. . . is no more than a transparent disguise for Pound himself."

Yet the lyric impulse remains strong, and sometimes the idea of lyric, as a voice still to be contended with or recognized for its own sake, appears in the Cantos, that massive collection of voices and eyes ('I's). "Canto 75," for example, opens with seven lines of mixed rhetoric, in which, as Easthope remarks of "Canto 84," there is neither "a coherent enounced" nor "a consistent narrator or representative speaker":

> Out of Phlegethon!
> out of Phlegethon,
> Gerhart
> art thou come forth out of Phlegethon?
> with Buxtehude and Klages in your satchel, with the
> Ständebuch of Sachs in yr/ luggage
> --not of one bird but of many

The seventh line points one way into what follows, but the staves and notes signal, equally clearly, the pure lyric cry, for when music is unheard (and Keats, you will recall, told us in one of his greatest lyrics that "Heard melodies are sweet, but those unheard/ Are sweeter" ["Ode on a Grecian Urn"]), it is nevertheless present, by implication, in the concept of lyric; and when what is printed is only the sign of music in the text of a poem, surely we are meant, certainly we are able, to perceive or conceive 'lyric' at that moment of the text. Especially when that music, as Pound says in Guide to Kulchur, is "out of Arnaut (possibly), out of immemorial and unknown, [and] takes a new life on Francesco da Milano's lute." In various ways, then, our foremost pioneering modern poet held 'lyric' up to question in his various writings, and that's one way of creating lyric/anti-lyric.

III

As I have suggested, one way of avoiding the conventional confines of lyric is to seek larger forms. Yet, for many poets, this desire is not allied with a desire to create epic or dramatic poems. This is especially true if we accept William Elford Rogers's definitions of the three genres, in his study, The Three Genres and the Interpretation of Lyric, as "modes of relation between the mind of the work and the world of the work." According to Rogers, in drama "the mind of the work" is given only "as the effect wrought by the world of the drama as it unfolds before us"; in epic, "the mind of the work tells instead of showing" and "we are given the things and events of the world not as self-subsistent entities, as in

drama, but as thoughts in the mind of the narrator." In lyric, however, the signal "relational concept" is "community or reciprocity," which is to say "that it is impossible for the lyrical mind to present itself as detached from the lyrical world in the way that it is possible in drama or epic." I have over-simplified Rogers's complex argument; yet I think his version of the differences among the three genres is suggestive and potentially useful.

In his essay, "The Fire," Robin Blaser points to a new kind of long poem, even calling it a narrative of sorts (which in Abrams's terms is definitely non-lyric, but in Rogers's terms is not):

> I'm interested in a particular kind of narrative--what Jack Spicer and I agreed to call in our own work the serial poem--this is a narrative which refuses to adopt an imposed story line, and completes itself only in the sequence of poems, if, in fact, a reader insists upon a definition of completion which is separate from the activity of the poems themselves. The poems tend to act as a sequence of energies which run out when so much of a tale is told. I like to describe this in Ovidian terms, as a carmen perpetuum, a continuous song in which the fragmented subject matter is only apparently disconnected. Ovid's words are:
>
> to tell of bodies
> transformed
> into new shapes
> you gods, whose power
> worked all transformations,
> help the poet's breathing,
> lead my continuous song
> from the beginning to the present world
>
> "In nova ferat animus mutatas dicere formas
> corpora: di, coeptis (nam vos mutastia et illas)
> aspirate meis, primaque ab origine mundi
> ad meo perpetuum deducite tempora carmen!"
>
> The sequence of energies may involve all kinds of things--anger may open a window, a sound from another world may completely reshape the present moment, the destruction of a friendship may destroy a whole realm of language or the ability to use it--each piece is in effect an extended metaphor (another word is probably needed), because in the serial poem the effort is to hold both the correspondence and the focus that an image is,

and the process of those things coming together--so that the light from a white linen tablecloth reflects on the face of one's companion, becomes light, fire, and the white moth which happens to be in the room is also light in the dark around the table, and is thus both the light and the element of light that destroys it. I ask you to remember that every metaphor involves at least four elements--which are a story, and the bringing them together is an activity, a glowing energy if stopped over, if entered. If the joy one feels in the sunny morning comes out as: the boat on the fire of the sea moves slowly to burn out--the story is of a boat on the sea--the fire is the sun on the water and the movement is of the boat, of the flow of the sun, and of the passing of the sun toward night. The joy of the movement is held a moment, then unfolds the story of the four elements, the boat and where it is, and the sun and what it is doing.

Blaser's final remarks here seem to hint at precisely the reciprocal relation between the mind and world of the work of which Rogers speaks.

Blaser argues that "such poems deconstruct meanings and compose a wildness of meaning in which the I of the poet is not the centre but a returning and disappearing note." This is certainly true of his The Moth Poem, in which, though often in larger blocks than the shifts of focus in, say, Pound's Pisan Cantos, the reader's sense of a "speaker" is continually subverted. So one of the purposes of such a poetic form is to rid the poet of "the lyric ego," a persona perhaps too powerfully conventionalized through four hundred years of English poetry to have much that is new left to say.

And yet, if one of the signs of lyric is, as W.R. Johnson suggests, its alignment with music, either by being written to be performed to music or else by being full of allusions to music, then The Moth Poem almost self-consciously insists on its lyric connections (even if the music alluded to is closer to that of John Cage than that of Fredric Chopin):

'The Literalist'

the wind does not move on
to another place

bends into,
as in a mirror,
the

breaking

the moth in the piano
will play on
frightened wings brush
the wired interior
of that machine

I said, 'master'

The I/eye/s of this, the second poem in the sequence, watch what cannot be seen--one kind of absence-in-presence--and hear (barely) what can only be magic music issuing from the unlikely encounter of nature and machine; a 'speaker' enters the poem clearly only in the final line, and then only to deny his normally privileged position by announcing the 'other' and its power--which is perceived only in the unseen and the almost unheard. Nevertheless, I think most readers would 'hear' lyric in this section, and in the other sections of The Moth Poem, if only because we conventionally call a short poem full of physically apprehended details of perception and sensuous rhythms by that term.

What do we have in such a serial poem, then? Lyric straining against itself, perhaps, and a poetic discourse very much of that modern "heave" against the consolidations of what "the pentameter" stood for. Lyric/anti-lyric.

IV

In his quick overview of modern lyric in the first chapter of The Idea of Lyric, W.R. Johnson argues that what has gone wrong with lyric in modernist literature is the loss of "a speaker, or singer, talking to, singing to, another person or persons, often, but not always, at a highly dramatic moment in which the essence of their relationship, of their 'story,' reveals itself in the singer's lyrical discourse, in his praise or blame, in the metaphors he finds to recreate the emotions he seeks to describe." As he sees it, two kinds of poem have replaced this pure form of lyric: meditative poetry, "in which the poet talks to himself or to no one in particular"; and a poetry "in which the poet disappears entirely and is content to present a voice or voices or a story without intervening in that presentation directly." One thing is obvious here: Johnson's notion of the person in the poem is precisely that which Easthope in Poetry as Discourse seeks to call in question. However, whether or not we perceive the person in the poem as a fixed or a constantly shifting entity, it is possible to see the meditative poem, which Johnson associates with the Romantics through to Eliot and his

inheritors, as having changed the grounds by which "lyric" was judged.

Johnson does not deny that lyrics of the "I-You" type he prefers have continued to appear, but he seems to feel they are in a distinct minority and appears unaware of recent developments, looking backward instead to the creation of a "fiction of the singer and his audience" in the poems of Yeats, and to the self-conscious death of lyric in the poems of Delmore Schwartz and Sylvia Plath. He does not seem to know the poetry of pure speech which arose as anti-lyric to the confessional speech of poets like Plath, Lowell, and Schwartz.

It is in this context that the often savagely honest poems of Robert Creeley or John Newlove, for example, might be treated as lyric/anti-lyric. Yet one of Newlove's toughest such poems deliberately calls attention to the lyric qualities it simultaneously denies and affirms. It continues "the old pronominal forms of solo lyric" and insists that it is song, yet its "songs" are, one might say, atonal, deliberately flat, denying the conventional 'music' of traditional verse. The personal emotions it expresses are anger, frustration, despair, and, of course, the lyric emotion, desire.

"No Use Saying to Whom"

No use saying to whom these
four songs are addressed.

1. Even being near her eases me;
away I am distraught and sick,
useless.

2. All my friends are my enemies,
they want her to stay with that man,
knowing nothing.

3. No use blaming them, because they
do not know what is happening
in this house.

4. When you are gone my face falls
into its natural frown; you are
the bitterness left in my mouth.

No use saying to whom these
songs are addressed; you know.

In fact, the first three "songs" try to maintain a distance from

Johnson's "old pronominal forms" by insisting on the third person of both friends and lover; but the final "song" and the coda, a near-repeat of the opening lines, focuses the pain which has suffused the whole.

The next poem in Moving in Alone seems to follow up the hints of illicit love in "No Use Saying to Whom." Of course, illicit love has been a moving force in lyric poetry from time immemorial, and at least from the Troubadours to modern Country & Western music (and the question of popular music's lyric qualities is an important one, although pop song lyrics are not usually studied as examples of poetic speech). Illicit love is given something of a new, and anti-lyric, twist in "Nothing Is to be Said," where intensely physical sensation crashes into the poem leading to a series of recognitions on the speaker's part, the final one of which is savagely, painfully, comic, and brings into focus a figure usually kept out of such love poems:

> Everything ends once
> and cannot be recovered,
> even our poor selves.
>
> Your tongue thrusts into my mouth
> violently and I am lost,
> nothing is to be said. I am plunged
> into the black gap again.
>
> It is not to be endured
> easily, unthought of, never
> to be dismissed with ease.
>
> What can I do. My hand
> shakes on the page. Knowing
> I am criminality, there is
> nothing I dare do.
>
> Ah, I can't go home
> and make love to her either,
> pretending it's you.

Both these poems are lyric by either Abrams's or Johnson's definitions—or are they. What distinguishes them and other poems like them from what we have conventionally taken to be lyric is their refusal of so many of the traditional rhetorical properties of verse--especially the various tropes. Aside from Newlove's obvious delight in flouting lyrical thematic conventions, the minimalism of

such poems clearly asserts their anti-lyric nature, and yet, in their "measure," as William Carlos Williams uses the term, they achieve, for me, a real and often intense musicality, not attached to metre but to the flow of the large rhythmical unit of the stanza, or the verse paragraph. As in this poem by Robert Creeley:

'The Language'

Locate I
love you some-
where in

teeth and
eyes, bite
it but

take care not
to hurt, you
want so

much so
little. Words
say everything,

I
love you
again,

then what
is emptiness
for. To

fill, fill.
I heard words
and words full

of holes
aching. Speech
is a mouth.

As Thom Gunn points out, Creeley "has gone beyond, or behind, the classic twentieth-century split between image and discourse: he does not attempt sharpness of physical image, and the discursive part of the poetry is more aptly termed 'assertion'." The real course such a poem follows "is that of the mind, wandering, but

at the same time trying to focus in on its own wandering and to map a small part of its course accurately and honestly, however idiosyncratic that course may seem to be—idiosyncratic in its pace, in its syntax, even in its subject-matter. In attuning our voices to that mind, in paying our full attention to the way it moves and shifts, we become part of its own attentiveness and can share in 'the exactitude of his emotion'." Is such idiosyncrasy lyric? Anti-lyric? Yes, and no. It is the kind of poetry I had in mind when I first thought of this topic, and it still seems to me to fit the concept. Moreover, Creeley is but one of many contemporary poets who have subverted the modernist aesthetic of separate persona and who must be read, at least in part, as speaking for themselves, however 'open' and 'free-flowing' those selves may be. If "modernist lyric" is what Johnson perceived it as, a form of poetry without an "I" which speaks directly to a "thou," contemporary lyric in poems like Creeley's insists upon the poet's speaking self. And in their retrieval of the poet's self as poetic speaker, such poems attack the idea of a modernist lyric.

V

In his essay on the contemporary Canadian long poem, Robert Kroetsch re/calls a poem whose lyric intensities seldom fail to impress the reader/listener, and whose affinities to the passionate lyrics of the greatest woman poet of Greece are not hard to trace.

> Our interest in the discrete, in the occasion.
>
> Trace: behind many of the long poems of the 1970s in Canada is the shadow (Jungian?) of another poem, a short long poem.
>
> 1965: Phyllis Webb, Naked Poems.
>
> A kind of hesitation even to write the long poem. Two possibilities: the short long poem, the book-long poem. Webb, insisting on that hesitation. On that delay. On nakedness and lyric and yet on a way out, perhaps a way out of the ending of the lyric too, with its ferocious principles of closure, a being compelled out of lyric by lyric:
>
> the poet, the lover, compelled towards an ending (conclusion, death, orgasm: coming) that must, out of love, be (differance) deferred.

Kroetsch is, of course, pursuing his particular poetic passions here. Webb is simply pursuing passion, to speak or sing it as clearly as possible. I am interested in what he says about her poem because he points to its lyric/anti-lyric aspects. Naked Poems is (in my opinion) a serial poem of sorts, but though it breaks away from lyric (love) song in its final three sections, the first two "suites" are exquisite in their (sometimes literal, always deliberate) mouth music. Yet, if the voice of these two "suites" is fairly stable (while in the final three it disappears or dissipates into a chorus of possible "I"s), it can be tenuous in the extreme. This isn't "Sappho" pleading; just a body (in time) timelessly speaking/making love:

AND
here
and here and
here
and over and
over your mouth

The merest abstractions, except for the final word: a conjunction; an adverb of place(ment); an adverb expressing temporal repetition, yet also figuring its other meanings of height, and "in excess" or "beyond what has been said"; a possessive pronoun (carefully unfocussed insofar as nowhere is the second person ever identified any further) expressing by this point in the poem an extreme possession--but on whose behalf; and one noun, very physical, yet with the implications of speech (indeed, the specially privileged speech of love/making) definitely there. That one concrete word is itself abstracted in the music of this poem. Like all the other terms it tends to float free of signification, to become pure signifier-in-action. All the words in this poem are things-in-themselves, and, as Antony Easthope would argue, the enunciation, the speech-act, becomes far more important than the enounced, the narrated event. Or rather, the narrated event exists only in the speech-act, this intensely physical fragment of broken song which is not simply song but dance. Indeed, I have always felt that the first two suites of Naked Poems were a series of exquisitely turned gestures, which is surely one possible definition of dance. Many of these gestures could be defined as "lyrical," of course, but their appearance, here, in the midst of a series of fragmented moments of perception and insight, that is, in the midst of a continuing serial narrative of enunciation, makes them something else as well. Still the central movement of the following section of "Suite II" surely deserves the adjective:

In the gold darkening
light

you dressed.

I hid my face
in my hair.

The room that held you

is still here.

In this tiny pas-de-deux, the focal gesture is one lovers would recognize at any period from at least Sappho's to our own.

In "Non Linear," Webb shifts focus and, in a typical post-Cantos move, floats the "I," the putative speaker, so that from fragment to fragment no particular voice speaks. The same is true of "Suite of Lies" (the title of which once again alludes to music), which is gnomic in the extreme as it moves to this ambiguous finale:

the way of what fell
the lies
like the petals
falling drop
delicately

In "Some Final Questions," Webb seems to offer us a duet and therefore two 'fixed' voices, but there is music on only one side and that is part of the lyric/anti-lyric point. Moreover, who, precisely, speaks? The questioner is legion; the respondent is any poet; and since to question poetry's impulses is to deny the possibilities of poetic speech, only one voice achieves lyricism here, and it finally seems to disappear in silence--or do "we disappear" instead, "in the musk of [the Priestess of/ Motion's] coming," as the text prayed earlier? Either way, Naked Poems is, for me, not only the poem in whose shadow so many later Canadian long poems stand, but also the poem which taught us once again how we might write (sing) love without being trapped by what Kroetsch calls the "ferocious principles of closure" of the conventional lyric.

VI

An instance of what might be called "specific intertextuality"--that is, what a number of contemporary writers have agreed to call "homolinguistic translation" ('translation' by a variety of methods from one language into the same language)--definitely denies the lyric impulse as we generally understand it, even when the results may appear lyric, upon first reading. This denial of lyric is especially obvious when the original text is a lyric.

Steve McCaffery has given us a series of homolinguistic translations of Mary Barnard's Sappho (which is itself a 'real' translation from another language) in Intimate Distortions: a displacement of Sappho. His number "Fifty" has a lyric feel which some of his other ones clearly deny, yet the very fact that its 'voice' emerges from some point intermediate to Barnard, McCaffery, and, yes, Sappho, means that that 'voice' is no longer truly that of a lyric individual but rather that of a contemporary deconstructive process:

50 But you, monkey face

Atthis, I loved you
long ago while you
still seemed to me a
small ungracious child
(Barnard)

Same's not similar

& long ago
is now

in this remembering.

i'm remembering
your childhood &
i'm facing that in you

facing you
facing your face

as then i did you did so

long to come to be

come now.
(McCaffery)

In their much more stringent refusals of traditional lyric modes, "Twenty Three" and "Sixty Two" achieve an even greater distance from both their originals while simultaneously providing a contemporary commentary on them:

23 And their feet move

Rhythmically, as tender
feet of Cretan girls
danced once around an

altar of love, crushing
a circle in the soft
smooth flowering grass
(Barnard)

in crete
dis crete

con crete
indis crete

in crete

on crepe

dis crete
con crete

in crepe

(McCaffery)

62 The nightingale's

The soft-spoken
announcer of
Spring's presence

(Barnard)

nightingale on
P.A.

M.C. of
bud-break.

(McCaffery)

In "Sixty Two," McCaffery plays wittily with contemporary connotations of English words. His "Twenty Three" is much more radical in both form and playful wit. It insists on the concrete-presence-as-enunciation of the words on the page; it plays with both English idiom and Greek and Latin echoes in the words. I find these poems delightful in their lightly born iconoclasm, but they make lyric itself no more than a trace of original texts, to be detected, if at all, only as literary artifact, ingeniously "artifantasized."

Somewhat similar in effect, though in intensity much closer to what we expect from lyric, is the following poem by one of Canada's foremost experimental writers, Christopher Dewdney. As its title implies, it too exists between voices: as the speaker is only the "Poem using lines spoken by Suzanne" (my italics), so too the "you" of the text floats free from particular signification, or else is no more than an absolute signifier, trapped forever in the dream of language which is the poem:

'Poem using lines spoken by Suzanne'

What you feel as your body
is only a dream. The mind also
is a slave. You are asleep.
You are asleep, what you feel
as your mind is only a dream. The
dream also, is only a slave.
You are a dream, what you feel
as your slave is only a mind.
The body also is a mind. You
are asleep
in the gentle theft of time. (time)

"Boreal Electric" is more a 'standard' Dewdney poem, if such a term can be applied to his work. Here the epigraph (significantly a graffito, as if to say, only on walls will we now find a conventional

lyric speech of any sincerity) recycles the lyric ego and his suffering, but the text itself, though it contains some "I"s and some "she"s which could possibly signify people or voices, is an extreme case of self-conscious enunciation swallowing all of the possible enounced:

'Boreal Electric'

For my lady, keeper of my wound.
GRAFFITI

She is the twilight intangible, a thin instruction
burning within the envelope generators. Alter
sublime in the cenozoic asylum. And
I am case-hardened. Natty causal an
auto-facsimile. Denoting cold fire.
There is nothing sentimental
about these rocks. I am
the envelope generator growling
in the shifting code facsimiles of night.

Zone traces. Indigo.

I would have her mouth the words
'statutory rape' slowly. Arrested
for intent to denote this line.
This lodestar being visible only
to the discerning eye.

The disconcerting eye.

As these examples demonstrate, and I could find many more like them in contemporary Canadian and American poetry, the outward forms of lyric are infinitely capable of what McCaffery calls distortion and what I might call formal subversion: lyric/anti-lyric in another of its guises.

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MIRIAM NICHOLS

ROBIN BLASER'S SYNTAX: PERFORMING THE REAL

> Olson said, "I'd trust you
> anywhere with image, but
> you've got no syntax" (1958)
> this comes to mind out of the
> night and morning, rebelliously
> reading Eckhart, today,
> to put together in order the
> simplicity, the wings[1]

As his readers will know, Robin Blaser has made syntax an issue central not only to the poetics of his latest book, which composes one long answer to Olson's comment, but also to the thinking of the earlier poems and essays. Blaser has always questioned the poet's right to order language in a continuity reflective only of his own fictitious conception of a completed Self--which language can then be made to express. The slippages, gaps and juxtapositions which characterize Blaser's syntax function as limitations on the authority of the Self, and they constitute a performance of the instability of language as it doubles the processive and discontinuous nature of being. In "The Stadium of the Mirror" (1974), Blaser comments on the syntax of the Image-Nation poems:

> The first Image-Nations began a movement that became a consciousness. A reversal of the consciousness I did not believe, but had been taught--the ownership of the poet, the transparency of the language, the imposition of form upon the real, the cogito. Form is alive, not a completion of the heart or of the mind.[2]

"Form is alive": it is a potentiality which can disturb the closure of a discourse. Ironically perhaps, in view of the comment Blaser records, it is Olson who talks of image as "a winged and perfect sexual creature."[3] Quite simply, Blaser's syntax is loosened to open a space for the flightiness of form as it is constantly re-forming

itself in a

> . . . movement that
> prevents the fixing of the meaning of the thing,
> visible or invisible, and makes arise indefinitely,
> beyond the present given, the latent content of the
> world ("SM," 55)

Syntax retains this dynamism, and it also extends the question of poetic form into a general presentation of political and (anti)metaphysical problems of order and authorship.

Poetry, Blaser says, is a "composition of the real" and the "real," in this century of Heisenberg's Uncertainty Principle and Freud's unconscious, has come to mean more than the continuity consciousness seems to be. In his American Hieroglyphics, John Irwin suggests that the concept of the Self as an "internal psychic unity" comes from the perceived unity of the body.[4] But it is a truism of physics that the body's "unity" is composed of so many 'somethings' which can be described either as particles or waves, depending upon the conditions of the experiment. As Olson put it,

> Right out of the mouth of physics one can seize the condition Keats insisted a man must stay in the midst of.[5]

--that is, "uncertainties, Mysteries, doubts." On this matter of the "uncertainties" (from which the idea of a unified Self is abstracted), Keats's maxim has found new expression not just in modern physics, but in psychoanalysis and deconstructive criticism, too. In her extended Preface to Grammatology, Gayatri Spivak summarizes the importance of Freud to Derrida:

> . . . Freud . . . established that the workings of the psychic apparatus are themselves not accessible to the psyche. It is this apparatus that "receives" the stimuli from the outside world. The psyche is "protected" from these stimuli. What we think of as "perception" is always already an inscription. If the stimuli lead to permanent "memory-traces"--marks which are not a part of conscious memory, and which will constitute the play of the psyche far removed from the time of the reception of the stimuli--there is no conscious perception. "The inexplicible phenomenon of consciousness arises [periodically and irregularly] in the

> perceptual system instead of the permanent traces." There are periods, then, when the perceptual system is not activated and that is precisely when the lasting constitution of the psyche is being determined. It is only the periods of its actual activation that gives us the sense of time. "Our abstract idea of time seems to be wholly derived from the method of the working of the system . . . and to correspond to a perception on its own part . . . of that method of working." In the "Note," Freud undermines that primary bastion of selfhood--the continuity of time-perception . . . our sense of the continuity of time is a function of the discontinuous periodicity of the perceptual machine and, indeed, a perception of nothing more than the working of that machine . . .
>
> Nietzche had undone the sovereign self by criticizing causality and substance. He had indicated our ignorance of the minute particulars involved in a "single" human action. Freud undoes the sovereign self by meditating upon those minute particulars. . . . Freud speculates that the very mansion of presence, the perceiving self, is shaped by absence . . .[6]

I have quoted Spivak at length because I wish to emphasize the fact that Blaser's syntactic performance is not only rooted in a literary tradition, the delineation of which would be an essay in itself—Emerson's "man thinking," Mallarmé's evocation of chance and the "plume solitaire éperdue," Olson's[7] understanding of "all creation as motion," Spicer's poetry of dictation, come immediately to mind. It is also, very literally, grounded in the nature of being as it has come to be understood in this century. The many quotations and bits of graffiti which appear along side of Blaser's "own" writing are an obvious peculiarity of Syntax. Blaser has often used quotations in his poetry, but the higher incidence of these in Syntax dramatizes his point that discourse (and the quotations do mostly account for the "discursive" quality of the book), like consciousness itself, does arise "periodically and irregularly"--and not necessarily from the "author."

That these fragments are there, however, is a reminder that any syntax, however uneasy, does belong to consciousness. As Blaser says, "Poetry always has to do with consciousness. Its restlessness is what we have called the unconscious, expecting the past and future from the present" ("SM," 56). This means that there are two tensions working in syntax. As speaker, the poet does assume a certain authority. He takes responsibility (also a response-ability) for a "composition of the real," and the

composition is a kind of conscious activity. On the other hand, the composition, as Blaser speaks of it, must also include an acknowledgement of its order as incomplete and conditional; of the "elsewhere" of its origins. If the poet fails to account for this "restlessness," he risks the "perjury" (Blaser's word) that there is only a Self in language, that the composition can be "fixed" or made to express a fictive absolute. The "I" is there--the voice that orders—but "I" is, also and simultaneously, an other. And so Blaser says,

> Through the arrangement of words (parataxis), there is a speech along side my speech, which allows a double-speech. A placement. The Other is present and primary to our speaking. There is no public realm without such polarity of language ("SM," 59).[8]

Blaser's concern with "a public realm" accounts for a certain urgency in the tone of Syntax. A polis (and a politics) are at stake in this question of order and authority. To spell out the implicit assumption, syntactic performance, involving authorship and order, doubles order and authority in the "public realm"--the real is a composition, and the composition is real. Most importantly, Blaser insists that problems of authority are bound up with the nature and function of "the sacred." The "subject" of Syntax is the sacred as it is active within a language which, in turn, performs the real. Blaser is fully aware that the sacred, if it is to be considered seriously by contemporary readers, requires redefinition. In a quotation in "Diary, April 11, 1981, he says,

> he lived in a time of the
> end of a culture and, as
> Charles Fair has pointed out,
> at such a time language
> is lost and the very meaning
> of "soul" is lost (S, 33).

Formerly, the sacred inhabited language as an absolute--the ultimate "meaning" absent in our culture. As such, it is no longer available. Blaser acknowledges this, but he argues that the sacred cannot, therefore, be discarded. The disruptions he allows in his syntax bring the sacred into the poems in that they function as circumscriptions of the I-voice, interrupting it, cutting it off, implying a beyond to that voice. In this way, the sacred is

redefined negatively. It is (indefinably) Other, not-Self, silence, absence. In "Lake of Souls," in the quotations from René Girard, the sacred is also redefined in anthropomorphic terms.

In Violence and the Sacred, Girard says that primitive cultures protect themselves from endlessly reciprocated acts of violence (and the threat of extinction by such acts) by substituting a sacrifice for the act of revenge. The violence of the community is thus polarized and expelled through a victim from whom there will be no functional possibility of reprisal. Girard goes on to say,

> Men can dispose of their violence more efficiently if they regard the process not as something emanating from within themselves, but as a necessity imposed from without, a divine decree whose least infraction calls down terrible punishment.[9]

He then suggests that violent activity is characterized by a loss of difference between participants--in Bacchic rites, for example:

> The "Dionysiac" state of mind can and, as we have seen, often does erase all manner of differences: familial, cultural, biological, and natural. The entire everyday world is caught up in the whirl, producing a hallucinatory state that is not a synthesis of elements but a formless and grotesque mixture of things that are normally separate (VS, 160).

The terror ot this spectacle of sameness is, paradoxically, given form in images of extreme difference--monstrous and/or divine.

> This transformation of the real into the unreal is part of the process by which man conceals from himself the human origin of his own violence, by attributing it to the gods (VS, 161).

In other words, the Same or the One rises from the heart of the community, from its latent potential for that violence which can erase all differences (literally, the Many). When the transcendent, incomprehensible, or "outside" quality of the god is lost, the community opens itself to unlimited violence. In our own society, the judicial system serves as a legal form of vengeance and its

authority, Girard says, is rooted in religious thought:

> In the same way that sacrifical victims must in principle meet the approval of the divinity before being offered as a sacrifice, the judicial system appeals to a theology as a guarantee of justice. . . .
>
> Only the introduction of some transcendental quality that will persuade men of the fundamental difference between sacrifice and revenge, between a judicial system and vengeance, can succeed in by-passing violence (VS, 23, 24).

Girard's thesis of the origins of the sacred resembles the idea of the "outside" as it comes through in Blaser's discussions of the "Other" and in Spicer's comments on dictation. "Whether it's an id down in the cortex--which you can't reach anyway," Spicer says, "it's just as far outside as Mars."[10] What is inside and inaccessible can be described, functionally, as what is outside. The crucial function of the transference is to limit the authority, and potential violence, of the "I"--and to check any tendency to make "mere opinion" absolute.

In political terms, the "Other" acts against totalitarianism, in which man has assumed absolute authority. "The thought of totals, the original totalitarianism," Blaser says, "is a rooted dissimulation and turns the present into the past or into the already thought" ("SM," 61-2). Completions evoked by the individual or the State hide a claim to divinity—a claim to the totality of truth ("man catapulted to a false-divinity," Blaser says in "further"). Completions, in other words, misrepresent the finite and processive--the conditional--nature of being. In the passage Blaser takes from Bernard Henri-Lévy, Lévy says that "the crisis of the sacred is primary and decisive" because its disappearance leaves the world "without a point of reference"--without an "outside" (S, 49). The State which recognizes no other, or no indeterminacy in itself (this non-recognition enacted as suppression of difference), has declared itself unconditional and without relation--terms which Thomas Aquinas used to describe God. Blaser writes:

> this thought of the end of the end is the modern sweetness and terror, but it simplifies to terror alone--this societal dream of itself as absolute reality, then practiced as uniformity and barbarism, is the oily turntable of the round-house where we

> repair the engine again and again--it is the absolute humanism that is repulsive--reason darkened in the Enlightenment, . . . (S, 37).

The humanism he refers to here is that style of thought (implicit first in Hobbes, for example) which claims that the rational Self (the ego), is all, and that all must conform to it.

Blaser's argument against this kind of reductive humanism is located between the twin tendencies toward either resolving otherness in anthropomorphic explanations or retreating to orthodoxy. This is the balance Blaser reaches for in Syntax. On one hand,

> The sacred consists of all those forces whose dominance over man increases or seems to increase in proportion to man's effort to master them. Tempests, forest fires, and plagues . . . may be classified as sacred. Far outranking these . . . stands human violence. . . . (S, 49).

On the other hand, locating the sacred in nature or within the psyche does not really explain it away either. Writing of Spicer's "insistence upon an outside," Blaser quotes the rope trick from "A Textbook of Poetry":

> The Indian rope trick. And the little Indian boy climbs up it. And the Jungians and the Freudians and the Social Reformers all leave satisfied. Knowing how the trick was played. There is nothing to stop the top of the rope though.[11]

This is not an argument for transcendence in the old sense of that word. Rather transcendence, as Blaser redefines it, is

> . . . not a position somewhere else, but the manner of our being to any other (Merleau-Ponty). A co-existence ("SM," 59).

"Other" can also mean "any other." The consciousness which begins by limiting the violence the Self can be with the recognition, "Je

est un autre," leaves room for others--a "public realm."

Such are the definitions. The sacred is imagined in Syntax as it has always been imagined, "with all its faces,/fiery-footed" (S, 39). It is "aurora" in the opening poem, "a restless disappearance" whose "glittering look" leaves behind a "brightness." In "alerte d'or" it is a fondness for "the chimera'd." Scraps of a Christian universe remain in the delirium of the enthusiast who stands "by Hudson's Bay" with a crucifix around his neck in "blindly visited," or in the Nicene Creed, quoted in "Lake of Souls," which 'dreams' of "peoples, far places and nations." Here, the Creed represents religion in the original sense of "religio," a "binding" to the world. What has no form, and the sacred is formless both as a violence and as the "infinite" of tradition, can only be envisioned as poly-morphous:

> God is day and night, winter and summer
> conflict and peace, fullness and emptiness;
> but he takes various shapes, just as fire,
> when it is mingled with aromatic herbs, is
> named according to the scent of each (S, 52).

This act of imagining the sacred is part of the form giving activity of poetry. In the Norse myth from which Blaser extracts "a footnote," the Wolf Fenrir (the devourer), is restrained with a thread made of six imaginary things, when the gods discover that chains which are merely strong won't hold him. The Wolf is a key figure, not only because he suggests the violent nature of the sacred which can only be "bound" in image, but also because that which binds can become another kind of wolf--a syntax of self-expression. Tyr, god of battles, loses his hand in the taming of Fenrir. The wolf is tied because Tyr is too. Syntax, Blaser says, "is a violence/or a love" (S, 43). As a violence, it can be used to exclude whatever is "out of the picture not in the frame" of the Self (S, 14). The small boy who spells out "F U / C K" on the window of the bus is told by his mother that the word does not exist (S, 17). The janitor at the St. Rock Museum, telling of an incident in which the "O" from "Hollywood" rolls down a hill and cuts a station-wagon in half says "'It would've been/better . . . if it'd been a Honda Civic./Front-wheel drive would let you go on driving.'" (S, 13). Front wheel drive syntax carries on even when it loses the rear half of the vehicle, ignoring whatever is not in its direct line of vision.

These five incidents belong to "The Truth is Laughter" poems of Syntax, the title of which is at least partly informed by Hermann Broch's Death of Virgil, a book Blaser was reading when he wrote The Moth Poem (cf. "Invisible Pencil" in The Moth Poem).[12] In The

Death of Virgil, laughter inhabits "form fixed and mute" as the perishability of the materials of form. Laughter, Broch says, is the recognition of the god of his destructibility.[13] It is an eruption of what seems to be "out of the picture." Just so, the "I" is a shadow made of the materials of its own dissolution (chance and periodicity); the polis is a structure which survives by virtue of the misapprehension that its foundations are somewhere else; the sacred is that which is at once too close to see and immeasurably distant--"always the opposite and companion of any man's sudden form" (SM, 55). This is the laughter hidden in the simple coherence of many of "The Truth is Laughter" poems; an immanent dispersal of the uni-directional order syntax is taken to be:

a radiant finger points  (S, 26)

Enacted as love rather than violence, syntax is "radiant"--light and vector(s). Merleau-Ponty's discussion of 'rays of the world' offers an analogy to this "operational language" as Blaser calls it.

> . . . the memory screen of a yellow-striped butterfly . . . reveals upon analysis a connection with yellow-streaked pears that in Russian call to mind Grusha which is the name of a young maid. There are not here three memories: the butterfly--the pear--the maid (of the same name) "associated." There is a certain play of the butterfly in the colored field . . .[14]

I have been discussing the importance of indeterminacy and discontinuity in Blaser's syntax. Within the poems, antecedents are frequently ambiguous, as in this passage from "art is madness":

> now new lightnings over again
> the endless game of it fresh
> in this stillness which is after all
> infinitude as we can
> come by it (S, 9).

Either "stillness" or "endless game" or both could be construed as "infinitude." Alternatively, there will be a series of images, as in "Image-Nation 15," which are juxtaposed but not causally connected. Often there are interruptions, which come in like Anna Russell's voice in "Lake of Souls." Yet as the poems are arranged in the syntax ("a certain play") of the book they form a serial which does offer a "colored field." Things recur, though frequently in altered form. The recurrences make the serial poem familiar--a geography the reader can come to know and move within.

There are a number of ways to approach serial syntax. Like the movie serial, it is always to be continued. Or to borrow a phrase from Merleau-Ponty, it is a "symbolic matrix" the implications of which are always incomplete. Blaser speaks of "moving from one room to another a shocked,/resilient heart, owning nothing . . ." The rooms belong to the same house, but nothing is owned or held. Serial poetry does have much in common with serial music. Atonal music has no centre. Each musical note is of equal value, and holds no meaning extrinsic to the tone row. The nature of the tone row, or the image in a serial poem, is revealed in the course of the composition, as it is presented in different positions.

Images of light and darkness form one major "tone row" of Syntax, doubling the syntactic act which is at once articulation and silence; sense as it arises from and returns to non-sense. The "brightness" which accompanies the passage of aurora in "art is madness" recurs in "lately, my mind is dark," in which the dark mind "stands there/talking of the light river." The contrast is repeated in "Moving from one room," where "in the depths of the eyes," there is "the latest/image held of a shimmering city" "Image-Nation 15" offers "the fire in the lacquer house," which 'burns up' the record of Pascal's conversion. Pascal referred to his conversion as a fire, and thereafter carried with him the note Blaser mentions:

> "Certitude, Certitude,
> Sentiment, Joie
> Paix" (S, 20).

"The point is transformation of the theme," Blaser says in this poem. The lacquer house of language ("the shimmering city") burns in the wake of the mind in motion. The fire follows "certitude." The "clear glass cross," and the illumination of Pascal turn up again in "Image-Nation 16" as "so many 'Guesses at Heaven'"--("we come upon them/now and again"). The candles and shadows of "A Ceremony," in the context of this book, belong not just to the Catholic Tenebrae, but to the definition of syntax itself. More

accurately, that ritual held, for a time, an authentic relationship with the sacred. "A ceremony" reappears in the quotation from Geoffrey Hartman in "Lake of Souls." "Natural diction," Blaser-Hartman says, is as "contaminated" as the "nonnatural," "lucid artifice" of the old poetic language. Contaminated because all form is artifice and stain. A ceremonial language acknowledges itself as artifice, and that is its claim to truth. (The composition must declare its limits.) "Lake of Souls" ends with just such artifice, turning the light and dark imagery of the book (the "polarities" of syntax) into a ceremonial performance:

> the emerald day
> with its shepherd of the black light
> and the eternal mothers of the black milk
> turn
> in the acts of light (S, 53).

This final passage of "Lake of Souls" forms a complete sentence. It is immediately preceded by the reappearance of the aurora borealis, the image which opens the book. What prevents the circle from closing is the movement to "further."

Included in the epigraph of Image-Nations 13 & 14 (1975), is this sentence: "Being moves from behind us into its place in which we stand." One of the contradictions of Orpheus, Blaser says in "The Fire," is that he "has the power to bring Eurydice back from the dead, at least metaphorically, but cannot look at her."[15] Whatever recognitions are made in the serial poem remain behind the poet. The author, the authority of the text, is always missing. What definitions the text offers are simply the record of the passage of 'something.' The fictitious 'body' always escapes:

> The ultimate of my languages or yours--or the culture's--is missing. The terror that I am spoken rather than speaking (Lacan's phrase) is present in their heartlessness. Their broken voice is not meant to be another comfortable grief ("SM," 63).

Just so, says Opal Whitely, recorded in "further" in the midst of her eccentricity. Elizabeth Barrett Browning "will grow up to be a lovely cow."

. . . Her
mooings now are very musical, and there is
poetry in her tracks. She does make such
dainty ones. When they dry up in the lane, I
dig up her tracks, and I save them. There is
much poetry in them . . . (S, 55).

* * *

There is much I have omitted in this survey of Syntax. There is Blaser's quarrel with "un-art and mere literarity" for example, which surfaces in "Diary, April 11, 1981." "Un-art" pulls down the imagination, triumphantly, in its "recognition" of the culture's abandonment of the super-natural. This kind of "de-construction," "Boorman's arthurian/realism," misses the point, substituting an absolute of the ordinary for what is considered "spiritual ketchup" ("alerte d'or"). As "deconstruction," it isn't. I have also passed over the quotations from Joe Panipakuttuk, which catch the laughter and amazement of a mind trying to give definition to something it has never seen before:

when you see musk oxen for the first time
they have a huge back on them (S, 27).

The difference between a Boorman and a Panipakuttuk is recorded in the ironically eloquent "Tombstone" which testifies to the cordiality of Chief George Capilano in welcoming Captain Cook in 1782.

. . . He advised his people
to follow his example in welcoming
the adventurers (S, 18).

The tombstone says more about the cultural syntax of the visitors than about Capilano.

Syntax arrives at a time of universal political uneasiness. "World is living on precipice" says the headline in the Toronto Star. At such times there is a pressure on the artist to address the "issues," to speak out against inequity and the violence which may become total. "Τὸ καλόν" (as Pound complained), is irrelevant, and the sacred, I've been told, is a dead duck. Both are marginal to the

serious social and political problems. "They say I have no right to speak of it,/spoiled and thoughtful" Blaser says in "Departure." Yet the Beautiful and the sacred may be the only means we have of imagining a "public realm" which is not founded on the suppression of difference--on the standardization and commodification of people as well as things. Syntax is not a particularly optimistic book. It does not offer a program for social reform. Blaser simply says that "the good is our own composition" (S, 54). There is a qualitative difference between "the good" and goods. The latter implies ownership, and the attendant privilege of disposing of what is owned. A composition of the good, as Blaser presents it in Syntax, has to include the marginal--what is not in the frame, and what is not subject(ed) to an all-consuming Self or State. That is an argument for a changed consciousness--and perhaps for a redefinition of what it means to be human.

NOTES

1. Robin Blaser, "Diary, April 11, 1981," in Syntax (Vancouver: Talonbooks, 1983), p. 33. Hereafter quotations from Syntax will be cited as S.

2. Robin Blaser, Image-Nations 1-12 & The Stadium of the Mirror (London: The Ferry Press, 1974), p. 54. Hereafter cited as "SM."

3. Charles Olson, The Special View of History (Berkeley: Oyez, 1970), p. 57.

4. John T. Irwin, American Hieroglyphics (New Haven & London: Yale University Press, 1980), p. 132.

5. Olson, Special View, p. 39.

6. Gayatri Spivak, Preface in Of Grammatology by Jacques Derrida (Baltimore and London: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1974, 1976), pp. xl-xli.

7. I am emphasizing similarities between Olson and Blaser: obviously there are differences. In "Dreams, January 1981" Blaser says "Olson's ring/. . . was far too/big." There is too much of Maximus in the poems.

8. Blaser's "my speech" would probably be put "under erasure" by deconstructive critics. Blaser retains a more experiential view of the Self, and he also wishes to emphasize the polarity of Self and Other for reasons which I hope this essay will make clear.

9. René Girard, Violence and the Sacred, trans. by Patrick Gregory (Baltimore and London: Johns Hopkins University Press, 1977), p. 14. Hereafter cited as VS.

10. Jack Spicer, excerpt from The Vancouver Lectures in Caterpillar 12, 3, no. 4 (July, 1970), p. 176.

11. Jack Spicer, quoted in "The Practice of Outside," an essay by Robin Blaser in The Collected Books of Jack Spicer (Santa Barbara: Black Sparrow Press, 1980), p. 276.

12. Broch reappears in "further,"

> The light eagles glide on the air
> where the shadow there is language (Broch)

13. Hermann Broch, The Death of Virgil, trans. by Jean Starr Untermeyer (rpt: San Francisco: North Point Press, 1983), p. 127, 130.

14. Maurice Merleau-Ponty, The Visible and the Invisible, trans. by Alphonso Lingis (Evanston: Northwestern University Press, 1968), p. 240.

15. Blaser, "The Fire," in Caterpillar 12, p. 20.

A ROBIN BLASER CHECKLIST

Compiled by Miriam Nichols and Charles Watts

POETRY

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OTHER WORKS

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SHARON THESEN

FINDING THE WORDS

COLOUR OF HER SPEECH by Lola Lemire Tostevin (1982).
SPLIT LEVELS by Judith Fitzgerald (1983).
MATINEE LIGHT by Diana Hartog (1983).
LOST LANGUAGE by Maxine Gadd (1982).

All books published by
The Coach House Press (Toronto).

It's been heard frequently of late: that the "really interesting" writing, that which is breaking "really new" ground, is being done by women. Many of these writers are Quebecoise whose ties to the French theorists and writers are profound and linguistic, but much of whose work is yet to appear in English translation.[1] Some of this writing not only cancels genre and subverts "content," but also refuses the conventions governing publishing. Hélène Cixous, in France, outdoing even the heydey of Blew Ointment Press, tries to publish continuously a continuous writing. Writing goes on almost as do the biochemical and thinking processes of the body and is seen as being just as essential to vitality and identity. This amniotic flooding of the market repudiates the male-dominated disseminatory tradition of publishing and of "the book." One might well ask, is it art? Or does it even aspire to art? I don't know, or I doubt that it does. Really, one can say nothing about it, not by way of politeness but by way of analogy, as Kristeva asks us, what can one possibly say about a pregnant woman? This is a spectacle that makes dumb the observer, the reader, the Father. And this dumb-founding may or may not be a determination of the writing itself, as in a turning of the tables, etc. These writers just write. And write and write. Cixous is a knockout in an ermine coat. Just thought I'd mention it.

Four books of poetry recently published by The Coach House Press give us a sample of the range of writing being done in English Canada by women. Each of these books is carefully edited and organized so that each constitutes a passage containing passages: in Tostevin, the excision of (female) tongues, the forming of her

own speech, birth; in Fitzgerald, transience of place and meaning; in Hartog, the calibration of gestures, seasons, conversation; in Gadd, the trips, the rides, the journeys. It is Gadd and to some extent Tostevin whose work most closely approaches the fluidity of writing mentioned earlier, though it is Tostevin who cites Kristeva, Derrida, and others as vital to her own operations in language.

In Color of her Speech, Tostevin cleanly disorganizes the linguistic formulas of relationships ("The Silent Treatment/old syntax to articulate/what can't be shaped"), not least of which is the poet's relationship with speech itself. These are poems which meditate speech, poems in which each word thinks; much as love poems vitalize a consciousness of the beloved, these poems revitalize a woman's consciousness of who she is (what she becomes) at any moment that she speaks. Tostevin has the advantage of English-French bilingualism with which to further probe a feminine-masculine bilingualism. Anxiety about the loss of childhood French is also anxiety about the loss of self in a masculine linguistics, when speech itself becomes a process of translation out of the truth ("you could say/she comes to you bearing/false witness"):

awake
each moment translates
like a clock
measures
the present
angle of vision
temps
into time
tic
into toc

The most remarkable poem in the first section of the book is a description of the surgical excision of the tongue. To her credit, Tostevin presents us only with the thing itself and doesn't belabor the point--and the poem is exactly the central metaphor of the book. "Gyno-Text,"[2] which shortly follows, is a healing series of poems, a linguistic tracing of conception and gestation in which the one-word lines have a brilliant and moving physicality:

oral
pit
spits
yolk
spins

spine

The literal en-gendering of this series seems to settle the query and drift of the surrounding poems, none of which are titled but each of which is also made of the same intelligence.

Judith Fitzgerald's Split Levels works on similar principles of linguistic intelligence, but within more obviously narrative structures. Fitzgerald handles with bright dexterity both events and the word-play events are. Split-level is a form of architecture, also a way of perceiving (probably the only way). The psyche itself is split-level. Fitzgerald creates a grammar of events by conjugating their particulars, by making us aware of the levels of consciousness and power that inform them. By means of phonemic translation, puns, sound play, rhymes, and idiomatic "mistakes" (e.g., "something the weak/of heart repulse to"), Fitzgerald asks us "to live in the listening fiction" and by so doing, to hear all its meanings, none of which is stable. The sliding surface of these poems reveals layers of ambiguity and treachery in syntax, usage and cliché:

> it's all out in the open, open
> season for opening up, hearts forced
> into habit through the force of habit
> of gravitational earth. Let's part
> strangers derangers, not get caught
> in open thought. My heart's an open book
> you learned by heart, open country
> of rag-and-bone shop art.
>
> ("First Persona Regular")

The vocabulary of linguistics is often employed as a structuring device: a way of naming poems, naming lives, as in the "First Persona" series. Emotional tension is similarly evoked through names of verb tense, such as "He turned over and fell out of my bed, my past," or, "Mostly our reading consisted of each other's face for a hint of what was to continue." A series entitled "Past Cards" deals with the poet's past, each poem identified by a date or an address. As in nursery rhymes, the rhyming devices in these poems distance the horrors they disclose:

> mary had a little lamb
> in 1958, the daughter
> is dyslexic and can't

write letters straight
the daughter goes to kindergarten
and is sent home one day
grandmother scours away at her skull
to scare the lice away

("Past Cards 7, 510 Church Street")

In Split Levels, Fitzgerald's emotionally raw material is never an embarrassment for the reader. Her writing impulse might be described as "not to interpret roses/but to accelerate/breathless art."

In Matinee Light, Diana Hartog's strong lyric voice makes poems that are sensual, witty, poignant. Less language-referential than Tostevin and Fitzgerald, Hartog's poems are essentially formalist in spirit and startling in imagery:

the girl rocking naked in her special chair
curved to the shape of Nabokov's lap. She squeezes its
muscled walnut arms--"Tell me a story!"--
but helpless with love the chair can do nothing more
than stare at the nape of her neck

("Nabokov's Lap")

The book includes several surrealistic prose-poems that are probably the poet's dreams, and that correspond to the perceptual tone of much of the work: the incongruent image, the just-out-of-reach, the unspoken word, the unexpressed (or inexpressible) emotion. The world of these poems is one of flickering but very sharp images, much like the moving pictures of her California childhood, the afternoons of matinee light. She confronts a world of already-created images and potential images, of past loves and future loves, between which the business of the poem must create itself. She speaks of "something I was going to say," of "something I meant to say," of her thoughts scattering "right at the last second," of "a point out of sight: a speck of kite I strain to imagine." Hartog's vision is peripheral and penetrating. She presents, for example, Fred Astaire and Ginger Rogers: "her taffeta skirt, his white spats, their smiles/their tiny mistakes." And a really charming poem about a toaster salesman:

Its chrome gleams, the slice of whole wheat
sinks out of sight as the man adjusts

light to dark and the elements

hum and glow

and I'm left with a bed full of crumbs
and cords snaking off, straining towards outlets--
my hair standing on end.

Hartog's poems have a fine, fluid movement of mind and line. For all the temporariness and ineffability of subject matter, the poems are on solid ground and are filled with the life of persons, places and things.

While Fitzgerald and Hartog write erotic poems, and Tostevin's language is in itself erotic, Maxine Gadd, in Lost Language speaks against a world that kills the troublesome erotic in everything. These numerous poems, ranging from 1958 to 1980 and painstakingly edited by Daphne Marlatt and Ingrid Klassen, are dense, energetic, anarchic and thick with surprises and beauties. These are poems that sing, chant, wail, rail and mourn. They occur all over the page and all over the place, encompassing myth, neighbours, politics, geographies, dreams, visions and word-play. At times they resemble French symbolist poems, with their schizophrenic logic, derailments of syntax and sensuousness, and at other times they have the rhythm and voice of the Beat poets: "I have seen Christ come in pastel illusion of kindergarten dreams." Neither "political" nor preoccupied by personal relationships, Gadd's is a unique voice that persists in its individuality. Indeed, throughout the poems runs the story of an individual in, out of, or fighting the repressive structures of The System, whether syntax, patriarchy, politics, money or B.C. Hydro. A graffiti-like critique energizes many of the poems, which insist on being out of control, on the move:

where i was born the aristocrats were everywhere, out
pumping gas to make the world go up in flame while the
ignoble hid in the cellar with their kids
sometimes singing

it all passed to another continent
this sweet air
with its roses
is rising thru a radiant strait the rocks are covered with
dogs everyone look at yr fingers when the moon ascends
fall into the cream

("astral advice from sir edmund hillary")

The radicalism of Gadd's writing and preoccupations is probed in an interview at the end of the book. Perceptive and articulate, the interview helps establish a context for the poems and for Gadd's concerns in writing. To a question about the imagination of French surrealist poets, Gadd replies, "that's just because they had lots of cheap hash from Algiers." But concerning composition, Marlatt asks Gadd about the verbal improvisations she calls "scrambles" that frequently occur as her poems come to a close. Gadd replies,

> It (improvisation) operates when I lose the god. Or sometimes the god takes over and says this is all nonsense, listen! Then I guess I'd call it a daemon . . . When I want to find the god I'll do it deliberately, try to destroy rationality, so then I must destroy logic, every grammatical structure . . . . I feel that it's a breakdown.

"Lost language," the title of Gadd's book, could very well stand for the search of each of these books, for each writer is in the process of uncovering a language as "female" as it is "male," at once personal and formal to varying degrees, and without a tendentious feminism as content. This is work whose point is not, as Cixous says, "to take possession in order to internalize or manipulate," but rather, its impulse is "to dash through and to fly." She adds, "A feminine text cannot fail to be more than subversive. It is volcanic . . . . the chaosmos of the 'personal.'"[3]

NOTES

1. Translations of the Women and Words conference proceedings, readings and papers are now being negotiated through various publishers and should be appearing in periodicals next year.

2. The full text of "Gyno-Text" has recently been published by Underwhich Editions in Toronto. I highly recommend it.

3. Hélène Cixous, "The Laugh of the Medusa," in New French Feminisms, eds. E. Marks and I. Courtivron (New York: Shocken Books, 1981), p. 258.

SHELLEY WONG

ANIM YOL/NIMA LYO/IMNA OLY

THE LAST LUNAR BAEDEKER
Highlands: The Jargon Society, 1982

by Mina Loy

". . . literature is one of the saddest roads, leading everywhere." (André Breton)

Margaret Anderson, Walter Conrad Arensberg, Djuna Barnes, Natalie Barney, Sylvia Beach, Maxwell Bodenheim, Kay Boyle, André Breton, Mary Butts, Jean Cocteau, Malcolm Cowley, Arthur Cravan, Harry and Caresse Crosby, Robert and Sonia Delaunay, Mabel Dodge, H.D., Marcel Duchamp, Ford Madox Ford, André Gide, Marsden Hartley, Jane Heap, Ernest Hemingway, Eugene Jolas, James Joyce, Alfred Kreymbourg, F.T. Marinetti, Robert McAlmon, Marianne Moore, Giovanni Papini, Francis Picabia, Man Ray, Erik Satie, Gertrude Stein, Alfred Stieglitz, Tristan Tzara, Paul Valéry, William Carlos Williams--the milieu.

John Ashbery, Basil Bunting, Hayden Carruth, T.S. Eliot, Denise Levertov, Octavio Paz, Ezra Pound, Kenneth Rexroth, Williams Carlos Williams, Yvor Winters, Louis Zukofsky--some of the writers who have admired her work.

Joseph Cornell, Edward Dahlberg, Marcel Duchamp, Walter Lowenfels, Thomas Merton, Henry Miller, Gertrude Stein--some of the writers and artists who have confessed their artistic debts to her.

For the last fifty years, Mina Loy's writing has existed more as an object of private memory, testimony and conjecture than as an extant public oeuvre. While the various anecdotes, appraisals,

and criticisms of her work remain present to us through the scattered letters, notebook entries, reviews and essays of some of the figures named above, the poetry itself has remained markedly inaccessible until the recent appearance of The Last Lunar Baedeker, the first comprehensive collection of her poems and prose writings. The inaccessibility can partly be attributed to Loy's unwillingness to usher her own poems through the publishing process. Much of what did appear in various little magazines was either submitted by friends or solicited by persistent editors.

In the introduction to The Last Lunar Baedeker, Roger Conover retraces some of the publication history of these poems. In 1915, Alfred Kreymbourg and Walter Conrad Arensberg were preparing to launch a new poetry magazine to lead the revolt against Harriet Monroe's Poetry. The magazine was to be called Others. For their inaugural issue, they realized that they needed the kind of poetry that would give the magazine its necessary revolutionary quality--they chose Mina Loy's first four "Love Songs." They weren't disappointed with their choice; the appearance of those poems earned the magazine even more notoriety than they had hoped for. Two years later, an entire issue of Others was devoted to the completed cycle of "Love Songs." In 1923, Loy's Lunar Baedecker [sic] was among the first six Contact Editions issued by Robert McAlmon's expatriate Contact Publishing Company. Two other works in that series were Williams's Spring and All and Hemingway's Three Stories and Ten Poems.

For the next thirty-five years, there were the scattered appearances in various magazines--the "Exile" issue of The Little Review, the Waste Land issue of The Dial, the "291" issue of Camera Work. As the appearances began to dwindle, so too did the readership. In a 1944 essay called "Les Lauriers Sont Coupés," Kenneth Rexroth came forward to argue the case for the restoration of Loy's work to the public imagination. (The Last Lunar Baedeker is dedicated to Rexroth for his untiring efforts over the years to champion her work.) He ended the essay with an exhortation to James Laughlin, the publisher of New Directions Press: "Mr. Laughlin, the 'Five Young Poets' are still Eliot, Stevens, Williams, Moore, Loy--get busy." It wasn't until 1950 that one of Loy's poems, "Hot Cross Bum," made it into one of Laughlin's anthologies, New Directions XII. In 1958, after some consultation with Rexroth, Jonathan Williams and Jargon Press put out a slim, 60-page volume of Loy's poems called Lunar Baedeker & Timetables; it included, by way of prefatory remarks, part of the 1944 Rexroth essay, and two short pieces by William Carlos Williams and Denise Levertov. Since then, a few of her poems have appeared in anthologies such as Hayden Carruth's The Voice That Is Great Within Us, and Jerome Rothenberg's Revolution of the Word.

Of the two volumes of poetry published in her lifetime--the

first in a run of approximately three hundred copies and the second in a batch of five hundred copies--both went out of print almost immediately. That her work has since been generally unavailable goes without saying; that her work was considered tremendously important has been said over and over again. It was important enough and innovative enough to prompt Pound, in 1918, to extend his two-part classification of poetry--phanopoeia and melopoeia--to include yet a third term, logopoeia:

> poetry that is akin to nothing but language, which is a dance of the intelligence among words and ideas and modifications of ideas and characters . . . that is to say, it employs words not only for their direct meaning, but it takes count in a special way of habits of usage, of the context we expect to find with the word, its usual concomitants, of its known acceptances, and of ironical play.[1]

But Pound's enthusiasm for Loy's work (and the entire Others phenomenon) wasn't shared by everyone. There were the dissenters, like Harriet Monroe: "Calling her 'an extreme otherist,' and designating Loy 'one of the long-to-be-hidden moderns,' Monroe wished on her a spell that still sticks."[2]

* * *

One aspect of Loy's writing that Monroe found particularly reprehensible was the lack of punctuation. But what place could punctuation--as borderguard of prescribed boundaries of thought--possibly claim for itself in the pages of a "lunar baedeker"? A lunar baedeker offers the "systematic illumination of hidden places, and the progressive darkening of other places, the [map of a] perpetual excursion into forbidden territory."[3] This isn't a guidebook for daylight sightseers. These poems bring information about the other side of that reality, in-formation that, of necessity, changes with the changing phases of the moon.

In writing, Loy sets out to map the energies of poesis. Along the way, she recognizes that she's not the only moving thing on the landscape. The journeys are also the journeys of objects and things, of light and sound; the poems are the records of "a traveller who thinks not of [her]self but of the voyage."[4] Only from that perspective could she see and then pace her attention to the movement of minute elements in the language. The trick here was to keep company with the divers routes of an unpredictably shifting

language. The mental agility that was sometimes called for could be characterized as a quantum leap. The analogy to particle physics is appropriate given Loy's frequent forays into the vocabulary of nuclear fission. In 1928, The Little Review sent out a questionnaire to its contributors and one of the questions asked was: "What do you look forward to?" Always determined to discomfit banality with originality, Loy replied: "The release of atomic energy."[5] In this century, the crossings-over between science and poetry have been acknowledged on both sides. Was it any more presumptuous for Loy to speak of atoms than for Niels Bohr to say that "When it comes to atoms, language can be used only as in poetry."?[6]

Fission, then: the splitting of an atomic nucleus resulting in the release of large amounts of energy. In the poetry, words continually break open to release the energies of sounds which then compose other words. It comes as no surprise that in a poem called "Gertrude Stein," Loy should dub Stein the "Curie of the laboratory/of vocabulary." The same epithet could be applied to Loy whose own experiments with language were as radical as Stein's. Sometimes, the results were bewildering but, for Loy, that would have been preferable to a "clarity bordering on stupidity."[7] Other times, as in the following poem, the result was an involved and complex clarity:

THE SONG OF THE NIGHTINGALE
IS LIKE THE SCENT OF SYRINGA

Nightingale singing--gale of Nanking
Sing--mystery
of Ming-dynasty
sing
ing
in Ming
Syringa
Myringa
Singer
Song-winged
sing-wind
syringa
ringer
Song-wing
sing long
syringa
lingerer

In this poem, no sound or word ever remains itself--if "self" is

taken to mean a completely realized entity. What I'd liken this poetic process to is an anagram in perpetual motion, where phonemes and syllables split off from one word only to immediately realign themselves with other sounds. The dispersed sounds continually recall and anticipate other sounds. You can hear in the first two lines the beginning of a series of such interchanges: "Nightingale singing" is erratically echoed in "gale of Nanking/sing." While the syllables have been altered or re-arranged, the syllable count remains the same. The most radical departure is from "Nighting--" to "Nanking" where suddenly, in the charged space of a changed syllable, a quantum leap is made--unseen but not unheard. The nocturnal bird singing calls on a rather different kind of bird to sing—a Chinese wind ("gale," after all, comes from O.E. galan which means to sing). In that invocation to an outside, between the extremes of a here and a there which for the West has traditionally found its locus in China, a geographical and imaginative distance has been mapped by sound. No punctuation will detain this flight of sounds. The anagrammatizing re-arranges letters, phonemes, syllables, words and phrases, bursting open forgotten interstices of entrenched meaning. What had previously been regarded as merely interstitial or parenthetical becomes, in short order, a largeness of possibility.

The serial anagrammatization is the mechanism which makes possible a systematic illumination and darkening. It functions to make knowledge local, instead of total or encyclopaedic. As bpNichol puts it: "Knowledge is to know the ledge you stand on,"[8] thereby acknowledging the precariousness of the place where you stand, and the necessity of knowing the nature of that ledge as the projective edge of a world, the place from which language and consciousness are always extending. In the process, all that was seen on the previous ledge is no longer immediately visible but, nonetheless, remains an active element in the composition of the world. If knowing has always the character of a partial penetration, then it is fitting that Loy should stand "mystery" at the edge of a line that takes up the extremities of knowledge and desire; "mystery": a truth known to man only by way of revelation, and one that is never fully understood. A complete understanding would mean that the thing understood already belonged to what was already clear, making it a mere repetition of the known. For Loy, the artist or writer is always "seeing IT for the first time; he can never see the same thing twice."[9]

So the ear with the mind's speed chases down the sounds of "Sing—mystery" to "Ming-dynasty"; the enchantment that is part illumination, part darkening runs over into another sense of luminosity in the word "Ming," which means "brightness or luminosity." But it is a luminosity that is decidedly other than what is here. Loy used the word more than once in her poetry, and it is

almost certain that she would have known this meaning of "Ming." What she might not have known, however, is that the ideogram for "Ming" is comprised of the two radicals for sun and moon 明.[10] Also, "Ming" forms the basis of the Chinese compound words meaning "understanding" and "intelligence." In this compounding of orders of illumination, understanding is simply the ability to exercise the intelligences of day and night. What is understood manifests itself as the object of a surreality of vision, a darkly luxuriant blend of the possible and the impossible. The objects of this intelligence are the nexûs of mutually implicated orders of visibility. In this poem, the objects are the nexûs of sounds which are implicated in each other and gathered up in song. The poem is thus "sing/ing" and also exhorting the reader to sing "ing," to sing the multiplicity of journey-ings that compose the world.

What follows is more than just a running play of sounds--it's also a play of etymologies. The "Syringa" is more commonly known as the mock orange. The name of this fragrant shrub comes from "syrinx" which refers to the vocal organ of a bird. Back of that, there is the mythological reference: "Syrinx" was the name of an Arcadian wood nymph who one day came under the amorous eye of Pan. In order to protect her chastity from Pan, the Naiads transformed her into the bunch of rushes from which the god then made his panpipe. He called it a "syrinx" in honour of the nymph. "Syringa" finds a rhyme in "Myringa" which refers to the tympanic membrane in the ear. The one, then, is apparently instrument while the other is receiver or transmitter; and desire is a singing wind. But in actuality, "syringa" and "myringa" are each equally the "instrument of novelty for the other," and together constitute the two poles of a "creative advance into novelty."[11] And the advance should be a sustained effort--"sing long" the poem says, continue these ringing contours of flight. And so "lingerer," the sounding figure of desire and memory, hovers at the edge of the poem, departing but never quite departed.

The conscious matter-of-factness with which the sunlight world fixes a name to an object results in what André Breton called "the paucity of reality."[12] Or, from another angle, Stein once said "a name of anything is not interesting because once you know its name the enjoyment of naming it is over."[13] The business of a lunar baedeker is the continual informing of reality; it lends names to the unconscious shadows and the half-formed objects and places of an undefined world. In this world, words and sounds are lured into tentative associations, a situation characteristic of Loy's "Love Songs." The poems in that cycle contain a large number of words signifying the conditional: should, would, could, ought, may, maybe and might. In the place of those poems, objects and relations are never settled.

In the satirical poems, the definitive name is again disrupted

by anagrammatization. In this case, the actual names of prominent members of the international modernist movement--including Loy's former friends and mentors--are re-arranged with results like "Gabrunzio" for D'Annunzio; "Raminetti" or the not-so-affectionate diminutive "Ram" for Marinetti; "Bapini" or "Bap" for Papini; and "Nima Lyo" or "Anim Yol" or "Imna Oly" for Mina Loy. The movement itself--Futurism--becomes "Flabbergastism." The ostensible motivation for the use of anagrams is the wish to avoid direct accusation and confrontation. However, retreating delicacy and cowardice were never major movers in Loy's writing. The transposing of letters functions again not so much to disguise as to expose. And what she exposes is what she saw to be a set of unwieldy and authoritarian theories about art and life, theories which their proponents came to see as congenial to fascism. By this slight gesture of putting a wrinkle in their names, she begins to subvert their oppressive machismo with laughter.

The profound wit in these poems excoriates smug solidity, tearing away its pretensions to reveal nestling incongruities, exposing it for the shape-shifter it really is. The resulting irony treats the phenomenal world as plural and fissiparous--requiring constant naming. But inside that plurality, there is a coherence. In lines that echo the "creative advance into novelty," Loy writes: "The Eternal is sustained by serial metamorphosis/even as Beauty is//Metamorphosis surprises!"[14] Potentiality finds its truth in actuality; and "Beauty diffuses itself, not through acts of efficient creation, but through its infinite evocation of novel instances of itself."[15] Of the poems collected in this volume, it's the long poem "Anglo-Mongrels and the Rose" that presents the strongest indictment of those individuals, institutions and cultural practices which thwart the play of metamorphic energies and, in the process, cripple consciousness and disfigure the real. In the terms of the poem, those individuals are the pusillanimous

> . . . people
> who know not what they do
> but know that what they do
> is not illegal

The poem evolves as part autobiography, part mythology, part statement of poetics. Mina Gertrude Lowy (she changed it to Loy in Paris in 1903) was born December 27, 1882 in London, England to Sigmund Lowy, the son of a Hungarian Jew, and Julia Bryan, an "English Rose." In 1903, Loy married the British painter Stephen Haweis whom she had met while studying art in London. In 1917, after having already been separated from Haweis for four years, her

divorce was finalized. In the same year, while she was still in New York, she met the proto-dadaist Arthur Cravan (Fabian Avenarius Lloyd) whom she was to marry in 1918. In the poem, the following correspondences can be made: "Exodus" (which functions as both first and last name) is Sigmund Lowy; "Ada" is Julia Bryan; "Ova" is Mina Loy; "Esau Penfold--the infant aesthete" is Haweis; and "Colossus"--the enfant terrible is Cravan.

Exodus: the road out. Ironically, instead of offering the road out, the parental "Exodi" do all within their power to impose closures. This is particularly true of Ada, the "Rose of arrested impulses," for whom "all form is the same nought," and for whom all surprises are merely inconvenient and foreign. Like others of the "tepid . . . uni-conscious islanders," she is fervently nationalistic, ethnocentric--and resentfully bored. Anything outside the quotidian boundaries of "suburban . . . middle-class Britain" is to be outlawed. But in spite of the myriad restrictions and maledictions, this "child of Exodus [in her "mongrel" nature, she has already violated the bounds of acceptable form]

> with her heritage of emigration
> often
> 'sets out to seek her fortune'
> . . . . . .
> trusting to terms of literature
> dodging the breeders' determination

The writer or artist is held up as an exemplary figure on the far side of the quotidian. In an earlier poem called "Apology of Genius," the various figures of genius are seen as "Lepers of the moon/magically diseased" coming amongst us "innocent/of their luminous sores." They bear the dis-ease that wracks complacency and their luminous sores are the troubling illuminations of a ruptured world. The rawness of their visions leaves them ostracized, on the outside, regardless even of the chances of birth:

> Our wills are formed
> by curious disciplines
> beyond your laws
>
> You may give birth to us
> or marry us
> the chances of your flesh
> are not our destiny--

They neither belong to nor are to be possessed by the ranks of the "uni-conscious." There can be no trusting to the terms of one-dimensionality, to the thoughtless terms of the "censor's scythe" that would cut down "A delicate crop/of criminal mystic immortelles."

But neither are art and artists exempt from this kind of tyrannizing. There are the aesthetes like "Esau Penfold" who

> trains
> the common manifestations
> of creation
> to flatten
> before his
> eyes
> to one vast monopattern

and

> who absorbs the erudite idea that
> Beauty IS nowhere
> except posthumously to itself in the antique

For Ova, on the other hand, beauty is "ever a surreality that perturbs our response with the indefinite extravagance of a dream"; it reveals itself in "the prismatic sun show/of father's physic bottles," in the mysterious new words that diffuse themselves in the child's forming consciousness:

> in her ear
> a half inaudible an
> iridescent hush
> forms "iarrhea"

This "iridescent hush" is the space of potentiality and givenness, the changeful face of beauty. The poem is

> A
> lucent
> iris
> shift[ing]
> its

irradiate
interstice

to catch and gather the refractions of established meaning, a revisioning that makes even excrement yield beauty.

* * *

Harriet Monroe, though unimpressed by Loy's writing was, nevertheless, intrigued by her person:

> In one of her Chicago columns, [Monroe] described the sympathetic company she found at the Stryx on her first trip to Paris. Beginning with Ezra Pound and Tristan Tzara, she saves the poet she found 'too beautiful for description' to last:
>
> "Perhaps a great deal of this gayety and color aforesaid was due to the presence of Mina Loy. I may never have fallen very hard for this lady's poetry, but her personality is quite irresistable [sic]. Beauty ever-young which has survived four babies, and charm which will survive a century if she lives that long, are sustained by a gayety that seems the worldly-wise conquest of many despairs—all expressed in a voice which . . . is rich with all the sorrows of the world. Yes, poetry is in this lady whether she writes it or not.[16]

When she did write, the poetry was a prism held up to both personal and public despair, an energy dispersing despondency into a spectrum of poetic vision. When she wasn't writing poems, plays or polemical tracts, she was either painting (she had been considered a precocious talent in the art world before she had ever started publishing her poetry), or acting, or designing lampshades, hats, dresses, costumes, stage sets and magazine covers. Her diverse accomplishments were not to be eclipsed by any monopattern of expression. Neither did she allow national boundaries to dictate her movements. A chronic traveller (like many members of the international avant-garde), she moved freely between London, Munich, Paris, Florence, Mexico, New York and finally Aspen, Colorado.

An itinerant of the mind and the soul, she was eventually

given a "literary home" by Pound and McAlmon who claimed her as one of their own, "a native artist" producing something "distinctly American in quality."[17] In the opening editorial of Contact (a magazine McAlmon had founded with the help of William Carlos Williams), McAlmon characterized that quality as an "essential contact between words and the locality that breeds them, in this case America."[18] The prime objectives of these artists and of Contact itself were, in Conover's words: "to make sturdy contact with the objective immediate world, to record first-hand experience, to revolt against the lyric enthusiast's occupation with traditional literary subjects."[19] Not surprisingly, Loy was to set the tone for Contact, as she had done earlier for Others. The following lines from "O Hell" appeared in the first issue:

> To clear the drifts of spring
> Of our forebears' excrements
> And bury the subconscious archives
> Under unaffected flowers

Loy had certainly done her part in fomenting the "revolution of the word."

If she is to be placed at all (it certainly wasn't one of her major concerns. In fact, once, when Carl van Vechten was about to write a profile of her, she remarked to him: "Can't you write about me as a hidden wrinkle—the only woman decided enough to forego easy success--uninterrupted by the potency of beauty?"), then perhaps the ranks of American modernism are fitting enough. If that placement is necessary in order to bring her to the attention of readers once again, so be it. Though, ironically, there seems always an insistent restlessness in her writing, a foot tapping impatiently at the borders of thought. Only an anti-tradition could begin to plot that itinerancy.

NOTES

1. Ezra Pound, cited in the introduction to Mina Loy, The Last Lunar Baedeker, ed. Roger Conover (Highlands, N.C.: The Jargon Society, 1982), p. xxxvii. The latter part of the quotation is from Pound's Literary Essays, ed. T.S. Eliot (New York: New Directions, 1968), p. 25.

2. Roger Conover, Introduction to The Last Lunar Baedeker, p. xxxiv-v.

3. André Breton, Second Manifesto of Surrealism, in Manifestoes of Surrealism, trans. Richard Seaver and Helen R. Lane (Ann Arbor: University of Michigan Press, 1982), p. 137.

4. René Crevel, cited in André Breton, What is Surrealism? Selected Writings, trans. David Gascoyne, ed. Franklin Rosemont (U.S.A.: Monad Press, 1978), p. 126.

5. Mina Loy, The Last Lunar Baedeker, p. 305.

6. Niels Bohr, cited in Edward R. Harrison, Cosmology: The Science of the Universe (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, 1981), p. 104.

7. André Breton, Manifestoes of Surrealism, p. 6.

8. bpNichol, The Martyrology, Book IV (Toronto: The Coach House Press, 1976), n.p.

9. Mina Loy, "The Artist and the Public," in The Last Lunar Baedeker, p. 285.

10. Loy might well have been familiar with the image of this ideogram through Pound's use of it in the Cantos--especially Cantos LXXIV and LXXXIV as presented in the first Faber edition.

11. Alfred North Whitehead, Process and Reality (New York: The Free Press, 1969), p. 411. The phrases are taken from the chapter "God and the World," and the particular reference is to the passage discussing the relationship between permanence and flux:

> Creation achieves the reconciliation of permanence and flux when it has reached its final term which is everlastingness—the Apotheosis of the World.
>
> Opposed elements stand to each other in mutual requirement. In their unity, they inhibit or contrast. God and the World stand to each other in this opposed requirement. God is the infinite ground of all mentality, the unity of vision seeking physical multiplicity. The World is the multiplicity of finites, actualities seeking a perfected unity. Neither God, nor the World, reaches static completion. Both are in the grip of the ultimate

metaphysical ground, the creative advance into novelty. Either of them, God and the World, is the instrument of novelty for the other.

12. André Breton, "Introduction to the Discourse on the Paucity of Reality," in What is Surrealism?, p. 17.

13. Gertrude Stein, "Poetry and Grammar," in Lectures in America (New York: Vintage Books, 1975), p. 231.

14. Mina Loy, "Ephemerid," in The Last Lunar Baedeker, p. 220.

15. Elizabeth M. Kraus, The Metaphysics of Experience -- A Companion to Whitehead's Process and Reality (New York: Fordham University Press, 1979), p. 161.

16. Harriet Monroe, quoted in Introduction to The Last Lunar Baedeker, p. xx.

17. Robert McAlmon and Ezra Pound, cited in the introduction to The Last Lunar Baedeker, p. xxiv.

18. Robert McAlmon, cited in Introduction to The Last Lunar Baedeker, p. xxiv.

19. Roger Conover, Introduction to The Last Lunar Baedeker, p. xxv.

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