cd. produce the stuff . . . They replied that I was puffikly right" (Materer 156; Pound’s emphases). The individualism and the commitment of the poet could not be compromised for anything. Pound sent the Foundation a ten-page write up on Lewis, and suggested Eliot and George Antheil as the second and third prospective candidates in that order, which is another of his mental anthologies.

It is now well known, thanks to Laurence Rainey’s commendable research acumen, that what we now call English literary Modernism was as much "a configuration of agents and practices that converge in the production, marketing, and publication of an idiom" (Rainey 34) as what has been commonly recognized as a selfless devotion to the purification of the dialect of the tribe. To take one single example from the many Rainey offers, we have the instance of Pound turning a hard-nosed literary agent for T. S. Eliot in the early 1920s. The text in question was not even so much of a book as a 400-odd line poem called The Waste Land. Pound, as a matter fact, was one better than a literary agent. He spoke with so much authority that he could persuade Horace Liveright to publish The Waste Land in book form in January 1922 only on Pound’s judgment that “Eliot's Waste Land is, I think, the justification of the ‘movement,’ of our modern experiment, since 1900” (quoted in Rainey 53). Again, it was chiefly Pound’s authority and doggedness that secured for a relatively unknown bank clerk called T. S. Eliot a handsome $2000. As
Rainey reminds us, it was just Pound’s word that settled it. Neither of the *Dial* editors had read the poem. That was the virtual beginning of the institution of literary prizes in the twentieth century. As Pound saw it, the substantial *Dial* award went to a needy and exiled poet, and recognition, such as it was, to a ‘movement’ that had to be helped. Important as all these initiatives were, of primary significance for most poets was a place where a regular appearance, or a chance to appear, was assured.

**IV**

The American anthologist Louis Untermeyer remarked that 1916 was a boom time for poetry. He noted that poets often joined together to publish their works and that they were inclined to form schools, many of them working in isolation and sometimes even at cross-purposes (Untermeyer 1919 320). Some poets wrote in vers libre, and others followed the orthodox rhymes and rhythms. All these writers were independently revolting against Victorianisms and Edwardianisms and were moving towards the rhythms of ordinary speech. The best of them at least claimed to be doing so. The struggle required prodigious amounts of effort, time, acumen and some financial support. In the circumstances, the writers could only turn to the little magazine, the place where, as Pound put it, one "selected the next generation" for "it seems the only knot hole for new writers to get through" (Paige 250). All new writers, of course, need not have convergent ideas, and this is what made the little magazine an admirably broad platform to accommodate diverse opinions.
The little magazine was an anthology in disguise—an anthology by other means. It offered the young poets an alternative space away from that occupied by the established writers in the regular trade anthologies, or from what Laura Riding and Robert Graves called the "trade anthology" of the commercial publishers. This space was necessary at least on two counts: the popular anthologists and magazines were inhospitable to the new writers, and the public was against any overt and substantial financial support for the art. As Harriet Monroe put it, "Poetry has been left to herself and blamed for inefficiency, a process as unreasonable as blaming the desert for barrenness. This art, like every other, is not a miracle of direct creation, but a reciprocal relation between the artist and his public" (Harriet Monroe I 1 1912 26). Adopting a Lincolnian tone, she declares, "In a huge democracy of our age no interest is too slight to have an organ . . . The arts especially have need of each an entrenched place, a voice of power, if they are to do their work and be heard. For as the world grows greater day by day, as every member of it, through something he buys or knows or loves, reaches out to the ends of the earth, things precious to the race, things rare and delicate, may be overpowered, lost in the criss-cross of modern currents, the confusion of modern immensities" (Harriet Monroe I. 1 1912 26). The gist of all this is the principle of collection and preservation of the best poems in anthologies. While other arts like painting have the patronage of the public, poetry gets a "scant courtesy—a Cinderella corner in the ashes . . ." (Harriet Monroe I 1 1912 26). Reminiscing nineteen years later, in 1931, she claimed with evident pride that her magazine had become "the most liberal endowment ever devoted, at least in the English speaking nations, to the art of poetry" (Harriet Monroe 86). Poetry was
started because she believed that there existed a public for the art, and indeed, the people needed it. In any case, poetry was destined for a great future if it could be helped along a little. She was quite clear about her credo for the magazine, which was the Open Door: "The Open Door will be the policy of this magazine—may the great poet we are looking for never find it shut, or half-shut against his ample genius! To this end the editors hope to keep free of entangling alliances with any class or school. They desire to print the best English verse which is being written today, regardless of where, by whom, or under what theory of art it is being written. Without muzzles and braces this is manifestly impossible unless all the critical articles are by one person" (Harriet Monroe I. 2 64; emphasis added).

Monroe was not neglectful of the reader either. A survey of the American scene from the perspective of poetry made clear to her what the nature and purpose of her magazine needed to be. If it was to provide a valued space for the writer in every sense, the reader too needed avenues to grow intellectually:

It [Poetry] will endeavor … to keep its readers informed of the progress of the art throughout the English-speaking world and continental Europe. The American metropolitan newspaper prints cable despatches about post-impressionists, futurists, secessionists, and other radicals in painting, sculpture and music, but so far as its editors are concerned, French poetry might have died with Victor Hugo, and English poetry with Tennyson, or at most with Swinburne (Monroe I. 1 1912 32).
Her magazine was thus to cover the vacuum left by the popular newspaper, an idea that reinforces the contempt, not to say jealousy, that most Modernists have felt for it. *Poetry* was to carry only the most recent work from all over the world, but the editor was not, however, immune to some American parochialism and had definite if somewhat inflexible opinions about the subject of poetry, as Pound and Eliot would later discover. There was, further, to be an emphasis on criticism and a critical attitude, beginning with the poets themselves. Alice Corbin Henderson, Monroe's assistant, writes, “If the American poet can be less parochial, to apply the intellectual whip, to visualize his art, to separate it and see it apart from himself; we may learn appreciate the great poet 'in our midst,' and not want the approval of English or French critics” (Henderson I. 2 1912 91).

Harriet Monroe's *Poetry: A Magazine of Verse*, first published in 1912, was one of the earliest of the little magazines to care exclusively for "the Cinderella of the arts" as she put it in her autobiography published in 1938, as mentioned above. Poetry had found a godmother, more or less. The magazine had its provenance in a very personal and moving experience which Monroe recounts in her autobiography, *A Poet's Life: Seventy Years in a Changing World* (1938). Her relatively modest income was barely augmented by her poetic publications. For example, in 1906, which she calls a typical year, she offered no less than twenty-five poems for publication, but only three were accepted—two of these by an English magazine, *The Fortnightly Review*. The payment and the publication were realized two full years later. Her most quoted poem, "I Love My Life," which was to appear in many anthologies subsequently, was routinely rejected by editors
of all the contemporary little magazines. It was to make its appearance, finally, in *Poetry*
of February 1914. "A review of the lists of poems submitted to magazines, which I find at the end of my small diaries makes me realize again what a desperate fight for recognition poets had to make, and make mostly in vain, through the score of years before 1912. A correspondence with *Hampton's Magazine* may be cited to illustrate this point. The editor commented on the 'distinction of the verse which you have been publishing in other magazines,' and asked me to submit some to *Hampton's*, adding, 'We prefer lyric stanzas of a rather informal type'" (Monroe 1938 188). Clearly, it was a vulgarized and commercialized version of a Palgravean view of poetry that the *Hampton* editor subscribed to, and we may remember that the *Golden Treasury* was a best seller in the United States as well. She adds later, "This niggardly attitude of publishers was emphasized by so many rejections that by 1910 I had well-nigh ceased sending poems to periodicals" (Harriet Monroe 1938 189). Another editor regretted that the public were "in a state of inattention to anything in the verse form and it would, we fear, be out of question for us to undertake a volume of your poems on any other basis than the commission one. It is with very great reluctance that we are forced to make this reply, but it is a condition, not a theory, that confronts us" (Harriet Monroe 1938 188). It was to save poetry from such cynicism, commercialism, and parochial values that Harriet Monroe started her *Poetry* magazine in 1912. With Pound for Foreign Correspondent, the magazine could get work from major and up coming poets of all nationalities. It would become truly international in scope, though Pound had to struggle quite a little against Monroe's own Chicagoan parochialism.
The indefinite article in the name of the magazine, perhaps, looks at other sister magazines already extant, or to come. In her autobiography, Monroe acknowledges the relationship between *Poetry* and *Others* (1917) as one of a predecessor and inspirer, respectively. E. A. Robinson, in a letter, at once polite and ironic, welcomed the new journal, but was piqued by what he called Monroe's "deadly emphasis" on verse in her subtitle (Harriet Monroe 1938 254). With her Whitmanian motto that great poetry needed great audiences, Monroe would educate the public to be the lovers and patrons of poetry. This was to become the center of a bitter dispute between Pound and herself, with both parties appearing in print in *Poetry*. Pound vehemently attacked the motto, and Monroe's riposte soon followed in the next issue. Pound had a different conception of the role of the masses from Monroe's. "The artist is not dependent upon the multitude of his listeners," he said. "Humanity is the rich effluvium, it is the waste and the manure and the soil, and from it grows the tree of the arts. As the plant seizes upon the noble particles of the earth, upon the light-seeking and the intrepid, so does the artist upon those souls which do not fear transfusion and transmutation, which dare become the body of the god" (Pound in Harriet Monroe I. 4 1914 29). Wyndham Lewis expressed the same idea in *Blast*: "WE NEED THE UNCONSCIOUSNESS OF HUMANITY—their stupidity, animalism and dreams" (Faulkner 42; Lewis's emphasis). Monroe assigned a more active role for the common reader while Pound argued that without the artist, the "rabble" was adrift. "They dare not inspect their own souls . . ." and the great audiences of the artist are the "spirits of irony and of destiny and of humor, sitting within him" (Pound in Harriet Monroe I. 4 1913 30), an idea that the many important anthologies like the *Faber Book of Modern Verse* were to echo later. The poet was bound to make the "voyage within," and
the reward was the indulgence of these "spirits." Monroe immediately followed up with an answer in the next issue, and continued the battle whenever the chance arose with barely veiled allusions to Pound. However, even the most casual reader cannot help noticing the convergence of their views on such issues as the aims of the artist. Pound too, in projects like *Bel Esprit*, attempted to free the artist from indigence and Monroe herself would have agreed:

> . . . any community which has a group of poets writing and printing their efforts has a little centre of intellectuals and emotional excitement which will contend against the drying-up process—the hardening and standardizing of individual and communal life—which is the greatest danger, save war, our civilization faces (Harriet Monroe 1938 34).

Again, the resemblance of the "centre" to Lewis's and Pound's "Vortex" needs no elaboration. Monroe's observation is also reminiscent of Pound's often-repeated statement, "Poets are the antennae of the race." In an obvious answer to Pound's "effluvium" passage quoted above, she goes on, "[Public patronage] is a democratic doctrine, to be opposed by the aristocrats of art who feel that genius springs, like a gorgeous child, out of the decomposing refuse of the worst of all possible worlds" (Harriet Monroe 36). These issues were to be at the heart of Modernist poetics for at least the next three decades, and were writ large never more than in anthologies.
Poetry was only one of the earliest and most important of the little magazines that enabled Pound, Eliot, Wyndham Lewis, and others like him to reach out to an audience. It came at a time when Pound himself was planning to publish his own magazine with his meagre resources, and Harriet Monroe's periodical was truly a windfall. He eagerly anticipated a Risorgimento in America that would make "the Italian Renaissance look like a tempest in a tea pot!" (Paige 10) and implicitly assigned to the magazine the role of a midwife. Here, Pound addressed readers and fellow-poets alike, and attempted to "educate" them about "true" poetry and its production. Typically, for example, he gave poets a list of what they should not do, rather than preach to them about what they should. This took the form of a pamphlet titled "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste" that appeared in Poetry I. 6 1913 200-206. Harriet Monroe's magazine was open to poets of all nations, and Pound only wanted that the work should be new. In other words, he was attempting to retrieve the individuality of his addressees from a morass of extraneous influences and dead habits. The intrusion of the idea of nationality into literature in such classifications as American literature, was bitterly frustrating since the art was to be the saviour of civilization as a whole. For him, foreign influences, especially French ones, were welcome and he wrote to Harriet Monroe that their magazine would present these influences on a regular basis, since their continuous appearance would have the desired effects in the long run:

I think we might print one French poem a month. My idea of our policy is this: We support American poets—preferably the young ones who have a serious determination to produce master-work. We import only
such work as is better than that produced at home. The best foreign stuff, the stuff well above mediocrity, or the experiments that seem serious, and seriously and sanely directed toward the development of The Art of Poetry

(Paige 10-11; Pound’s emphasis).

Poetry, by collecting such works in an anthological spirit, would be the American writers’ window to European influences, and a school for the new poets. While enriching the renaissance, these European imports, along with American influences, would form the two main pillars of poetry in the United States—and contribute to the Anthology Wars waged through the 1950s to the 1970s.

The understanding of poetry was possible only after an exposure to select great writers, and Pound often presented, whenever the opportunity arose, lists of works in a form unmistakably like that of an anthology, “Without the foregoing MINIMUM of poetry in other languages you simply will not know ‘where English poetry comes’” (Pound 1927 57). He continued this idea with Harriet Monroe's magazine in which he published H. D., Rabindranath Tagore, Frost and Eliot, to name a few, frequently against Monroe's own judgment, sometimes jeopardizing even their relationship. The editor's great reluctance to print Prufrock, taking six long months to publish the poem after receiving it, is a case in point. Pound, in a letter to his teacher, Dr Felix Schelling, once referred to the little magazine as "distressful" acknowledging at the same time that it did print some good poetry. His own works too went into the magazine, and through some of them he offered Poetry the "chance to be modern, to go blindfoldedly to be modern, to
produce as many green bilious attacks throughout the length and breadth of the U. S. A. as there are fungoid members of the American academy" (Paige 24). Letters such as this draw our notice to the primacy of the academic agenda of contemporary writers, a commitment that Harriet Monroe continued with her anthology, *The New Poetry* (1917). However, it was only competition from the anthology, *Others*, published annually beginning in 1917, and Margaret C. Anderson's *The Little Review*, that she dumped a poetry that focused on nature and other such ideas which were passe, and turned to subjects that the new poets approved. In an implicit tribute to the magazine when he planned *Des Imagistes*, Pound took about half (thirty one of the sixty four poems) of the anthology's contents from *Poetry*. The respect that the magazine commanded can be gauged from the fact that a poet like T. S. Eliot, too, who was moved to indignation, albeit a helpless one, to see his poems in Louis Untermeyer's anthology, *Modern American Poetry* (1921), was most willing to have his poems published in Monroe's magazine, and was very apologetic when he could not allow the publication of "Prufrock" in her anthology, *The New Poetry* in 1917. Instead, he offered her any other work she cared to choose (Valerie Eliot 141). It might also be mentioned here in passing that, admittedly for Eliot, *Poetry*, along with the *International Journal of Ethics*, was the main source of income in the early days (Valerie Eliot 126).

Perhaps the single most important fact about the little magazine such as *Poetry* was that it was conceived of in an anthological role. Anyway, that was how many poets viewed it. For example, George Sterling was awed and embarrassed to find himself beside Yeats in the magazine's third issue. "When I saw my work next to Yeats," he
wrote to the editor, Harriet Monroe, "I regretted more than ever that they (Sterling's poems) were not my best work. Don't you think you were a bit cruel? Well, next time I hope to do better—and please put me in with someone my size" (Monroe 1938 255). And Ezra Pound, albeit in a different way, was also disturbed to find himself and Yeats along with "that awful rabble" that often appeared there (Paige 50). The anthology, as well as the little magazine, was a forum that somehow gave the reader the impression that a poet was known by the company he kept. W. C. Williams was right in assigning the little magazine the exclusive function of a space where the poet looked for perfection. He wrote to Harriet Monroe in March 1913, “Poetry I saw accepting verse of this kind: that is verse with perhaps nothing else in it but life—this alone, regardless of possible imperfections, for no new thing comes through perfect. In the same way the Impressionists had to be accepted for the sake of art's very life—in spite of bad drawing" (Thirlwall 24). The "bad" writing may not be identified as such immediately, but time would tell if it was preserved in the little magazines and anthologies. These were alembics that distilled the good from the bad, often at the risk of stirring up a considerable controversy and enmity in various quarters. The publication of some of the early poems and the Imagists is a good example. The group split up on grounds of poetics and disputes over what should be included or left out from the anthology.

In her autobiography, Harriet Monroe reminisces about the year 1912 which was ushered in with the publication of Vachel Lindsay's "General William Booth Enters into Heaven," a poem that was at once, for a Louisville reader, "as deeply reverent as it was daring, shocking and upsetting" (Harriet Monroe 1938, 295). But the same
correspondent, significantly, had no word on H. D.'s Greek-inspired poems. One might speculate that though the reader was surprised, or simply did not understand the Imagist's poems, his silence was due to their appearance in a magazine that was, in his words, "certain to play a great part in the development of American poetry" (Harriet Monroe 1938 295). The magazine was probably successful at least in deflecting criticism if it did not actually win over the correspondent to the Imagists. Amy Lowell's biographer, Foster Damon saw three causes for *Poetry*'s success: Monroe's timely appearance on the scene when there was a need of a magazine for a few new talents who had already arrived; her international outlook; and her insistence on paying the poets who thus discovered, literally, a new value for their work (Harriet Monroe 1938 295). The Imagist poets, for their part, left nobody indifferent, arousing either the most hostile responses or an unstinting praise from Amy Lowell, for example, who saw in Pound's "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste" "the soundest comments on technique since Leigh Hunt's *Imagination and Fancy*" (Harriet Monroe 1938 296). There followed a steady stream of contributors to the magazine, many of them poets who subscribed to the Imagist ideology: William Carlos Williams, F. S. Flint, Skipwith Cannell and Allen Upward. The *Poetry* issue of March 1913 printed Flint's article on Imagism, and Pound's "A Few Don'ts" that were to have the profoundest influence on the history of modern poetry as well as the magazine itself. Of direct significance for the Imagists themselves was the editorial that elaborated and explained the true range of their work. "It will be seen," wrote the editor, "that Imagism is not necessarily associated with Hellenic subjects, or with vers libre as a prescribed form" (quoted in Harriet Monroe 1938 296). Her magazine was instrumental in correcting the ossified view of Imagism among the readers. Right from the beginning,
eclecticism and individuality were to be the characteristic features of some of its contributors.

Similar to *Poetry* in aims, but wholly different in attitude towards the public, was Margaret C. Anderson's *The Little Review* which was first published in 1914, and claimed inspiration from Dante Gabriel Rossetti's Pre-Raphaelite magazine, *The Germ*. The new magazine learned from the mistakes of the earlier publication even as it expressed its sympathy for it (Anderson I. 1 1914 1). The magazine emphatically purported to be elitist: "We shall brook no compromise with the public taste," an idea that could not be more at variance with *Poetry*’s. The editor declared her intention to go against the general public even at the risk of being called "insane" (Anderson I.1 1914 20). She perhaps regarded insanity, as she conceived it, to be an honour because, quoting Oscar Wilde, she said that the worship of beauty was "too splendid to be sane)"

(Anderson I. 1 1914 2). But the magazine had quite a few higher aims that coincided wonderfully with those of the new poets. Anderson wanted that her magazine should reflect "not merely beauty, not merely happiness, but a quality which proceeds from the intensity with which both beauty and ugliness, pleasure and pain, are present" (Anderson I. 1 1914 2; Anderson's emphasis). With this aim, the editor did not bother about anything else, not even about running into debts, winning a deserving, if grudging tribute from Harriet Monroe (Harriet Monroe 1938 240).

The aims, and the heavy emphasis that Harriet Monroe puts on the poetic aspect of her magazine that borders on the redundant, are a study in contrast with Andersen's. For
the *Little Review*, criticism was as important and as creative as art itself. In her very first issue, (Anderson I. 1 1914 1), she unequivocally declares the former to be the other half of the latter. It is the "ambitious aim" of the magazine to encourage criticism in a country that is living "too swiftly" (Anderson I. 1 1914 1) to indulge in it. This is not to be an amateurish and lazy interpretation, but something "that shall be fresh and constructive from the artist's point of view. Criticism is never merely an interpretive function; it is creation: it gives birth!" (Anderson I. 1 1914 1; her emphasis). In the wake of such ideas followed A. C. Henderson's "Don'ts for Critics" (Henderson in Anderson III. 4. 1914), which was in the critical counterpart of Pound's "A Few Don'ts by an Imagiste" meant for the poet. It can be creative by blending "philosophy and poetry" (Anderson I. 1 1914 2). Intriguingly, publication of work by artists is mentioned almost as an afterthought:

Also, we mean to print articles, poems, stories that seem definitely interesting, or—to use the much-abused adjective—vital. Our point of view shall not be restrictive; we may present the several judgements of our various enthusiastic contributors on one subject in the same issue. The net effect we hope will be stimulating and what we like to call releasing (Anderson I. 1 1914 2).

Anderson's carefully defined demands from artists and critics strike us again here. Her progress from "interesting" to "vital" establishes a connection with the idea of "birth" that she also mentions in this passage. Immensely suggestive is the word "releasing" which, in the context of the radical role art is supposed to play, rises beyond the
Aristotelian catharsis, and hints at the release of energies for revolution which she claims art is, as we shall see. The privileging of criticism warranted special attention and in this context, we can place Alice Henderson's balancing of "Some Don'ts by an Imagiste," meant for poets by "Don'ts for Critics" meant for the addresses in the title, but as the note following the title makes it clear, the article has a much wider scope than Imagist poetry: "Apropos of recent criticisms of Imagism, vers libre, and modern poetry generally" (Henderson in Anderson III. 1 1916 12-14).

Unlike Poetry again, which was the product of various contributors who gave money and labour, Anderson's magazine is a single person's show, as she proudly proclaimed: "... since THE LITTLE REVIEW, which is neither directly nor indirectly connected in any way with any organization, society, company, cult or any movement, is the personal enterprise of the editor, it shall enjoy that untrammeled liberty which is the life of Art" (Anderson 1914 2; author's emphasis). An illustration of this liberalism is an article by George Soule titled "Tagore as a Dynamic" (Soule 1. 1 1914 : 32-33) which is printed with the note, "We do not agree that Tagore is a dynamic; we find him a poet whose music is more interesting than his thinking. But we are glad to print this interesting analysis" (Anderson 1.1 1914 : 32). For her, good poetry could come from anywhere, and she printed the poems of Arthur Davison Ficke modelled on the hokku. The Little Review welcomed the ancient influences that writers brought to their work:

In all the world there is no such thing as an old sunrise, an old wind upon the cheeks, or an old kiss from the lips of your beloved; and in the craft
of writing there can be no such thing as age in the souls of young poets and novelists who demand for themselves the right to stand up and be counted among the soldiers of the new. That there are such youths is brother to the fact that there are young cubists, and futurists, anarchists and socialists, and feminists; it is the promise of a perpetual sweetness (Sherwood Anderson I. 1914: 23).

Often disappointed with *Poetry*, (Paige 107), Pound was glad to be Foreign Correspondent for the *Little Review* for he was desperate to find a place where he could appear regularly along with T. S. Eliot and Wyndham Lewis if the latter came back from the War. It was the defiant boast of this magazine that it was "the most unique journal in existence," as it proclaimed on its first pages from very early on, and its readers conveyed their consent with great alacrity, in the sixth issue itself. One correspondent, signing only as S. H. G., writes, "The thing (the *Little Review*) has assumed a nervous importance to me of an emotional experience foreseen and inevitable. And now that I have finished the June issue I can truthfully say there isn't a line in it I wouldn't have been poorer without. That couldn't be said about any magazine ever published" (S. H. G., letter, Anderson 1914 54). Anderson put the *fin de siecle* on its head in an article called "A Real Magazine" by subscribing to the credo of "Life for Art's sake" (Anderson 1916 1). It believed in the "Individual rather than in Incomplete people, in an Age of Imagination rather than of Reasonableness; a magazine interested in Past, Present, and Future, but particularly in the New Hellenism; a magazine written for Intelligent People who can Feel, whose philosophy is Applied Anarchism, whose policy is a Will to Splendour of
Life, and whose function is—to express itself (Anderson 1916:1). There was another important justification for the magazine's existence. This was its focus on the academy, an interest that Anderson elaborated in response to a correspondent's letter which enquired if *The Little Review* would "stir the hearts of college men and women—those who have not yet been completely philistinized by their 'vocational guides'; college men and women who in other countries have always been the torch-bearers, the advance-guard and martyrs in the fight for truth and ideals" ("Gaudeamus" 56). Her reply clearly perceived the problem the reader touched upon, and, indeed went deeper, emphasizing the primacy of the academy in the view of the editor: "It was a definite impulse in this direction (i.e. towards influencing the academy) which gave birth to THE LITTLE REVIEW" (Anderson 1914:36). She goes on to add, "...we believe in colleges on the same general basis that we believe in many other disciplines: it is impossible ever to learn too much about a subject. But we know there is something seriously wrong with colleges; and far graver danger than philistinization seems to us to lie in that hysterical confusion of values which causes our college students to see small things as big ones and let the big ones slip by" (Anderson 1914:36-37). The renaissance or revolution was to happen primarily in the classroom.

Anderson's methods of cajoling the true work of art from writers were certainly unique, and unparalleled in the history of any little magazine. She was constantly defining and elaborating such ideas as Art, Criticism, and Philosophy, never letting the reading public be content with vague impressions about them. Not satisfied with the merely good, she wanted "Art" and when she did not get it, she left the first few pages in
one issue of her magazine blank as a protest against the indifferent work she was being
sent. The uniqueness of her editorial agenda makes it worth quoting in full:

I am afraid to write anything; I am ashamed.

I have been realizing the ridiculous tragedy of *The Little Review.*
It has been published over two years without coming near its ideal.

The ultimate reason for life is art. I don’t know what they mean
when they talk about art for life’s sake. You don’t make art so that
you may live; you do just the reverse of that. Life takes care of
itself, rolls on from the first push, and then falls over the edge. Art
uses up all the life it can get—and remains forever. Art for art’s
sake is merely a sensible statement of the most self-evident fact in
the world. It has always been the easy creed of charlatans; but what
does that matter? It has always been the faith of the strongest.

Well—I wanted art in *The Little Review.* There has been a little
of it, just a very little . . . It is tragic, I tell you.

And Revolution? Revolution *is* Art. You want free people just as
you want the Venus that was modeled by the sea . . . All my
inadequate stammerings about Emma Goldman have been to show
her as the artist she is: a great artist, working in her own material as
Michael Angelo worked in his.

Now we shall have art in this magazine or we shall stop
publishing it. I don't care where it comes from—America or the
South Sea Islands. I don't care whether it is brought by youth or
age. I only want the miracle!

Where are the artists? Where is some new Pater, and how will his
"She is older than the rocks among which she sits" sound to us?
Where is some new Arthur Symons with his version of "Peter
Weyland"? Where is a Henry James and a Hardy and Bjornson and
an Andreyev for us? Where is a Jean-Christophe who will let us
publish his songs?

Helen Hoyt, you have a poem in this issue called *The Tree*. It is
not Art; it is merely a rather good poem. You could have made it
Art. Do it every time, for the love of the gods! "Sue Golden" has
one about Jim and Arabella. It has an interesting idea that many
people need to understand, why not make Art of it? I know one of
hers which begins, "My body is too frail for these great moods"—
and miracle in it.
I loathe compromise, and yet I have been compromising in every issue by putting in things that were "almost good" or "interesting enough" "important." There will be no more of it. If there is only one really beautiful thing for the September number it shall go in and the other pages will be left blank.

Come on all of you!

In the next issue (The Little Review III 6 1916), the magazine lived up to, and illustrated its claim of uniqueness, by not printing any poems, and leaving pages 2 to 13 blank. It was, the editor explains on the title page, the Little Review's hope "to become a magazine of Art. The September issue is offered as a Want Ad" (Anderson III. 7 1916:1). The editor, in a display of literary machismo, had called the Little Review in the first article "A Real Magazine" in her August edition of the same year. Quite consistent with this attitude was the conversational and exhortatory tone of the article. In daring and innovativeness in spurring artistic activity, this issue was unique, and the only one that could come close to it might be Wyndham Lewis's Blast with its explosive title and typographical planning. Almost immediately, the "want ad" found Pound who responded to it with an article, "Das Schone Papier Vegeudet" (Pound in Anderson III. 7 1916:1617) and made the Anderson's magazine a primary place to publish his work for sometime.
Anderson's little article, which is in some ways a reaffirmation of the magazine's manifesto, throws interesting light on the significance and definition of art. In her view, art was a supreme achievement that was not merely good, and could be reached only after a great effort. The reference to Pater's passage is remarkable as an identification of a poetic patch in the middle of a prose piece. For the "Modernists" prose was not very different from poetry. The Imagists, for example, quoting Paul Fort insist, "Prose and poetry are but one instrument, graduated" (Jones 149). Yeats, we shall see, was to use the Pater passage, rewritten in vers libre, as the first poem in his anthology, The Oxford Book of Modern Verse, some twenty years later in 1936. The more advanced of the magazine editors had already arrived at the poetic principles of "Modernism" and while we cannot say that Yeats got the idea from Anderson, he certainly confirmed her poetic instincts, and, incidentally, the magazine's ability to anticipate the future.

The Little Review's vision of the future was also the reason behind Anderson's willingness to encourage new poets by publishing them. In almost every issue in the first few years, she gave generous space to aspiring poets such as Arthur Davison Ficke and Charles Ashleigh with the latter making a name for himself as a poet of the left. What is more, long before Pound and T. S. Eliot noticed the decadence in the vers libre movement, the Little Review published articles by Eunice Tietjens and others debating its efficacy for poetry in such articles as "The Spiritual Dangers of Vers Libre" (The Little Review I. 8 Nov 1914 pp. 25-29), and in Ficke's "Defence of Vers Libre" (The Little Review I. 9 Dec 1914 pp 19-23) The Little Review was also to be host to such radical experimenters as Baroness Elsie von Freytag-Loringhoven whose work in the visual arts
would be as astonishing as her poetry. Anderson's publication of James Joyce's *Ulysses* is itself an epic in courage and fortitude with few parallels.

The odds against which the protagonists of the new poetry and the arts, like Anderson, had to fight can be gauged from the fact that financial help, which was one of the most important considerations of publication, was hard to come by. "The most difficult business in life is to get advertisements for an 'artistic' magazine—particularly for one that has the added stigmata of being a free lance . . . On the following pages you will find the 'ads' we might have had in this issue, but haven't (Anderson III. 5 56-63). Anderson wanted her journal to be "educative" to the readers, and hence the (unpaid for) "ads" that appear at the end. These "ads" were intended to draw the attention of the readers to those books that the editor thought were a part of the necessary reading for her subscribers, much like the book alerts of later times.

The survival of the *Little Review*, especially in its earlier days, is shrouded in mystery, more so when we see its later travails as evidenced by Anderson's appeals for financial support through advertisements and requests to readers themselves to get more subscribers. It was finally suppressed for printing some "objectionable" scenes from Joyce's *Ulysses*, and it ceased publication. The magazine had taken many classics of Modernism to all kinds of readers, from Virginia Woolf to the ordinary subscriber who awaited it impatiently every month. Its role in shaping Modernism has few parallels.
The multiplicity of the magazines like *Poetry* and the *Little Review* can be explained by the differences in their aims, and the problems they chose to address. For example, Harriet Monroe focused on providing space for the poet; Anderson desired to inspire criticism as well as invite other artists from different fields such as painting and music in a symbiotic relationship to encourage each other. But few magazines of the time were as overtly and consistently hostile to a menace to the art, namely, the attitude of the governments in various countries, as Ezra Pound's *Exile*. His quarrels with the authorities focused mainly on copyright laws that made good books hard for the public to obtain. It is symbolic of his disgust with the English-speaking nations that he prints a part of the copyright claims of the magazine in French: "TOUS DROITS RESERVES.

COPYRIGHTS FULLY PROTECTED IN ALL COUNTRIES INCLUDING THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA . . ." (Pound 1927 copyright page; Pound's emphasis). America is singled out for special criticism, for, it is a "distressed country" (Pound 1. 1927 89). The hope of the *Exile* was to awaken people into addressing these problems, for what was involved was nothing less than the survival of civilization itself, since only poetry could cleanse language of its vagueness and make it a fit vehicle for laws on which culture depended.

*The Exile* was a continuation of Pound's other editorial enterprise, *The Catholic Anthology* (1917), about which he says that he "presented a certain program of authors" and continues "in starting a new review I intend to present, or at least to examine the possibility of presenting an equally interesting line-up" (Pound 1927 88). In the earlier collection, the editorial hand drew back from a preface or an introduction, and the choice
of the word "present" here goes to explain why. Not indulging in a rhetorical device which Pound considered an introduction to be (his term for it is "yatter"), was consistent with literary composition at its best, for, a good writer does not describe but "presents," as Shakespeare was doing when he wrote "dawn in russet mantle clad" (Ellmann and Feidelson Ed. 144). The editor was similarly "presenting" writers to the audiences and letting their poetry talk for itself. Even for the first edition of the *Exile* itself, the editorial was printed last, as if to emphasise its relatively insignificant nature.

Pound, as a matter of fact, never really forgot his twelve-volume dream anthology which repeatedly haunted him, and the *Exile* is one more attempt in that direction with the hope that the blueprint, a list of authors, given in the little magazine would inspire and guide other editors to construct that "National Gallery" for poetry.

The *Exile* was specifically aimed at providing a place for a "special sort of writing" (Pound 1. 1927 88), presumably because no other magazine or publication would be hospitable to it. It claimed to be performing a mediatory role by bringing together the government and the "revolutionary elements" over the issues that divided them. Unlike Margaret Anderson, however, Pound bluntly disclaimed any intention to deviate from the strictly literary: "As for our 'joining revolutions' etc. It is unlikely" because revolutions were temporary, and out of the line of the literary artist who "is concerned with producing something that will be enjoyable even after a successful revolution" (Pound 1. 1927 90).
The *Exile* encouraged intertextual readings, creating a tradition through works created by individuals. John Rodker's *Adolphe 1920* can thus be seen in continuation of its “18th century homonym” (Pound 1927a 88), suggesting in the process, "a persistence of type" (Pound 1.1927 89). The anthological effort of bringing together various works either by printing them together or suggesting further reading, or by juxtaposing and comparing them, is central to the project of reviving letters and saving civilisation. Pound seems to have thought of the forces involved in art and civilisation in triads. The elements constituting these triads range from the evil to the bearable and finally to the good. These are "the starters of crazes," people who commercialise art and are at the basement of the triad. The next are the second-rate artists who produce good work, but are inferior to the real artists who produce the classics. The untiring pursuit of the "best" and collecting it in anthologies and collections resembling them is to be situated in this context.

Works of art are the results of the Confucian principle of first creating "order within oneself and "[t]his order or harmony spreads by a sort of contagion without specific efforts" (Pound 2. 1927 35). All that one has to do is to set it going in some such form as the anthology. The editorial intervention is between the reader and the text through introductions, for example, is an unmitigated evil because it is messing with other people's affairs" (Pound 2.1927 35).

The editing of a magazine was never easy for the people involved in it, since it demanded immense amounts of time, money and energy. Sometimes it was even worse because it meant compromising some of their most dearly held principles. The starting of
the *Exile*, for example, was attributed to the only half-humorously to the "perversity" of "Don Ezra" by Richard Aldington who greeted the magazine more with a lament than with a celebration, albeit ironically, glancing darkly at the travails the editor had ahead (Aldington 1.1927 86-87):

Now, in the eighth lustre of his career

When the libidinous itch for publicity

Should long ago have subsided into a placid indifference

Madly casts away the only true felicity

For the ignominious servitude

And distracting toil

Of Editorship!

Light fall the blows upon his head—

For he will need all its thickness—

And let us regret the fall of this man

For he once had the courage

To be silent for several years.

The price the editor had to pay for publishing a magazine such as the *Exile* was the neglect of one’s own work and possibly inviting the hostility of the reading public. The *Exile* made its last bow in 1928 with a fairly detailed anthology-like list of what a good reader had to be familiar with, mostly his Pound’s own, but also of others’ like William Carlos Williams and Robert McAlmon. Even in its final phases, Pound was anthologizing, selecting the best from a list of magazines in which "contemporary
americo-english (sic) non-commercial literature struggled into being” (Pound 4.1928 104).

Pound’s friend and collaborator, Percy Wyndham Lewis, appeared with his own *Blast. The Review of the Great English Vortex* (1914), which, living up to its title, not only attempted to destroy the forces of evil as the two men saw them, but also listed out and blessed their protagonists and favorites. The magazine was intended to be a quarterly, but the War forced its closure only after two issues. Its carefully planned typography as well as the title was designed to shock people, and Lewis was extremely successful in achieving this aim.

The renaissance in poetry in the early twentieth-century brought in its wake a surfeit of agendas, manifestos and theories. Their sheer variety was sure to arouse the liveliest controversies and disputes. *Blast’s* primary target, as seen in one of its first targets of attack, was abstraction in every form. These abstractions were isolated by having their first letters capitalized, like "Man" or Nature" or "Man in the Street" or "Gentlemen" (Faulkner 42-43). Again, the themes were also the ones which were exhausted by poets over the millennia, as Pound had listed them in his letter to W. C. Williams.

The little magazines and the anthologies edited by the champions of the new poetry were often engaged in a two pronged struggle, the first against an ossified tradition, and the second to exorcize the fetish that surrounded it (the new poetry) in the
minds of the ordinary reader that it was "difficult" or unpoetic due to its resemblance to prose, as also because the ideas were new. The poets had to be "the antennae of the race". The little magazine, along with the anthology, was to take these poets to each other so that one could learn from the others, and also reach out to the general readers. The poets could thus avoid the repetitions of the mistakes in the past. For this reason, Pound and as well as his contemporaries valued any criticism from any quarter, and gave it in turn unflinchingly. The anthology and the magazine were to be the harbingers of the new, and, what was equally important, perform the Herculean task of the cleaning the Augean stables of contemporary language and poetry of their accretions of dead traditions.

Pound and others wrote many articles and reviews in the magazines that reveal an age starved of poetry, and betray their anxiety to "educate" the public and the poets of their times. Finding no suitable models to learn from the poets among their immediate predecessors, they were bound to turn to earlier writers and to non-English poets, mainly to the French. It is very significant that Pound does not recommend either William Butler Yeats or Ford Madox Hueffer as models for the young poets. As he explained later in an article, Yeats with his Symbolist ideas glamorized words, and tended to lapse into sentiment, while Hueffer, with his preference for prose, inevitably lapsed into description (Pound in Harriet Monroe 1912 125). Yet, Pound acknowledges that English letters owe a debt to Yeats because through his "negative" contributions he "stripped English art of many of its faults" (Pound in Harriet Monroe 1912 125). The point is that the periodical took over the task of formally "educating" the reader through the elaboration of poetic principles, by printing the "best" verse, and by spelling out poetic desiderata such as the
rules underlying good poetry. An anthology like Des Imagistes followed a little after, and borrowed a lot from, a periodical such as Poetry, and could be read in conjunction with it. The anthology itself had specific and carefully defined functions assigned to it, especially in the hands of Pound. It was to measure the improvements made by readers and fellow poets. For, the writers regarded the progress of poetry to be the most important aim, and were not afraid of forging ahead, rejecting or outgrowing their former ideas, if needed. Poetry also was to play a vital role in the "education" and financial support of artists.

The little magazine was often in many ways a mine of subtle ideas and suggestions that revealed themselves only to the initiated, as Margaret Anderson, editor of the Little Review understood too well when she declared her contempt for the ordinary masses. There were other more subtle uses to which poets could put the magazine. A clever editor could make it a sort of literary history, as Pound said while advising Zukofsky on how to edit Poetry, by relegating bad writers "to the historic section in small print. Ten or a dozen poems cover that" (Ahearn 49). A poet like Robert Frost could manipulate the magazine in what Frank Lentricchia called a "cunning" search for fame and popularity. Writing to John Bartlett, Frost said, "... you must get me a notice in the most literary of the Vancouver dailies and weeklies. Make it personal if you like, a sort of news item" (Thompson 72). Frost was surely aware that the "most literary of the ... dailies and weeklies" would probably have the smallest number of readers, and this reduced the impact of the "cunning" that Lentricchia sees in Frost. The point simply is that the little magazine was the best place from which to launch a poetic career, even a most ambitious one that wanted to appeal to "readers of all sorts." Frost wanted success,
if possible, among the connoisseurs, at least to begin with. The little magazine was also a storehouse from which anthologists could later draw. Alfred Kreyemborg gives a list of the sister magazines that so generously lent their poems for his *Others* anthology. It was the first site that offered hospitality to poets who rejected the comforts that accrued from conformity to the tastes of the masses. Johanna E. Vondeling, in an article titled "The Manifest Professional: Manifestos and Modernist Legitimation" (*College Literature* 27:2, Spring 2000), declares that the magazine was not intended for mass consumption. While this might be true, the masses were implicitly defined as people who were not interested in literature. These would, of course, include a lot of rich people and aristocrats, and we remember that in *The ABC of Reading*, Pound mentions with satisfaction that the best critic in Gongora's Spain was a cobbler (Pound 1934 54). In fact the magazines reflect an ambiguous and complex attitude that the writers had towards the reading public. "I am the kind of fool who believes in the public," writes Pound, the most patrician of poets, to Harriet Monroe (Paige 24). The magazine is a confluence of history, manifesto, poetics and publicity.

V

The little magazine itself, when finally published, was a synergy of many initiatives to promote the cause, and very high in significance would be the review. It is remarkable that many magazines should claim to be reviews in their very names, and it would be impossible to find any of them which did not carry some in every issue. As for the writers themselves, everyone resorted to the review in its various forms, either
publicly, mostly in the little magazines or privately in letters, for example. The popularity of the reviews in the magazines among writers, readers and magazine editors can surely be attributed to its brevity, apart from its acknowledged usefulness. It could range from a few pages in length to what Margaret Anderson called "sentence reviews," though the name was not literally applicable as these often ran into more than one sentence. Busy writers could take time off to pitch in for a friend or a favorite writer, as Pound did for Robert Frost in *Poetry* to publicize *A Boy’s Will*, and readers could get a preview of the book they were going to read. It was certainly more objective than the blurb, and often a part of it was used for one at least in part. The contribution of this initiative would be hard to exaggerate in an age without the "book alerts" of modern times. In this sense it can be said to be literally in the vanguard of literature, and in the efforts to popularise it. As Frost would do about the same time with the help of a student, Rupert Brooke confided in Marsh that he would get Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch or A. C. Benson to review *Georgian Poetry* in the *Review* (Keynes ed. 1968 406). The similarities in strategies among the various schools witness not only the limited range of options for publicity available, but also the confluence of ideas among poets and editors.

In fact, even the critics around the publication of the Georgian anthologies seemed to have understood and appreciated the potential of the review. For them, it was a measure of the poet’s claim to fame and acceptance among the reading public. An anonymous reviewer in the *Nation* expresses a sympathy, for some of the Georgian poets: “It is the fate of poets not yet famous to be inadequately reviewed” and took it as sign of what many "Modernist" writers would be faced with, that poetry is "difficult"
But then, the review itself was no substitute for the anthology itself and Marsh's publication were the best proof of the new dawn for poetry.

The shortness of the review in no way hampered its ability to "educate" readers, even the sophisticated ones. Its focus on selected issues offered a kind of practical criticism. As an example, we can consider Anderson's review of Rupert Brooke's poetry in the Little Review. "Mr. Brooke," she writes, stands very happily between a poet like Alfred Noyes, in whom one rarely finds . . . careful selection, and the esthetes in whose agony in that direction becomes monotonous" (Anderson 1914 23). George Soule, himself a poet and reviewer, found the Anderson review "masterly" and useful, and revealing Brooke in a new light. Again, in her review of John Galsworthy's The Dark Flower, Anderson quotes and elaborates on its beauties and draws attention to the poetic qualities of its prose, an important issue in Modernism. Equally important to the Modernists was the presentation of life and reality, and Anderson addresses the critics who found fault with Galsworthy for his supposed immorality. Not only was this a defence of a sincere and committed writer, but also was "educative" of the readers in particular about his aims and principles, and Modernism's in general. The role of the review in an age of a surfeit in literary production can become central. In the style of an anthology, the review performed the duty of retrieving the good in the midst of the bad. Surveying the writers in the monthly Lyric Year, Harriet Monroe picks out the twenty-year old Edna St. Vincent Millay from among a host of less talented writers who were headed for oblivion (Harriet Monroe 1913 131). The reviewer uses the opportunity to advise the sister magazine on principles of selection for future use. The reader cannot
miss the note of camaraderie implicit in the advice. We may note, in passing, that the reviews of some Modernist writers were not completely devoid of humour. We read for instance, about T. S. Eliot who reviewed a book, and then he himself protesting against it in later issues under various pseudonyms.

The review, because it applied the standards by which a book ought to be judged, was itself a manifesto in disguise. It also made incidental but valuable contributions to literary theory. Eliot, again, developed some of his most widely acclaimed contributions to critical jargon through reviews such as the one of H. J. C. Grierson's anthology, *Metaphysical Lyrics and Poems and of the Seventeenth Century* (1921). His terms like "dissociation of sensibility" have become permanent features of literary criticism and were so successful as to embarrass Eliot himself. The review had a life far beyond its intended passing nature. The reviews helped develop touchstones by which a new poetry evolved the terms of its own on which it would be analysed and judged.

More detailed than the notes that any anthology could offer, the review presents, in short and manageable doses, Modernism's operating ideas by putting the new in the context of the old, facilitating a better understanding of both. An Ezra Pound review of Rabindranath Tagore's work will clarify the point. Aiming at a British and an American audience, he puts the Indian writer in the context of the troubadours and other European writers, ancient and modern, who were familiar to the readers. "If you refine the art of the troubadours, combine it with that of the Pleiade, and add to it the sound unit of the most advanced acoustics in *vers libre*, you will get something like the system of Bengali verse"
(Pound in Harriet Monroe ed. 1912 92). Describing Tagore's work as an "event" in European letters, he foresees a fraternity of world writers. The review was intended to prepare the readers for this great event. In sum, the review too tended towards the sifting of the bad from the good, and ultimately aimed at ensuring the survival of the "best," and was thus a definite movement towards anthologizing.

VI

It is axiomatic of Modernism that a movement is either launched by, or celebrated through, a manifesto. The latter's inevitability for the Modernists is underscored by Eunice Tietjens who, reviewing Wyndham Lewis's *Blast* says, "No woman of olden times found without a shift could be more ashamed than a new cult today found without a Manifesto" (Tietjens in Anderson ed. 1914 34). Johanna Vondeling has called our attention to the deeply professional and groupist tendencies of knowledge-groups at the turn of twentieth century manifested in the series of manifestos that flagged off artistic/poetic movements. "More complex than a passing fad, the proliferation of manifestos in the early years of this century suggests the Modernist artist's efforts to forestall marginalization by the corporate economy that predominates America since roughly the 1890s . . . [These] manifestos responded to this perceived threat by articulating uniquely Modernist approaches to the problem of group identity . . . Likewise, Modernist manifestos asserted the artist-critic's authority through the defamiliarization of conventional prestige symbols such as the museum and the university. Perhaps most revealingly, they often encouraged their readers to question both
the fixity of language systems and the validity of the social or cultural institutions those systems produce" (Vondeling 129). It would, therefore, be worthwhile considering at least select manifestos of the period. While some of them, of course, served as blueprints for later anthologies, others suggested lists, as it were, for required reading among poets, critics, or ordinary readers. Ezra Pound's "Retrospect" (1918) is one such example. His use of expressions revealing exasperation such as "My crowing about . . .," when referring to his list of recommended writers, a rudimentary anthology again, he draws our attention to the efforts of poets like himself that were aimed at preparing readers and poets for the renaissance. The point is that he always thought of perfecting and popularising poetry in terms of the anthology.

The sheer variety of the manifestos was bound to arouse criticism and dissent, but at least two eminent writers of the time questioned their very rationale. In *A Survey of Modernist Poetry* (1927) Laura Riding and Robert Graves, examining the Imagist movement, write, "... the issuing of a public manifesto of Imagism, its massed organization as a literary party with a defined political programme, the war it carried on with reviewers, the annual appearance of an Imagist anthology—all this revealed it as a stunt of commercial advertisers to whom poetic results meant a popular demand for their work, not the discovery of new values in poetry with an indifference to the recognition they received" (Riding and Graves 1927 117). The criticism is unexceptionable when it decries the politicization of poetry, and its being written to an agenda which, in effect, can only be a straitjacket. "The Imagists had decided beforehand that they wanted to express 'new moods,' and in free verse (or cadence). They believed in free verse; and to
believe in one way of writing poetry as against another is to have the attitude of a quack rather than a scientist towards one's art, to be in a position of constantly selling one's ideas rather than constantly submitting them to new tests. That is, they wanted to be new rather than to be poets; to say everything that had been already said before in a slightly different way" (Riding and Graves 1927 117). But we cannot help feeling that the writers of the book are less than fair if only because they accuse the Imagists of not doing things they had no desire to do. For example, it was one of the articles of their faith that the standards of poetry were universal and timeless, which makes the charge of an obsession with newness come unstuck. Further, the Imagists insisted that they were only writing in accordance with the canons of good poetry that were found in the best poets and made clear their contempt for the reader who misunderstood their work, not for the reader who disagreed with them (Some Imagist Poets 1915 vi).

The manifesto was a response to, and in some measure, cause of, the new interest that was perceived to be forming for poetry and constituted a major initiative that the poets undertook. Poetry had given up the ideal of "art for art’s sake" and was beginning to reflect social as well as aesthetic concerns. These new ideals were elucidated, as nowhere else, in the manifestos that often appeared in little magazines. Even the mastheads of these publications can be regarded as manifestos, when, for example, they proclaimed their attitude towards the reading public. The most remarkable fact, apart from the sheer number of manifestos, was their range and scope. They reflected continental and local influences and predilections too. They attempted to replace old values and usher in new ones. The manifesto seems to span and mediate between two
aims as expressed by Margaret Anderson: "If we are to prove that we have a real 'function' it will be this: of deprecating values that have ceased to be important and appreciating new ones that have emerged—or, as I should say, values that are about to become unimportant and those that are about to emerge" (Anderson 1915 3; Anderson's emphases). All of the manifestos were informed by a zeal that had its origins in the belief that language was crucial to the preservation of civilization, and its health consequently, was something that could not be compromised on. As Vondeling notes, "... the manifestos stand as perhaps the most aggressive attempts to professionalize modern art" (Vondeling 129). The same author, quoting Richard Aldington, declares that the manifestos were meant for public consumption (Vondeling 130). It was, in other words, a promise that the poet was making to the readers to write a certain kind of poetry that the situation demanded.

Quite often, two or more manifestos would be conflated by other writers who might subscribe to some aspects of these different or even conflicting programmes. Thus the Imagists disliked the Futurists even as they admitted that they were their contemporaries. But a writer like Harriet Monroe might borrow from both groups to make a new manifesto for her own magazine. Thus, responding to Ezra Pound's charge that her magazine was catering to the "great audiences" which he took to be the masses, Monroe says, "Modern inventions forcing international travel, inter-racial thought, upon the world have done away with Dante's little audience, with his contempt for the crowd, a contempt which, however, disregarded the fact that his epic, like all the greatest art, was based on the whole life of his time, the common thought and feeling of all the people ...
Science is explaining more and more the reactions and relations of matter, of life. It becomes increasingly clear that nothing can stand alone, genius least of all” (Monroe 1938 366). The celebration of science and its creations is distinctly Futuristic.

The polemics over popular support for the artists did not hinder the near unanimity of their opinion over the unity and inter-relatedness of the arts, and none expresses this more clearly than the Vorticist manifesto of Ezra Pound. He begins with the writer's rights against the prejudices of the reading public that there is no reason why emotions cannot be conveyed graphically through an "arrangement of shapes, or planes or colours, than they should receive or convey such emotion by an arrangement of musical notes" (Ellmann and Feidelson Ed. 145). The manifesto was thus also an attempt by Modernist writers to broaden their space and enrich their own area through collaborations across the various arts.

The Vorticist manifesto provided an opportunity to Pound to claim his literary ancestry and denounce the rivals he thought were shallow or irrelevant. In this, his main target was the Futurism of F. T. Marinetti whose unprecedented success with the public was surely a cause of much heartburn for Pound (Rainey 41). It is no accident that he makes implied but unmistakable attacks on the Italian's manifesto. Marinetti had, for example, belittled the Victory of Samothrace and Pound pointedly emphasies the fact that in its medium, the work had no substitute and was an important contribution to art. In contrast to Futurism's aim to reduce other arts to desuetude and start anew, Vorticism desired to co-exist with them. And yet it laid claim to a uniqueness and newness of its
own in poetry. If, Pound says, he were a painter, he would have started a new school after he experienced the epiphany-like vision in the Paris metro (Ellmann and Feidelson ed. 149). His carefully written and spaced hokku would become a model for compression and clarity in "Modernism" and start a new school. By dealing with it at length in the Vorticist manifesto, he holds it up as an example of a new development in art, an "exhibit" as in an anthology. In fact, he quotes other hokkus in translation and explains them much like an anthologist. His metro poem marked an improvement, in Pound's opinion, over Symbolism, Impressionism, Futurism, and other such movements by liberating the artist from a limited and debilitating dependence on repetitive ideas that were expressed in equally overused techniques. It was a permanent contribution because it established order in the arts: "The statements of "analytics" are "lords" over fact. They are the thrones and dominations that rule over form and recurrence. And in like manner are great works of art lords over fact, over race-long recurrent moods, and over tomorrow" (152). Vorticism was, on Pound's own admission, impossible to sustain throughout a writer's career, but it is what all artists the world over have tried to achieve.

The desire to address the reading public directly was based on the implicit assumption that they would understand the new poetry if they were familiarized with its poetics elaborated most conveniently through manifestos. This public may be an elitist one, albeit in the intellectual sense. Nor were these addresses limited to the public alone, but as the "Few Don'ts by an Imagiste" shows, they could be aimed at fellow poets too. And elaborations of the manifesto might continue long after the formal declarations had served their purpose. Hermann Hageddorn writing in Poetry (1913 143) declares that the
poet is bound to preach, as all expression is preaching, but the difference between a poet
and a preacher is that the former adopts the direct method of preaching that involves
leading the reader to perceive the truth for himself, while the latter is indirect,
"approaching the spirit through the mind." He leaves no doubt as to where his sympathies
lie. The manifestos of the poets, published or otherwise, were rooted in a few aims shared
in common, but their differences were considerable. However, it can be broadly said that
the manifesto did provide some kind of guidelines within which poetry could be written.
An anthology, such as Some Imagist Poets (1915), and its two subsequent editions (1916
and 1917), are examples of how writers can shape and realize their poetics in the form of
a manifesto, even if they do not specifically name it as such.

It was through these various initiatives that the writers of the early decades of the
twentieth-century established a synergy that was able to pierce through the "adamantine"
that Pound and others saw in the ordinary reader. It helped these writers in their struggle
against the vested interests, often commercial ones, and saw the work of the poets in print
and, finally, on their way to a place in literary history.