IL MIGLIOR FABBRO

The Achievement of Ezra Pound

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But to have done instead of not doing
this is not vanity
To have, with decency, Knocked
That a Blunt should open
To have gathered from the air a live tradition
or from a fine old eye the unconquered flame
This is not vanity.
Here error is all in the not done,
all in the diffidence that faltered.

(Ezra Pound, Canto LXXXI)

Foreword: METHOD

> but above all to be precise
> at the gulf's edge
> or on thin ice.
> (Pound, The Classic Anthology, Ode 195)

In assimilating briefly a body of literature as large as that of Ezra Pound, the urgent thing is to omit and the feasible thing to work in patterns that suggest more than they encompass. This thesis is planned to operate in that way. Several of the limitations imposed are severe: there is no methodical tracing of Pound's considerable influence on other writers, no systematic account of Pound as a literary critic, little reference to his impressive activity as literary impresario and pedagogue, and only the barest outline of his personal life (hence little mention of Pound's treason, his "insanity", or the Bollingen controversy). Pound's work in economics[1], music, and politics need not concern us here. The most damaging (and reluctant) omission is a consideration of The Cantos, Pound's most ambitious and probably his major work. To deal comprehensively with it (not "them" - the work coheres) would require a separate paper, for it poses problems that do not admit cursory examination. Rather than truncate and distort the poetic experience of The Cantos, I restrict the text examined by the thesis to Pound's production exclusive of that work. The major subject of this paper, then, is Pound's contribution to

the art of poetry as shown by his poetic activity through Hugh Selwyn Mauberley (1920), his translation of the Chinese Odes (1954), and such of his critical prose as illuminates this activity.

Pound's work, like Eliot's, Yeats', or Shakespeare's, falls too easily into "periods." The difficulty with a straight chronological approach to it is that the idea of progress[2] implied in "poetic development" tends to disparage the very substantial achievement of the earlier work. I therefore avoid historical criticism in the sense of discussing the chronological production of poetic concept and activity as it emerges logically and develops particular accomplishment.

In limiting the subject of the thesis to the art of Ezra Pound I make certain implications. As the term fabbro suggests, most of Pound's work has been on the technical level of poetry. We are concerned, then, with the poet as a craftsman of verse - not as a philosopher or Freudian specimen. That such a concept of the poet's nature is not a denigrating one it is among the aims of this paper to show. Its structure is planned accordingly.

Poetry imitates nature.[3] It does this by various techniques, whose command affords the designation "poet." Poetic imitation is achieved through imagery, diction, rhythm, and syntax(form, in the larger sense). Images present us with pictures of things; we recognize qualities of characters by their diction - the way they speak, the

words they choose, the associations these words call up; rhythms signify certain states of being, certain modes of action or fluctuations of feeling; syntax and forms imitate the structure of relationships, both personal and cosmic, and the course of actions. It is in these modes of imitation that I propose to center an examination of Pound's poetic achievement, hoping to demonstrate that Pound's creative accomplishment was of a high order. After an introductory orientation to Pound's work, I consider his work on imagery, diction, rhythm and form in that order, hoping such an arrangement will suggest at least as much as it includes. Once the reader discerns, for instance, the rather splendid achievement of Pound in prosody and the general directions in which that achievement moves, he should be able to extrapolate imaginatively to the more audacious rhythmic subtleties of The Cantos. In a conclusion intended to balance the introduction, I ~~hope to~~ will deal with some of the problems we have seen raised and finally with the problem of where Pound stands historically.

Pound is his own best commentator, and where there has been a choice between my dilating a point or choosing a quotation from Pound to illustrate it, I have chosen the quotation.

Introduction: PROBLEMS AND AIMS

Who can demolish at such polished ease
Philistia's pomp and Art's pomposities!
(Pound, Translator to Translated)

For three years, out of key with his time,
He strove to resuscitate the dead art
Of poetry; to maintain "the sublime"
In the old sense. Wrong from the start -
(Pound, "E.P.Ode Pour L'Election de Son Sepulchre" from Hugh Selwyn Mauberley)

The reader completely innocent of Pound who read rapidly through the collected early poems, Personae, and the literary essays would be impressed, I think, if not bewildered, by two things: an enormous amount of urgent literary activity and, in the poetry, an incredible range in tone and manner:

All night, and as the wind lieth among
The cypress trees, he lay,
Nor held me save as air that brusheth by one
Close, and as the petals of flowers in falling
Waver and seem not drawn to earth, so he
Seemed over me to hover light as leaves
And closer me than air....
O wilds, what wind can match the weight of him!
(Speech for Psyche from the Golden Book of Apuleius)

At the age of 57
Its home mail is still opened by its maternal parent
And its office mail may be opened by
its parent of the opposite gender.
It is an officer,
and a gentleman,
and an architect.
(Moeurs Contemporaines, IV)

So-Shu dreamed,
And having dreamed that he was a bird, a bee,
and a butterfly,
He was uncertain why he should try to feel like
anything else,
Hence his contentment.
(Ancient Wisdom, Rather Cosmic)

Other impressions would obtain. The reader would note a diversity of cultural experiences (ranging from Greece to modern England to ancient China in the selections just given) and a sizeable amount of erudition[1], both literary and historical. The often truculent tone of Pound's pronouncements is inescapable:

> Some circle of not more than three
> that we prefer to play up to,
> Some few whom we'd rather please
> than hear the whole aegrum vulgus
> Splitting its beery jowl
> a-meaowling our praises.
> (Au Salon)

Nor could he avoid the iconoclasm of his commissions to his songs:

> O Generation of the thoroughly smug
> and thoroughly uncomfortable....
> (Salutation)

> Go, little naked and impudent songs,
> Go with a light foot!....
> Ruffle the skirts of prudes,
> speak of their knees and ankles.
> But, above all, go to practical people -
> go! jangle their door-bells!
> Say that you do no work
> and that you will live forever.
> (Salutation the Second)

> Go to the adolescents who are smothered in family -
> Oh how hideous it is
> To see three generations of one house gathered
> together!
> (Commission)

(All this seems a bit enthusiastic today, but one can imagine the much-needed impact it had on an overstuffed Edwardian drawing room in 1912[2].) Our imaginary reader would discern a goodly amount of technical experiment, not only

in esoteric forms such as the sestina and Japanese haiku, but also in the idioms of previous poets. There are Catullian ironies such as these:

> Lencis, who intended a Grand Passion,
> Ends with a willingness-to-oblige.
> (Epitaph)

> Flawless as Aphrodite,
> Thoroughly beautiful,
> Brainless,
> The faint odor of your patchouli,
> Faint, almost, as the lines of cruelty about your chin,
> Assails me, and concerns me almost as little.
> (Ladies)

Sometimes the poems are Sapphic fragments:

> Thy soul
> Grown delicate with satieties,
> Atthis.
> O Atthis,
> I long for thy lips.
> I long for thy narrow breasts,
> Thou restless, ungathered.
> (ἰνέρρω)

There are overtones of Browning's monologues:

> I have sung women in three cities.
> But it is all one.
> I will sing of the sun.
> ...eh?... they mostly had grey eyes,
> But it is all one, I will sing of the sun.
> (Cino)

AlViblon ballad:

> Drink we the lusty robbers twain,
> Black is the pitch o' their wedding dress,
> Lips shrunk back for the wind's caress
> As lips shrink back when we feel the strain
> Of love that loveth in hell's disdeign....
> (A Villonaud: Ballad of the Gibbet)

Swinburne, the pre-Raphaelite nineties and the tone of the Celtic twilight:

> How if the low dear sound within thy throat
> Hath as faint lute-strings in its dim accord
> Dim tales that blind me, running one by one....
> (Satiemus)

Housman is represented in satire:

> The bird sits on the hawthorne tree
> But he dies also, presently.
> Some lads get hung, and some get shot.
> Woeful is this human lot.
> (Pound, Mr. Housman's Message)

Tennyson does not escape notice:

> Half a loaf, half a loaf,
> Half a loaf? Um-hum?
> Down through the vale of gloom
> Slouched the ten million,
> Onward th' 'ungry blokes,
> Crackin' their smutty jokes!
> We'll send 'em mouchin' 'ome,
> Damn the ten million!
> (The Charge of the Bread Brigade from Poems of Alfred Venison)

A contemporary of Pound, and one of the first poets in Pound's Imagist movement, has rendered this summary judgment on Pound's harking after the styles of the past: "He fails most when he tries to be modern in subject as well as in manner; he is happiest when interpreting his own emotions in the mask of a dead poet."[3] Another poet has given an even more severe judgment: "But Mr. Pound has never stayed long enough in one place to build surely, nor has he been able to secure a permanent color by blending his dyes."[4] R.P.Blackmur calls him "the executive artist" of his generation.

Several points are established, then. First, Pound is what some would call a poet's poet; much of his production is the result of an enormous activity at the craft level of poetry. Second, ~~that~~ much of this activity has been the recapturing of technical accomplishments

of previous poets and of poets in foreign languages. His translation of the 305 Chinese Odes, The Classic Anthology Defined by Confucius, is indeed a compendium of English poetic procedures, ranging from Chaucer ("Compleat, alas, and prosperous/....His fine eyes blaze,/ Clever of foot and great in archery...,", Ode 106[5]) and Marlowe ("Such darkness the archèd heaven brings," Ode 121) through the Elizabethan song-books:

> Hark to the phoenix' song
> O're the high ridge amid dryandra boughs
> That face the rising sun,
> Thick, thick, the leaves,
> So calm serene that song.
> (Ode 252)

the Shakespearean sonnet idiom ("whereas my heart is filled with kings and deeds/ seeking avoid the cause of new regret," Ode 289), and the King James Version:

> Heaven susteyne thy course in quietness
> To abound and rise as mountain hill and range
> constant as rivers flow that all augment
> steady th' increase in ever cyclic change....
>
> As moon constant in phase; as sun to rise;
> as the south-hills nor crumble nor decline;
> as pine and cypress evergreen the year
> be thy continuing line.
> (Ode 166)

There is the style of Pope ("Enjoy the good, yet sink not in excess./ Hereto is good knight's true attentiveness." Ode 114) and the rhythms and manner of Goldsmith's Deserted Village ("Full be the year, abundant be the grain,/ high be the heaps composed in granaries," Ode 279), as well as the tones of Housman at his best (Compare Shropshire Lad, LXII):

> Nor fine nor coarse cloth keep the wind
> from the melancholy mind;
> Only antient wisdom is
> solace to man's miseries.
> (Ode 27)

the sprung rhythms, assonances and internal rhymes of Gerard Manley Hopkins:

> Pine boat a-shift
> on drift of tide,
> for flame in the ear, sleep riven,
> driven; rift of the heart in dark
> no wine will clear,
> nor have I will to playe.
> (Ode 26)

and the cadences of Marianne Moore and the later Yeats:

> The king stood in his "Park Divine,"
> deer and doe lay there so fine,
> so fine and sleek; birds of the air
> flashed a white wing while fishes splashed
> on wing-like fin in the haunted pool.
> (Ode 242)

It does not surprise us, then, to see some of our most sophisticated and discerning critics, such as Mr. Blackmur, treating Pound's poetry as the tour-de-force of a technical wizard. He is described as "a maker of great verse rather than a great poet. When you look into him, deeply as you can, you will not find any extraordinary revelation of life, nor any bottomless fund of feeling; nor will you find any mode of life already formulated, any collection of established feelings, composed or mastered in new form. The content of his work does not submit to analysis..., because, separated, its components retain no being.... Mr. Pound is explicit; he is all surface and articulation."[6] This attitude is common

among mature critics. "What we see is Mr. Pound fitting his substance with a surface; he is a craftsman, and we are meant to appreciate his workmanship."[7] Pound's most characteristic activity, thus, would be poetic translation, the skilled manipulation of verbal surfaces. T. S. Eliot, Pound's star pupil[8], has spoken to similar effect, pointing out that Pound has had immense influence but almost no disciples; influence goes through form - disciples depend on a sympathetic content or body of insight. He too sees Pound as the master technician of verse.

> "I think that Pound was original in insisting that poetry was an art, an art which demands the most arduous application and study; and in seeing that in our time it had to be a highly conscious art. He also saw that a poet who knows only the poetry of his own language is as poorly equipped as the painter or musician who knows only the painting or the music of his own country. The business of the poet is to be more conscious of his own language than other men, to be more sensitive to the feeling, more aware of the meaning of every word he uses, than other men."[9]

Eliot has indicated his awareness, however, that a perception of Pound's versatile craftsmanship does not probe the matter sufficiently. "A man who devises new rhythms is a man who extends and refines our sensibility; and that is not merely a matter of technique."[10] We shall return later to this problem of Pound's "content" - whether it is deficient, and if so, whether this constitutes an adverse judgment on his poetic achievement.

Let us return now to the random impressions of our imaginary uninitiated reader. He would be concerned, we imagine, with disparities in the poetry among the seemingly self-evident or simple prosaic tones:

> Go, my songs, spek your praise from the young
> and from the intolerant,
> Move among the lovers of perfection alone.
> Seek ever to stand in the hard Sophoclean light
> And take your wounds from it gladly.
> (Ite)

the Jamesian complexities of psychological irony:

> Your mind and you are our Sargasso Sea....
> You are a person of some interest, one comes to you
> And takes strange gain away:
> Trophies fished up; some curious suggestion;
> Fact that leads nowhere; and a tale or two
> Pregnant with mandrakes....
> These are your riches, your great store; and yet
> For all this sea-hoard of deciduous things....
> No! there is nothing! In the whole and all,
> Nothing that's quite your own.
> Yet this is you.
> (Portrait D'Une Femme)

> Poetry, her border of ideas,
> The edge, uncertain, but a means of blending
> With other strata
> Where the lower and higher have ending....
> (Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, XII)

the clarities of lyric precision:

> No, no! Go from me. I have left her lately.
> I will not spoil my sheath with lesser brightness,
> For my surrounding air hath a new lightness;
> Slight are her arms, yet they have bound me straitly
> And left me cloaked as with a gauze of aether;
> As with sweet leaves; as with subtle clearness.
> Oh, I have picked up magic in her nearness
> To sheathe me half in half the things that sheathe her...
> (A Virginal)

and inscrutable obscurities:

> Spring.....
> Too long.....
> Gongula.....
> (Papyrus)

And the reader might frowningly enlarge on these obscurities, tossing in a mot or two on the "lunatic's patchwork quilt" or thundering indignantly at "intellectual snobbery." He would not feel, as Pound does, that an educated man necessarily knows Latin and Greek[11] or that he must be on easy terms with Western cultural history or literature from Homer to Yeats (without skipping over such land-marks in the Poundian terrain as Guido Cavalcanti, Gavin Douglas, Golding's Ovid translation and Marlowe's Amores). He would note Greek, Latin, and French quotations in the text of the poetry and wonder whether their relevance would become apparent after translation or if they would have to be understood in the light of the original context. Would the Greek line in Part I of Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, for example, unfold its meaning with an English rendering ("For we know all the toils that in wide Troy"), or is it incumbent upon the reader to place it as a line from the Sirens' song in Odyssey XII? Allusions to Pisanello and Jaquemart, "The Dorian Mood" and "King's Treasuries," might be no less troublesome. The elliptic syntax and allusive language of

> For three years, diabolus in the scale,
> He drank ambrosia,
> All passes, ANANGKE prevails,
> Come end, at last, to that Arcadia.
> (Pound, Mauberley II)

would cause no minor difficulties, either, and the reader might turn thankfully back to Locksley Hall after being confronted with

He had passed, inconscient, full gaze,
The wide-banded irides
And botticellian sprays implied
In their diastasis;

Which anaesthesis, noted a year late,
And weighed, revealed his great affect,
(Orchid), mandate
Of Eros, a retrospect.

(Pound, Mauberley II)

Let these problems rest for now.

Part I: IMAGE - PHANOPOEIA

> But the greatest thing by far is to be a master of metaphor. It is the one thing that cannot be learned from others; and it is also a sign of genius, since a good metaphor implies a swift perception of the similarity in dissimilars.
> (Aristotle, Poetics, 1495a)

Writing in 1910, Pound had this to say in The Spirit of Romance (p. 14): "Poetry is a sort of inspired mathematics, which gives us equations, not for abstract figures, triangles, spheres, and the like, but equations for the human emotions." Eliot said it somewhat more specifically in 1919: "The only way of expressing emotion in the form of art is by finding an 'objective correlative'; in other words, a set of objects, a situation, a chain of events which shall be the formula of that particular emotion; such that when the external facts, which must terminate in sensory experience, are given, the emotion is immediately evoked."[1] Thus Blake does not write about innocence and experience, but about lambs and tigers. The mind seizes concrete particulars which it converts into emotional response. Archibald MacLeish has recently said, "Abstractions are wonderfully clever tools for taking things apart and for arranging things in patterns but they are very little use in putting things together and no use at all when it comes to determining what things are for. Furthermore, abstractions have a

limiting, a dehumanizing, a dehydrating effect on the relation to things of the man who must live with them."

If this seems too obvious, let us look for a moment at the opposite proposal. It is to be first found in Descartes, "Cogito, ergo sum." Knowledge is subjective and the mind knows only its own ideas; it does not reach out to encompass things, but constructs the object (and ultimately the world) inside the mind. The world was thus split between ratiocination and dead Newtonian mechanism, between res cogitans and res extensa, and a supple interaction between the two seemed impossible. Therefore poetry dealt with ideas or abstract feelings and science dealt with things. If poetry used concrete particulars, then it was encroaching on science's territory. Mathematics dealt with truth; poetry, with fancy. Thus:

> I deem not profitless these fleeting moods
> Of shadowy exultation: not for this,
> That they are kindred to our purer mind
> And intellectual life; but that the soul,
> Remembering how she felt, but what she felt,
> Remembering not, retains an obscure sense
> Of possible sublimity, to which
> With growing faculties she doth aspire,
> With faculties still growing, feeling still
> That whatsoever point they gain, they still
> Have something to pursue.
> (Wordsworth, The Prelude)

This sort of idea has been prevalent in Western philosophy (Kant, Berkeley, Locke, Hegel) since Descartes (d. 1650). (Boileau pointed out that he "...a coupé la gorge de la poésie.") In a famous essay in 1921[2], Eliot pointed out the effect of this split on poetry. In

the latter half of the 17th century a "dissociation of sensibility" set in; poets could no longer "devour any kind of experience," but thought and felt by unbalanced fits. As language became more refined, feeling became more crude. Poets reflected and meditated in couplets rather than apprehending thought sensuously and concretely; this produced the Age of Reason in poetry. When they found this unprofitable or boring, they reversed the process and felt without thinking. Sentimentality had begun in the 18th century, and it gushed forth in the Age of Romanticism. Sophistication of poetic feeling was not recaptured until the French Symbolist poets of the late 19th century looked at things anew.

Pound, in his Cavalcanti essay dated 1910-1931,[3] has had the same aperçu:

> We appear to have lost the radiant world where one thought cuts through another with a clean edge, a world of moving energies "mezzo oscuro rade", "risplende in sè perpetuale effecto", magnetisms that take form, that are seen, or that border the visible, the matter of Dante's Paradiso, the glass under water, the form that seems a form seen in a mirror, these realities perceptible to the sense, interacting....
>
> For the modern scientist energy has no borders, it is a shapeless "mass" of force; even his capacity to differentiate it to a degree never dreamed by the ancients has not led him to think of its shape or even its loci. The rose that his magnet makes in the iron filings, does not lead him to think of the force in botanical terms, or wish to visualize that force as floral and extant (ex stare).
>
> The medieval philosopher would probably have been unable to think the electric world, and not think of it as a world of forms. Perhaps algebra has queered our geometry.

If poetry is an "inspired mathematics," then, it is geometry, not algebra; it deals with perceptible forms, not with logical abstractions.

> I suspect that the error in educational systems has been the cutting off of learning from appetite....Every word ending in -ology in English implies reading generalities. It implies a shutting off from particulars.... Real knowledge goes into man in tidbits. A scrap here, a scrap there; always pertinent, linked to safety, or nutrition or pleasure.[4]

Knowledge, like the poetic image, functions toward the object. A helpful distinction is between the image and the symbol. Symbols are heavier in abstracted meaning than images; they exist less for themselves, for objective rendering, than for categorization; lifting the thing or act out of its particular setting. They chiefly convey meaning and significance, though through sensory involvement. While the image is concerned primarily with the external object, the symbol has to do first with the observer's feelings. It becomes translucent, ambivalent. The difference is one of precision. Pound speaks of abstract thought as "a comparison, regimentation, and least common denominator of a multitude of images; but in the end each of the images is a little spoiled thereby.... Creative thought has manifested itself in images, in music, which is to sound what the concrete image is to sight. And the thought of genius, even of the mathematical genius.../is a sudden out-spurt of the mind which takes the form demanded by the problem."[5]

In 1908, when Pound came to London, the poetic situation was a stalemate. Yeats had not yet evolved from the Celtic Twilight, Eliot had not appeared on the scene, and Joyce was writing neo-romantic lyrics. Swinburne and the poets of the nineties dominated the literary scene with tinkling, fragile rhythms and fuzzy statements. Yeats and Eliot give similar testimony:

> When you published your first work, it was at the very height of the Victorian period. The abstract poet was in a state of glory. One no longer wrote as a human being, with an address, living in a London street, having a definite income, and a definite tradition, but one wrote as an abstract personality. One was expected to be very much wiser than other people.... The only objection to such a conception of the poet was that it was impossible to believe he existed.... We are now at the end of Victorian romance - completely at an end. One may admire Tennyson, but one cannot read him....[6]

> ...There was no poet, in either country, who could have been of use to a beginner in 1908. The only recourse was to poetry of another age and to poetry of another language. Browning was more of a hindrance than a help, for he had gone some way, but not far enough, in discovering a contemporary idiom. And at that stage, Poe and Whitman had to be seen through French eyes. The question was still: where do we go from Swinburne? And the answer appeared to be, nowhere.[7]

The poetry being written was diluted, diffuse, and vaguely suggestive of indefinable experiences. It was stuffed with murky adjectives:

> There lived a singer in France of old
> By the tideless dolorous midland sea.
> In a land of sand and ruin and gold
> There shone one woman, and none but she.
> (Algernon Charles Swinburne)

Quite obviously, Swinburne was referring here to nothing ever sharply observed or even vividly imagined. He was attracted by the strange, gorgeous word. "He neglected the value of words as words, and was intent on their value as sound." (Pound, Literary Essays, p.292). Yet he and Browning were the best the Victorians offered.

Pound was not the only one distressed by the situation. There was Ford Madox Ford, who had said, "Poetry....is a matter of rendering and not comment. You must not say, 'I am so happy'; you must behave as if you were happy." He sought efficient presentation and clear statement, as Pound remarks, "even in verse." "Poetry should be at least as well written as prose," said Ford.

There was also T. E. Hulme, the philosopher behind the Imagist movement.[8] Much of the Imagist platform may be traced to his writings:

> Two visual images form what one may call a visual chord. They unite to suggest an image which is different to both.... The effect of (mechanized) rhythm...is to produce a kind of hypnotic state, during which suggestions of grief or ecstasy are easily and powerfully effective, just as when we are drunk all jokes seem funny.[9]

Pound was not slow to see the necessity for poetic action. Through his publishing contacts, his acquaintance with the London literary world, and not a little brashness, he launched the Imagist movement and became, for a time, its chief publicist. Ripostes[10] traces his poetic progress from the dimly suggestive pictures of

Thou Keep'st thy rose-leaf
Till the rose-time will be over,
Think'st thou that Death will kiss thee?
Think'st thou that the Dark House
Will find thee such a lover
As I? Will the new roses miss thee?
(The Cloak)

to the sharp, intense images of

Be in me as the eternal moods
of the bleak wind, and not
As transient things are -
gaiety of flowers.
Have me in the strong loneliness
of sunless cliffs
And of grey waters.
(Δώρια)

The capitalized "Death" and "Dark House" are removed. One can see the cliffs and waters; the roses are almost invisible. The rhythmic line, too, is clearer, sparer, less thickened with "th" sounds. "An image is that which presents an intellectual and emotional complex in an instant of time.... It is the presentation of such a 'complex' instantaneously which gives that sense of sudden liberation; that sense of freedom from time limits and space limits; that sense of sudden growth, which we experience in the presence of the greatest works of art." (Literary Essays, p.4) The natural object, Pound said, is the adequate symbol; it avoids a dulling of the image by an admixture of abstraction ("dim lands of peace").

The apparition of these faces in the crowd;
Petals on a wet, black bough.
(Pound, In a Station of the Metro)

Pound has an interesting discussion of this poem in Gaudier-Brzeska: A Memoir.[11] He tells of getting off a Paris subway and being stuck with an inarticulate emotion

at the beauty of surrounding faces. "And that evening... I found, suddenly, the expression. I do not mean that I found words, but there came to me an equation.../not in speech, but in little splotches of colour.... All poetic language is the language of exploration. Since the beginning of bad writing, writers have used images as ornaments. The point of Imagisme is that it does not use images as ornaments. The image is itself the speech. The image is the word beyond formulated language.... One is tired of ornamentations; they are all a trick, and any sharp person can learn them. The Japanese have had the sense of exploration.... A Chinaman said long ago that if a man can't say what he has to say in twelve lines he had better keep quiet.... The 'one image poem' is a form of super-position, that is to say, it is one idea set on top of another. I found it useful in getting out of the impasse in which I had been left by my metro emotion. I wrote a thirty-line poem.... Six months later I made a poem half that length; a year later I made the following hokku-like sentence: (the preceding poem).... In a poem of this sort one is trying to record the precise instant when a thing outward and objective transforms itself, or darts into a thing inward and subjective.... The image is not an idea. It is a radiant mode or cluster; it is what I can, and must perforce, call a VORTEX, from which, and through which, and into which, ideas are constantly rushing...

With Imagism came Pound's experimentation with the Japanese haiku (or hokku), whence he derived the techniques of juxtaposition of images:

> The jewelled steps are already quite white with dew,
> It is so late that the dew soaks my gauze stockings,
> And I let down the crystal curtain
> And watch the moon through the clear autumn.
> (The Jewel Stairs' Grievance, after Rihaku)[12]

> As cool as the pale wet leaves
> of lily-of-the valley
> She lay beside me in the dawn.
> (Alba)

> Green arsenic smeared on an egg-white cloth,
> Crushed strawberries! Come, let us feast our eyes.
> (L'Art, 1910)

and super-position of image and statement:

> O fan of white silk,
> clear as frost on the grass-blade,
> You also are laid aside.
> (Fan-Piece, For Her Imperial Lord)

> All the while they were talking the new morality
> Her eyes explored me.
> And when I arose to go
> Her fingers were like the tissue
> Of a Japanese paper napkin.
> (The Encounter)

> As a bathtub lined with white porcelain,
> When the hot water gives out or goes tepid,
> So is the slow cooling of our chivalrous passion,
> O my much praised but-not-altogether-satisfactory lady.
> (The Bath-Tub)

Such strategems, as we see, are flexible, capable of such various effects and divers nuances of tone as the oblique decorum of the stately Fan Piece and the wry mockery of The Bath Tub. The precision and compression of the poetic statement is not tight-lipped and arid; it is capable of broad, robust humor:

> Lo, how it gleams and glistens in the sun
> Like the cheek of a Chesterton.
> (The New Cake of Soap)

macabre suggestiveness:

> Nympharum membra disiecta
> Three spirits came to me
> And drew me apart
> To where the olive boughs
> Lay stripped upon the ground:
> Pale carnage beneath bright mist.
> (April)

and of powerful extensions:

> I mate with my free kind upon the crags;
> the hidden recesses
> Have heard the echo of my heels,
> in the cool light,
> in the darkness.
> (Tenzone)

Pound did not, however, rest satisfied. "The defect of earlier imagist statement was not in misstatement but in incomplete statement. The diluters took the handiest and easiest meaning, and thought only of the STATIONARY image."[13] There are, he went on to say,[14] three kinds of poetry:

> MELOPOEIA, wherein the words are charged, over and above their plain meaning, with some musical property, which directs the bearing or trend of that meaning.
> PHANOPOEIA, which is a casting of images upon the visual imagination.
> LOGOPOEIA, 'the dance of the intellect among words', that is to say, it employs words not only for their direct meaning, but it takes count in a special way of habits of usage, of the context we expect to find with the word, its usual concomitants, of its known acceptances, and of ironical play. It holds the aesthetic content which is peculiarly the domain of verbal manifestation, and cannot possibly be contained in plastic or in music.

These, he said, are the three ways of charging language with meaning. (Poetry differs from prose in that it is more compressed, highly charged.) He used the term phanopoeia to suggest or include the moving image. As a technique it avoided the marmoreality that H.D., Aldington, and Amy Lowell found their poetry soon frozen to. It suggests dynamism as well as stasis - the vortex of onrushing ideas and feelings. By Aristotle's "apt use of metaphor," Pound said, he understood "a swiftness, almost a violence, and certainly a vividness." (Literary Essays, p.52) Here is phanopoeia in a poem Pound rendered from the Chinese poet Rihaku:

> Ko-Jin goes west from Ko-kaku-ro
> The smoke-flowers are blurred over the river.
> His lone sail blots the far sky.
> And now I see only the river,
> The long Kiang, reaching heaven.
> (Separation on the River Kiang)

The thing to note is how the eye is drawn by the series of receding images. The poet does not, Housman-like, shout at us to feel sad; there is no utterance of emotion in the poem, in fact. Our response is governed entirely by the action of a series of sharp images which, superimposed, give an almost cinematic effect of a silently moving "shot." The feeling is not pasted on with adjectives and atmospheric decor, as in

> He is not here; but far away
> The noise of life begins again,
> And ghastly through the drizzling rain
> On the bald street breaks the blank day.
> (Tennyson, In Memoriam, 7)

but emerges with clarity from the perspective. The

imagist, in fine, does not tell us what to feel, but presents things in such ordered fashion that the response is natural, unexhorted. This is not at all to say that we may respond as we choose; the poet's vigorous selection and arrangement of objective correlatives precludes that. The indefatigable Brooks and Warren[15] have, in fact, switched the second image of In A Station of the Metro to produce an almost opposite impression:

> The apparition of these faces in the crowd
> Dead leaves caught in the gutter's stream

Pound has cited with approval on several occasions the statement of the Vorticist[16] sculptor Gaudier-Brzeska: "I shall derive my emotions solely from the ARRANGEMENT OF SURFACES; I shall present my emotions by the arrangement of my surfaces, the planes and lines by which they are defined." (Guide to Kulchur, p.69) The vortex is the dynamic image contemplated by phanopoeia, "a radiant node or cluster":

> The water-jet of gold light bears us up through
> the ceilings;
> Lapped in the gold-coloured flame I descend through
> the aether.
> The silver ball forms in my hand,
> It falls and rolls to your feet.
> (Pound, Phanopoeia, I)

While I would not urge the appreciation of such poetry on anyone, I would hazard the suggestion that one who finds it devoid of interest can never come to terms with much of modern painting. It is perhaps best thought of as phanopoeia at its logical extreme - not, certainly, a reductio ad absurdum. It is like music; it gains expression by an abstract, formalized arrangement of the medium. The poet has vanished and there is only the

poem, completely objective and outside explanation. The vortex is organic; it carries its own force and pleasure, without comment. The poem is an emotion completely objectified, rendered solely as color and image.

Imagism does not record impressions, but reveals a world of interacting processes by demonstrating new relations among things. It is an effort to produce light energy by fusion. In judging the poetry, one must "distinguish between the rhetorical gesture that chucks in one component to negate another, and the peripeteia that juxtaposes two worlds of perception to strike light from their interaction."[17] If poetry is language charged with meaning, the vortex is the pole of highest energy. The larger function of the vortex is to re-awaken a sense of form. "Until recently people enjoyed pictures chiefly, and often exclusively, because the painting reminded them of something else."[18]

Such response suggests a coarsened, desensitized mind, a mind accustomed to clichés of feeling as well as stereotypes of thought. Literature, said Pound, is "news that stays news," a body of perceptions that must be continually renewed, revitalized by fresh contact with things. Words decay and slip with imprecision unless recharged by continuous acts of renewal (one of Pound's books of criticism is entitled Make It New). Chinese ideogram is just such a source of renewal.[19]

In Europe, if you ask a man to define anything, his definition always moves away from the simple things that he knows perfectly well, it recedes into an unknown region, that is a region of remoter and progressively remoter abstraction.

Thus, if you ask him what red is, he says it is a "colour".

If you ask him what a colour is, he tells you it is a vibration or a refraction of light, or a division of the spectrum.

And if you ask him what vibration is, he tells you it is a mode of energy, or something of that sort, until you arrive at a modality of being, or non-being, or at any rate you get in beyond your depth, and beyond his depth....

By contrast to the method of abstraction, or of defining things in more and still more general terms, Fenollosa emphasizes the method of science, "which is the method of poetry", as distinct from that of "philosophic discussion", and is the way the Chinese go about it in their ideograph or abbreviated picture writing....

When the Chinaman wanted to make a picture of ....a general idea, how did he go about it? He is ~~apt~~ to define red. How can he do it in a picture that isn't painted in red paint? He puts (or his ancestor put) together the abbreviated pictures of

ROSE CHERRY
IRONRUST FLAMINGO

That, you see, is very much the kind of thing a biologist does...when he gets together a few hundred or thousand slides, and picks out what is necessary for his general statement. Something that fits the case, that applies in all of the cases.

The Chinese 'word' or ideogram for red is based on something everyone KNOWS....

A general statement is valuable only in REFERENCE to the known objects or facts.
(Pound, ABC of Reading, pp.19-22, 25)

Pound's presentation of ideogrammic method could hardly be further simplified. What is in question is the use of specific examples to explain and illustrate generalities. Or, rather, we should say, ideogram consists in presenting a series of images whose collocation defines an idea as points define a periphery. Its method is an associative use of images, presenting "one facet and then another until at some point one gets off the dead and desensitized surface of the reader's mind, onto a part that will register." (Guide to Kulchur, p.51)

Chinese is a language full of graphic gestures. The word for "sadness" is made up of the signs for heart (bleeding) and for autumn (components: fire and corn) - thus sadness is like autumn in the heart, or like the heart bleeding for the death of the year. It becomes particular, concrete. Similarly, English words often have metaphorical roots. Radish probably comes, not from the generic, abstract Latin radix, but from the Anglo-Saxon "reddish", which indicates the distinctive feature of the root.[20] In connection with this, the similarity between Chinese ideograph and Anglo-Saxon kenning (whale-road) should be noted. "I once got a man to start translating the Seafarer into Chinese. It came out almost directly into Chinese verse, with two solid ideograms in each half-line." (Pound, ABC of Reading, p.51)

As examples of the differing methods of discursive and ideographic poetry, we will compare two

poems dealing with revelry and sudden departure:

There was a sound of revelry by night
And Belgium's Capital had gathered then
Her Beauty and her Chivalry, and bright
The lamps shone o'er fair women and brave men;
A thousand hearts beat happily; and when
Music arose with its voluptuous swell,
Soft eyes looked love to eyes which spake again,
And all went merry as a marriage bell;
But hush! hark! a deep sound strikes like a rising knell!
....
Ah! then and there was hurrying to and fro -
And gathering tears and tremblings of distress,
And cheeks all pale, which but an hour ago
Blushed at the praise of their own loveliness -
And there were sudden partings, such as press
The life from out young hearts, and choking sighs
Which ne'er might be repeated; who could guess
If ever more should meet those mutual eyes,
Since upon night so sweet such awful moon could rise!
(Byron, Childe Harold's Pilgrimage, Canto III, 21 and 24))

And what a reception:
Red jade cups, food well set on a blue jewelled table,
And I was drunk, and had no thought of returning.
And you would walk out with me to the western corner of the castle,
To the dynastic temple, with water about it clear as blue jade,
With boats floating, and the sound of mouth-organs and drums,
With ripples like dragon-scales, going grass green on the water,
Pleasure lasting, with courtezans, going and coming without hindrance
With the willow flakes falling like snow,
And the vermilioned girls getting drunk about sunset,
And the water, a hundred feet deep, reflecting green eyebrows
- Eyebrows painted green are a fine sight in young moonlight,
Gracefully painted -
And the girls singing back at each other,
Dancing in transparent brocade,
And the wind lifting the song, and interrupting it,
Tossing it up under the clouds.
And all this comes to an end.
And is not again to be met with....

And once again, later, we met at the South bridge-head.
And then the crowd broke up, you went north to San palace,
And if you ask how I regret that parting:
It is like the flowers falling at Spring's end
Confused, whirled in a tangle....
(Pound, Exile's Letter, after Li Po)

Fenollosa remarks, "In reading Chinese we do not seem to be juggling mental counters (Byron's Beauty, Chivalry, thousand hearts, and music), but to be watching things (Pound's red jade cups, mouth organs, dragon-scales, green eyebrows, and willow flakes) work out their own fate."[21] Pound is defining a new experience by examples, by particularizations, while Byron asks us to realize the emotion by recalling previous, habitual feelings which may or may not be awakened by his use of capitalized abstract terms and generic plurals (tears, tremblings, partings, sighs - each a cliché of emotion, as Byron tacitly recognizes by refusing to give them a singular form). Pound is enclosing the experience with things observed, delimiting it with concision; Byron, on the other hand, appeals to the reader to "finish it off" for himself - impressionism in the worst sense. Byron's language is fiduciary; it does not have its root in metaphor. It is, in fact, very difficult to envisage the ball before Waterloo with any clarity, whereas Pound's demarcations are so precise as to achieve luminosity. Concrete experiences have been stunned in Byron's poem; feeling has been paralyzed by abstraction, dead as a worn-out metaphor.

"Metaphor," said Fenollosa,[22] echoing Aristotle, "the revealer of nature, is the very substance of poetry." Perhaps enough has been said to indicate Pound's mastery.

Part II: SPEECH - LOGOPOEIA

Out-weariers of Apollo will, as we know, continue
Their Martian generalities,
We have kept our erasers in order.
(Pound, Homage to Sextus Propertius)

La poésie, avec ses comparaisons obligées,
sa mythologie que ne croit pas le poète, sa
dignité de style à la Louis XIV, et tout
l'attirail de ses ornements appelés poétiques,
est bien audessous de la prose dès qu'ils
s'agit de donner une idée claire et precise
des mouvements du coeur; or, dans ce genre,
on n'émeut pas que par la clarté.
(Stendhal)

Poetry should be at least as well written as prose.
(Ford Madox Ford)

A reviewer writing in The Saturday Review last
week spoke of poetry as the means by which the
soul soared into higher regions, and as a
means of expression by which it became merged
into a higher kind of reality. Well, that is
the kind of statement that I utterly detest.
I want to speak of verse in a plain way as I
would of pigs: that is the only honest way.
The President told us last week that poetry
was akin to religion. It is nothing of the sort.
It is a means of expression just as prose is,
and if you can't justify it from that point of
view it's not worth preserving.
(T. E. Hulme, Further Speculations)

I have used the quotations from Stendhal, Ford, and Hulme to indicate some of the impulses, personal and ideological, behind Pound's work on poetic speech. Hulme and Ford were loud, clear voices when Pound landed in London in 1908, having produced a volume of poetry much indebted to Swinburne:

> The words are as leaves, old brown leaves in the spring time
> Blowing they know not whither, seeking a song.
> White words as snow flakes but they are cold,
> Moss words, lip words, words of slow streams.
> (Praise of Ysolt)

and some translations of Cavalcanti that bore the tone of Rossetti. ("My perception was not obfuscated by Guido's Italian....I was obfuscated by the Victorian language.")[1]

By 1912, however, Pound was producing a more austere, direct poetry, free from "rhetorical din, luxurious riot, and emotional slither":

> Great minds have sought you - lacking someone else.
> You have been second always. Tragical?
> No. You preferred it to the usual thing:
> One dull man, dulling and uxorious,
> One average mind - with one thought less, each year.
> Oh, you are patient, I have seen you sit
> Hours, where something might have floated up.
> And now you pay one. Yes, you richly pay.
> (Portrait D'Une Femme)

Avoid abstractions, Pound was saying. "Do not retell in mediocre verse what has already been done in good prose!" (Literary Essays, p. 5) Durability in writing depends on exactitude in the articulation of experience. Pound demanded a poetry "nearer the bone" and "much like granite," not a language "poetically" lofty and flowery. A favored critical device of Pound's at this time was to compare the poet to a scientist. (I quote from the Literary Essays:)

> The arts, literature, poesie, are a science, just as chemistry is a science. Their subject is man, mankind and the individual. (p.42)

> Artists are the antennae of the race....They are the registering instruments, and if they falsify their reports there is no measure to the harm that they do. If you saw a man

selling defective thermometers to a hospital, you would consider him a particularly vile kind of cheat. (p. 58)

That brings us to the immorality of bad art. Bad art is inaccurate art. It is art that makes false reports. (p. 43)

Yet it takes a deal of talking to convince a layman that bad art is immoral. And that good art, however "immoral" it is, is wholly a thing of virtue.... By good art I mean art that bears true witness, I mean the art that is most precise. You can be wholly precise in representing a vagueness. (p. 44)

As there are in medicine the art of diagnosis and the art of cure, so in the arts....(there are) the cult of ugliness and the cult of beauty. The cult of beauty is the hygiene.... The cult of ugliness...(is) diagnosis... Satire is surgery. (p. 45)

Disgust with the sordid is but another expression of a sensitiveness to the finer thing. (p. 415)

A good scientist simply would not be bothered to limit himself to one language and be held up for news of discoveries. (p. 36)

The serious artist is scientific in that he presents the image of his desire, of his hate, of his indifference as precisely that.... (p. 46)

Good writing is writing that is perfectly controlled, the writer says just what he means. He says it with complete clarity and simplicity. He uses the smallest possible number of words. (p.50)

His first act must be an examination of his consciousness, and his second, the direction of his will toward the light. (p. 59)
This means abolition of personal vanity in the reporting....It means the abolition of local vanity. (pp.58 - 59)

Pound has said much the same thing in the Pisan Cantos:

> The ant's a centaur in his dragon world.
> Pull down thy vanity, it is not man
> Made courage, or made order, or made grace,
> Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.
> Learn of the green world what can be thy place
> In scaled invention or true artistry,
> Pull down thy vanity,
> Paquin pull down!
> The green casque has outdone your elegance.
>
> "Master thyself, then others shall thee beare"
> Pull down thy vanity
> Thou art a beaten dog beneath the hail,
> A swollen magpie in a fitful sun,
> Half black half white
> Nor knowst' ou wing from tail
> Pull down thy vanity
> How mean thy hates
> Fostered in falsity,
> Pull down thy vanity,
> Rathe to destroy, niggard in charity,
> Pull down thy vanity,
> I say pull down.
> (Canto LXXXI)

Here the ethical insight is evident. Pound was not simply indulging his preferences by objecting to the confusion of poetry with lofty thoughts expressed in beautiful and ornate language, by choosing clarity over magniloquence. Nor was he expressing his urge to shock by saying, "The point is that any natural wording, anything which keeps the mind of theatricals....dealing with an actual situation, and not pestering the reader with frills and festoons of language, is worth all the convoluted tushery that the Victorians can heap together." (Literary Essays, p. 270) Against this we may set Thackeray:

> There are things we do and know perfectly well in Vanity Fair, though we never speak of them; ....and a polite public will no more bear to read an authentic description of vice than a truly refined English or American female will permit the word "breeches" to be pronounced in her hearing....It has been the wish of the present writer, all through this story, deferentially to submit to the fashion at present prevailing, and only to hint at the existence of wickedness in a light, easy, and agreeable manner."
> (Vanity Fair)

What Pound was driving for was a poetry without inversions, Latinate syntax (hence his chary attitude to Milton), and "poetic" diction - a poetry that need not blush in comparison with Flaubert's prose, a poetry not so busily seeking lofty tones or Wordsworth's ordinary word that it missed le mot juste. Poetry should not be weighted with book words, periphrases, set phrases and clichés: "no hind-side-beforeness, no straddled adjectives (as 'addled mosses dank'), no Tennysonianness (sic) of speech; nothing...that you couldn't in some circumstance, in the stress of some emotion, say."[2]

How Pound applied this to Yeats's early poetry, thus becoming "efficient cause" in the emergence of the elder poet from the Celtic Twilight, need not be rehearsed here - nor how he blue-penciled the adjectives from the early manuscripts of Hemingway. "...We have had so many other pseudo-glamours and glamourets and mists and fogs since the nineties that one is about ready for hard light," says Pound in his 1914 essay on the later Yeats. (Literary Essays, p. 380)

This "clarity" of poetic speech is somewhat ambiguous. It does not mean, for example, that the poet must not use an archaic word or a Latinism. It means that such words may be used, provided they contribute to a lucid effect. It means that nothing in the poem should deliberately or carelessly obscure the meaning. Poetry is not a process of polishing and varnishing an idée reçue - "What oft was thought but ne'er so well express'd" - but a process of rediscovery and continuous renewal, an act of "making it new." "Literature is news that stays news." The Classic Anthology Defined by Confucius, seen in this aspect, is a momentous act of renewal, salvaging the 305 ancient odes to present in an apprehensible manner to the modern reader:

> Don't chop that pear tree,
> Don't spoil that shade;
>
> Thaar's where old Marse Shao used to sit,
> Lord, how I wish he was judgin' yet.
> (Ode 16)

> Big bad wolf trips over his jowl,
> let him fall on his tail and howl;
> The Duke rings true.
> Who'll carry thru?
> HE.
> (Ode 160)

These make contact with the differing tonalities of Negro folk-song and football cheering rhythms. It is not a faddish chinoiserie - limpid in rhythm, blue in color, and formal in diction - but an extension of our spectrum of awareness. It is this that led Eliot to call Pound "the INVENTOR of Chinese poetry for our time."

(italics mine) Invention implies something discovered or newly made.

My point is that such poetic renewal was made, in these cases, largely through a sensitivity to speech, a precision in the use of diction, an awareness of the overtones of language. Contrast the economy of statement in these "portraits" of Henry James, one from Pound's prose, the other from his later poetry:

> The massive head, the slow uplift of the hand, gli occhi onesti e tardi, the long sentences piling themselves up in elaborate phrase after phrase, the lightning incision, the pauses, the slightly shaking admonitory gesture with its 'wu-a-wait a little, wait a little, something will come'; blague and benignity and the weight of so many years' careful, incessant labour of minute observation always there to enrich the talk.
> (Literary Essays, p. 295)

> And the great domed head, con gli occhi onesti e tardi
> Moves before me, phantom with weighted motion,
> Grave incessu, drinking the tone of things,
> And the old voice lifts itself
> Weaving an endless sentence.
> (Canto VII)

The latter version is done in half the words of the former; its words are chosen more carefully. This sensitive awareness to the connotations of words is logopoeia, "the dance of the intellect among words." It is the poet's business, said Eliot, to be more sensitive to the feelings, more aware of the meanings of words - and this means the word as it appears etymologically, in the dictionary, in slang or present usage, in

traditional usage, and in previous poetic usage. (Will "incarnadine", for instance, ever suggest anything but Shakespeare's "multitudinous seas"?). The good poet, then, will know other languages, if only as a means of learning more about his own. Pound has said this more than once, and in less gentle tones.

Here is part of a poem from the 1916 Lustra volume that depends for its effect largely on logopoeia:

> In her is the end of breeding.
> Her boredom is exquisite and excessive.
> She would like someone to speak to her,
> And is almost afraid that I
> will commit that indiscretion.
> (The Garden)

To appreciate this poem fully, one should be aware that its effect depends largely on the overtones of four words: exquisite, excessive, commit, and indiscretion - all of which are the only words of Latin derivation in the poem, and three of which constitute the only words having more than two syllables. The terse irony of the stanza depends not only on the incongruity of proportions between "commit" and "indiscretion" (in which an indiscretion achieves the status of a rape), and between "boredom" and "exquisite" (meaning, here, "sought after"), but also on the very appropriateness of these highly formal Latinisms to this hyper-fastidious lady.

Pound finds logopoeia largely in the work of Propertius, Laforgue, Heine, Rochester, and Dorset. It is the peculiar weapon of the ironist, who deals in subtleties rather than exhortations. Logopoeic irony consists in using specialized or stereotyped words or phrases so as to criticize the usual context. "Logopoeia does not translate...but having determined the original author's state of mind, you may or may not be able to find a derivative or an equivalent." (Pound, Literary Essays, p. 25) One wishes that the classicists and sinologists who have pointed so gleefully to the "inaccuracies" of Pound's adaptations from Latin and Chinese (and other languages) would consider that Pound does not pretend to pawn them off as literal renderings, but critical equivalents, not duplicates, of the original - a portrait, not a photograph. Pound would insist that a work of art depending on logopoeia can never be "accurately" translated and remain a work of art. "The sum of human wisdom is not contained in any one language and no single language is CAPABLE of expressing all forms and degrees of human comprehension" (ABC of Reading, p. 34)

Homage to Sextus Propertius, then, is not a translation of Propertius' elegies filled with schoolboy blunders (the reference to Wordsworth in Part XII is hardly a careless misconstruction), but an attempt to

render in English the sophisticated sensibility, elegant and cynical, of Propertius' Latin poetry. It is, again, an act of renewal; Pound's translations are as nothing if not contemporary poems. By the ommissions, selections, and emphases in Pound's "version" he makes specific criticisms on Propertius' qualities. He is faithful to the tone, the spirit, the essential quality of Propertius in a way that the Loeb translator is not; and this, after all, is what makes us interested in Propertius.

> A new-fangled chariot follows the flower-hung horses;
> A young Muse with young loves clustered about her
> ascends with me into the aether,....
> And there is no high-road to the Muses.
> (Homage to Sextus Propertius, I)

The "new-fangled chariot" and the "high-road" jibe oddly in tone with the aspiring Muse; the incongruity in tone is part of the complex sensibility, simultaneously skeptical and enthusiastic, Pound is rendering so incandescently.

> Small talk O Ilion, and O Troad
> twice taken by Oetian gods,
> If Homer had not stated your case!
> (Homage to Sextus Propertius, I)

Here, indeed, is the deflation of both Philistia's pomp and Art's pomposities:

> Annalists will continue to record Roman reputations,
> Celebrities from the Trans-Caucasus will belaud
> Roman celebrities
> And expound the distentions of Empire,
> But for something to read in normal circumstances?
> For a few pages brought down from the forked hill
> unsullied?
> I ask a wreath which will not crush my head.
> And there is no hurry about it;
> I shall have, doubtless, a boom after my funeral,
> Seeing that long standing increases all things
> regardless of quality.
> (Pound, Homage to Sextus Propertius, I)

I suggested some pages back that Pound's urge toward clarity, economy and precision in the use of words was ethical rather than preferential or exacerbating. His unfortunate prose habit of shouting and calling names belies the depth of his own sincerity. It was Pound's perception that to be sensitive to a language is to be alert to a culture. Speaking of literature's function in the state, he has this to say:

> It has to do with the clarity and vigour of "any and every" thought and opinion. It has to do with maintaining the very cleanliness of the tools, the health of the very matter of thought itself....the individual cannot think and communicate his thought, the governor and legislator cannot act effectively or frame his laws, without words, and the solidity and validity of these words is in the care of the damned and despised litterati. When their work goes rotten - by that I do not mean when they express indecorus thoughts - but when their very medium, the very essence of their work, the application of word to thing goes rotten, i.e. becomes slushy and inexact, or excessive or bloated, the whole machinery of social and of individual thought and order goes to pot. This is a lesson of history, and a lesson not yet half learned.
> (Literary Essays, p. 21)

> Language is not a mere cabinet curio or museum exhibit.... You cannot govern without it, you cannot make laws without it. That is, you make laws, and they become mere mare's nests for graft and discussion.
> (Literary Essays, pp. 76-77)

> The mot juste is of public utility.... I am not offering this fact as a sop to aesthetes who want all authors to be fundamentally useless. We are governed by words, the laws are graven in words, and literature is the sole means of keeping these words living and accurate.
> (Literary Essays, p.409)

> Literature does not exist in a vacuum.... Good writers are those who keep the language efficient. That is to say, keep it accurate, keep it clear....Language is the main means of human communication. If an animal's nervous system does not transmit sensations and stimuli, the animal atrophies. If a nation's literature declines, the nation atrophies and decays.
> (ABC of Reading, p. 32)

> But the one thing you shd. (sic) not do is to suppose that when something is wrong with the arts, it is wrong with the arts ONLY.
> (Guide to Kulchur, p. 32)

That Confucius had the same insight does not make it less original with Pound. For Pound, there is no real "originality" but only continuous processes of rendering things freshly. The perception, as suggested, is not merely linguistic, nor political, but ethical, even metaphysical. It relates to the internal harmony of a man. Thus Pound: "If any human activity is sacred it is the formulation of thought in clear speech for the use of humanity; any falsification is evil." In Chinese ideograph, this scale of effort is called Ching Ming, which translates as the control (hitching post) of loose, drifting terminology (the moon waning over the mouth, drifting

through last phases), finding in disciplined speech the mode of civic order. This is enunciated firmly in Confucius' Ta Hio, a work Pound refers to as "what I believe":

> ...(they) first set up good government in their own states; wanting good government in their own states, they first established order in their own families; wanting order in the home, they first disciplined themselves; desiring self-discipline, they rectified their own hearts; and wanting to rectify their hearts, they sought precise verbal definitions of their inarticulate thoughts (the tones given off by the heart); wishing to attain precise verbal definitions, they set to extend their knowledge to the utmost.

Thus Pound's activity in revitalizing the language of poetry may be seen as an effort aiming at the establishment of an harmonious stability, internal and external to the individual.[4]

Part III: RHYTHM - MELOPOEIA

Who hath taught you so subtle a measure,
in what hall have you heard it;
What foot beat out your time-bar;
what water has mellowed your whistles?
(Pound, Homage to Sextus Propertius)

In 1912, Pound wrote, "I believe in an 'absolute rhythm', a rhythm, that is, in poetry which corresponds exactly to the emotion or shade of emotion to be expressed. A man's rhythm must be interpretative, it will be, therefore, in the end, his own, uncounterfeiting, uncounterfeitable." (Literary Essays, p.9) This, of course, was the rationale of vers libre; the movement of the line must enact the movement of the sense. This sort of metre would be, as Coleridge foresaw, "the motion of meaning."

See, they return; oh, see the tentative
Movements, and the slow feet,
The trouble in the pace and the uncertain
Wavering!

See, they return, one and by one,
With fear, as half awakened;
As if the snow should hesitate
And murmur in the wind,
and half turn back;
These were the "Wing'd-with-Awe,"
Inviolable.

Gods of the winged shoe!
With them the silver hounds,
sniffing the trace of air!

Haie! Haie!
These were the swift to harry;
These the keen-scented;
These were the souls of blood.

Slow on the leash,
Pallid the leash-men!
(Pound, The Return)

This sort of rhythm, as in the example given, is part of the meaning of the poem (a very large part, in this case), not just incidental music to which the poem is "set," functioning as a background. It mimes the "uncertain wavering," the tentative hesitation that the poem is about. The rhythm is the content of the poem, though not in the same way that Vachel Lindsay's metres usurp the content by their self-insistence. The problem of who "they" are in The Return is decidedly irrelevant to its appreciation.

Pound was aware that rhythm had not always meant just that. ("To break the pentameter, that was the first heave.") His notes on rhythm in 1913 are informative:

> Don't chop your stuff into separate iambs. Don't make each line stop dead at the end, and then begin every next line with a heave. Let the beginning of the next line catch the rise of the rhythm wave, unless you want a definite longish pause.... In short, behave as a musician, a good musician, when dealing with that phase of your art which has exact parallels in music....your rhythmic structure should not destroy the shape of your words, or their natural sound, or their meaning.... If you are using a symmetrical form, don't put in what you want to say and then fill up the remaining vacuums with slush.... The artist should master all known forms and systems of metric.
>
> (Literary Essays, pp. 6 - 9)

It is just such a mastery that Pound set himself the task of achieving. When he began to work, it was "established" that English poetry had certain metrical norms, mainly the iambic pentameter, which had tyrannized poetry since the Renaissance. The persistent bane of English verse is mechanization, so systematizing the

pattern of stresses and rigidifying the iamb as to make the verse line a series of "heavy swats on alternate syllables."

"Beauty," said Pound, "is a brief gasp between one cliché and another. In this case, between the 'fourteeners' and the rhymed couplet of 'pentameter.'" (Literary Essays, p. 241) Also, the only English metres used were accentual, based on stress rather than duration, and hence nearer speech than music. Pound took issue:

> Rhythm is a form cut into TIME, as a design is determined SPACE.... syllables have differing weights and durations
> A. original weights and durations
> B. weights and durations that seem naturally imposed on them by the other syllable groups around them....
> Those are the medium wherewith the poet cuts his design in TIME.... The writer of bad verse is a bore because he does not perceive time and time relations, and cannot therefore delimit them in an interesting manner, by means of longer and shorter, heavier and lighter syllables, and the varying qualities of sound inseparable from the words of his speech.
> (ABC of Reading, pp. 198-199)

Thus Pound became an experimenter with quantitative metres, drawing from sources that existed before the Renaissance tendency to magnetize all rhythm towards iambic pentameter. By stress measure, the metre of Δώρια is chaotic; but considered as pitch, assonance, and quantity, it has the ordered melody of music:

> Be in me as the eternal moods
> of the bleak wind, and not
> As transient things are -
> gaiety of flowers....

The same is true of this Alba from the Provençal lyric tradition:

When the nightingale to his mate
Sings day-long and night late
My love and I keep state
In bower,
In flower,
Till the watchman on the tower
Cry:
"Up! Thou rascal, Rise,
I see the white
Light
And the night
Flies!"
(Langue D'Oc)

This is truly composition "in the sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of a metronome." The effect that typographical lay-out plays in articulating the rhythms should not go unnoticed. The assonance, consonance, and internal rhymes are minutely adjusted to the emotional tones of the events in the poem. Thus the broad duration of "bower" and "flower" described the imperturbability of the lovers keeping state, and their deep relaxation is sharply contrasted with the swift alarm sounded in the cry of "the watchman on the tower": "Up! Thou rascal, Rise" - a quick trochaic trimeter - when the white light breaks up the night late state of the lovers' tryst, as the contrasting and parallel sounds suggest. "There is in every thought...in every feeling, an inherent rhythm which is as a material body to the thought's or emotion's soul. This native, inevitable rhythm - one might call it the rhythme juste, the exact rhythm - is the only fit expression for an intellectual or emotional idea."[1]

Pound's metrical awareness was anything but provincial. By 1912 he had recreated Anglo-Saxon alliterative measure:

> Bitter breast-caves have I abided,
> Known on my keel many a care's hold,
> And dire seas-surge, and there I oft spent
> Narrow nightwatch nigh the ship's head
> While she tossed close to cliffs. Coldly afflicted,
> My feet were by frost benumbed.
> Chill its chains are; chafing sighs
> Hew my heart round and hunger begot
> Mere - weary mood....
>
> Hung with hard ice-flakes, where hail-scur flew....
>
> Bosque taketh blossom, cometh beauty of berries,
> Fields to fairness, land fares brisker,
> All this admonisheth man eager of mood,
> The heart turns to travel so that he then thinks
> On flood-ways to be far departing.
> Cuckoo calleth with gloomy crying,
> He singeth summer ward, bodeth sorrow,
> The bitter heart's blood....
>
> Days little durable,
> And all arrogance of earthen riches,
> There came now no Kings nor Caesars
> Nor gold-giving lords like those gone....
>
> Drear all this excellence, delights undurable!
> Waneth the watch, but the world holdeth.
> Tomb hideth trouble. The blade is layed low....
>
> Lordly men, are to earth o'ergiven....
> (The Seafarer)

Before this, Pound had mastered the rhythm and idiom of the popular ballad:

> He cried no cry when they drove the nails
> And the blood gushed hot and free,
> The hounds of the crimson sky gave tongue
> But never a cry cried he.
> (Ballad of the Goodly Fere)

Vers libre, for Pound as for Eliot, did not stem from a rumor that verse had been liberated. It was

connected on the one hand with the desire for a germane, interpretative rhythm and on the other with the wish for a musical movement in verse. "I think one should write vers libre only when one 'must', that is to say, only when the 'thing' builds up a rhythm more beautiful than that of set metres, or more real, more a part of the emotion of the 'thing'.... Eliot has said the thing very well when he said, 'No vers is libre for the man who wants to do a good job.'"(Literary Essays, p. 12) Pound's mastery of more conventional forms may be discovered in the delicate iambics of the Speech for Psyche and A Virginal, both of which I have quoted from.

This union of poetry and music is melopœia, of which Pound distinguishes three kinds: "(1) that meant to be sung to a tune; (2) that made to be intoned or sung to a sort of chant; and (3) that made to be spoken."(Literary Essays, p. 28) As examples:

(1) Deep, deep the dew
that will not dry till day;
Drink deep the night,
let none go dry away
(Ode 174)

(2) Guests start eatin', wild and even,
The sober sit an' keep behavin'
but say they've booz'd then they do not.
When they've booz'd they start a-wavin'
an' a-ravin',
Yas' sir they rise up from the ground
and start dancin' an' staggerin' round
each to his own wild fairy fancy
as they never would when sober.
(Ode 220)

(3) Cl-ang, cl-ang go the bells,
turgid the Huai, clashing of waters
till sorrow has torn the mind
and the lords of old time go not out of heart.
(Ode 208)

(The rhythms and idioms explored here, incidentally, are those of (1) the Elizabethan lute song, (2) Milton's L'Allegro, and (3) Yeats' Byzantium.) In the case of Ode 174, it is not enough to note that it consists of alternating lines of spondaic and iambic trimeter. "As to quantity, it is foolish to suppose that we are incapable of distinguishing a long vowel from a short one, or that we are mentally debarred from ascertaining how many consonants intervene between one vowel and the next." (Literary Essays, p. 92) It is, in fact, more appropriate to scan this stanza by musical notation rather than stress measure. "Terms trochaic and iambic are...inaccurate when applied to syllabic metres set to a particular melody." (Literary Essays, p. 120)

Pound has suggested repeatedly that a study of the art of lyric must begin with the Provençal troubadours, who revived quantitative verse[2] in a splendid union of words and music, motz el son, after the decadence ~~of decadence~~ of medieval Latin accentual metrics. Lyric, in its earliest forms, is not primarily an "expression of feeling" or a subjective rumination, but a song. It exists as an art halfway between music and literature, unrestrained by the demands of the literate, logical mind for rational coherence. Its restraints are tune, rhyme, and rhythm. Thus the metrical norm for the lyric is quantitative, since

musical rhythm depends more on duration than stress. Pound discerns a loss in lyrical excellence wherever music is divorced from verse. This marks the tendency, he tells us, of poetry to become forensic and rhetorical.

By "musical" verse Pound does not mean an unbroken, mellifluous flow of sound, one line suggesting the pattern of the next, a murmuring sort of drawing-room lull. "....That monotony itself is the sign of a tendency to divorce rhythm from sense, to reduce verse to a flow of harmonious sound which, however skilful, is more like a decadence than the promise of a fresh beginning."[3] The tendency of such a rhythm is toward relaxation, sensory disintegration; and the poetry it appears in seems to be largely an exercise in sounds, colors, and their exotic combinations to the exclusion of emotional or logical vitality and coherence. Spenser, Tennyson, Swinburne, Shelley, and the early Keats have much of this fainting sweetness of music with a dying fall in their verse. This verse, said Pound, is not a union of poetry and music, but something which partakes disjointedly of, and does violence to, both - a sort of "word music."

What Pound has sought in melopoeia is not a flow of liquid sound but "the 'sculpture' of rhyme" ("Rhythm is a form cut into TIME."), a zoning of sounds and a fine disposition of stress and duration:

> Though thou well dost wish me ill
> Audiart, Audiart,
> Where thy bodice laces start
> As ivy fingers clutching through
> Its crevices,
> Audiart, Audiart,
> Stately, tall and lovely tender
> Who shall render
> Audiart, Audiart,
> Praises meet unto thy fashion?
> (Pound, Na Audiart)

"Prosody is the articulation of the total sound of a poem." (Literary Essays, p. 421)

> There have always been two sorts of poetry which are, for me at least, the most 'poetic'; they are firstly, the sort of poetry which seems to be music just forcing itself into articulate speech, and secondly, that sort of poetry which seems as if sculpture or painting were just forced or forcing itself into words. (Literary Essays, p. 380)

Such a sculptured, defined rhythm, however, does not mean an insistent beat. "There is undoubtedly a sense of music that takes count of the 'shape' of the rhythm ...rather than of bar divisions....The creation of such shapes is part of thematic invention." (Literary Essays, p. 421) Composition, in other words, should be in sequence of the musical phrase, not in sequence of the metronome. The form of such rhythm is thematic; that is, it arises out of the pulse of the thought or feeling dealt with - it is "absolute," and its regularity is organic (Coleridge's "motion of meaning") rather than superimposed like a strait jacket. This is the way in which Eliot's remark, "No vers is libre for the man who wants to do a good job," must be taken.

Pound has an interesting quotation from Mace's 1613 Musick's Monument in the Literary Essays (p. 438)

> ...you must Know, That, although in our First Undertakings, we ought to strive, for the most Exact Habit of Time-Keeping that possibly we can attain unto,.... yet, when we come to be Masters, so that we can command all manner of Time, at our own Pleasures; we Then take Liberty.... to Break Time; sometimes Faster and sometimes Slower, as we perceive the Nature of the Thing Requires....

By 1920 Pound felt that vers libre had been sufficiently misunderstood and naively vulgarized to warrant a return to regular strophes with rhyme scheme and more formal metrics. The result was Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, which we will take up later. It is enough to note here that within the stricter form Pound managed flexible yet restrained rhythms that gave a new dimension to English poetry.

Another thesis might deal with the mastery Pound has achieved over the personal metres of English poets.[4] We have pointed out that Pound's translation of the Chinese odes, The Classic Anthology Defined by Confucius, is a recapitulation of English poetic practices. There are the cadences of Frost:

> When I come in from being out
> My home-folk don't want me about;
> (Ode 40)

the later Yeats:

> Go with him for a life long
> With a high jewelled hair-do.
> (Ode 47, Caesar's Wife)

the Elizabethan lyric:

> Let doves eat no more mulberries
> While yet the leaves be green,
> And girls play not with lustful men,
> Who can play and then explain.
> (Ode 58)

the Shakespearean sonnet:

> say in that sound is her true nature traced,
> Nor shall effaced be, once known, from memory.
> (Ode 83)

Sidney's Astrophel and Stella:

> The erudite moon is up, less fair than she
> who hath tied silk cords about
> a heart in agony,
> (Ode 143)

Pope (with overtones of Milton on the raising of Pandemonium):

> Rich court in peristyle
> with columns high
> their capitals contrived right cunningly;
> cheery the main parts,
> ample the recess
> where he may have repose in quietness.
> (Ode 189)

G.M. Hopkins:

> Gong over gong, cold waters driven
> till the heart is riven for the clear deeds
> of the lords of old
> flawless.
> (Ode 208)

Eugene Field's Little Boy Blue (the diction is Housman's Shropshire Lad - the juxtaposition implies a criticism of both):

> The trusty bows are tough, my lads,
> each arrow-point true to weight
> and every shot hits plumb the spot
> as our archer lines stand straight.
> (Ode 246, Festal)

Poe's Annabel Lee (the metric of the last stanza - the forced caesura in the fifth line is a criticism of the violence wrought by Poe's mechanistic theory of versification.):

> An heir to his line is lord of this wine
> and the wine rich on the tongue.
> But by the great peck-measure, pray in your leisure
> that when you're no longer young
> your back retain strength to susteyne
> and aid you kin and clan.
> Luck to your age! and, by this presage,
> joy in a long life-span.
> (Ode 246, Festal)

and America:

> Yin had the high decree
> rightly, as things should be
> The hundred rents pour in
> rightly to Yin.
> (Ode 303, Black Swallow)

Charles d'Orleans' rondel, Le Printemps ("Le temps a laissé son manteau") has also been put to interesting use:

> The year puts on her shining robe
> of flowers and leaves in broidery
> (Ode 214)

The Classic Anthology is indeed a treasure-hoard of splendid, flexible cadences, ranging from the stately movement and complex internal rhyme and assonance of Ode 194:

> Light, light aloft slow in thy deed,
> crystal thy flow deadly our need,
> swifter to earth death, famine, dearth;

to the brash conversational swiftness and impudent rhyming of Ode 139, The Third Daughter of Ki:

> Miss Ki the 3rd/is no flash in the pan, Sir,
> But a young lady, and pretty,
> who knows the answers.

and the sweet thunder of Ode 242, whose music elicits comparison with Shakespeare's passage, "I was with Hercules and Cadmus once," from A Midsummer Night's Dream, IV, i:

> Great drums and gongs
> hung on spiked frames
> sounding to perfect rule and rote
> about the King's calm crescent moat,
>
> Tone unto tone, of drum and gong.
>
> About the King's calm crescent moat
> the blind musicians beat lizard skin
> as the tune weaves out and in.

To demonstrate the metrical progress made by Pound, we may contrast his version of Ode 167 in Cathay (1915) with the Classic Anthology (1954) rendition. The former is comparatively limpid and tranquil:

> Here we are, picking the first fern shoots
> And saying, when shall we get back to our country?
> Here we are because we have the Ken-nin for our foemen,
> We have no comfort because of these Mongols....

The 1954 version captures the rhythm of the work-song:

> Pick a fern, pick a fern, ferns are high,
> "Home," I'll say: home, the year's gone by,
> no house, no roof, these huns on the hoof.
> Work, work, work, that's how it runs,
> We are here because of these huns.

Pound's concern with the music and rhythm of words has not been that of an aesthete. "The function of music is to present an example of order, or a less muddied congeries and proportion than we have yet about us in daily life." (Guide to Kulchur, p. 255) His interest is ultimately Pythagorean or Confucian,

detecting in music the abstract principle of harmony and order in the universe and in man.[5]

> ....Not in virtue's line
> moving, wrong in your stance,
> You have taken a tiger's roaring for pattern
> and think that mere noise is a form.
> (Ode 255)

This pattern or form is akin to what Plato called the Idea and Confucius called the Unwavering Axis. It is the metaphysical point of stability, and the centre of ethical activity. In its particular (or "embryonic") state as a poetic rhythm, it is melopoeia, not a noisy, bestial roar. The articulation of a good rhythm, "the 'sculpture' of rhyme," has as its archetype universal reconciliation, cosmic harmony, and the poet who does "a good job" is in this sense the legislator of mankind. "The magic of music is in its effect on volitionic A sudden clearing of the mind of rubbish and the re-establishment of a sense of proportion." (Guide to Kulchur, p. 283)

One wonders what later historians will say about our government's decision to commit such a "legislator" as Pound, surely the most accomplished English metricist since Pope,[6] to an insane asylum.

Part IV: FORM - PERSONAE

> a decor without great noise,
> neither mnemonic nor as a lesson taught
> but following fluid the pattern cut aloft.
> (Pound, Ode 241)

> T. J. Everets has made the best summary of our contemporary aesthetics that I know, in his sentence 'A work of art has in it no idea which is separable from the form.'
> (Pound, Literary Essays, p. 441)

It was suggested earlier in this paper that syntax may be a means of poetic imitation. It imitates the structure of relationships, the paths of action, and the morphology of feeling and thought. The usual meaning of syntax is an extension of grammar into phrases, clauses, and sentences in ordered and defined relations. Syntax is the supremely logical factor in a language; it is the arbiter of necessary connections. As Donald Davie has pointed out,[1] nonsense poetry like that of Lewis Carroll relies almost solely on an exploitation of logical syntax; it is made humorous by the incongruity of a meaningless content of words and images.

When a society becomes exceptionally fluid, and when ordered, logical relations break down, the recording poet should reflect or imitate this

disturbance. There are several ways in which he may do this. He may retain the forms of grammatical, logical syntax and allow his poetry to become discursive rather than imitative - to talk about experience rather than presenting it. Another way would be to abandon syntax entirely, eschew logical relations in the poem, and have a chaotic poem as the perfect imitation of the disrupted order of things. The excesses of this procedure may be observed in some of the poetry of Dylan Thomas:

> The masses of the sea
> The masses of the sea under
> The masses of the infant-bearing sea
> Erupt, fountain, and enter to utter for ever
> Glory, glory, glory
> The sundering ultimate kingdom of genesis' thunder.
> (Ceremony After a Fire Raid, III)

This sort of poetry is dream-like in its associations. It depends for whatever effect it has on illogical connections, on synaesthesia, and on inseparable mergings and interactions between unobservable sights and improbable roars.

Third (and this brings us to Pound), the poet may imitate such experience by a sort of "deep" syntax, a syntax that establishes relations by means of rhythms, images, and choices of words, but does not retain (or retains only superficially) the forms of logical syntax. It is not at all like prose or grammatical syntax; it is like music. It depends on rhythmic recurrence, on themes and counter-themes, on developments and resolutions or suspensions. This is the sort of syntax that we find in The Waste Land:

What is the city over the mountains
Cracks and reforms and bursts in the violet air
Falling towers
Jerusalem Athens Alexandria
Vienna London
Unreal
(T. S. Eliot, The Waste Land, V)

Pound similarly substitutes thinking in structures of rhythm and images for thinking in sentence-structures in his more mature poetry. Logical syntax, as Davie notes,[2] must always use some words merely as connective signs, as "counter" words, like paper money, standing for something rather than imitating something.[3] We are not surprised, then, that Pound, always seeking the concrete imitation of experience unviolated by abstraction, has moved steadily in a direction away from strict grammatical usages. To dispense with syntax is to purge the poem of rhetoric, abstraction, and subjective disquisition, leaving the reader naked to the diversity of experience. Pound's firm policies of an absolute rhythm, a functional image, and direct speech show the reliance he has placed on them to do the imitative work of conventional syntax - or rather, to form in themselves a deep syntax that articulates the desired relations.

This goes far in removing the "inscrutable obscurities" that our imaginary reader found in this Sapphic fragment by Pound:

Spring.....
Too long.....
Gongula.....
(Papyrus)

What we have here is a complex situation involving young

love ("spring") and estrangement ("too long"). We are made further aware that the poet is not making general comments - is, in fact, intensely personal - by the individual name ("Gongula"). The typographical dots are essential to the poem, for they represent the syntactic ellipse; they are used much as a musician uses a rest measure or a painter uses blank space. The title of the poem and the Greek name further suggest antiquity and archeology (which deals in fragments), thus setting up a complicated temporal attitude to the personal affair dealt with. A more inclusive title (a title which included the implications of "Papyrus") might be Tempus Edax Rerum. This necessary visual dimension of the poem has the Chinese ideograph as its analogue. It is impressionism in the best sense: that in which carefully selected and disposed points do define a periphery. It is among the virtues of the poem that it governs our attitude without strictly limiting it; we are as free as we like to think on the Greek past or on romantic yearning, each within the context of the other. The syntax of the poem is deep; it must be extrapolated by the reader. It depends on logopoeia, on the associations derived from carefully chosen words.

Other ways of ordering relations without the aid of grammatical syntax may be derived from melopoeia and logopoeia. Here the deep syntax articulates itself through

rhythm, by means of a crescendo of stresses in the second line:

> To stay together till death and end
> for far, for near, hand, oath, accord:
> (Ode 31)

The syntax of Rendez-vous Manqué, on the other hand, emerges from the contrasting images:

> Neath thick willow boughs
> 'twas for last night.
> Thick the close shade there.
> The dawn is axe-bright.
> (Ode 140)

As with Pound's other technical accomplishments, this way of dealing with syntax goes beyond mere technique. It is, in fact, a perception of Confucian order, an order not forced on things from the outside, but arising inherently from the juxtaposition of things, like the Chinese ideograph. Forms arise from data, they are not imposed from without. "The poetic act consists in so contemplating and manipulating concrete irreducible existences as to release their intelligibility without doing violence to their autonomous 'thusness'."[4] The poetic centre holds by magnetic attraction.

> The forma, the immortal concetto, the concept, the dynamic form which is like the rose pattern driven into the dead iron filings by the magnet, not by material contact with the magnet itself, but separate from the magnet. Cut off by the layer of glass, the dust and filings rise and spring into order.
> (Pound, Guide to Kulchur, p. 152)

The magnet is the symbol, to Pound, of the poetic mind

which draws the iron filings of mute experience into spare, radiant, intelligible structures: the rose in the steel-dust. And to push the metaphor further, the glass indicates the dispassion and objectivity of the poet, his aesthetic distance that allows him to contemplate experience clearly without becoming involved in it.

Eliot, writing in 1919,[5] had this to say:

> ...the more perfect the artist, the more completely separate in him will be the man who suffers and the mind which creates; the more perfectly will the mind digest and transmute the passions which are its material...the poet has, not a "personality" to express, but a particular medium...in which impressions and experiences combine.... Poetry is not a turning loose of emotion, but an escape from emotion; it is not the expression of personality, but an escape from personality. But, of course, only those who have personality and emotions know what it means to want to escape from these things.... The emotion of art is impersonal. And the poet cannot reach this impersonality without surrendering himself wholly to the work to be done. And he is not likely to know what is to be done unless he lives in what is not merely the present, but the present moment of the past....

This is the rationale of Pound's concern with <u>personae</u> (masks). It is far from being an "original" idea. It was inherent in Greek drama as well as in Keats' concept of the poet's "negative capability": the poet has no identity, but "fills in" other bodies. It is the source of ~~this~~ difficulty in the critical labor to work through the plays to Shakespeare's "personality."

> The poet should say very little in his own <u>persona</u>, as he is no imitator when doing that.
> (Aristotle, <u>Poetics</u>, 1460 a)

> The personality of the artist, at first a cry or cadence or a mood and then a fluid and lambent narrative, finally refines itself out of existence.... (the artist) remains within or behind or beyond or above his handiwork, invisible, refined out of existence, indifferent, paring his fingernails.
>
> (James Joyce, A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man)

"A persona crystallizes a modus of sensibility in its context.... (it is) an attempt to enter an unfamiliar world, develop in oneself the thoughts and feelings indigenous to that world, and articulate them.... (it is) clairvoyant absorption of another world."[6] This exploration of divers experiences through personae is also akin to what Francis Fergusson refers to as the training of the "histrionic sensibility,"[7] in which the actor by pantomime or "mimesis" learns to stretch and discipline his responses. The exercise also encompasses such varied activities as Yoga, Ignatius Loyola's spiritual exercises, and the techniques originated by Stanislavski at the Moscow Art Theatre. Its purpose is to reveal, through the techniques of make-believe, human reality, potentiality, and destiny. Thus Catholic children perform rituals before they understand their conceptual significance.

> The actor (we may substitute "poet") must learn to force his mind, as far as possible, both from the clichés of his own time and from the special limitation of his own personality. He must make his own inner being "an instrument capable of playing any tune."...He learns to make-believe situations, emotionally charged human relationships, and to respond freely within the imagined situation.[8]

Thus the assumption of *personae* is an exercise in insight and discipline. Pound said, in *Gaudier-Brzeska* (p. 98),[9] "I began this search for the real in a book called *Personae*, casting off, as it were, complete masks of the self in each poem. I continued in a long series of translations, which were but more elaborate masks." As Mr. Kenner points out,[10] Pound's purpose in using masks is "to extend the range of his private voice," just as the original use of the mask by Greek actors served this function literally. His purpose in cleaning language, sharpening images, and defining rhythms is to make his perceptions of other worlds truly luminous. ("When I translated Guido eighteen years (1910) ago I did not *see* Guido at all.... I was obfuscated by the Victorian language....the crust of dead English, the sediment present in my own available vocabulary - which I, let us hope, got rid of a few years later.")

Further difficulties of our imaginary reader should by now be removed. He was, we recall, confused by Pound's poetic jumping from role to role - from Sappho to Catullus to Henry James or Browning. He should by now see a line of connection between such divers experiences as the Provençal troubadour Bertrans de Born (in what is surely the best sestina in English):

> I. Damn it all! all this our South stinks peace.
> You whoreson dog, Papiols, come! Let's to music!
> I have no life save when the swords clash.
> But ah! when I see the standards gold, vair,
> purple, opposing
> And the broad fields beneath them turn crimson,
> Then howl I my heart nigh mad with rejoicing.

II. In hot summer have I great rejoicing
When the tempests kill the earth's foul peace,
And the lightnings from black heav'n flash crimson,
And the fierce thunders roar me their music
And the winds shriek through the clouds mad, opposing,
And through all the riven skies God's swords clash.
(from Sestina: Altaforte)

Simon Zelotes after the Crucifixion (giving us in the idiom of the popular ballad what is the strongest, most heroic Christ in literature that I know of - I can only compare it to Michelangelo's conception, but without the monumentalism and paganism):

I ha' seen him cow a thousand men
On the hills o' Galilee,
They whined as he walked out calm between,
Wi' his eyes like the grey o' the sea,

Like the sea that brooks no voyaging
With the winds unleashed and free,
Like the sea that he cowed at Genseret
Wi' twey words spoke' suddently.

....

If they think they ha' slain our Goodly Fere
They are fools eternally.

I ha' seen him eat o' the honey-comb
Sin' they nailed him to the tree.
(Ballad of the Goodly Fere)

Malcolm Cowley has recorded a visit with Pound in Paris in 1923.[11]

"What about your own work?" I asked.
Pound laid the book on a table piled with other books. "I try not to repeat myself," he said.... At the age of twenty-two he had written a poem, the "Ballad of the Goodly Fere," that had been widely discussed and had even been reprinted in the International Sunday School. It was the first of the masculine ballads in a genre that Masefield would afterward exploit, and Pound might have exploited it himself - "Having written this ballad about Christ," he said, " I had only to write

> similar ballads about James, Matthew, Mark, Luke and John and my fortune was made."....
> Instead he had gone to England in 1908 and started a new career.

Pound's use of personae, then, is also connected with his struggle to continuously "make it new," to enter intensely into other orders of existence while respecting their autonomy with scrupulous decorum. Again, let the Pisan Cantos be our glass:

> What thou lovest well is thy true heritage
>
> The ant's a centaur in his dragon world.
> Pull down thy vanity, it is not man
> Made courage, or made order, or made grace
> Pull down thy vanity, I say pull down.
> Learn of the green world what can be thy place
> In scaled invention or true artistry,
> (Canto LXXXI)

If The Cantos are "about" any one thing, in fact, they are about gradations of value, like The Divine Comedy. "There is in inferior minds a passion for unity, that is, for confusion and melting together of things which a good mind will want kept distinct."[12] "You wish to communicate an idea and its modifications, an idea and a crowd of its effects, atmospheres, contradictions. You wish to question whether a certain formula works in every case...." (Literary Essays, p. 51)

Pound's use of personae, moreover, is connected with his characteristic economy of poetic statement by the reticence of the poet, his respect for the contingencies in things. This allows a Shakespearean scope of tones which never become deafening. The reserve that characterizes

Pound's poetic statement, the understatement of the experience, implies a tacit recognition of other sorts of experience which are possible. Thus there are no contradictions among low comedy:

> Lady of azure thought, supple and tall,
> I wait by the nook, by angle in the wall,
> love and see naught, shift foot and scratch my poll.
> (Ode 42)

sauciness:

> So he won't talk to me when we meet?
> Terrible!
> I still can eat.
> So clever he won't even come to dinner;
> Well, beds are soft,
> and I'm no thinner.
> (Ode 86)

labor union exhortations:

> Throw out the punks who falsify your news,
> scare off the block-heads, thugs, thieves, and screws.
> Don't shove it off on the working man,
> But keep on doing what you can
> (Ode 253)

Polonius' urgings:

> Glib not with facile speech,
> no man can gate thy tongue vicarious.
> Words cannot die and pass,
> every fool speech begets its argument,
> unright begets reply in unright's zone.
> Be just in recompense, stand by thy friends,
> be father to all folk of little means
> (Ode 256)

and the stately decorum and quiet virtuosity of this extreme synecdoche (scholars' sash ends are the symbol of a dynasty) in The Old Capital:

> There was no fuss about the fall
> of the sash ends, there was just that much to spare
> and it fell, and ladies' hair
> curved, just curved and that was all
> The like of which, today, is never met;
> And I therefore
> express regret.
> (Ode 225)

Just how intensely Pound's techniques enable him to occupy a given *persona* may be indicated by a comparison between two translations of the last stanza of Ode 76, one by Arthur Waley, the other by Pound.

> I beg of you, Chung Tzu,
> Do not climb into our garden,
> Do not break the hard-wood we have planted.
> Not that I mind about the hard-wood,
> But I am afraid of what people will say.
> Chung Tzu I dearly love;
> But of all that people will say
> Indeed I am afraid
>
> (Arthur Waley)

> Hep-cat Chung, that is *my* garden wall,
> Don't break my sandalwood tree.
> The tree don't matter
> But the subsequent chatter!
> Have a heart, Chung,
> it's awful.
>
> (Pound)

Waley's is the dead language of the Sinologue; Pound's is the living language of the poet. It has been not a minor accomplishment of Pound to force us to revise our definition of "style." Good style is *any* style which renders its object with accurate liveliness. Each experience has its minutely appropriate tone, which it is the poet's job to capture, to imitate, as efficiently as possible. A characteristic of great art is the delicacy and discrimination it has in responding to human experience; language is the most sensitive recording instrument we have. "Loftiness" does not, *ipso facto*, make a good style; what is necessary is precision in rendering experience, not all of which *is* lofty. "I try not to repeat myself," said Pound, and his words surely reflect a judgment on such writers as Hemingway

and F. Scott Fitzgerald, who have gone on exploiting a particular style ("Le style, c'est l'homme!"), mining one vein long since exhausted, until they seem to have written just one book many times. "Artistic integrity demands developments of form to match every imitation of sensibility."[13]

I have delayed discussion of Pound's best known poem, his most elaborate persona, Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, until last in hopes of indicating that his previous work[14] deserves consideration as something other than finger exercises preparatory to this full-scale virtuoso piece. H. S. Mauberley stands - as no other poem does, except, perhaps, The Waste Land - as the record of our age, a complex mirror of its tensions and irregularities, and a moral definition of our culture.

The procedure of Pound (to oversimplify this complex poem) is to create a persona of the contemporary poet:

> For three years, out of key with his time,
> He strove to resuscitate the dead art
> Of poetry; to maintain "the sublime"
> In the old sense. Wrong from the start -
>
> No, hardly, but seeing he had been born
> In a half savage country, out of date;
> Bent resolutely on wringing lilies from the acorn;
> Capaneus; trout for factitious bait;
>
> ....
>
> His true Penelope was Flaubert,
> He fished by obstinate isles;
> Observed the elegance of Circe's hair
> Rather than the mottoes on sun-dials.
>
> ....

The subtlety and compression of this verse is difficult to suggest briefly. The complex irony of simultaneous approval and mockery contained in the patronizing excuse offered the poet ("born in a half savage country") is further complicated by the admirable Yankee tenacity of his effort to wring "lilies from the acorn," with its component futility, the trout leaping for imaginary bait, and the hero Capaneus[15] rebelling valiantly only to be smitten by Zeus' lightning. The "obstinate isles" are primarily aesthetic, but also British; the poet is seen as the Odyssean adventurer in experience, preferring to linger in hedonistic, "art-for-art's-sake" elegance (not quite - the isles are "obstinate" and the goal is Flaubertian: disciplined precision) rather than watch the flux of contemporaneity:

> All things are a flowing
> Sage Heraclitus says;
> But a tawdry cheapness
> Shall outlast our days.

rather than be the recorder of the age (which Pound then records):

> The age demanded an image
> Of its accelerated grimace,
> Something for the modern stage,
> Not, at any rate, an Attic grace
> ....
>
> The "age demanded" chiefly a mould in plaster,
> Made with no loss of time,
> A prose Kinema, not, not assuredly, alabaster
> Or the "sculpture" of rhyme.
> ....

The age's preferences and rejections are recorded in a series of allusive, terse contrasts:

> The tea-rose tea-gown, etc.
> Supplants the mousseline of Cos,
> The pianola "replaces"
> Sappho's barbitos.
>
> ....
>
> Faun's flesh is not to us,
> Nor the saint's vision.
> We have the press for wafer;
> Franchise for circumcision.
>
> ....

Here we have Edwardian drawing-rooms and modern political journalism set in significant opposition to the young, clean civilizations of Sappho, Dionysus, and the early Christian. Whether Pound has "loaded the dice" is partly answered when the concreteness of this poetry is examined, its reliance on tangible experience rather than abstract comment. The juxtapositions of things work like the ideograph, illuminating each other by their interaction. The climactic denunciation of the age is reached in the two sections on the war, which I present in full as the best poetry we have from the World Wars. The subtle articulations of the hesitating, repetitive rhythms give us <u>vers libre</u> at the height of its power.

IV

> These fought in any case,
> and some believing,
> pro domo, in any case....
> Some quick to arm,
> some for adventure,
> some from fear of weakness,
> some from fear of censure,
> some for love of slaughter, in imagination,
> learning later...
> some in fear, learning love of slaughter;

Died some, pro patria,
non "dulce" non "et decor"...
walked eye-deep in hell
believing in old men's lies, then unbelieving
came home, home to a lie,
home to many deceits,
home to old lies and new infamy;
usury age-old and age-thick
and liars in public places.

Daring as never before, wastage as never before.
Young blood and high blood,
fair cheeks and fine bodies;

fortitude as never before

frankness as never before,
disillusions as never told in the old days,
hysterias, trench confessions,
laughter out of dead bellies.

V

There died a myriad of them,
And of the best, among them,
For an old bitch gone in the teeth,
For a botched civilization,
Charm, smiling at the good mouth,
Quick eyes gone under earth's lid,

For two gross of broken statues,
For a few thousand battered books.

The fifth movement is the preliminary climax of the whole sequence; after it, the tone is relaxed, and in a reminiscent mood, the poet explores the literary and social scenes leading up to the war. The movement, however, is short enough for us to pause and consider the techniques employed.

Structurally, the eight lines of the movement counterpoint sacrifice and gain in the war (alternating two lines of each), building up a swift crescendo by rapid images which are not connected by grammatical syntax.

The rhythms and sounds of the lines are similarly ordered. The four lines dealing with what was sacrificed suggest a hushed reverie by their movement and the tones of nasals, liquid sounds, sibilants, and soft consonants. This is contrasted with the ugliness of sound and grotesqueness of imagery in the "gain" sequences, with fricative, gutteral, jarring tones ("bitch" - "botched"). Similar excellencies await close inspection in the whole poem.

What, though, of the poet's persona?

> ...In the stuffed-satin drawing-room
> I await The Lady Valentine's commands,
>
> Knowing my coat has never been
> Of precisely the fashion
> To stimulate, in her,
> A durable passion;
> ....

Then follows the Envoi, the thirteenth and last section of Part I.[16] It is a lyric based on Waller's Go, Lovely Rose (but echoing a whole line of great English lyricists: Shakespeare, Nashe, Donne, and Marvell) which, while bearing little superficial relation to what has gone before, is actually an assertion of the poet's immortality, a beauty to be set against the squalors of the age, the lilies that the exacerbated poet-craftsman has wrung from the acorn - "the sublime in the old sense":

Tell her that sheds
Such treasure in the air,
Recking naught else but that her graces give
Life to the moment,
I would bid them live
As roses might, in magic amber laid,
Red overwrought with orange and all made
One substance and one color
Braving time.

....

This, then, is Pound in his own persona; Part II gives us the mask of Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, the alter ego that Pound is expunging, what he might have become: the tight-lipped, jejune technician producing a cameo-like art. His aesthetic limits are defined by a precocious Jacquemart etching on the one hand, the medallion head of the licentious (ironically, Mauberley is sterile) Roman empress Messalina on the other.

Firmness,
Not the full smile,
His art, but an art
In profile;

....

For three years, diabolus in the scale,
He drank ambrosia,
All passes, ANANGKE prevails,
Came end, at last, to that Arcadia.

....

The musical motif and "three years" of the second stanza tell us that it contrasts with the persona of Pound in the opening of Part I. The ambrosia occurred earlier and was associated with "phallic"; its significance here for Mauberley's sterility lies in the dissociation. ANANGKE is chaotic necessity - the world is closing in on the hyper-sensitive esthete, who is rapidly becoming a pallid hellenist (the

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marmoreal imagist who can only exploit one static technique). His "fundamental passion" is

> To present the series
> Of curious heads in medallion -

His "tool" (a wry pun) is "the engraver's". He has passed, anaesthesized, the flowers that open to invite love - he sees the mandate of Venus and Eros only in retrospect. (This is the passage quoted at the end of the Introduction.) He is cast into a hedonistic drift, "the Nirvana of the fastidious moth" (the flowers are sexual symbols - note how the syntax enacts the sense):

> Drifted... drifted precipitate,
> Asking time to be rid of ...
> Of his bewilderment; to designate
> His new found orchid.
>
> To be certain .... certain
> (Amid aerial flowers)... time for arrangements -

In a language becoming increasingly abstract with Latinisms (I count 21 words ending in "-ation" in section III), Mauberley becomes increasingly disconnected with concrete reality and contemporaneity:

> And his desire for survival,
> Faint in the most strenuous moods,
> Became an Olympian apathein
> In the presence of selected perceptions.
>
> Nothing, in brief, but maudlin confession,
> Irresponse to human aggression,
> Amid the precipitation, down-float
> Of insubstantial manna,
> Lifting the faint susurrus
> Of his subjective hosannah.
> ....

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We last see Mauberley in the hedonistic drift, entertaining reveries of coral isles. The last section, Medallion, is his poem, as the Envoi was Pound's. It is a wizard-piece of technique, product of the derivative, passionless imagination of the over-scrupulous esthete:

> Luini in porcelain!
> The grand piano
> Utters a profane
> Protest with her clear soprano.
> ....
> The face-oval beneath the glaze,
> Bright in its suave bounding-line, as,
> Beneath half-watt rays,
> The eyes turn topaz.

Our last thought of Mauberley, then, is associated with the scientific (geometry, optics) meticulousness that he has substituted for artistry, and consists in a verdict of final inadequacy on his fragile techniques - as, "beneath half-watt rays", fact takes its revenge, asserting Mauberley's oblivion and the immortality of Pound's great art.

Conclusion: IL MIGLIOR FABBRO

Take thought:
I have weathered the storm,
I have beaten out my exile.
(Pound, The Rest)

In the Introduction, we raised three major problems concerning Pound's poetry to which we shall now return briefly. The first question concerned Pound as a "poet of the surface": is Pound a mere technician? The second, and related, question dealt with the diversity of Pound's poetic range: does Pound have anything central to say? The third pertained to the difficulties in reading Pound: is he an "obscure" poet? We shall look at this last first, then treat the first two problems together.

There seem to be two sources of difficulty in reading Pound, his elliptic syntax and his multilingual and historical allusiveness. We have suggested reasons for the first; the same hold for the second. "We must balance obscurity against brevity. Concision itself is an obscurity for the dullard." (Literary Essays, p. 406) "Obscurities inherent in the thing occur when the author is piercing... uncharted regions; when he is trying to express things not yet current, not yet worn into phrase; when he is

ahead of the emotional, or philosophic sense...of his contemporaries." (Literary Essays, p. 269) "Certain objects are communicable to a man or woman only 'with proper lighting,' they are perceptible in our own minds only with proper 'lighting,' fitfully and by instants." (Guide to Kulchur, p. 295) "That is why 'the first impression of a work of genius' is 'nearly always disagreeable,' at least to the 'average man.' The public loathe the violence done to their self-conceit whenever an author conveys to them an idea that is his, not their own."[1]

Pound's abandonment of traditional syntax was, as we saw, a technical means of expunging specious rhetoric, leaving the reader open to experience. The difficulty the reader has in apprehending the poetry will depend largely on his familiarity which the experience. New things are always difficult. Pound has simply eliminated a pseudo-syntax that offers itself to the fatuity of the lazy reader and beyond which he does not exert himself to probe. He does not toss "something for the whole family" in his poems, but demands, quite properly, to be read at his own level, which is occasionally very deep indeed. Wordsworth was aware of these matters:

> It is supposed that by the act of writing in verse an Author makes a formal engagement that he will gratify certain known habits of association; that he not only thus apprises the Reader that certain classes of ideas and expressions will be found in his book, but that others will be carefully excluded.... They who have been accustomed to the gaudiness and inane phraseology of many modern writers, if they persist in reading this book to its conclusion, will, no doubt, frequently have to struggle with feelings of strangeness and awkwardness: they will look round for poetry, and will be induced to inquire by what species of courtesy these attempts can be permitted to assume that title.
> (Wordsworth, Preface to the Lyrical Ballads, 2nd ed.)

To the discussion, then, we would merely add that the poems of Pound may be read without knowing the allusions (which Pound chooses, for the sake of an added contextual dimension, to keep in the original language), although not at the deeper levels. Pound insists that an educated man know at least Latin, Greek, and French, and something of those literatures - just as an American painter must know European art. Moreover, the major part of his allusions are explained in his critical prose.

Edmund Wilson, writing on Pound's collected poems, Personae, said, "It is like a pile of fragments from a collection of objets d' art."[2] Another favored metaphor of the Pound critics seeking a bon mot is one of Pound's own phrases, "a broken bundle of mirrors." Together, the phrases suggest the connected problems to which we must now address ourselves, the diversity

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and surface quality of Pound's poetry. Does such diversity preclude a coherent body of insight? Does the radical concern with technique, "the manipulation of verbal surfaces," preclude a psychological or moral depth of insight? T. S. Eliot's essay on Ben Jonson[3] raises similar questions.

> ...this poetry is of the surface. Poetry of the surface cannot be understood without study; for to deal with the surface of life ...is to deal so deliberately that we too must be deliberate, in order to understand. Shakespeare [or Eliot, to make the contrast with Pound], and smaller men also, are in the end more difficult, but they offer something at the start to encourage the student or to satisfy those who want nothing more; they are suggestive, evocative, a phrase, a voice ["something for the whole family"]... (with Jonson) no swarms of inarticulate feelings are aroused. The immediate appeal of Jonson is to the mind; his emotional tone is not in the single verse, but in the design of the whole.... [Donne's and Webster's] words have often a network of tentacular roots reaching down to the deepest terrors and desires.

Marshall McLuhan, with reference to Pound, has made much the same distinction. "So that the values of plastic hardness and precision in Chaucer and Ben Jonson are readily overlooked in favor of the rich associations of Shakespeare."[4] We would add Landor and Browning.

We must reject much poetry, then, if we reject that of the surface, poetry which does not aim at plunging to the depths of the human psyche, which does not deal with uncontrollable mysteries on

bestial floors, but which seeks rather to establish moral and civil gradations, dealing with human nature on the same levels as Chaucer and Jane Austen. Such poetry is the product of the sophisticated, supremely civilized consciousness. On one level this may be called manners or decorum, but on another, it must be seen as a detached respect for the harmonious order of all things.

> There is a distinct decadence when interest passes from significance - meaning the total significance of a work - into DETAILS of technique....the aim of technique is that it establish the totality of the whole.
> (Guide to Kulchur, pp. 89 - 90)

> I believe in technique as the test of a man's sincerity.
> (Literary Essays, p. 9)

Sincerity has a precise meaning in Confucian philosophy. It is the state of mind that the student must cultivate in order to understand and achieve union with the harmonious progression of all things. It implies intimate self-knowledge (hence Pound's employment of personae - a means of self-discovery), integrity (Pound's refusals to compromise have cost him heavily), and a precision of language based on solid learning in the tradition of the ancients. It also implies a purity of motive:

> In a country in love with amateurs, in a country where the incompetent have such beautiful manners, and personalities so fragile and charming, that one cannot bear to injure their feelings by the introduction of competent criticism, it is well that one man should have a vision of perfection and that he should be sick to the death and disconsolate because he cannot attain it.
> (Literary Essays, p. 371)

If the body of Pound's poetry is diverse, it is ordered by the Aristotelian and Confucian doctrine of respect for particular modes of existence. Pound's superficially random insights must be seen as a unified perception of multiple gradations in the natural order. This is the insight - deep or not, as you please - that Pound finally leaves us with. The mastery of technique is the sine qua non of an essentially moral endeavor.

Pound stands with Chaucer and Shakespeare as a miglior fabbro, one of the few catholic masters of English verse technique. What will future generations say of his astonishing achievement?

APPENDIX - A CHRONOLOGY

Flame burns, rain sinks into the cracks
And they all go to rack ruin beneath the thud of the years.
Stands genius a deathless adornment,
a name not to be worn out with the years.
(Pound, Homage to Sextus Propertius, I)

1885 - Ezra Loomis Pound born, Hailey, Idaho, son of Homer L. and Isabel Weston Pound.

1901 - Entered University of Pennsylvania with special status to study comparative literature. Met Hilda Doolittle, Richard Aldington (who later married), William Carlos Williams.

1903 - Transferred to Hamilton. Ph.B. at Hamilton. Instructor in Romance
1905 Languages at University of Pennsylvania.

1906 - M. A. at Univ. of Penn. Trip to France, Italy, and Spain, doing research on Lope de Vega for thesis.

1907 - Instructor in Romance Languages for four months at Wabash College, Crawfordsville, Indiana. Fired as "the Latin Quarter type." Went to Gibraltar by cattle-boat, practically penniless.

1908 - First book of poems, A Lume Spento, published in Venice, Italy. Went to London. Met Ford Madox Hueffer (Ford), who started the English Review; spent afternoons at his home, South Lodge, discussing vers libre and the prosody of Provençal poets. Visited William Butler Yeats on Monday evenings. Joined T. E. Hulme's poetry club and shortly resigned. Published A Quinzane for This Yule. Ernest Fenollosa died in Japan.

1909 - Published Personae, Exultations. Joined Hulme's reformed club again. Diaghilev's Russian Ballet opened in Paris.

1910 - Published Spirit of Romance, Provença. Met Wyndham Lewis and Gaudier-Brzeska, for whose sculpture he found buyers. Spent evenings with Hulme in Frith Street. Cubist painters in Paris; Stravinsky's Firebird ballet.

1911 - Published Canzoni. Interested in "non-representational" art. Stravinsky's Petrouchka, starring Nijinski, in Paris.

1912 - Published Ripostes, "the book that began modern poetry." Spent evenings with Yeats at Woburn Place. Became Foreign Editor of Harriet Monroe's Chicago magazine, Poetry; published poems in the October issue. Published translation of The Sonnets and Ballads of Guido Cavalcanti. Reading French symbolists, especially Gautier, Rimbaud,

and Corbière. Created "Imagiste" movement, involving H. D., Aldington, and Hulme. Nijinski's succès scandale, The Afternoon of a Faun, in Paris.

1913 - Published imagist manifesto, "A Few Don'ts," in Poetry. Spent several months with Yeats at Stone Cottage, Coleman's Hatch. Met Amy Lowell. Secured publication for William Carlos Williams's The Tempters.

1914 - Made literary executor of Fenollosa's estate, gaining access to his notes. Met T. S. Eliot, then at Merton College, Oxford; got Prufrock published in Poetry, Portrait of a Lady published in H. L. Mencken's Smart Set. Published an anthology, Des Imagistes, in New York. Published in June and July issues of Blast, the anthology of the vorticists, along with Aldington, Eliot, Lewis, Epstein, and Gaudier-Brzeska. Vorticists formed short-lived Rebel Art Center, which failed from lack of students. Increasingly interested in plastic arts. Advisor to Harriet Shaw Weaver, editor of London Magazine Egoist; Aldington assistant editor, and later Eliot. Married Dorothy Shakespear. James Joyce's Dubliners published. Yeats' Responsibilities published, showing the traces of Fenollosa and Pound's imagism.

1915 - Published Cathay; edited and introduced The Poetical Works of Lionel Johnson; edited Catholic Anthology "to get Eliot's poems into print."

1916 - Published Lustra, Gaudier-Brzeska: A Memoir, and Certain Noble Plays of Japan. Collaborating with Yeats in study of Japanese drama.

1917 - Made Foreign Editor of Margaret Anderson's Little Review, more experimental than Poetry. Secured publication for Eliot's first volume, Prufrock and Other Poems. Published translations of "Noh" or Accomplishment (Japanese drama), Dialogues of Fontenelle. Published Selected Passages from the Letters of J. B. Yeats to His Son, W. B. Yeats.

1918 - Published Pavannes and Divisions (critical essays); essay on Henry James. Began Cantos.

1919 - Published Quia Pauper Amavi, containing Homage to Sextus Propertius.

1920 - Published Hugh Selwyn Mauberley, Umbra (selected poems). Eliot's second volume, Poems, and The Sacred Wood (criticism). Dial magazine began in America. Published Instigations, containing Fenollosa's Notes on the Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry.

1921 - Published Poems 1918 - 1921 containing four Cantos. Moved to Paris.

1922 - Published translation of Rémy de Gourmont's Physique de L'Amour. Edited Eliot's The Waste Land, published in Dial dedicated to Pound.

1923 - Met Gertrude Stein, Ernest Hemingway and others in Paris. Published Indiscretions, an autobiography. Trips to Rapallo, Italy.
1924 - Published Antheil and the Treatise on Harmony. Ford Madox Ford's Transatlantic Review began in Paris. Moved to Rapallo.
1925 - Published A Draft of 16 Cantos. Much correspondence.
1926 - Personae (collected poems). Mauberley published in America. Pound's influence began to decline; Eliot's, to spread.
1927 - Edited magazine, Exile. Received Dial Award.
1928 - Exile stopped. Published 17-27 Cantos, Selected Poems (edited by Eliot), translation of Confucius' Ta Hio, The Great Digest.
1929 - How to Read, a series of articles in the New York Times.
1930 - Published Imaginary Letters.
1931 - Guido Cavalcanti, Rime, a text with notes by Pound.
1932 - Edited Profile anthology.
1933 - Published A Draft of 30 Cantos, Active Anthology, ABC of Economics.
1934 - 11 New Cantos, ABC of Reading, Make It New (criticism).
1935 - Jefferson and/or Mussolini, Alfred Venison's Poems, Social Credit: An Impact.
1936 - Foreword and notes to edition of Fenollosa essay.
1937 - The Fifth Decade of Cantos; Polite Essays.
1938 - Guide to Kulchur
1939 - Brief trip to America; honorary degree from Hamilton College. Return to Rapallo. Published What is Money For?
1940 - Cantos 52-71; A Selection of Poems.
1942 - Confucio: Studio Integrale; Carta da Visita.
1943 - Broadcast for Fascists; indicted by U.S. Government for treason.
1944 - Introduzione alla Natura Economica degli Stati Uniti; Oro e Lavoro; L'America, Roosevelt, e le Cause della Guerra Presente.
1945 - Taken by American soldiers, imprisoned in open-air cage near Pisa at D.T.C. Later moved to medical tent, held incommunicado. Translated Confucius, wrote Cantos. Returned to U. S. to stand trial for treason. Trial dismissed; Pound committed to St. Elizabeth's Hospital, Washington, D.C., as insane. Wife, Eliot, and James Laughlin made his legal agents.
1947 - Published translation of Confucius, The Unwobbling Pivot and the Great Digest.
1948 - Published Pisan Cantos, 72-84; If This Be Treason. Awarded the Bollingen Prize.
1949 - Personae (definitive edition of early poetry), Selected Poems (new edition of 1928 volume).
1950 - The Letters of Ezra Pound; Instigations republished; translation of Confucius' Analects published.
1953 - Translations (selected), Literary Essays (edited by T. S. Eliot), Guide to Kulchur and Spirit of Romance republished.

1954 - New translations published, The Women of Trachis by Sophocles and The Classic Anthology Defined by Confucius.

1956 - Published Rock-Drill: Cantos 85-95. Pound remains in St. Elizabeth's Hospital.

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FOOTNOTES

FOREWORD

1. In 1934 Pound, sitting at Rapallo like Eccentricity on a monument, announced that he was giving up literature for economics. Fortunately, no one took him seriously, imagining this pronouncement merely an attempt to share the éclat of T. S. Eliot's 1927 "royalist, classicist, and Anglo-Catholic" confessio fidei. Now, at seventy, Pound still produces poetry of unlowered caliber from the confines of the Federal mad-house.

2. Pound would agree, I think, that it is useless to speak of historical "progress" in the art of poetry. This is neither to deny that certain poetry is better than other nor that certain ages have presented more auspicious premises to the poet than others. Different ages offer new possibilities, form new sensibilities, but likewise present their characteristic hobgoblins to the poet. The historical process of poetic technique is one of discovery, consolidation, loss, and (sometimes) rediscovery. T. E. Hulme, a major influence on Pound's thought, speaks to the point: "You will find the burst of poetic activity at the time of Elizabeth put down to the discovery of America. The discovery of America had about as much effect on the Courtier poets at that time as the discovery of a new asteroid would have had on the poetic activity of Swinburne. The real reason was, I take it, that the first opportunity was given for the exercise of verse composition by the introduction of all kinds of new matter and new forms from Italy and France."

"It must be admitted that verse forms, like manners, and like individuals, develop and die. They evolve from their initial freedom to decay and finally to virtuosity. They disappear before the new man, burdened with the thought more complex and more difficult to express by the old name ....Imitative poetry springs up like weeds.... It becomes the expression of sentimentality rather than virile thought." (Sam Hynes, editor, Further Speculations of T. E. Hulme, Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 1955, pp 68-69.)

3. Poetry as imitation (Aristotelian) is the largest assumption on which this thesis rests.

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INTRODUCTION

1. Pound knows English, Greek, Latin, French, Italian, Spanish, Provençal, German, Anglo-Saxon, and Chinese.

2. I have not seen it, but I understand that a poem by Pound appears in The Oxford Book of Victorian Verse. There is as wry an irony in that as in the skeleton in Pound's closet: he is related, on his mother's side, to Henry Wadsworth Longfellow.

3. Richard Aldington, "A Book for Literary Philosophers" in Poetry, Vol. 16, p. 215.

4. John Peale Bishop, Collected Essays, New York, Charles Scribner's Sons, 1948, pp. 267-268.

5. All numbered Odes, unless otherwise designated, are from the Classic Anthology.

6. R. P. Blackmur, The Double Agent, New York, Arrow editions, 1935, pp. 30-31.

7. Ibid, p. 36.

8. "It was in 1922 that I placed before him in Paris the manuscript of a sprawling chaotic poem called The Waste Land which left his hands, reduced to about half its size, in the form in which it appears in print." (T. S. Eliot, "Ezra Pound," in An Examination of Ezra Pound, edited by Peter Russell, Norfolk, Connecticut, New Directions, 1950, p. 28) Eliot dedicated the poem to Pound as "il miglior fabbro," "The better maker," the term Dante applies in Purgatorio XXVI to Arnaut Daniel, the Provençal poet on whom Pound did an essay and translations in 1920. Eliot's acquaintance with Cavalcanti (c.f. Ash Wednesday) may be traced to Pound. Indeed, Eliot's whole career up to The Four Quartets was greatly indebted to Pound, not only for securing publishing outlets [Pound's letters to the reluctant editress of Poetry: A Magazine of Verse, Harriet Monroe, are prize chapters in literary history: "I was jolly well right about Eliot. He has sent in the best poem (Prufrock) I have yet had or seen from an American. PRAY GOD IT BE NOT A SINGLE AND UNIQUE SUCCESS.... No, most emphatically I will not ask Eliot to write down to any audience whatsoever. I dare say my instinct was sound enough when I volunteered to quit the magazine quietly about a year ago. Neither will I send you Eliot's address in order that he may be insulted." (D.D. Paige,

editor, The Letters of Ezra Pound, New York, Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1950, pp. 40, 44, 45.) - not only for securing publication, then, or for early critical and financial support, but also for many of the famous critical insights, such as the cultural tradition and the contemporaneity of all history and literature (Tradition and The Individual Talent, 1919) and the "objective correlative" theory of poetic imitation (Hamlet and His Problems, 1919). Pound had discussed both ideas in the 1910 Spirit of Romance:

"It is dawn at Jerusalem while midnight hovers above the Pillars of Hercules. All ages are contemporaneous.... This is especially true of literature, where the real time is independent of the apparent, and where many dead men are our grandchildren's contemporaries, while many of our contemporaries have been already gathered into Abraham's bosom, or some more fitting receptacle."

"What we need is a literary scholarship, which will weigh Theocritus and Yeats with one balance, and which will judge dull dead men as inexorably as dull writers of today, and will, with equity, give praise to beauty before referring to an almanack." (p.8) How loyally Eliot responded to this call his Selected Essays bears triumphant witness.

Eliot has not bitten the hand that fed him. "I have in recent years cursed Mr.Pound often enough, for I am never sure that I can call my verse my own; just when I am most pleased with myself, I find that I have caught up some echo from a verse of Mr. Pound's.... My own critical debt to him is as great as my debt in versification." (T. S. Eliot, "Isolated Superiority," in Dial, LXXXIV, p. 7)

9. T. S. Eliot, "Ezra Pound" in Russell, editor, An Examination of Ezra Pound, p. 35.

10. T. S, Eliot, "Isolated Superiority", loc.cit., p. 5. This statement may be considered a synecdoche for the whole thesis.

11. Pound has somewhere suggested Chinese as a substitute for Greek in academies. It appears, unfortunately, that traditional Chinese may rapidly assume, like Greek, the status of a dead language. Peking has announced plans to "simplify and standardize" the alphabet: "We are in the age of speed. We must move quickly in order to reach socialism." This brainwashing of the language is all the more alarming when we realize that it will dismiss such felicities and complexities of insight as that contained in the Chinese word for "good": an ideogram of mother and child.

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Part I: IMAGE - PHANOPOEIA

1. T. S. Eliot, Selected Essays, New York, Harcourt, Brace and Company, 1950, pp. 124-125

2. Ibid., "The Metaphysical Poets," pp. 241-250.

3. The Literary Essays of Ezra Pound, edited by T. S. Eliot, Norfolk, Connecticut, New Directions, 1953. Quotations here are from pp.154-155. Elsewhere in this paper, where a reference is made to an essay in this collection, pages will be cited in the text.

4. Ezra Pound, Guide to Kulchur, Norfolk, Connecticut, New Directions, 1953, pp.98-99. Hereafter references will be given in the text. Pound tells the story of the Parisian biologist who, after writing the definitive book on crocodiles, went to Africa to look at one. A crocodile chased him and he took refuge in a tree. When the crocodile began to climb after him, the distressed specialist screamed, "Non! Non! Les Crocodiles ne montent pas des arbres!"

5. Ezra Pound, in Postscript to The Natural Philosophy of Love, by Remy de Gourmont, translated by Pound, London, Casanova Society, 1926, p. 174.

6. William Butler Yeats, from an address at a dinner in 1912 in honor of Wilfred Blunt. Quoted by Ezra Pound in "Homage to Wilfred Blunt," Poetry, Vol. 3, p.223.

7. T. S. Eliot, "Ezra Pound," in An Examination of Ezra Pound, edited by Peter Russell, Norfolk, Connecticut, New Directions, 1950., p. 25.

8. Lengthy disputes have been waged as to "who founded Imagism," Pound or Hulme. Stanley K.Coffman gives the most reliable account of the history of the group in Imagism, a Chapter for the History of Modern Poetry, Norman, University of Oklahoma Press, 1951. The most distorted account I have seen is in Glenn Hughes, Imagism and the Imagists, Stanford, California, Stanford University Press, 1931.

Pound met Hulme in 1908, and joined Hulme's "poetry club". By 1910 the club had disbanded, but Pound continued to see Hulme in literary salons, and attended Hulme's "evenings" in Frith Street. Early in 1912, Pound, Hilda Doolittle (H. D), and Richard Aldington met in a tea-shop in Kensington, near Pound's apartment. Pound selected some of H. D.'s poems for Poetry, calling them "imagist". In the same year he published Ripostes, his first work to

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show
a strong Imagist manner. Included at the end of this volume were five poems by T. E. Hulme. In a Prefatory Note to them, Pound said, "As for the future, Les Imagistes, the descendants of the forgotten school of 1909, have that in their keeping." In the spring or early summer of 1912, Pound, H. D., and Aldington drew up the famous "Imagist manifesto" concerning imagery, speech, and rhythm:

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

It was published in Poetry in March, 1913. In 1913, Amy Lowell arrived in London, having published a volume of sentimental Tennysonian verse, A Dome of Many-Coloured Glass. She met Pound, and in 1914 produced her first imagist poems in Sword Blades and Poppy Seeds. Returning to America, she capitalized on imagism and vers libre in a somewhat irresponsible manner. She and Pound quarrelled, and Pound withdrew from the "Amy gist" movement (H. D. and Aldington had transferred their loyalties to Amy, sored by Pound's browbeatings) to join the Vorticists.

9. Sam Hynes, editor, Further Speculations by T. E. Hulme, Minneapolis, University of Minnesota Press, 1955, p.73.

10. The publication of Ripostes in 1912 is the most satisfactory date for the beginning of modern poetry.

11. This work is out of print and largely unavailable. I quote it from The Oxford Anthology of American Literature, New York, Oxford University Press, 1941, p. 1276. The quotations from Pound's book are on pp. 100-107.

12. Note: "Jewel stairs, therefore a palace. Grievance, therefore there is something to complain of. Gauze stockings, therefore a court lady, not a servant who complains. Clear autumn, therefore he has no excuse on account of the weather. Also she has come early, for the dew has not merely whitened the stairs, but has soaked her stockings. The poem is especially prized because she utters no direct reproach." Ezra Pound, Personae, Norfolk, Connecticut, New Directions, 1949, p. 132.

13. Ezra Pound, ABC of Reading, Norfolk, Connecticut, New Directions, 1951, p. 52.

14. Literary Essays, p. 25.

15. Cleanth Brooks and Robert Penn Warren, editors, Understanding Poetry, New York, Henry Holt and Co., 1949, p. 175.

16. Moving out of the Imagist circle by 1914, Pound became involved with a London group interested in plastic relations and purely abstract art, among whom were Wyndham Lewis, T. S. Eliot, Jacob Epstein, Gaudier, and Arnold Dolmetsch, the musician. In June the first issue of the Vorticist review, Blast, appeared, as unconventional in content as it was in format (Magenta cover and elliptic typography).

17. Hugh Kenner, The Poetry of Ezra Pound, Norfolk, Connecticut, New Directions, 1951, p. 63. Mr. Kenner is Pound's most perceptive critic and I am largely indebted to his brilliant insights. As one reviewer has pointed out, though, "It is too much a feature of the Kenner Pound that he relentlessly succeed."

18. Ezra Pound, Pavannes and Divisions, New York, Alfred A. Knopf, 1918, p. 253.

19. In 1914 Pound was made literary executor for the estate of the Orientalist Ernest Fenollosa. Among his papers was The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry, an ars poetica that Pound has not been alone in considering the only document of our time to compare with Sidney's Apologie, Shelley's Defense, and the Preface to the Lyrical Ballads. It is from this document that we may date Pound's interest in Chinese history, philosophy and poetry, an interest that has borne fruit in The Cantos, the translations of Confucius, and the Classic Anthology of odes.

20. I draw this suggestion from Hugh Gordon Porteus, "Ezra Pound and his Chinese Character: A Radical Examination," in Peter Russell, op. cit., p. 216.

21. Ernest Fenollosa, The Chinese Written Character as a Medium for Poetry, abridged, in The Little Review Anthology, edited by Margaret Anderson, New York, Hermitage House, Inc., 1953, p. 192.

22. Ibid, p. 202.

Part II: SPEECH - LOGOPOEIA

1. Ezra Pound, "Guido's Relations," in Dial, July, 1929, p. 561.

2. Ezra Pound, "A Letter," in Poetry, Vol. 7, p. 321.

3. Ezra Pound, "Editorial," in The Little Review Anthology, edited by Margaret Anderson, New York, Hermitage House, Inc., 1953, p. 100.

4. Anyone seeking a rationale (not a justification) for Pound's war-time alliance with Mussolini could do worse than consider, first, the ideal of civil order contemplated by fascism and, next, de Tocqueville's account of the ill effects of democracy on precision and clarity in language (Democracy in America). In avoiding the whole question raised in 1948 by the awarding of the Library of Congress' Bollingen Prize to a "fascist and Jew-hater," I am not hiding my head in the sand, ostrich-fashion. The issue raised is whether a poet may be judged by "extraneous" political or moral considerations, and is too large to broach here. One does not excuse Pound by pointing out "atrocities" in Dante and Shakespeare (though they are there). Allen Tate has given his reason for voting for the award: "The health of literature depends on the health of society, and conversely.... As a result of observing Pound's use of language in the past thirty years I had become convinced that he had done more than any other man to regenerate the language, if not the imaginative forms, of English verse." Tate calls Pound's political and social opinions, however, "childish and detestable." (Allen Tate, The Forlorn Demon, Chicago, Henry Regnery, 1953, pp. 156-60.)

Part III: RHYTHM - MELOPOEIA

1. Paull Franklin Baum, Principles of English Versification, Cambridge, Harvard University Press, 1922, p. 151.

2. Pound and W. H. Auden have been almost alone in their refusal to condemn Renaissance experiments in classical metres. Accepted opinion on the subject is a dutiful nod in Saintsbury's direction, such as Gilbert Highet's supercilious reference to Gabriel Harvey's "notorious letters." (The Classical Tradition)

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3. Derek Traversi, "Spenser's Faerie Queen," in The Age of Chaucer, edited by Boris Ford, Baltimore, Penguin Books, 1955, p. 221.

4. In defining various types of literary criticism, Pound has listed composition in the style of a given writer or period as of primary importance. It is the most difficult and also the most penetrating sort of criticism.

5. For thousands of years the Chinese civil service examination was an examination in poetry, principally the 305 Odes anthologized by Confucius.

6. I would say Shakespeare without a feeling of largesse if there were room for a detailed metrical examination of Hugh Selwyn Mauberley and The Cantos. Pound's affinities, however, are more with Jonson and Chaucer than with Shakespeare, as I shall try to make clear. Pound's discussion of the relative merits of Chaucer and Shakespeare in the ABC of Reading is, incidentally, the most illuminating critical insight into Chaucer I have read. He stands after Dryden in the line of great Chaucerian poet-critics.

Part IV: FORM AND PERSONAE

1. Donald Davie, Articulate Energy: An Inquiry into the Syntax of English Poetry, London, Routledge and Kegan Paul, 1955, pp. 11-12. While I disagree with the major lines of Mr. Davie's argument, I am indebted to his book for many suggestive ideas.

2. Ibid., p. 122.

3. I realize that this raises the enormous question of just how far we may consider words in poetry as "things." Words are a more recalcitrant medium than the paint of the artist or the stone of the sculptor just because they do contain so much "meaning" before the poet shapes them; i.e., there is a wealth of meaning in a dictionary that is not present in a tube of oil paint.

4. Hugh Kenner, op. cit., p. 189.

5. T. S. Eliot, Selected Essays, New York, Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1950, pp. 7-11. The essay, "Tradition and the Individual Talent," is a landmark in modern criticism.

6. Hugh Kenner, in introduction to The Translations of Ezra Pound, Norfolk, Connecticut, New Directions, 1953, p. 11.

7. Francis Fergusson, The Idea of a Theater, New York, Doubleday Anchor Books, 1953, pp. 251-255.

8. Ibid., p. 253.

9. The quotation may be found at greater length in Hugh Kenner, The Poetry of Ezra Pound, p. 121.

10. Ibid., p. 122.

11. Malcolm Cowley, Exile's Return, New York, Viking, 1951, p. 121.

12. Ezra Pound, "A Study in French Poets," in The Little Review Anthology, edited by Margaret Anderson, New York, Hermitage House, 1953, p. 173.

13. Hugh Kenner, The Poetry of Ezra Pound, p. 152.

14. Mauberley (1920) is the last poetry before The Cantos.

15. Stanley Hyman has committed the outstanding critical boner concerning the poem by taking Capaneus, not as one of the seven against Thebes, but as a "minor Greek poet."

16. Part I is entitled Hugh Selwyn Mauberley: Life and Contacts; Part II, in five movements, is entitled Mauberley.

Conclusion: IL MIGLIOR FABBRO

1. Ezra Pound, "Summary," in The Little Review Anthology, p. 146.

2. Edmund Wilson, Shores of Light, New York, Farrar, Straus, and Young, 1952, p. 45.

3. T. S. Eliot, Selected Essays, New York, Harcourt, Brace and Co., 1950, pp. 127-139.

4. Marshall McLuhan, "Pound's Critical Prose," in Peter Russell, op. cit., p. 169.

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