

# Modern Poetry: MAKING IT NEW

Professor Michele Leggott \* Professor Helen Sword



ENGLISH 222  
English, Drama and Writing Studies

## DISTRIBUTION WARNING NOTICE

This coursebook is available only to students enrolled in  
ENGLISH 222 at the University of Auckland.  
No content must be copied or made available to other persons.

Compiled by Michele Leggott, Fredrika van Elburg and April-Rose Geers.  
Designed by April-Rose Geers and Makyla Curtis.

### Cover and Front Matter Credits

Front Cover: Charles Demuth. *The Figure 5 in Gold*. 1928. Photograph of painting. Oil, graphite, ink and gold leaf on paperboard. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. *Wikimedia Commons*. Web. 28 May 2015.

Half Title: [*Hugo Ball performing at Cabaret Voltaire in 1916*]. 1 Jan. 1916. Photograph. Kunsthau Zurich. *Wikimedia Commons*. 7 June 2015.

Back Cover: William Carlos Williams. "The Great Figure." *Sour Grapes*. Boston: Four Seas, 1921. 78. *Internet Archive*. Web. 29 May 2015.

### Copyright Warning Notice

This material is protected by copyright and has been copied by and solely for the educational purposes of the University under licence. You may not sell, alter or further reproduce or distribute any part of this material to any other persons. Where provided to you in electronic format, you may only print from it for your own private study and research. Failure to comply with the terms of this warning may expose you to legal action for copyright infringement and/or disciplinary action by the University.



# Contents

<b>SAMPLING MODERNIST TEXTS</b>		5
[Wyndham Lewis, et al.]	Manifesto I.3	7
Ezra Pound	Canto I (Excerpt)	8
Lola Ridge	Morning Ride	9
Gertrude Stein	Idem the Same (Excerpt)	10
William Carlos Williams	Danse Russe	11
Virginia Woolf	Orlando: The Holograph Draft (Excerpt)	12
	Orlando: A Biography (Excerpt)	13
<b>CLOSE READING MODERN AND CONTEMPORARY POETRY</b>		15
Roger Horrocks, et al.	What is this poem doing?	17
Rachel Blau DuPlessis	Poetry Questions	19
<b>IMAGISM: HD, POUND AND WILLIAMS</b>		23
Ezra Pound	A Few Don'ts	25
HD	Oread	30
Ezra Pound	In A Station of the Metro	30
Ezra Pound	The Jewel Stairs' Grievance	31
William Carlos Williams	'In passing with my mind'	32
William Carlos Williams	'So much depends'	33
	This is Just to Say	33
<b>HD SEA GARDEN</b>		35
Sea Rose		37
Pursuit		37
Sea Lily		38
Sheltered Garden		38
Sea Poppies		39
Sea Violet		39
Sea Iris		39
Hermes of the Ways		40
<b>WRITING MEMORY: RIDGE AND MANSFIELD</b>		41
Lola Ridge	"Sleep, Dolores"	43
Lola Ridge	To an Old Playfellow	44
Lola Ridge	To the Free Children	45
Lola Ridge	Will Shakespeare Sees the Children...	46
Katherine Mansfield	Prelude (Excerpt)	47
<b>MODERNISM MANIFESTOS &amp; TRISTAN TZARA'S MĀORI DADA</b>		51
FT Marinetti	The Founding and Manifesto of Futurism	53
Mina Loy	Feminist Manifesto	58
Wyndham Lewis	Long Live the Vortex!	61
Wyndham Lewis	Our Vortex	62
Hugo Ball	Dada Manifesto	65
Tristan Tzara	Dada Manifesto	68
[Tristan Tzara]	Toto-Vaca	76
Edward Shortland	Toto Waka	77
Eugène Jolas, et al.	The Revolution of the Word	81
André Breton and Paul Éluard	Notes on Poetry	83
André Breton	First Manifesto on Surrealism, 1924	84

<b>ORPHEUS AND EURYDICE: RILKE, HD AND LAWRENCE</b>	89
Rainer Maria Rilke	Orpheus. Eurydice. Hermes. 91
Rainer Maria Rilke	The Sonnets to Orpheus (Selections) 94
HD	Eurydice 100
DH Lawrence	Medlars and Sorb-Apples 102
<b>VIRGINIA WOOLF   KEW GARDENS</b>	105
From Monday or Tuesday (1921)	107
Illustrated Editions (Selections)	122
First Edition, Hogarth (1919)	122
Hogarth Facsimile Reprint of Hogarth (1927)	125
Richard West Facsimile Reprint of Hogarth (1927)	127
<b>LANGSTON HUGHES   THE WEARY BLUES (SELECTIONS)</b>	129
Proem	131
The Weary Blues	132
Jazzonia	133
The Cat and the Saxophone	133
Cabaret	134
To Midnight Nan at Leroy's	134
Harlem Nightclub	135
The Negro Speaks of Rivers	135
When Sue Wears Red	136
Suicide's Note	136
Danse Africaine	136
Mother to Son	137
Epilogue	137
<b>FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA   POET IN NEW YORK (SELECTIONS)</b>	139
After a Walk	141
1910 (Intermezzo)	142
Dawn	143
The King of Harlem	144
Christmas on the Hudson	149
Sleepless City (Brooklyn Bridge Nocturne)	151
Blacks Dancing to Cuban Rhythms	153
<b>ERN MALLEY THE DARKENING ECLIPTIC (SELECTIONS)</b>	155
Preface and Statement	157
Dürer: Innsbruck, 1495	158
Sybilline	159
Documentary Film	160
Perspective Lovesong	162
Culture as Exhibit	163
Egyptian Register	164
Petit Testament	166
<b>BIBLIOGRAPHY</b>	169

# SAMPLING MODERNIST TEXTS



Image: [Carl Van Vechten]. *Gertrude Stein with Basket II and Marie Laurencin's Portrait of Basket II*. N.d. Photograph. *Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas Papers*. Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library: *Digital Collections*. Yale University Library. Web. 5 June 2015.

[Wyndham Lewis et al.]

## CURSE 3

WITH EXPLETIVE OF WHIRLWIND  
 THE BRITANNIC ÆSTHETE  
 CREAM OF THE SNOBBISH EARTH  
 ROSE OF SHARON OF GOD-PRIG  
 OF SIMIAN VANITY  
 SNEAK AND SWOT OF THE SCHOOL-  
 ROOM

IMBERB (or Berbed when in Belsize)-PEDANT  
 PRACTICAL JOKER  
 DANDY  
 CURATE

**BLAST** all products of phlegmatic cold  
 Life of LOOKER-ON.

**CURSE**

**SNOBBERY**  
 (disease of femininity)  
**FEAR OF RIDICULE**  
 (arch vice of inactive, sleepy)  
**PLAY**  
**STYLISM**  
**SINS AND PLAGUES**  
 of this **LYMPHATIC** finished  
 (we admit in every sense  
 finished)  
**VEGETABLE HUMANITY.**





AND then went down to the ship,  
 Set keel to breakers, forth on the godly sea, and  
 We set up mast and sail on that swart ship,  
 Bore sheep aboard her, and our bodies also  
 Heavy with weeping, and winds from sternward  
 Bore us out onward with belling canvas,  
 Circe's this craft, the trim-coifed goddess.  
 Then sat we amidships, wind-jamming the tiller,  
 Thus with stretched sail, we went over sea till day's end.  
 Sun to his slumber, shadows o'er all the ocean,  
 Came we then to the bounds of deepest water,  
 To the Kimmerian lands, and peopled cities  
 Covered with close-webbed mist, unpierced ever

Νέκυομαντεία

With glitter of sun-rays;  
 Nor with stars stretched, nor looking back from heaven,  
 Swartest night stretched over wretched men there.  
 The ocean flowing backward, came we then to the place  
 Aforesaid by Circe.  
 Here did they rites, Perimedes and Eurylochus,  
 And drawing sword from my hip  
 I dug the ell-square pitkin;  
 Poured we libations unto each the dead,  
 First mead and then sweet wine, water mixed with white flour.  
 Then prayed I many a prayer to the sickly death's-heads;  
 As set in Ithaca, sterile bulls of the best  
 For sacrifice, heaping the pyre with goods,  
 A sheep to Tiresias only, black and a bell-sheep.  
 Dark blood flowed in the fosse,  
 Souls out of Erebus, cadaverous dead, of brides  
 Of youths and of the old who had borne much;  
 Souls stained with recent tears, girls tender,

Ai

## MORNING RIDE

HEADLINES chanting—

youth  
lynched ten years ago  
cleared—

Skyscrapers  
seeming still  
whirling on their concrete  
bases,  
windows  
fanged—  
leo frank  
lynched ten  
say it with flowers  
wrigley's spearmint gum  
carter's little liver—  
lean  
to the soft blarney of the wind  
fooling with your hair,  
look  
milk-clouds oozing over the blue  
Step Lively Please  
Let 'Em Out First Let 'Em Out  
did he too feel it on his forehead,  
the gentle raillery of the wind,  
as the rope pulled taut over the tree  
in the cool dawn?

[67]

*Idem the Same***A VALENTINE TO SHERWOOD ANDERSON**

I knew too that through them I knew too that he was through, I knew too that he threw them, I knew too that they were through, I knew too I knew too, I knew I knew them.

I knew to them.

If they tear a hunter through, if they tear through a hunter, if they tear through a hunt and a hunter, if they tear through the different sizes of the six, the different sizes of the six which are these, a woman with a white package under one arm and a black package under the other arm and dressed in brown with a white blouse, the second Saint Joseph the third a hunter in a blue coat and black garters and a plaid cap, a fourth a knife grinder who is full faced and a very little woman with black hair and a yellow hat and an excellently smiling appropriate soldier. All these as you please.

In the meantime example of the same lily. In this way please have you rung.

**WHAT DO I SEE**

A very little snail.

A medium sized turkey.

A small band of sheep.

A fair orange tree.

All nice wives are like that.

Listen to them from here.

Oh.

You did not have an answer.

Here.

Yes.

**A VERY VALENTINE**

Very fine is my valentine.

Very fine and very mine.

Very mine is my valentine very mine and very fine.

Very fine is my valentine and mine, very fine very mine and mine is my valentine.



## DANSE RUSSE

If I when my wife is sleeping  
and the baby and Kathleen  
are sleeping  
and the sun is a flame-white disc  
in silken mists  
above shining trees,—  
if I in my north room  
danse naked, grotesquely  
before my mirror  
waving my shirt round my head  
and singing softly to myself:  
“I am lonely, lonely.

[44]

I was born to be lonely.  
I am best so!”  
If I admire my arms, my face  
my shoulders, flanks, buttocks  
against the yellow drawn shades,—

who shall say I am not  
the happy genius of my household?

[45]

Orlando/Page 184

## Chapter Four

~~#####~~

| This cloud, it will be remembered, [?] stayed for a long time over  
 England; or rather ~~it~~ did not stay but moved incessantly  
 & [?] aimlessly, ~~blown~~ at the caprice of a blustering ~~sea-west~~  
 wherever it came from gale, which blew, now from the west now from the north,  
 but seemed always / laden with moisture. & ~~Frequent~~  
 Though it fell in fitful gusts, which were no sooner  
 Rain fell frequently but never with any great violence.  
 It left off; over than they began again.  
 but it The atmosphere sufficient violence to exhaust itself. The  
 began again. air was full of The sun shone of course, but generally was  
 When the it set about  
 [?] The sun shone but was so flanked about with clouds that  
 its beams were discoloured, & ~~there was~~ <sup>stains of</sup> purples & oranges  
 & reds of a dull sort predominated over took the place of the  
 more blues & greens, of whites & brown, of summer & winter.  
 [positive?] Damp was everywhere. made its way into every house.  
 And what is more insidious than And there is no  
 more insidious foe to ~~an~~ enemy to life than damp, for while the  
 sun can be shut with blinds & the frost roasted ~~on~~ by a hot  
 fire, damp creeps while we are in bed; steals in  
 per [?] steals steals upon us imperceptibly, <sup>while we sleep,</sup> swelling the  
<sup>swells</sup> wood furring the kettle / rusting the <sup>stone decays.</sup> ~~ste~~ iron; &  
 even when it gets into the wine it turns it sour, or into  
 wine sours. the ink it makes it is diluted. Moreover, So  
 gradual is the ~~app~~ progress of this dissolution that  
 it has probably gone too far to be cured by the time it is  
 discovered. <sup>So</sup> But by degrees the face of England was  
 | changed. The hardy country gentleman who had ~~ha~~  
<sup>sat</sup> had been glad to sit down to a stalwart meal of  
 ales & joints after hammering his horses hooves on a  
 metalled road in a ~~barely~~ room barely furnished &  
 designed with classic dignity now felt the

| A 227, B 205; A 228, B 206



## CHAPTER FIVE

THIS great cloud that hung, not only over London, but over the whole of the British Isles on the first day of the nineteenth century stayed, or rather, did not stay, for it was buffeted about constantly by blustering gales, long enough to have extraordinary consequences upon those who lived beneath its shadow. A change seemed to have come over the climate of England. Rain fell frequently, but only in fitful gusts, which were no sooner over than they began again. The sun shone, of course, but it was so girt about with clouds and the air was so saturated with water, that its beams were discoloured and purples, oranges, and reds of a dull sort took the place of the more positive landscapes of the eighteenth century. Under this bruised and sullen canopy the green of the cabbages was less intense, and the white of the snow was muddied. But what was worse, damp now began to make its way into every house-damp, which is the most insidious of all enemies, for while the sun can be shut out by blinds, and the frost roasted by a hot fire, damp steals in while we sleep; damp is silent, imperceptible, ubiquitous. Damp swells the

227

wood, furs the kettle, rusts the iron, rots the stone. So gradual is the process, that it is not until we pick up some chest of drawers, or coal scuttle, and the whole thing drops to pieces in our hands, that we suspect even that the disease is at work.

228



# CLOSE READING MODERN AND CONTEMPORARY POETRY

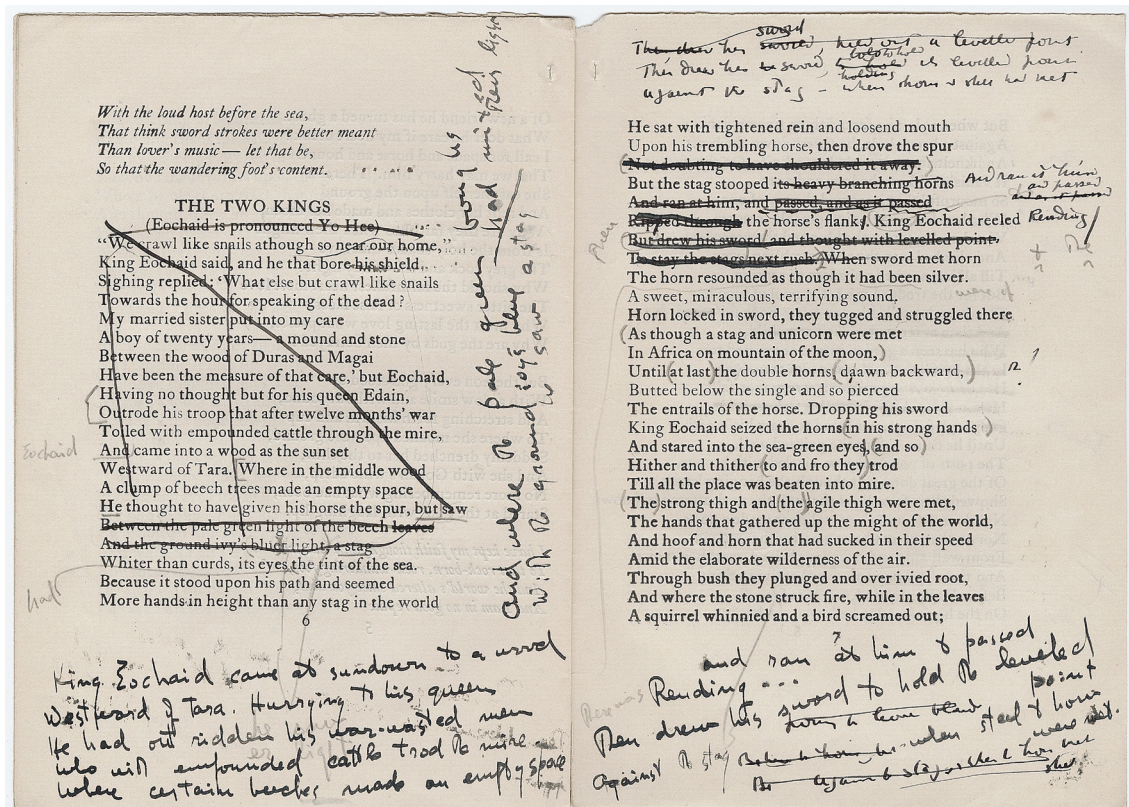


Image: W.B. Yeats. *The Two Kings*. The Cuala Press, 1914. Annotations and corrections by Ezra Pound. 6-7. *Ezra Pound Papers*. Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library: Digital Collections. Yale University Library. Web. 6 June 2015.

## WHAT IS THIS POEM DOING?

**READ poems slowly.** There is normal reading speed (this is how you'll hear most poems delivered) and there is a much lower gear which engages attention to detail. Use it.

**COMPARE notes with other readers.** Everyone learns something new about a poem when it is discussed in a group situation.

**LOOK for contexts to which the poems can be related.** (When was the poem written, and where? What types of language does it use? What sort of poem is it? etc)

**DON'T PANIC about meaning in the poem.** You always know more than you think you do about a piece of writing. Instead of asking "What does this mean" try asking "What is this part of the poem doing?" The question and answer process outlined below should supply a significant amount of information about the poem from which you can begin to consider its 'meaning.'

### GETTING INTO A POEM

1. **Read it slowly.** Bring to the poem the same attention you would give to an important conversation. Read it through several times; if possible read it aloud.  
Look up any words that puzzle or intrigue you - most poets use a dictionary. Look up unfamiliar names or allusions (a reference to Classical mythology or an event in history). You may not be able to locate every reference but don't worry - it is usually possible to get the main drift of a poem even if the occasional line remains obscure.
2. **Who, what, when, and where?** (the literal situation)  
Who is speaking in the poem? Is the speaker addressing a particular person or group? Don't assume that the speaker is always the poet himself or herself. Ask questions: Where is the speaker? Does he or she seem to be in a particular place, landscape, or personal situation? Is a particular time (of day, in history, of life etc.) suggested? What is happening? Is the speaker excited about something? Is a particular problem or conflict suggested?

At this stage, try to be as literal as possible, looking for people and places and particular human problems or excitements, rather than for symbolic meanings. Begin by reading the poem as though it were presenting a literal situation. Think carefully about that situation. What would it be like to find yourself in the situation? How does the speaker in the poem seem to be reacting?

3. **Title**  
What does the title suggest? When you've read the poem several times, consider the title again. Is it an obvious choice? Does it draw attention to a particular aspect of the poem? Some poems don't have titles, and some titles act more like part of the first line, flowing without interruption into the body of the text.
4. **Language**  
Is the style formal or informal? Is there a mixture of formal and informal? Fully formed grammatical structures or fragmented syntax? Do certain words stand out as unusual? Often it is the unusual or puzzling word that holds the key to what is most intense in a poem.



5. **Rhythm**

How does the poem move, and what sort of rhythm does it have? Does it flow or jump, and does this have anything to do with its subject matter? Reading the poem aloud is the best way to pick up its rhythm.

6. **Emotion, tone and subtext**

Try to sense the emotion as indicated by the choice of words, but keep the overall situation in mind. Remember that human beings are complicated - we don't always say exactly what we mean. Sometimes we are ironic or tongue-in-cheek; sometimes we say little when we feel deeply; sometimes we hedge around what we really feel. This complexity is in everyday life, and also present in poetry. The word 'tone' is sometimes used to mean 'emotion' or 'mood' of the poem.

"Tone" may also refer more specifically to the tone of voice in which it seems appropriate to read the poem. The tone of voice may change during the course of a poem.

Imagine that you are listening to someone on the phone. It's an emotional phone conversation and it's important for you to interpret the emotions of the person on the other end of the line. You can't judge facial expression or body language; you must rely on changes in the tone of voice. Is that person cheerful, elated, joking, meditative, angry, sad, disappointed, or holding back his or her feelings?

Sometimes the answer may be obvious; sometimes it may not.

7. **Sensations**

Try to see and hear the scenes being conjured up. This makes the poem more vivid and often helps to clarify the meaning. Does the poem encourage the reader to see, hear, smell, taste, and touch? Pick up sensory information worked into the poem by its author.

8. **Connections**

Can you link up any of the words and images, connecting one line with another? Are any patterns emerging?

9. **The poem as a whole**

What does it 'add up to'? What is its most intense aspect? Are there shifts or changes in the poem? You may find it useful to divide a poem into sections, to think about one part at a time.

10. **Revision** (This is very important)

Does the later part of the poem reinforce your original interpretation? If not you should consider changing it. Re-read the poem carefully and see if you've missed anything or possibly wandered off course. It's better to be tentative in discussing possible interpretations than to be over-confident and to oversimplify the poem.

## POETRY QUESTIONS

---

*(Examples from US poetries)*

Often, when faced with work you want to understand, it is good to try simply to describe it, and then go on systematically to address one of these topics. The rubrics are one place to begin; they are not the last word. If you don't understand what some of these terms mean, please look them up or ask. A few poets' names on this sheet are keyed to important contemporary documents in poetics, or features for which this poet is particularly noted.

**Dictionary: semantic and etymological work.** Look up all words in the poem that you don't know, but also look up some words you do know that seem vital to the poem. Use the OED on-line—access through Temple Library/your university library, Research Data Bases on the Web (for all web-based materials). Figure out what in-depth resonance this knowledge gives to the poem.

**Structure/ Organization of Statement.** Beginning-middle-end. Part/ whole relationships. The meaning of the ending. Questions around closure as a particularly sensitive spot (cf. Hejninian). Dispersive (projective) or "composition by field" (cf. Olson). Emotional arrangement or trajectory. Sequence of disclosure (Oppen). Pace of materials. Collage, montage, juxtaposition, fragment, "interruption" considered as different rhetorics and choices--each of these strategies may have multiple justifications and be used for quite different reasons. Discursive structure, argument. Repetition as a tactic. Variation, cutups, recombining. Seriality.

**Form. Metrics or rhythm in relation to form.** Fixed (received) form or invented form; uses of or allusions to existing fixed forms (e.g. sonnet, sestina), including forms from outside the poetic tradition (e.g. primer, diary, index). Form in relation to the page. Choices of "prose forms" or "writing." Invention of any kind of patterned arrangements. Procedural form. Socio-cultural allusions of particular forms.

**Organization of the Line.** Line break, rhyme, caesura, space inside the line, the size of the line segment, the variety of sizes of line segments. Segmentivity (my term for what distinguishes poetry from prose). What motivates line break in each case. Line in relation to breath and the performing body. Line in relation to syntax. Line break and the meanings of line break in relation to the form. Line in relation to the page and material text (cf. Olson). Line break and semantic hinges. Differences in poetics based on differences in line. Part/ whole relations and the line. Metrics and the establishment of line.

**Imagery. Nature of imagery.** How imagery is deployed, and what kind--tendency to metaphor (something described in terms of another) or to metonymy (additive list-like juxtapositions)? Poetic traditions on which the imagery draws (descriptive, allegorical, metaphysical, surrealist, kenning). Allusions in the imagery. Development of images through the poem. Consistency or inconsistency of images--function? Intensity of images. What imagery is and does in a poem. Argument proposed by the sequence of images.

**Semantic Issues.** The themes, materials and conclusions offered by the text. The unrolling of argument. The "work" done by the text, social, personal, cultural. (Andrews: "Technicians of the Social" answering Rothenberg: "Technicians of the Sacred") The assumptions, values, and conclusions of the text. Method as part of meaning, or as the whole of meaning (cf. Silliman).

Attitudes to and uses of the social, the historical (cf. Howe), to modernity.

**Issues of Sound.** Sound map. Sound pattern, including rhyme--regular or randomized. Metrics and rhythm as part of sound. Levels and intensities of sound (cf. Mackey). Sound in relation to semantic issues: Puns, trans-segmental drift (phonemic drift). Crypt words or shadow words (associative, allusive, behind the word). The "phonotext, acoustical dimensions of poetry, the soundscape" (Bernstein).

**Linguistic Issues.** Diction, diction levels, diction ranges, including poetic diction, colloquial diction. Language modes and their social allusions. Diction, tone and creation of subject position. Key words in a poem and their etymology or historical resonance. Babble, dialect, polyvocality, multi-lingual strategies, heteroglossia, non-standard uses or mixes; idelect, transformation of idioms (cf. Mullen). "Language as productive": uses of dictionary, lateral and horizontal associations; phonemic shifting. Found language, use of documents and social texts. Text generation and intention.

**Genre.** Allusions to or uses of such genres as epic, lyric, ballad, elegy, ode, satire, song, fragment, epistle, manifesto, hymn, cento. Including language, form, subjectivity typical of any of the genres. Relationship of the poem to time (or the temporality used or implied by any given genre). Generic mixes; the heterogeneric, hybridity. "New" genres: such as procedurally derived form, sound or phonemic poetry, non-narrative prose, list. The discovery and use of any generic inspiration: manifesto, alphabet, "writing off" or "through" another poem, homophonic translation.

**Tradition.** Ancestors of the poem or poetics. Intertextualities and allusions to prior poetic work, dialogues between this work and other works, genres, poets. Dialogues between the poem/ poet and other artistic traditions, such as visual artists' works. Anxieties about influence; influence as productive. Traditions more inclusive than the "West." Allusions to other poems and practices. Translation strategies as part of the poem--not necessarily translating from other languages. Working through art of the time, music of the time as the tradition of the poetic work (cf. Coolidge; cf. Mackey). What poem or poets does it appear that this poem draws on? The page as "never blank" (DuPlessis).

**The Poetics.** The theory of the poem (cf. Cage). The method of the poem--method as foregrounded and explored. Its assumptions, its gains, its losses. The philosophical tradition in which it exists. Reasons for writing. Functions of writing. The nature of the poet as defined by the poetics. Claims for the generation of the poem--inspiration, expression, found language, chance, numerological procedures, historical and spiritual imbeddedness and explorations. How is poetic authority assumed and deployed, or avoided?

**Syntax.** Syntax in its relation to line break, to structure, to semantic issues ("meaning"). Pronouns as identifying speaker, addressee. Nature of syntax (parataxis, hypotaxis). Unusual features of syntax related to semantics or to line. Nature of nouns (abstract, concrete, simple, complex). Verb tenses and movement. Phrases, clauses, modifiers. The ways syntax and the line interact to create poetic meaning. The ways meaning shifts when order of phrases is shifted. Syntax and line together controlling the "sequence of disclosure" (Oppen).

**"Voice" and/ or "Consciousness."** Notions of subjectivity displayed in the work. The kinds of "I," if any (cf. Duncan: multiplication of subjectivities). Critique of, or use of narrative, meditative, dramatic, or lyric kinds of subjectivity. Besides "I," other pronouns and their functions and social roles in poems. Experiments with consciousness in its relation to language. "I/you" relations in the poem. The uses of figures of Other or interlocutors or listeners as depicted in the poem. Who or what is the implied "ear." Are there characters or personae in the poem? Questions of subjectivity in collaboration. Who is author; what is authorship? Gender materials and other social locations as manifest in text.

**Material Text.** Page space and its meanings: the arrangement or visual presentation of the poem on the page. White space. Typography--letter size, fonts. Capital letters, and where used (i.e. at the beginning of lines? of sentences? elsewhere?). Deployment of punctuation (regular or a-normative). Letters themselves....Interactions of technology and the materiality of the text.

**Title.** The “title to the poem”: nature and meaning of the title as the first thing encountered (cf. Anne Ferry). Issues raised by the title and by any ancillary textual material or paratext (dedication, epigraph, gloss, notes, dates, etc.) What occupies the title space? Expressive possibilities of titles: introductory? claiming authority? saying something “about” the poem? being an integral part of the poem? Evasions of titling--implications of no title. Title and authority: entitlement.

**The Institution of Poetry.** How is it taken--seriously, solemnly, sacredly, spoofingly, resistantly (etc.) (cf. O’Hara). What is wrong with “poetry” at any given moment in people’s critiques? What is right with it--what potential does it have? The institutions of literary production. The poem as an act in poetics. The poem as an intervention.

**Analysis by imitation or deformation.** If you were to posit ideas for future work from this poem (work by you, by the poet her- or himself), what would they be? What imitative acts might flow from this work? How would you deform or collect material from this in ways that express something about it? What projects would you posit that express, or transform some of the possibilities or findings implicit in this work? Re-ordering, isolating, altering, adding. Reading as Writing; Writing as Reading (cf. Osman). Oulipian substitutions (OULIPO—Ouvroir de la littérature potentialle). Mechanical operations such as cut-ups, stencils, blackouts, new juxtapositions. Reading and writing as dialectical: “reading backward”; “deformance” (Jerome McGann/ Lisa Samuels) as interpretive acts with generic, and generative implications.





IMAGISM:  
HD, POUND AND WILLIAMS





## A RETROSPECT

THERE has been so much scribbling about a new fashion in poetry, that I may perhaps be pardoned this brief recapitulation and retrospect.

In the spring or early summer of 1912, "H. D.," Richard Aldington and myself decided that we were agreed upon the three principles following:

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.

Upon many points of taste and of predilection we differed, but agreeing upon these three positions we thought we had as much right to a group name, at least as much right, as a number of French "schools" proclaimed by Mr. Flint in the August number of Harold Munro's magazine for 1911.

This school has since been "joined" or "followed" by numerous people who, whatever their merits, do not show any signs of agreeing with the second specification. Indeed vers libre has become as prolix and as verbose as any of the flaccid varieties that preceded it. It has brought faults of its own. The actual language and phrasing is often as bad as that of our elders without even the excuse that the words are shoveled in to fill a metric pattern or to complete the noise of a rhyme-sound. Whether or no the phrases followed by the fol-

95

lowers are musical must be left to the reader's decision. At times I can find a marked metre in "vers libres," as stale and hackneyed as any pseudo-Swinburnian, at times the writers seem to follow no musical structure whatever. But it is, on the whole, good that the field should be ploughed. Perhaps a few good poems have come from the new method, and if so it is justified.



Criticism is not a circumscription or a set of prohibitions. It provides fixed points of departure. It may startle a dull reader into alertness. That little of it which is good is mostly in stray phrases; or if it be an older artist helping a younger it is in great measure but rules of thumb, cautions gained by experience.

I set together a few phrases on practical working about the time the first remarks on imagisme were published. The first use of the word "Imagiste" was in my note to T. E. Hulme's five poems, printed at the end of my "Ripostes" in the autumn of 1912. I reprint my cautions from *Poetry* for March, 1913.

#### A FEW DON'TS

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

It is the presentation of such a "complex" instantaneously which gives that sense of sudden liberation; that sense of freedom from time limits and space limits; that sense of sudden growth, which we experience in the presence of the greatest works of art.

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

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

To begin with, consider the three propositions (demanding direct treatment, economy of words, and the sequence of the musical phrase), not as dogma—never consider anything as dogma—but as the result of long contemplation, which, even if it is some one else's contemplation, may be worth consideration.

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

## LANGUAGE

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

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

Go in fear of abstractions. Do not retell in mediocre verse what has already been done in good prose. Don't think any intelligent person is going to be deceived when you try to shirk all the difficulties of the unspeakably difficult art of good prose by chopping your composition into line lengths.

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

Don't imagine that the art of poetry is any simpler

than the art of music, or that you can please the expert before you have spent at least as much effort on the art of verse as the average piano teacher spends on the art of music.

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

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

Use either no ornament or good ornament.

## RHYTHM AND RHYME

Let the candidate fill his mind with the finest cadences he can discover, preferably in a foreign language<sup>1</sup> so that the meaning of the words may be less likely to divert his attention from the movement; e.g., Saxon charms, Hebridean Folk Songs, the verse of Dante, and the lyrics of Shakespeare—if he can dissociate the vocabulary from the cadence. Let him dissect the lyrics of Goethe coldly into their component sound values, syllables long and short, stressed and unstressed, into vowels and consonants.

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

Let the neophyte know assonance and alliteration, rhyme immediate and delayed, simple and polyphonic,

<sup>1</sup> This is for rhythm, his vocabulary must of course be found in his native tongue.



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

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

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

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

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

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

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

In short, behave as a musician, a good musician, when

dealing with that phase of your art which has exact parallels in music. The same laws govern, and you are bound by no others.

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

The musician can rely on pitch and the volume of the orchestra. You can not. The term harmony is misapplied to poetry; it refers to simultaneous sounds of different pitch. There is, however, in the best verse a sort of residue of sound which remains in the ear of the hearer and acts more or less as an organ-base.



A rhyme must have in it some slight element of surprise if it is to give pleasure; it need not be bizarre or curious, but it must be well used if used at all.

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

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

Consider the definiteness of Dante's presentation, as compared with Milton's rhetoric. Read as much of Wordsworth as does not seem too unutterably dull.<sup>1</sup>

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

<sup>1</sup> Vide *infra*.

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

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

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

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

"... *Mais d'abord il faut être un poète*," as MM. Duhamel and Vildrac have said at the end of their little book, "Notes sur la Technique Poétique."

Since March, 1913, Ford Madox Hueffer has pointed out that Wordsworth was so intent on the ordinary or plain word that he never thought of hunting for *le mot juste*.

John Butler Yeats has handled or man-handled Wordsworth and the Victorians, and his criticism, contained in letters to his son, is now printed and available.

I do not like writing *about* art, my first, at least I think it was my first essay on the subject, was a protest against it.

<sup>1</sup> Page 000.



Oread\*

Whirl up, sea—  
 whirl your pointed pines,  
 splash your great pines  
 on our rocks,  
 hurl your green over us,  
 cover us with your pools of fir.

HD

IN A STATION OF THE METRO<sup>†</sup>

The apparition of these faces in the crowd :  
 Petals on a wet, black bough .

*Ezra Pound*

\* In *Collected Poems 1912-1944*. Ed. Louis L. Martz. New York: New Directions, 1983. 55. Print.

† In *Poetry* 2.1 (Apr. 1913): 12. *JSTOR*. Web. 12 May 2015.

## THE JEWEL STAIRS' GRIEVANCE

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.

By Rihaku

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 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.

—47—

## XI

In passing with my mind  
on nothing in the world

but the right of way  
I enjoy on the road by

virtue of the law —  
I saw

an elderly man who  
smiled and looked away

to the north past a house —  
a woman in blue

who was laughing and  
leaning forward to look up

into the man's half  
averted face

and a boy of eight who was  
looking at the middle of

the man's belly  
at a watchchain —

—48—

The supreme importance  
of this nameless spectacle

sped me by them  
without a word —

Why bother where I went ?  
for I went spinning on the

four wheels of my car  
along the wet road until

I saw a girl with one leg  
over the rail of a balcony

## XXII \*

so much depends  
upon

a red wheel  
barrow

glazed with rain  
water

beside the white  
chickens

THIS IS JUST TO SAY<sup>†</sup>

I have eaten  
the plums –  
that were in  
the icebox

and which  
you were probably  
saving  
for breakfast

Forgive me  
they were delicious  
so sweet  
and so cold

\* In *Spring and All*. 1923. New York: New Directions, 2011. 74. Print.

† In *The Collected Poems of William Carlos Williams, Volume I: 1909-1939*. Ed. A. Walton Litz, and Christopher MacGowen. Manchester: Carcanet, 1987. 372. Print.



HD  
SEA GARDEN  
(SELECTIONS)

All selections from HD. *Sea Garden*. Poetry Reprint Series. London: St. James Press; New York: St. Martin's Press, 1975. Print.





## SEA ROSE

Rose, harsh rose,  
marred and with stint of petals,  
meagre flower, thin,  
sparse of leaf,

more precious  
than a wet rose  
single on a stem—  
you are caught in the drift.

Stunted, with small leaf,  
you are flung on the sand,  
you are lifted  
in the crisp sand  
that drives in the wind.

Can the spice-rose  
drip such acrid fragrance  
hardened in a leaf?

## PURSUIT

WHAT do I care  
that the stream is trampled,  
the sand on the stream-bank  
still holds the print of your foot:  
the heel is cut deep.  
I see another mark  
on the grass ridge of the bank—  
it points toward the wood-path.  
I have lost the third  
in the packed earth.

But here  
a wild-hyacinth stalk is snapped:  
the purple buds—half ripe—  
show deep purple  
where your heel pressed.

A patch of flowering grass,  
low, trailing—  
you brushed this:  
the green stems show yellow-green  
where you lifted—turned the earth-side  
to the light:  
this and a dead leaf-spine,  
split across,  
show where you passed.

You were swift, swift!  
here the forest ledge slopes—  
rain has furrowed the roots.  
Your hand caught at this;  
the root snapped under your weight.

## PURSUIT

I can almost follow the note  
where it touched this slender tree  
and the next answered—  
and the next.

And you climbed yet further!  
you stopped by the dwarf-cornel—  
whirled on your heels,  
doubled on your track.

This is clear—  
you fell on the downward slope,  
you dragged a bruised thigh—you limped—  
you clutched this larch.

Did your head, bent back,  
search further—  
clear through the green leaf-moss  
of the larch branches?

Did you clutch,  
stammer with short breath and gasp:  
*wood-daemons grant life—  
give life—I am almost lost.*

For some wood-daemon  
has lightened your steps.  
I can find no trace of you  
in the larch-cones and the underbrush.

## SEA LILY

REED,  
 slashed and torn  
 but doubly rich—  
 such great heads as yours  
 drift upon temple-steps,  
 but you are shattered  
 in the wind.

Myrtle-bark  
 is flecked from you,  
 scales are dashed  
 from your stem,  
 sand cuts your petal,  
 furrows it with hard edge,  
 like flint  
 on a bright stone.

Yet though the whole wind  
 slash at your bark,  
 you are lifted up,  
 aye—though it hiss  
 to cover you with froth.

12

## SHELTERED GARDEN

I HAVE had enough.  
 I gasp for breath.

Every way ends, every road,  
 every foot-path leads at last  
 to the hill-crest—  
 then you retrace your steps,  
 or find the same slope on the other side,  
 precipitate.

I have had enough—  
 border-pinks, clove-pinks, wax-lilies,  
 herbs, sweet-cress.

O for some sharp swish of a branch—  
 there is no scent of resin  
 in this place,  
 no taste of bark, of coarse weeds,  
 aromatic, astringent—  
 only border on border of scented pinks.

Have you seen fruit under cover  
 that wanted light—  
 pears wadded in cloth,  
 protected from the frost,  
 melons, almost ripe,  
 smothered in straw?

Why not let the pears cling  
 to the empty branch?  
 All your coaxing will only make  
 a bitter fruit—  
 let them cling, ripen of themselves,

18

## SHELTERED GARDEN

test their own worth,  
 nipped, shrivelled by the frost,  
 to fall at last but fair  
 with a russet coat.

Or the melon—  
 let it bleach yellow  
 in the winter light,  
 even tart to the taste—  
 it is better to taste of frost—  
 the exquisite frost—  
 than of wadding and of dead grass.

For this beauty,  
 beauty without strength,  
 chokes out life.  
 I want wind to break,  
 scatter these pink-stalks,  
 snap off their spiced heads,  
 fling them about with dead leaves—  
 spread the paths with twigs,  
 limbs broken off,  
 trail great pine branches,  
 hurled from some far wood  
 right across the melon-patch,  
 break pear and quince—  
 leave half-trees, torn, twisted  
 but showing the fight was valiant.

O to blot out this garden  
 to forget, to find a new beauty  
 in some terrible  
 wind-tortured place.

19

## SEA POPPIES

AMBER husk  
fluted with gold,  
fruit on the sand  
marked with a rich grain,

treasure  
spilled near the shrub-pines  
to bleach on the boulders:

your stalk has caught root  
among wet pebbles  
and drift flung by the sea  
and grated shells  
and split conch-shells.

Beautiful, wide-spread,  
fire upon leaf,  
what meadow yields  
so fragrant a leaf  
as your bright leaf?

20

## SEA VIOLET

THE white violet  
is scented on its stalk,  
the sea-violet  
fragile as agate,  
lies fronting all the wind  
among the torn shells  
on the sand-bank.

The greater blue violets  
flutter on the hill,  
but who would change for these  
who would change for these  
one root of the white sort?

Violet  
your grasp is frail  
on the edge of the sand-hill,  
but you catch the light—  
frost, a star edges with its fire.

25

## SEA IRIS

I  
WEED, moss-weed,  
root tangled in sand,  
sea-iris, brittle flower,  
one petal like a shell  
is broken,  
and you print a shadow  
like a thin twig.

Fortunate one,  
scented and stinging,  
rigid myrrh-bud,  
camphor-flower,  
sweet and salt—you are wind  
in our nostrils.

II  
Do the murex-fishers  
drench you as they pass?  
Do your roots drag up colour  
from the sand?  
Have they slipped gold under you—  
rivets of gold?

Band of iris-flowers  
above the waves,  
you are painted blue,  
painted like a fresh prow  
stained among the salt weeds.

40

## HERMES OF THE WAYS

THE hard sand breaks,  
and the grains of it  
are clear as wine.

Far off over the leagues of it,  
the wind,  
playing on the wide shore,  
piles little ridges,  
and the great waves  
break over it.

But more than the many-foamed ways  
of the sea,  
I know him  
of the triple path-ways,  
Hermes,  
who awaits.

Dubious,  
facing three ways,  
welcoming wayfarers,  
he whom the sea-orchard  
shelters from the west,  
from the east  
weathers sea-wind;  
fronts the great dunes.

Wind rushes  
over the dunes,  
and the coarse, salt-crusted grass  
answers.

Heu,  
it whips round my ankles!

## HERMES OF THE WAYS

## II

Small is  
this white stream,  
flowing below ground  
from the poplar-shaded hill,  
but the water is sweet.

Apples on the small trees  
are hard,  
too small,  
too late ripened  
by a desperate sun  
that struggles through sea-mist.

The boughs of the trees  
are twisted  
by many bafflings;  
twisted are  
the small-leaved boughs.

But the shadow of them  
is not the shadow of the mast head  
nor of the torn sails.

Hermes, Hermes,  
the great sea foamed,  
gnashed its teeth about me;  
but you have waited,  
were sea-grass tangles with  
shore-grass.



# WRITING MEMORY: RIDGE AND MANSFIELD







# The Bulletin

## Various Verses.

[FOR THE BULLETIN.]

"Sleep, Dolores."

"Sleep, Dólorès," my mother sang to me,  
When life was all a play, dear,  
In joyous rhythms rung;  
Quaint, fantastic, wayward melody—  
Now life is closing grey, dear,  
And all its songs are sung.

"Sleep, Dólorès! The grey wolves ride away,"  
I saw them in a far-line  
Across the looming plains

("Sleep, Dólorès, sweet, slumber while you  
may")—

Gaunt shapes athwart the star-line  
That broke their bridle reins.

"Sleep, Dólorès." In that old world o' mine,  
Where fancy vainly lingers  
Were palaces to let;

No gates, toll gates, nor title deeds to sign,  
Nor tangle of cold fingers  
That never should have met.

"Sleep, Dólorès!" I thought the shining stars  
Were lamps along the night coast  
Of cities far away;

Head lights, red lights, that flashed among the  
spars

Of schooners on the white coast,  
Adown the Milky Way.

"Sleep, Dólorès!" And tranced in slumber song  
Bright, wondrous things I saw, dear,  
My starry cities in—

Child dreams, wild dreams, that recked not right  
nor wrong,

And Love was over Law, dear,  
And knew not shame or sin.

"Hush, Dólorès! The wolves are near the town";  
A thrust, a thin, red knife-line—  
The blade is sharp and keen.

"Wake, Dólorès! The grey wolves ride thee  
down!  
Gaunt shapes athwart thy life-line,  
And not a league between."

N.S.W.

LOLA RIDGE.

To my Bride that is to Be.

It's comparatively simple to apostrophise the



Grandfather  
did it over 60  
years ago.

and now

S  
toral

tremedy  
bronchi-  
and lung  
irritations.

ities.  
a cure by the

, Mass., U.S.A.

ER'S

AL NAVY  
ESSING,

# BONNIE IRIS

Will  
than any other  
use, acts like  
it is admirably  
adapts, and to C  
preparation can  
is have been asolu  
speakers & singer

Stren  
well known actors  
detest properties  
restorative. To h  
is at once recor

Build  
them healthy an  
wasting disease  
can be absolutely



LOADED  
It's the modern ar  
Winchester

An honest pride in Li,  
 And better physic than he makes  
 It doesn't wish to try;  
 The seaweed tack  
 Supplies the lack,  
 Maybe, of greener food out back,  
 Or else, perhaps,  
 It is the schnapps  
 "Suits Bullabri's insi' !

N.S.W.

HENRY E. HORNE.

### To an Old Playfellow.

I remember the far green hill-top,  
 Where we clung to the rata vines,  
 And you climbed to the nesting parrots  
 In the boughs of the kauri pines ;  
 And the scent of the tutu bushes,  
 By the bend in the path o'ergrown,  
 Where you wove me a necklet of rushes,  
 As we sat on the "Bunyip Stone" ;  
 And the day that we roamed the terrace,  
 'Mid the tangle of supple vines,  
 And the tuis sang on the meros  
 To the locust's hum on the pines.  
 But the wind came out of the forest,  
 Like a lost soul's moan in the air,  
 Till we thought 'twas the great Bush Spirit  
 Who would draw us and hold us there.  
 And the might of our child-hearts failed us,  
 As we fled from the forest door,  
 With the roar of the pines behind us,  
 And the known green flats before.  
 Shrivelled now are the tutu bushes  
 That we climbed with our light limbs then ;  
 And the shrine of the hillside echoes  
 To the clang of the boots of men.  
 But the mystical pines lean over,  
 And their shadows are falling black  
 Between one on the trampled highway  
 And a chum on an old bush track.

N.S.W.

LOLA RIDGE.

quali  
**Cycling.**  
 well-l  
 off K  
 sting  
**Golf.**—Ae  
 bette  
 easie  
**The Go**  
 with  
 attai

**DAV**  
 94

## TO THE FREE CHILDREN

THE  
MODERN  
SCHOOL

## I

We of our generation  
 who touch liberty  
 have to leap for it.  
 —Not as over a chasm,  
 aided by the momentum of running feet,  
 but up in air—one glimpse,  
 lash—breadth of glory,  
 white as flame on snow  
 then shock of falling backward:  
 thump . . .  
 But you  
 we hold up high above our heads.

## II

We hear you knocking on our doors,  
 little white runners before the dawn.  
 We arise and accompany you forth,  
 but slowly . . .  
 for *we*  
 need our staffs.

## III

Not as through smoked glasses  
 shall you look upon liberty,  
 but with level unflinching gaze,  
 as the desert-born  
 look in the face of the sun.

## IV

Remember—when the dawn breaks—  
 those who led you through the night,  
 as the blind guided through darkness at Pompeii  
 those who had eyes.

LOLA RIDGE.

WILL SHAKESPEARE SEES THE CHILDREN OF  
THE FERRER MODERN SCHOOL PLAY  
MIDSUMMER NIGHT'S DREAM

THE  
MODERN  
SCHOOL

Salutations, Will Shakespeare.  
Rub the stars out of your eyes—  
Shade from the electric light  
Your eyes used so long to the cool loam  
No pit seat for you  
And dodging of hobbing heads  
With a Puck and Bottom and Peter Quince  
No more than five hands high.  
Here's place  
On shoulders of two lovers  
That touch to make a throne for you—  
You less weight  
Than moonlight resting on two flowers.  
  
Preen yourself, Will Shakespeare—  
Not a hair or brittle bone of you left—  
Before all this unset bone  
Here's Puck—a cowslip dancing on the grass,  
Queens and Oberon,  
Slim as a golden wasp,  
And fairies curled  
Like petals fallen from a stem  
And blown along the wind.  
  
It was the child in you  
That dreamed this jocund band  
Now dreamed in merrie children  
This May night . . .  
So once again  
Across the blind-fold years  
Child touches child,  
Linking the centuries  
With ring-a-rosie hands.

LOLA RIDGE.



## THE PRELUDE

## I

There was not an inch of room for Lottie and Kezia in the buggy. When Pat swung them on top of the luggage they wobbled; the grandmother's lap was full and Linda Burnell could not possibly have held a lump of a child on hers for any distance. Isabel, very superior, was perched beside the new handy-man on the driver's seat. Hold-alls, bags and boxes were piled upon the floor. "These are absolute necessities that I will not let out of my sight for one instant," said Linda Burnell, her voice trembling with fatigue and excitement.

Lottie and Kezia stood on the patch of lawn just inside the gate all ready for the fray in their coats with brass anchor buttons and little round caps with battle-ship ribbons. Hand in hand they stared with round solemn eyes, first at the absolute necessities and then at their mother.

"We shall simply have to leave them. That is all. We shall simply have to cast them off," said Linda Burnell. A strange little laugh flew from her lips; she



## THE PRELUDE

leaned back against the buttoned leather cushions and shut her eyes, her lips trembling with laughter. Happily at that moment Mrs Samuel Josephs, who had been watching the scene from behind her drawing-room blind, waddled down the garden path.

"Why nod leave the chudren with be for the after-noon, Brs Burnell? They could go on the dray with the storeban when he comes in the eveding. Those thigs on the path have to go, dodn't they?"

"Yes, everything outside the house is supposed to go," said Linda Burnell, and she waved a white hand at the tables and chairs standing on their heads on the front lawn. How absurd they looked! Either they ought to be the other way up, or Lottie and Kezia ought to stand on their heads, too. And she longed to say: "Stand on your heads, children, and wait for the store-man," it seemed to her that would be so exquisitely funny, that she could not attend to Mrs Samuel Josephs.

The fat creaking body leaned across the gate, and the big jelly of a face smiled. "Dodn't you worry, Brs Burnell. Loddie and Kezia can have tea with by chudren in the durserly, and I'll see theb on the dray afterwards."

The grandmother considered. "Yes, it really is quite the best plan. We are very obliged to you, Mrs Samuel Josephs. Children, say "thank you" to Mrs Samuel Josephs."

Two subdued chirrup: "Thank you, Mrs Samuel Josephs."

"And be good little girls, and—come closer—" they advanced, "dont forget to tell Mrs Samuel Josephs when you want to. . ."



## THE PRELUDE

9

"No, granma."

"Dodn't worry, Brs Burnell."

At the last moment Kezia let go Lottie's hand and darted towards the buggy

"I want to kiss my granma goodbye again."

But she was too late. The buggy rolled off up the road, Isabel, bursting with pride, her nose turned up at all the world, Linda Burnell prostrated, and the grandmother rummaging among the very curious oddments she had had put in her black silk reticule at the last moment, for something to give her daughter. The buggy twinkled away in the sunlight and fine golden dust up the hill and over. Kezia bit her lip, but Lottie, carefully finding her handkerchief first, set up a wail.

"Mother! Granma!"

Mrs Samuel Josephs, like a huge warm black silk tea cosey, enveloped her.

"It's alright, by dear. Be a brave child. You come and blay in the nursery!"

She put her arm round weeping Lottie and led her away. Kezia followed, making a face at Mrs Samuel Josephs' placket, which was undone as usual, with two long pink corset laces hanging out of it. . .

Lottie's weeping died down as she mounted the stairs but the sight of her at the nursery door with swollen eyes and a blob of a nose gave great satisfaction to the S. J.'s, who sat on two benches before a long table covered with American cloth and set out with immense plates of bread and dripping and two brown jugs that faintly steamed.

"Hullo! You've been crying!"



## THE PRELUDE

"Ooh! Your eyes have gone right in."

"Doesn't her nose look funny?"

"You're all red-and-patchy."

Lottie was quite a success. She felt it and swelled, smiling timidly.

"Go and sit by Zaidee, ducky," said Mrs Samuel Josephs, "and, Kezia, you sid ad the end by Boses."

Moses grinned and gave her a nip as she sat down; but she pretended not to notice. She did hate boys.

"Which will you have?" asked Stanley, leaning across the table very politely, and smiling at her. "Which will you have to begin with--strawberries and cream or bread and dripping?"

"Strawberries and cream, please," said she.

"Ah-h-h-h." How they all laughed and beat the table with their teaspoons. Wasn't that a take in! Wasn't it now! Didn't he fox her! Good old Stan!

"Ma! She thought it was real."

Even Mrs Samuel Josephs, pouring out the milk and water, could not help smiling. "You bustn't tease theb on their last day," she wheezed.

But Kezia bit a big piece out of her bread and dripping, and then stood the piece up on her plate. With the bite out it made a dear little sort of a gate. Pooh! She didn't care! A tear rolled down her cheek, but she wasn't crying. She couldn't have cried in front of those awful Samuel Josephs. She sat with her head bent, and as the tear dripped slowly down, she caught it with a neat little whisk of her tongue and ate it before any of them had seen.

# MODERNIST MANIFESTOS & TRISTAN TZARA'S MAORI DADA

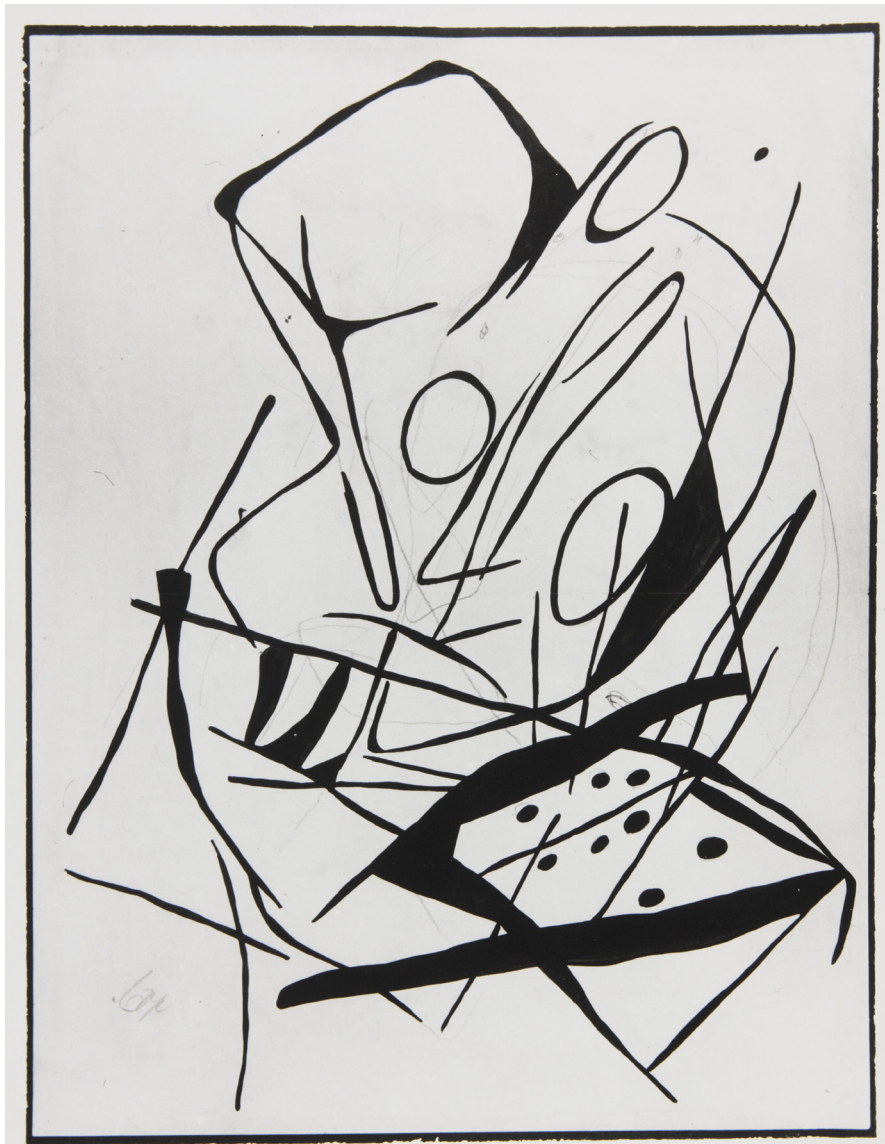


Image: Jan Arp. [*Portrait of Tristan Tzara*]. 1918. Photographed by Joseph Klima, Jr. Photograph of ink and pencil drawing. *Lydia Winston Malbin Papers, 1891-1997*. Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library: Digital Collections. Yale University Library. Web. 6 June 2015.



---

## 5.5 FILIPPO TOMMASO MARINETTI

### **The Founding and Manifesto of Futurism**

1909

We had stayed up all night, my friends and I, under hanging mosque lamps with domes of filigreed brass, domes starred like our spirits, shining like them with the prisoned radiance of electric hearts. For hours we had trampled our atavistic ennui into rich oriental rugs, arguing up to the last confines of logic and blackening many reams of paper with our frenzied scribbling.

An immense pride was buoying us up, because we felt ourselves alone at that hour, alone, awake, and on our feet, like proud beacons or forward sentries against an army of hostile stars glaring down at us from their celestial encampments. Alone with stokers feeding the hellish fires of great ships, alone with the black specters who grope in the red-hot bellies of locomotives launched down their crazy courses, alone with drunkards reeling like wounded birds along the city walls.

Suddenly we jumped, hearing the mighty noise of the huge double-decker trams that rumbled by outside, ablaze with colored lights, like villages on holiday suddenly struck and uprooted by the flooding Po and dragged over falls and through gorges to the sea.

Then the silence deepened. But, as we listened to the old canal muttering its feeble prayers and the creaking bones of sickly palaces above their damp green beards, under the windows we suddenly heard the famished roar of automobiles.

"Let's go!" I said. "Friends, away! Let's go! Mythology and the Mystic Ideal are defeated at last. We're about to see the Centaur's birth and, soon after, the first flight of Angels! . . . We must shake the gates of life, test the bolts and hinges. Let's go! Look there, on the earth, the very first dawn! There's nothing to match the splendor of the sun's red sword, slashing for the first time through our millennial gloom!"

We went up to the three snorting beasts, to lay amorous hands on their torrid breasts. I stretched out on my car like a corpse on its bier, but revived at once under the steering wheel, a guillotine blade that threatened my stomach.

The raging broom of madness swept us out of ourselves and drove us through streets as rough and deep as the beds of torrents. Here and there,

sick lamplight through window glass taught us to distrust the deceitful mathematics of our perishing eyes.

I cried, "The scent, the scent alone is enough for our beasts."

And like young lions we ran after Death, its dark pelt blotched with pale crosses as it escaped down the vast violet living and throbbing sky.

But we had no ideal Mistress raising her divine form to the clouds, nor any cruel Queen to whom to offer our bodies, twisted like Byzantine rings! There was nothing to make us wish for death, unless the wish to be free at last from the weight of our courage!

And on we raced, hurling watchdogs against doorsteps, curling them under our burning tires like collars under a flatiron. Death, domesticated, met me at every turn, gracefully holding out a paw, or once in a while hun-  
 kering down, making velvety caressing eyes at me from every puddle.

"Let's break out of the horrible shell of wisdom and throw ourselves like pride-ripened fruit into the wide, contorted mouth of the wind! Let's give ourselves utterly to the Unknown, not in desperation but only to replenish the deep wells of the Absurd!!"

The words were scarcely out of my mouth when I spun my car around with the frenzy of a dog trying to bite its tail, and there, suddenly, were two cyclists coming toward me, shaking their fists, wobbling like two equally convincing but nevertheless contradictory arguments. Their stupid dilemma was blocking my way—damn! Ouch! . . . I stopped short and to my disgust rolled over into a ditch with my wheels in the air. . . .

Oh! Maternal ditch, almost full of muddy water! Fair factory drain! I gulped down your nourishing sludge; and I remembered the blessed black breast of my Sudanese nurse. . . . When I came up—torn, filthy, and stinking—from under the capsized car, I felt the white-hot iron of joy deliciously pass through my heart!

A crowd of fishermen with handlines and gouty naturalists were already swarming around the prodigy. With patient, loving care those people rigged a tall derrick and iron grapnels to fish out my car, like a big beached shark. Up it came from the ditch, slowly, leaving in the bottom like scales its heavy framework of good sense and its soft upholstery of comfort.

They thought it was dead, my beautiful shark, but a caress from me was enough to revive it; and there it was, alive again, running on its powerful fins!

And so, faces smeared with good factory muck—plastered with metallic waste, with senseless sweat, with celestial soot—we, bruised, our arms in slings, but unafraid, declared our high intentions to all the *living* of the earth:



## MANIFESTO OF FUTURISM

1. We intend to sing the love of danger, the habit of energy and fearlessness.
2. Courage, audacity, and revolt will be essential elements of our poetry.
3. Up to now literature has exalted a pensive immobility, ecstasy, and sleep. We intend to exalt aggressive action, a feverish insomnia, the racer's stride, the mortal leap, the punch and the slap.
4. We say that the world's magnificence has been enriched by a new beauty; the beauty of speed. A racing car whose hood is adorned with great pipes, like serpents of explosive breath—a roaring car that seems to ride on grapeshot—is more beautiful than the *Victory of Samothrace*.
5. We want to hymn the man at the wheel, who hurls the lance of his spirit across the Earth, along the circle of its orbit.
6. The poet must spend himself with ardor, splendor, and generosity, to swell the enthusiastic fervor of the primordial elements.
7. Except in struggle, there is no more beauty. No work without an aggressive character can be a masterpiece. Poetry must be conceived as a violent attack on unknown forces, to reduce and prostrate them before man.
8. We stand on the last promontory of the centuries! . . . Why should we look back, when what we want is to break down the mysterious doors of the Impossible? Time and Space died yesterday. We already live in the absolute, because we have created eternal, omnipresent speed.
9. We will glorify war—the world's only hygiene—militarism, patriotism, the destructive gesture of freedom-bringers, beautiful ideas worth dying for, and scorn for woman.
10. We will destroy the museums, libraries, academies of every kind, will fight moralism, feminism, every opportunistic or utilitarian cowardice.
11. We will sing of great crowds excited by work, by pleasure, and by riot; we will sing of the multicolored, polyphonic tides of revolution in the modern capitals; we will sing of the vibrant nightly fervor of arsenals and shipyards blazing with violent electric moons; greedy railway stations that devour smoke-plumed serpents; factories hung on clouds by the crooked lines of their smoke; bridges that stride the rivers like giant gymnasts, flashing in the sun with a glitter of knives; adventurous steamers that sniff the horizon; deep-chested locomotives whose wheels paw the tracks like the hooves of enormous steel horses bridled by tubing; and the sleek flight of planes whose propellers chatter in the wind like banners and seem to cheer like an enthusiastic crowd.

It is from Italy that we launch through the world this violently upsetting, incendiary manifesto of ours. With it, today, we establish *Futurism* because we want to free this land from its smelly gangrene of professors, archaeologists, ciceroni, and antiquarians. For too long has Italy been a dealer in secondhand clothes. We mean to free her from the numberless museums that cover her like so many graveyards.

Museums: cemeteries! . . . Identical, surely, in the sinister promiscuity of so many bodies unknown to one another. Museums: public dormitories where one lies forever beside hated or unknown beings. Museums; absurd abattoirs of painters and sculptors ferociously macerating each other with color-blows and line-blows, the length of the fought-over walls!

That one should make an annual pilgrimage, just as one goes to the graveyard on All Souls' Day—that I grant. That once a year one should leave a floral tribute beneath the *Gioconda*, I grant you that. . . . But I don't admit that our sorrows, our fragile courage, our morbid restlessness should be given a daily conducted tour through the museums. Why poison ourselves? Why rot?

And what is there to see in an old picture except the laborious contortions of an artist throwing himself against the barriers that thwart his desire to express his dream completely? . . . Admiring an old picture is the same as pouring our sensibility into a funerary urn instead of hurling it far off, in violent spasms of action and creation.

Do you, then, wish to waste all your best powers in this eternal and futile worship of the past, from which you emerge fatally exhausted, shrunken, beaten down?

In truth I tell you that daily visits to museums, libraries, and academies (cemeteries of empty exertion, calvaries of crucified dreams, registries of aborted beginnings!) is, for artists, as damaging as the prolonged supervision by parents of certain young people drunk with their talent and their ambitious wills. When the future is barred to them, the admirable past may be a solace for the ills of the moribund, the sickly, the prisoner. . . . But we want no part of it, the past, we the young and strong *Futurists*!

So let them come, the gay incendiaries with charred fingers! Here they are! Here they are! . . . Come on! set fire to the library shelves! Turn aside the canals to flood the museums! . . . Oh, the joy of seeing the glorious old canvases bobbing adrift on those waters, discolored and shredded! . . . Take up your pickaxes, your axes and hammers, and wreck, wreck the venerable cities, pitilessly!



The oldest of us is thirty: so we have at least a decade for finishing our work. When we are forty, other younger and stronger men will probably throw us in the wastebasket like useless manuscripts—we want it to happen!

They will come against us, our successors, will come from far away, from every quarter, dancing to the winged cadence of their first songs, flexing the hooked claws of predators, sniffing doglike at the academy doors the strong odor of our decaying minds, which already will have been promised to the literary catacombs.

But we won't be there. . . . At last they'll find us—one winter's night—in open country, beneath a sad roof drummed by a monotonous rain. They'll see us crouched beside our trembling airplanes in the act of warming our hands at the poor little blaze that our books of today will give out when they take fire from the flight of our images.

They'll storm around us, panting with scorn and anguish, and all of them, exasperated by our proud daring, will hurtle to kill us, driven by hatred: the more implacable it is, the more their hearts will be drunk with love and admiration for us.

Injustice, strong and sane, will break out radiantly in their eyes.

Art, in fact, can be nothing but violence, cruelty, and injustice.

The oldest of us is thirty: even so we have already scattered treasures, a thousand treasures of force, love, courage, astuteness, and raw will power; have thrown them impatiently away, with fury, carelessly, unhesitatingly, breathless and unresting. . . . Look at us! We are still untired! Our hearts know no weariness because they are fed with fire, hatred, and speed! . . . Does that amaze you? It should, because you can never remember having lived! Erect on the summit of the world, once again we hurl our defiance at the stars!

You have objections?—Enough! Enough! We know them . . . we've understood! . . . Our fine deceitful intelligence tells us that we are the revival and extension of our ancestors—perhaps! . . . If only it were so!—But who cares? We don't want to understand! . . . Woe to anyone who says those infamous words to us again!

Lift up your heads!

Erect on the summit of the world, once again we hurl defiance to the stars!

## FEMINIST MANIFESTO

The Feminist Movement as instituted at present is INADEQUATE.

Women, if you want to realize yourselves (for you are on the brink of a devastating psychological upheaval) all your pet illusions must be unmasked. The lies of centuries have got to be discarded. Are you prepared for the WRENCH?

There is no half-measure, no scratching on the surface of the rubbish heap of tradition. Nothing short of Absolute Demolition will bring about reform. So cease to place your confidence in economic legislation, vice-crusades and uniform education. You are glossing over REALITY.

Professional and commercial careers are opening up for you. *Is that all you want?* If you honestly desire to find your level without prejudice, be brave and deny at the outset that pathetic clap-trap wacry, "Woman is the equal of man."

She is *not*.

For the man who lives a life in which his activities conform to a social code which is a protectorate of the feminine element is no longer masculine. The woman who adapts herself to a theoretical valuation of her sex as a *relative impersonality* is not yet feminine.

Leave off looking to men to find out what you are *not*. Seek within yourselves to find out what you *are*. As conditions are at present constituted you have the choice between Parasitism, Prostitution, or Negation.

Men and women are enemies, with the enmity of the exploited for the parasite, the parasite for the exploited—at present they are at the mercy of the advantage that each can take of the others' sexual dependence. The only point at which the interests of the sexes merge is the sexual embrace.

The first illusion to demolish is the division of women into two classes: the mistress and the mother. Every well balanced and developed woman knows that no

such division exists, that Nature has endowed the Complete Woman with a faculty for expressing herself through all her functions. These are *no restrictions*. The woman who is so incompletely evolved as to be unselfconscious in sex will prove a restrictive influence on the temperamental expansion of the next generation; the woman who is a poor mistress will be an incompetent mother, an inferior mentality. She will not have an adequate apprehension of LIFE.

To obtain results you must make sacrifices and the first and greatest sacrifice you have to make is of your VIRTUE.

The fictitious value of woman as identified with her physical purity is too easy a standby. It renders her lethargic in the acquisition of intrinsic merits of character by which she could obtain a concrete value. Therefore, the first self-enforced law for the female sex, as protection against the manmade bogey of virtue (which is the principal instrument of her subjugation) is the *unconditional surgical destruction of virginity* throughout the female population at puberty.

The value of man is assessed entirely according to his use or interest to the community; the value of woman depends entirely on chance—her success or failure in manipulating a man into taking life-long responsibility for her.

The advantages of marriage are too ridiculously ample compared to all other trades, for under modern conditions a woman can accept preposterously luxurious support from a man without returning anything—even offspring—as an offering of thanks for her virginity.

The woman who has not succeeded in striking that advantageous bargain is prohibited from any but the most surreptitious reaction to life-stimuli and is entirely debarred from maternity. Every woman has a right to maternity.

Every woman of superior intelligence should realize her race-responsibility by producing children in adequate proportion to the unfit or degenerate members of her sex.



*Didactic, Polemical and Prescriptive Writings*

Each child of a superior woman should be the result of a definite period of psychic development in her life and not necessarily of a possibly irksome and outworn continuance of an alliance that is spontaneously adapted for vital creation in the beginning but which becomes unbalanced as the parties of that alliance follow the individual lines of their personal evolution.

For the harmony of the race, each individual should be the expression of an easy and ample interpenetration of the male and female temperaments—free from stress.

Woman must become more responsible for the child than man.

Woman must destroy in herself the desire to be loved.

The desire for comfortable protection rather than intelligent curiosity and courage in meeting and resisting the presence of sex (or so-called love) must be reduced to its initial element. Honor, grief, sentimentality, pride, and consequently jealousy must be detached from sex.

Woman must retain her deceptive fragility of appearance, combined with indomitable will, irreducible courage, abundant health, and sound nerves.

Another great illusion that woman must use all her introspection, innate clear-sightedness, and unbiased bravery to destroy is the impurity of sex—for the sake of her self-respect.

In defiance of superstition I assert that *there is nothing impure in sex* except the mental attitude toward it. The eventual acceptance of this fact will constitute an incalculably wider social regeneration than it is possible for our generation to acquire.



# Long Live the Vortex!

---

Long live the great art vortex sprung up in the centre of this town!

We stand for the Reality of the Present—not for the sentimental Future, or the sacripant Past.

We want to leave Nature and Men alone.

We do not want to make people wear Futurist Patches, or fuss men to take to pink and sky-blue trousers.

We are not their wives or tailors.

The only way Humanity can help artists is to remain independent and work unconsciously.

**WE NEED THE UNCONSCIOUSNESS OF HUMANITY**—their stupidity, animalism and dreams.

We believe in no perfectibility except our own.

Intrinsic beauty is in the Interpreter and Seer, not in the object or content.

We do not want to change the appearance of the world, because we are not Naturalists, Impressionists or Futurists (the latest form of Impressionism), and do not depend on the appearance of the world for our art.

**WE ONLY WANT THE WORLD TO LIVE**, and to feel it's crude energy flowing through us.

It may be said that great artists in England are always revolutionary, just as in France any really fine artist had a strong traditional vein.

Blast sets out to be an avenue for all those vivid and violent ideas that could reach the Public in no other way.

Blast will be popular, essentially. It will not appeal to any particular class, but to the fundamental and popular instincts in every class and description of people, **TO THE INDIVIDUAL**. The moment a man feels or realizes himself as an artist, he ceases to belong to any milieu or time. Blast is created for this timeless, fundamental Artist that exists in everybody.

The Man in the Street and the Gentleman are equally ignored.

Popular art does not mean the art of the poor people, as it is usually supposed to. It means the art of the individuals.

Education (art education and general education) tends to destroy the creative instinct. Therefore it is in times when education has been non-existent that art chiefly flourished.

But it is nothing to do with "the People."

It is a mere accident that that is the most favourable time for the individual to appear.

To make the rich of the community shed their education skin, to destroy politeness, standardization and academic, that is civilized, vision, is the task we have set ourselves.

# OUR VORTEX.

---

## I.

Our vortex is not afraid of the Past : it has forgotten it's existence.

Our vortex regards the Future as as sentimental as the Past.

The Future is distant, like the Past, and therefore sentimental.

The mere element " Past " must be retained to sponge up and absorb our melancholy.

Everything absent, remote, requiring projection in the veiled weakness of the mind, is sentimental.

The Present can be intensely sentimental—especially if you exclude the mere element " Past."

Our vortex does not deal in reactive Action only, nor identify the Present with numbing displays of vitality.

The new vortex plunges to the heart of the Present.

The chemistry of the Present is different to that of the Past. With this different chemistry we produce a New Living Abstraction.

The Rembrandt Vortex swamped the Netherlands with a flood of dreaming.

The Turner Vortex rushed at Europe with a wave of light.

We wish the Past and Future with us, the Past to mop up our melancholy, the Future to absorb our troublesome optimism.

With our Vortex the Present is the only active thing.

Life is the Past and the Future.

The Present is Art.

## II.

Our Vortex insists on water—tight compartments.

There is no Present—there is Past and Future, and there is Art.



Any moment not weakly relaxed and slipped back, or, on the other hand, dreaming optimistically, is Art.

"Just Life" or soi-disant "Reality" is a fourth quantity, made up of the Past, the Future and Art.

This impure Present our Vortex despises and ignores.

For our Vortex is uncompromising.

We must have the Past and the Future, Life simple, that is, to discharge ourselves in, and keep us pure for non-life, that is Art.

The Past and Future are the prostitutes Nature has provided.

Art is periodic escapes from this Brothel.

Artists put as much vitality and delight into this saintliness, and escape out, as most men do their escapes into similar places from respectable existence.

The Vorticist is at his maximum point of energy when stillest.

The Vorticist is not the Slave of Commotion, but it's Master.

The Vorticist does not suck up to Life.

He lets Life know its place in a Vorticist Universe !

### III.

In a Vorticist Universe we don't get excited at what we have invented.

If we did it would look as though it had been a fluke.

.It is not a fluke.

We have no Verbotens.

There is one Truth, ourselves, and everything is permitted.

But we are not Templars.

We are proud, handsome and predatory.

We hunt machines, they are our favourite game.

We invent them and then hunt them down.

This is a great Vorticist age, a great still age of artists.

#### IV.

As to the lean belated Impressionism at present attempting to eke out a little life in these islands :

Our Vortex is fed up with your dispersals, reasonable chicken-men.

Our Vortex is proud of its polished sides.

Our Vortex will not hear of anything but its disastrous polished dance.

Our Vortex desires the immobile rythm of its swiftness.

Our Vortex rushes out like an angry dog at your Impressionistic fuss.

Our Vortex is white and abstract with its red-hot swiftness.



## Dada Manifesto

Zurich  
July 14  
1916

*Ball's manifesto was read at the first public dada soiree in Zurich's Waag Hall on July 14, 1916.<sup>1</sup> This was his final contribution to his first dada period, which had begun with the founding of the Cabaret Voltaire some five months earlier. His concern in this text with the absolute primacy of the word in language served to justify the forms his own poems took (the manifesto was read to introduce his sound poems)<sup>2</sup> and to express his dissatisfaction both with the journalistic in language and—to some extent—with the poetry of his fellow dadaists. It was also in opposition to the idea of dada as “a tendency in art.”<sup>3</sup> The following month Ball wrote in his diary that the manifesto was his break with dadaism, and that the others recognized it as such.<sup>4</sup>*

<sup>1</sup> For the events of this soiree see Tristan Tzara, “Zurich Chronicle,” in *The Dada Painters and Poets*, ed. Robert Motherwell (New York: Wittenborn, 1951), 236–37.

<sup>2</sup> Christopher Middleton points out that this manifesto may be identical to the words of explanation Ball read out before his June 23, 1916, performance of sound poetry at the Cabaret Voltaire, since Ball noted in his diary for the twenty-fourth that his statement of the previous evening emphasized how the poetry was an attempt to save language from journalism.

<sup>3</sup> See paragraph 2. Ball's opposition to the idea of a Dada “movement” is discussed in my Introduction, p. xxxv.

<sup>4</sup> 6.VIII.1916.



*This work is often known as "The First Dada Manifesto," and although Ball himself refers to it as "the first manifesto of a newly founded cause" (6.VIII.1916), such a title is not easily substantiated: most of the dadaists read manifestoes at this first public soiree, and we do not know that Ball appeared before the others.<sup>5</sup>*

*This translation, by Christopher Middleton, from the transcription of Ball's original manuscript by his stepdaughter, Annemarie Schütt-Hennings, supersedes the previously known version published in German by Paul Pörtner.<sup>6</sup>*

Dada is a new tendency in art. One can tell this from the fact that until now nobody knew anything about it, and tomorrow everyone in Zurich will be talking about it. Dada comes from the dictionary. It is terribly simple. In French it means "hobby horse." In German it means "good-by," "Get off my back," "Be seeing you sometime." In Romanian: "Yes, indeed, you are right, that's it. But of course, yes, definitely, right." And so forth.

An international word. Just a word, and the word a movement. Very easy to understand. Quite terribly simple. To make of it an artistic tendency must mean that one is anticipating complications.\* Dada psychology, dada Germany cum indigestion and fog paroxysm, dada literature, dada bourgeoisie, and yourselves, honored poets, who are always writing with words but never writing the word itself, who are always writing around the actual point. Dada world war without end, dada revolution without beginning, dada, you friends and also-poets, esteemed sirs, manufacturers, and evangelists. Dada Tzara, dada Huelsenbeck, dada m'dada, dada m'dada dada mhm, dada dera dada, dada Hue, dada Tza.

How does one achieve eternal bliss? By saying dada. How does one become famous? By saying dada. With a noble gesture and delicate propriety. Till one goes crazy. Till one loses consciousness. How can one get rid of everything that smacks of journalism, worms, everything nice and right, blinkered, moralistic, europeanized, enervated? By saying dada. Dada is the

<sup>5</sup> Indeed, in Tzara's listing ("Zurich Chronicle") the names of Tzara and Huelsenbeck precede Ball's, as having "manifested"—though his order may well be random.

<sup>6</sup> Paul Pörtner, ed., *Literatur-Revolution 1910–1925*, vol. 2, *Zur Begriffsbestimmung der Ismen* (Neuwied am Rhein: Luchterhand, 1961), 477–78.

\* Here Ball's manuscript reads "Komplikationen wegnehmen" ("take away complications"). The translator has followed Pörtner's "Komplikationen vorwegnehmen" to correct what is evidently a typing error. Ball anticipated complications if the "terribly simple" meaning of dada was made into an artistic tendency.

world soul, dada is the pawnshop. Dada is the world's best lily-milk soap. Dada Mr. Rubiner, dada Mr. Korrodi. Dada Mr. Anastasius Lilienstein.\*

In plain language: the hospitality of the Swiss is something to be profoundly appreciated. And in questions of aesthetics the key is quality.

I shall be reading poems that are meant to dispense with conventional language, no less, and to have done with it. Dada Johann Fuchsgang Goethe. Dada Stendhal. Dada Dalai Lama, Buddha, Bible, and Nietzsche. Dada m'dada. Dada mhm dada da. It's a question of connections, and of loosening them up a bit to start with. I don't want words that other people have invented. All the words are other people's inventions. I want my own stuff, my own rhythm, and vowels and consonants too, matching the rhythm and all my own. If this pulsation is seven yards long, I want words for it that are seven yards long. Mr. Schulz's words are only two and a half centimeters long.

It will serve to show how articulated language comes into being. I let the vowels fool around. I let the vowels quite simply occur, as a cat miaows. . . . Words emerge, shoulders of words, legs, arms, hands of words. Au, oi, uh. One shouldn't let too many words out. A line of poetry is a chance to get rid of all the filth that clings to this accursed language,<sup>†</sup> as if put there by stockbrokers' hands, hands worn smooth by coins. I want the word where it ends and begins. Dada is the heart of words.

Each thing has its word, but the word has become a thing by itself. Why shouldn't I find it? Why can't a tree be called Pluplus, and Pluplubasch when it has been raining? The word, the word, the word outside your domain, your stuffiness, this laughable impotence, your stupendous smugness, outside all the parrotry of your self-evident limitedness. The word, gentlemen, is a public concern of the first importance.

\* A comparison with Ball's manuscript shows that he had originally added Marinetti's name here but crossed it out when revising the text.

<sup>†</sup> Near this point, Ball added between the lines of his manuscript a phrase meaning "Here I wanted to drop language itself." It is omitted here because its intended position is uncertain.

---

9.7 TRISTAN TZARA**Dada Manifesto**

1918

*The magic of a word—DADA—which has set the journalists at the door of an unexpected world, has not the slightest importance for us.*

To proclaim a manifesto you have to want: A.B.C., thunder against 1,2,3,

lose your patience and sharpen your wings to conquer and spread a's, b's, c's little and big, sign, scream, swear, arrange the prose in a form of absolute and irrefutable evidence, prove your non-plus-ultra and maintain that novelty resembles life just as the latest appearance of a whore proves the essence of God. His existence was already proved by accordions, landscapes, and gentle words. ° ° To impose your A.B.C. is a natural thing—therefore regrettable. Everyone does it in a form of crystalbluff-madonna, a monetary system, a pharmaceutical product, a bare leg beckoning to an ardent and sterile spring. The love of novelty is the agreeable cross, proves a naive Idon'tgiveadamnism, sign with no cause, fleeting and positive. But this need has aged also. By giving to art the impulse of supreme simplicity: novelty, desire to win, a ridiculous knowledge of life, which they have classified, divided, channeled; they insist on seeing categories dance in time to their measure. Their readers snicker and keep going: what is the use?

There is a literature which doesn't reach voracious masses. A work of creators, the result of a real need of the author, and done for himself. Knowledge of a supreme egoism, where laws fade away. ° ° Each page ought to explode, either from deep and weighty seriousness, a whirlwind, dizziness, the new, or the eternal, from its crushing humor, the enthusiasm of principles or its typographical appearance. Here is a tottering world fleeing, future spouse of the bells of the infernal scale, and here on the other side: new men. Harsh, leaping, riders of hiccups. Here are a mutilated world and the literary medicine men with passion for improvement.

I say: there is no beginning and we are not trembling, we are not sentimental. We shred the linen of clouds and prayers like a furious wind, preparing the great spectacle of disaster, fire, decomposition. Let's get ready to cast off mourning and to replace tears with mermaids stretched out from one continent to the next. Pavilions of intense joy, empty of the sadness of poison.



°.°. DADA is the signboard of abstraction; advertising and business are also poetic elements.

I destroy the drawers of the brain and of social institutions: demoralizing everything and hurling the celestial hand to hell, the hellish eyes to heaven, setting up once more the fecund wheel of a universal circus in the actual power and the fantasy of each individual.

Philosophy is the question: from what side to start looking at life, god, the idea, or anything else. Everything you look at is false. I don't believe the relative result to be any more important than the choice between cake and cherries after dinner. The approach of looking quickly at the other side of a thing in order to impose your opinion indirectly is called dialectic, that is, haggling over the spirit of french fries while dancing the method around. If I shout:

IDEAL, IDEAL, IDEAL,

KNOWLEDGE, KNOWLEDGE, KNOWLEDGE,

BOOMBOOM, BOOMBOOM, BOOMBOOM,

I have put down rather exactly the progress, the laws, morality, and all the other lovely qualities that various very intelligent people have discussed in so many books, just in order to say finally that each man has danced anyway according to his own personal boomboom, and that he is right in his boomboom, as a satisfaction of unhealthy curiosity; private ringing for inexplicable needs; bath; monetary difficulties; stomach with repercussions in real life; authority of the mystical wand expressed as a bouquet of orchestra-ghost with mute bows, greased with potions based on animal manure. With the blue lorgnon of an angel they dug out the inside for a nickel of unanimous gratitude. °.°. If they are all right and if all pills are just Pink pills, let's try for once to be wrong. °.°. You think you can explain rationally, by thinking, what is written. But it's quite relative. Thought is a nice thing for philosophy but it's relative. Psychoanalysis is a dangerous sickness, lulls the antirealistic tendencies of man and codifies the bourgeoisie. There is no final Truth. Dialectic is an amusing machine which leads us

in a banal manner

to opinions we would have had anyway.

Do you think that by the scrupulous refinements of logic you have demonstrated truth and established the exactness of your opinions? Logic restricted by the senses is an organic sickness. Philosophers like to add to that element: the power of observation. But precisely this magnificent quality of the mind is the proof of its impotence. You observe, you look at things

from one or many points of view, you choose them among the existing millions. Experience is also a result of chance and of individual faculties. °°. Science repulses me as soon as it becomes speculative-system, losing its useful character—so very useless—but at least individual. I hate complacent objectivity and harmony, that science that finds everything in order. Carry on, children, humanity. . . . Science says that we are the servants of nature: everything is in order, make love and die. Carry on children, humanity, nice bourgeois people and virgin journalists . . . °°.

I am against systems, the most acceptable system is the one of not having any system, on principle. °°. Making yourself complete, growing perfect in your own littleness until you have filled up the vase of your self, the courage to fight for and against thought, the mystery of bread sudden unleashing of an infernal helix into economic lilies:

#### DADAIST SPONTANEITY

I call Idon'tgiveadamnism the state of a life where each person keeps his own conditions, although knowing how to respect other individuals, if not defending himself, the two-step becoming a national hymn, a whatnot store, a radio playing Bach fugues, neon lights and signs for brothels, the organ diffusing carnations for God, all that together and actually replacing photography and unilateral catechism.

#### Active simplicity

The inability to discern degrees of brightness: licking the penumbra and floating in the great mouth full of honey and excrement. Measured by the scale of Eternity, all action is vain—(if we let thought undertake an adventure whose result would be infinitely grotesque—an important fact for the knowledge of human impotence). But if life is a bad farce, with neither goal nor initial labor pains, and because we think we should withdraw as fresh as washed chrysanthemums from the whole business, we have proclaimed as the single basis of understanding: art. It does not have the importance that we, as mercenaries of the mind, have attributed to it for centuries. Art afflicts no one and those who can get interested in it will earn the right to be caressed and the wonderful occasion to blanket the country with their conversation. Art is a private thing, the artist does it for himself; a comprehensible work is the product of a journalist, and because right now I feel like dabbing this monster in oil paints: a paper tube imitating the metal you squeeze and out come hatred, cowardice, meanness automatically. The artist, the poet are delighted with the venom of the mass concentrated into a section manager of this industry; they love to be insulted: a proof of their



unchanging nature. The author and the artist praised in the papers notice how their work is understood: as the miserable lining of a cloak for public use, rags covering brutality, piss coalescing with the heat of an animal hatching the basest instincts. Flabby insipid flesh multiplying by means of typographic microbes.

We have discarded the sniveling tendency in ourselves. Every filtration of that kind is candied diarrhea. Encouraging this art means directing it. We must have strong, upright works, precise, and forever unintelligible. Logic is a complication. Logic is always false. It draws the strings of ideas, words, along their formal exterior, toward illusory extremes and centers. Its chains kill, like an enormous centipede stifling independence. Married to logic, art would live in incest, swallowing, devouring its own tail still attached, fornicating with itself and the personality would become a nightmare tarred with protestantism, a monument, a heap of heavy gray intestines.

But suppleness, enthusiasm, and even the joy of injustice, that little truth which we practice innocently and which gives us our good looks: we are delicate and our fingers are adjustable and glide like the branches of that insinuating, almost liquid plant; it gives our soul precision, the cynics say. That is a point of view too; but fortunately all flowers aren't saintly, and what is divine in us is the awakening of antihuman action. We're talking about a paper flower for the buttonhole of the gentlemen who customarily frequent the ball of masked life, kitchen of grace, white cousins supple or fat. They do business with whatever we have chosen. Contradiction and unity of polarities in one single stream can be truth. If you are going to pronounce that banality anyway, evil-smelling appendix to a libidinous morality. Morality atrophies like any scourge that intelligence produces. The rigidity of morality and logic have made us impassive in the presence of policemen—the cause of slavery—putrid rats filling middle-class stomachs and infecting the only bright and clean glass corridors which remained open to artists.

Let every man shout: there is a great destructive, negative work to be accomplished. Sweeping, cleaning. The cleanliness of the individual affirms itself after the state of madness, the aggressive, you are human and true about being amused, impulsive and vibrant in order to crucify boredom. At the crossroads of lights, alert, attentive, on the watch for passing years, in the forest. ° ° °

I am writing a manifesto and I don't want anything, I say however certain things and I am on principle against manifestoes, as I am also against prin-

ciples (half-pints for judging the moral value of each sentence—too easy; approximation was invested by the impressionists). °°. I am writing this manifesto to show that you can do contrary actions together, in one single fresh breath; I am against action; for continual contradiction, for affirmation also, I am neither for nor against and I don't explain because I hate common sense.

DADA—now there's a word that sets off ideas; each bourgeois is a little playwright, inventing different dialogs, instead of setting characters suitable to the level of his intelligence, like pupae on chairs, seeking causes or purposes (according to the psychoanalytic method he practices) to cement his plot, a story which defines itself in talking. °°. Each spectator is a plotter, if he tries to explain a word (knowledge!). From the cotton-padded refuge of serpentine complications, he has his instincts manipulated. Thence the misfortunes of conjugal life.

Explaining: Amusement of redbellies on the mills of empty skulls.

#### DADA MEANS NOTHING

If you find it futile and if you don't waste your time for a word that doesn't mean anything. . . . The first thought revolving in these heads is bacteriological: at least find its etymological, historical, or psychological origin. You learn from the papers that the Krou blacks call the tail of a holy cow: DADA. In a certain part of Italy, the cube and the mother: DADA. A hobby-horse, a nurse, double affirmation in Russian and in Rumanian: DADA. Certain learned journalists see in it an art for babies, other holy jesusescallinglittle-children, a return to a dry and noisy, noisy and monotonous primitivism. You don't build a sensitivity on one word; every construction converges in a boring perfection, the stagnant idea of a gilded swamp, a relative human product. The work of art should not be beauty itself, because that is dead; neither gay nor sad, neither clear nor obscure, simply making individuals happy or sad in serving them cakes of sacred haloes or the sweatings of an arched course across the atmospheres. A work of art is never beautiful by decree, objectively, for everybody. Criticism is therefore useless, it only exists subjectively for each person and without the slightest generality. Do you think you have found the psychic basis common to all humanity? The experience of Jesus and the Bible cover under their broad and benevolent wings: excrement, animals, days. How do you mean to put order in the chaos constituting this infinite and formless variation: man? The principle: "love your neighbor" is an hypocrisy. "Know thyself" is a utopia but more accept-



able because it contains nastiness within it. No pity. After the carnage we still have the hope of a purified humanity. I always speak of myself because I don't want to convince anyone, I don't have the right to drag others along in my current, I am not obliging anyone to follow me and everyone does his art in his own way, if he knows the joy ascending like arrows toward the stars, or that burrowing in the mines to the flowers of corpses and their fertile spasms. Stalactites: look for them everywhere, in the cribs pain has widened, their eyes white like angels' hares. So DADA was born of a desire for independence, of a distrust of the community.\* Those who belong to us keep their freedom. We don't recognize any theory. We have had enough of cubist and futurist academies: laboratories of formal ideas. Do you practice art to earn money and fondle the middle class? Rhymes ring the assonance of coins and inflection slides along the line of the tummy in profile. All the groupings of artists have ended at this bank even while they rode high along on diverse comets. A door open to the possibilities of luxuriating in cushions and food.

Here we cast anchor in rich earth.

Here we have the right to proclaim for we have known the shivers and the waking. Returning drunken with energy we stab the trident in the unsuspecting flesh. We are the flowing of maledictions in a tropical abundance of vertiginous vegetation, rubber and rain are our sweat, we bleed and burn thirst, our blood is vigor.

Cubism was born from the simple way of looking at the object: Cézanne painted a cup twenty centimeters lower than his eyes, the cubists look at it from above, others complicate its appearance by making one part perpendicular and in putting it nicely on one side. (I am not forgetting the creators, nor the great motives of the matter they make definitive.) °°. The futurist sees the same cup in movement, a succession of objects one alongside the other embellished maliciously by some lines of force. Which doesn't keep the canvas from being a good or bad painting destined to be an investment for intellectual capital. The new painter creates a world whose elements are also the means of creating it, a sober and definite work, against which there can be no argument. The new artist protests: he no longer paints (symbolic and illusionistic reproduction) but rather creates directly in stone, wood, iron, tin, rocks, and locomotive organisms that can be turned about on any side by the limpid wind of momentary sensation. °°. Any pictorial or plas-

\* In 1916, at the CABARET VOLTAIRE in Zurich.

tic work is useless; let it be a monster frightening to servile minds, and not sickly-sweet in order to decorate the refectories of animals dressed like men, illustrations of this sad fable of humanity. — A painting is the art of making two geometrically parallel lines meet on a canvas, in front of our eyes, in the reality of a world transposed according to new conditions and possibilities. This world is not specified or defined in the work; it belongs in its innumerable variations to the spectator. For its creator, it is without cause and without theory. *Order = disorder; I = not-I; affirmation = negation*: supreme radiations from an absolute art. Absolute in its purity of ordered cosmic chaos, eternal in the globule a second without duration, breathing, light, or control. °°. I like an old work for its novelty. Only contrast links us to the past. °°. Writers who teach morality and discuss or ameliorate the psychological basis have, in addition to a hidden complete madness of a world left in the hands of bandits who vandalize and destroy centuries. Without goal or plan, disorganized, unconquerable folly, decomposition. Those strong in words or in strength will survive, for they are quick to defend themselves, the agility of body and feeling flames up on their faceted flesh.

Morality has determined charity and pity, two suet balls grown like elephants, like planets, that people call good. They have nothing good about them. Goodness is lucid, bright and determined, pitiless towards compromise and politics. Morality is the infusion of chocolate in the veins of all men. No supernatural force ordains such comportment, rather the monopoly of the idea sellers and the university profiteers. Sentimentality: seeing a group of men arguing and being bored, they invented the calendar and the medicine prudence. The philosophers' battle started by labeling (mercantilism, balance, meticulous and paltry measures) and it was once more understood that pity is a feeling just like diarrhea in its relation to the sickly disgust, the revolting task of corpses to compromise the sun.

I proclaim the opposition of all cosmic faculties to this gonorrhea of a putrid sun coming out of the factories of philosophic thought, the fierce battle with all the possible means of

#### DADAIST DISGUST

Every product of disgust capable of becoming a negation of the family is *dada*; the whole being protesting in its destructive force with clenched fists: **DADA**; knowledge of all the means rejected up to this point by the timid sex of easy compromise and sociability: **DADA**; abolition of logic, dance of all those impotent to create: *DADA*; of all hierarchy and social equation installed for the preservation of values by our valets: **DADA**; each and every



object, feelings and obscurities, apparitions and the precise shock of parallel lines, can be means for the combat: DADA; abolition of memory; DADA; abolition of archeology: DADA; abolition of the prophets: DADA; abolition of the future: DADA; an absolute indisputable belief in each god immediate product of spontaneity: DADA; elegant and unprejudicial leap from one harmony to the other sphere; trajectory of a word tossed like a sonorous cry of phonograph record; respecting all individualities in their momentary madness: serious, fearful, timid, ardent, vigorous, determined, enthusiastic; stripping its chapel of every useless awkward accessory; spitting out like a luminous waterfall any unpleasant or amorous thought, or coddling it—with the lively satisfaction of knowing that it doesn't matter—with the same intensity in the bush of his soul, free of insects for the aristocrats, and gilded with archangels' bodies. Freedom: DADA DADA DADA, shrieking of contracted colors, intertwining of contraries and of all contradictions, grotesqueries, nonsequiturs: LIFE.

## MAORI TOTO-VACA

1.

ka tangi te kivi  
kivi  
ka tangi te moho  
moho  
ka tangi te tike  
ka tangi te tike  
tike  
he poko anahe  
to tikoko tikoko  
haere i te hara  
tikoko  
ko te taoura te rangi  
kaouaea  
me kave kivhea  
kaouaea  
a-ki te take  
take no tou  
e haou  
to ia  
haou riri  
to ia  
to ia ake te take  
take no tou

4\*

3.

ko aou ko aou  
hi ta ou e  
make ko te hanga  
hi ta ou e  
tourouki tourouki  
paneke paneke  
oioi te toki  
kaouaea

2.

ko ia rimou ha ere  
kaouaea  
totara ha ere  
kaouaea  
poukatea ha ere  
kaouaea  
homa i te tou  
kaouaea  
khia whitikia  
kaouaea  
takou takapou  
kaouaea  
hihi e  
haha e  
pipi e  
tata e  
apitia  
ha  
ko te here  
ha  
ko te here  
ha  
ko te timata  
e-ko te tiko pohue  
e-ko te aitanga a mata  
e-te aitanga ate hoe-manuka

51

takitakina

ia  
he tikaokao  
he taraho  
he pararera  
ke ke ke ke  
he parera  
ke ke ke ke

Though ignorant of writing before their intercourse with Europeans, to excel in their native language appears to have been one of their chief objects of ambition. As public speakers they are generally remarkably fluent, and display both force

162

LITERATURE OF

and elegance of expression. They also possess a certain taste for poetical composition, and have a numerous collection of proverbs handed down from remote periods. We shall attempt to give some account of their songs, poetry, and other kinds of composition, commencing with that which is most rude and simple.

In the first place may be noticed a sort of chant, called *Toto-waka*. Though devoid of merit as compositions, these chants answer admirably the purpose for which they are intended; namely, to enable a number of persons to exert a simultaneous effort in hauling heavy logs of wood or canoes overland. Any one who has heard the songs of sailors when unloading a ship, or pulling together on a rope, will perfectly understand how they are sung. These songs have a variety of measure, adapted either to pulling heavy, or to pulling light weights. When dragging up hill, the verse is formed of words of long syllables, each of which appears to issue from the mouths of the pullers with the same difficulty and labour as they advance over the ground. But when the impediment is overcome, and their movements become more free and rapid, another measure, composed of a succession of short syllables, is adopted.

The first five lines of the following specimen is a song called *Puwaha* or *Hari*, intended to be sung by a single voice, to give notice to prepare for pulling.



Then follows the *Toto-waka*, the verses of which are repeated alternately—one verse by a single voice, while the pullers take breath, the response by all, who at the same instant pull together.

## PUWHA, OR HARL.

Toia Tainui, te Arawa,  
Kia tapotu ki te moana.  
Koia i hirihara te mata-  
watitiri takataka-tumai  
I taku rangi tapu.

## TRANSLATION.

Pull Tainui, pull the Arawa,  
To launch them on the ocean.  
Surely glanced the bolt of  
Thunder falling hitherward  
On my sacred day.

## HE TOTO-WAKA.

*One Voice* Ka tangi te kiwi.  
*All†* .... Kiwi.  
*One Voice* Ka tangi te moho.  
*All* .... Moho.  
*One Voice* Ka tangi te tieke.  
*All* .... Tieke.  
*One Voice* He poho anake.  
*All‡* .... To tikoko, tikoko.  
*One Voice* Haere i te ara.  
*All§* .... Tikoko.  
*One Voice* Ko te tau-rua te rangi.  
*All* .... Kauaea.  
*One Voice* Ko te hao-tane.  
*All* .... Kauaea.  
*One Voice* Homai me kawē.  
*All* .... Kauaea.  
*One Voice* Me kawē kiwhea.  
*All* .... Kauaea.  
*One Voice* A—ki te take.

## A CANOE-DRAGGING.

*The kiwi\** cries.  
*Kiwi.*  
*The moho\** cries.  
*Moho.*  
*The tieke\** cries.  
*Tieke.*  
A belly only.  
Fork it out, fork it out.  
Keep in the path.  
Fork it out.  
It's the second year to day.  
Cheerily, men!  
It's the man-catcher.  
Cheerily, men!  
Give this way, and carry it.  
Cheerily, men!  
But whither carry it.  
Cheerily, men!  
Ah! to the root.

\* Names of Birds.

† A sustained pull.

‡ A short quick pull.

§ A brisk pull.

<i>All</i> * ....	Take no Tu.	Root of Tu.
<i>One Voice</i>	E hau.	O wind.
<i>All</i> † ....	Toia.	Pull away.
<i>One Voice</i>	Hau riri.	Raging wind.
<i>All</i> ....	Toia.	Pull away.
<i>One Voice</i>	Toia ake te take.	Pull onwards the root.
<i>All</i> ....	Take no Tu.	Root of Tu.

A halt, and then a fresh start—

<i>One Voice</i>	Koia rimu haere.	That's it, go along, <i>rimu</i> .‡
<i>All</i> § ....	Kauaea.	Cheerily, men!
<i>One Voice</i>	Totara haere.	Go along, <i>totara</i> .‡
<i>All</i> ....	Kauaea.	Cheerily, men!
<i>One Voice</i>	Pukatea haere.	Go along, <i>pukatea</i> .‡
<i>All</i> ....	Kauaea.	Cheerily, men!
<i>One Voice</i>	Homai te tu.	Give me the <i>tu</i> .
<i>All</i> ....	Kauaea.	Cheerily, men!
<i>One Voice</i>	Homai te maro.	Give me the <i>maro</i> .
<i>All</i> ....	Kauaea.	Cheerily, men!
<i>One Voice</i>	Kia whitikia.	To brace up.
<i>All</i> ....	Kauaea.	Cheerily, men!
<i>One Voice</i>	Taku takapu.	My belly.
<i>All</i> ....	Kauaea.	Cheerily, men!
<i>One Voice</i>	Hihī, e!	{ Three long syllables, denoting that a long and strong pull is to be made to overcome a dif- ficulty in the ground.
<i>All</i> ....	Haha, e!	
<i>One Voice</i>	Pipi, e!	
<i>All</i> ....	Tata, e!	
<i>One Voice</i>	Apitia.	Join.
<i>All</i>    ....	Ha!	Ha!
<i>One Voice</i>	Apitia.	Join.
<i>All</i> ....	Ha!	Ha!
<i>One Voice</i>	Ko te here.	The string.
<i>All</i> ....	Ha!	Ha!

\* A long pull.

‡ Names of forest trees used for building canoes.

§ A brisk pull.

+ A long pull.

|| A short quick pull.

<i>One Voice</i>	Ko te here.	The string.
<i>All</i> ....	Ha!	Ha!
<i>One Voice</i>	Ko te timata.	And the spear.
<i>All</i> ....	E-ko te tikoko pohue.	Ah! and the pohue-fork.
<i>One Voice</i>	E-ko te aitanga a mata.	Ah! and the child of flint.
<i>All*</i> ....	E-ko te aitanga a te hoe-manuka.	Ah! and the child of the ma- nuka-paddle.

A halt, and then a fresh start—

<i>One Voice</i>	Ko au, ko au.	It's I, It's I.
<i>All†</i> ....	Hitaue.	A long pull.
<i>One Voice</i>	Mate ko te hanga.	The thing is dead.
<i>All</i> ....	Hitaue.	A long pull.
<i>One Voice</i>	Turuki, turuki.	Jog along, jog along.
<i>All‡</i> ....	Paneke, paneke.	Slip along, slip along.
<i>One Voice</i>	Oioi te toki.	Brandish the hatchet.
<i>All</i> ....	Kauaea.	Cheerily, men!
<i>One Voice</i>	Takitakina.	Draw it out.
<i>All</i> ....	Ia.	That's it.
<i>One Voice</i>	He tikaokao.	It's a cock.
<i>All</i> ....	He taraho.	It's a <i>taraho</i> .§
<i>One Voice</i>	He parera.	It's a duck.
<i>All</i> ....	Ke, ke, ke, ke.	Quack, quack, quack, quack.
<i>One Voice</i>	He parera.	It's a duck.
<i>All</i> ....	Ke, ke, ke, ke.	Quack, quack, quack, quack.

The following is the song referred to at page 7 as being composed by the priest Rata, at the launch of the canoe *Tainui*.

*Rata.* Orooro te toki  
Na Hine-tu-a-hoanga.  
Kaore. Ko au ko Rata,  
E kimi ana

\* Walking away with it.  
† Briskly.

‡ A long pull.  
§ Name of a bird.



21.2 EUGÈNE JOLAS *and others***The Revolution of the Word**

1928

## PROCLAMATION

TIRED OF THE SPECTACLE OF SHORT STORIES, NOVELS, POEMS AND PLAYS STILL UNDER THE HEGEMONY OF THE BANAL WORD, MONOTONOUS SYNTAX, STATIC PSYCHOLOGY, DESCRIPTIVE NATURALISM, AND DESIROUS OF CRYSTALLIZING A VIEWPOINT . . .

WE HEREBY DECLARE THAT:

1. THE REVOLUTION IN THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE IS AN ACCOMPLISHED FACT.

2. THE IMAGINATION IN SEARCH OF A FABULOUS WORLD IS AUTONOMOUS AND UNCONFINED.

*(Prudence is a rich, ugly old maid courted by Incapacity . . . Blake)*

3. PURE POETRY IS A LYRICAL ABSOLUTE THAT SEEKS AN A PRIORI REALITY WITHIN OURSELVES ALONE.

*(Bring out number, weight and measure in a year of dearth . . . Blake)*

4. NARRATIVE IS NOT MERE ANECDOTE, BUT THE PROJECTION OF A METAMORPHOSIS OF REALITY.

*(Enough! Or Too Much! . . . Blake)*

5. THE EXPRESSION OF THESE CONCEPTS CAN BE ACHIEVED ONLY THROUGH THE RHYTHMIC "HALLUCINATION OF THE WORD."

*(Rimbaud)*

6. THE LITERARY CREATOR HAS THE RIGHT TO DISINTEGRATE THE PRIMAL MATTER OF WORDS IMPOSED ON HIM BY TEXT-BOOKS AND DICTIONARIES.

*(The road of excess leads to the palace of Wisdom . . . Blake)*

7. HE HAS THE RIGHT TO USE WORDS OF HIS OWN FASHIONING AND TO DISREGARD EXISTING GRAMMATICAL AND SYNTACTICAL LAWS.

*(The tigers of wrath are wiser than the horses of instruction . . . Blake)*

8. THE "LITANY OF WORDS" IS ADMITTED AS AN INDEPENDENT UNIT.

9. WE ARE NOT CONCERNED WITH THE PROPAGATION OF SOCIO-  
LOGICAL IDEAS, EXCEPT TO EMANCIPATE THE CREATIVE ELE-  
MENTS FROM THE PRESENT IDEOLOGY.

10. TIME IS A TYRANNY TO BE ABOLISHED.

11. THE WRITER EXPRESSES. HE DOES NOT COMMUNICATE.

12. THE PLAIN READER BE DAMNED.

*(Damn braces! Bless relaxes! . . . Blake)*

*Signed:* KAY BOYLE, WHIT BURNETT, HART CRANE,  
CARESSE CROSBY, HARRY CROSBY, MARTHA FOLEY,  
STUART GILBERT, A. L. GILLESPIE, LEIGH HOFFMAN,  
EUGÈNE JOLAS, ELLIOT PAUL, DOUGLAS RIGBY, THEO RUTRA,  
ROBERT SAGE, HAROLD J. SALEMSON, LAURENCE VAIL

1929

## NOTES ON POETRY

A POEM must be a debacle of the intellect. It cannot be anything but.

Debacle: a panic stampede, but a solemn, coherent one; the image of what one should be, of the state in which efforts no longer count.

In the poet:  
 the ear laughs,  
 the mouth swears;  
 It is intelligence, alertness that kills;  
 It is sleep that dreams and sees clearly;  
 It is the image and the hallucination that close their eyes:  
 It is lack and the lacuna that are *created*.

Poetry is the opposite of literature. It rules over idols of every kind and over realistic illusions; it happily sustains the ambiguity between the language of "truth" and the language of "creation."

Poetry is a pipe.

Lyricism is the development of a protest.

How proud a thing it is to write, without knowing what language, words, comparisons, changes of ideas, of tone are; neither to conceive the *structure* of the work's duration, nor the conditions of its ends; no *why*, no *how*! To turn green, blue, white from being the parrot . . .

We are always, even in prose, led and willing to write what we have not sought and what perhaps does not even seek what we sought.

Perfection  
 is *laziness*.

ANDRÉ BRETON AND PAUL ÉLUARD

*Notes sur la poésie* (*La Révolution surréaliste*, No. 12, December 15, 1929)

274



## Preface

Such is the belief in life, in the most precarious aspects of life, by which is meant real life, that in the end belief is lost. Man, that inveterate dreamer, more and more discontented day by day with his fate, orbits with difficulty around the objects he has been led to make use of, those which indifference has handed him, or his own efforts, almost always his efforts, since he has consented to labour; at least he has not been averse to chancing his luck (what he calls his luck!). A vast modesty is now his lot: he knows what women he has had, what foolish affairs he has been involved in; riches or poverty are nothing to him, he remains in this respect a new-born babe, and as for the consent of his moral conscience, I admit that he does very well without it. If he retains any degree of lucidity, he can do no more than turn to his childhood, which ruined as it has been by his teachers' pains, seems to him nonetheless full of charm. There, the absence of all familiar constraint, furnishes him with a perspective of several lives lived simultaneously; he becomes rooted in this illusion; he no longer wishes to know anything beyond the momentary and extreme facility of everything. Each morning, children set off without concern. Everything is near, the worst material circumstances are fine. The woods are black or white, one will never need to sleep again.

But it is true we would never dare venture so far, it is not merely a question of distance. Menace accumulates, one yields, one abandons a part of the terrain to be conquered. That same imagination that knows no limits, is never permitted to be exercised except according to arbitrary laws of utility; it is incapable of assuming this inferior role for long, and at about the age of twenty, prefers, in general, to abandon Man to his unilluminated destiny..

Let him try, later, now and then, to collect himself, having felt himself little by little losing all reason to live, incapable as he has become of rising to the heights of an exceptional situation such as love, and he will hardly succeed. That is because, from now on, he belongs body and soul to an imperious practical necessity, of which one must never lose sight. His gestures will lose all their expansiveness, his ideas all their grandeur. In what happens to him or might happen, he will perceive only what relates such events to a host of similar events, events in which he has not taken part, waste events. Rather, he will assess them with regard to some one of those events, more reassuring in its outcome than the rest. On no account, will he consider them as offering him salvation.

Dear imagination, what I love most about you, is your unforgiving nature.

The only mark of freedom is whatever still exalts me. I believe it right to maintain forever, our oldest human fanaticism. Indeed that reflects my sole legitimate aspiration. Amidst all the shame we are heir to, it is well to recognize that the widest freedom of spirit remains to us. It is up to us not to abuse it in any serious manner. To make a slave of the imagination, even though what is vulgarly called happiness is at stake, is to fail profoundly to do justice to one's deepest self. Only imagination realises the possible in me, and it is enough to lift for a moment the dreadful proscription; enough also for me to abandon myself to it, without fear of error (as if one could be any more in error). Where does error begin, and security end for the spirit? Is not the possibility of error, for the spirit, rather a circumstance conducive to its well-being?

Madness remains, 'the madness one locks away' as has been so aptly said. That madness or another. Everyone knows, in fact, that the mad owe their incarceration to a number of legally

reprehensible actions, and that were it not for those actions, their liberty (or what we see as their liberty) would not be at risk. They may be, in some measure, victims of their imagination, I am prepared to concede that, in the way that it induces them not to observe certain rules, without which the species feels threatened, which it pays us all to be aware of. But the profound indifference they show for the judgement we pass on them, and even the various punishments inflicted on them, allows us to suppose that they derive great solace from imagination, that they enjoy their delirium enough to endure the fact that it is only of value to themselves. And, indeed, hallucinations, illusions etc, are no slight source of pleasure. The most well-ordered sensuality partakes of it, and I know there are many evenings when I would gladly tame that pretty hand which in the last pages of Taine's *L'Intelligence*, indulges in some curious misdeeds. The confidences of the mad, I could pass my whole life inspiring them. They are a scrupulously honest tribe, whose innocence has no peer but my own. Columbus ought to have taken madmen with him to discover America. And see how that folly has gained substance, and endured.

It is not the fear of foolishness that compels us to leave the banner of imagination furled.

The case against the realist position needs to be considered, after considering the materialist position. The latter, more poetic however than the former, admittedly implies on the part of a Man, a monstrous pride, but not a new and more complete degeneration. It should be seen, above all, as a welcome reaction against certain ridiculous spiritualist tendencies. Ultimately, it is not incompatible with a certain nobility of thought.

The realistic position, in contrast, inspired by positivism, from Thomas Aquinas to Anatole France, appears to me to be totally hostile to all intellectual and moral progress. It horrifies me, since it arises from mediocrity, hatred and dull conceit. It is what engenders all the ridiculous books, and insulting plays of our day. It feeds on newspaper articles, and holds back science and art, while applying itself to flattering the lowest tastes of its readers; clarity bordering on stupidity, the life lived by dogs. The activity of the best minds is affected by it, the law of the lowest common denominator imposes itself on them, in the end, as on the others. One amusing result of this state of things, in literature for example, is the vast quantity of novels. Each brings its little measure of 'observation'. Feeling in need of a purge, Paul Valéry recently suggested the compilation of an anthology of as great a number as possible of opening passages from novels, hoping much from the ensuing bouts of insanity. The most famous of authors would be included. Such an idea reflects honour on Paul Valéry who, some time ago, on the subject of novels, assured me that, as far as he was concerned, he would continue to refrain from writing: The Marquise went out at five. But has he kept his word?

If the declarative style, pure and simple, of which the sentence just offered is an example, is almost the rule in novels, it is because, as one must recognise, the authors' ambition is quite limited. The circumstantial, needlessly specific, nature of their respective writings, leads me to think they are amusing themselves at my expense. They spare me not a single one of their issues of characterisation: will he be fair-haired, what will he be called, will we encounter him in summer? So many questions, resolved once and for all, haphazardly; the only power of choice I am left with is to close the book, which I take care to do at about the first page. And the descriptions! Nothing can be compared to their vacuity; it is nothing but the superimposition of images from a catalogue, the author employs them more and more readily, he seizes the opportunity to slip me postcards, he tries to make me fall in step with him in public places:

'The small room into which the young man was shown was decorated with yellow wallpaper: there were geraniums and muslin curtains in the windows; the setting sun cast a harsh light over all. There was nothing special about the chamber. The furniture, of yellow wood, was

all quite old. A sofa with a tall curved back, an oval table opposite the sofa, a dressing table and mirror set against the overmantel, chairs against the walls, two or three etchings of little value, representing German girls holding birds in their hands – amounted to all the furniture.’ (Dostoevsky, *Crime and Punishment*)

I am in no mood to admit, even for a moment, that the mind welcomes such motifs. It may be argued that this childish description has its place, and that at this point in the novel the author has his reasons for burdening me with it, but he is wasting his time since I avoid entering his room. The idleness, the fatigue of others does not interest me. I have too fragile a notion of life’s continuity to equate my moments of depression and weakness with my best. I prefer one to be silent, when one ceases to feel. Understand that I am not condemning lack of originality for its lack of originality. I simply say that I take no notice of the empty hours of life, and that it may be an unworthy action for any man to crystallise out those which seem so to him. Allow me to ignore that description of a room, along with a host of others.

Whoa, I’m into psychology, a subject about which I’ll take care not to jest.

The author seizes on a character, and, this being granted, makes the hero wander about the world. Whatever occurs, this hero, whose actions and reactions are admirably predictable, must not disturb, despite seeming to be about to do so, the calculations of which he is the object. The seas of life can appear to raise him, toss him about, and sink him again, he will always revert to that pre-formed human type. A simple game of chess which I am wholly disinterested in, Man, in whatever form, being a mediocre adversary. What I can’t bear are those wretched debates over this or that move, which have no bearing on winning or losing. And if the game’s not worth the candle, if objective reason serves so terribly, as it does, whoever summons it, is it not right to avoid such categories? ‘Diversity is as broad as all the tones of voice, manners of walking, coughing, blowing one’s nose, sneezing.. (Pascal, *Pensées*, B114)

If a bunch of grapes contains no two alike, why do you need me to describe this grape among others, among all others, to make a grape worth eating? Our brains are dulled by this incurable mania for reducing the unknown to the known, to the classifiable. The desire for analysis wins out over feeling. It results in lengthy statements whose persuasive force derives from their very strangeness, and only impress the reader by recourse to an abstract vocabulary, which is moreover quite ill-defined. If the general ideas proposed for discussion by philosophy to date signalled thereby their definitive incursion in a wider domain, I would be the first to rejoice. But till now it has been mere sophisticated banter; the flashes of wit, and other mannerisms vie in hiding from us true thought in search of itself, instead of focusing on achieving success. It seems to me that every action carries within itself its own justification, at least for one who has had the capacity to commit it, that it is endowed with a radiant power which the slightest gloss is certain to enfeeble. Because of the latter, it even, in some sense, ceases to exist. Nothing is gained by being thus singled out. Stendhal’s heroes are subject to their author’s appraisal, a more or less happy one, which adds nothing to their glory. Where we truly rediscover them, is where Stendhal lost sight of them..

We are still living under the rule of logic, that, of course, is what I am driving at. But in our day, logical procedures are only applicable in solving problems of secondary interest. The absolute rationalism still in fashion only allows us to consider facts directly related to our own experience. The aims of logic, in contrast, escape us. Pointless to add that our very experience finds itself limited. It paces about in a cage from which it is more and more difficult to free it. It leans, it too, on immediate utility, and is guarded by common sense. Under the flag of civilisation, accompanied by the pretext of progress, we have managed to banish from the spirit

everything that might rightly or wrongly be termed superstition, fancy, forbidding any kind of research into the truth which does not conform to accepted practice. It was by pure chance, it seems, that a part of our mental world, and to my mind the most important, with which we pretended to be no longer concerned, was recently brought back to light.

We must give thanks to Freud for his discoveries. On the basis of his research, a current of opinion is at last flowing, by means of which the explorer of humanity will be able to push his investigations much further, authorised as he will be to take account of more than merely superficial realities. Imagination may be on the point of re-asserting its rights. If the depths of our spirits contain strange forces capable of supplementing those on the surface, or waging victorious war against them, there is every reason to seize on them, seize on them and then, if needs be, submit them to the control of reason. Analysts themselves have everything to gain from it. But it is worth noting that the means of conducting such an enterprise is not defined a priori, that until further notice, it can be taken to be the province of poets as well as scientists, and that its success will not depend upon the paths, more or less capricious, which are followed.

Very rightly, Freud applied his critical faculties to dreams. It is unacceptable, indeed, that this considerable part of psychic activity (since, from the birth to death of human beings at least, thought presents no solution to continuity: the sum of the dream moments, from a temporal viewpoint, and considering only pure dream in sleep, being in no way inferior to the sum of moments of reality, or to be precise, waking moments) has still received so little attention. The vast difference in importance, in weight, that the ordinary observer grants to events while awake and asleep, has always astonished me. It is because human beings, when they cease to sleep, are above all the playthings of memory, and memory in its normal state takes pleasure in re-tracing the events of dreams only feebly, depriving the latter of all real importance, and distancing the sole determinant from the point where it thinks, several hours later, that it was left: a solid hope, a going concern. It has the illusion of continuing something worthwhile. Dream finds itself reduced to a parenthesis, like the night. And, in general, delivers as little information as night does. This curious state of affairs seems to me to call for certain reflections:

1. Within the bounds in which they operate (or are thought to operate), dreams, to all appearances, are continuous and show signs of order. Memory alone arrogates to itself the right to recall excerpts, to ignore transitions, and to represent it to us rather as a series of dreams than the dream itself. By the same token, we possess at any moment only a single distinct configuration of reality, whose coordination is a matter of will. (Account must be taken of the depth of the dream. For the most part I retain only what I can glean from its most superficial layers. What I delight in contemplating most about a dream is whatever sinks back beneath the surface when awake, all I have forgotten concerning my previous day's activities, dark leaves, dense branches. In reality, similarly, I prefer to fall.) What is worth noting, is that nothing permits us to infer a more profound dissipation of the constituent elements of dream. I regret having to speak according to a formula which excludes dream, in principle. When will there be sleeping logicians, sleeping philosophers! I would like to sleep, to surrender myself to the dreamers, as I deliver myself to those who read to me, eyes wide open; to cease from imposing, in this realm, the conscious rhythm of my thoughts. My dream last night, perhaps it continues that of the preceding night, and will in turn be continued the following night, with exemplary rigour. It's quite possible, as they say. And since there is not the slightest proof that, in doing so, the 'reality' which preoccupies me still exists in the dream state, failing to sink back behind memory, why should I not accord dream what I occasionally refuse reality, that quality of certainty in itself, which, in its own domain of time, is free from exposure to my repudiation? Why should I not expect more from dream-signs than I expect from a degree of consciousness daily more acute? Can the



dream not also be applied to the solution of life's fundamental questions? Are they the same questions in one case as the other, and are those questions already there in dream? Is the dream any less subject to sanctions than the rest? I age, and more than that reality to which I believe myself subject, it is perhaps the dream, the indifference I show towards it, which ages me.

2. I return, once more, to the state of being awake. I am obliged to consider it as a phenomenon due to interference. Not only does the mind display, in this state, a strange tendency towards disorientation (a tale of lapses and errors of all sorts the secret of which is beginning to be revealed) but what is more it seems that when the mind is functioning normally it does no more than respond to suggestions which come to it from the depths of that night to which I commend it. However well balanced it is, its equilibrium is a relative one. It scarcely dares to express itself, and, when it does, limits itself to verifying that some idea, some female has made an impression on it. What impression, it would be quite incapable of saying, showing by that the measure of its subjectivity, no more. This idea, or female, troubles it, inducing it to be less strict. It has the effect of separating it, for a moment, from its solvent, and depositing it over the heavens, as the lovely precipitate that it can become, that it is. When all else fails, it calls upon chance, a divinity more obscure even than the others, to whom it attributes its distraction. Who can say that the angle at which this idea which stirs it is presented, what it loves in that woman's eye, is not precisely what ties it to dream, binds it to the data which through its own fault it has lost? And if things were otherwise, what might it not be capable of? I would like to grant it the key to this passage.
3. The spirit of the man who dreams is quite content with what happens to him. The agonising question of possibility is no longer posed. Kill, fly faster, love to your heart's content. And if you die, are you not certain of waking among the dead? Let yourself be led, events will not allow you to defer them. You have no name. The easiness of it all is inestimable.

What reason, I ask, a reason so much greater than that other, confers the natural quality on dream, makes me welcome unreservedly a host of episodes whose strangeness would confound me as I write? And yet I can believe my own eyes, and ears; the great day has arrived, the beast has spoken.

If Man's awakening is harder, if it breaks the spell too abruptly, it is because he has been led to accept an impoverished idea of expiation.

4. From the moment it is subjected to methodical investigation, when by means yet to be determined, we succeed in accounting for dream in its entirety (and that presupposes a discipline in the use of memory spanning generations; but let us start all the same by registering the salient facts) when the curve of its graph will progress with unparalleled regularity and amplitude, we may hope that mysteries which are no such thing will give way to the great Mystery. I believe in the future resolution of these two states, seemingly so contradictory, of dream and reality, in a kind of absolute reality, a surreality, so to speak. That is the quest I am about, certain not to find it, but too heedless of death not to weigh a little the joys of its possession.

They say that every evening, before he slept, Saint-Pol-Roux (the Symbolist poet) used to have posted on the door of his manor house at Camaret, a notice which read: POET AT WORK.

# ORPEUS AND EURYDICE: RILKE, HD AND LAWRENCE



**Image:** Leonid Pasternak. *Portrait of Rainer Maria Rilke*. Pastel and watercolour on white wove paper. [c. 1921-1924]. The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. *Wikimedia Commons*. Web. 7 June 2015.

**Orpheus. Eurydice. Hermes.**

That was the strange mine of souls.  
Like veins of silent silver ore  
they wound through its darkness. Between roots  
welled up the blood that flows forth to mankind  
seeming heavy as porphyry in the dark.  
Otherwise nothing was red.

Rocks were there  
and unreal forests, bridges over emptiness  
and that great grey blind pool  
that hung over its distant bed  
like a rainy sky over a landscape.  
And between meadows, soft and full of patience,  
appeared the pale strip of the single path  
laid out like linen left to bleach.

And along this single path they came.

First the slender man in the blue cloak,  
gazing ahead, mute and impatient.  
His steps devoured the path in great bites  
without chewing; his hands hung  
heavy and clenched from the falling folds  
and knew no more of the light lyre  
grown into the left hand like tendrils  
of rose in the branches of the olive tree.  
And his senses were as if split in two:  
while his sight ran out like a dog before him,  
turned around, returned, and again stood  
distant and waiting at the path's next curve-  
his hearing stayed like a scent behind him.  
Sometimes it seemed to him as if it reached  
back to the movement of those other two  
who should be following this whole ascent.  
Then again it was just his climb's echo  
and his cloak's wind that were behind him.

But he told himself: they still were coming;  
said it aloud and heard it die away.  
They still were coming, only they were two  
who walked with dreadful lightness. Dared he  
once to turn around (if looking back  
were not the ruin of this entire deed



still to be accomplished), he would have to see them,  
 the two gentle ones who followed him in silence:  
 the god of motion and of distant message,  
 the travelling hood above bright eyes,  
 the slender staff held out before his body,  
 wings beating about the ankles;  
 and entrusted to his left hand: she.

She, so beloved, that from one lyre  
 more mourning came than from any women mourners;  
 so that a world was formed from mourning, where  
 all once more was present: wood and valley  
 and path and village, field and stream and beast;  
 and so that around this mourning-world,  
 just as around that other earth, a sun  
 and a starry silent heaven turned,  
 a mourning-heaven with distorted stars:  
 she, so, beloved.

She, though, walked at this god's hand,  
 her steps hindered by long funeral shrouds,  
 uncertain, gentle and without impatience.  
 She was in herself, like a woman with child,  
 and thought not of the man who walked before her  
 and not of the path ascending into life.  
 She was in herself. And being dead  
 had filled her up like fullness.  
 As a fruit is full of sweetness and darkness,  
 so she was full of her great death,  
 still so new that she grasped nothing.

She was in a new maidenhood  
 and untouchable; her sex was closed  
 like a young flower toward evening  
 and her hands had grown so unused  
 to being married that even the gentle god's  
 infinitely light leading touch  
 disturbed her like too much intimacy.

She was already no longer this blonde woman  
 who sounded sometimes in the poet's songs,  
 no longer the wide bed's fragrance and island

and this man's possession no longer.

She was already loosened like long hair  
 and given forth like fallen rain  
 and dealt out like a hundredfold provision.

She was already root.

And when abruptly  
the god halted her and with pain  
in his cry spoke the words: he has turned around,  
she grasped nothing, and said softly: who?

But distant, dark before the clear exit,  
stood someone or other whose countenance  
could not be recognized. He stood and saw  
how on the strip of a meadow path  
the messenger god with sorrowful look  
silently turned to follow the figure  
returning already by this same path,  
her steps hindered by long funeral shrouds,  
uncertain, gentle and without impatience.

**Selections from The Sonnets to Orpheus****Sonnet 1:1**

A tree ascended there. O pure transcendence!  
 O Orpheus sings! O tall tree in the ear!  
 And all was still. Yet even in that stillness  
 a new beginning, a sign, a change appeared.

Creatures of silence crowded from the clear  
 unbound forest, out of their lairs and nests;  
 and it was not from cunning and not  
 from fear that they were so quiet in themselves

but from listening. Bellow, shriek, roar  
 seemed small in their hearts. And where before  
 there had been at most a hut to receive this,

a shelter made of deepest longing  
 with an entryway whose gateposts trembled  
 you built for them a temple in their hearing.

**Sonnet 1:2**

And it was almost a girl and came to be  
 from this united joy of song and lyre  
 and shone forth clearly through her veils of spring  
 and made herself a bed inside my ear.

And slept in me. And her sleep was everything:  
 The trees I had once admired, this  
 tangible distance, the meadow I'd felt,  
 and every amazement that ever touched me.

She slept the world. Singing god, how did you  
 perfect her so that she had no desire  
 ever to wake? See, she arose and slept.

Where is her death? O, will you yet invent  
 this theme before your song consumes itself?  
 Where does she sink to from me? . . . A girl almost . . .

## Sonnet 1:3

A god can do it. But tell me: how can a man  
 follow him through the slender lyre?  
 His sense is split. At the crossing of two  
 heartroads stands no temple for Apollo.

Song, as you have taught it, is not desire,  
 not a striving for something finally achieved;  
 song is being. Simple for a god.  
 But when are we? And when does he turn

the earth and stars toward our being? It is  
 not that you love, young man, even if  
 your mouth is forced open by your voice, learn

to forget that you sang out. That will pass.  
 True singing is another breath, about  
 nothing. A gust inside the god. A wind.

## Sonnet 1:5

Erect no monument. Just let the rose  
 blossom each year for his sake. For it  
 is Orpheus. His metamorphosis  
 in this and that. We should not trouble ourselves

with other names. Once and for all it is  
 Orpheus when there's song. He comes and goes.  
 Isn't it enough that he survives  
 sometimes a few days longer than the rose?

O how he must vanish to make you understand!  
 Even when he is scared of vanishing.  
 As soon as his word surpasses this existence,

He's already there where you cannot follow.  
 The lyre's bars do not constrict his hands.  
 And it is in overstepping that he obeys.



## Sonnet 1:15

Wait . . . , that tastes good . . . Already it's in flight.  
 . . . . A little music, a stamping, a humming:  
 Young girls, so warm, young girls, so mute,  
 dance the taste of the experienced fruit!

Dance the orange. Who can forget it,  
 how, drowning in itself, it struggles  
 against its own sweetness? You have possessed it.  
 Deliciously, it has converted to you.

Dance the orange. The warmer landscape,  
 fling it from you so that it shines ripely  
 in the breeze of its homeland! Glowing, peel away

scent after scent. Create your own kinship  
 with the pure, reluctant rind,  
 with the juice that fills it with joy!

## Sonnet 1:25

But you now, you, whom I loved like a flower  
 whose name I don't know, once more I'll recall you  
 and show you to those who have turned away,  
 beautiful playmate of the invincible cry.

Dancer whose body, grown hesitant, suddenly  
 stopped, as though her youth had been cast in bronze;  
 grieving and listening. Then, from the high dominions,  
 music fell into her altered heart.

Near was her illness. Already possessed by shadows,  
 her blood pressed darkly, till, briefly suspicious,  
 it burst out into its natural springtime.

Again and again, interrupted by darkness and downfall,  
 earthly, it gleamed. Till after a terrible pounding,  
 it entered the inconsolably open door.

## Sonnet 1:26

But you, divine one, you who sang on till the end  
 as the swarm of spurned maenads fell upon you,  
 you drowned out their shrieks with harmony, beauty,  
 and from destruction your song of creation rose.

No one there could destroy your head or your lyre,  
 as much as they wrestled and raged. And the sharp  
 stones that they hurled at your heart became  
 softened by you and endowed with hearing.

At last, in revenge, they broke you to pieces,  
 while your sound lingered on in lions and boulders,  
 in trees and birds. There you're singing still.

O you lost god! You never ending trace!  
 Only because enmity tore and scattered you  
 are we the hearers now and a mouth of Nature.

## Sonnet 2:12

Will transformation. O be inspired for the flame  
 in which a Thing eludes you, resplendent with change;  
 that spirit of creation, which masters whatever is earthly,  
 loves in the figure's swing nothing more than the turning point.  
 What withdraws into survival is already inert;  
 does it really feel safe, sheltered by inconspicuous gray?  
 Wait: from far off a greater hardness warns what is hard.  
 Alas: an absent hammer is lifted high!

He who pours himself out like a well is acknowledged by Knowledge;  
 and she leads him enchanted through the bright creation  
 that finishes often with starting and with ending begins.

Every joyful space that they pass through, astonished,  
 is a child or grandchild of parting. And the transfigured  
 Daphne, feeling laurelish, wants you to change into wind.

## Sonnet 2:13

Be ahead of all parting, as though it were behind  
 you, like the winter that has just gone by.  
 For among winters there is one so endlessly winter  
 that only by overwintering will your heart survive.

Be forever dead in Eurydice, more singing, ascend,  
 more praising, ascend back to the pure relation.  
 Here, amidst vanishing ones, in the realm of decline,  
 be a ringing glass that shattered even as it rang.

Be - and yet know the condition of not being,  
 the infinite source of your inner vibration,  
 so that, just this once, you may perfect it.

And to all that is used up, to all the muffled and mute  
 stock of Nature's plenitude, the unsayable sums,  
 joyfully add yourself and cancel the count.

## Sonnet 2:18

Dancing girl: oh you displacement  
 of all transience into movement: how you offered it there.  
 And the whirl at the end, this tree made of motion,  
 did it not fully possess the accomplished year?

Did not its top branches, so that your previous swaying might swarm  
 around them, suddenly bloom with stillness? And above,  
 was it not sunshine, was it not summer, the warmth,  
 this immeasurable warmth out of you?

But it bore too, it bore, your tree of ecstasy.  
 Are not these its tranquil fruits: the pitcher,  
 streaked with ripeness, and the even more ripened vase?

And in the pictures: does not the drawing remain  
 that your eyebrow's dark stroke  
 swiftly inscribed on the surface of its own turning?

## Sonnet 2:28

O come and go. You, almost still a child,  
 fill out the dance figure for just an instant  
 into the pure constellation of  
 one of those dances in which dull ordering Nature

is fleetingly surpassed. For Nature stirred  
 to total hearing only when Orpheus sang.  
 You were still the one long since set in motion,  
 slightly surprised if a tree hesitated

to step with you into the listening ear.  
 You knew still the place where the lyre  
 arose resounding; the unheard center.

For its sake you tried out your lovely steps  
 and hoped that one day you would turn your lover's  
 motion and gaze toward the perfect celebration.

## Sonnet 2:29

Silent friend of the many distances, feel  
 how your breath enlarges all of space.  
 Amidst the beams of the dark belfry let  
 yourself ring out. That which gnaws at you

grows powerful from this nourishment.  
 Move in transformation, out and in.  
 What is the greatest sorrow you have suffered?  
 If you find drinking bitter, turn to wine.

In this night of excess, be the magic  
 power at the crossroads of your senses,  
 the sense of their mysterious encounter.

And if the earthly has forgotten you,  
 to the silent earth say: I'm flowing.  
 To the rushing water say: I am.



## Eurydice

## I

So you have swept me back,  
 I who could have walked with the live souls  
 above the earth,  
 I who could have slept among the live flowers  
 at last;

so for your arrogance  
 and your ruthlessness  
 I am swept back  
 where dead lichens drip  
 dead cinders upon moss of ash;

so for your arrogance  
 I am broken at last,  
 I who had lived unconscious,  
 who was almost forgot;

if you had let me wait  
 I had grown from listlessness  
 into peace,  
 if you had let me rest with the dead,  
 I had forgot you  
 and the past.

## II

Here only flame upon flame  
 and black among the red sparks,  
 streaks of black and light  
 grown colourless;

why did you turn back,  
 that hell should be reinhabited  
 of myself thus  
 swept into nothingness?

why did you turn?  
 why did you glance back?  
 why did you hesitate for that moment?  
 why did you bend your face  
 caught with the flame of the upper earth,  
 above my face?

what was it that crossed my face  
 with the light from yours  
 and your glance?  
 what was it you saw in my face?  
 the light of your own face,  
 the fire of your own presence?

What had my face to offer  
 but reflex of the earth,  
 hyacinth colour  
 caught from the raw fissure in the rock  
 where the light struck,  
 and the colour of azure crocuses  
 and the bright surface of gold crocuses  
 and of the wind-flower,  
 swift in its veins as lightning  
 and as white.

## III

Saffron from the fringe of the earth,  
 wild saffron that has bent  
 over the sharp edge of earth,  
 all the flowers that cut through the earth,  
 all, all the flowers are lost;

everything is lost,  
 everything is crossed with black,  
 black upon black  
 and worse than black,  
 this colourless light.

## IV

Fringe upon fringe  
of blue crocuses,  
crocuses, walled against blue of themselves,  
blue of that upper earth,  
blue of the depth upon depth of flowers,  
lost;

flowers,  
if I could have taken once my breath of them,  
enough of them,  
more than earth,  
even than of the upper earth,  
had passed with me  
beneath the earth;

if I could have caught up from the earth,  
the whole of the flowers of the earth,  
if once I could have breathed into myself  
the very golden crocuses  
and the red,  
and the very golden hearts of the first saffron,  
the whole of the golden mass,  
the whole of the great fragrance,  
I could have dared the loss.

## V

So for your arrogance  
and your ruthlessness  
I have lost the earth  
and the flowers of the earth,  
and the live souls above the earth,  
and you who passed across the light  
and reached  
ruthless;

53

you who have your own light,  
who are to yourself a presence,  
who need no presence;

yet for all your arrogance  
and your glance,  
I tell you this:

such loss is no loss,  
such terror, such coils and strands and pitfalls  
of blackness,  
such terror  
is no loss;

hell is no worse than your earth  
above the earth,  
hell is no worse,  
no, nor your flowers  
nor your veins of light  
nor your presence,  
a loss;

my hell is no worse than yours  
though you pass among the flowers and speak  
with the spirits above earth.

## VI

Against the black  
I have more fervour  
than you in all the splendour of that place,  
against the blackness  
and the stark grey  
I have more light;

and the flowers,  
if I should tell you,  
you would turn from your own fit paths  
toward hell,  
turn again and glance back

54

and I would sink into a place  
even more terrible than this.

## VII

At least I have the flowers of myself,  
and my thoughts, no god  
can take that;  
I have the fervour of myself for a presence  
and my own spirit for light;

and my spirit with its loss  
knows this;  
though small against the black,  
small against the formless rocks,  
hell must break before I am lost;

before I am lost,  
hell must open like a red rose  
for the dead to pass.

## UNRHYMING POEMS

## MEDLARS AND SORB-APPLES

I love you, rotten,  
Delicious rottenness.

I love to suck you out from your skins  
So brown and soft and coming suave,  
So morbid, as the Italians say.

What a rare, powerful, reminiscent flavour  
Comes out of your falling through the stages of decay:  
Stream within stream.

Something of the same flavour as Syracusan muscat wine  
Or vulgar Marsala.

Though even the word Marsala will smack of preciousity  
Soon in the pussyfoot West.

What is it?  
What is it, in the grape turning raisin,  
In the medlar, in the sorb-apple,  
Wineskins of brown morbidity,  
Autumnal excrementa;  
What is it that reminds us of white gods?

Gods nude as blanched nut-kernels,  
Strangely, half-sinisterly flesh-fragrant  
As if with sweat,  
And drenched with mystery.

Sorb-apples, medlars with dead crowns.  
I say, wonderful are the hellish experiences,  
Orphic, delicate  
Dionysos of the Underworld.

A kiss, and a spasm of farewell, a moment's orgasm of  
rupture,  
Then along the damp road alone, till the next turning.  
And there, a new partner, a new parting, a new unfusing  
into twain,

## UNRHYMING POEMS

A new gasp of further isolation,  
A new intoxication of loneliness, among decaying, frost-cold  
leaves.

Going down the strange lanes of hell, more and more  
intensely alone,  
The fibres of the heart parting one after the other  
And yet the soul continuing, naked-footed, ever more vividly  
embodied  
Like a flame blown whiter and whiter  
In a deeper and deeper darkness  
Ever more exquisite, distilled in separation.

So, in the strange retorts of medlars and sorb-apples  
The distilled essence of hell.  
The exquisite odour of leave-taking.  
*Jamque vale!*  
Orpheus, and the winding, leaf-clogged, silent lanes of hell.

Each soul departing with its own isolation,  
Strangest of all strange companions,  
And best.

Medlars, sorb-apples,  
More than sweet  
Flux of autumn  
Sucked out of your empty bladders

And sipped down, perhaps, with a sip of Marsala  
So that the rambling, sky-dropped grape can add its savour  
to yours,  
Orphic farewell, and farewell, and farewell  
And the *ego sum* of Dionysos  
The *sono io* of perfect drunkenness  
Intoxication of final loneliness.

*San Gervasio.*





# VIRGINIA WOOLF

## KEW GARDENS





## KEW GARDENS

FROM the oval-shaped flower-bed there rose perhaps a hundred stalks spreading into heart-shaped or tongue-shaped leaves half way up and unfurling at the tip red or blue or yellow petals marked with spots of colour raised upon the surface; and from the red, blue or yellow gloom of the throat emerged a straight bar, rough with gold dust and slightly clubbed at the end. The petals were voluminous enough to be stirred by the summer breeze, and when they moved, the red, blue and yellow lights passed one over the other, staining an inch of the brown earth beneath with a spot of the most intricate colour. The light fell either upon the smooth, grey back of a pebble, or, the shell of a snail with its brown, circular veins, or falling into a raindrop, it expanded with such intensity of red, blue and yel-



low the thin walls of water that one expected them to burst and disappear. Instead, the drop was left in a second silver grey once more, and the light now settled upon the flesh of a leaf, revealing the branching thread of fibre beneath the surface, and again it moved on and spread its illumination in the vast green spaces beneath the dome of the heart-shaped and tongue-shaped leaves. Then the breeze stirred rather more briskly overhead and the colour was flashed into the air above, into the eyes of the men and women who walk in Kew Gardens in July.

The figures of these men and women straggled past the flower-bed with a curiously irregular movement not unlike that of the white and blue butterflies who crossed the turf in zig-zag flights from bed to bed. The man was about six inches in front of the woman, strolling carelessly, while she bore on with greater purpose, only turning her head now and then to see that the children were not too far behind. The man kept this distance in front of the woman pur-

## KEW GARDENS

85

posely, though perhaps unconsciously, for he wished to go on with his thoughts.

“Fifteen years ago I came here with Lily,” he thought. “We sat somewhere over there by a lake and I begged her to marry me all through the hot afternoon. How the dragonfly kept circling round us: how clearly I see the dragonfly and her shoe with the square silver buckle at the toe. All the time I spoke I saw her shoe and when it moved impatiently I knew without looking up what she was going to say: the whole of her seemed to be in her shoe. And my love, my desire, were in the dragonfly; for some reason I thought that if it settled there, on that leaf, the broad one with the red flower in the middle of it, if the dragonfly settled on the leaf she would say “Yes” at once. But the dragonfly went round and round: it never settled anywhere—of course not, happily not, or I shouldn’t be walking here with Eleanor and the children—Tell me, Eleanor. D’you ever think of the past?”

“Why do you ask, Simon?”

“Because I’ve been thinking of the past. I’ve been thinking of Lily, the woman I might have married . . . Well, why are you silent? Do you mind my thinking of the past?”

“Why should I mind, Simon? Doesn’t one always think of the past, in a garden with men and women lying under the trees? Aren’t they one’s past, all that remains of it, those men and women, those ghosts lying under the trees, . . . one’s happiness, one’s reality?”

“For me, a square silver shoe buckle and a dragonfly—”

“For me, a kiss. Imagine six little girls sitting before their easels twenty years ago, down by the side of a lake, painting the water-lilies, the first red water-lilies I’d ever seen. And suddenly a kiss, there on the back of my neck. And my hand shook all the afternoon so that I couldn’t paint. I took out my watch and marked the hour when I would allow myself to think of the kiss for five minutes only—it was so precious—the kiss of an old grey-haired

## KEW GARDENS

woman with a wart on her nose, the mother of all my kisses all my life. Come, Caroline, come, Hubert."

They walked on the past the flower-bed, now walking four abreast, and soon diminished in size among the trees and looked half transparent as the sunlight and shade swam over their backs in large trembling irregular patches.

In the oval flower bed the snail, whose shell had been stained red, blue, and yellow for the space of two minutes or so, now appeared to be moving very slightly in its shell, and next began to labour over the crumbs of loose earth which broke away and rolled down as it passed over them. It appeared to have a definite goal in front of it, differing in this respect from the singular high stepping angular green insect who attempted to cross in front of it, and waited for a second with its antennæ trembling as if in deliberation, and then stepped off as rapidly and strangely in the opposite direction. Brown cliffs with deep green lakes in the hollows, flat,



blade-like trees that waved from root to tip, round boulders of grey stone, vast crumpled surfaces of a thin crackling texture—all these objects lay across the snail's progress between one stalk and another to his goal. Before he had decided whether to circumvent the arched tent of a dead leaf or to breast it there came past the bed the feet of other human beings.

This time they were both men. The younger of the two wore an expression of perhaps unnatural calm; he raised his eyes and fixed them very steadily in front of him while his companion spoke, and directly his companion had done speaking he looked on the ground again and sometimes opened his lips only after a long pause and sometimes did not open them at all. The elder man had a curiously uneven and shaky method of walking, jerking his hand forward and throwing up his head abruptly, rather in the manner of an impatient carriage horse tired of waiting outside a house; but in the man these gestures were irresolute and pointless.

## KEW GARDENS

89

He talked almost incessantly; he smiled to himself and again began to talk, as if the smile had been an answer. He was talking about spirits—the spirits of the dead, who, according to him, were even now telling him all sorts of odd things about their experiences in Heaven.

“Heaven was known to the ancients as Thes-saly, William, and now, with this war, the spirit matter is rolling between the hills like thunder.” He paused, seemed to listen, smiled, jerked his head and continued:—

“You have a small electric battery and a piece of rubber to insulate the wire—isolate?—insulate?—well, we’ll skip the details, no good going into details that wouldn’t be understood—and in short the little machine stands in any convenient position by the head of the bed, we will say, on a neat mahogany stand. All arrangements being properly fixed by workmen under my direction, the widow applies her ear and summons the spirit by sign as agreed. Women! Widows! Women in black——”

Here he seemed to have caught sight of a woman's dress in the distance, which in the shade looked a purple black. He took off his hat, placed his hand upon his heart, and hurried towards her muttering and gesticulating feverishly. But William caught him by the sleeve and touched a flower with the tip of his walking-stick in order to divert the old man's attention. After looking at it for a moment in some confusion the old man bent his ear to it and seemed to answer a voice speaking from it, for he began talking about the forests of Uruguay which he had visited hundreds of years ago in company with the most beautiful young woman in Europe. He could be heard murmuring about forests of Uruguay blanketed with the wax petals of tropical roses, nightingales, sea beaches, mermaids, and women drowned at sea, as he suffered himself to be moved on by William, upon whose face the look of stoical patience grew slowly deeper and deeper.

Following his steps so closely as to be slightly

## KEW GARDENS

91

puzzled by his gestures came two elderly women of the lower middle class, one stout and ponderous, the other rosy cheeked and nimble. Like most people of their station they were frankly fascinated by any signs of eccentricity betokening a disordered brain, especially in the well-to-do; but they were too far off to be certain whether the gestures were merely eccentric or genuinely mad. After they had scrutinised the old man's back in silence for a moment and given each other a queer, sly look, they went on energetically piecing together their very complicated dialogue:

“Nell, Bert, Lot, Cess, Phil, Pa, he says, I says, she says, I says, I says, I says——”

“My Bert, Sis, Bill, Grandad, the old man, sugar,

Sugar, flour, kippers, greens,

Sugar, sugar, sugar.”

The ponderous woman looked through the pattern of falling words at the flowers standing cool, firm, and upright in the earth, with a curi-



ous expression. She saw them as a sleeper waking from a heavy sleep sees a brass candlestick reflecting the light in an unfamiliar way, and closes his eyes and opens them, and seeing the brass candlestick again, finally starts broad awake and stares at the candlestick with all his powers. So the heavy woman came to a standstill opposite the oval-shaped flower bed, and ceased even to pretend to listen to what the other woman was saying. She stood there letting the words fall over her, swaying the top part of her body slowly backwards and forwards, looking at the flowers. Then she suggested that they should find a seat and have their tea.

The snail had now considered every possible method of reaching his goal without going round the dead leaf or climbing over it. Let alone the effort needed for climbing a leaf, he was doubtful whether the thin texture which vibrated with such an alarming crackle when touched even by the tip of his horns would bear

## KEW GARDENS

93

his weight; and this determined him finally to creep beneath it, for there was a point where the leaf curved high enough from the ground to admit him. He had just inserted his head in the opening and was taking stock of the high brown roof and was getting used to the cool brown light when two other people came past outside on the turf. This time they were both young, a young man and a young woman. They were both in the prime of youth, or even in that season which precedes the prime of youth, the season before the smooth pink folds of the flower have burst their gummy case, when the wings of the butterfly, though fully grown, are motionless in the sun.

“Lucky it isn’t Friday,” he observed.

“Why? D’you believe in luck?”

“They make you pay sixpence on Friday.”

“What’s sixpence anyway? Isn’t it worth sixpence?”

“What’s ‘it’—what do you mean by ‘it’?”

## 94 MONDAY OR TUESDAY

“O, anything—I mean—you know what I mean.”

Long pauses came between each of these remarks; they were uttered in toneless and monotonous voices. The couple stood still on the edge of the flower bed, and together pressed the end of her parasol deep down into the soft earth. The action and the fact that his hand rested on the top of hers expressed their feelings in a strange way, as these short insignificant words also expressed something, words with short wings for their heavy body of meaning, inadequate to carry them far and thus alighting awkwardly upon the very common objects that surrounded them, and were to their inexperienced touch so massive; but who knows (so they thought as they pressed the parasol into the earth) what precipices aren't concealed in them, or what slopes of ice don't shine in the sun on the other side? Who knows? Who has ever seen this before? Even when she wondered what sort of tea they gave you at Kew, he

## KEW GARDENS

95

felt that something loomed up behind her words, and stood vast and solid behind them; and the mist very slowly rose and uncovered—O, Heavens, what were those shapes?—little white tables, and waitresses who looked first at her and then at him; and there was a bill that he would pay with a real two shilling piece, and it was real, all real, he assured himself, fingering the coin in his pocket, real to everyone except to him and to her; even to him it began to seem real; and then—but it was too exciting to stand and think any longer, and he pulled the parasol out of the earth with a jerk and was impatient to find the place where one had tea with other people, like other people.

“Come along, Trissie; it’s time we had our tea.”

“Wherever *does* one have one’s tea?” she asked with the oddest thrill of excitement in her voice, looking vaguely round and letting herself be drawn on down the grass path, trailing her parasol, turning her head this way and that



way, forgetting her tea, wishing to go down there and then down there, remembering orchids and cranes among wild flowers, a Chinese pagoda and a crimson crested bird; but he bore her on.

Thus one couple after another with much the same irregular and aimless movement passed the flower-bed and were enveloped in layer after layer of green blue vapour, in which at first their bodies had substance and a dash of colour, but later both substance and colour dissolved in the green-blue atmosphere. How hot it was! So hot that even the thrush chose to hop, like a mechanical bird, in the shadow of the flowers, with long pauses between one movement and the next; instead of rambling vaguely the white butterflies danced one above another, making with their white shifting flakes the outline of a shattered marble column above the tallest flowers; the glass roofs of the palm house shone as if a whole market full of shiny green umbrellas had opened in the sun; and in the drone of the aero-

## KEW GARDENS

97

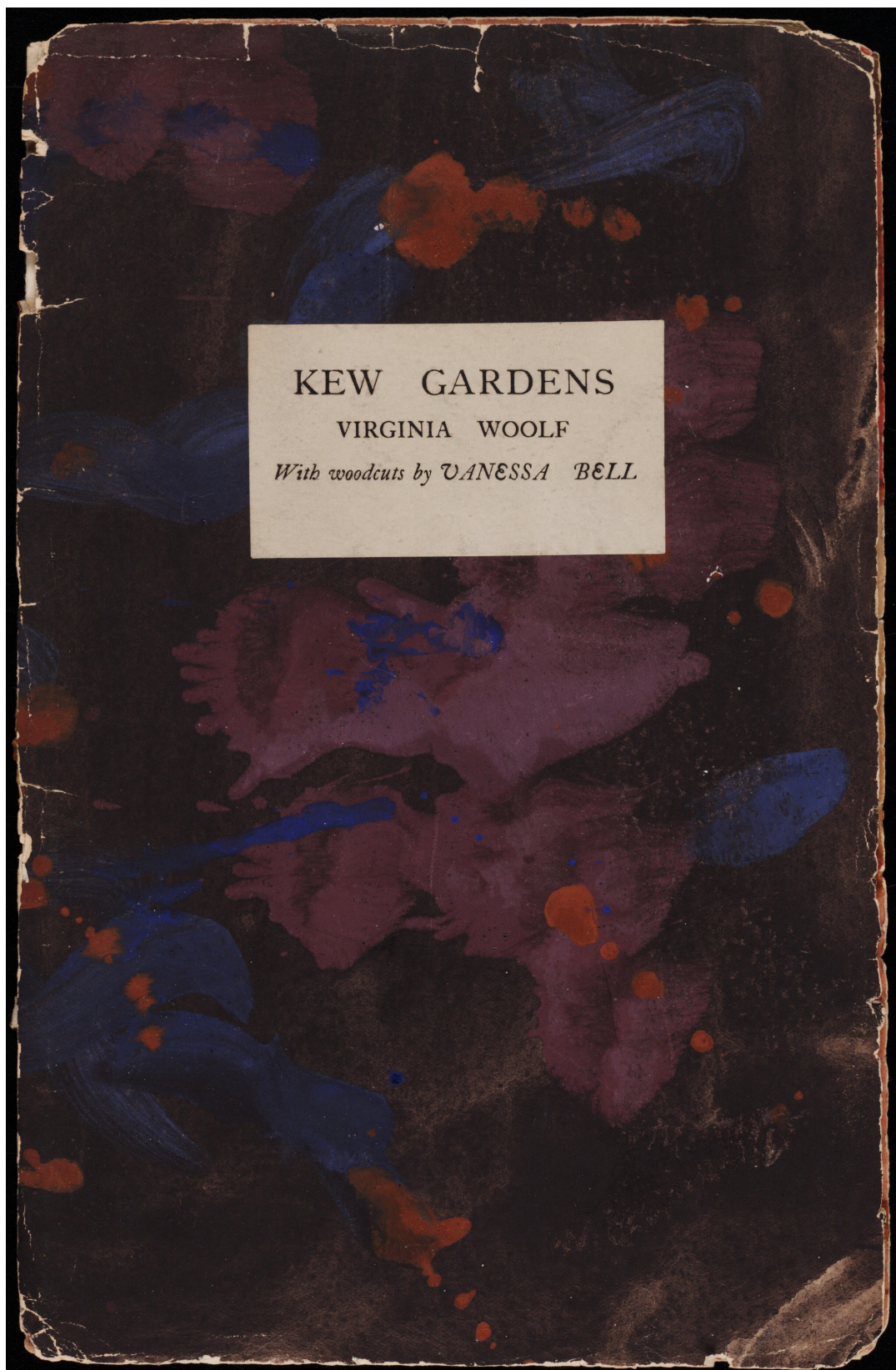
plane the voice of the summer sky murmured its fierce soul. Yellow and black, pink and snow white, shapes of all these colours, men, women, and children were spotted for a second upon the horizon, and then, seeing the breadth of yellow that lay upon the grass, they wavered and sought shade beneath the trees, dissolving like drops of water in the yellow and green atmosphere, staining it faintly with red and blue. It seemed as if all gross and heavy bodies had sunk down in the heat motionless and lay huddled upon the ground, but their voices went wavering from them as if they were flames lolling from the thick waxen bodies of candles. Voices. Yes, voices. Wordless voices, breaking the silence suddenly with such depth of contentment, such passion of desire, or, in the voices of children, such freshness of surprise; breaking the silence? But there was no silence; all the time the motor omnibuses were turning their wheels and changing their gear; like a vast nest of Chinese boxes all of wrought steel turn-

98

## MONDAY OR TUESDAY

ing ceaselessly one within another the city murmured; on the top of which the voices cried aloud and the petals of myriads of flowers flashed their colours into the air.

## FIRST EDITION, HOGARTH (1919)







FRONTISPIECE



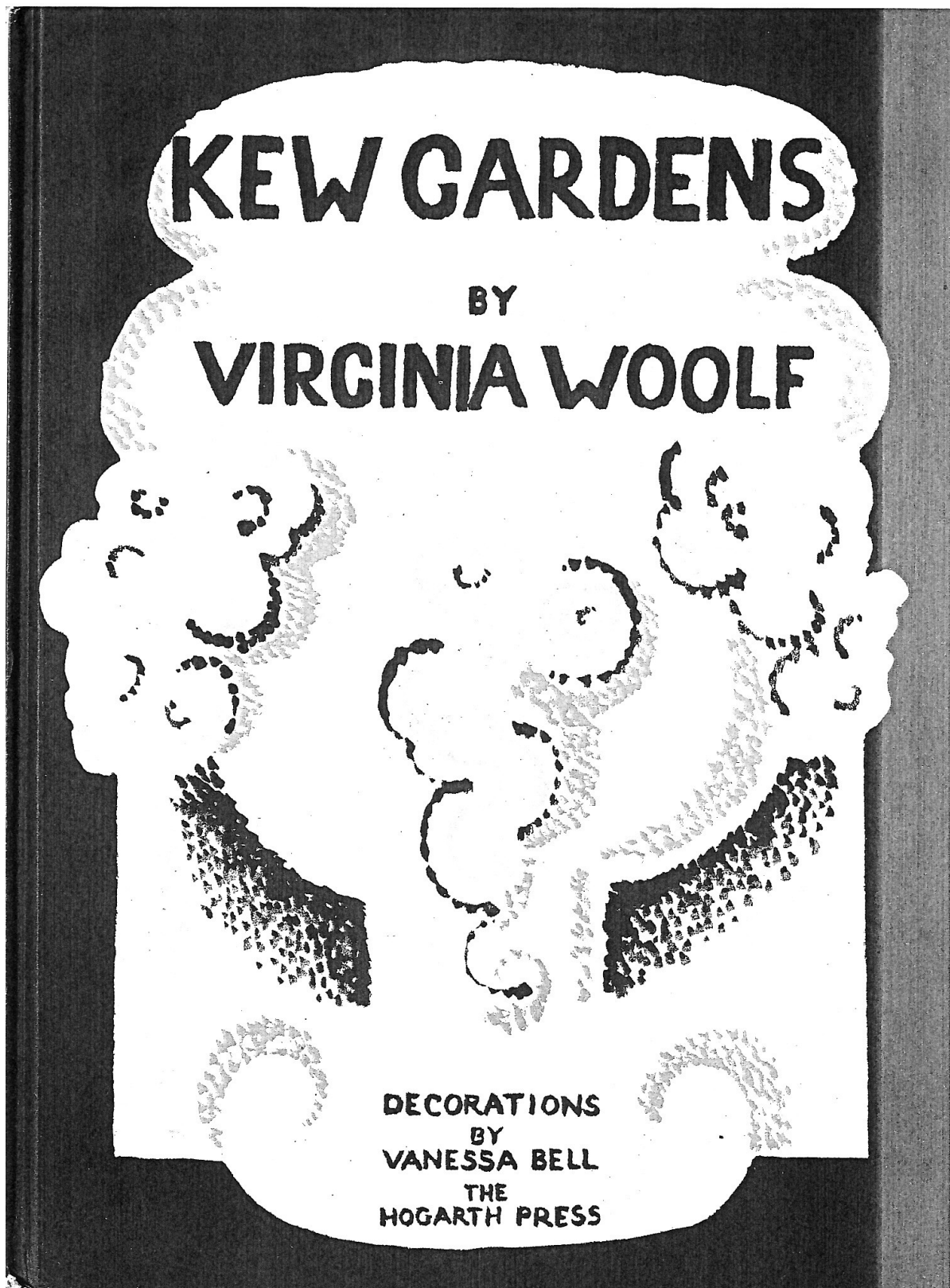
wavering from them as if they were flames lolling from the thick waxen bodies of candles. Voices. Yes, voices. Wordless voices, breaking the silence suddenly with such depth of contentment, such passion of desire, or, in the voices of children, such freshness of surprise; breaking the silence? But there was no silence; all the time the motor omnibuses were turning their wheels and changing their gear; like a vast nest of Chinese boxes all of wrought steel turning ceaselessly one within another the city murmured; on the top of which the voices cried aloud, and the petals of myriads of flowers flashed their colours into the air.



*Printed by L. and V. Woolf at The Hogarth Press, Richmond*

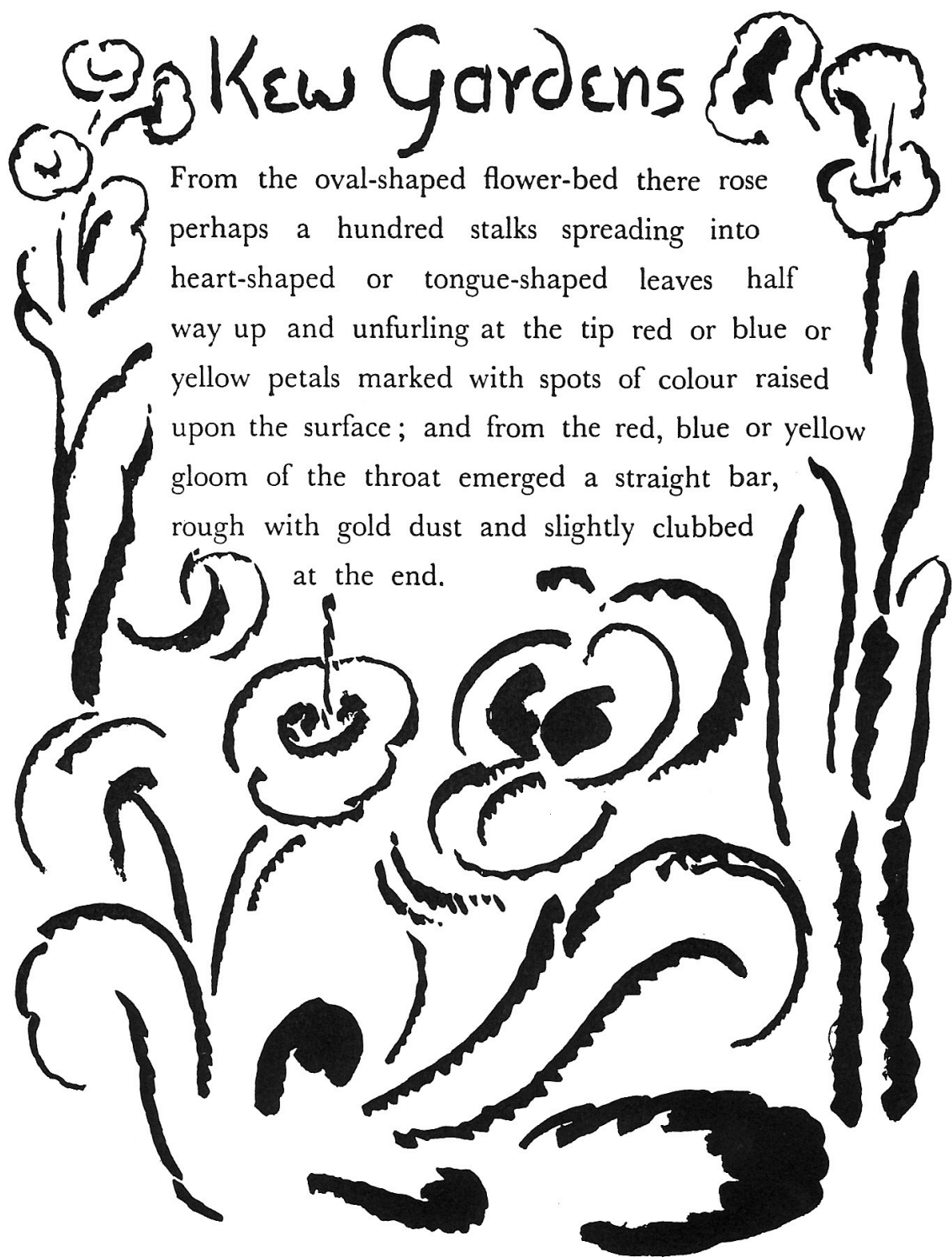


HOGARTH FACSIMILE REPRINT OF HOGARTH (1927)  
(This edition is available through UoA Library)



COVER

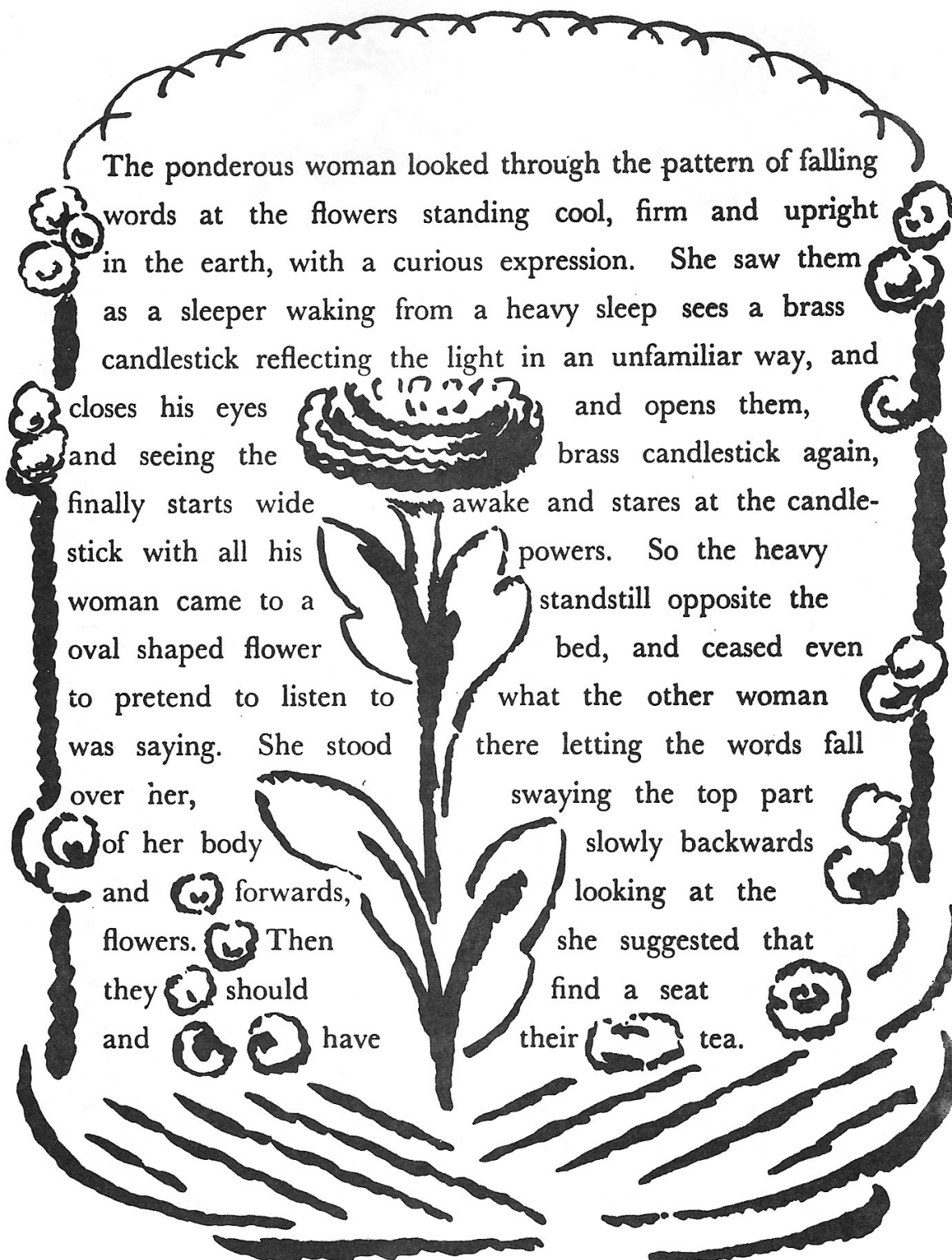
Virginia Woolf. *Kew Gardens*. Illust. Vanessa Bell. London: Hogarth P, 1927. N.pag. Print. Facsim. ed. London: Hogarth, 1999. Print.



## Kew Gardens

From the oval-shaped flower-bed there rose perhaps a hundred stalks spreading into heart-shaped or tongue-shaped leaves half way up and unfurling at the tip red or blue or yellow petals marked with spots of colour raised upon the surface ; and from the red, blue or yellow gloom of the throat emerged a straight bar, rough with gold dust and slightly clubbed at the end.



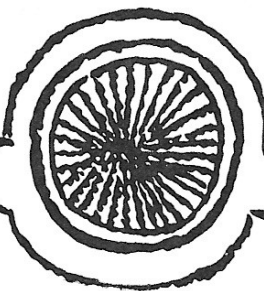


## PARTWAY THROUGH





Voices, yes, voices, wordless voices, breaking the silence suddenly with such depth of contentment, such passion of desire, or, in the voices of children, such freshness of surprise; breaking the silence? But there was no silence; all the time the motor omnibuses were turning their wheels and changing their gear; like a vast nest of Chinese boxes all of wrought steel turning ceaselessly one within another the city murmured; on the top of which the voices cried aloud and the petals of myriads of flowers flashed their colours into the air.



LANGSTON HUGHES  
THE WEARY BLUES  
(SELECTIONS)



All selections from Langston Hughes. *The Weary Blues*. Inrod. Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926.

Image: Miguel Covarrubias,. Book Cover. *The Weary Blues* by Langston Hughes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. *Beinecke Rare Books and Manuscripts Library: Digital Collections*. Yale University Library Web. 8 June 2015.

## PROEM

I am a Negro:  
Black as the night is black,  
Black like the depths of my Africa.

I've been a slave:  
Cæsar told me to keep his door-steps clean.  
I brushed the boots of Washington.

I've been a worker:  
Under my hand the pyramids arose.  
I made mortar for the Woolworth Building.

I've been a singer:  
All the way from Africa to Georgia  
I carried my sorrow songs.  
I made ragtime.

I've been a victim:  
The Belgians cut off my hands in the Congo.  
They lynch me now in Texas.

I am a Negro:  
Black as the night is black,  
Black like the depths of my Africa.



## THE WEARY BLUES

Droning a drowsy syncopated tune,  
 Rocking back and forth to a mellow croon,  
 I heard a Negro play.  
 Down on Lenox Avenue the other night  
 By the pale dull pallor of an old gas light  
 He did a lazy sway. . . .  
 He did a lazy sway. . . .  
 To the tune o' those Weary Blues.  
 With his ebony hands on each ivory key  
 He made that poor piano moan with melody.  
 O Blues!  
 Swaying to and fro on his rickety stool  
 He played that sad raggy tune like a musical fool.  
 Sweet Blues!  
 Coming from a black man's soul.  
 O Blues!  
 In a deep song voice with a melancholy tone  
 I heard that Negro sing, that old piano moan—  
 "Ain't got nobody in all this world,  
 Ain't got nobody but ma self.  
 I's gwine to quit ma frownin'  
 And put ma troubles on the shelf."  
 Thump, thump, thump, went his foot on the floor.  
 He played a few chords then he sang some more—  
 "I got the Weary Blues  
 And I can't be satisfied.  
 Got the Weary Blues  
 And can't be satisfied—  
 I ain't happy no mo'  
 And I wish that I had died."

[23]

And far into the night he crooned that tune.  
 The stars went out and so did the moon.  
 The singer stopped playing and went to bed  
 While the Weary Blues echoed through his head.  
 He slept like a rock or a man that's dead.

[24]

## JAZZONIA

Oh, silver tree!  
Oh, shining rivers of the soul!

In a Harlem cabaret  
Six long-headed jazzers play.  
A dancing girl whose eyes are bold  
Lifts high a dress of silken gold.

Oh, singing tree!  
Oh, shining rivers of the soul!

Were Eve's eyes  
In the first garden  
Just a bit too bold?  
Was Cleopatra gorgeous  
In a gown of gold?

Oh, shining tree!  
Oh, silver rivers of the soul!

In a whirling cabaret  
Six long-headed jazzers play.

[25]

THE CAT AND THE SAXOPHONE  
( 2 A. M. )

EVERYBODY  
Half-pint,—  
Gin?  
No, make it  
LOVES MY BABY  
corn. You like  
liquor,  
don't you, honey?  
BUT MY BABY  
Sure. Kiss me,  
DON'T LOVE NOBODY  
daddy.  
BUT ME.  
Say!  
EVERYBODY  
Yes?  
WANTS MY BABY  
I'm your  
BUT MY BABY  
sweetie, ain't I?  
DON'T WANT NOBODY  
Sure.  
BUT  
Then let's  
ME,  
do it!  
SWEET ME.  
Charleston,  
mamma!  
!

[27]

## C A B A R E T

Does a jazz-band ever sob?  
 They say a jazz-band's gay.  
 Yet as the vulgar dancers whirled  
 And the wan night wore away,  
 One said she heard the jazz-band sob  
 When the little dawn was grey.

[29]

## T O M I D N I G H T N A N A T L E R O Y ' S

Strut and wiggle,  
 Shameless gal.  
 Wouldn't no good fellow  
 Be your pal.

*Hear dat music. . . .*  
*Jungle night.*  
*Hear dat music. . . .*  
*And the moon was white.*

Sing your Blues song,  
 Pretty baby.  
 You want lovin'  
 And you don't mean maybe.

*Jungle lover. . . .*  
*Night black boy. . . .*  
*Two against the moon*  
*And the moon was joy.*

Strut and wiggle,  
 Shameless Nan.  
 Wouldn't no good fellow  
 Be your man.

[30]



## HARLEM NIGHT CLUB

Sleek black boys in a cabaret.  
Jazz-band, jazz-band,—  
Play, plAY, PLAY!  
Tomorrow. . . . who knows?  
Dance today!

White girls' eyes  
Call gay black boys.  
Black boys' lips  
Grin jungle joys.

Dark brown girls  
In blond men's arms.  
Jazz-band, jazz-band,—  
Sing Eve's charms!

White ones, brown ones,  
What do you know  
About tomorrow  
Where all paths go?

Jazz-boys, jazz-boys,—  
Play, plAY, PLAY!  
Tomorrow. . . . is darkness.  
Joy today!

[32]

## THE NEGRO SPEAKS OF RIVERS

(To W. E. B. DuBois)

I've known rivers:  
I've known rivers ancient as the world and older than the  
flow of human blood in human veins.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

I bathed in the Euphrates when dawns were young.  
I built my hut near the Congo and it lulled me to sleep.  
I looked upon the Nile and raised the pyramids above it.  
I heard the singing of the Mississippi when Abe Lincoln  
went down to New Orleans, and I've seen its muddy  
bosom turn all golden in the sunset.

I've known rivers:  
Ancient, dusky rivers.

My soul has grown deep like the rivers.

[51]



## WHEN SUE WEARS RED

When Susanna Jones wears red  
Her face is like an ancient cameo  
Turned brown by the ages.

Come with a blast of trumpets,  
Jesus!

When Susanna Jones wears red  
A queen from some time-dead Egyptian night  
Walks once again.

Blow trumpets, Jesus!

And the beauty of Susanna Jones in red  
Burns in my heart a love-fire sharp like pain.

Sweet silver trumpets,  
Jesus!

[66]

## SUICIDE'S NOTE

The calm,  
Cool face of the river  
Asked me for a kiss.

[87]

## DANSE AFRICAINE

The low beating of the tom-toms,  
The slow beating of the tom-toms,  
Low . . . slow  
Slow . . . low—  
Stirs your blood.

Dance!

A night-veiled girl  
Whirls softly into a  
Circle of light.  
Whirls softly . . . slowly,  
Like a wisp of smoke around the fire—  
And the tom-toms beat,  
And the tom-toms beat,  
And the low beating of the tom-toms  
Stirs your blood.

[105]

## MOTHER TO SON

Well, son, I'll tell you:  
 Life for me ain't been no crystal stair.  
 It's had tacks in it,  
 And splinters,  
 And boards torn up,  
 And places with no carpet on the floor—  
 Bare.  
 But all the time  
 I've been a-climbin' on,  
 And reachin' landin's,  
 And turnin' corners,  
 And sometimes goin' in the dark  
 Where there ain't been no light.  
 So boy, don't you turn back.  
 Don't you set down on the steps  
 'Cause you finds it's kinder hard.  
 Don't you fall now—  
 For I've still goin', honey,  
 I've still climbin',  
 And life for me ain't been no crystal stair.

[107]

## EPILOGUE

I, too, sing America.  
  
 I am the darker brother.  
 They send me to eat in the kitchen  
 When company comes,  
 But I laugh,  
 And eat well,  
 And grow strong.  
  
 Tomorrow,  
 I'll sit at the table  
 When company comes.  
 Nobody'll dare  
 Say to me,  
 "Eat in the kitchen,"  
 Then.  
  
 Besides,  
 They'll see how beautiful I am  
 And be ashamed,—  
  
 I, too, am America.

[109]



# FEDERICO GARCIA LORCA

## POET IN NEW YORK

(SELECTIONS)



All selections from Federico Garcia Lorca. *Poet in New York*. Ed. and Introd. Christopher Maurer. Trans. Greg Simon and Steven F. White. Bilingual ed. London: Viking, 1989. Print.



**Image:** [Lorca walking with friends in New York]. [c. late 1920s]. Photograph. *Fundación Federico García Lorca, Madrid*. In *Lorca, Buñuel, Dalí: Forbidden Pleasures and Connected Lives* by Gwynne Edwards. London and New York: I.B. Tauris, 2009. 94. *ProQuest: Ebrary*. Web. 8 June 2015.

*After a Walk*

Cut down by the sky.  
Between shapes moving toward the serpent  
and crystal-craving shapes,  
I'll let my hair grow.

With the amputated tree that doesn't sing  
and the child with the blank face of an egg.

With the little animals whose skulls are cracked  
and the water, dressed in rags, but with dry feet.

With all the bone-tired, deaf-and-dumb things  
and a butterfly drowned in the inkwell.

Bumping into my own face, different each day.  
Cut down by the sky!

1910

*(Intermezzo)*

Those eyes of mine in nineteen-ten  
 saw no one dead and buried,  
 no village fair of ash from the one who weeps at dawn,  
 no trembling heart cornered like a sea horse.

Those eyes of mine in nineteen-ten  
 saw the white wall where little girls pissed,  
 the bull's muzzle, the poisonous mushroom,  
 and an incomprehensible moon illuminating dried lemon  
   rinds  
 under the hard black bottles in corners.

Those eyes of mine on the pony's neck,  
 on the pierced breast of Santa Rosa as she sleeps,  
 on the rooftops of love, with moans and cool hands,  
 on a garden where cats devour frogs.

Attic where the ancient dust assembles statues and moss.  
 Boxes that keep the silence of devoured crabs.  
 In the place where the dream was colliding with its  
   reality.  
 My little eyes are there.

Don't ask me any questions. I've seen how things  
 that seek their way find their void instead.  
 There are spaces that ache in the uninhabited air  
 and in my eyes, completely dressed creatures—no one  
   naked there!

*New York, August 1929*

*Dawn*

Dawn in New York has  
four columns of mire  
and a hurricane of black pigeons  
splashing in the putrid waters.

Dawn in New York groans  
on enormous fire escapes  
searching between the angles  
for spikenards of drafted anguish.

Dawn arrives and no one receives it in his mouth  
because morning and hope are impossible there:  
sometimes the furious swarming coins  
penetrate like drills and devour abandoned children.

Those who go out early know in their bones  
there will be no paradise or loves that bloom and die:  
they know they will be mired in numbers and laws,  
in mindless games, in fruitless labors.

The light is buried under chains and noises  
in an impudent challenge to rootless science.  
And crowds stagger sleeplessly through the boroughs  
as if they had just escaped a shipwreck of blood.



*The King of Harlem*

With a wooden spoon  
he dug out the crocodiles' eyes,  
and swatted the monkeys on their asses.  
With a wooden spoon.

Age-old fire slept in the flints  
and the beetles drunk on anisette  
forgot about the moss of the villages.

The old man covered with mushrooms  
was on his way to the place where the blacks wept  
while the king's spoon cracked  
and the vats of putrid water arrived.

The roses fled along the blades  
of the air's last curves,  
and on the piles of saffron  
the children flattened tiny squirrels  
with faces flushed in their strained frenzy.

It's necessary to cross the bridges  
and reach the murmuring blacks  
so the perfume of their lungs  
can buffet our temples with its covering  
of hot pineapple.

It's necessary to kill the blond vendor of firewater  
and every friend of apple and sand,  
and it's necessary to use the fists  
against the little Jewish women who tremble, filled with  
bubbles,

29.

so the king of Harlem sings with his multitude,  
 so crocodiles sleep in long rows  
 beneath the moon's asbestos,  
 and so no one doubts the infinite beauty  
 of feather dusters, graters, copper pans, and kitchen  
 casseroles.

Ay, Harlem! Ay, Harlem! Ay, Harlem!  
 There is no anguish like that of your oppressed reds,  
 or your blood shuddering with rage inside the dark  
 eclipse,  
 or your garnet violence, deaf and dumb in the  
 penumbra,  
 or your grand king a prisoner in the uniform of a  
 doorman.

. . .

The night was cracked, and there were motionless ivory  
 salamanders.  
 American girls  
 were carrying babies and coins in their wombs,  
 and the boys stretched their limbs and fainted on the  
 cross.

They are the ones.  
 The ones who drink silver whisky near the volcanoes  
 and swallow pieces of heart by the bear's frozen  
 mountains.

That night the king of Harlem, with an unbreakable  
 spoon,  
 dug out the crocodiles' eyes  
 and swatted the monkeys on their asses.  
 With an unbreakable spoon.

The blacks cried in confusion  
 among umbrellas and gold suns,  
 the mulattoes stretched rubber, thinking anxiously of  
     turning their torsos white,  
 and the wind tarnished mirrors  
 and shattered the veins of the dancers.

Blacks! Blacks! Blacks! Blacks!  
 The blood has no doors in your recumbent night.  
 No blush in your face. Blood rages beneath skin,  
 alive in the dagger's spine and the landscapes' breast,  
 under the pincers and Scotch broom of Cancer's  
     heavenly moon.

Blood that searches a thousand roads for deaths dusted  
     with flour and ashes of spikenards,  
 rigid, descending skies in which the colonies of planets  
 can wheel with the litter on the beaches.

Blood that looks slowly from the corner of an eye,  
 blood wrung from hemp and subway nectars.  
 Blood that rusts the careless trade wind in a footprint  
 and dissolves butterflies in windowpanes.

Blood flows, and will flow  
 on rooftops everywhere,  
 and burn the blond women's chlorophyll,  
 and groan at the foot of the beds near the washstands'  
     insomnia,  
 and burst into an aurora of tobacco and low yellow.

There must be some way out of here,  
 some street to flee down, some locked room on the top  
     floor to hide in,

because the forest's marrow will slip through the cracks  
to leave on your skin a faint trace of an eclipse  
and a false sorrow of faded glove and chemical rose.

. . .

Through the all-knowing silence,  
cooks, waiters, and those whose tongues lick clean  
the wounds of millionaires  
seek the king in the streets or on the sharp angles of  
saltpeter.

A wooden wind from the south, slanting through the  
black mire,  
spits on the broken boats and drives tacks into  
shoulders.

A south wind that carries  
tusks, sunflowers, alphabets,  
and a battery with drowned wasps.

Oblivion was expressed by three drops of ink on the  
monocle.

Love, by a single, invisible, stone-deep face.  
And above the clouds, bone marrow and corollas  
composed a desert of stems without a single rose.

To the left and right, south and north,  
the wall rises, impassable  
for the mole and the needle made of water.  
Blacks, don't look in its cracks  
to find the infinite mask.  
Look for the great central sun.  
Turn into a swarm of buzzing pineapple.  
The sun that slides through the forests,  
sure that a nymph will not be there.



The sun that destroys numbers, and has never crossed a  
 dream,  
 the tattooed sun that descends the river  
 and bellows just ahead of the crocodiles.

Blacks! Blacks! Blacks! Blacks!  
 No serpent, no zebra or mule  
 ever turned pale in the face of death.  
 The woodcutter doesn't know when the clamorous trees  
 that he cuts down expire.  
 Wait in your king's jungle shade  
 until hemlock, thistles, and nettles disturb the last  
 rooftops.

Then, blacks, and only then  
 will you be able to frantically kiss bicycle wheels,  
 place pairs of microscopes in squirrel lairs,  
 and dance fearlessly at last while the bristling flowers  
 cut down our Moses in the bulrushes that border  
 heaven.

Ay, Harlem in disguise!  
 Ay, Harlem, threatened by a mob of headless suits!  
 I hear your murmur,  
 I hear it moving through tree trunks and elevator shafts,  
 through gray sheets  
 where your cars float covered with teeth,  
 through dead horses and petty crimes,  
 through your grand, despairing king  
 whose beard reaches the sea.

*Christmas on the Hudson*

That gray sponge!  
That sailor whose throat was just cut.  
That great river.  
Those dark boundaries of the breeze.  
That keen blade, my love, that keen blade.  
The four sailors wrestled with the world.  
With that sharp-edged world that all eyes see.  
With the world we couldn't traverse without horses.  
One, a hundred, a thousand sailors  
wrestling with the world of keen-edged velocities,  
unaware that the world  
was alone in the sky.

The world alone in the lonely sky.  
Hills of hammers and the thick grass's triumph.  
Teeming anthills and coins in the mire.  
The world alone in the lonely sky,  
and the air where all the villages end.

The earthworm sang its terror of the wheel,  
and the sailor whose throat was slashed  
sang to the water-bear that held him close;  
and they were all singing alleluia,  
alleluia. Deserted sky.  
It's all the same—the same!—alleluia.

I stood all night on scaffolding in the boroughs,  
leaving my blood on the stucco projects,  
helping the sailors lower their ripped sails.

And I stand with empty hands in the murmur of the  
river's mouth.

It doesn't matter if every minute  
a newborn child waves the little branches of its veins,  
or if a newborn viper, uncoiling beneath the branches,  
calms the blood lust of those who watch the naked man.  
What matters is this: emptied space. Lonely world.

River's mouth.

Not dawn. Idle fable.

This alone: river's mouth.

Oh, my gray sponge!

Oh, my throat just cut open!

Oh, my great river!

Oh, my breeze's boundaries that are not mine!

Oh, the keen blade of my love, oh, the cutting blade!

*New York, December 27, 1929*

*Sleepless City*  
*(Brooklyn Bridge Nocturne)*

Out in the sky, no one sleeps. No one, no one.  
 No one sleeps.  
 Lunar creatures sniff and circle the dwellings.  
 Live iguanas will come to bite the men who don't  
     dream,  
 and the brokenhearted fugitive will meet on street  
     corners  
 an incredible crocodile resting beneath the tender protest  
     of the stars.

Out in the world, no one sleeps. No one, no one.  
 No one sleeps.  
 There is a corpse in the farthest graveyard  
 complaining for three years  
 because of an arid landscape in his knee;  
 and a boy who was buried this morning cried so much  
 they had to call the dogs to quiet him.

Life is no dream. Watch out! Watch out! Watch out!  
 We fall down stairs and eat the moist earth,  
 or we climb to the snow's edge with the choir of dead  
     dahlias.  
 But there is no oblivion, no dream:  
 raw flesh. Kisses tie mouths  
 in a tangle of new veins  
 and those who are hurt will hurt without rest  
 and those who are frightened by death will carry it on  
     their shoulders.



One day  
 horses will live in the taverns  
 and furious ants  
 will attack the yellow skies that take refuge in the eyes  
 of cattle.

Another day  
 we'll witness the resurrection of dried butterflies,  
 and still walking in a landscape of gray sponges and  
 silent ships,  
 we'll see our ring shine and roses spill from our  
 tongues.

Watch out! Watch out! Watch out!  
 Those still marked by claws and cloudburst,  
 that boy who cries because he doesn't know about the  
 invention of bridges,  
 or that corpse that has nothing more than its head and  
 one shoe—  
 they all must be led to the wall where iguanas and  
 serpents wait,  
 where the bear's teeth wait,  
 where the mummified hand of a child waits  
 and the camel's fur bristles with a violent blue chill.

Out in the sky, no one sleeps. No one, no one.  
 No one sleeps.  
 But if someone closes his eyes,  
 whip him, my children, whip him!  
 Let there be a panorama of open eyes  
 and bitter inflamed wounds.  
 Out in the world, no one sleeps. No one. No one.  
 I've said it before.  
 No one sleeps.

69.

But at night, if someone has too much moss on his  
 temples,  
 open the trap doors so he can see in moonlight  
 the fake goblets, the venom, and the skull of the  
 theaters.

*Blacks Dancing to Cuban Rhythms*

As soon as the full moon rises, I'm going to Santiago,  
 Cuba,  
 I'm going to Santiago  
 in a coach of black water.  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 The palm trees will sing above the rooftops.  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 When the palm wants to be a stork,  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 When the banana tree wants to be a sea wasp,  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 I'm going to Santiago  
 with Fonseca's blond head.  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 And with Romeo and Juliet's rose  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 Paper sea and silver coins.  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 Oh, Cuba, oh, rhythm of dried seeds!  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 Oh, fiery waist, oh, drop of wood!  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 Harp of living tree trunks. Crocodile. Tobacco plant in  
 bloom!  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 I always said I'd go to Santiago  
 in a coach of black water.  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 Wind and rum on the wheels,  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 My coral in the darkness,

177.

I'm going to Santiago.  
 The sea drowned in the sand,  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 White heat, rotting fruit,  
 I'm going to Santiago.  
 Oh, the bovine coolness of sugar cane!  
 Oh, Cuba! Oh, curve of sigh and clay!  
 I'm going to Santiago.

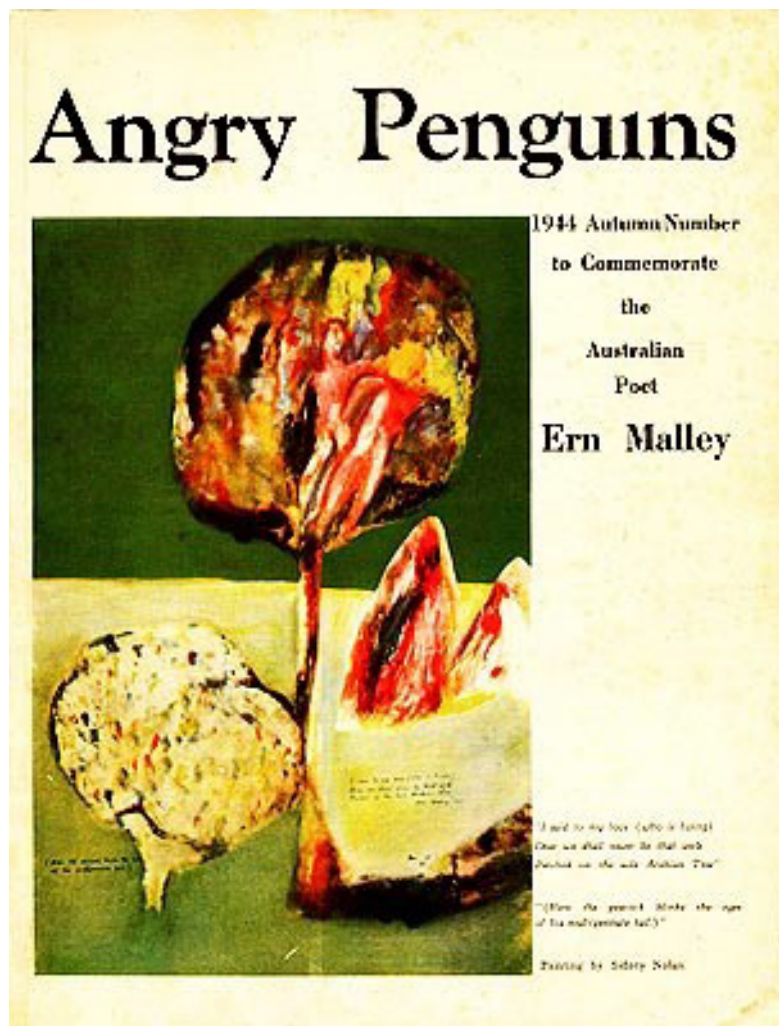
*Havana, April 1930*



# ERN MALLEY

## THE DARKENING ECLIPTIC

(SELECTIONS)



(This edition is available through the UoA Library)

All selections from Ern Malley. *The Darkening Ecliptic*. Ed. Max Harris. *Angry Penguins* 1944, Autumn no.: 1-33. Print. Facsim. ed. [Australia]: n.p., [c. 1970s]. Print.



**Image:** Nolan, Sidney. [Painting inspired by Ern Malley's *Petit Testament*]. Heide Museum of Modern Art. In *Angry Penguins* 1944, Autumn no.: 1-33. Ed. Max Harris. Front Cover. *Wikimedia Commons*. Web. 8 June 2015.

## PREFACE AND STATEMENT.

These poems are complete. There are no scoriae or unfulfilled intentions. Every note and revision has been destroyed. There is no biographical data.



These poems are complete in themselves. They have a domestic economy of their own and if they face outwards to the reader that is because they have first faced inwards to themselves. Every poem should be an autarchy.



The writing was done over five years. Certain changes of mental allegiance and superficial method took place. That is all that needs to be said on the subject of schools and influences.



To discover the hidden fealty of certain arrangements of sound in a line and certain concatenations of the analytic emotions is the "secret" of style.



When thought, at a certain level, and with a certain intention, discovers itself to be poetry it discovers also that duty does after all exist : the duty of a public act. That duty is wholly performed by setting the pen to paper. To read what has thus been done is another thing again, and implies another order of loyalty.



Simplicity in our time is arrived at by an ambages. There is, at this moment, no such thing as a simple poem if what is meant by that is a point-to-point straight line relation of images. If I said that this was so because on the level where the world is mental occurrence a point-to-point relation is no longer genuine I should be accused of mysticism. Yet it is so.



Those who say : What might not X have done if he had lived? demonstrate their different way of living from the poet's way. It is a kind of truth, which I have tried to express, to say in return : All one can do in one's span of time is to uncover a set of objective allegiances. The rest is not one's concern.

## DURER : INNSBRUCK, 1495.

I had often, cowed in the slumberous heavy air,  
Closed my inanimate lids to find it real,  
As I knew it would be, the colourful spires  
And painted roofs, the high snows glimpsed at the back,  
All reversed in the quiet reflecting waters—  
Not knowing then that Durer perceived it too.  
Now I find that once more I have shrunk  
To an interloper, robber of dead men's dream,  
I had read in books that art is not easy  
But no one warned that the mind repeats  
In its ignorance the vision of others. I am still  
The black swan of trespass on alien waters.

## SYBILLINE.

That rabbit's foot I carried in my left pocket  
 Has worn a haemorrhage in the lining  
 The bunch of keys I carry with it  
 Jingles like faté in my omphagic ear  
 And when I stepped clear of the solid basalt  
 The introverted obelisk of night  
 I seized upon this Traumdeutung as a sword  
 To hew a passage to my love.

And now out of life, permanent revenant  
 I assert: the caterpillar feet  
 Of these predictions lead nowhere,  
 It is necessary to understand  
 That a poet may not exist, that his writings  
 Are the incomplete circle and straight drop  
 Of a question mark  
 And yet I know I shall be raised up  
 On the vertical banners of praise.

The rabbit's foot of fur and claw  
 Taps on the drain-pipe. In the alley  
 The children throw a ball against  
 Their future walls. The evening  
 Settles down like a brooding bird

13

Over streets that divide our life like a trauma  
 Would it be strange now to meet  
 The figure that strode hell swinging  
 His head by the hair  
 On Princess Street?



## DOCUMENTARY FILM.

Innumerable the images  
 The register of birth and dying  
 Under the carved rococo porch  
 The Tigris—Venice—Melbourne—the Ch'en Plain—  
 And the sound track like a trail of saliva.  
 Durer:  
 "Samson killing the Lion" 1498  
 Thumbs twisting the great snarl of the beast's mouth  
 Tail thrashing the air of disturbed swallows  
 That fly to the castle on the abraded hill  
 London:  
 Samson that great city, his anatomy on fire  
 Grasping with gnarled hands at the mad wasps  
 Yet while his bearded rage survives contriving  
 An entelechy of clouds and trumpets.  
 There have been interpolations, falsesyndromes  
 Like a rivet through the hand  
 Such deliberate suppressions of crisis as  
 Footscray:  
 The slant sun now descending  
 Upon the montage of the desecrate womb  
 Opened like a drain.  
 The young men aspire  
 Like departing souls from leaking roofs  
 And fractured imploring windows to

(All must be synchronized, the jagged  
Quartz of vision with the asphalt of human speech)

Java:

The elephant motifs contorted on admonitory walls,  
The subtle nagas that raise the cobra hood  
And hiss in the white masterful face.

What are these mirk channels of the flesh  
That now sweep me from  
The blood-dripping hirsute maw of night's other temple  
Down through the helpless row of bonzes  
Till peace suddenly comes:

Adonai:

The solemn symphony of angels lighting  
My steps with music, o consolations!  
Palms!

O far shore, target and shield that I now  
Desire beyond these terrestrial commitments.

## PERSPECTIVE LOVESONG.

It was a night when the planets  
Were wreathed in dying garlands.  
It seemed we had substituted  
The abattoirs for the guillotine.  
I shall not forget how you invented  
Then, the conventions of faithfulness.

It seemed that we were submerged  
Under a reef of coral to tantalize  
The wise-grinning shark. The waters flashed  
With Blue Angels and Moorish Idols.  
And if I mistook your dark hair for weed  
Was it not floating upon my tides?

I have remembered the chiaroscuro  
Of your naked breasts and loins.  
For you were wholly an admonition  
That said: "From bright to dark  
Is a brief longing. To hasten is now  
'To delay." But I could not obey.

Princess, you lived in Princess St.,  
Where the urchins pick their nose in the sun

21

With the left hand. You thought  
That paying the price would give you admission  
To the sad autumn of my Valhalla.  
But I, too, invented faithfulness.

## CULTURE AS EXHIBIT.

"Swamps, marshes, borrow-pits and other  
 Areas of stagnant water serve  
 As breeding-grounds . . ." Now  
 Have I found you, my Anopheles!  
 (There is a meaning for the circumspect)  
 Come, we will dance sedate quadrilles,  
 A pallid polka or a yelping shimmy  
 Over these sunken sodden breeding-grounds!  
 We will be wraiths and wreaths of tissue-paper  
 To clog the Town Council in their plans.  
 Culture forsooth! Albert, get my gun.

I have been noted in the reading-rooms  
 As a borer of calf-bound volumes  
 Full of scandals at the Court. (Milord  
 Had his hand upon that snowy globe  
 Milady Lucy's sinister breast . . .) Attendants  
 Have peered me over while I chewed  
 Back-numbers of Florentine gazettes  
 (Knowst not, my Lucia, that he  
 Who has caparisoned a nun dies  
 With his twankytillo at the ready? . . .)  
 But in all of this I got no culture till  
 I read a little pamphlet on my thighs

23

Entitled: "Friction as a Social Process."  
 What?  
 Look, my Anopheles,  
 See how the floor of Heav'n is thick  
 Inlaid with patines of etcetera . . .  
 Sting them, sting them, my Anopheles.



## EGYPTIAN REGISTER.

The hand burns resinous in the evening sky  
 Which is a lake of roses, perfumes, idylls  
 Breathed from the wastes of the Tartarean heart.  
 The skull gathers darkness, like an inept mountain  
 That broods on its aeons of self-injury.  
 The spine, barbed and venomous, pierces  
 The one unmodulated cumulus of cloud  
 And brings the gush of evanescent waters.  
 The lungs are Ra's divine aquaria  
 Where the striped fish move at will  
 Towards a purpose darker than a dawn.  
 The body's a hillside, darling, moist  
 With bitter dews of regret.  
 The genitals (o lures of starveling faiths!)  
 Make an immense index to my cold remorse.

Magic in the vegetable universe  
 Marks us at birth upon the forehead  
 With the ancient ankh. Nature  
 Has her own green centuries which move  
 Through our thin convex time. Aeons  
 Of that purpose slowly riot  
 In the decimals of our deceiving age.  
 It may be for nothing that we are:

But what we are continues  
In larger patterns than the frontal stone  
That taunts the living life.  
O those dawn-waders, cold-sea-gazers,  
The long-shanked ibises that on the Nile  
Told one hushed peasant of rebirth  
Move in a calm immortal frieze  
On the mausoleum of my incestuous  
And self-fructifying death.

## PETIT TESTAMENT.

In the twenty-fifth year of my age  
I find myself to be a dromedary  
That has run short of water between  
One oasis and the next mirage  
And having despaired of ever  
Making my obsessions intelligible  
I am content at last to be  
The sole clerk of my metamorphoses.  
Begin here:

In the year 1943  
I resigned to the living all collateral images  
Reserving to myself a man's  
Inalienable right to be sad  
At his own funeral.  
(Here the peacock blinks the eyes  
of his multipennate tail.)  
In the same year  
I said to my love (who is living)  
Dear we shall never be that verb  
Perched on the sole Arabian Tree  
Not having learnt in our green age to forget  
The sins that flow between the hands and feet  
(Here the Tree weeps gum tears

Which are also real: I tell you  
 These things are real)  
 So I forced a parting  
 Scrubbing my few dingy words to brightness.

Where I have lived  
 The bed-bug sleeps in the seam, the cockroach  
 Inhabits the crack and the careful spider  
 Spins his aphorisms in the corner.  
 I have heard them shout in the streets  
 The chiliesms of the Socialist Reich  
 And in the magazines I have read  
 The Popular Front-to-Back.  
 But where I have lived  
 Spain weeps in the gutters of Footscray  
 Guernica is the ticking of the clock  
 The nightmare has become real, not as belief  
 But in the scrub-typhus of Muho.

It is something to be at last speaking  
 Though in this No-Man's-language appropriate  
 Only to No-Man's-Land.  
 Set this down too:  
 I have pursued rhyme, image, and metre,  
 Known all the clefts in which the foot may stick,  
 Stumbled often, stammered,  
 But in time the fading voice grows wise



And seizing the co-ordinates of all existence  
Traces the inevitable graph  
And in conclusion:  
There is a moment when the pelvis  
Explodes like a grenade. I  
Who have lived in the shadow that each act  
Casts on the next act now emerge  
As loyal as the thistle that in session  
Puffs its full seed upon the indicative air.  
I have split the infinite. Beyond is anything.

# BIBLIOGRAPHY

- Arp, Jan. *[Portrait of Tristan Tzara]*. 1918. Photographed by Joseph Klima, Jr. Photograph of ink and pencil drawing. *Lydia Winston Malbin Papers, 1891-1997. Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library: Digital Collections*. Yale University Library. Web. 6 June 2015.  
<<http://brbl.library.yale.edu/vufind/Record/3580846>>
- Ball, Hugo. "Dada Manifesto." *Flight Out of Time: A Dada Diary*. Ed. John Elderfield. Trans. Ann Raimés. Berkeley, LA and London: U of California P, 1996. 219-21. Print.
- Breton, André, and Paul Éluard. "Notes on Poetry." In Maurice Nadeau. *The History of Surrealism*. Trans. Richard Howard. Introd. Roger Shattuck. London: Jonathan Cape, 1968. 274. Print.
- Breton, André. *First Manifesto of Surrealism - 1924*. Trans. A. S. Kline. Web. 9 June 2017.  
<http://poetsofmodernity.xyz/POMBR/French/Manifesto.htm>
- Caws, Mary Ann, ed. *Manifesto: A Century of Isms*. Lincoln: U of Nebraska P, 2011. Print.
- Covarrubias, Miguel. Book Cover. *The Weary Blues* by Langston Hughes. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. *Beinecke Rare Books and Manuscripts Library: Digital Collections*. Yale University Library Web. 8 June 2015.  
<[http://brbl.library.yale.edu/vufind/Record/3519974?image\\_id=1008662](http://brbl.library.yale.edu/vufind/Record/3519974?image_id=1008662)>
- Demuth, Charles. *The Figure 5 in Gold*. 1928. Photograph of painting. Oil, graphite, ink and gold leaf on paperboard. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York City. *Wikimedia Commons*. Web. 28 May 2015.  
[http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:NY\\_Met\\_demuth\\_figure\\_5\\_gold.JPG](http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:NY_Met_demuth_figure_5_gold.JPG)
- DuPlessis, Rachel Blau. "Poetry Questions." Course Handout. Temple University, 2013. Used with author's permission.
- Ernst, Max. Gala Éluard. 1924. Painting. Oil on Canvas. *The Muriel Kallis Steinberg Newman Collection*. The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York. In *Abstract Expressionism and Other Modern Works* by Gary Tinterow, Lisa Mintz Messinger, and Nan Rosenthal. New York: The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 2008. 25. Print.
- HD. *Collected Poems 1912-1944*. Ed. Louis L. Martz. New York: New Directions, 1983. Print.
- "Eurydice." HD, *Collected Poems* 51-55.
- "Oread." HD, *Collected Poems* 55.
- HD. *Sea Garden*. Poetry Reprint Series. London: St. James Press; New York: St. Martin's Press, 1975. Print.
- "Sea Rose." HD, *Sea Garden* 1.
- "Pursuit." HD, *Sea Garden* 8-9.
- "Sea Lily." HD, *Sea Garden* 12.
- "Sheltered Garden." HD, *Sea Garden* 18-19.
- "Sea Poppies." HD, *Sea Garden* 20.
- "Sea Violet." HD, *Sea Garden* 25.
- "Sea Iris." HD, *Sea Garden* 40.
- "Hermes of the Ways." HD, *Sea Garden* 41.
- Horrocks, Roger, Michele Leggott, and Helen Sword. "What is this poem doing?" Course Handout. University of Auckland, 2015.
- Hughes, Langston. "Cabaret." Hughes, *The Weary Blues* 29.

- "The Cat and the Saxophone." Hughes, *The Weary Blues* 27.
- "Danse Africaine." Hughes, *The Weary Blues* 105.
- "Epilogue." Hughes, *The Weary Blues* 109.
- "Harlem Nightclub." Hughes, *The Weary Blues* 32.
- "Jazzonia." Hughes, *The Weary Blues* 25.
- "Mother to Son." Hughes, *The Weary Blues* 107.
- "The Negro Speaks of Rivers." Hughes, *The Weary Blues* 51.
- "Proem." Hughes, *The Weary Blues* [19].
- "Suicide's Note." Hughes, *The Weary Blues* 87.
- "To Midnight Nan at Leroy's." Hughes, *The Weary Blues* 30.
- "The Weary Blues." Hughes, *The Weary Blues* 23-24.
- *The Weary Blues*. Introd. Carl Van Vechten. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1926. Print.
- "When Sue Wears Red." Hughes, *The Weary Blues* 66.
- [Hugo Ball performing at Cabaret Voltaire in 1916]. 1 Jan. 1916. Photograph. *Kunsthhaus Zurich*. *Wikimedia Commons*. 7 June 2015. <[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cabaret\\_Voltaire\\_\(Zurich\)#/media/File:Hugo\\_Ball\\_Cabaret\\_Voltaire.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Cabaret_Voltaire_(Zurich)#/media/File:Hugo_Ball_Cabaret_Voltaire.jpg)>
- Jolas, Eugène, et al. "The Revolution of the Word." Caws 530-31.
- Lawrence, DH. "Medlars and Sorb-Apples." *The Complete Poems of D.H. Lawrence*. Ed. and Introd. Vivian de Sola Pinto and Warren Roberts. New York: Viking P, 1971. 280-81. Print.
- Lewis, Wyndham, ed. *Blast: Review of the Great English Vortex* 1 (June 1914). London: John Lane,
- "Long Live the Vortex!" Lewis, *Blast* n.pag.
- "Our Vortex." Lewis, *Blast* 147-49.
- [Lewis, Wyndham, et al.]. "Manifesto I.3." Lewis, *Blast* 15.
- Lorca, Federico Garcia. "1910 (Intermezzo)." Lorca, *Poet* 9.
- "After a Walk." Lorca, *Poet* 7.
- "Blacks Dancing to Cuban Rhythms." Lorca, *Poet* 177+.
- "Christmas on the Hudson." Lorca, *Poet* 63+.
- "Dawn." Lorca, *Poet* 11.
- "The King of Harlem." Lorca, *Poet* 29+.
- *Poet in New York*. Ed. and Introd. Christopher Maurer. Trans. Greg Simon and Steven F. White. Bilingual ed. London: Viking, 1989. Print.
- "Sleepless City (Booklyn Bridge Nocturne)." Lorca, *Poet* 67+.
- [Lorca walking with friends in New York]. [c. late 1920s]. Photograph. *Fundación Federico García Lorca, Madrid*. In *Lorca, Buñuel, Dalí: Forbidden Pleasures and Connected Lives* by Gwynne Edwards. London and New York: I.B. Tauris, 2009. 94. ProQuest: Ebrary. Web. 8 June 2015.
- Loy, Mina. "Feminist Manifesto." *The Last Lunar Baedeker*. Ed. Roger L. Conover. Manchester: Carcanet P, 1985. 269-71. Print.
- Malley, Ern. "Culture as Exhibit." Malley, *The Darkening* 23-24.
- *The Darkening Ecliptic*. Ed. Max Harris. *Angry Penguins* 1944, Autumn no.: 1-33. Print. Facsim. ed. [Australia]: n.p., [c. 1970s]. Print.
- "Documentary Film." Malley, *The Darkening* 16-17.
- "Dürer: Innsbruck, 1495." Malley, *The Darkening* 8.
- "Egyptian Register." Malley, *The Darkening* 25-26.
- "Perspective Lovesong." Malley, *The Darkening* 21-22.
- "Petit Testament." Malley, *The Darkening* 31-33.
- "Preface and Statement." Malley, *The Darkening* 7.
- "Sybilline." Malley, *The Darkening* 13-14.
- Mansfield, Katherine. Excerpt from *Prelude*. Richmond: Hogarth P, [1918]. 7-10. Print.
- Marinetti, Filippo Tommaso. "The Founding and Manifesto of Futurism." 1909. Caws 185-89.
- Morrell, Ottoline. *Katherine Mansfield*. [c. 1916-1917]. Photograph. National Portrait Gallery, London. *Wikimedia Commons*. Web. 6 June 2015. <[http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Mansfield\\_1917\\_cropped.jpg](http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Mansfield_1917_cropped.jpg)>

- . *Lytton Strachey and Virginia Woolf [Cropped]*. 1923. Photograph. National Portrait Gallery, London. *Wikimedia Commons*. Web. 8 June 2015.  
<[http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Lytton\\_Strachey\\_and\\_Virginia\\_Woolf\\_by\\_Otto-line\\_Morrell.jpg](http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Lytton_Strachey_and_Virginia_Woolf_by_Otto-line_Morrell.jpg)>
- Nolan, Sidney. [Painting inspired by Ern Malley's *Petit Testament*]. Heide Museum of Modern Art. In *Angry Penguins* 1944, Autumn no.: 1-33. Ed. Max Harris. Front Cover. *Wikimedia Commons*. Web. 8 June 2015.  
<[https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Ern\\_Malley.jpg](https://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Ern_Malley.jpg)>
- [*Passport Photograph of William Carlos Williams*]. Signed Photograph. *Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library: Digital Collections*. *Wikimedia Commons*. Web. 8 June 2015.  
<[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William\\_Carlos\\_Williams#/media/File:William\\_Carlos\\_Williams\\_passport\\_photograph\\_1921.jpg](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/William_Carlos_Williams#/media/File:William_Carlos_Williams_passport_photograph_1921.jpg)>
- Pasternak, Leonid. *Portrait of Rainer Maria Rilke*. Pastel and watercolour on white wove paper. [c. 1921-1924]. The Ashmolean Museum, Oxford. *Wikimedia Commons*. Web. 7 June 2015.  
<[http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Rilke\\_in\\_Moscow\\_by\\_L.Pasternak\\_\(1928\\_.jpg](http://commons.wikimedia.org/wiki/File:Rilke_in_Moscow_by_L.Pasternak_(1928_.jpg)>
- Pound, Ezra. "A Few Don'ts." *Pavannes and Divisions*. New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1918. 95-101. *Internet Archive*. Web. 28 May 2015. <<https://archive.org/details/pavannesdivision00poun>>
- . Excerpt from "Canto I." *A Draft of XVI Cantos of Ezra Pound: for the Beginning of a Poem of some Length*. Illust. Henry Strater. Paris: Three Mountains P, 1925. 5. *Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library: Digital Collections*. Yale University Library. Web. 12 May 2015.  
<<http://brbl.library.yale.edu/vufind/Record/3603037>>
- . "In a Station of the Metro." *Poetry* 2.1 (Apr. 1913): 12. JSTOR. Web. 12 May 2015.
- . "The Jewel Stairs' Grievance." *Personae: The Shorter Poems of Ezra Pound*. Rev. ed. New York: New Directions, 1990. 136. Print.
- Ridge, Lola. "Morning Ride." *Red Flag*. New York: Viking P, 1927. 67. Print.
- . "Sleep, Dolores." *Bulletin* 7 July 1904: 3. Print.
- . "To the Free Children." *The Modern School* VII.1,2&3 (Jan., Feb., Mar. 1920): 133. Print.
- . "To an Old Playfellow." *Bulletin* 3 May 1906: 35. Print.
- . "Will Shakespeare Sees the Children of the Ferrer Modern School Play Midsummer Night's Dream." *The Modern School* VII.1,2&3 (Jan., Feb., Mar. 1920): 143. Print.
- Rilke, Rainer Maria. "Orpheus. Eurydice. Hermes." 1904. Trans. Helen Sword. 1994. TS. University of Auckland. Used with translator's permission.
- . Selections from *The Sonnets to Orpheus*. 1922. Trans. Helen Sword. 1995. TS. University of Auckland. Used with translator's permission.
- Shortland, Edward. "Toto Waka." *Traditions and Superstitions of the New Zealanders: with Illustrations of Their Manners and Customs*. 2nd ed. London: Longman, Brown, 1856. 161-65. Early New Zealand Books. University of Auckland. Web. 12 May 2015.
- Stein, Gertrude. Excerpt from "Idem the Same: A Valentine to Sherwood Anderson." *Useful Knowledge*. 1928. New York: Station Hill P, 1988. 90-91. Print.
- Tzara, Tristan. "Dada Manifesto." Caws 297-304.
- Tzara, Tristan, transcr. "Toto-Vaca." *Dada Almanach*. Ed. Richard Huelsenbeck. Berlin: Richard Reiss, 1920. 51-52. *The International Dada Archive: Digital Dada Library Collection*. University of Iowa. Web. 12 May 2015. <<http://sdrclib.uiowa.edu/dada/da/index.htm>>
- [Vechten, Carl Van]. *Gertrude Stein with Basket II and Marie Laurencin's Portrait of Basket II*. N.d. Photograph. *Gertrude Stein and Alice B. Toklas Papers*. *Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library: Digital Collections*. Yale University Library. Web. 5 June 2015. <<http://brbl-dl.library.yale.edu/vufind/Record/3568226>>
- Williams, William Carlos. "Danse Russe." *A Book of Poems: Al Que Quiere!* Boston: Four Seas, 1917. 44-45. *Internet Archive*. Digitised by Google. Web. 8 May 2015.  
<<https://archive.org/details/abookpoemsalque00willgoog>>
- . "The Great Figure." *Sour Grapes*. Boston: Four Seas, 1921. 78. *Internet Archive*. Web. 29 May 2015. <<https://archive.org/details/sourgrapesbookof00willrich>>
- . "In passing with my mind." Williams, *Spring and All* 47-48.



- . "So much depends." Williams, *Spring and All* 74.
- . *Spring and All*. 1923. Introd. C.D. Wright. New York: New Directions, 2011. Print.
- . "This is Just to Say." *The Collected Poems of William Carlos Williams, Volume I: 1909-1939*. Ed. A. Walton Litz, and Christopher MacGowen. Manchester: Carcanet, 1987. 372. Print.
- Woolf, Virginia. Excerpt from *Orlando: A Biography*. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1928. 227-28. Print.
- . Excerpt from *Orlando: The Holograph Draft*. Ed. Stuart Nelson Clark. London: Stuart Nelson Clarke, 1993. 184. Print.
- . *Kew Gardens*. Illust. Vanessa Bell. London: Hogarth P, 1927. N.pag. Print. Facsim. ed. London: Hogarth, 1999. Print.
- . *Kew Gardens*. Illust. Vanessa Bell. [London]: Hogarth P, 1927. N.pag. Print. Facsim. ed. N.p.: Richard West, 1980. Print.
- . *Kew Gardens*. Illust. Vanessa Bell. Richmond: Hogarth P, 1919. N.pag. *Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library: Digital Collections*. Yale University Library. Web. 12 May 2015. <<http://brbl-dl.library.yale.edu/vufind/Record/3436998>>
- . "Kew Gardens." *Monday or Tuesday*. New York: Harcourt, Brace, 1921. 83-98. Print.
- Yeats, W.B. *The Two Kings*. The Cuala Press, 1914. Annotations and corrections by Ezra Pound. 6-7. *Ezra Pound Papers. Beinecke Rare Book and Manuscript Library: Digital Collections*. Yale University Library. Web. 6 June 2015. <<http://brbl-dl.library.yale.edu/vufind/Record/3531112>>



