Notas Clase:

Contemp for Democracy: problems with democracy.

He wrote cantos since 1920 to 1970.

Confucio and the notion of order becomes really important.

Corruption: he blames bankers and that stuff.

They killed Jesus, so they are evils.

Play with the ideal of Art: the beauty.

Neomodernism movement: Ezra Pound.

Ezra Pound:

**1) LUSTRA:**

The Garret

Come, let us pity those who are better off than we are.  
come, my friend, and remember  
that the rich have butlers and no friends,  
And we have friends and no butlers.  
Come, let us pity the married and the unmarried.  
  
Dawn enters with little feet  
like a gilded Pavlova,  
And I am near my desire.  
Nor has life in it aught better  
Than this hour of clear coolness,  
the hour of waking together.

* The first line reverses the ordinary pattern of expectations by suggesting that we envy those who have more money than we do.
* The third and fourth lines gives a reason for pitying (tener compasión) the rich, since the rich are friendless.
* Since having friends is associated in the poem with having "no butlers".
* The fifth line invites us to pity "the married and the unmarried", implying the whole world.
* Pavlova is a ballerina: the image of delicacy.

The Garden

Like a skein of loose silk blown against a wall  
She walks by the railing of a path in Kensington Gardens,  
 And she is dying piece-meal  
of a sort of emotional anemia.  
  
And round about there is a rabble  
Of the filthy, sturdy, unkillable infants of the very poor.  
They shall inherit the earth.  
  
In her is the end of breeding.  
Her boredom is exquisite and excessive.  
  
She would like some one to speak to her,  
And is almost afraid that I  
will commit that indiscretion.

It begins with the introduction of a wealthy woman who is walking through Kensington Gardens. She is extremely graceful, like “loose silk,” but within her is a conflict. She is dying in the world she lives in, the rules of society, is draining her of human emotion.

She is moving through the garden and passes a “rabble” (like a crowd) of poor children. These “infants” are dirty and described as being “unkillable.” They are stronger than the upper classes, certainly stronger than this woman, and will one day “inherit the earth.”

Albatre

This lady in the white bath-robe which she calls a  
      peignoir,  
Is, for the time being, the mistress of my friend,  
And the delicate white feet of her little white dog  
Are not more delicate than she is,  
Nor would Gautier himself have despised their contrasts  
      in whiteness  
As she sits in the great chair  
Between the two indolent candles.

Description of a girls that is the mistress of his friend. She is so delicate. White is seen as pure and delicate “Nor would Gautier himself have despised their contrasts in whiteness”. Affair

Slavation

A Lady asks me

               I speak in season

She seeks reason for an affect, wild often

That is so proud he hath Love for a name

Who denys it can hear the truth now

Wherefore I speak to the present knowers

Having no hope that low-hearted

              Can bring sight to such reason

Be there not natural demonstration

               I have no will to try proof-bringing

Or say where it hath birth

What is its virtu and power

Its being and every moving

Or delight whereby ‘tis called “to love”

Or if man can show it to sight.

Where memory liveth,

               it takes its state

Formed like a diafan from light on shade

Which shadow cometh of Mars and remaineth

Created, having a name sensate,

Custom of the soul,

               will from the heart;

Cometh from a seen form which being understood

Taketh locus and remaining in the intellect possible

Wherein hath he neither weight nor still-standing,

Descendeth not by quality but shineth out

Himself his own effect unendingly

Not in delight but in the being aware

Nor can he leave his true likeness otherwhere.

He is not vertu but cometh of that perfection

Which is so postulate not by the reason

But ‘tis felt, I say.

Beyond salvation, holdeth his judging force

Deeming intention to be reason’s peer and mate,

Poor in discernment, being thus weakness’ friend

Often his power cometh on death in the end,

Be it withstayed

                and so swinging counterweight.

Not that it were natural opposite, but only

Wry’d a bit from the perfect,

Let no man say love cometh from chance

Or hath not established lordship

Holding his power even though

               Memory hath him no more.

Cometh he to be

               when the will

From overplus

Twisteth out of natural measure,

Never adorned with rest Moveth he changing colour

Either to laugh or weep

Contorting the face with fear

               resteth but a little

Yet shall ye see of him That he is most often

With folk who deserve him

And his strange quality sets sighs to move

Willing man look into that forméd trace in his mind

And with such uneasiness as rouseth the flame.

Unskilled can not form his image,

He himself moveth not, drawing all to his stillness,

Neither turneth about to seek his delight

Nor yet to see out proving

Be it so great or so small.

He draweth likeness and hue from like nature

So making pleasure more certain in seeming

Nor can stand hid in such nearness,

Beautys be darts tho’ not savage

Skilled from such fear a man follows

Deserving spirit, that pierceth.

Nor is he known from his face

But taken in the white light that is allness

Toucheth his aim

Who heareth, seeth not form

But is led by its emanation

Being divided, set out from colour,

Disjunct in mid darkness

Grazeth the light, one moving by other,

Being divided, divided from all falsity

Worthy of trust

From him alone mercy proceedeth.

Go, song, surely thou mayest

Whither it please thee

For so art thou ornate that thy reasons

Shall be praised from thy understanders,

With others hast thou no will to make company.

“Called thrones, balascio or topaze”

Eriugina was not understood in his time

“which explains, perhaps, the delay in condemning him”

And they went looking for Manicheans

And found, so far as I can make out, no Manicheans

So they dug for, and damned Scotus Eriugina

“Authority comes from right reason,

                never the other way on”

Hence the delay in condemning him

Aquinas head down in a vacuum,

               Aristotle which way in a vacuum?

Sacrum, sacrum, inluminatio coitu.

Lo Sordels si fo di Mantovana

                of a castle named Goito.

“Five castles!

“Five castles!”

                (king giv’ him five castles)

“And what the hell do I know about dye-works?!”

His Holiness has written a letter:

                “CHARLES the Mangy of Anjou….

..way you treat your men is a scandal….”

Dilectis miles familiaris…castra Montis Odorisii

Montis Sancti Silvestri pallete et pile…

In partibus Thetis….vineland

                                                land tilled

                                                the land incult

                                                pratis nemoribus pascuis

                                                with legal jurisdiction

his heirs of both sexes,

…sold the damn lot six weeks later,

Sordellus de Godio.

                Quan ben m’albir e mon ric pensamen.

A Pact

I make truce with you, Walt Whitman—  
I have detested you long enough.  
I come to you as a grown child  
Who has had a pig-headed father;  
I am old enough now to make friends.  
It was you that broke the new wood,  
Now is a time for carving.  
We have one sap and one root—  
Let there be commerce between us.

In the first lines of ‘A Pact’ the speaker, Ezra Pound, begins by directly addressing [Walt Whitman](https://poemanalysis.com/walt-whitman/), (Leaves of Grass).  Whitman died when Pound was only seven years old but that didn’t stop Pound from detesting him, as he says in the second stanza.

In the next lines of ‘A Pact’ Pound continues to speak to Whitman and alludes to the possibility that he might’ve been slightly intimidated by the way that Whitman “broke the new wood”. Whitman struck out against much that was valued in the pre-modern periods of poetic writing.

In the metaphor that Pound uses in these last lines of the poem, the “new wood” has been recently chopped. It is “time” he says, “for carving”. It’s clear that Pound did not value Whitman’s work as much as he did his own but he is also learning from him. He is working off of Whitman’s foundation.

In the end, the “pact” is formed. They have similarities between them, no matter how different Pound might think they really are. He is asking for a “truce” and “commerce” between them. While he might be asking for peace Pound never tries to hide his distaste for Whitman in this poem.

Dance Figure

For the Marriage in Cana of Galilee  
  
Dark-eyed,  
O [woman](https://www.definitions.net/definition/woman) of my dreams,  
Ivory sandalled,  
There is none like thee [among](https://www.definitions.net/definition/among) the dancers,  
None with [swift](https://www.definitions.net/definition/swift) feet.  
I have not [found](https://www.definitions.net/definition/found) thee in the tents,  
In the [broken](https://www.definitions.net/definition/broken) darkness.  
I have not [found](https://www.definitions.net/definition/found) thee at the well-head  
Among the [women](https://www.definitions.net/definition/women) with pitchers.  
Thine arms are as a [young](https://www.definitions.net/definition/young) sapling [under](https://www.definitions.net/definition/under) the bark;  
Thy face as a [river](https://www.definitions.net/definition/river) with lights.  
  
White as an [almond](https://www.definitions.net/definition/almond) are thy shoulders;  
As new [almonds](https://www.definitions.net/definition/almonds) stripped from the husk.  
They [guard](https://www.definitions.net/definition/guard) thee not with eunuchs;  
Not with bars of copper.  
  
Gilt [turquoise](https://www.definitions.net/definition/turquoise) and [silver](https://www.definitions.net/definition/silver) are in the [place](https://www.definitions.net/definition/place) of thy rest.  
A [brown](https://www.definitions.net/definition/brown) robe, with [threads](https://www.definitions.net/definition/threads) of gold [woven](https://www.definitions.net/definition/woven) in  
  patterns, hast thou [gathered](https://www.definitions.net/definition/gathered) about thee,  
O Nathat-Ikanaie, 'Tree-at-the-river'.  
  
As a [rillet](https://www.definitions.net/definition/rillet) among the [sedge](https://www.definitions.net/definition/sedge) are thy [hands](https://www.definitions.net/definition/hands) upon me;  
Thy [fingers](https://www.definitions.net/definition/fingers) a [frosted](https://www.definitions.net/definition/frosted) stream.  
  
Thy [maidens](https://www.definitions.net/definition/maidens) are [white](https://www.definitions.net/definition/white) like pebbles;  
Their [music](https://www.definitions.net/definition/music) about thee!  
  
There is none like thee [among](https://www.definitions.net/definition/among) the dancers;  
None with [swift](https://www.definitions.net/definition/swift) feet.

Description of woman. It is inspired on the wedding of Cana.

As in other of her poems, being a dancer means being delicate. White also saw as delicate. Purity: “They guard thee not with eunuchs”.

The Rest

O helpless few in my country, remnant enslaved!  
  
Artists [broken](https://www.definitions.net/definition/broken) against her,  
A-stray, lost in the villages,  
Mistrusted, spoken-against,  
  
Lovers of beauty, starved,  
Thwarted with systems,  
Helpless [against](https://www.definitions.net/definition/against) the control;  
  
You who can not wear [yourselves](https://www.definitions.net/definition/yourselves) out  
By [persisting](https://www.definitions.net/definition/persisting) to successes,  
You who can only speak,  
Who can not [steel](https://www.definitions.net/definition/steel) yourselves into reiteration;  
  
You of the [finer](https://www.definitions.net/definition/finer) sense,  
Broken [against](https://www.definitions.net/definition/against) false knowledge,  
You who can know at [first](https://www.definitions.net/definition/first) hand,  
Hated, shut in, mistrusted:  
  
Take thought:  
I have [weathered](https://www.definitions.net/definition/weathered) the storm,  
I have [beaten](https://www.definitions.net/definition/beaten) out my exile.

¡Oh pocos indefensos en mi país, remanentes esclavizados!

Artistas rotos contra ella,

A-stray, perdido en las aldeas,

Desconfiado, hablado en contra,

Amantes de la belleza, hambrientos,

Frustrado con sistemas,

Indefenso contra el control;

Vosotros que no podéis desgastaros

Persistiendo en los éxitos,

Tú que solo puedes hablar,

Que no pueden acorse a la reiteración;

Tú del sentido más fino,

Roto contra el falso conocimiento,

Tú que puedes conocer de primera mano,

Odiado, encerrado, desconfiado:

Piensa:

He capeado la tormenta,

He vencido a mi exilio.

This poem has a theme of "commerce" and is an example of the economic themes that permeate Pound's poetry.

The Bath Tub

As a bathtub lined with white porcelain,  
When the hot [water](https://www.definitions.net/definition/water) gives out or goes tepid,  
So is the slow [cooling](https://www.definitions.net/definition/cooling) of our [chivalrous](https://www.definitions.net/definition/chivalrous) passion,  
O my much [praised](https://www.definitions.net/definition/praised) but-not-altogether-satisfactory lady.

this poem was a medium of criticism of traditional romantic poems, because he uses the white of a porcelain of a bathtub as a way to describe a girl. This element make that every reader can relate to and visualize itself inside it.

Liu Ch'e

The rustling of the silk is discontinued,

Dust drifts over the court-yard,

There's no sound of foot-fall, and the leaves

Scurry into heaps and lie still,

And she the rejoicer of the heart is beneath them:

A wet leaf that clings to the threshold. (Huang 14)

Great imagery. The silence and peace in an autumn environment with a girls under all that leaves. Death Ezra Pound's poem "Liu Ch' e" is a translation of a Chinese poem, "Song of Fallen Leaves and Whining Cicadas." Pound's "Liu Ch' e" has become a new poem that has incorporated his poetic theory: it is an independent, self-contained poem, without reference to the original poem, "Song of Fallen Leaves and Whining Cicadas."

In a Station of the Metro

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

The speaker, in a station at the Paris Metro underground system, observes that the faces of the crowds of people are like the petals hanging on the ‘wet, black bough’ of a tree.

Alba

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

Pound describes her as “cool as the pale wet leaves” in line 1. This might be describing the feeling he has when he **touches** her skin. He says in line 3 “she lay beside me in the dawn.” This could be talking about him **sleeping** with this female, or they lay near each other that morning. Alba means a shrub rose of a variety with gray-green leaves and pinkish-white, sweet-scented flowers.

Shop Girl

For a moment she rested against me  
Like a [swallow](https://www.definitions.net/definition/swallow) half [blown](https://www.definitions.net/definition/blown) to the wall,  
And they talk of Swinburne's women,  
And the [shepherdess](https://www.definitions.net/definition/shepherdess) meeting with Guido.  
And the [harlots](https://www.definitions.net/definition/harlots) of Baudelaire.

Por un momento descansó contra mí

Como una golondrina medio soplada contra la pared,

Y hablan de las mujeres de Swinburne,

Y el encuentro de la pastora con Guido.

Y las rameras de Baudelaire.

L'Art 1910

Green arsenic smeared on an egg-white cloth,  
Crushed strawberries! Come, let us feast our eyes.

Pound taps into themes of life, death, art, and beauty. The [tone](https://poemanalysis.com/definition/tone/) is direct and enthusiastic, which taken into consideration alongside the [imagery](https://poemanalysis.com/figurative-language/imagery/). imagery, juxtaposition, and alliteration.

The Tea Shop

The girl in the tea shop  
Is not so [beautiful](https://www.definitions.net/definition/beautiful) as she was,  
The [August](https://www.definitions.net/definition/August) has worn [against](https://www.definitions.net/definition/against) her.  
She does not get up the [stairs](https://www.definitions.net/definition/stairs) so eagerly;  
Yes, she also will turn middle-aged,  
And the glow of [youth](https://www.definitions.net/definition/youth) that she [spread](https://www.definitions.net/definition/spread) about us  
As she [brought](https://www.definitions.net/definition/brought) us our muffins  
Will be [spread](https://www.definitions.net/definition/spread) about us no longer.  
She also will turn middle-aged.

La chica de la tienda de té

No es tan hermosa como ella,

El agosto se ha desgastado en su contra.

Ella no sube las escaleras con tanto entusiasmo;

Sí, ella también se convertirá en de mediana edad,

Y el resplandor de la juventud que difundió sobre nosotros

Como ella nos trajo nuestros muffins

Ya no se difundirá sobre nosotros.

También se convertirá en de mediana edad.

The past of the time and how it changes the behaviour of people.

The Three Poets

Candidia has taken a new lover  
And [three](https://www.definitions.net/definition/three) poets are gone into mourning.  
The [first](https://www.definitions.net/definition/first) has [written](https://www.definitions.net/definition/written) a long [elegy](https://www.definitions.net/definition/elegy) to 'Chloris',  
To 'Chloris [chaste](https://www.definitions.net/definition/chaste) and cold,' his 'only Chloris'.  
The [second](https://www.definitions.net/definition/second) has [written](https://www.definitions.net/definition/written) a sonnet  
upon the [mutability](https://www.definitions.net/definition/mutability) of woman,  
And the [third](https://www.definitions.net/definition/third) writes an [epigram](https://www.definitions.net/definition/epigram) to Candidia.

Candidia ha tomado un nuevo amante

Y tres poetas se van de luto.

El primero ha escrito una larga elegía a 'Chloris',

A 'Chloris casto y frío', su 'único Chloris'.

El segundo ha escrito un soneto

sobre la mutabilidad de la mujer,

Y el tercero escribe un epigrama a Candidia.

2) HUGH SELWYN MAUBERLEY (all parts).

Portrait of what means to be a poet.

1:

PART 1:

*(Life and Contacts)  
  
               “Vocat aestus in umbram”*                                                          Nemesianus Ec. IV.

E. P. ODE POUR L’ÉLECTION DE SON SÉPULCHRE

For three years, out of key with his time,

He strove to resuscitate the dead art

Of poetry; to maintain “the sublime”

Epiteto to himself. Presumes in the roman sense. Waste of time.

Rejects the waste of time. Accurate and precisse description of America.

In the old sense. Wrong from the start—

No, hardly, but, seeing he had been born

In a half savage country, out of date;

Bent resolutely on wringing lilies from the acorn;

Capaneus; trout for factitious bait:

or we have seen all the toils that in wide Troy // the Argives and Trojans endured through the will of the gods, // and we know all things that come to pass upon the fruitful earth.”

“Idmen gar toi panth, os eni Troie

Caught in the unstopped ear;

Giving the rocks small lee-way

The chopped seas held him, therefore, that year.

Cspsneus. Una figura del infierno.

Unstopped ear is a reference to the sound of the mermaids .

Penelope - Flaubert: chose a difficult path. He is more interested in physical beauty. Not deeply poetry.

31 years old (french)

His true Penelope was Flaubert,

He fished by obstinate isles;

Observed the elegance of Circe’s hair

Rather than the mottoes on sun-dials.

Unaffected by “the march of events,”

He passed from men’s memory in l’an trentiesme

De son eage; the case presents

No adjunct to the Muses’ diadem.

II

The age demanded an image

Of its accelerated grimace,

He is talking about other age. That had some requirements.

Romantic poetry.

Something for the modern stage,

Not, at any rate, an Attic grace;

Not, not certainly, the obscure reveries

Demand from Old poetry to new poetry.

Of the inward gaze;

Better mendacities

Than the classics in paraphrase!

The “age demanded” chiefly a mould in plaster,

Made with no loss of time,

A prose kinema, not, not assuredly, alabaster

Or the “sculpture” of rhyme.

Scultures need time to be made.

Something is good according to how popular it is.

III

The tea-rose, tea-gown, etc.

Supplants the mousseline of Cos,

The pianola “replaces”

Sappho’s barbitos.

Christ follows Dionysus,

The sup up of this would be that all men are equal “god, man, hero”.

Replacement of mytology.

Phallic and ambrosial

Made way for macerations;

Caliban casts out Ariel.

All things are a flowing,

Sage Heracleitus says;

But a tawdry cheapness

Shall reign throughout our days.

Even the Christian beauty

Defects—after Samothrace;

We see to kalon

Decreed in the market place.

Faun’s flesh is not to us,

Nor the saint’s vision.

We have the press for wafer;

Franchise for circumcision.

All men, in law, are equals.

Free of Peisistratus,

We choose a knave or an eunuch

To rule over us.

Democracy means we choose and idiot or a criminal.

A bright Apollo,

tin andra, tin eroa, tina theon,

What god, man, or hero

Shall I place a tin wreath upon?

IV

These fought, in any case,

and some believing, pro domo, in any case ...

Some quick to arm,

some for adventure,

some from fear of weakness,

Alguien acabó en el infierno?

Thay have fought for love, but when they return, everything was the samw. Was it worth it?

some from fear of censure,

some for love of slaughter, in imagination,

learning later ...

some in fear, learning love of slaughter;

First World War: how people fought… After the 1world war it was even worse than during the world.

Totally America, totally depraved…

Died some pro patria, non dulce non et decor” ...

walked eye-deep in hell

believing in old men’s lies, then unbelieving

came home, home to a lie,

home to many deceits,

home to old lies and new infamy;

usury age-old and age-thick

and liars in public places.

Daring as never before, wastage as never before.

Young blood and high blood,

Fair cheeks, and fine bodies;

fortitude as never before

frankness as never before,

disillusions as never told in the old days,

hysterias, trench confessions,

laughter out of dead bellies.

V

There died a myriad,

And of the best, among them,

For an old bitch gone in the teeth,

For a botched civilization.

Civilización fallido y alguien murió. Everything is falling down.

Charm, smiling at the good mouth,

Quick eyes gone under earth’s lid,

For two gross of broken statues,

For a few thousand battered books.

YEUX GLAUQUES

Gladstone was still respected,

When John Ruskin produced

Aun la gente era respetada. Las cosas aun parecían bien respecto a la fatalidad que se percibía antes.

Luego una dulce descripción de Rubaiyat (persian form for several quatrains).

El subrayado un vástagp

“Kings Treasuries”; Swinburne

And Rossetti still abused.

Foetid Buchanan lifted up his voice

When that faun’s head of hers

Became a pastime for

Painters and adulterers.

The Burne-Jones cartons

Have preserved her eyes;

Still, at the Tate, they teach

Cophetua to rhapsodize;

Thin like brook-water,

With a vacant gaze.

The English Rubaiyat was still-born

In those days.

The thin, clear gaze, the same

Still darts out faun-like from the half-ruin’d face,

Questing and passive ....

“Ah, poor Jenny’s case” ...

Bewildered that a world

Shows no surprise

At her last maquero’s

Adulteries.

“SIENA MI FE’, DISFECEMI MAREMMA’”

Among the pickled foetuses and bottled bones,

Engaged in perfecting the catalogue,

I found the last scion of the

Senatorial families of Strasbourg, Monsieur Verog.

For two hours he talked of Gallifet;

Of Dowson; of the Rhymers’ Club;

Told me how Johnson (Lionel) died

By falling from a high stool in a pub ...

But showed no trace of alcohol

At the autopsy, privately performed—

Murió Jhnson Lionel al caerse de un taburete de un bar. Se le hizo autopsia privada y salió limpio de alcohol. 2+2=4

Había putas ¿era una fiesta?

Se menciona a Dorian.

Tissue preserved—the pure mind

Arose toward Newman as the whiskey warmed.

Dowson found harlots cheaper than hotels;

Headlam for uplift; Image impartially imbued

With raptures for Bacchus, Terpsichore and the Church.

So spoke the author of “The Dorian Mood,”

English astaticism.

M. Verog, out of step with the decade,

Detached from his contemporaries,

Neglected by the young,

Because of these reveries.

BRENNEBAUM

The sky-like limpid eyes,

The circular infant’s face,

The stiffness from spats to collar

Never relaxing into grace;

The heavy memories of Horeb, Sinai and the forty years,

Showed only when the daylight fell

Level across the face

Of Brennbaum “The Impeccable.”

MR. NIXON

In the cream gilded cabin of his steam yacht

Mr. Nixon advised me kindly, to advance with fewer

Dangers of delay. “Consider

               ”Carefully the reviewer.

“I was as poor as you are;

“When I began I got, of course,

“Advance on royalties, fifty at first,” said Mr. Nixon,

“Follow me, and take a column,

“Even if you have to work free.

“Butter reviewers. From fifty to three hundred

“I rose in eighteen months;

“The hardest nut I had to crack

“Was Dr. Dundas.

“I never mentioned a man but with the view

“Of selling my own works.

“The tip’s a good one, as for literature

“It gives no man a sinecure.”

And no one knows, at sight a masterpiece.

And give up verse, my boy,

There’s nothing in it.”

       \*        \*        \*        \*

Likewise a friend of Bloughram’s once advised me:

Don’t kick against the pricks,

Accept opinion. The “Nineties” tried your game

And died, there’s nothing in it.

X

Beneath the sagging roof

The stylist has taken shelter,

Unpaid, uncelebrated,

At last from the world’s welter

Nature receives him,

With a placid and uneducated mistress

He exercises his talents

And the soil meets his distress.

The haven from sophistications and contentions

Leaks through its thatch;

He offers succulent cooking;

The door has a creaking latch.

XI

“Conservatrix of Milésien”

Habits of mind and feeling,

Possibly. But in Ealing

With the most bank-clerkly of Englishmen?

No, “Milésian” is an exaggeration.

No instinct has survived in her

Older than those her grandmother

Told her would fit her station.

XII

“Daphne with her thighs in bark

Stretches toward me her leafy hands,”—

Subjectively. In the stuffed-satin drawing-room

I await The Lady Valentine’s commands,

Knowing my coat has never been

Of precisely the fashion

To stimulate, in her,

A durable passion;

Doubtful, somewhat, of the value

Of well-gowned approbation

Of literary effort,

But never of The Lady Valentine’s vocation:

Poetry, her border of ideas,

The edge, uncertain, but a means of blending

With other strata

Where the lower and higher have ending;

A hook to catch the Lady Jane’s attention,

A modulation toward the theatre,

Also, in the case of revolution,

A possible friend and comforter.

       \*        \*        \*        \*

Conduct, on the other hand, the soul

“Which the highest cultures have nourished”

To Fleet St. where

Dr. Johnson flourished;

Beside this thoroughfare

The sale of half-hose has

Long since superseded the cultivation

Of Pierian roses.

                       Envoi (1919)

Go, dumb-born book,

Tell her that sang me once that song of Lawes:

Hadst thou but song

As thou hast subjects known,

Then were there cause in thee that should condone

Even my faults that heavy upon me lie

And build her glories their longevity.

Tell her that sheds

Such treasure in the air,

Recking naught else but that her graces give

Life to the moment,

I would bid them live

As roses might, in magic amber laid,

Red overwrought with orange and all made

One substance and one colour

Braving time.

Tell her that goes

With song upon her lips

But sings not out the song, nor knows

The maker of it, some other mouth,

May be as fair as hers,

Might, in new ages, gain her worshippers,

When our two dusts with Waller's shall be laid,

Siftings on siftings in oblivion,

Till change hath broken down

All things save Beauty alone.

PART 2:

1920 (Mauberley)

                                   I

Turned from the “eau-forte

Par Jaquemart”

To the strait head

Of Messalina:

“His True Penelope

Was Flaubert,”

And his tool

The engraver's.

Firmness,

Not the full smile,

His art, but an art

In profile;

Colourless

Pier Francesca,

Pisanello lacking the skill

To forge Achaia.

                                    II

      “Qu’est ce qu’ils savent de l’amour, et qu’est ce qu’ils peuvent comprendre?

        S’ils ne comprennent pas la poésie, s’ils ne sentent pas la musique, qu’est ce qu’ils peuvent comprendre de cette passion en comparaison avec laquelle la rose est grossière et le parfum des violettes un tonnerre?”         — CAID ALI

The long quotation is to give more importance to the beauty. To remark the importance of it. Looking for a sense of beauty.

For three years, diabolus in the scale,

He drank ambrosia,

All passes, ANANGKE prevails,

Came end, at last, to that Arcadia.

He had moved amid her phantasmagoria,

Amid her galaxies,

NUKTIS’AGALMA

  .      .      .      .      .      .      .      .

Drifted ... drifted precipitate

Asking time to be rid of ...

Of his bewilderment; to designate

His new found orchid.  ...

To be certain ... certain ...

(Amid ærial flowers) ... time for arrangements—

Drifted on

To the final estrangement;

Unable in the supervening blankness

To sift TO AGATHON from the chaff

Until he found his sieve ...

Ultimately, his seismograph:

—Given that is his “fundamental passion,”

This urge to convey the relation

Of eye-lid and cheek-bone

By verbal manifestations;

To present the series

Of curious heads in medallion—

He had passed, inconscient, full gaze,

The wide-banded irides

And botticellian sprays implied

In their diastasis;

Which anæsthesis, noted a year late,

And weighed, revealed his great affect,

(Orchid), mandate

Of Eros, a retrospect.

                            .               .               .

Mouths biting empty air,

The still stone dogs,

Caught in metamorphosis, were

Left him as epilogues.

                     “THE AGE DEMANDED”

                   VIDE POEM II. PAGE 355

For this agility chance found

Him of all men, unfit

As the red-beaked steeds of

The Cytheræan for a chain bit.

The glow of porcelain

Brought no reforming sense

To his perception

Of the social inconsequence.

Thus, if her colour

Came against his gaze,

Tempered as if

It were through a perfect glaze

He made no immediate application

Of this to relation of the state

Because of the beauty it is more venerable.

To the individual, the month was more temperate

Because this beauty had been.

    .   .   .   .   .

                           The coral isle, the lion-coloured sand

                           Burst in upon the porcelain revery:

                           Impetuous troubling

                           Of his imagery.

    .   .   .   .   .

Mildness, amid the neo-Nietzschean clatter,

His sense of graduations,

Quite out of place amid

Resistance to current exacerbations,

Invitation, mere invitation to perceptivity

Gradually led him to the isolation

Which these presents place

Under a more tolerant, perhaps, examination.

By constant elimination

The manifest universe

Yielded an armour

Against utter consternation,

A Minoan undulation,

Seen, we admit, amid ambrosial circumstances

Strengthened him against

The discouraging doctrine of chances,

And his desire for survival,

Faint in the most strenuous moods,

Became an Olympian apathein

In the presence of selected perceptions.

A pale gold, in the aforesaid pattern,

The unexpected palms

Destroying, certainly, the artist’s urge,

Left him delighted with the imaginary

Audition of the phantasmal sea-surge,

Incapable of the least utterance or composition,

Emendation, conservation of the “better tradition,”

Refinement of medium, elimination of superfluities,

August attraction or concentration.

Nothing, in brief, but maudlin confession,

Irresponse to human aggression,

Amid the precipitation, down-float

Of insubstantial manna,

Lifting the faint susurrus

Of his subjective hosannah.

Ultimate affronts to human redundancies;

Non-esteem of self-styled “his betters”

Leading, as he well knew,

To his final

Exclusion from the world of letters.

                                           IV

                     Scattered Moluccas

                     Not knowing, day to day,

                     The first day’s end, in the next noon;

                     The placid water

                     Unbroken by the Simoon;

                     Thick foliage

                     Placid beneath warm suns,

                     Tawn fore-shores

                     Washed in the cobalt of oblivions;

                     Or through dawn-mist

                     The grey and rose

                     Of the juridical

                     Flamingoes;

                     A consciousness disjunct,

                     Being but this overblotted

                     Series

                     Of intermittences;

                     Coracle of Pacific voyages,

                     The unforecasted beach;

                     Then on an oar

                     Read this:

                     “I was

                     And I no more exist;

                     “Here drifted

                     An hedonist.”

                                 MEDALLION

Luini in porcelain!

The grand piano

Utters a profane

Protest with her clear soprano.

The sleek head emerges

From the gold-yellow frock

As Anadyomene in the opening

Pages of Reinach.

Honey-red, closing the face-oval,

A basket-work of braids which seem as if they were

Spun in King Minos’ hall

From metal, or intractable amber;

The face-oval beneath the glaze,

Bright in its suave bounding-line, as,

Beneath half-watt rays,

The eyes turn topaz.

To the age of the stoicismo.