

LITERARY ESSAYS
OF
EZRA POUND

Edited with an Introduction

by

T. S. ELIOT

BY EZRA POUND

ABC OF READING
A LUME SPENTO AND OTHER EARLY POEMS
THE CANTOS (including *Canto 120*)
THE CLASSIC NOH THEATRE OF JAPAN
COLLECTED EARLY POEMS OF EZRA POUND
CONFUCIUS (ENGLISH VERSIONS)
CONFUCIUS TO CUMMINGS (WORLD POETRY ANTHOLOGY)
DRAFTS AND FRAGMENTS OF CANTOS CX–CXVII
EZRA POUND AND MUSIC
EZRA POUND AND THE VISUAL ARTS
GAUDIER-BRZESKA
GUIDE TO KULCHUR
LITERARY ESSAYS
LOVE POEMS OF ANCIENT EGYPT
PAVANNES AND DIVAGATIONS
PERSONAE
POUND/JOYCE: LETTERS & ESSAYS
SELECTED CANTOS
SELECTED POEMS
SELECTED LETTERS
SELECTED PROSE (1909–1965)
THE SPIRIT OF ROMANCE
TRANSLATIONS
WOMEN OF TRACHIS (SOPHOKLES)

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Ezra Pound *Literary Essays*

With an Introduction by T. S. Eliot

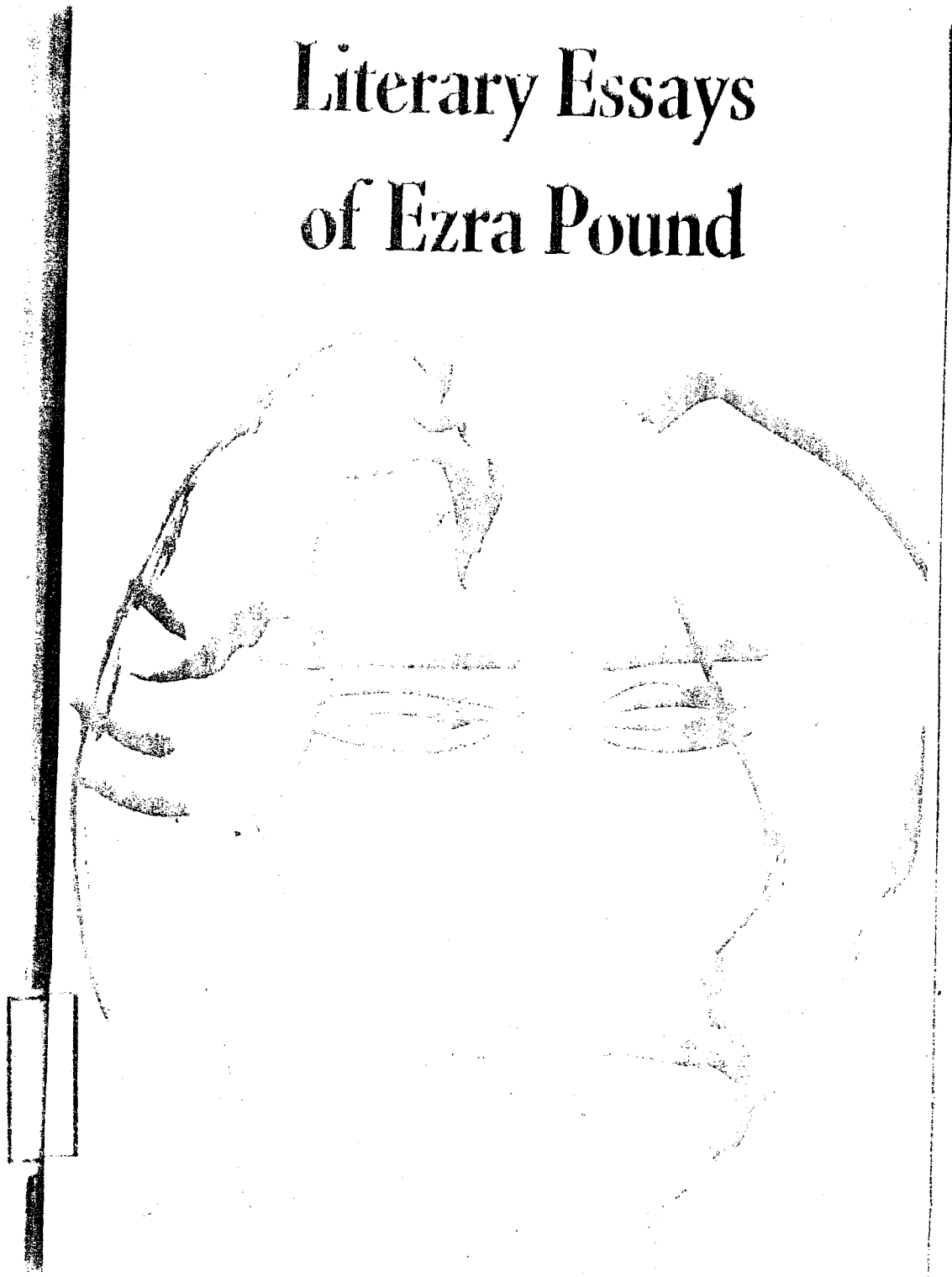
For this definitive collection of Pound's *Literary Essays*, his friend (and English editor) T. S. Eliot chose material from five earlier volumes: *Poivannes and Divisions* (1918), *Instigations* (1920), *How to Read* (1931), *Make It New* (1934), and *Polite Essays* (1937). 33 pieces are arranged in three groups: "The Art of Poetry," "The Tradition," and "Contemporaries."

Eliot wrote in his introduction: "I hope that this volume will demonstrate that Pound's literary criticism is the most important contemporary criticism of its kind . . . perhaps the kind we can least afford to do without . . . the refreshment, the revitalization and 'making new' of literature in our time."

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INTRODUCTION

The editor of this volume is alone responsible for the choice of essays and reviews included; and he is therefore called upon to give account of his principles of selection. I have not aimed at including everything, in the area of literary criticism, that seemed to me worth preserving: there is enough material for another volume. Limitation of size has imposed the exclusion of much; so I have tried only to give a representative choice from Ezra Pound's literary criticism over a period of some thirty years. Being a retrospective selection, this book differs from the four books of critical papers from which the bulk of the material has been taken, and to the publishers of which I make acknowledgement: *Pavannes and Divisions* (A. A. Knopf, New York, 1918), *Instigations* (Boni & Liveright, New York, 1920), *Make It New* (Faber & Faber, London, and the Yale University Press, 1934) and *Polite Essays* (Faber & Faber, London, 1937). These collections were assembled in a form which does not seem to me permanently satisfactory: they have served their purpose in prolonging the effect at which the various papers were aimed on their original publication in periodicals. The books themselves have become more difficult to obtain; and there is furthermore some overlapping of contents between the American and the English collections. I have included also shorter pieces rescued from the files of periodicals: amongst such, I have made selection from photostats from American magazines, supplied to me by Mr James Laughlin. There must be other uncollected writings which have escaped our notice: Pound has contributed indefatigably to little magazines. There remain two books from which I have taken nothing: *Guide to Kulchur* (Faber & Faber, 1938) and the early but very important *The Spirit of Romance* (Dent, London, 1910). Both these books have been out of print, but have recently been republished by New Directions: they should both be read entire.

The present book is designed differently from any previous collection of Pound's essays; so I believe there is justification for its having been entrusted to another hand than that of the author. The

author—like any author—would make a somewhat different choice from that of his editor; he has, in fact, expressed regret at certain omissions, and deprecated the inclusion of several items which appear to the editor to be of more lasting value than they do to him. But Mr. Pound has never valued his literary criticism except in terms of its immediate impact; the editor, on the other hand, wished to regard the material in historical perspective, to put a new generation of readers, into whose hands the earlier collections and scattered essays did not come when they were new, into a position to appreciate the central importance of Pound's critical writing in the development of poetry during the first half of the twentieth century.

I hope, furthermore, that this volume will demonstrate that Pound's literary criticism is the most important contemporary criticism of its kind. Of a very important kind—perhaps the kind that we can least afford to do without: what the kind is I shall have to consider presently. If this selection succeeds in its purpose, it will show (1) that Pound has said much about the art of writing and of writing poetry in particular, that is permanently valid and useful. Very few critics have done that. It will show (2) that he said much that was peculiarly pertinent to the needs of the time at which it was written; (3) that he forced upon our attention not only individual authors, but whole areas of poetry, which no future criticism can afford to ignore. And finally (what will matter less to *him* than any of the foregoing achievements) that he has shown a more immediate and generous appreciation of authors whose work one would not expect him to find sympathetic, than is generally known. It is for this last reason that I have included early reviews of poems by Robert Frost and D. H. Lawrence. For this reason also I have included the early essay on Lionel Johnson, otherwise unobtainable: the edition of Lionel Johnson's poems of which this essay formed the Introduction was withdrawn immediately after publication. Mr. Pound tells me that his Introduction aroused hostility: it is difficult for me, and I think it will be difficult for other readers now, to understand why. This essay is of interest, not only for what Pound says about Johnson, but for Johnson's own opinions, there quoted, about his contemporaries—judgements to which, by the fact of quoting them, Pound seems to have given implicit assent.

To appreciate any retrospective collection of literary opinions and judgements, it is necessary to pay attention to the dates at which

they were written. I have tried to establish as nearly as possible, the dates of all the pieces included; and here must make acknowledgment of invaluable help from Mr. Hugh Kenner¹ of the University of California, and from Mr. Norman Holmes Pearson of Yale University. Such dating is essential. Malevolent critics have two well-known resources: to quote and collate isolated sentences torn from their context, and to quote what a writer said twenty or thirty years ago as if it was something he had said yesterday. Every collection of statements written at different times and in different contexts must be protected as far as possible against such misrepresentation. The views of any writer, if his mind develops and matures, will change or will be modified by events; a statement may lose the validity which it had when it was written; but if it was valid for its place and time, it may still have permanent value. Much of the *permanence* of Mr. Pound's criticism is due simply to his having seen so clearly what needed to be said at a particular time; his occupation with his own moment and its needs has led him to say many things which are of permanent value, but the value of which may not be immediately appreciated by later readers who lack the sense of historical situation.

Inevitably, after the passage of time, such a critic as Mr. Pound (who has never been afraid of his own insights) will appear to have exaggerated the importance of some principles, or of some authors, and to have unjustly depreciated others. He has enlarged criticism by his interpretation of neglected authors and literatures, and by his rehabilitation of misesteemed authors. As for the reputations that he has attacked, we must recall the reaction against the Augustan Age initiated by the Lake Poets. Any pioneer of a revolution in poetry—and Mr. Pound is more responsible for the XXth Century revolution in poetry than is any other individual—is sure to attack some venerated names. For the real point of attack is the idolatry of a great artist by unintelligent critics, and his imitation by uninspired practitioners. A great writer can have, at a particular time, a pernicious or merely deadening influence; and this influence can be most effectively attacked by pointing out those faults which ought not to be copied, and those virtues any emulation of which is anachronistic. Pound's disparagement of Milton, for instance, was, I am convinced,

¹ Mr. Kenner is the author of *The Poetry of Ezra Pound* (Faber & Faber, London; and New Directions, New York: both 1951).

most salutary twenty and thirty years ago; I still agree with him against the academic admirers of Milton; though to me it seems that the situation has changed.

It is necessary to consider Pound's literary pronouncements in the light of the circumstances in which they were written, both in order to grasp the extent of the revolution of taste and practice which he has brought about, and in order to understand the particular kind of critic of which he is so eminent an example. He has always been, first and foremost, a teacher and a campaigner. He has always been impelled, not merely to find out for himself how poetry should be written, but to pass on the benefit of his discoveries to others; not simply to make these benefits available, but to insist upon their being received. He would cajole, and almost coerce, other men into writing well: so that he often presents the appearance of a man trying to convey to a very deaf person the fact that the house is on fire. Every change he has advocated has always struck him as being of instant urgency. This is not only the temperament of the teacher: it represents also, with Pound, a passionate desire, not merely to write well himself, but to live in a period in which he could be surrounded by equally intelligent and creative minds. Hence his impatience. For him, to discover a new writer of genius is as satisfying an experience, as it is for a lesser man to believe that he has written a great work of genius himself. He has cared deeply that his contemporaries and juniors should write well; he has cared less for his personal achievement than for the life of letters and art. One of the lessons to be learnt from his critical prose and from his correspondence is the lesson to care unselfishly for the art one serves.

Pound's criticism is always addressed, implicitly, first of all to his fellow craftsmen; to all those who write the English language, though his especial concern and care has been for his fellow craftsmen in America. But it is precisely this address to *writers* that gives Pound's criticism a special and permanent value for *readers*. One learns from him appreciation of literature by learning to understand the preparation, study and training to which the writer should submit himself. Whether Pound is giving his attention to the enunciation of general principles, or to the reassessment of neglected authors and to expounding neglected literatures, or whether he is advertising the merits of new writers (corresponding to the three sections into which I have divided this book) the motive is fundamentally

the same: the refreshment, revitalisation, and 'making new' of literature in our own time.

It is something, but not much, for the classification of Pound's criticism, to place it with the other notable contributions of poets to criticism: the essays and prefaces of Dryden, the two prefaces of Wordsworth, the *Biographia Literaria* of Coleridge: all of whom were concerned with 'making new' in their own time. (I should like to add, to please myself, Samuel Johnson; and, to please Pound, Walter Savage Landor.) But none of these was so consistently concerned with teaching others how to write. And of no other poet can it be more important to say, that his criticism and his poetry, his precept and his practice, compose a single *oeuvre*. It is necessary to read Pound's poetry to understand his criticism, and to read his criticism to understand his poetry. I am not interested—it is inessential to my purpose—to assert that one kind of criticism is of higher value than another. What does seem to me true, and necessary to say, is that Pound's critical writings, scattered and occasional as they have been, form the *least dispensable* body of critical writing in our time. They began at a moment when they were very much needed: the situation of poetry in 1909 or 1910 was stagnant to a degree difficult for any young poet of to-day to imagine. Pound himself had a long way to go: and he has gone it. Comparison of his earliest with his latest verse should give ample evidence of how much he himself has learnt from his own critical meditations and from study of the authors about whom he has written.

To say that any kind of criticism has its limitations is not to belittle it, but to contribute towards its definition and understanding. The limitation of Pound's kind is in its concentration upon the craft of letters, and of poetry especially. (The fact that he ignores consideration of dramatic verse, which he regards, quite rightly, as a distinct form or application of verse, and which is a form or application in which he is not interested, is a deliberate limitation worth noting, but not otherwise important.) On the one hand, this very limitation gives him a wider range: Pound's contribution, by calling our attention to the merits of poetry of remote or alien societies—Anglo-Saxon, Provençal, early Italian, Chinese and Japanese, to say nothing of his beneficial, though irritating and sometimes disputable knocking about of accepted valuations in Latin and Greek literature—is immense. But when we want to try to understand what a foreign

literature means, or meant, to the people to whom it belongs, when we want to acquaint ourselves with the spirit of a whole civilisation through the whole of its literature, we must go elsewhere. With some literatures, as the Provençal, that literature may, for aught I know, be comprehensively exhibited by the specimens of it which Pound recommends for study by the contemporary writer of English. For those literatures whose summits have been mostly in the drama, the exclusion of drama is serious: but Pound has never yet written about a form of verse which he would not care to practise. And (to take the foreign literature which I know best) Pound performed a great service (especially in *The Spirit of Romance*) for the English-speaking reader in emphasising the greatness of Villon. He was quick to appreciate the originality of Laforgue and Corbière. He showed a discriminating taste among the minor poets of the 'Symbolist Movement'. But he ignores Mallarmé; he is uninterested in Baudelaire; and to his interests such poets as Malherbe and La Fontaine are irrelevant. In Elizabethan literature, apart from the drama, and apart from the songs about which he has spoken well, what about such poetry as that of Jonson or Chapman? I mention these omissions, not as cautious reservations in my admiration for Pound's criticism, but the better to praise it for what it is. You can't ask everything of anybody; and it is an illusion fostered by academic authorities on literature, that there is only one kind of criticism, the kind that is delivered on academic foundations, to be printed afterwards in the 'proceedings' or as a brochure in a series.

I must add a word about footnotes. I have tried to avoid notes (with the exception of one modest correction bearing my initials) except to supply dates. Any notes newly contributed by Mr. Pound are initialled E. P. Notes with no such indication are the author's notes to the text as originally published.

Mr. Pound regrets the omission (for which the editor is responsible) of an essay on René Crevel; he regrets that he has not yet written a study of the work of Jean Cocteau, and that he has not produced a more recent and comprehensive study of the work of Wyndham Lewis. And I gather that he has recently been giving thought to Sophocles—an excursion into new territory, the fruits of which should be interesting. Other papers which he would have liked me to include struck me as being outside the frame of a volume entitled 'Literary Essays'.

I should add that amongst the papers excluded from this volume of literary essays, are those on music, painting and sculpture, with two exceptions: the notes on Dolmetsch and Brancusi which I have appended as a reminder to the reader of all the other essays on the arts, which fall outside the scope of the present volume.

T. S. ELIOT

PART ONE
The Art of Poetry

A RETROSPECT¹

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 Monro'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 shovelled in to fill a metric pattern or to complete the noise of a rhyme-sound. Whether or no the phrases followed by the followers 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.

¹ A group of early essays and notes which appeared under this title in *Pavannes and Divisions* (1918). 'A Few Dont's' was first printed in *Poetry*, I, 6 (March, 1913).

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 despatches of 'dove-grey' 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,¹ 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.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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 in 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.¹

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

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

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

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 prescriptions 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

¹ *Vide infra*.

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.

PROLEGOMENA¹

Time was when the poet lay in a green field with his head against a tree and played his diversion on a ha'penny whistle, and Caesar's predecessors conquered the earth, and the predecessors of golden Crassus embezzled, and fashions had their say, and let him alone. And presumably he was fairly content in this circumstance, for I have small doubt that the occasional passerby, being attracted by curiosity to know why any one should lie under a tree and blow diversion on a ha'penny whistle, came and conversed with him, and that among these passers-by there was on occasion a person of charm or a young lady who had not read *Man and Superman*; and looking back upon this naïve state of affairs we call it the age of gold.

Metastasio, and he should know if any one, assures us that this age endures—even though the modern poet is expected to holloa his verses down a speaking tube to the editors of cheap magazines—S. S. McClure, or some one of that sort—even though hordes of authors meet in dreariness and drink healths to the 'Copyright Bill'; even though these things be, the age of gold pertains. Imperceptibly, if you like, but pertains. You meet unkempt Amyclas in a Soho restaurant and chant together of dead and forgotten things—it is a manner of speech among poets to chant of dead, half-forgotten things, there seems no special harm in it; it has always been done—and it's rather better to be a clerk in the Post Office than to look after a lot of stinking, verminous sheep—and at another hour of the day one substitutes the drawing-room for the restaurant and tea is probably more palatable than mead and mare's milk, and little cakes than honey. And in this fashion one survives the resignation of Mr Balfour, and the iniquities of the American customs-house, *e quel bufera infernal*, the periodical press. And then in the middle of it, there being apparently no other person at once capable and available one is stopped and asked to explain oneself.

¹ *Poetry and Drama* (then the *Poetry Review*, edited by Harold Monro), Feb. 1912.

I begin on the chord thus querulous, for I would much rather lie on what is left of Catullus' parlour floor and speculate the azure beneath it and the hills off to Salò and Riva with their forgotten gods moving unhindered amongst them, than discuss any processes and theories of art whatsoever. I would rather play tennis. I shall not argue.

CREDO

Rhythm.—I believe in an 'absolute rhythm', a rhythm, that is, in poetry which corresponds exactly to the emotion or shade of emotion to be expressed. A man's rhythm must be interpretative, it will be, therefore, in the end, his own, uncounterfeiting, uncounterfeitable.

Symbols.—I believe that the proper and perfect symbol is the natural object, that if a man use 'symbols' he must so use them that their symbolic function does not obtrude; so that a sense, and the poetic quality of the passage, is not lost to those who do not understand the symbol as such, to whom, for instance, a hawk is a hawk.

Technique.—I believe in technique as the test of a man's sincerity; in law when it is ascertainable; in the trampling down of every convention that impedes or obscures the determination of the law, or the precise rendering of the impulse.

Form.—I think there is a 'fluid' as well as a 'solid' content, that some poems may have form as a tree has form, some as water poured into a vase. That most symmetrical forms have certain uses. That a vast number of subjects cannot be precisely, and therefore not properly rendered in symmetrical forms.

"Thinking that alone worthy wherein the whole art is employed".¹ I think the artist should master all known forms and systems of metric, and I have with some persistence set about doing this, searching particularly into those periods wherein the systems came to birth or attained their maturity. It has been complained, with some justice, that I dump my note-books on the public. I think that only after a long struggle will poetry attain such a degree of development, or, if you will, modernity, that it will vitally concern people who are accustomed, in prose, to Henry James and Anatole France, in music to Debussy. I am constantly contending that it took two centuries of Provence and one of Tuscany to develop the media of Dante's masterwork, that it took the latinists of the Renaissance, and the

¹ Dante, *De Volgari Eloquentia*.

Pleiade, and his own age of painted speech to prepare Shakespeare his tools. It is tremendously important that great poetry be written, it makes no jot of difference who writes it. The experimental demonstrations of one man may save the time of many—hence my furore over Arnaut Daniel—if a man's experiments try out one new rime, or dispense conclusively with one iota of currently accepted nonsense, he is merely playing fair with his colleagues when he chalks up his result.

No man ever writes very much poetry that 'matters'. In bulk, that is, no one produces much that is final, and when a man is not doing this highest thing, this saying the thing once for all and perfectly; when he is not matching Ποικιλόθρον', ἄθάναντ' Ἀφρόδιτα, or 'Hist—said Kate the Queen', he had much better be making the sorts of experiment which may be of use to him in his later work, or to his successors.

'The lyf so short, the craft so long to lerne.' It is a foolish thing for a man to begin his work on a too narrow foundation, it is a disgraceful thing for a man's work not to show steady growth and increasing fineness from first to last.

As for 'adaptations'; one finds that all the old masters of painting recommend to their pupils that they begin by copying masterwork, and proceed to their own composition.

As for 'Every man his own poet', the more every man knows about poetry the better. I believe in every one writing poetry who wants to; most do. I believe in every man knowing enough of music to play 'God bless our home' on the harmonium, but I do not believe in every man giving concerts and printing his sin.

The mastery of any art is the work of a lifetime. I should not discriminate between the 'amateur' and the 'professional'. Or rather I should discriminate quite often in favour of the amateur, but I should discriminate between the amateur and the expert. It is certain that the present chaos will endure until the Art of poetry has been preached down the amateur gullet, until there is such a general understanding of the fact that poetry is an art and not a pastime; such a knowledge of technique; of technique of surface and technique of content, that the amateurs will cease to try to drown out the masters.

If a certain thing was said once for all in Atlantis or Arcadia, in 450 Before Christ or in 1290 after, it is not for us moderns to go

saying it over, or to go obscuring the memory of the dead by saying the same thing with less skill and less conviction.

My pawing over the ancients and semi-ancients has been one struggle to find out what has been done, once for all, better than it can ever be done again, and to find out what remains for us to do, and plenty does remain, for if we still feel the same emotions as those which launched the thousand ships, it is quite certain that we come on these feelings differently, through different nuances, by different intellectual gradations. Each age has its own abounding gifts yet only some ages transmute them into matter of duration. No good poetry is ever written in a manner twenty years old, for to write in such a manner shows conclusively that the writer thinks from books, convention and *cliché*, and not from life, yet a man feeling the divorce of life and his art may naturally try to resurrect a forgotten mode if he finds in that mode some leaven, or if he think he sees in it some element lacking in contemporary art which might unite that art again to its sustenance, life.

In the art of Daniel and Cavalcanti, I have seen that precision which I miss in the Victorians, that explicit rendering, be it of external nature, or of emotion. Their testimony is of the eyewitness, their symptoms are first hand.

As for the nineteenth century, with all respect to its achievements, I think we shall look back upon it as a rather blurry, messy sort of a period, a rather sentimentalistic, mannerish sort of a period. I say this without any self-righteousness, with no self-satisfaction.

As for there being a 'movement' or my being of it, the conception of poetry as a 'pure art' in the sense in which I use the term, revived with Swinburne. From the puritanical revolt to Swinburne, poetry had been merely the vehicle—yes, definitely, Arthur Symon's scruples and feelings about the word not withholding—the ox-cart and post-chaise for transmitting thoughts poetic or otherwise. And perhaps the 'great Victorians', though it is doubtful, and assuredly the 'nineties' continued the development of the art, confining their improvements, however, chiefly to sound and to refinements of manner.

Mr Yeats has once and for all stripped English poetry of its perdamnable rhetoric. He has boiled away all that is not poetic—and a good deal that is. He has become a classic in his own lifetime and

nel mezzo del cammin. He has made our poetic idiom a thing pliable, a speech without inversions.

Robert Bridges, Maurice Hewlett and Frederic Manning are¹ in their different ways seriously concerned with overhauling the metrical, in testing the language and its adaptability to certain modes. Ford Hueffer is making some sort of experiments in modernity. The Provost of Oriel continues his translation of the *Divina Commedia*.

As to Twentieth century poetry, and the poetry which I expect to see written during the next decade or so, it will, I think, move against poppy-cock, it will be harder and saner, it will be what Mr Hewlett calls 'nearer the bone'. It will be as much like granite as it can be, its force will lie in its truth, its interpretative power (of course, poetic force does always rest there); I mean it will not try to seem forcible by rhetorical din, and luxurious riot. We will have fewer painted adjectives impeding the shock and stroke of it. At least for myself, I want it so, austere, direct, free from emotional slither.

What is there now, in 1917, to be added?

RE VERS LIBRE

I think the desire for vers libre is due to the sense of quantity reasserting itself after years of starvation. But I doubt if we can take over, for English, the rules of quantity laid down for Greek and Latin, mostly by Latin grammarians.

I think one should write vers libre only when one 'must', that is to say, only when the 'thing' builds up a rhythm more beautiful than that of set metres, or more real, more a part of the emotion of the 'thing', more germane, intimate, interpretative than the measure of regular accentual verse; a rhythm which discontents one with set iambic or set anapaestic.

Eliot has said the thing very well when he said, 'No vers is libre for the man who wants to do a good job.'

As a matter of detail, there is vers libre with accent heavily marked as a drum-beat (as par example my 'Dance Figure'), and on the other hand I think I have gone as far as can profitably be gone in the other direction (and perhaps too far). I mean I do not think one can use to any advantage rhythms much more tenuous and imper-

¹ (Dec. 1911)

ceptible than some I have used. I think progress lies rather in an attempt to approximate classical quantitative metres (NOT to copy them) than in a carelessness regarding such things.¹

I agree with John Yeats on the relation of beauty to certitude. I prefer satire, which is due to emotion, to any sham of emotion.

I have had to write, or at least I have written a good deal about art, sculpture, painting and poetry. I have seen what seemed to me the best of contemporary work reviled and obstructed. Can any one write prose of permanent or durable interest when he is merely saying for one year what nearly every one will say at the end of three or four years? I have been battistrada for a sculptor, a painter, a novelist, several poets. I wrote also of certain French writers in *The New Age* in nineteen twelve or eleven.

I would much rather that people would look at Brzeska's sculpture and Lewis's drawings, and that they would read Joyce, Jules Romains, Eliot, than that they should read what I have said of these men, or that I should be asked to republish argumentative essays and reviews.

All that the critic can do for the reader or audience or spectator is to focus his gaze or audition. Rightly or wrongly I think my blasts and essays have done their work, and that more people are now likely to go to the sources than are likely to read this book.

Jammes's 'Existences' in '*La Triomphe de la Vie*' is available. So are his early poems. I think we need a convenient anthology rather than descriptive criticism. Carl Sanburg wrote me from Chicago, 'It's hell when poets can't afford to buy each other's books.' Half the people who care, only borrow. In America so few people know each other that the difficulty lies more than half in distribution. Perhaps one should make an anthology: Romains's 'Un Etre en Marche' and 'Prières', Vildrac's 'Visite'. Retrospectively the fine wrought work of Laforgue, the flashes of Rimbaud, the hard-bit lines of Tristan Corbière, Tailhade's sketches in 'Poèmes Aristophanesques', the 'Litanies' of De Gourmont.

It is difficult at all times to write of the fine arts, it is almost impossible unless one can accompany one's prose with many reproductions. Still I would seize this chance or any chance to reaffirm my belief in Wyndham Lewis's genius, both in his drawings

¹ Let me date this statement 20 Aug. 1917

and his writings. And I would name an out of the way prose book, the *'Scenes and Portraits'* of Frederic Manning, as well as James Joyce's short stories and novel, *'Dubliners'* and the now well known *'Portrait of the Artist'* as well as Lewis' *'Tarr'*, if, that is, I may treat my strange reader as if he were a new friend come into the room, intent on ransacking my bookshelf.

ONLY EMOTION ENDURES

'ONLY emotion endures.' Surely it is better for me to name over the few beautiful poems that still ring in my head than for me to search my flat for back numbers of periodicals and rearrange all that I have said about friendly and hostile writers.

The first twelve lines of Padraic Colum's *'Drover'*; his *'O Woman shapely as a swan, on your account I shall not die'*; Joyce's *'I hear an army'*; the lines of Yeats that ring in my head and in the heads of all young men of my time who care for poetry: Brascall and the Fisherman, *'The fire that stirs about her when she stirs'*; the later lines of *'The Scholars'*, the faces of the Magi; William Carlos Williams's *'Postlude'*, Aldington's version of *'Atthis'*, and *'H. D.'s'* waves like pine tops, and her verse in *'Des Imagistes'* the first anthology; Hueffer's *'How red your lips are'* in his translation from Von der Vogelweide, his *'Three Ten'*, the general effect of his *'On Heaven'*; his sense of the prose values or prose qualities in poetry; his ability to write poems that half-chant and are spoiled by a musician's additions; beyond these a poem by Alice Corbin, *'One City Only'*, and another ending *'But sliding water over a stone'*. These things have worn smooth in my head and I am not through with them, nor with Aldington's *'In Via Sestina'* nor his other poems in *'Des Imagistes'*, though people have told me their flaws. It may be that their content is too much embedded in me for me to look back at the words.

I am almost a different person when I come to take up the argument for Eliot's poems.

HOW TO READ¹

PART ONE: INTRODUCTION

Largely Autobiographical, Touching the Present, and More or Less Immediately Past, 'State of Affairs'.

Literary instruction in our 'institutions of learning'² was, at the beginning of this century, cumbrous and inefficient. I dare say it still is. Certain more or less mildly exceptional professors were affected by the 'beauties' of various authors (usually deceased), but the system, as a whole, lacked sense and co-ordination. I dare say it still does. When studying physics we are not asked to investigate the biographies of all the disciples of Newton who showed interest in science, but who failed to make any discovery. Neither are their unrewarded gropings, hopes, passions, laundry bills, or erotic experiences thrust on the hurried student or considered germane to the subject.

The general contempt of 'scholarship', especially any part of it connected with subjects included in university 'Arts' courses; the shrinking of people in general from any book supposed to be 'good'; and, in another mode, the flamboyant advertisements telling 'how to seem to know it when you don't', might long since have indicated to the sensitive that there is something defective in the contemporary methods of purveying letters.

As the general reader has but a vague idea of what these methods are at the 'centre', i.e. for the specialist who is expected to serve the general reader, I shall lapse or plunge into autobiography.

In my university I found various men interested (or uninterested) in their subjects, but, I think, no man with a view of literature as a whole, or with any idea whatsoever of the relation of the part he himself taught to any other part.

Those professors who regarded their 'subject' as a drill manual rose most rapidly to positions of executive responsibility (one case

¹ *New York Herald Tribune*, 'Books', 1929.

² Foot-note a few decades later: The proper definition would be 'Institutions for the obstruction of learning.'

is now a provost). Those professors who had some natural aptitude for comprehending their authors and for communicating a general sense of comfort in the presence of literary masterwork remained obscurely in their less exalted positions.

A professor of Romanics admitted that the *Chanson de Roland* was inferior to the *Odyssey*, but then the Middle Ages were expected to present themselves with apologies, and this was, if I remember rightly, an isolated exception. English novelists were not compared with the French. 'Sources' were discussed; forty versions of a Chaucerian anecdote were 'compared', but not on points of respective literary merit. The whole field was full of redundancy. I mean that what one had learned in one class, in the study of one literature, one was told again in some other.

One was asked to remember what some critic (deceased) had said, scarcely to consider whether his views were still valid, or ever had been very intelligent.

In defence of this dead and uncorrelated system, it may be urged that authors like Spengler, who attempt a synthesis, often do so before they have attained sufficient knowledge of detail: that they stuff expandable and compressible objects into rubber-bag categories, and that they limit their reference and interest by supposing that the pedagogic follies which they have themselves encountered, constitute an error universally distributed, and encountered by every one else. In extenuation of their miscalculations we may admit that any error or clumsiness of method that has sunk into, or been hammered into one man, over a period of years, probably continues as an error—not merely passively, but as an error still being propagated, consciously or unconsciously, by a number of educators, from laziness, from habits, or from natural cussedness.

'Comparative literature' sometimes figures in university curricula, but very few people know what they mean by the term, or approach it with a considered conscious method.

To tranquillize the low-brow reader, let me say at once that I do not wish to muddle him by making him read more books, but to allow him to read fewer with greater result. (I am willing to discuss this privately with the book trade.) I have been accused of wanting to make people read all the classics; which is not so. I have been accused of wishing to provide a 'portable substitute for the British Museum', which I would do, like a shot, were it possible. It isn't.

American 'taste' is less official than English taste, but more derivative. When I arrived in England (A.D. 1908), I found a greater darkness in the British 'serious press' than had obtained on the banks of the Schuylkill. Already in my young and ignorant years they considered me 'learned'. It was impossible, at first, to see why and whence the current opinion of British weeklies. It was incredible that literate men—men literate enough, that is, to write the orderly paragraphs that they did write constantly in their papers—believed the stupidities that appeared there with such regularity. (Later, for two years, we ran fortnightly in the *Egoist*, the sort of fool-column that the French call a *sottisier*, needing nothing for it but quotations from the *Times Literary Supplement*. Two issues of the *Supplement* yielding, easily, one page of the *Egoist*.) For years I awaited enlightenment. One winter I had lodgings in Sussex. On the mantelpiece of the humble country cottage I found books of an earlier era, among them an anthology printed in 1830, and yet another dated 1795, and there, there by the sox of Jehosaphat was the British taste of this century, 1910, 1915, and even the present, A.D. 1931.

I had read Stendhal's remark that it takes eighty years for anything to reach the general public, and looking out on the waste heath, under the December drizzle, I believed him. But that is not all of the story. Embedded in that naïve innocence that does, to their credit, pervade our universities, I ascribed the delay to mere time. I still thought: With the attrition of decades, ah, yes, in another seventy, in another, perhaps, ninety years, they will admit that . . . etc.

I mean that I thought they wanted to, but were hindered.

Later it struck me that the best history of painting in London was the National Gallery, and that the best history of literature, more particularly of poetry, would be a twelve-volume anthology in which each poem was chosen not merely because it was a nice poem or a poem Aunt Hepsy liked, but because it contained an invention, a definite contribution to the art of verbal expression. With this in mind, I approached a respected agent. He was courteous, he was even openly amazed at the list of three hundred items which I offered as an indication of outline. No autochthonous Briton had ever, to his professed belief, displayed such familiarity with so vast a range, but he was too indolent to recast my introductory letter into a form suited to commerce. He, as they say, 'repaired' to an equally august and long-established publishing house (which had already